

Mather Brown Esq. del.

J. Corne

Printed & Published by J. W. Bunney, Newcastle Street, Strand, July 1. 1793.

THE

Free-Masons Magazine,

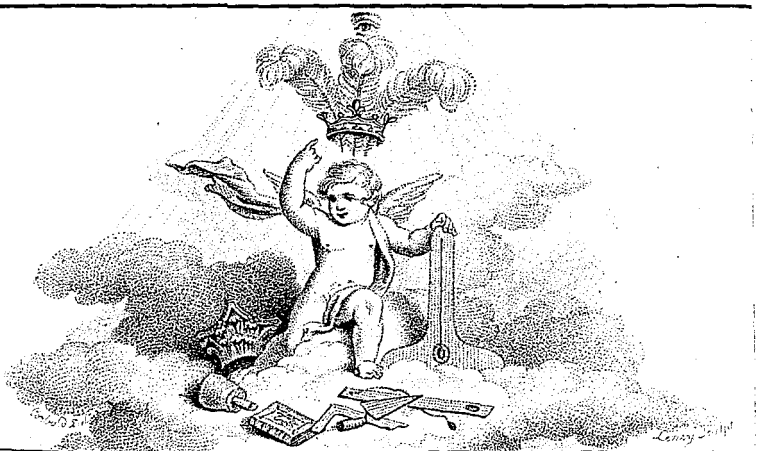
OR

General and Complete

LIBRARY.

VOL. I.

Commissumque teges et vino tortus et ira. Hor:



LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietor, & Sold by Scatcherd & Whitaker, Ave-Maria Lane, & all Booksellers in Town & Country.

1793.

THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

OR,

GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY,

For JUNE 1793.

ILLUSTRATED WITH

A BEAUTIFUL EMBLEMATICAL FRONTISPIECE,

AND

AN ELEGANT VIGNETTE DEDICATORY PLATE.

If all the social Virtues of the Mind,
If an extensive Love to all Mankind,
If hospitable Welcome to a Guest,
And speedy Charity to the Distrest,
If due regard to Liberty and Laws,
Zeal for our King and for our Country's cause,
If these are Principles deserving Fame,
Let MASONS then enjoy the Praise they claim.

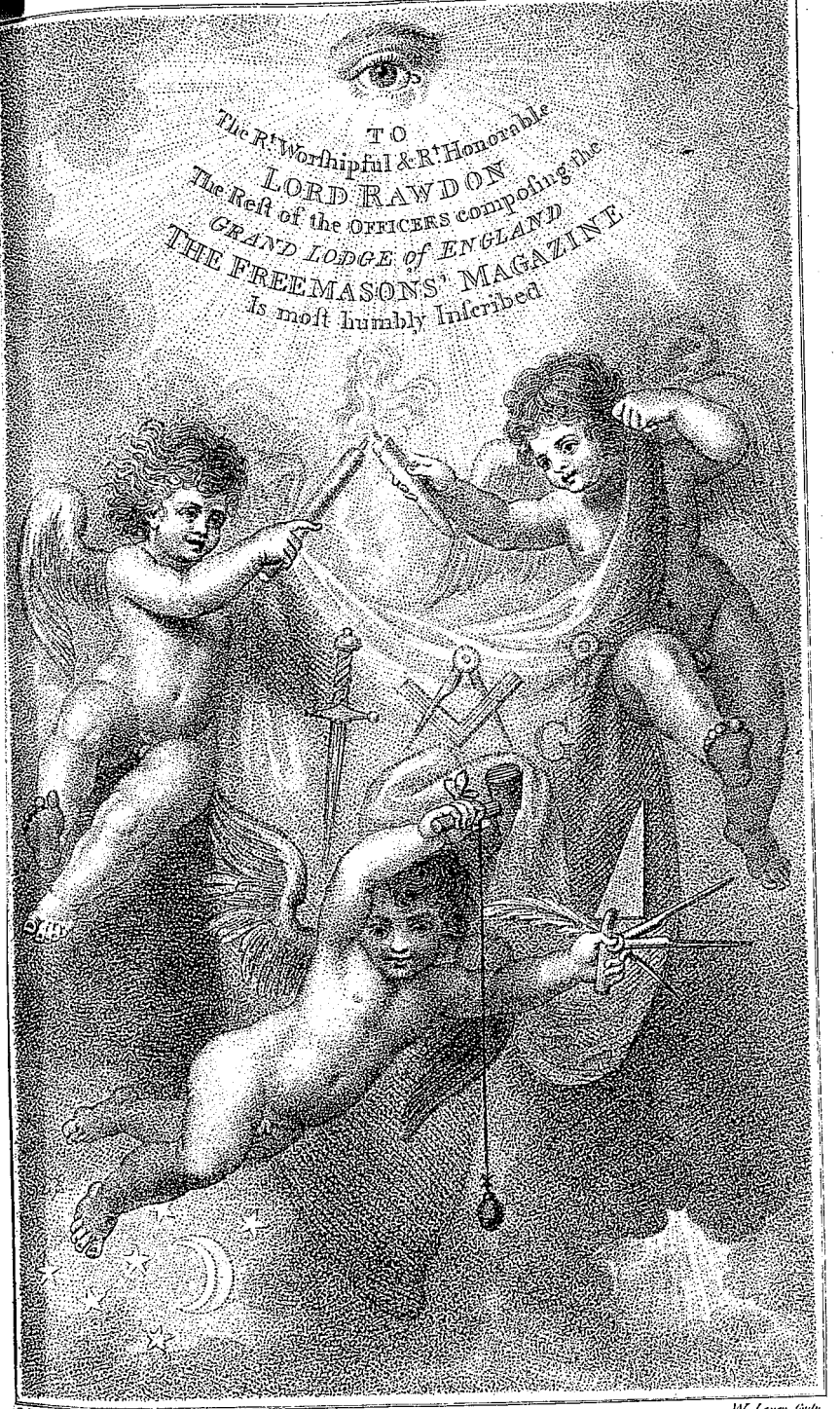
CONTENTS.

	Page
On the Origin and Design of Masonry	9
Genuine Memoirs of the Freemasons of Naples	12
Address of the Grand Lodge to the King	17
Ditto to the Prince of Wales	19
The History of France	20
The General History of China	25
The public and private Life of the late Count de Mirabeau	
Traits in the Life of the Count de Buckbourg	33
An Eastern Novel	36
Principal Events in the Reign of Julian the Roman Emperor	41
An Appeal on the Affairs of Poland	45
The Influence of Power over Friendship	48
Anecdote of M. Charnace	52
An Essay on Patience	53
Essay on Choler	54
Law Case	56
On the Constitution of the Athenians	57
Declaration made by the President of the National Assembly	61
A Species of Deception, as practised by John Dailey, a Convict, at Port Jackson	63
Singular Anecdote of Affection	64
Sketch of the Literary Character of the late Dr. Robertson	65
On the Immortality of the Soul	67
Masonic Intelligence	68
Fine Arts	70
Stratagem of a French Comedian	71
Translation of the Latin Inscription raised by the French Emigrant Priests, resident at Winchester	72
Poetry	73
Foreign Occurrences	79
Monthly Chronicle	81

LONDON:

Printed and Published by J. W. BUNNEY, No. 7, NEWCASTLE-STREET, *Strand*; and sold by all the Booksellers in Town and Country.

[*Entered at Stationers-Hall.*]



Mather Brown Esq.r del.

W. Leney, sculp.

Printed & Published by I.W. Bunney; Newcaſtle Street, Strand, July 1793.

ADDRESS

TO THE

MASONIC BODY,

AND PUBLIC IN GENERAL.

IT is the practice of the Editors of many new Works, to usher them into the world with a long, pompous and laboured Address to the Public, setting forth their First Number, as having attained at once the very Acmé of perfection in all its points; thereby inconsiderately, though naturally, damping the literary Mind, which expects to find a periodical Publication reach Perfection only by that progressive state of Excellence, which the experience of proper subjects, and a better acquaintance with the taste of the times, shall entitle it to. It is one principal source of failure to many Works which are brought forwards with an exceedingly good intention, that the Proprietors so greatly anticipate or mislead, by their indiscriminate praises, the opinion of a Reader, as to render, in a great measure, nugatory, the exercise of his own judgment—that exclusive and peculiar privilege with which MAN alone is endowed.

Others, again, are of a contrary opinion; they object, on the score of *formality*, to any necessity of holding forth their productions to the attention of the World, on the plea, that it must be a bad Work which cannot recommend itself; and these, either from motives of false delicacy, or what is worse, disrespect to their Friends, nay even to the very Work they wish to bring into publicity, deny it those common advantages which are absolutely necessary for its free distribution amongst Mankind.

In order, therefore, to prevent our falling into either of the above extremes, or being guilty of that disrespect, which would attach on our want of a proper confidence in our Friends and Well-wishers;—We presume to introduce THIS, our BANTLING, to the notice of the Public in general, and of the *Masonic Order* in

particular.—As fond Parents, we will venture to pronounce it a *Child of Promise*; and although its features, for want of a little time for maturity, do not possess that Prominency and Strength, which in a short time we hope it will attain; yet we doubt not, even in its present infantile state, it will prove itself an agreeable Friend, and an instructive Companion.

Dropping the metaphor, after returning our sincere thanks to all those who have already favoured us with their polite communications, no less than for the very flattering terms in which they have been conveyed: we humbly crave the Protection and Encouragement of that Noble Class of Mankind, to whose Instruction and Amusement *this Work* is peculiarly dedicated and devoted.

We would not be thought vain, when we entertain the most chearing belief, that *this Undertaking* is the first of the kind that ever was sent into the world *with so pleasing* a prospect, and under the influence of such favourable and polite assurances, as even at this early period it has experienced.—Be it ours to render *ourselves* worthy of a continuation and increase of such flattering marks of the public Opinion; which return we hope not to be unmindful of, whether we are called upon to fulfill our engagements as to *Fine Paper*, *Printing*, or *Copper-plate Embellishments*;—but more especially with respect to our collecting such useful and varied pieces of Intelligence, as shall entitle each succeeding Number to rank higher than its predecessor, in the estimation of the public Mind.

This Magazine is not only intended as a monthly Register of literary Information, but will also contain Essays, tending to the promotion of good Morals; Strictures on the dreadful effects of Vice; together with a variety of such original and pleasing miscellaneous Subjects, as we may think useful or entertaining: these will form *one part* of our Magazine; *the other*, we conceive, will be of the most evident utility, and for which *this Magazine* is principally undertaken,—no less than that of an honourable medium, through which our *fraternal* communications and corre-

spondence may be conveyed one to another, and by *circulating* through distant Climates, dilate the welcome and heartfelt information of the increasing Honour and Consequence of our Order in these Countries, under the immediate and benign auspices of our RIGHT WORSHIPFUL and ROYAL GRAND MASTER, whose beloved and amiable Virtues have long since been known amongst them.—In short, when we reflect, that the literary Stores of the Society are as inexhaustible as its Benevolence; when we *reflect, that our Order justly* boasts the possession of the most learned Men of all Countries; we are compelled to pause at the vastness of the Idea:—yet proudly exult in the high Honour of having sent forth, under their

"Brooding Wings,"

a Work, which we doubt not will, e'er long, become, through their kind Patronage and Protection, one of the richest Mines of literary Information, and attain the most enviable and universal Estimation.

We propose, as an additional testimony of our zeal, to embellish every succeeding Number of the *Freemasons' Magazine* with a fine Portrait (accompanied with a biographical Sketch) of some one of our various Brethren, who have ranked conspicuously in their several Lodges; especially those Gentlemen, whose abilities *in Masonry, or in the* Republic of Letters, have done honour to the Society, or to the Public at large.

Finally, we request, as a particular favour, of the Masters, Officers and Brethren of the various Lodges, that they will be pleased, at times, to communicate to us the account of any thing remarkable, which they may think will tend to throw a further light on the Science, or to instruct it's Members; any Anecdote of a pleasing or interesting nature; in short, any matter or circumstance which will promote that good understanding and benevolence, *so long subsisting* in a Society, of which our principal Pride is—that we have the Honour to be Members.

EXPLANATION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

THE FRONTISPIECE represents JUSTICE, FORTITUDE, and PRUDENCE, supporting a Medallion of His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES, GRAND MASTER of *MASONS* in ENGLAND; with the different INSIGNIA of MASONRY distributed around the *Masonic Pyramid.*

THE VIGNETTE DEDICATORY PLATE to the Right Worshipful and Right Honorable LORD RAWDON, ACTING GRAND MASTER, representing the GENII of the MASONIC ORDER lighting their Torches, as figurative of FRIENDSHIP and SOCIAL UNION; and, at the same time, unfolding a Mantle, containing the mysterious Emblems of the Order, under the scrutinizing Inspection of the EYE of Providence. Designed by MATHER BROWN, Esq. Historical Painter to their Royal Highnesses the DUKE and DUTCHESS of YORK.

EMBELLISHMENTS for No. II.

First.---The Great MASONIC PILLAR, inscribed to the *Masons* of Great Britain; with the Dance of the Genii.

Second.---*Asia* conquered and humbled, kneeling and laying a Sabre at the Feet of Britannia, who is seated upon a Rock, and pointing to her favorite Hero, CORNWALLIS (the gallant Conqueror of Tippoo Sultaun) whose Medallion is supported by *Fame*, sounding her trumpet; at her side, is seen *Europe*, *Africa* and *America* awaiting the Issue of her Decisions.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We return our sincere Thanks for the many literary Favors already received, but which came too late for insertion this Month; therefore, in future, must request of those who please to honor us with their Communications, that they will send them as early in the Month as possible, if they expect to find them inserted in the subsequent Number.

Under Consideration two Pieces signed Brother R. P. Gainsborough, Lincolnshire. Also a Letter from Bath, signed, A Knight Templar.

We acknowledge the receipt of a Letter from a very respectable Brother belonging to the *Lodge of Antiquity*, and his advice respecting giving Portraits of every eminent Mason we mean to adopt, as arrangements are made for that purpose, besides several other embellishments which will add dignity to the Undertaking.

*** The Publisher of this Work likewise begs leave to observe, that those who please to become Subscribers, by sending their Names to him, shall be regularly served with beautiful Impressions of the Embellishments and Letter-Press.

THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

OR,

GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY.

FOR JUNE, 1793.

ON

THE ORIGIN AND DESIGN OF MASONRY.

FREE-MASONS' HALL GRAND LODGE LIBRARY LONDON W.

TO proclaim and encourage Virtue, in whatever form it may appear, is truly laudable, and will always meet with the approbation of the good in this, and every other country. Such has been the endeavor of FREEMASONRY, from the earliest periods to the present day.

When the wild savage leaped from his den, in all the horrors of barbarian ferocity; and men knew no rights but those of the strongest: FREEMASONRY, shackled but not destroyed, exerted itself in filial tenderness, parental regard, an adoration of some deity, and gratitude for benevolent actions.

In the dark pages of primaeval history, when mad ambition rashly over-run the bounds of property, trod uncontroled the barren wilds of savage freedom: it was then that the Originals of our present Order, framed the rude but glorious superstructure of the moral world; and we plainly perceive that MASONRY has in all ages been the great criterion of civilization.

The disciples of Religion and Vitruvius, have in all ages gone hand in hand; and we see the moral and divine precepts of the gospel have, from time immemorial, been introduced under the symbolic expressions of *Masonic* art.

FREEMASONRY (or VIRTUE, it's Christian name) ventured to correct the ferocious manners of men, to tame their savage cruelty, convoke their synod, frame their laws, and with a sort of magic power convert the lawless robber into the peaceful citizen: 'T was the order of Philanthropy; or to speak more modernized, of *Freemasonry*.

The structures of humanity were often erazed by the inroads of barbarian fury, mutilated by the ignorant monk, and, in ancient times, often prostituted to the service of an ecclesiastic council; where debate, rancor, and animosity, with daring projects, were too often seen, through the gilded veil of clerical dignity. The Reli-

gious, it is well known, ingrossed in the early ages of Christianity the whole stock of general knowledge, together with Christian learning; and whatever mankind might be possessed of, flowed through the channels of intolerant zeal, and religious prejudice. The ignorance of monkish transcribers has been already very judiciously detected, in a former Masonic Treatise *, and I fear they have been less merciful, respecting the cardinal expression *Philanthropy*, erasing the four first letters, and inserting *Mis*, exposed to the world that horrid collection of Letters, MISANTHROPY.

From this mistake alone religious persecution raged, carnage strewed the plains with the mangled bodies of our noble ancestors, laid waste the ripening fields of golden harvest, and devastation raged, until the Masonic spirit broke open the monastic prisons and exposed the holy cheat; by them has the original expression ever been held sacred.

From that period the clouds of darkness began to disappear. Virtue travelled westerly, and meeting with patrons, has now fixed her seat, with imperial greatness, *in the Grand Lodge of English Masons.*

It is a public misfortune, that the purity of manners of a Society, which exceeds every other, should not be more generally known among all ranks, especially the lower orders; the people have been long ignorant of the Masonic principles. Virtue, when hunted from her abode on the Continent, seems to have formed her only phalanx in this Society: to wipe the tear from the eye of distress, to cheer the heart of the unfortunate, clothe the naked, feed the hungry, and prevent, by anticipation, the wants of the unfortunate, has always been the practice of Masons.

We may equal, but cannot surpass such actions: 't is not here they can be excelled, and 't is our fervent wish that people may no longer be ignorant of the principles of the Institution; such a confession indeed reflects on themselves as men; nor should they perplex the mind in the minute investigation of the *secret signs*, when they reflect that the *base* of this Order is *Charity*, the figurative and typical emblems are illustrations of a nobler subject. Buildings, however strong or noble, will decay; but Virtue, immortal Virtue! takes its flight from these to the celestial abodes, and is at last received into the bosom of it's God.

Far different from the design of many meetings of the day, whose prominent feature is excess, the Freemasons are a standing exception: they revel in *Charity* and riot in *nobleness of heart.*

As a remark on the excellency of the Order, their very persecutions have been carried on by men (which to our honor there are few instances in this country) who were enemies and not friends to public good; and no sooner has Royalty made the necessary enquiry into the Institution, than it has immediately been enrolled among the Brethren of the Order, and thereby become the *Champion* instead of the *Antagonist* of this noble Society.

* See Annotations of Mr. Locke, under the name Peter Gower, in *Preston's* Illustrations on Masonry, p. 136.

Freemasons are a public benefit to the world, uniting in the strongest ties the people of all countries; their language is as general as that of the eyes, and in all parts of the globe it is understood; by communicative signs it has become peculiarly valuable, and Freemasons possess, what the learned have sought in vain, an invariable cypher for general communication: their's is a sort of personal short hand.

We now come to the *operative* part, called MASONRY, which is distinct from the social aim of the Institution, although the original cause of it.

This consists in rearing stately fabricks to the honor of God, the glory of our country, and the welfare of the public; and as we in that must observe the strictest order and regularity in the course of the Work, so we must in the other act upon the square, and frame our behaviour to the good of society, the honor of our Order, and the credit of every individual: as the more a building is ornamented with ingenious devices, the more it redounds to the honor of the workman; so here, the more accomplishments men possess, the higher they will rise in the estimation of their brethren. Among them every art and science is alternately treated; it forms within itself a living encyclopedia, where every one adorns his subject with the most instructive lessons. It is to be hoped that the Masonic will in time thoroughly agree with the Social part; we already behold the graves of society (convents) totally abolished in a great country; and may they ever continue so! I am sure, no Freemason wishes the Craft to erect another, under the mask of religious retirement, for ever to exclude a brother from the social intercourse of civilized life. In recounting the many stately edifices raised by architectural skill, we admire, we stand astonished at the art: but when reflection weighs in the scales of reason the various ends for which they were founded, we admire the work but detest the purposes of it. The Roman Circus, with it's murdered gladiators, and which raises horror at the relation, is now no more; the Oracles, those pious engines of Roman policy are utterly silent; the Temples, which locked up the vestal virgins, are now without a votary; and we indulge the pleasing hope, that, in a few years, there will not be such an order as the *Inquisition*.

These sentiments, we presume, are not hostile to Freemasons, who glow with the love as well as the peace of mankind; their influence, by the aid of an honorable Brother, has already wrested the fetters from the ancles of the galled African, after the toils of a tedious but weak opposition. We feel the most glowing pleasure at thus addressing these sentiments to our brethren, as we daily feel the truth of the observation, "That, in every nation a Mason may find a friend, in every climate he may find a home."

[*P. S.* In our next we shall continue the Observations on Masonry, but with that attention to the dignity of the Order, which is consistent with our obligations as Brethren.]

MEMOIRS
OF
THE FREEMASONS OF NAPLES.

THE despotism of a minister, though apparently less terrific than that of the prince, is in reality much more dangerous. The enthroned despot wounds in public; and, but flatter the monster, he will be assuaged, after having made a show of his power; but the minister, under the mask of his master, conceals the most daring projects; he sets at work the most destructive engines, and like a jealous Moor, has always bravos to dispatch his antagonist, who are ready at the first warning to execute the most diabolical purposes; they detest an honest man, because he is invariably hostile to their villanous machinations. There will be seen in this Work not only what has happened to the Freemasons, but a horrid picture of ministerial tyranny.

The Society were persecuted in the two Sicilies, under the most frivolous and weak pretences, they could not complain of the injustice of the Sovereign: 't was by the treachery of a single man that one of this Order indured treatment, which would have been unjust by it's motive, if even the Freemasons had merited punishment. The following transactions are supported by public documents, and persons worthy of the strictest confidence.

The Society of Freemasons had existed for a long time in many of the Sicilian states, when a Greek arriving at Naples, about the middle of this century, established a Lodge there. Accustomed to live incircled by their faithful friends; these habits proved their greatest strength: they readily procured persons who appeared to them most worthy of confidence, and in a little time a great number of the first merit, persons of the court, and of the first families in Naples initiated themselves into their Society. Astonished to see themselves so eminently supported, not reflecting that this Order has Virtue for its founder, they were surprized at their rapid increase and proud of their infant Institution: they had scarcely tasted the sweets of this establishment, when King Charles, who reigned then at Naples, was accidentally informed of the assemblies, and of the persons who composed them.

The Society, for want of time, had not yet exhibited at Naples those benign effects which always flow from them; nor produced those fruits, which have deservedly procured for them the protection of the greatest men of all ages. These consist in examples of virtuous actions, foundations in favour of the poor, retreats for old age, receptacles for orphans, and the disordered in mind, succours administered to unfortunate sufferers by fire, recompences for noble actions, well-executed plans of education, seminaries of learning established, monuments erected to the memory of celebrated men, and rewards proposed for the encouragement of talents.

But these noble plans were but in their infancy, and did no more at this time than *promise* celebrity at Naples.

The innocent mystery by which the Society is preserved, or some abuse perhaps which often will dishonor the most noble designs, alarmed the King for the security of his religion and for the safety of the state. The existence of this Society offended the monarch, and the rise of a new Order, in which he was assured the first courtiers had secretly enrolled themselves, all added reasons for his publishing an edict in 1751, which royal bull, interdicted the Freemasons, and threatened to prosecute them according to the laws, and as disturbers of the public repose.

About the same time, Benedict XIV. hurled the thunder of the Church against an Order, which excelled the Conclave as the sun outshines a twinkling star. Some have imagined that his Holiness was instigated to do this by the solicitations of the King of Naples, and others intimate, that being himself a Mason, he would thereby stifle suspicion, and calm the minds of the bigotted, ignorant, and weak. We should be tempted to put this conjecture upon it in reading the holy bull, if it were sufferable to pass conjectures upon the edicts of this religious monarch. They also mention that the Master of the Lodge, overcome by the exigence of the times, and to preserve the Society, was on the point of discovering to the King the social arcana of his Craft. This Prince seemed in fact reconciled, and his silence at the effects of the edict, appeared to be a tacit revocation. Many members who had opposed the court on the Masonic prosecution obtained distinguished employs. One of them was charged with the education of the Prince, and became his confessor. The most zealous members who had been driven away for some time by this courtly storm, now came and made their liberal offerings on the altar of the Society, and which had been reluctantly postponed from the temper of the times. The Society was insensibly reanimated at Naples, became more numerous than ever, and more zealous, because it was still in it's youth. Brotherly love, that heavenly gift, the most efficacious in consoling the miseries of this life, and too often unknown to kings, appeared now to expand its blessings through the whole city.

The Grand Lodge of London being considered as the source of Masonic Legislation, that of Naples obtained statutes and permission for forming their provincial Grand. New motives engaged them afterwards to separate, and after having formed themselves into a National Lodge, it contracted new alliances with the united Society of Germany. They afterwards established new Lodges in the kingdoms of Sicily and Naples. If we are permitted to mention any one of the principal members of that Society, their names would apologize for the insertion. Charles becoming King of Spain, intended to place the crown of the two Sicilies on the head of Ferdinand the Fourth, his son. This young Prince was invested with public authority at an age when men begin to think and act for themselves, and to make choice between the effect of their

FREEMASONS HALL GRAND LODGE LIBRARY LONDON, W.C.

esteem or disapprobation. His character was aided by judgment, and the good of his people, with the embellishment of his states, formed the most striking traits of his political life.

During his youth, when no pains had been spared to impress on his pliant mind opinions the most inimical and prejudicial to the Freemasons, he noticed among them one of his courtiers the most respectable and esteemed. His mind, the irreconcileable enemy of prejudice, was rejoiced at this discovery. He now had an opportunity of learning from a man, in whom he placed the greatest reliance, those details which increased his esteem and veneration for the Society. He reflected within himself, that from the earliest periods, they had numbered among their Order, persons the most respectable, prelates, bishops, cardinals, sages, princes and monarchs. He recollected that one of the greatest heroes of Europe gloried in the title of their Grand, and he regarded this quality as the sole consolation for human misfortunes, and the necessary effusion of human blood*. Two kings, one of whom occupied the first throne in the world, while the other aspired to the epithet of the first of men, enjoyed in the bosom of this Society, a goodness of heart which cannot be conferred by the crown or the purple. The young King of Naples informed of these circumstances, felt his bosom animated by the purest sentiments of humanity and benevolence. In a short time he was desirous of being in the number of an Order, which offered to him the most refined pleasures. The report soon spread.

The bigots, who regarded the Masons as an impious sect, earnestly supplicated heaven to avert this evil from the state. The impostor who glosses his actions with the most laboured subtlety, speaks of Virtue and trembles, and the insidious courtezan who saps by insinuations the manly virtues of his master, groaned to think that this Society would one day expose their arts, tear the veil from the face of hypocrisy, and in the end, be an insuperable obstacle to their nefarious designs. One of them from bigotted zeal threw himself at the king's feet, and implored him to renounce a project, which in his mind was so pregnant with evil and replete with danger. The Freemasons, accustomed to see kings and princes among them, did not give themselves over to an excessive joy, on this royal conversion; convinced, that if ever he was admitted among them, it would redound more to *his* advantage and the benefits of his people, than to society at large. But the person on whom these reports made the deepest impression, was the Marquis Tenucci, then chief secretary of state. King Charles had committed to him the education of his son and the management of the kingdom.

This was a case in point between the Prince and Minister. Ignorant of the true principles of the Order, he dreaded, least his

* We hope that Freemasonry will do more than *console* for, and that in future it will effectually prevent, the effusion of human blood.

master, seduced and deceived, should cause the destruction of their religion and state. When once a man is accustomed to command others, he very reluctantly submits to obey. Tenucci propheſied, that if once the king allied with the Masons, that a minister would then be what he ought, only an agent, and not a master: this was the real cause of the premier's uneasiness. It appeared by his conduct towards the Masons, that it was the only stimulus to his proceedings.

Tenucci employed all his art to convince his master of the justness of his sentiments, and to engage him to extirpate from his states this pernicious plant. He managed with such success his influence on the tender mind of the prince, whose education he had directed, that there appeared in 1775, an edict of the king, renewing that of his predecessor, charging the Giunta di Stato, or, Tribunal of State, of all that regarded this affair, and ordered them to proceed *ad modum belli!* towards the punishment of the factious, or according to the right of war, with full power and authority to treat them as criminals of leze majesty.

The Freemasons of Naples obeyed and fled; their worthy Grand Master, whom I would here mention if I was permitted, added his interdict to that of the King. Persuaded of the justice of their cause, the Brethren resolved to wait a time more favorable, when his majesty would render justice to a Society which does honor to human nature. They perceived and bewailed that, however inoffensive their Institution might be, the legislature could suppress them, without *seeming* to violate the rights of nations. Those times appeared to be renewed, when, according to the expressions of a writer of ancient Rome, they treated as guilty of leze majesty those who had no crimes at all*. They blushed to think, that the minister should accuse a Society whose principles he did not understand, and at the same time to charge that Society with high treason. Their sentiments on this subject were mixed with compassion for his error and ignorance. Others, more animated for the love of liberty, so congenial to man, dwelt on the terms of the edict, *ad modum belli;* terms which appeared to them as announcing the completest despotism. Cautious of giving the least ground for complaint, they bewailed in secret, and submitted to the will of the monarch.

The Marquis Tenucci, unremittingly arduous in the extirpation of the Society, and knowing how frequently they had survived oppression, resolved to accomplish it's total abolition. He sought out an agent fit for his design, and met with one whom he had served: this man was one of those sycophants, whose principal skill lay in the art of palmestry, and bending his body before a great man, either for good or bad. As this person will act a principal part in

* Majestatis singulare et unicum crimen eorum qui crimine vacarent, discit Pline. Dans son panegyrique a l'Empereur Trajan en parlant du regne du Tybere.

this History, we shall inform our Reader of the particulars of him. As being far removed from the place of the transaction the truth of the account might be doubted, if it was possible to think, that any one would wantonly accuse a man who was in power.

This man was the son of a Coal dealer of Aquila, capital of l'Abruzze the nearer. He was then young, and came to seek his fortune in Naples: the connection which he formed with a chamber maid, in an eminent family, was the prelude of his subsequent transactions. He became farmer of the revenue; chief, or capi di ruota, that is to say, one of the four judges of the sacred and royal tribunal of St. Clare: the object of which is to explain the laws, and determine causes of appeal: he was afterwards criminal judge and member of the state council. It is asserted, that during the exercise of these functions he was constantly attended by a priest and an executioner, destined as the attendants of his unfortunate victims, and to prevent the delay of their several punishments, it is reported, that being charged to announce to some jesuits their final condemnation, he presented himself in the midst of them with a dagger in his hand: that he never in these persecutions consulted any thing but his own gain, and forgot in that the principal aim and intention of his missions. He often caused stolen articles to be secreted in the houses of those whom he had proscribed; or accused them unjustly of discontent, in order to have a plausible pretence for their punishment, and to have the reputation of a vigilant magistrate. At that time he filled the offices of state counsellor, and criminal and civil judge, his name was Don Genaro Pallante.

It was to this man the Marquis Tenucci revealed those fears, which the Order of Freemasons inspired: in proposing him as the instrument of their destruction; it gave him room to hope, as the Marquis was arrived at the age of eighty-nine, that he might one day succeed to the ministership: this agent did not forsee that an unexpected event would hasten his disgrace. A magistrate named Patricio, was then commissary of the state council, a tribunal charged by the King to issue it's process against the Freemasons; the marquis could not for a time give any other commands to Pallante but that of secresy; we shall see what use he made of the minister's commission, without the tribunal authority; animated with the most flattering prospects which appeared before him, his only aim was to surprise a Lodge; he searched for spies while he became one himself; he watched night and day those whom he suspected to be Masons; he followed them every where, he assailed their doors, watched their transactions: and though these researches were useless, Pallante had resolved to find them guilty. The eighty-ninth year of the marquis intruded every moment on his memory and ambition; these flattering images deluded him, and led him into those difficulties in which we shall hereafter see him embarrassed.

[*To be continued.*]

The following Address (notwithstanding it's having been before our Brethren) we deem necessary to insert, in order that it may be handed down to Posterity as a lasting Monument of the Loyalty and Attachment of our Institution to His MAJESTY's Person and Government. Also the subsequent Address of Thanks to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES, Grand Master, for his condescension in presenting it.

TO THE

KING's MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,

THE HUMBLE

ADDRESS OF THE GRAND LODGE,

OF THE ANCIENT FRATERNITY

OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS,

UNDER THE CONSTITUTION OF ENGLAND.

MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,

AT a time when nearly the whole mass of the people anxiously press forward, and offer with one heart, and one voice, the most animated testimonies of their attachment to your Majesty's Person and Government, and of their unabated zeal, at this period of innovation and anarchy in other countries, for the unequalled Constitution of their own, permit a body of men, Sire, which, though not known to the laws, has been ever obedient to them :--- Men who do not yield to any description of your Majesty's subjects, in the love of their Country, in true allegiance to their Sovereign, or in any other of the duties of a good Citizen, to approach you with this public declaration of their political Principles. The Times, they think, demand it of them; and they wish not to be among the last, in such times, to throw *their* weight, whatever that may be, into the scale of Order, Subordination, and good Government.

It is written, Sire, in the Institute of our Order, that we shall not, at our meetings, go into *religious* or *political* discussion; because, composed (as our Fraternity is) of Men of various Nations, professing different Rules of Faith, and attached to opposite Systems of Government, such discussions, sharpening the mind of man against his brother, might offend and disunite. A crisis, however, so unlooked for as the present, justifies to our judgment a relaxation of that rule; and our first duty as Britons superseding all other considerations, we add, without farther pause, our voice to that of

our fellow-subjects, in declaring one common and fervent attachment to a government by King, Lords, and Commons, as established by the glorious Revolution of 1688.

The excellence of all human Institutions is comparative and fleeting: positive perfection, or unchanging aptitude to it's object, we know, belongs not to the work of man: But, when we view the Principles of Government which have recently obtained in OTHER NATIONS, and then look upon OUR OWN, we exult in possessing, at this time, the wisest and best-poised system the world has ever known:---A system which affords EQUAL Protection (the only EQUALITY we look for, or that indeed is practicable) and impartial Justice to all.

It may be thought, perhaps, that, being what we are, a private Society of Men---connected by invisible Ties---professing Secrecy, ---mysterious in our Meetings,---stamped by no Act of Prerogative,---and acknowledged by no Law: We assume a port and hold a language upon this occasion, to which we can urge no legal or admitted Right. We are the *free Citizens, Sire,* of a *free State,* and number many thousands of our body.---*The* HEIR APPARENT *of the Empire is our Chief.---We fraternize for the purposes of social intercourse, of mutual assistance, of Charity to the distressed, and good-will to all: And fidelity to a Trust, reverence to the Magistrate, and obedience to the Laws, are sculptured in Capitals upon the Pediment of our Institution:* And let us add, that, pervading as we do, every class of the community, and every walk of life, and disseminating our principles wherever we strike root, this Address may be considered as speaking, in epitome, the Sentiments of a People.

Having thus attested our principles, we have only to implore the SUPREME ARCHITECT OF THE UNIVERSE, *whose almighty hand hath laid in the deep the firm foundation of this Country's greatness, and whose protecting shield hath covered her amidst the crush of Nations,* that He will continue to shelter and sustain her. *May her Sons be contented and her Daughters happy,* and may your MAJESTY---the immediate instrument of her present prosperity and power, to whom unbiassed Posterity shall thus inscribe the COLUMN:

TO

GEORGE

THE FRIEND OF THE PEOPLE,

AND

PATRON OF THE ARTS,

WHICH BRIGHTEN AND EMBELLISH LIFE.

With your amiable QUEEN, and your ROYAL PROGENY, long, long continue to be the blessing and the boast of a grateful, happy, and united People!

Given, unanimously, in GRAND LODGE, *at* Freemasons' Hall, *this 6th day of February,* 1793. (Signed)

RAWDON, *A.G.M.*

(Counter-Signed)

WILLIAM WHITE, *G.S.* PETER PARKER, *D.G.M.*



To His Royal Highness

THE PRINCE OF WALES,

GRAND MASTER

OF THE MOST ANCIENT AND HONORABLE SOCIETY OF

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS,

Most Worshipful and Royal Sir,

ACCUSTOMED, as we have been, from the hour in which your name first adorned the roll of our Order, to the manly vigor of your mind, and the winning benignity of your manners, we did not look for any event which could raise you in our estimation, or draw you nearer to our affections. With *you* at our head, we have seen our reputation advanced in the opinion of our fellow-subjects, our system expand itself, and added honour, and increasing prosperity lie in unclouded prospect before us. These things we ascribe to *you*, Sir, as to their proper source; and yet the silent homage of the heart has been hitherto the only return we have made you. Such, however, has been the generous alacrity with which your Royal Highness has offered to present to his Majesty the accompanying Tribute of our fervent Loyalty to him, and of our unshaken Attachment to that Constitution, which (happily for these nations) at once confirms his possession, and your inheritance, and *all the rights of all the People*; and such the sense we entertain of the proud distinction you have thus conferred upon our Body, that it were inconsistent with our honor, we think, as well as irksome to our feelings, to continue longer silent.

Accept then, Royal Sir, our warmest and most dutiful acknowledgments for your gracious condescension upon this (to us) most momentous occasion. May He, by whom Kings govern and Empires prosper, shower upon your royal parents, yourself, and the whole of your illustrious line, his choicest blessings. May you all long exist in the hearts of a brave and generous people; and Britain triumphant and her Enemies abased. *May her acknowledged* superiority, returning peace, and the grateful reverence of rescued nations, perpetuate the fame of her virtues, the influence of her example, and the weight and authority of her dominion.

(By the unanimous order of the Grand Lodge)

(C. S.) (Signed,) RAWDON, *A. G. M.*

WILLIAM WHITE, *G. S.* PETER PARKER, *D. G. M.*

At this important Period, we presume no Work can be more interesting to our Readers than the following, especially as the REVIEWERS have borne unequivocal Testimony to it's Merits.

THE
HISTORY OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

Origin and first expeditions of the Franks.---*Reign of* Clovis;---*his victories over the* Romans, *the* Alemanni, *the* Burgundians, *and the* Visigoths;---*his conversion to the Christian faith;---division of his empire between his sons,* Thierri, Clodomir, Childebert, *and* Clotaire.---*Succession and extinction of the* Merovingian *race.*

WHILE the Roman empire, under the joint government of Vallerian and Gallienus, was attacked on every side by the blind fury of foreign invaders, the name and warlike *spirit* of the Franks were first revealed to the astonished and trembling natives of Spain and Africa. The origin of these martial barbarians, whose posterity compose one of the most powerful and enlightened monarchies of Europe, has employed every effort of learning and ingenuity; Panonia, Gaul, and the northern parts of Germany, have successively claimed, and been allowed the honour of their birth: but these discordant opinions are rejected by the most rational critics; and it is now generally supposed, that about the two hundred and fortieth year of the Christian æra, under the reign of the emperor Gordian, a confederacy was formed by the inhabitants of the lower Rhine and the Weser: these assumed the honourable name of FRANKS, or FREEMEN; and the laws of their union, which at first were dictated by mutual advantage, were confirmed by gradual experience.

The Rhine, the boasted safeguard of the Roman provinces, proved but a feeble barrier against these enterprizing confederates; the devastations of the Franks stretched from that river to the spot of the Pyrenees; [A. D. 260.] their army penetrated through the passes of those difficult mountains; and Tarragona, the capital of a peaceful province, was sacked and almost destroyed by their rapacious fury. For twelve years, while the imperial sceptre was feebly swayed by Gallienus, Spain was the theatre of their destructive hostilities; the ports of the exhausted country supplied them with vessels to transport themselves into Mauritania; and Africa beheld with terror and astonishment the manners and habits, the complexion and ferocious courage, of these new invaders.

In the reign of Probus, the Franks were compelled by the victorious arms of that monarch to repass the Rhine, [A. D. 277.] and to shelter themselves in the flat maritime country which they had previously occupied, intersected and overflowed by the stagnating waters of the redundant river; but a colony established by the emperor on the sea-coast of Pontus, animated by their unconquerable love of freedom, seized a fleet stationed in the harbours of the Euxine, and resolved to explore their way from the mouth of the Phasis, to that of the Rhine. They escaped through the Bosphorus and Hellespont, and spread their depredations along the coasts of the Mediterranean; the defenceless and unsuspecting shores of Asia, Greece, and Africa, were afflicted by their frequent descents; the city of Syracuse was surprised, her treasures rifled, and her inhabitants massacred. Thence directing their course to the columns of Hercules, they committed themselves to the wide expanse of the ocean; and steering through the British channel, landed triumphant on the Batavian or Frisian shores.

During a long period of barbaric darkness, the Franks are concealed from our view; but they emerged again when the throne of Valentinian the Third was shaken by the Scythian torrent, and Attila poured on the empire the tempest of his arms. The Franks, who had already established the right of hereditary succession in the Merovingian race, eagerly seized the favorable moment of enterprise, and embraced the opportunity of extending the limits of their monarchy, still confined to the neighbourhood of the Rhine. Disparguin, a village between Louvain and Brussels, was the residence of Clodion, the first of their kings mentioned in authentic history: informed by his spies of the defenceless state of the adjacent country, [A. D. 440.] he pressed through that part of the forest of Ardennes between the Scheidt and the Meuse, occupied the cities of Tournay and Cambray, and extended his conquests as far as the river Somme. Though surprised and routed by the Roman general Ætius, he soon retrieved his strength and reputation, and maintained the possession of his new acquisitions. But his death exposed his kingdom to the discord and ambition of his two sons; and while the elder sought the formidable alliance of Attila, the Scythian monarch, the younger implored and obtained the protection of the court of Rome.

The western empire of Rome, separated from that of the east, already rapidly verged towards its dissolution; and the authority of Odoacer, a barbarian mercenary, was extinguished by the reign of Theodoric the Ostrogoth; when the kindred tribes of the Franks seated along the Scheidt and the Meuse, the Moselle and the Rhine, were attracted by the superior merit of Clovis, who had succeeded to the command of the Salic tribe by the death of his father Childeric. The narrow limits of his kingdom were confined to the island of the Batavians, with the ancient dioceses of Tournay and Arras; but his martial bands were swelled by the voluntary allegiance of his countrymen; and his victorious banner was followed by

the warriors, who, though governed by the independent kings of the Merovingian race, were free to share the fortunes of a popular and successful general.

Ægidius, a noble Roman, and the master-general of Gaul, had established an independent sovereignty beyond the Alps. When the Franks were dissatisfied with the youthful follies of Childeric their king, they entrusted the sceptre to the hand of the Roman general; but as soon as the fickle barbarians repented of their injury to the Merovingian race, the restoration of the lawful prince was prudently acquiesced in by the moderation of Ægidius: Syagrius his son, with the authority at least, if not with the title of king, possessed the city and diocese of Soissons, with Rheims and Troyes, Beauvais and Amiens. The glory of the father, with the power of the son, excited the jealousy and ambition of Clovis; and Syagrius accepted the hostile defiance of his rival, and appointed the day and field of battle. The Roman chief, with his disorderly multitude, was vanquished by the intrepid Franks at Nogent, about ten miles from Soissons: the unfortunate Ægidius in vain escaped to the distant court of Thoulouse; he was surrendered to the menaces of the victor. The Belgic cities, Soissons, Rheims, Provence, Sens, Troyes, and Auxerre, opened their gates to the triumphant Clovis; whose dominions towards the east were enlarged by the diocese of Tongres, a conquest which he atchieved in the tenth year of his reign, [A. D. 491.]

The Alemanni had spread themselves in Gaul over the modern provinces of Lorrain and Alsace, and their invasion of the kingdom of Cologne summoned Clovis to the defence of his kinsman and ally. [A. D. 495.] In the plains of Tolbiac, twenty-four miles from the city of Cologne, the two armies encountered each other with equal valor and mutual animosity. In the first onset the ranks of the Franks were broken, and the shouts of the Alemanni proclaimed their hopes of victory: but the battle was restored by the skill and example of Clovis; the Franks returned to the charge, and their transient disgrace was effaced by a cruel slaughter. The Alemanni in vain endeavoured to shelter themselves in the deep recesses of their forests; their king, the last who could boast that title, perished in the field; and his subjects were preserved only by the moderation of the conqueror, who condescended to accept their submission, and permitted them, while they acknowledged his sovereignty, to retain their peculiar manners and institutions, under the government of official, and at length, hereditary dukes.

Clovis had been early educated, and persevered until the thirtieth year of his age, in the errors of Paganism: but although he had hitherto rejected or disregarded the evidence of Christianity, his subjects of Gaul enjoyed the free and uncontroled exercise of their religious worship. He had espoused in the fair Clotilda, the niece of the king of Burgundy, a zealous catholic; and the influence of the queen was incessantly directed towards the conver-

sion of her husband. Some superstitious fears were excited in *Clovis* by the death of their infant son, who had been purified in the fount of baptism; but he was persuaded to renew the sacred experiment; and in the battle of Tolbiac, when the broken ranks of the Franks were pressed by the Alemanni, Clovis loudly invoked the god of Clotilda, and of the Christians: his decisive victory contributed to confirm his wavering mind; he listened respectfully to the holy eloquence of Remigius, the bishop of Rheims, and declared himself fully satisfied of the truth of the catholic faith. Political reasons might suspend for some time his public avowal; but in the sixteenth year of his reign [A. D. 496.] the important ceremony of his baptism was performed with solemn magnificence in the cathedral of Rheims; and on the same day three thousand of his obedient subjects imitated the devout example of their sovereign. The mind of Clovis had been affected by the pathetic tale of the Passion and the Death of Christ; and insensible of the beneficial consequences of the mysterious sacrifice, he exclaimed with religious fervor, "Had I been present with my valiant Franks, I would have revenged his injuries." But though he publicly professed to acknowledge the truth of the gospel, the mild precepts which it inculcated were but little respected by the aspiring barbarian; after dismissing a Synod of the Gallican church, he calmly assassinated all the princes of the Merovingian race; and the only monarch in the Christian world free from the stain or imputation of heresy, was perpetually employed in the aggrandizement of his dominions by the violation of every moral and religious duty.

The conquests of Clovis were equally atchieved by his head and hand, and even his conversion contributed to promote his ambition. The independent cities of Gaul were influenced by their prelates to acknowledge the jurisdiction of a catholic king; the Armorican provinces, (a name which comprehended the maritime country of Gaul, between the Seine and the Loire), abandoned by the Romans, had united for their defence, and under the form of a free government had endeavoured to repel the desultory descents of the northern pirates. Though the instable foundation of their republic had been repeatedly shaken, yet they guarded with vigilance their domestic freedom, and asserted the dignity of the Roman name. The valour they had displayed in repelling the attacks of Clovis, excited the esteem of that martial monarch, and their successful opposition produced an honorable union; they accepted without reluctance the generous capitulation of a catholic hero, and the power and strength of the son of Childeric were increased to a formidable height by these voluntary accessions; [A. D. 497.] but the reduction of the northern provinces of Gaul was the gradual operation of war and negociation; and Clovis acquired each object of his ambition by the united efforts of force and art.

The kingdom of the Burgundians extended from the forest of Vosges to the Alps and to the sea of Marseilles. Gondebaud, the uncle of Clotilda, who held the sceptre, to secure his throne from domestic contention, had sacrificed the lives of two of his brothers, one of whom was the father of the queen of the Franks; a third brother, Godegesil, had been spared by his policy or humanity, and was suffered to possess the dependent principality of Geneva. The faith of Gondebaud was stained with Arianism, but his subjects were strongly inclined to the orthodox religion; and his brother Godegesil conspired with Clovis, who was stimulated by inordinate ambition, holy zeal, and a desire to revenge the murder of the father of Clotilda. In a battle fought between Langres and Dijon, Gondebaud, deserted by Godegesil, was forced to yield to the treachery of his brother and the irresistible valour of the Franks; [A. D. 500.] he abandoned to the pursuit of Clovis the important cities of Lyons and Vienne, and fled with precipation to Avignon: the impetuous ardour of the victor was checked by the siege of that city; the vigor and resolution of Gondebaud induced the son of Childeric to listen to terms of accommodation; a certain annual tribute was stipulated; a considerable sum of money was immediately disbursed to satisfy the demands of the Franks; and Godegesil was confirmed in the possession of Vienne, and several other places which he had occupied during the course of the war.

The army of Clovis had scarce retired from the territories of Gondebaud, before that monarch prepared to efface his disgrace, and avenge the treason of his brother. He assembled with diligence an army at Lyons, and advanced with rapidity towards Vienne, which was garrisoned by five thousand Franks, commanded by Godegesil in person. The secret passage of an aqueduct was revealed to Gondebaud by a perfidious citizen; in the silent hour of night, a chosen band entered the subterraneous channel; they instantly seized the most important posts; the gates were thrown open to their companions; the Franks who escaped the sword, were sent prisoners to the king of the Visigoths; and by the death of Godegesil, the king of Burgundy a third time, in the same city, stained his hands with fraternal blood.

The capture of Vienne was followed by the submission of the other cities which had been occupied by Godegesil; the inhabitants acknowledged the authority, and implored the clemency of their lawful soversign, who declared to Clovis that he must no longer expect that tribute he had presumed to extort. Although the pride of the king of the Franks must have been sensibly wounded by this declaration, though he could not be indifferent to the fate of his subjects and the death of his ally, yet the conqueror of Gaul dissembled the injury, released the tribute, and accepted the alliance and military service of the king of Burgundy.

[*To be continued.*]

THE

GENERAL HISTORY OF CHINA:

Containing a Geographical, Historical, Chronological, Political, and Physical Description of the Empire of CHINA, CHINESE-TARTARY, *&c.*

IN WHICH WILL BE INCLUDED AN ACCOUNT OF EVERY PARTICULAR THAT TRANSPIRES FROM LORD MACARTNEY'S EMBASSY.

Of the Antiquity and Extent of the Chinese Monarchy.

CHINA has this advantage over all other nations, that for four thousand years, and upwards, it has been governed, almost without interruption, by its own native princes, and with little deviation either in attire, morals, laws, customs, or manners, from the wise institutions of it's first legislators.

As the inhabitants find within themselves every thing necessary for the convenience and delight of life, so wanting no foreign assistance, they have always affected a shyness to the commerce of strangers. Their ignorance of distant countries flattered them with the fond persuasion, that they were masters of the whole world, that they inhabited the greatest part of it, and that whatever was not China was barbarous; which prejudice, joined to the natural solidity of the people, has without doubt very much contributed to the constant uniformity of their manners.

Concerning the origin of this Empire, the learned amongst them are divided betwixt two opinions, for they are far from resting satisfied with that vulgar chimera, which, on the credit of some apocryphal books, places the rise of it in imaginary ages before the creation of the world: their best historians distinguish their chronology into the fabulous, the doubtful, and the certain; and all agree that the ages preceding Fo hi can be reduced to no certain standard, but ought to be looked upon as entirely fabulous.

These authors therefore consider Fo hi as the founder of their monarchy, who about two hundred years after the deluge, according to the version of the seventy, reigned at first in the confines of the province of Chen si, and afterwards in the province of Ho nan, which is situate almost in the heart of the empire, where he employed himself in clearing all that tract of land that extends to the eastern ocean.

In this opinion are most of their learned, and indeed it is so well supported by a constant tradition, and the authority of their most ancient historians, that it is generally looked upon as incontestible.

Other of their authors carry their monarchy no higher than the reign of Yao, who, according to the former, was only their fifth emperor; but should any one presume to reduce it lower, he would not only be ridiculed, but severely chastized, if not put to death;

and for a missionary to betray the least suspicion of that kind, would be sufficient to banish him the empire.

However this is certain, that China was inhabited above two thousand one hundred and fifty-five years before the birth of Christ, which is demonstrable by an eclipse that happened that year, as may be seen in the Astronomical Observations, extracted from the Chinese History, and other books in that language, and published in 1729.

Thus for four thousand years and more this imperial throne has been enjoyed, without interruption, by twenty-two different families, in which they reckon two hundred and thirty-four emperors, who reigned successively till the invasion of the King of Tartary, who about one hundred and twenty years since made himself master of the crown, and has been succeeded by three emperors of his family, namely, Chun tchi, who reigned seventeen years, Cang hi, who reigned sixty-one, and Yong tching, who ascended the throne in 1722.

This conquest was made with the most surprizing facility through the misunderstanding of the Chinese, and the divers factions which divided both the court and the empire: the greater part of the imperial army was employed, at that time, near the great wall, in repulsing one of the Kings of the Eastern Tartars called Mantcheoux.

This prince, in order to revenge the injustice which his subjects had received in their trade with the Chinese merchants, and the little regard which the court had shewn to his complaints, had entered into Leao tong, at the head of a formidable army, and begun a war which lasted several years with various success on both sides.

The emperor Tsong tching lived with tranquility in his capital, though he had but little reason to be so easy. The unjust punishment to which he had condemned one of his most considerable ministers, his excessive severity, and extreme covetousness, which would not permit him to lessen the taxes, to ease the people, even at a time when there was the greatest scarcity, provoked the people to revolt, and increased the number of malecontents both in the capital as well as in the provinces.

In this juncture a Chinese of the province of Se tchuen, called Li cong tse, who was a bold enterprising man, put himself at the head of a great number of rebels; his army increased daily, and in a short time he took several considerable towns, conquered divers provinces, and gained the affection of the people by easing them of the taxes, with which they were overburthened, and by removing several magistrates, and placing in their stead others in whom he could confide, charging them to use his subjects with mildness; but on the other hand he plundered every city which made the least opposition to him, and gave the plunder to his soldiers.

After he had enriched himself with the spoils of the delicious province of Ho nan, he went into that of Chen si, and there took upon him the title of emperor, under the name of Tien chun, which signifies, He that obeys Heaven, in order to persuade the people that he was the instrument which Heaven had appointed to deliver them from the cruelty and oppression of the ministers.

When the rebel found himself near Pekin, and heard by secret intelligence of the factions and divisions that reigned among the grandees, and being informed that the greater part of the troops had been sent to the frontiers of Tartary, and that several of the chief officers, who remained in the town were prevailed on by his bribes to receive him, he sent privately a great number of his best soldiers, disguised like merchants, into the town, and gave them money to set up shops and to trade with, that they might be ready to join him, and favour his cause whenever he should appear before the walls of the town.

The success answered his expectation, for he no sooner appeared before the walls, but one of the gates were opened to him, and he entered the city like a conqueror, finding only a small resistance from a few of the emperor's faithful soldiers: he marched up directly to the palace, and had forced the first wall before the emperor was acquainted with it. This unhappy prince being informed of his misfortune, when it was not in his power to escape from the fury of the enemy, and finding himself forsaken and betrayed by his courtiers, he retired into one of his gardens, with his daughter, and having first killed her with his sabre, he hanged himself on a tree, rather choosing to die than fall into the hands of a rebellious subject.

After his death all submitted to this new power; and the tyrant, in order to establish himself on the throne, put to death several great mandarins, and exacted great sums of money from others: there was none but Ou san guey, general of the forces that were on the frontiers of Tartary, who refused to acknowledge him emperor. This general had a father called Ou, who lived then at Pekin, whom the new emperor sent for, and commanded to follow him in the expedition he was going upon.

He immediately put himself at the head of a considerable army, in order to reduce the Chinese general, who had retired into one of the towns of Leao tong: after he had besieged the town, he ordered the father of the general to be brought before the walls in irons, and threatened the general, that if he would not submit to him, he would cut his father's throat before his face.

But Ou san guey, preferring the good of his country to the filial tenderness and duty which he owed his father, suffered him to be sacrificed, who highly extolled the fidelity of his son, and with an heroic courage submitted to the rage and fury of the tyrant.

This cruelty provoked the general to seek for revenge; but as it was difficult for him to resist long the efforts of the usurper, thought by piquing the generosity of the King of Tartary, he

might not only be able to make a peace with him, but also engage him to succour him with all his forces: Tsong te, which was the name of this king, provoked by a secret ambition, more than by the bribes offered by the Chinese general, accepted this proposition so willingly that the very same day he appeared at the head of fourscore thousand men. The usurper being informed of the union of the Chinese and Tartarian armies, durst not encounter two such great generals, but retired in haste to Pekin, and after he had loaded several chariots with the choicest goods of the palace, he set it on fire, and fled into the province of Chen si, where he took such care to hide himself, that the place of his retreat could never be found: although he made great haste, yet part of the plunder fell into the hands of the Tartarian soldiers.

However Tsong te went directly to Pekin, where he was joyfully received, both by the grandees and the people, whom he managed so dexterously, that they desired him to take upon him the government of the empire, which he did not long enjoy; for he died suddenly, having only time to name Chun tchi, his son, for his successor, who was but six years old, leaving the care of his education, and the government of the empire, to one of his brother called Amavam.

This prince, by policy and address, reduced the greater part of the provinces, which were unwilling to submit to the yoke of the Tartars, and surrendered the government into the hands of his nephew, as soon as he was capable of governing.

The young emperor shewed himself so able in the art of government, that he soon gained the affections of his subjects, and found the means to unite the Chinese and Tartars, and make them as one nation. During his reign he maintained the grandeur of the empire, but died in the twenty-fourth year of his age; just before his death he called his four chief ministers, and named Cang hi, one of his sons, who was then but eight years of age, for his successor, whose education he recommended to their care.

The next day after the death of the emperor Chun tchi, his body being put into a coffin, Cang hi was proclaimed emperor, and ascended the throne, when all the princes, lords, prime officers of the army and the crown, with the mandarins of all the tribunals, prostrated themselves at his feet three times, and at each prostration struck the ground with their foreheads, and made the nine customary bows.

Nothing could exceed the magnificence of the great court where this ceremony was performed; all the mandarins were ranged on both sides, dressed in silk gowns flowered with gold in the form of roses; there were fifty that carried great umbrellas of gold brocade and silk, with their staves gilt, and were divided into two rows, twenty-five on each side of the throne; near them were thirty officers with large fans of silk embroidered with gold, and nigh these last were twenty-eight large standards, embroidered with golden stars, great dragons, and the figures of the new and full

moon, with all its different phases and appearances, to represent the twenty-eight mansions of the heavens, and their conjunctions and oppositions with the sun, as they appear in the intersections of the circles, which the astronomers call the dragon's head and tail; a hundred other standards followed these, and the rest of the mandarins carried maces, axes, hammers, and other instruments of war or ceremony, with heads of monsters and divers animals.

During this reign, which was one of the longest, the emperor's merit and glory were not only held in veneration through Asia, but also procured him the regard and esteem of all Europe: it was he that united the two Tartaries with China, and made them but one empire, by that means bringing under his sole power an immense country, which is not separated by any lands belonging to other potentates: as there were none but the eastern Tartars that could give him trouble, he, partly by policy, and partly by force, removed them three hundred miles beyond the great wall, where he gave them lands, and established his own subjects in their places: he divided this vast country into several provinces, which were submissive and tributary to him, and kept them in subjection by the means of the Lamas, whom the Tartars worship as so many divinities.

As soon as he had established a lasting peace in the empire, he recalled from the provinces the greater part of the forces that were dispersed there, and marched them three times a year into Tartary, armed with bows, arrows, and scimitars, as in a warlike expedition, making them endure great fatigues and long marches, and employing them to destroy the wild boars, bears, tigers, and other beasts; this he did out of policy, to keep them from luxury and idleness: the army was obliged to encamp at night, and lodge in tents, there being neither cities, towns, or villages in the Western Tartary: the inhabitants have no other tenements but tents dispersed over the country, where they feed their oxen, horses and camels; they know nothing of plowing, sowing of corn, or cultivating land, but remove their tents from place to place for the conveniency of pasture ground, living on milk, cheese, and what game they can get.

Notwithstanding all this the emperor did not lessen his application to state affairs, but would often consult his ministers under a tent, as if it had been his palace, governing the empire himself, as the soul that animated all the members of so great a body, not intrusting the care of the government either to his ministers or eunuchs.

Another piece of his policy was, establishing judges in the courts of judicature, who were half of them Chinese, and the other half Tartars, designed as so many spies on each other; besides, it obliged the Tartars to apply themselves to learning, in order to qualify themselves for employments, according to the ancient custom of the empire.

[*To be continued.*]

THE

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE

OF THE LATE

HONORE GABRIEL RIQUETTI,

COUNT DE MIRABEAU;

TRANSLATED FROM AN EDITION JUST PUBLISHED IN PARIS, BY A MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

NATURE produces to the world, at different periods, persons, who for their striking traits of character and singularity, attract the attention of mankind even at the most remote periods, either serving as models of imitation, or as objects of our disgust.

Thus for our instruction, the industry of man has transmitted to our times the names and actions of Socrates and Fenelon, of Nero and Marcus Aurelius, of Raveillac and of Cartouche.

Honore Gabriel Riquetti, the hero of our present narrative, was born at Paris in 1749, his mother Louise de Caraman, and his father Georges Philippe Riquetti, Marquis de Mirabeau, author of the Ami des Hommes.

The first years of his life announced and portrayed in his various actions, every thing that a mind so little susceptible of moral refinement could arrive to, and to a discerning eye there will appear in his youth the same restlessness of temper, which continually actuated his riper years.

He performed with eclat the character of gambler and greque with his companions, and by his natural propensity for excess, and an intriguing manner, he performed that part far above mediocrity; insolence towards his inferiors, which too often borders on contempt, added to an insufferable hauteur towards his equals, portrayed his temper as well at the seventh, as at the fortieth year of his age.

His father, a man of a benevolent heart and well versed in the knowledge of men, of whom he had long publicly declared himself the friend and advocate, in a manner well known to the public, beheld with regret the vices and irregularities of a son so little worthy of such a parent.

The Marquis often endeavoured to correct, by his paternal lessons, the turbulent passions of his son, but Riquetti rejected his councils with disdain and indignation; viewing with indifference the obligations of filial duty, he resented with contempt and insult, the friendly check and parental admonition. This young man, whom scarce any one could conceive to be capable of such an horrid act, had actually prepared poison to dispatch his father, when it was providentially discovered by the activity and discern-

ment of one of the domestics, who had but just time to inform the Marquis of his danger, from which he happily escaped.

This trait characterizes the young but unnatural Mirabeau, and though he certainly was a man whose talents were above mediocrity, this undoubtedly will for ever disgrace him, as having been the author of such an infamous attempt.

To remove him from the presence of the family, and to prevent crimes that must inevitably bring scandal and disgrace on a name so respectable, the Marquis obtained a lettre-de-cachêt, and shut up Riquetti to contemplate and reflect, for fourteen months, in the castle of Geole; his father released him from his confinement with the rational but delusive hope that he had made suitable reflections on his past conduct; but this act of parental tenderness, gave him full power to exhibit his subsequent character, on the great stage of the world.

How well he performed his task we shall presently see. Scarcely was he released from confinement, than he published the most scandalous libels against his father, wherein is the most complete system of declamatory rage, malice, and fury; and which tracts he never in his life-time denied. If he did not succeed in the public ridicule of his father, yet he destroyed, what was of more importance, the harmony which subsisted between the Marquis and his wife.

This French Demosthenes gained over his mother to his cause, by the calumnies and insinuations which he raised against the character of his father, and, which had too much force on the mind of this affectionate, but pliant parent, who fell into the snare which he had laid for her. The peaceable and respectable occupation of a man, employed in the researches of the human mind, and contemplating the wonders of nature and art, could scarcely be grievous enough to justify a final separation between man and wife. This is all that could be charged to the account of the Marquis her husband. But to insure her own, and *attempt* his dishonour, this unfortunate lady is said (but we hope without foundation) to have yielded herself up to those irregularities which are truly unbecoming the modesty of her sex, and the dignity of her family: it was even reported, that her favors were conferred on the most inferior classes.

Riquetti, although absent from his parental residence, did not fail by his councils and communications, to heighten that eminence, from which his mother was afterwards precipitated: he aided the domestic broils, nor did he leave her until he had completed her misfortunes.

The Marquis foreseeing the impossibility of retrieving the attachment of his wife, abandoned her to the decision of the law, which destined a convent for her future residence; in which it would have been well if she had continued.

The world is not unacquainted with the memoirs in which Riquetti endeavoured to disturb the peace and embitter the days of

his aged father. The first of these libels, a collection of infamous doctrines, terrified the aged Marquis; who, throwing the book into the fire, exclaimed, "Voila la chatecisme delirant de l' homme le plus seditieux qui fut jamais." "These are the mad tenets of the most seditious man existing.

Riquetti, after his domestic pamphleteering, introduced to the world a book entitled, "le Libertin de Qualité," which he called his conversion; afterwards appeared his Rubicond, and others of this kind; the first of these began with the following expression, "Je fus toujours un vaurien et je veux toujours l'etre;" "I have always been a rogue and I mean to continue so." Some say he kept his word.

As the produce of these books did not supply his numerous exigencies, he resolved to relieve himself from his embarrassments, and accordingly he commenced professor of legerdemain; he went to Provence, and residing in that city, became acquainted with the Marquis de Marinage, he there attempted the seduction of his daughter, Marie Emilie de Covet, and demanded her in marriage. The Marquis, who had previously enquired the character of Riquetti, and not liking the match, frankly refused his proposition.

Riquetti never at a loss, entered on a stratagem: one morning he appeared very early in the caffe de noblesse, in his dishabille, with his linen rumpled and his hair in great disorder: faith, cried his companions, you cut a singular appearance! I suppose you have passed your night perfectly agreeable; exactly so, says Riquetti, I have just returned from the young Marinage. This report soon reached the ears of her father, who, to cover the supposed dishonor of his daughter, resolved on her marriage with Mirabeau.

They had not been married long before he gave no signal proofs of his uxoriousness, by treating with indifference, a person who merited better usage. The following are her words on the subject: "There never passed a day, without being imbittered by some domestic uneasiness; in the midst of his most kind offices, he would often give rise to some argument, which frequently terminated in unkind treatment." Whenever they were together, the company were spectators of the disrespectful usage to which Madame Mirabeau was exposed, reproaches, insults, and often blows; even her pregnancy did not shield her.

[*To be continued.*]

TRAITS IN THE LIFE OF *COUNT DE BUCKEBOURG.*

AS RELATED BY MONS. ZIMMERMANN,
Aulic Counsellor and Physician to his Britannic Majesty at Hanover.

COUNT Schaumberg-Lippe, better known by the title of the Count de Buckebourg. Of all the German authors, I never knew one whose writings were more ridiculed or so little understood; and yet his name was worthy of being ranked among the greatest characters which his country produced. I became acquainted with him at a time when he lived almost continually in solitude and retired from the world, managing his small estate with great discretion. There was indeed, it must be confessed, something in his manner and appearance which, at first sight, created disgust, and prevented you from paying a proper attention to the excellent qualities of his mind.

The Count de Lacy, formerly ambassador from Spain to Petersburgh, informed me at Hanover, that he led the Spanish army against the Portuguese at the time they were commanded by the Count de Buckebourg; the singularity of whose person and manners so forcibly struck the minds of all the Spanish generals, while they were reconnoitring the army with their telescopes, that they exclaimed with one voice, "Are the Portuguese commanded by Don Quixote?" The ambassador, however, who possessed a very liberal mind, spoke with enthusiastic rapture of the good conduct of Buckebourg in Portugal, and praised in the warmest terms the excellence of his mind and the greatness of his character. His heroic countenance, his flowing hair, his tall and meagre figure, and above all, the extraordinary length of his visage, might, in truth, bring back the recollection of the Knight of La Mancha; for certain it is, that at a distance he made a most romantic appearance: on a nearer approach, however, a closer view immediately convinced you of the contrary. The fire and animation of his features announced the elevation, sagacity, penetration, kindness, virtue, and serenity of his soul. Sublime sentiments and heroic thoughts were as familiar and natural to his mind, as they were to the noblest characters of Greece and Rome.

The Count was born in London, and his conduct was, without doubt, whimsical and extraordinary. The anecdotes related to me by a German prince (a relation of Count Guillaume) concerning him, are perhaps not generally known. He was fond of contending with the English in every thing. For instance, he laid a wager that he would ride a horse from London to Edinburgh backwards, that is, with the horse's head turned towards Edinburgh, and the Count's face towards London; and in this manner he actually rode

FREE-MASONS' HALL GRAND LODGE LIBRARY LONDON, W.C.

through several counties in England. He not only traversed the greatest part of that kingdom on foot, but travelled in company with a German prince, through several of the counties in the character of a beggar. Being informed that part of the current of the Danube, above Regensberg, was so strong and rapid that no one had ever dared to swim across it, he made the attempt, and swam so far, that it was with difficulty he saved his life. A great statesman and profound philosopher related to me at Hanover, that, during the war in which the Count commanded the artillery in the army of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick against the French, he one day invited several Hanoverian officers to dine with him in his tent. When the company were in high spirits and full of gaiety, several cannon-balls flew in different directions about the tent. "The French," exclaimed the officers, "cannot be far off." ---"No, no," replied the Count, "the enemy, I assure you, are at a great distance;" and he desired them to keep their seats. The firing soon afterwards re-commenced; when one of the balls carrying away the top of the tent, the officers rose suddenly from their chairs, exclaiming, "The French are here."---"No," replied the Count, "the French are not here, and therefore, gentlemen, I desire you will again sit down, and rely upon my word." The balls continued to fly about; the officers, however, continued to eat and drink without apprehension, though not without whispering their conjectures to each other upon the singularity of their entertainment. The Count at length rose from the table, and, addressing himself to the company, said, "Gentlemen, I was willing to convince you how well I can rely upon the officers of my artillery; for I ordered them to fire, during the time we continued at dinner, at the pinnacle of the tent; and they have executed my orders with great punctuality."

Reflecting minds will not be unthankful for these traits of the character of a man anxious to exercise himself and those under his command in every thing that appeared difficult or enterprizing. Being one day in company with the Count by the side of a magazine of gunpowder which he had made under his bed-chamber in Fort Wilhelmstein, I observed to him, that "I should not sleep very contentedly there during some of the hot nights of summer." The Count, however, convinced me, though I do not now recollect how, that the greatest danger and no danger is one and the same thing. When I first saw this extraordinary man, which was in the company of an English and a Portuguese officer, he entertained me for two hours, with a discourse upon the physiology of Haller, whose works he knew by heart. The ensuing morning, he insisted on my accompanying him in a little boat, which he rowed himself, to Fort Wilhelmstein, which, from plans he shewed me of his own drawing, he had constructed in the middle of the water, where not a foot of land was to be seen. One Sunday, upon the great parade at Pyrmont, surrounded by many thousand men who were occupied in dress, dancing, and making

love, he entertained me on the very spot during the course of two hours, and with as much tranquillity as if we had been alone, by detailing all the arguments that have been used to prove the existence of God, pointing out their defective parts, and convincing me that he could surpass them all. To prevent my escape from this lesson, he held me fast all the time by the button of my coat. He shewed me, at his seat at Buckebourg, a large folio volume in his own hand-writing, "On the art of defending a small town against a great power." The work was completely finished, and designed as a present to the King of Portugal; but he did me the favor to read many passages respecting the security of Swisserland. The Count considered the Swiss invincible; and pointed out to me not only all the important parts which they might occupy against an enemy, but shewed me roads which a *cat* would scarcely be able to crawl through. I do not believe that any thing was ever written of higher importance to the interests of any country than this work; for the manuscript contains striking answers to all the objections that a Swiss himself could make. My friend M. Moyse Mendelsohm, to whom the Count had read the preface to this work at Pyrmont, considered it as a masterpiece, both for it's correct language and fine philosophy; for the Count could write the French language with almost the same ease, elegance, and purity as Voltaire; while in the German he was laboured, perplexed, and diffuse. What adds to his praise is, that upon his return to Portugal, he had with him, for many years, two of the most acute masters of Germany; first, Abbt, and afterwards Herder. Those who see with more penetrating eyes than mine, and have had more opportunities to make observations, are able to relate a variety of remarkable anecdotes concerning this truly great and extraordinary man. I shall only add one observation more respecting his character, availing myself of the words of Shakespeare: the Count Guillaume de Schaumberg Lippe carries no *dagger*:

" He has a lean and hungry look"—
" ——— but he 's not dangerous;
" ——————————— he reads much;
" He is a great observer; and he looks
" Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays;
" ——————————— he hears no music;
" Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,
" As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
" That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

JULIUS CÆSAR, *Act I. Scene IV.*

Such was the character, always misunderstood, of this solitary man. A character of this description may well smile, when he perceives himself scoffed at by the world; but what must be the shame and confusion of those partial judges, when they shall be-

hold the monument which the great Mendelsohm has erected to his memory; or the judicious history of his life which a young author is about to publish at Hanover; the profound sentiments, the noble style, the truth and sincerity of which will be discovered and acknowledged by impartial posterity.

The men who laugh, as I have seen them laugh a thousand times, at Buckebourg, on account of his long visage, his flowing hair, his great hat, and little sword, may very well indulge their smiles of scorn, if, like the Count, they are philosophers and heroes. The Count de Buckebourg, however, never smiled at the world or upon men but with kindness. Without hatred, without misanthropy, he enjoyed the tranquility of his country-house, situated in the bosom of a thick forest, frequently alone, or with the virtuous woman whom he had chosen for his wife; and for whom, while living, he did not appear to entertain any extraordinary fondness; but when she died, his affection for her was so great, that the loss of her brought him almost to the grave.

AN

EASTERN NOVEL.

THE FOLLOWING EXAMPLE SHEWS THAT THE PRACTICE OF VIRTUE RENDERS A FAMILY ILLUSTRIOUS.

A FAMILY in a moderate condition dwelt at Vou si, a town dependant on the city of Tchang tcheou in the province of Kiang nan: three brothers composed this family; the eldest was called Liu the Diamond, the next Liu the Treasure, and the third Liu the Pearl; the latter was not yet old enough for marriage, but the other two were already married; the wife of the first was called Ouang, and that of the younger Yang, and they had both all those charms that render women agreeable.

Liu the Treasure had a strong passion for gaming and drinking, and discovered little inclination to any thing that was good; his wife was of the same character, and had little regard for virtue, greatly differing in this from Ouang her sister-in-law, who was an example of modesty and regularity; thus though these two women seemingly kept up a good understanding between each other, their hearts were but weakly united.

Ouang had a son sirnamed Hieul, that is, The Son of Rejoicing; this child was but six years old when one day stopping in the street with other children in the neighbourhood, to behold a solemn procession, he was lost in the crowd, and did not return home in the evening.

This loss rendered his parents inconsolable, who put up advertisements in all places, and inquired after him in every street, but all to no purpose, for they could hear no news of their dear son. Liu his father was overwhelmed with sorrow, and in the midst of his melancholy he determined to forsake his house, where every thing called to mind the memory of his dear Hieul; he borrowed of one of his friends a small sum to carry on a little traffic in the neighbourhood of the city, flattering himself that in those short and frequent excursions he should at length find the treasure he had lost.

As his mind was wholly taken up with this son, he was little affected with the advantages he gained from trade; however he carried it on for the space of five years without going at a great distance from his own house, whither he returned every year to pass the autumnal season; in short, not finding his son after so many years, and believing him lost without redemption, and perceiving likewise that his wife Ouang was likely to have no more children, he determined to withdraw himself intirely from so much uneasiness, and as he had increased his stock, his design was to go and trade in another province.

On the road he met with a rich merchant, who, perceiving his talents and skill in trade, made him an advantageous offer, and the desire of growing rich made him forget his trouble.

Hardly were they arrived in the province of Chang si, but every thing succeeded to their wishes; they had a quick sale for their merchandizes, and the profit was considerable: the payment, which was deferred on account of two years famine that afflicted the country, and a tedious distemper wherewith Liu was seized, kept him three years in that province; after he had recovered his health and his money he set out in order to return to his own country.

Happening to stop on the road near a town called Tchin lieou to recover from his fatigues, he perceived a girdle of blue cloth in the shape of a long narrow bag, such as is worn under a gown, and used to carry money in; going to take it, he found it of a considerable weight, and drawing a little to one side, he opened the bag, and found about two hundred taëls.

At the sight of this treasure he made the following reflections: "It is my good fortune that has put this sum into my hands, and I may keep it if I please, and make use of it without dread of any bad consequence; however he who has lost it, as soon as it comes to his knowledge, will be in a dreadful agony, and return to seek it as soon as possible: it has been said that our ancestors, when they have found money in this manner, have taken it for no other end but to restore it to the true owner; this seems to me just and equitable, and worthy of imitation, especially considering that I am grown old, and have no heir to succeed me, I have no occasion to retain money which I cannot strictly call my own."

At the same instant he went and placed himself near the spot where he found the bag, and waited there the whole day without

any person's coming to claim it, and the next day he continued his journey.

After six days travelling, he arrived in the evening at Nan sou tcheou, and took up his lodging in an inn where were several other merchants; their discourse falling upon the accidents of trade, one of the company said, "Five days ago when I left Tchin lieou I lost two hundred taëls, which I had in my undermost girdle; I had taken off this girdle and placed it near me while I took a little rest, when suddenly a Mandarin with all his train passing by, I got out of the way for fear of an insult, and forgot to take up my money, and it was not till I went to undress myself at night that I perceived my loss; I was fully convinced that it would be to no purpose to return back, since the place where I slept was much frequented, and therefore it was not worth while to retard my journey in search of what I was sure not to find."

Every one pitied his hard lot, and Liu immediately demanded his name, and place of abode; your servant, replied the merchant, is called Tchin, and lives at Yang tcheou, where he has a shop and a pretty large stock; but pray may I ask, in my turn, to whom I have the honour of speaking? Liu told him his name, and that he was an inhabitant of the city Vou si; my direct way thither, added he, is through Yang tcheou, and if you please I will do myself the pleasure of accompanying you to your own house.

Tchin replied, with a great deal of politeness, with all my heart, if you please we will go together, and I think myself happy to meet with such good company; early the next morning they set out on their journey together, and as it was not very long, they soon came to Yang tcheou.

After the usual civilities Tchin invited his fellow-traveller into the house, and served up a small collation; then Liu began to talk of the money lost at Tchin lieou: of what colour, said he, was the girdle wherein your money was contained, and how was it made? It was of blue cloth, replied Tchin, and that which distinguished it from all others was the character Tchin at one of it's ends, which is my name, and is worked in with white silk.

This description leaving no farther doubt, Liu said with a chearful air, If I have asked you so many questions, 't is because I have found such a girdle as you describe, and drew it out at the same time; see, said he, if this belongs to you; it is the very same, said Tchin, upon which Liu presented it to its true owner.

Tchin, full of gratitude, pressed him greatly to accept of half of the sum, but to no purpose, for Liu would take nothing: how great is my obligation, resumed Tchin, where may be found such great honesty and generosity as your's! He then ordered a handsome treat, and they invited each other to drink with great demonstrations of friendship.

Tchin said, within himself, Where shall I find in these days a man of equal probity with Liu? People of his character are very rare; but why should I receive so great a benefit from him, and not think

of an acknowledgment? I have a daughter about twelve years old, and am desirous of an alliance with so good a man; but has he ever a son? that is what I am ignorant of: dear friend, said he to him, Have you a son, and of what age may your son be?

At this question the tears fell from the eyes of Liu: Alas! replied he, I had but one son, who was infinitely dear to me, and seven years ago walking out to behold a procession he disappeared, and I could learn no news of him ever since; and to add to my unhappiness, my wife has had no more children.

At this relation Tchin seemed very thoughtful for a moment, then resuming the discourse, My brother and benefactor, said he, how old was your dear child when you lost him? He was six years old, replied Liu: What was his sirname, added Tchin, and how was he made? We called him Hi eul, replied Liu; he had had the smallpox, but it had left no marks upon his face; his complexion was fair and florid.

This account gave great joy to Tchin, and he could not help shewing it in his eyes and countenance; he immediately called one of his domestics, to whom he whispered something in his ear; the servant made a sign that he would obey his master's orders, and went into the inward part of the house.

Liu attentive to these various questions, and the cheerfulness that appeared in the countenance of his host, was taken up with a great many doubts, when he saw enter a young domestic about thirteen years old; he was clad in a long gown and a handsome surtout; he was well shaped, his features were regular, his air modest, and his carriage agreeable; he had fine black eyebrows, and eyes lively and piercing, which immediately struck the heart and eyes of Liu.

When the young boy saw a stranger sat at the table, he turned towards him and made him a low bow, then going near Tchin he stood in a modest manner over against him: My father, said he, with a sweet and agreeable voice, you have called Hieul, what would you be pleased to have with him? I will tell you by and by, replied Tchin, therefore stand near me and wait a little.

The name of Hieul that was given to the boy, still increased the suspicions of Liu; a secret impression seized his heart, and by a wonderful sympathy of nature recalled to his mind the image of his son, his shape, his visage, his air, and his manners; he saw them all in the person that he beheld, and there was nothing but the name of father, which he gave to Tchin, that put him to a stand; he thought it was not civil to ask Tchin whether he was in reality his son, because it might happen that two children might have the same name, and resemble each other.

Liu was so taken up with these reflections that he thought little of the entertainment; the strange perplexity he was in might be seen in his countenance, and something unaccountable made him stedfastly keep his eyes on the young boy, insomuch that he could look at nothing else: Hi eul, on the other hand, notwith-

standing the fearfulness and modesty of his age looked stedfastly upon Liu, and it seemed as if nature had discovered at that instant that he was his father.

In short Liu could no longer suppress the agitations of his heart, and breaking silence all of a sudden, asked Tchin if he was in reality his son? It was not from me, replied Tchin, that he recieved life, though I look upon him as my own son; seven years ago a man passed through this city, leading this boy in his hand, and by chance addressed himself to me, and prayed me to assist him in his extreme necessity; My wife, says he, is dead, and has only left me this child; the bad state of my affairs has obliged me to leave my country for a time, and retire to Hoai ngan among my relations, from whom I expect a sum of money that I may settle myself again; I have not wherewithal to bear the charges of my journey, will you therefore be so charitable as to advance three taëls? I will restore them faithfully when I return, and as a pledge of my honesty I will commit to your keeping what I hold most dear in the world, that is, my only son; I shall no sooner arrive at Hoai ngnan but I will return and fetch this dear child.

This confidence affected me much; I put into his hands the sum that he required, and when he left me, he shed tears, testifying that he left his son with extreme regret; though what surprized me was that the child seemed unconcerned at the separation; but not seeing the pretended father return, I had suspicions that I wanted to have cleared up; I called the child, and by the different questions that I asked him, I found that he was born in the city of Vou si; that one day being from home to see a procession pass by, and going a little too far, he was deceived, and carried off by a person unknown; he told me also the name of his father and mother, and I soon perceived that the child had been stolen by a villain, for which reason I treated him with compassion, and his behaviour to me gained my heart: I have often intended to take a journey on purpose to Vou si to gain information concerning his family, but still I have been prevented by some accident or other: it happened very fortunately that a few moments ago you were speaking of your son, and some of your words recalled past transactions fresh to my memory, upon which I sent for the boy to see if you knew him.

At these words Hi eul began to shed tears through excess of joy, at the sight of which Liu did the same; a particular mark, says he, will make this matter still more plain; a little above his knee is a black spot, which was the effect of his mother's longing when she was with child of him; at this Hi eul shewed a mark, which Liu seeing took him up in his arms and embraced him: My son! said he, my dear son! by what good fortune have I found thee again after so long an absence!

[*To be continued.*]

PRINCIPAL EVENTS IN THE REIGN OF *JULIAN*, THE ROMAN EMPEROR.

FLAVIUS Claudius Julian was born at Constantinople, November 6th, *A. D.* 331. His father and most of his relations, except his brother, were murdered by order of the Emperor Constantius, *his cousin: who thought there would be no danger in preserving* the lives of these two. Gallus was of a sickly constitution, and Julian not more than eight years old; the former was sent into Ionia, and Julian to Eusebius of Nicomeda, his relation; at the age of 14, or 15, he was taken from the schools to be confined with his brother Gallus, in a castle of Cappadocia. Julian speaks of it thus:

"During the six years, says he, (in his Manifesto to the Athenians) that we passed in a foreign land, we were confined as if we had been prisoners in some castle of Persia: none of our friends had the privilege of coming to us; we were neither allowed to learn any thing that was worth learning, nor to see any person of distinction. In the midst of a numerous and magnificent household we were compelled to have no companions but our own slaves, *and with them to form our exercises; the young people of our* own age, who were of better birth, could not approach us. If my brother had any thing harsh or rustic in his nature, he acquired it partly from his mountainous education."

His brother Gallus having been raised to the rank of Cæsar, by Constantius, he left Julian in the castle of Macellum; but they shortly after obtained for him the liberty of coming to Constantinople, in order to complete his studies. The oaths and promises that his Christian tutor there exacted from him, in order to continue him in the faith, very probably biassed his mind in favor of Paganism. Gallus from courtly envy soon became a victim to Constantius's suspicions, or rather to gratify the revenge of his eunuch and chamberlain Eusebius; he was privately beheaded at Flanon in Dalmatia, in the twenty-ninth year of his age.

Eusebia, the empress and his benefactress, after much intercession, obtained consent for Julian to retire into Greece: this was a place much desired by him, it being the centre of accomplishments and learning. The Athenians found in him a modest eloquence, which gained him respect in the minds of all who conversed with him: the prejudices of religion too heightened him still more in the minds and favor of the Pagans, who knew, or at least guessed at, his sentiments. Here Julian entered into the strictest intimacy with the Pontiff of Eleusinia, and eagerly imbibed his tenets as well as his learning; he disclosed himself also to other Pagans, whom he judged worthy of his confidence.

This residence at Athens afforded ample charms to Julian, who was delighted with his establishment; but the Barbarians ravaging Gaul, caused the Emperor, by the suggestion of Eusebia, to invest him with the title of Cæsar, and the management of the war. At his return from Greece he with great humour said, "The courtiers all surrounded him, and as though he had been in a barber's shop, they shaved his chin, and put the military mantle over him, and transformed him, as they thought, into a very ridiculous soldier;" it was not long before he gave proofs to the contrary: he made a successful war against the Barbarians, defeated them in several encounters, both hazardous and enterprizing. Although he had the cabals of the court, and officers of Constantius continually thwarting him, he however by his skill and affability gained the esteem of his soldiers; and there were very few enterprizes in which he was not successful. Constantius, still at war with the Persians, and more and more disgusted at the reputation of Julian, sent into Gaul a secretary of state, called Decentius, to bring into the East the most experienced corps of his army, and to select the flower of his other troops: these orders were conceived in very affronting terms to Julian, who was charged not to oppose the Emperor. Julian was not listened to on this occasion, the soldiers were drafted off, and only a shadow of an army left behind; nothing now was heard but murmurs and discontent, and to inflame their minds the more, a billet was secretly dropt amongst the soldiers, containing the following words: "We are banished like criminals to the extremity of the earth, our wives and our children must again fall into that servitude, from which we have delivered them at the peril of our lives." Decentius pressed Julian to hasten their departure---he yielded; but when he drew up the order, he took care to have carriages appointed for the soldiers who had wives, that they might take their families with them. Julian came out of Paris, and received his troops with great affability, and addressing himself to them who were known to him, recalled to mind their past actions, and exhorting them to go and join the Emperor, who had both inclination and power to recompence their merit; they replied to this only by a melancholy silence, while the people exhorted the soldiers not to leave them a prey to the German barbarians.

Julian entertained the officers at dinner; who afterwards retired into their camp inconsolable at being obliged at the same time to abandon their country, and so good a Prince; the soldiers were not less afflicted, and when the hour of supper was come, they conversed with each other upon their common misfortune; murmurs broke forth, and they mutually animated each other; the warmth of the wine having enflamed their minds, they all took up arms; at the beginning of the night they ran to the palace and invested it, crying out in the most dreadful manner, Julian Augustus! conjuring him at the same time to appear. He stood out the siege all night, the soldiers still persisting in their intreaties. In the morning

they broke open the gates, and forced him to appear; when they saw him, they cried out more vehemently than before, Julian Augustus! he conjured them not to persist, he even gave them his promise that they should not repass the Alps; at length, perceiving his life in imminent danger, and that after his death they would elect another Emperor, he submitted to their will. They elevated him on a shield, and declared him Augustus. In this hasty election, they were greatly at a loss for a diadem, for Julian had not one, and in their precipitancy they would have taken an ornament from one of the horses, but an ensign, named Maurus, took off a collar he had on, enriched with jewels, and placed it on the head of Julian. In this manner they raised him to the empire, at the age of twenty-eight years and six months.

Upon these events he sent a solemn embassy to Constantius; he wrote to him in a resolute, yet modest style, as one who was under no apprehensions from his anger, and yet sincerely wished his friendship; in this letter, in which he assumes the title only of Cæsar, and recalls to his memory his fidelity and past services, he says, "That he must not impute it to him, if soldiers without pay or donation, half naked, long discontented at gaining victories to their ruin, under a general, who could do them no service, had been driven to extremities, by an order which tore them from their country, their wives, and their children, to transport them into a climate so very different from their own: that, as to him, what he had done was no more than in submission to the most evident violences, of which he laid before him a detail; he entreated him to be united in friendship, that he would still obey his orders, but that he must insist on the troops not quitting the country." Constantius received this letter with the wrath of an offended Emperor; he immediately sent orders, as if orders would then avail, to recall the principal officers of Julian. The new Emperor was seated on his tribunal and surrounded by the soldiery and people, when the questor read Constantius's letter, in which, among other things, he reproached Julian, "That, left as he was, an helpless orphan, he had found in him an affectionate father." "If I was an orphan," interrupted Julian in haste, "how became I so? Is it for the executioner of my father and my whole family to make me this reproach, the wound still bleeding? 'T was he who gave it, and would he still add to it's anguish?" After many intrigues on the part of Constantius, and many dispatches having passed between them, Julian began his march towards Constantinople. He entered Sirmium in triumph; as for the Greeks they needed no persuasives, he opened their temples, which was sufficient to gain over that people. He continued his march, until arriving at the narrow pass of the Succi, he waited there for news of Constantius: the Emperor, terrified at the progress of Julian, whom he at first despised, had sent his troops before him, and followed by long marches towards the West. Being arrived at

Mopsucrene, a violent fever deprived him of his life, on the 3d of September, 361, aged forty-five, and left our philosopher sole master of the Roman world.

Julian, on entering the palace at Constantinople, was surprized at the number of useless mouths with which it was filled; as to eunuchs it was impossible to number them: by giving a sum of money, any person there became an officer and a pensioner; nourishing worthless wretches to oppress the people. Julian ordered a barber to shave him, and one presented himself so magnificently dressed, that the Prince cried out, "I did not want a senator, but a barber." He dismissed all these useless domestics, and cashiered the cooks; as he said, "He only ate to supply the necessities of nature."

Julian afterwards settled at Antioch, but that city seemed not in the least destined for so philosophical a Prince, the gaiety and dissoluteness of their manners was a perfect contrast, and they posted up their satyrical lampoons against him even on the walls of his own palace. To revenge himself as an author and not as a Prince was his intent: the following is his portrait, as given by himself in his Misopogon, written as a satire on himself as well as on the Antiochians, to whom he addresses himself, and who had jeered him for his singular beard and manners. "No law," says Julian, "forbids my writing a satire or panegyric on myself, though if I were desirous of praising myself I could not, but blame I can in many instances.

"And first, I will begin with my face. To this, formed by nature not over beautiful, graceful, or becoming, my own perverseness and singularity have added this long beard, to punish it as it were, for no other reason, but because nature has not made it handsome; therefore I suffer these little animals to scamper about it, like beasts through a thicket. I cannot indulge myself in eating voraciously, and must be cautious of opening my mouth wide, when I drink, least I swallow as many hairs as crumbs; as for kissing and being kissed, they give me not the least trouble; you say, that 'it is only fit to make ropes,' that I would readily allow, provided you could so artfully extract the bristles, as to prevent their hurting your soft and tender fingers.

"But to add something further, I have always hated horse-races, as much as a debtor hates the forum; therefore I seldom resort to them, except on the festivals, nor do I ever pass the whole day there, as was the practice of my cousin, my uncle, and my brother; but after having seen six races, and those not with the keenness of a sportsman, but, by Jupiter, with disgust and aversion, I departed with joy." Thus spoke the Emperor Julian, at that time master of the Roman world.

AN

APPEAL ON THE AFFAIRS

OF

POLAND.

"THE RIGHT OF THE STRONGEST."

IT is a misfortune for those persons who wish to dissemble, that their actions too frequently expose their sentiments to the world without disguise; this is a loss to them which cannot be compensated by the most artful manœvres. When the people are once acquainted with the secret springs of another's actions, the idea is never eradicated, and it continues in spite of the most flowery eloquence.

The Princes of Europe have declared in some of their manifestoes to the French, their intention of taking ample vengeance on the cities which should oppose them; in others they have moderated their martial expressions, and inserted those less violent; their differences have already assembled an army of half a million of troops, and the great question to be decided, is, on which side lies the truth; this is best explained by the actions of men: when we view the proceedings of the Princes of the North, who are acting the present tragedy on the Continent, we cannot help comparing them to jugglers, who play the game into each other's hands; they draw from us a smile, such as the hypocrite deserves who vehemently condemns another for a fault, and at the same time practises the grossest crimes: they declare their intention is exclusively to restore order to France, and not with a view of aggrandizement. Have they proved this in Poland—where there was no majesty insulted, no priests banished, no nobles exiled? That nation has for many years been struggling for rational liberty, and as often been torn to pieces by it's powerful neighbours. The English with all their boasted independency would never have enjoyed a free constitution, had it not been for their insular situation; and George the Third would have been used as cavalierly, as we see Stanislaus has lately been. Let us suppose, for a moment, that Englishmen inhabited Poland, instead of the present people, should we not call them murderers who filled our city with barbarian troops, shut up our parliament, and annulled our legal proceedings? Should we not see with resentment, and desperate indignation, our representatives exposed to the vile barbarity, and the bayonets of Kalmuc mercenaries, and our principal cities and peo-

ple marked out like goods at an auction? These indicate nothing of a pacific nature. At the times these Princes were intent on the conquest of France, and after having published their various declarations, the people of Poland unanimously endeavoured to form a rational government, when two Northern Powers stept in between, and in their *clemency* partitioned their country. This new revolution redounded to the infinite honor of the Polish nobles: as that order is generally slow in promoting state regulations. Their King, amiable in his manner, and beloved by his people, did every thing in the power of man to perfect so laudable a design; had any of the Kings of the earth been present in the Polish diet, the noble sentiments that flowed from it's members would have inspired them with the warmest ardor for true liberty, they would have possessed all that energy which inspires the man, who, while debating on the crisis of his country, feels within himself every happiness and every danger to which it is exposed; such is the idea of a Polish Patriot, and they would have preferred the friendship and alliance of a brave people to the unjustifiable usurpation of their common property. Instead of that sense of honor which ought to set inviolable bounds between what *does*, and what *does not*, belong to us: these Princes prove to the world, that conscience has no share in their proceedings, that their motto is "the Right of the Strongest." Nothing has lessened them so much in the opinion of the world as these horrid transactions; the chief magistrate of the city of London proposed a subscription, and the people of England, as private persons, exhibited a noble proof of genuine disinterestedness and humanity. It met with the approbation of all ranks, but alas! before it could be carried into effect, the Russians had entered like wolves into their territory, and annihilated all their proceedings. It is a monument of glory for this country, to boast of the advocates for slave-abolition, and Polish subscription, and while printing registers the actions of men, while memory retains the impression of our feelings, the names of Wilberforce and Hopkins will be dear to their country.

They have little force of argument to use against the French, after having perpetrated such acts in a neighbouring country, where they have siezed on the richest cities, confiscated the estates, withdrawn, as far as possible, the allegiance of the people, and filled it's capital with armed men; at the very time that they were allied to them by treaties the most friendly. Setting aside argumentative chicanery, this is certainly a breach of faith; but by the arguments used, they could not consider them the same Poles as at the time the treaty was signed; such friends as these are like the Curate Garcias in Gil Blas, who knew him at one time and not at another: if a Charles XII. were living to rally round the Poles, we could forgive the slaughter he might occasion, in the defence of so noble a cause. Frederic professed his love

the persecutor of the Poles for the sake of a tract of land; by which we see that all sentiment is absorbed by those two syllables, *Power*. Opinions, like subterraneous fires, gather greater force by being stifled, and though the Poles are overpowered, they are not without resources; though their actions are circumscribed, they still continue their exertions.

The memorials are complete specimens of that sort of argument whose only acuteness lies in the point of the bayonet; and Stanislaus, on seeing these, could do no more than regret that he had not the power as well as inclination to defend his country; we cannot help comparing him to a late unfortunate King, when the accusation of public slaughter was laid to his charge, he expressively appealed to Heaven as a voucher of his innocence! They draw up a title, and date their new claim, perhaps 7 or 800 years back; to this is added the chart of separation, which they have the effrontery to shew them as a perfect mirror of these people's happiness! it exhibits an astonishing instance of human depravity, that those who are the legislators of right and wrong for the order and good government of the people, should set at nought the principles of public justice, and yet claim their allegiance, as though the bonds of public confidence had not been loosed. A robber sacrifices his life as an atonement for the injured laws of his country, but the titled free-booter can desolate kingdoms and triumphantly flourish his glittering blade over the unhappy country. We hope to see the day when Poland, emerged from it's distress, will as a nation congratulate and thank the English for their noble exertions in their favor. As to our government, it would be presumption to dictate to them. This one observation may with truth, however be advanced, that, as they have publicly lamented the event, whatever measures they might take to succour or assist the Poles, by negociation or otherwise, they would meet the applause and support of every man in this kingdom.

Nothing is here inserted with a view but to explode injustice and elevate true dignity; by the latest accounts which have arrived, we learn that the subjects of the unfortunate Stanislaus, have, from the power of Imperial Greatness, been obliged to swear allegiance to two different Sovereigns: if a Father would weep to see his children at enmity, sure it is not unworthy of a Polish King to bewail the loss of so considerable a portion of his faithful people. Wars depopulate kingdoms and give right to the victor to possess, with some justice, the fruits of his conquest: but here we can discover no war declared, no aggression proved, nor no injury received. As it is in our power only to deplore, we will calmly consign to future historians, a more particular relation of this great and unfortunate event.

THE
INFLUENCE OF POWER
OVER
FRIENDSHIP.

"*AMONGST UNEQUALS NO SOCIETY.*"

MILTON.

IF we trace back the periods that are past, or deliberate on the manners of the present times, we shall plainly perceive, that *no merit, however great, or intimacy however close,* can put upon a social equality those who are unequal in power; there will at all times, circumstances occur to give an utter disrelish to unequal society: the person of small fortune will frequently lie at the mercy and power of the rich, and that superiority will be sufficient to counterbalance all the favors that they may have received at any former time. A magisterial deportment is as severely felt when exercised by a King as any inferior person; and more so, as in the former there is less probability of loosing the fetters, in the latter it is practicable; innumerable instances present themselves of the truth of this remark, and Voltaire is a convincing proof that it is but gilded slavery to live under the roof of a King; the minds and actions of men, constantly pant for freedom, and nothing but compulsive force can arrest it from them: a word, an action, or a look of disapprobation from the patron is sufficient to cast a gloom over the mind of the dependant, and fill his soul with an aversion to the delusive company of the great.

Frederick, who was enamoured with the French language, poetry, and philosophy, chose Voltaire for his confident and guide, they mutually sent each other their works, the Prince consulted the Philosopher concerning his studies, and requested lessons of advice; they discussed the most curious as well as the most difficult metaphysical questions: the Prince at that time studied the works of Wolf, whose systems and unintelligible language he soon abjured for philosophy more simple and more true; he also employed himself in a refutation of Machiavel: that is, in proving that the most certain policy of a sovereign is to make moral rules his guide, and that his personal interest does not necessarily render him the enemy of his subjects, and his neighbours; as Machiavel had supposed either from a love of hypotheses, or to disgust his countrymen with a monarchical government, toward which they seemed to be inclined by their weariness of a re-

In the preceding century, Tycho Brahe, des Cartes and Leibnitz, ad enjoyed the society of monarchs, by whom they had been eated with marks of esteem; but confidence and freedom did ot preside in this too unequal intercourse. Of these, Frederic ave the first example, in which unfortunately for his fame, he rgot to persist. He sent his friend the Baron de Keyserling, to isit the *deities* of Cirey, and to bear his portrait and manuscripts Voltaire; the philosopher was moved, perhaps flattered, by this omage; but his greatest pleasure was the prospect of a Prince, estined to reign, who loved literature, and was the friend of phiosophy, and the foe of superstition; he hoped the author of the nti-Machiavel would be a pacific monarch, and he took serious elight, in secretly printing the book, which he believed must ind the Prince to virtue, for fear of betraying his own prinples; and of reading his condemnation in the work he himself had ritten.

When Frederic ascended the throne, he testified no change, but emained the friend of Voltaire. The cares of government did ot enfeeble his love of poetry, nor his avidity to possess the unublished writings of Voltaire, which were read by scarcely any xcept himself and Madame du Chatelet. Yet one of his first teps, was to suspend the publication of his Anti-Machiavel; Volire obeyed, and the corrections which he had made with regret vere rendered fruitless.

His desire that his disciple, now a King, should enter into a ublic engagement, which should secure his adherence to philoophic maxims, was increased. He went to meet him at Wesel, nd was astonished to see a young monarch, in an uniform, on a amp bed, shivering with a fever. But his fever did not prevent im from profiting by his neighbourhood to the principality of iege, and enforcing the payment of a forgotten debt from the ishop. Voltaire wrote the Memorial, which was supported by he bayonet, and he returned to Paris well satisfied to have found is hero an amiable man. But he refused the offers of the King, vho wished to draw him to Prussia, and preferred the friendship f Madame du Chatelet, to the favor of a monarch whom he admired.

The Silesian war had not interrupted the correspondence beween the King and Voltaire. Frederic sent poetry from the ield, while preparing for battle, or amid the tumult of victory; nd Voltaire continuing to praise his military fame, never ceased o preach humanity and peace.

Voltaire at length yielded to the invitations of the King of Prussia, and accepted the title of Chamberlain, the Grand Cross of the Order of Merit, and a pension of 20,000 livres. In his own country, he saw himself the object of envy and hatred to men of letters, although he never had been their opponent in soliciting for places and pensions; never had humbled them by his criti-

cisms, nor ever interfered in literary cabals, but had obliged all who needed his services, and endeavoured to gain their affections by praising them, and taking every opportunity of winning the friendship of those, whom self-love had rendered unjust.

In the palace of the King of Prussia he found peace, and even the semblance of freedom; feeling at first no kind of subjection, except that of passing some hours with the King to correct his works, and to teach him the art of writing; he usually supped with his Majesty; and these suppers, at which there was freedom in excess, where every question of metaphysics and morals was discussed without restraint, where the most unbounded pleasantry enlivened or cut serious arguments short; and where the King generally disappeared to give place to the man of wit, were moments of agreeable relaxation to Voltaire; the remainder of his time was consecrated to study.

Here he improved some of his tragedies, finished his age of Louis XIV, corrected his Poem of the Maid of Orleans, wrote part of his Essay on the Manner and Spirit of Nations, and composed the Poem on Natural Law: while Frederic governed his states without a minister, inspected and improved his army, composed poetry and music, and wrote philosophy and history.

The royal family encouraged Voltaire in his pursuits, he addressed verses to the princesses, acted tragedy with the brother and sisters of the King, and while he taught them to declaim, led them to feel the beauties of French poetry: for poetry ought to be spoken aloud, nor can it be understood in a foreign tongue by those, who are not in the habit of hearing it recited by speakers who can give it that accent, and force, which are it's characteristics.

This Voltaire called the Palace of Alcina; but the enchantment was of too short duration, he was a perfect example of the truth of the above motto. The men of literature who had been longer at Berlin than himself, were jealous of preference, which was too conspicuous, especially of that kind of independence which he preserved, that familiarity which the charms and brilliancy of his wit gave him, and that art of mingling truth with panegyric, and of imparting to flattery the tone of jocular ease.

Le Metrie told Voltaire, that the King, to whom he was one day mentioning those marks of kindness he discovered for his Chamberlain, replied, "I want him at present to revise my works; but having sucked the orange we throw away the rind." When Voltaire heard this, the incantation was over, and his mind felt that kind of suspicion which never suffered him to lose sight of his project for escaping.

Surrounded by discontented academicians, and diffident of the continuance of royal friendship, Voltaire secretly regretted, and endeavoured to recover his lost independence; he thought proper to employ a Jew to transfer a part of his property out of Prussia:

the Jew betrayed his trust; and to revenge himself on Voltaire who had detected him, and who would not suffer himself to be robbed, he brought an absurd action, knowing that hatred is not difficult in admitting evidence. The King, to punish his *friend* for having attempted to preserve his liberty and property, pretended to believe him guilty, to deliver him up to justice, and even to exclude him his presence, 'till the cause should be determined.

Voltaire addressed himself to Maupertuis, who had not yet openly testified his sentiments, and requested his interference with the chief judge; Maupertuis returned a haughty refusal, and Voltaire perceived he had another enemy; this ridiculous suit at length ended as it should do: the Jew was condemned, and was pardoned by Voltaire. The King then admitted Voltaire once more, and added new marks of respect to former kindnesses by bestowing on him a house near Potsdam.

Voltaire was once more engaged in a literary quarrel. Maupertuis having unjustly dismissed from the academy one Koënig, for opposing one of his new mechanical principles, Voltaire openly defended the expelled member against the president, as contrary to justice; Maupertuis engaged the King to exact a promise from Voltaire to ridicule neither the academy nor it's president. The promise was given, but unfortunately the King who commanded silence, imagined he himself might speak. He wrote several humourous pieces, which but with some little inequality, were partly against Maupertuis, and partly against Voltaire, the latter imagined that the King, by his conduct, had released him from his promise, and that the privilege of being the only one who should laugh, was not included in the royal prerogative. He therefore profited by a general permission, which he had formerly obtained, and sent his Akakia to the press, in which Maupertuis was devoted to eternal ridicule.

The King laughed: he had little affection, and less esteem for Maupertuis; yet jealous of his own authority, he caused this piece of humour to be burnt by the hangman. This is a mode of vengeance which it is rather singular that a philosophic King should borrow from the Inquisition.

The insulted Voltaire sent the Monarch his cross, his key, and the patent for his pension, with the four following lines---

Je les recu avec tendresse
Je les renvoi avec douleur;
Comme un amant, dans sa jalouse ardeur
Rend le portrait de sa maitresse.

He sighed for freedom, and in order to obtain that, he returned to the King what he at first called *splendid baubles*, but which he ever afterwards named *marks of slavery*.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF *M. CHARNACE.*

THIS gentleman, who had been captain of the body guard to Louis XIV. had retired to his estate in Anjou; at his villa there he found the following inconvenience:----in the avenue before his house stood a poor countryman's cottage, and his little garden, which had been there a considerable time, but nothing could induce this man to part with it, though he had offers far above it's value; but a spirit of contradiction prevailed which is too frequent on these occasions, even when no loss could have attended the resignation. Charnace not knowing how to act, and being offended at this obstruction to his view, and which destroyed the symmetry of the building, resolved on a stratagem.

The countryman who occupied it, and to whom the house belonged, was a taylor of low circumstances, living alone without wife or family. Charnace sent for him, he told him he was called to court on an affair of consequence, and that he should want some liveries made; they agreed on their price, but Charnace would not admit any delay, and would advance more if he would agree not to go out of his house until the work was completed; that he should lay, eat, and drink with him, and would pay him when they parted. The taylor agreed and set to work: in the mean time, Charnace procured the exact plan, and dimensions of his house and garden, and of every thing within, even to the disposition of the furniture, and carried it all away; he rebuilt the house just as it was before, at a considerable distance from his, replaced all the goods, formed his little garden, and made quite plain the spot where it stood before, so that nothing could be perceived: this was performed before the liveries were done; and the taylor was carefully watched for fear of any discovery. The work was at length finished, and Charnace amused the man until night, when being very dark they parted: he proceeded as usual down the walk, which he thought longer than before; turning as he thought towards his house he got amongst the trees and lost himself intirely; he imagined he had passed the place, and returned again, but found no house; he could not comprehend the meaning of it. In this manner he spent the night, but day break brought the mystery to light, he still could not see his house, and from the strangeness of the event, he thought it must be his sight that failed him, after rubbing his eyes, like a man just awoke, he looked in every direction, when he thought at a considerable distance he saw a house which resembled his own, the similarity compelled him to go, and he there found the exact model of his former house and garden, with the furniture in the order he had left it; he at first attributed it to sorcery, but the people soon convinced him by their laughter of the trick; at first he raged with fury at the cheat, afterwards he sought redress, but the King laughed at the tale, and Charnace enjoyed his avenue and gardens without obstruction or incumbrance.

To the Printer *of the* Freemasons' Magazine.

Norwich, June 12th, 1793.

"RESPECTED BROTHER,

"The Proposals for your Magazine having reached this place, I embrace this opportunity of wishing you every success; at the same time take the liberty to impress upon your mind our *obligation*: not doubting yourself; but the situation you stand in will make you responsible for the faults of others. By a rigid adherence to this observation, your publication may be of the greatest utility to the Masonic body; you will command the pens of all literary Brethren, by which means it will become a general fund for original subjects, and, if executed in a masterly manner, with good engravings, will not only add to your own credit and interest, but be an honor to the valuable Institution, whose patronage you solicit, and who no doubt will give every encouragement such an undertaking deserves.

"Have likewise enclosed for your inspection these two essays; should you deem them worthy of a place you will oblige much.

I am, Brother, with much consideration,

Yours, &c. &c.

B. S——N.

[The friendly communications of this Brother we are determined most strictly to abide by, and return him our best thanks for his kind advice, hoping for his future favors.

AN

ESSAY ON PATIENCE.

THE man of a frantic heated imagination considers patience as flowing from a meanness of soul, a dastardly disposition, the last resource of cowards: but the man of real sagacity, who can view things through a dispassionate medium, discovers in it all the genuine marks of a noble mind. It is supported by hope, and is entirely unacquainted with every species of despair, the constant companion of a lowness of sentiment. Patience is so strong a barrier against every kind of disgrace, that all our ills lose the greatest part of their power, by opposing this virtue to them. It combats all opponents, and every conflict is a victory. It honourably resists the greatest hardships of this world, and sweetens the bitters of adversity in such a manner, that we scarcely perceive we are miserable. It is one of those virtues that constantly carries it's own reward, for the very practice of it makes us sensible of it's benefits. The emperor Marcus Aurelius, so famed for his fortitude and patience, often said, that Cæsar acquired the empire by the

sword, Augustus by inheritance, Caligula by the merits of his father, Nero by tyranny, Titus by having vanquished Judea; but that for his part, though of low extraction, he had obtained it by patience.

Again, whatever crosses and misfortunes we meet with, and however heavy their burthen, they cannot overwhelm us, whilst we are not abandoned by patience: on the contrary, they become proportionably lightned as we resolutely exercise this virtue. As every thing in nature has it's contrast, so patience is the opposite to despair; wherefore Christians consider it, as an heavenly grace, and the philosophers of antiquity pronounced it the last efforts of a firm and generous soul. It is very nearly allied to courage, which cannot shine without opponents; in the like manner this virtue disappears as soon as misfortunes desert us. Patience is the most generous of all friends, never appearing in prosperity; but when our miseries attain a pitch that threatens all our future happiness, she never fails to offer her assistance to those really inclined to avail themselves of her kindness.

In fine, if, as the English poet says,

The only wretched are the wise,

they alone can judiciously avail themselves of the proper antidote. PATIENCE is their birthright; an inheritance precluded from fools, who are never the architects of their own good fortune, but frequently of their own misery.

ESSAY ON CHOLER.

AMONG the number of my acquaintance, I know several who are, according to the common definition, *very good-natured men, but rather passionate.* This description has often led me to reflect upon the effects of choler, even in the best-tempered people.

" A certain great genius says, that, though *passion is but a short rage, it's fatal effects are frequently of long duration.* Nothing is more evident, than that a heat of temper is one of the principal obstacles to the tranquility of life, and bodily health. It darkens the judgment, and blinds the eye of reason. It has often, with the assistance of very few words, which were spoken without thought, made men unhappy the rest of their days; and, in a few minutes, has robbed them of the most valuable friends---the fruits of many years assiduities. It frequently reveals the most precious secrets of the heart, and renders the hasty man ridiculous by his extravagant menaces. In short, how many people have passed the remainder of their days in a painful remorse, for having been carried away by the violence of passion only for a few moments!

"Even the friendship of a man who is subject to passion is a burthen to worthy people; and his company is a labyrinth, which it is much more difficult to retire from, than to enter: for the partition between choler and phrenzy is extremely slight; and the passionate man is almost as much entitled to a place in Bedlam, as the most outrageous lunatic. His fury deprives him of the use of his knowledge and experience; and blinds his foresight to such a degree, that he does not perceive the perils and dangers which lie immediately before him. It shuts his ears against the voice of reason; and makes him utter such expressions as he would be ashamed of, and even shocked at, the next moment, and might have cause to repent of as long as he lives.

"A certain courtier was of such a choleric disposition, that he once drew his sword in the presence of his soverign, and after having broke it, threw it scornfully at his feet, swearing that he would never use it again in his service. It is true, the Prince smiled at the extravagance of his subject; but immediately divested him of all his employments, and sent him to prison, where he had leisure to reflect upon and lament his folly, during the tedious term of ten or fourteen years, and from whence, it is probable, he would never have been released, if a revolution had not afterwards taken place.

"A passionate man is also constantly giving advantage to those who are inclined to prejudice him, and affords his enemies every assistance in his power, to disgrace and ruin him. He commits a thousand oversights, and says and does a great many things upon which his foes may put the worst construction. He tortures and plagues himself, and all around him, without the least benefit to either: he is easily led, by the artful and designing, into any sort of mischief, of which he will afterwards be left to pay the whole cost; and he is liable to be hurried headlong, by every plodding scoundrel, to the most scandalous acts of violence and brutality. In a word, though he is by nature as generous and beneficent as any man breathing, he may be so inflamed in a moment, even upon the slightest occasions, as to put on the appearance of the most savage ferocity, and assume the language and behaviour of a ruffian. His inferiors and dependants will avoid his presence; his superiors neglect and despise him; his equals reproach and mortify him; his family dread his appearance as that of a lion or a tiger; his friends pity and desert him; and his enemies impose upon, insult, and ruin him.

"Those irascible mortals, to whom the above description is applicable, will, I hope, have the indulgence to forgive me for drawing their portraits so much at length. I intend them no sort of harm; but only wish, that, upon viewing their likeness in it's true form and colours, they would for the future resolve never to contract their brows again, and swell and distort their features in a manner so greatly to their disadvantage!"

LAW CASE.

PETER CREPS *versus* JONATHAN DURDEN.

Sabbath Breaking.

BY the statute of 29. Car. 2. ch. 7. Peter Creps a baker, was convicted by Jonathan Durden, a justice of peace, for selling small hot rolls of bread on the 16th of November 1776, being the Lord's day.---It having been proved, that he had sold these rolls four several times on the same day, the justice deemed them separate and distinct offences, and accordingly made four distinct convictions, and levied by four distinct warrants the sum of 20s.

The baker, on the ground of their not being separate and distinct offences, brought an action against the justice, to recover the sum of 15s---the amount of three convictions.

Buller, on behalf of the baker, contended that the offence created by the statute is "exercising his calling on the Lord's day;" and that therefore if the baker had continued baking from morning 'till night, it would be but one offence; that here were four convictions for one and the same offence; consequently as to three, there is an excess of jurdisdiction, and the action against the Justice maintainable.

Cowper, on the contrary for the Justice, contended that as there was evidence of four different acts, which for aught that appeared might have been carried on at four different places, the Court will not presume to the contrary against the Justice, who has acted on them as four distinct offences.

Lord Mansfield. If there are four convictions, for one and the same offence, committed on one and the same day, three of them must necessarily be bad. On the construction of the act of parliament, the offence is "exercising his ordinary trade on the Lord's day," and *that*, without any fraction of a day, hours, or minutes. It is but one entire offence, whether longer or shorter in point of duration; so whether it consist of one, or a number of particular acts the penalty incurred by the offence, is *five shillings*. There is no idea conveyed by the act itself, that if a taylor sews on the Lord's day, every stitch he takes is a separate offence; or if a shoemaker or carpenter, work for different customers at different times on the same Sunday, that those are so many separate and distinct offences. There can be but one entire offence, on one and the same day. Killing a single hare by an unqualified person, is an offence; but the killing ten more on the same day will not multiply the offence, or the penalty imposed by the statute for one. Here repeated offences are not the object which the legislators had in view in making the statute: but singly to punish a man for exercising his ordinary trade and calling on a *Sunday*. Upon this construction the Justice had no jurisdiction whatever in respect of the three last convictions: judgment was therefore given for the baker.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE ATHENIANS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF

XENOPHON.

XENOPHON wrote this in Greek upwards of 2200 years ago. He here attempts an apology for his republican countrymen; but, in so doing, he is obliged to accuse them of the most flagrant injustice in their elevating the false patriot and crushing the moderate but well-intentioned citizen.

I PROCEED now to describe the Constitution of the Athenians, and I confess I do not commend them for having chosen their present form of Government; as, in so doing, they are under the necessity of crushing the good man, and of elevating to their prejudice the wicked and desperate.

It is on that account, I do not applaud my countrymen; but, having adopted such a constitution, I will shew, that they take the most efficacious means to secure it from any attacks, and for the administration of public affairs, although it is on this subject that all the Greeks have reproached the Athenians.

I affirm that, in such a state as this, it is necessary that the rich, and men of noble birth, should derive less advantages than the populace, or the lower classes; as these last constitute the strength of the Navy, and the support of the Republic. The pilots, the various marine officers, sailors, and shipwrights, are those, who in effect contribute much more to render the Athenians formidable, than the citizens of more noble birth, larger property, or more intrinsic merit;---though in such a state, it is still equitable, that all should have an equal right to public employs, decided either by ballot or election, and it should also be equally permitted to every citizen, to speak his sentiments in the assemblies of the people.

But the populace are never solicitous of obtaining those important employments, on which depends the sole safety of the Republic, or that would threaten it with any danger, whether these employs are lucrative or burthensome. There are no persons among the lower orders, who think they have interest enough to obtain the command of the different corps of infantry, or cavalry: every one of them knows it is his interest, not to interfere in these establishments, but to resign them to the more considerable citizens; at the same time there are none but will endeavour to procure the other principal employments, from which they may derive emolument, and make their private fortune.

Men are astonished to see, that every where, the republic of Athens lavishes it's favors on the popular party, the indigent, and intriguing, rather than on those men who are esteemed for their virtues: it is evident nevertheless, that in doing so, they insure the success of democracy; for when their chiefs, the rabble, and the desperate prosper, their numbers augment, and form the firmest support of democratic government; but if the popular party suffer the rich and well-intentioned to prevail, they thereby support the faction which opposes them.

For throughout the earth we shall discover, that the good and discerning amongst mankind have rejected a democratic government. It is amongst the most enlightened and virtuous, that we shall always find the least injustice, and the most ardent zeal for good actions. Cast your eyes on the most numerous class of the people, there you will observe the most unbounded licentiousness, and all kinds of wickedness, for there is nothing excites to more horrid actions than poverty. The want of means hinders many of them from receiving any education, and compels them to remain in profound ignorance.

For this reason it ought not to be permitted (some perhaps will object to this) that every one, indiscriminately, should harangue the people, and take part in their deliberations; but should reserve that right to men of talents, and who enjoy the reputation of being virtuous citizens. The Athenians however take the better part, according to their constitution, in permitting violent men to harangue the people; for if none but the virtuous were suffered to speak and influence in their deliberations, it would result to the advantage of that class of citizens, who are estimable, and to the detriment of the popular party. But in the present state of things, the most designing having it in his power to make his motions in the assembly of the people, he knows thoroughly how to select, and propose that which will forward his designs and those of his accomplices.

But how (some will object) can such a man tell what will be of advantage to him and the populace? The Athenians know wonderfully well, that the ignorance and assurance of a declaimer, and his attachment to popular prejudices, serves his views better, than the justice, the prudence, and the opinions of the virtuous, which are diametrically opposite to his.

Certainly such institutions do not procure to the Republic the best of administrations, but they are the likeliest means to ensure the safety of democracy; for the wish of the multitude is not, that the Republic be a good government, and they themselves be subjects. They expect to be free and to be sovereigns; it imports little to them, that the legislature is bad; and what you would regard as vicious in our laws, is precisely that which ensures to the people a power, and liberty without controul.

Is it a good government you desire? search out the men who possess the greatest talents, and personal merit, to frame the laws,

which shall bind all the citizens; you will there see the good punishing the wicked, you will behold honest men deliberating on what concerns the public welfare; they will not suffer ignorant and furious men, to take part in their deliberations, hindering them from addressing the people, and even from as isting at the assemblies: from these innovations, although by their nature excellent, you will soon perceive, that the sceptre will be no longer in the hands of the populace, and that our actual sovereigns will sink into the condition of subjects.

There is no state where impunity is more frequent than at Athens.---It is not permitted here to beat a slave, he will not even give way to you on the road for you to pass. I will now shew the source of this custom: If the law permitted a freeman to beat a slave, a stranger, or a freed man, he might lay violent hands on a citizen of Athens, taking him for a slave; for here the populace are not better habited than the slaves, and strangers; they have no exterior distinction.

It is also astonishing to see, to what a degree of luxury the slaves are tolerated, and what magnificence is displayed amongst them; it is evident, nevertheless, that the Republic indulges them thus through policy. They have need of money to keep up their naval force; it is necessary, therefore, that the master treat his slaves with mildness, that they render him a faithful account of their produce; where there are rich slaves, it is no longer the public interest, that my slave should have any thing to fear from you. At Lacedæmon my slave would be humble to you; but at Athens, if your slave was under my controul, he would be in danger, least I take from him his property, in order to spare his person.

It is for this reason that we have put upon an equality, slaves and freemen, strangers and citizens; for it is the interest of the Republic that strangers should be numerous---the industry, the great number of mechanic arts, and the marine demand it: we have then great reason for inviting strangers among us, by assuring to them this Equality.

The multitude has not entertained any jealousy of those who practise the gymnastic exercises, or profess music; they consider that it would be unjust, as they themselves could not follow such occupations.

Whether at the public shows, at the command of the galleys, or at the gymnastic games, the intent of the populace is that the rich provide the exhibitions, and even perform; that the wealthy command the galleys, and preside over the games; that the people serve on board the ships, and partake of the exercises under them; for the view of the multitude is to gain money by singing, dancing, running, and navigating, to increase their own freedom and diminish the wealth of the opulent. Are they called on to give judgment on a process, it is not after equity that they pronounce; they consult much oftener their own interest.

The populace behold with joy our allies coasting to Athens, to prefer their numerous accusations, for in these states they hate any man that is virtuous; the Athenians know that the sovereign country is necessarily odious to the people subjugated, and that if they suffer in the states, the rich, or those who through other means possess power, to aggrandize themselves, the empire of the Athenian republic would not be of long continuance. It is for this reason that they deprive virtuous men of their property, confiscate their estates, send them into exile, and even deprive them of life; at the same time they encourage and applaud wicked men. Amongst my countrymen I confess, that those who have a respect for justice endeavour to support men of character among our allies, and to guard them from the danger with which they are threatened, knowing what advantage it is for them to preserve if possible, at any time and in any country, men most remarkable for their moral qualifications.

Perhaps it may be thought that the power of Athens consists in their allies being able to assist them with pecuniary succours; the populace of this city regard it as a greater advantage, that the Athenians should bear that part which should fall to the lot of our allies, while they remain themselves in the greatest poverty; having only their subsistence, and daily labour; by these means they are deprived of the power of scheeming or plotting against the Republic.

They reproach us also for having made an oppressive law in obliging the states to try their causes at Athens. In answer to this it will be proper to enumerate all the advantages which result to the Athenians. The charges of these suits turn immediately to their profit, and they yield, during the course of the year, justly speaking, a daily revenue: they can moreover, by these means, govern all the confederate states without an Athenian quitting his house, or putting a vessel to sea. They have, by these proceedings in the courts, the opportunity of acquitting those who are attached to them, and to ruin, on the contrary, those who are of the opposite party. But if the states had each of them a tribunal to decide their own causes, as they bear with impatience the yoke which we impose on them, they might use perhaps the same means, to destroy those of the citizens who are most attached to the people of Athens.

We might mention here many other advantages which accrue to the people from the necessity imposed on our allies to decide their legal affairs at Athens. The post duty which they levy in Pirea, and which they call the hundredth penny, produces considerably to the state. The hire of houses and slaves is a great profit to the Athenians who are the proprietors, and the voyages of our allies bring in also considerable gain to our public criers.

But, on the other hand, if the allies did not try their causes at Athens, they would not respect and honour such of the Athenians as

navigate their vessels, the military commanders of the corps of infantry, those of the galleys, and the delegates. Besides, each citizen of the allies is obliged to flatter, and conciliate himself with all the populace; for he knows, whether he has a cause at issue, or is about to commence one, that it must be tried here, not by certain magistrates, but by all the people, for such is the law at Athens.

The parties are obliged to acquaint every Athenian, to solicit him, and to take him courteously by the hand. This custom has very much contributed to render our allies much more than they otherwise would have been, the real slaves of the people of Athens.

Add to this consideration, that the confederates who have property, or exercise business on the continent, and on the frontier of Africa, know how to manage the oar, though not bred to it, as well as any of the slaves, by the frequent voyages they are forced to make to Athens; for those who navigate much, are often obliged to take the oar as well as their domestics, and to them all the seas become perfectly familiar. Experience, voyages, and a desire for information form also most excellent pilots; some take the helm of a boat, others conduct the merchant ships, some go from them to the galleys, the result: is that the major part of our allies become seamen, and are able to navigate our vessels as soon as they are on board, because they are always practising the art.

[*To be continued.*]

DECLARATION

MADE BY THE

PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL CONVENTION

TO THE

FRENCH NATION.

"THE scandalous scene which has just passed in the Tribunes convinces me of the truth of a conspiracy which has been revealed to me by many good citizens, who, fearing the poignards of assassins, have refused to make their names public.---I shall now develop this plot! Legislators, People, be attentive!---your safety is concerned!

"The Aristocracy and the coalition of Kings, who tremble at their inability to snatch from us our liberty by the force of arms, are now preparing to destroy it by an intrigue carried on by gold. These were the days appointed for the execution of their plot; and what passed yesterday and to-day in the Hall are only preliminaries to it. This conspiracy has been formed for the same purpose as that of the 10th of May: they wish to destroy the Convention by insurrection, and this is their plan of execution.

"The conspirators, after having for a long time prepared the minds of the people by crafty speeches clothed in patriotic language, have misled the Members of the Popular Societies of the *Constituted Authorities, and even the Convention itself, so as* almost to have persuaded them, that to save the country, a new insurrection was necessary. This insurrection has been organized by clandestine Committees. Every thing is preconcerted and arranged. The disorder which they have created in the Convention will serve as a pretext for their projected riot. The women too lend their assistance, many of whom have been formed into regiments for this iniquitous undertaking.---At the moment when their misguided arms are uplifted for the destruction of their country, they endeavour to persuade us that they are employed in saving it.

"A great majority of the citizens, it is true, have not been seduced; but our enemies have succeeded in making fanatics of that credulous part of the people, who, more remarkable for their virtue than their understanding, are easily misled. They have also attempted to persuade the volunteers, who are going to Vendee, that they ought not to depart till after the execution of their project.

"The insurgents are to execute, on the Members of the Convention and other Citizens, the proscriptions which have been ordered by their leaders. The persons proscribed will necessarily find some defenders, a combat will ensue, and such Members of the Convention as shall have been led astray will be themselves massacred.---The National Representation will then be destroyed; the flames of civil war will break forth; and the Departments and the Armies will be divided.

"A prey to anarchy, there no longer remains to France any rallying point. During these intervals, all the Powers at the same time attack our frontiers---the Aristocrats shew themselves, and the Counter Revolution is effected.

"Citizens, this is the abyss into which you are about to be precipitated, if, notwithstanding all that you have just heard, you persist in following the instigations of those who mislead you.---I call Heaven to witness, it is for your welfare alone that I speak.---If you could see the bottom of my heart, you would there discover how much I abhor Slavery---how much I adore Liberty. It is she who at this moment inspires me.

"I owe to my country the Declaration that I have made---I have discharged my conscience---and, firm at my post, I wait the events.

"I love the people too well not to use my utmost endeavours to save them from the effects of their own madness; and if, in the excess of their own blindness, it should happen, that in this chair I should receive their attacks, covered with wounds I will still offer up my prayers for their happiness, and my last words shall be, "*O God! preserve the liberty of my country, and pardon those murderers: they know not what they do.* (Signed) ISNARD."

A
SPECIES OF DECEPTION,
AS PRACTISED BY
JOHN DAILEY, A CONVICT, AT PORT-JACKSON.

Extracted from the Official Papers as transmitted to Government by GOVERNOR PHILLIPS.

A REPORT was current in the settlement, that one Dailey, a convict, had discovered a piece of ground, wherein he had found a considerable quantity of a yellow coloured ore, which, upon its being tried, appeared to have a certain proportion of gold in it; at this time the governor happened to be absent on a short excursion into the country, to the northward: the report having been made to the lieutenant-governor, he, of course, examined the man who had made the discovery, and who told his story with so much plausibility, that it was not doubted but an ore of some kind had been found. Dailey was interrogated as to the place; but this he refused to give any information of until the return of the governor, to whom he would give a full account of the discovery, provided he would grant him what the discoverer considered as but a small compensation for so valuable an acquisition; this reward was (as there were ships upon the point of sailing) his own, and a particular woman convict's enlargement, and a passage in one of the ships to England, together with a specified sum of money, which I do not now recollect. The lieutenant-governor insisted, that as he had already mentioned the discovery he had made, he should also shew what part of the country it was in, otherwise he might expect punishment, for daring to impose upon those officers to whom he had related this business; the fear of punishment disposed him to incline a little, though apparently with much reluctance; he proposed to the lieutenant-governor, that an officer should be sent down the harbour with him, for the mine, which he said was in the lower part of the harbour, and near the sea shore, and he would shew the place to the officer: accordingly an officer, with a corporal and two or three private soldiers, were sent with him; he landed, where he said the walk would be but short, and they entered the wood in the way to the mine: soon after they got among the bushes, he applied for permission to go on one side for a minute upon some necessary occasion, which was granted him; the officer continued there some hours without seeing the discoverer again, who, immediately on getting out of his sight, had pushed off for the camp by land, for he knew the road very well, and he had cunning enough to persuade the officer to send the boat away as soon as they had landed, as he

supposed he would not choose to quit the place until a good guard came down; for which purpose the officer was to have dispatched a man by land, as soon as he arrived at the place, and was satisfied that it merited attention. The convict arrived in camp pretty early in the afternoon, and informed the lieutenant-governor, that he had left the officer who went down with him in full possession of the gold mine; he then got a few things out of his own tent, and disappeared; the party, after waiting for some hours whooping and searching through the woods for the cheat, left their stations, and marched round to the camp, where they arrived at dusk, heartily tired, and not a little chagrined at the trick the villain had played them. The want of provisions soon brought him from his concealment, and a severe punishment was the necessary consequence of this imposition; however: he still gave out, that he had made the discovery which he had before mentioned, and that his reason for quitting the officer who went with him was, that he thought, if he gave the information to the governor himself, he should certainly get what he had asked. When the governor returned, another officer was sent with him, although every person now believed that there was no truth in what he had hitherto reported. This officer informed him, in going down in the boat, that he would not suffer him to go three yards from him when landed, and that he would certainly shoot him if he attempted to run from him; for which purpose he shewed him, that he was loading his gun with ball; this so terrified the cheat, that he acknowledged he knew of no gold mine. He was then interrogated respecting the ore which he had produced, and he confessed he had filed down part of a yellow metal buckle, and had mixed with it some gold filed off a guinea, all which had been blended with some earth, and made hard. The man who tried the ore was bred a silversmith, and upon separating the different parts, he discovered that it contained a small quantity of gold: the inventor was, of course, well punished for his trick."

SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF AFFECTION.

AFTER the taking of Troy, the Greeks relenting at the cruel fortune of the inhabitants, issued a proclamation, that every free citizen might carry off, upon his shoulders, whatever he thought most valuable. Æneas immediately loaded himself with his household gods, and left the rest of his property behind. The victors, being charmed with such a singular instance of piety, permitted him to return, and carry off a second load. He, accordingly, went home, and took upon his shoulders his father Anchises, a venerable prince, who was almost crippled with the infirmities of age. The Greeks were now more astonished than before; and, to reward such extraordinary merit as it deserved, restored to him all his effects, and gave him leave to retire with them, wherever he pleased.

A

SKETCH OF THE LITERARY CHARACTER

OF THE LATE

DR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

STAT MAGNI NOMINIS UMBRA.

THE late Dr. WILLIAM ROBERTSON, the object of this short sketch, died the 11th, inst. at the Grange-House, near Edinburgh, after terminating a long life, the latter part of which had been affected with a lingering illness, supported with manly fortitude, and the resignation of a Philosopher.

He was born in the year 1721, and licensed for the Ministry at the age of twenty-two. That a life of fifty years, occupied in the sacred function, has been useful with such talents cannot be doubted. In the year 1744 he obtained the Parish of Gladsmuir, and in his retreat he composed the History of Scotland.

In the year 1758, he was inducted to Lady YESTER'S Parish in the city of Edinburgh; when his prospects opening, the year following he published his great Work in two quarto volumes. A writer who investigates the great period of Scottish History during which MARY reigned, has a task before him, of all others the most perilous, and it may be obnoxious. If he establishes her guilt, he provokes a numerous party---besides that in general the convicter of MARY diminishes the honour of his country.

It is not our design to enter into the controversy. Either the *guilt* or the *folly* of MARY was excessive. If she thought BOTHWELL innocent of the murder of her husband, to marry him so speedily shewed an indecent contempt for the common accusation, and established the suspicion of those who insinuated her privacy to the act. If MARY owed nothing to the slaughtered DARNLEY, she owed something to her own character, and more to public Justice.

When ROBERTSON'S book first appeared, it was welcomed with every tribute of admiration and praise. The Author displayed a fine spirit of Philosophy, so calculated to dissipate the mists of party through which all records are viewed; and his investigations of the baronial manners, were at once learned and elegant, concise and yet clear. Lord CHESTERFIELD recommended the book with peculiar ardour, as the only work of modern times calculated to restore the lost art of Historic Composition.

In all the publications of Dr. ROBERTSON, he has sedulously studied the graces of style; and though a native of Scotland, we have not observed any traces in his periods by which that fact might be ascertained: His attention to language was eminently

rewarded; for of the multitude of readers the proportion of numbers is to be had by ornament---the scrupulous dissection of evidence is attended to by few; the operation is little inviting, and the object achieved is a scanty residuum of barren FACT.

But for the tenacity of National character, the story of MARY was not likely to excite the altercation of the eighteenth century. STUART however attacked the History of ROBERTSON with the inveteracy of an Enemy, rather than the temper of a Philosopher.

Although in the arrangement of his book he was a Copyist, his principles were adverse to those of the Professor, and to his ear the periods of the latter seemed to be feeble, and his arguments false. He pretended to more accurate examination of records, and he wrote in the bloated style of cumbrous magnificence. Of the CHARACTERS which were so chastely drawn by ROBERTSON, STUART produced extravagant dilations.---He surveyed them by torch light; they of course cast a deeper shade, and the medium produced a sort of obscurity.

> "Not light, but rather darkness visible
> "Serv'd only to discover sights of woe."

He had moreover every *vice* of false idiom; and the mode by which POPE had artfully placed his Pastorals upon comparison below those of PHILLIPS, was practised between the characters of STUART and of ROBERTSON. The Public were called upon to prefer tumor to energy, and a rugged rumble of verbiage to the simplicity and ease of pure English.

In the year 1761, Dr. ROBERTSON, upon the death of Professor Goldie, was elected Principal of the University of Edinburgh, and appointed Minister of the Old Grey Friars Parish.

He had found the walk so fitted to his strength, and unlike the Metaphysicians in *Gil Blas*, he determined not to stop and wrangle with passengers upon the road---he knew that controversy was irritable, and that an Histrorian, of all Men, should be calm. He therefore answered no Antagonist---he did what was much better ---for in 1769, he produced his greatest Work, the History of Charles the Vth.

This procured for him a wide diffusion of his fame, and some particular honors from other Courts and foreign Academies. His *present* MAJESTY, a Judge as well as Patron of polite letters, appointed him one of his Chaplains and Historiographer for Scotland. Such appointments are honourable to Crowned Heads.

The subsequent publications of Dr. ROBERTSON have not the celebrity of the foregoing---His AMERICA, however, has gone through several editions, although to the discoveries of former Historians, little seems to be added, and we gain only a manner more clear and a style polished with more success.

Of the praise which has attended him, that of the Great Historian of the ROMAN EMPIRE will be the most lasting.---Mr. GIBBON

considered him as a profound Master of History, and his Volumes have more than a typographic similarity to those of the late Principal. They have much of his manner and arrangement.

Dr. ROBERTSON has written a Volume upon *India*, and a Sermon much applauded on the coming of the MESSIAH.

What remains to be said of him will fill a narrower space, although to him now it will be of the most moment. In the relations of life he was exemplary---his temper and feeling were unfailing. Amid the convulsive attacks of a slow and tedious malady, he might find a surer consolation, even than his fame in a *mild and blameless life*; and his expiration, fortunately for him, who was no Sceptic, did not conduct his mind unsettled and perplexed through "the obscure regions of Philosophy" to a seat of certain Justice, to answer for the mischief of poisoning the Peace of Society.

ON THE

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

THE nature of the dependance which appears to subsist between the soul and the body, to which it is united, indicates clearly, that at the annihilation of the latter the former must change it's state; but nothing in this event, appears to evince the destruction of that independent part, all whose operations, it is true, have been long conjoined with the corporeal organization, but yet does not exhibit any similarity with those powers. It is proved, from observation, that no body can destroy itself; the many combinations of their elements, cause them to change their form, and even disappear to our senses; but we do not know from that, that they cease to exist. By what singular fatality can the soul, therefore, be subject to destruction! But where does it go? The wisdom that appears to reign in the economy of the World, forces us to think that this Being, susceptible of so many ideas, and capable of reflection on it's own sentiments, in short, a Being of true perfection cannot lose the fruits of it's labours exercised upon it by itself, or by external agents; that it cannot receive after death modifications analagous to those it was subject to, during the existence of the body; and it is in this new order and arrangement of which we cannot form an idea, that consists the answer to the greatest difficulties that any one can make, against the wisdom which reigns in the government of the universe. This change in effect offers a recompence for our sufferings, and a reward for virtuous actions; but we cannot, like some heated enthusiasts, consider the Director of so many worlds, as a monarch, occupied in inflicting punishments, or condemning his creatures to endless tortures, presiding in his inflexible tribunals, establishing his dungeons, and employing executioners; neither can we suppose that he has created a new universe from a regard merely to the perishable, but as a more natural asylum for the immortal part of human nature.

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE have to return our sincere Thanks to a very worthy Brother, our Correspondent at Birmingham, *for his kind communication of the following particulars, accompanied with a Song, sung at the Dedication of the* Shakspere Lodge, (No. 516) *at* STRATFORD ON AVON, *on Tuesday the 4th of June, inst. and which we are happy to insert, as we doubt not it will be very acceptable to all our Brethren.*

ON Tuesday the 4th inst. a grand Procession took place at *Stratford on Avon*, in consequence of the Dedication of the SHAKSPERE LODGE of MASONS in that town, which was most respectably attended by the different Lodges:---indeed, never since the Celebration of the Jubilee has there been such a numerous and elegant assemblage of people; the Ladies in particular seeming to vie with each other, who should best express their respect on the occasion. The whole of the business was conducted in such a manner, as reflected the greatest credit on the respective Brethren who superintended the order of Procession. The Thanks of the County is justly due to Mr. JAMES TIMMINS, the Deputy Provincial Grand Master, for the very able and elegant manner in which he delivered the Lectures; and the uniform and orderly behaviour of the Brethren gave the most entire satisfaction to an admiring and delighted Populace.

On the 5th a Free Ball was given, which for Beauty and Brilliancy, far surpassed any thing of the kind ever remembered at *Stratford*. Every Brother appeared in his Apron, and the Grand Provincial Officers, and the Masters and Officers of the different Lodges wore their Sashes and Jewels. One Brother wore a suit of Buttons with Masonic Emblems, &c. elegantly set, which cost upwards of Ten Guineas, and many wore Aprons worth from Five to Ten Pounds each.

The following Song was composed and sung upon the occasion by

Mr. JAMES BISSET,

STEWARD *of the* ST. ALBAN'S LODGE, Birmingham.

THE corner Stone, this Day, we have,
By solemn Dedication,
Of Stratford Lodge——most firmly laid
On our most grand Foundation.

Great Shakspere's name the Pile shall boast,
A name so much renown'd, Sir;
With flowing Bumpers let this Toast
Then chearfully go round, Sir.

CHORUS.

May this new Lodge for ever stand
To grace Masonic Story,
The wonder of this happy Land
And raise old Shakspere's Glory.

The mystic Arts of Masonry,
From East to West extending,
From Pole to Pole expands apace------
A Gift of Heaven's own sending.
Blest Light Divine sent from above,
To chear the Discontented,
To make Mankind unite in Love,
Like Masons thus cemented.

CHORUS.

Blest Light, &c.

Great Honours have been paid before;
But Shakspere's name to blazon,
Or give him Fame---None can do more
Than say---HE WAS A MASON!
Upon the Square he firmly stood,
Such lovely Structures rear'd, Sir,
That ne'er before, nor since the flood,
Have Buildings such appear'd, Sir.

CHORUS.

Upon the Square, &c.

All Nature's secrets he explor'd,
With wonder struck---she view'd him;
She "never saw his like before"
And all her works she shew'd him.
The child of Fancy, ev'n in Youth,
In knowledge he surpass'd her,
None ever could with him compare,
But HIRAM our *Grand-Master*.

CHORUS.

May Shakspere's Lodge for ever stand
And grace Masonic Story,
The wonder of this happy Land,
Old Stratford's boast and glory.

FINE ARTS.

AS the works of *elegant art* are become the objects of such fashionable attention, and as the *English School of Painting* is now raised to so exalted a situation as to rank with the most celebrated in Europe, we think it incumbent upon us occasionally to mark the progress of the Pencil or the Graver, and to comment with candour upon the various efforts which distinguish the enterprising spirit and taste of our country---

The *History of England* merits and is receiving all the accumulation of talents, and Mr. BOWYER with a laudable ambition has made an honourable progress in the task. The Pictures painted for this work by Messrs. WEST and SMIRKE, deserve particularly the encomium they have received.--- The Pardon pronounced upon King John, is a chaste composition, and finely coloured in the Venetian style, and reflects the highest honour upon the President---as the work proceeds, we shall pay due attention to it.

There are few instances which do more credit to the commendable spirit of an individual, than the transplanting the Beauties of the *Dusseldorf Gallery* to this Country, by Messrs. V. and R. GREEN, and to better Engravers than Mr. GREEN and those connected with him, they could not possibly have been consigned.

The Descent from the Cross, by RUBENS, is most excellently engraved; the spirit, energy, and effect of that great master is preserved upon the copper with the greatest fidelity and science; and among the various other specimens which have appeared we have reason to congratulate the Public upon so valuable an acquisition as this plan will evidently produce.

Among the local subjects which have attracted the attention of the Artists, those recent splendid events in India, under the brave *Cornwallis*, are the most conspicuous.---The Scene of the Royal Children leaving the Zenana, is one of the most interesting ever recorded, and is a warm appeal to the passions: The Introduction of the hostages to the Marquis---and afterwards the delivery of the Definitive Treaty,---form two very important and magnificent spectacles, enriched with such singular and ornamental incidents as very seldom occur in history. The account is accurately given by Major Dirom in his late Narrative of the War he has written, and forms three subjects from the Pencil of MATHER BROWN, Esq. and which are now engraving by Messrs. BARTOLOZZI and ORME.---- The centre Print is, by permission, to be dedicated to the King, who expressed much satisfaction when the three Pictures were shewn to His Majesty at Buckingham House----

There are few Works which have such solid pretensions to applause, as the edition of *Thompson's Seasons*, now publishing by TOMKINS, the favourite Pupil of that great, good, and amiable man, BARTOLOZZI.

The scholar seems in this publication to have caught, by an *electric* kind of enthusiasm, the Genius of his preceptor, and to have received from his venerable master and friend (like the mantle of Elijah) his taste, and his science.---This work gave such satisfaction to the Queen, when shewn to Her Majesty, that she unsolicited appointed Mr. TOMKINS her Historical Engraver,---In the first number of the book, the *Figure of Spring* floating in the Clouds (like a tutelar Deity) over the Royal residence of Windsor, is an happy idea, and beautifully engraved.---Mr. TOMKINS likewise engraves (in company with Mr. EGINTON of Birmingham) the celebrated Picture, of the last interview of Louis the 16th with his Family at Paris, painted by MATHER BROWN, Esq. who is, we understand, now finishing as a COMPANION PICTURE, that interesting Scene, the *Massacre of Madame, the Princess Lamballe,* at the Prison de la Force, at Paris—a subject well suited for the best exertions of the Pencil and Graver.

BIGG's charming *rustic scenes* must be reserved to some future animadversion---as must likewise the elegant Engravings of those rising Artists, Messrs. LENEY and CORNER.

We humbly trust that among the numerous literary works of refined Art, *The* FREEMASON'S MAGAZINE will not be the *last* or *least* to meet the public approbation---though it is not the fate of "mortals to *command* success" yet we hope, by indefatigable efforts, "*to deserve it.*"

STRATAGEM OF A FRENCH COMEDIAN.

A French Comedian, some time back, was at a considerable distance from Paris, where he had an engagement, and to which place he was anxious to proceed, but for the want of a passport he could go no further, and from the temper of the times no one could be procured. Revolving it in his mind, he at length resolved on a plan by which he could get there clear of expence, and in a manner suitable to the exalted notions of a disciple of Roscius.

He went into his chamber and sealing up a packet, with much care indorsed on it "Plan for a Counter Revolution" and placed there also, a letter to Count D'Artois. The woman of the house, whom he knew to be a patriot, and also a very inquisitive person, soon became acquainted with the papers; and had the Player apprehended. He was taken before the judicial officer, who, to shew his zeal and patriotism, sent him immediately, under a strong escort, to the National Assembly. When they there opened the pacquet, and the Comedian had given a clear account of himself, their laughter succeeded suspicion, and instead of committing him to the prison of the Abbaye, they dismissed him to join the votaries of the Thalian Goddess.

The following is a correct translation of the Latin Inscription in marble, raised by the French Emigrant Priests *resident in the King's House at* Winchester, *to serve as a perpetual Monument of their Gratitude for the assistance rendered to them by the People of this Country.*

BY THE FAVOR OF THE MOST HIGH GOD!
Long, free from dangers and alarms,
In the love and delight of his People, and in the
Admiration of assisted Foreigners,
Live
GEORGE III.
Of GREAT BRITAIN and IRELAND, &c.
A most pious King!
May he enjoy the eternal Blessings of Peace,
May the most noble People of Britain
Flourish,
And increase in works of Piety and Science,
Who,
Forgetful of Political Quarrels,
Assisted
By the voluntary Contributions of every Class in the Kingdom,
Carefully protected, most tenderly succoured, and
Like a Parent received into their hospitable bosom,
THE FRENCH CLERGY;
Oppressed by numerous Calamities,
Abandoned to Shipwreck and Exile, and expelled their
Native Country.
May happiness attend that most excellent British Senator
JOHN WILMOT,
Most equitable dispenser of the public bounty;
And also those most disinterested and just persons of the
Committee.
These blessings the French Clergy earnestly crave, from the
Supreme Disposer of all Things,
And who are dispersed through the various parts
Of the British Empire.
More especially that part of the French Clergy,
Resident in this Royal House,
With anxious Care
Offer up their Prayers for their Benefactors,
Who by the Gift of a noble Duke,
Raised this Inscription
As the small pledge of their grateful minds,
And to perpetuate the Memory of this Event.
Anno Repar, Salutis, MDCCXCIII. atque XXXIII Regni
GEORGE III.

These favors are more deeply imprinted on our hearts, than in marble Sculpture.

POETRY.

A POEM,

ON

THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

LONG had imperious *Vice* with tyrant hand,
Spread devastation round our groaning land:
From East to West the subtle poison throws,
In all hell's dismal catalogue of woes!
Laughs at each effort to restrict her force;
And bursts each barrier in her rapid course.
With dire success, and proud exulting mein,
Th' infernal empress triumph'd in our pain:
When pitying heaven, to counteract her force,
Sent down it's universal---best resource:
Blest MASONRY!---that never-failing cure,
For all the ills a mortal can endure.
Heaven's favorite gift! whose delegated might
Can send the monster home to shades of night;
Can lay the roughest paths of nature even;
And render life a temporary heaven!
Hail, sacred FRIENDSHIP---see your GENIUS rise
With grace celestial in her mein and eyes!
To fair Britannia first displays her charms;
Then woo's Hibernia with expanded arms;
Her views extending---with capacious soul,
She seems to grasp "from Indus to the Pole."
Here HONOR, LOVE, and JUSTICE all agree,
In sacred bonds of heaven-born MASONRY
To stem the torrents of corruption's tide;
And shake the basis of insulting pride.
Long, long bound down by the usurper's chains,
Lo! lovely FRIENDSHIP now her throne regains,
Attended by her noble sons she scorns
The tyrant *Vice*---in twice ten thousand forms.
---*Deception* now with jarring *Discord* cease;
And stern *Injustice* hides it's haggard face.
Here, friends of VIRTUE---here a friend you'll find,
Unfolding each perfection of the mind:
Here may the *moralist* explore the cause
Why *Vice* still triumphs over VIRTUE's laws.

Here may he see the *cause* and learn the *cure*;
As *Vice* extended: and as VIRTUE sure.

Ye sons of ART and SCIENCE, here enjoy
The pleasures whose enjoyment never cloy;
In ample fields of LITERATURE find
The blest elysium of th' enlightened mind;
Explore the mysteries of Nature's laws:
"And look through Nature up to Nature's CAUSE."

Hither each taste howe'er diversified,
If VIRTUE, LOVE, and FRIENDSHIP be your guide,
Hither the grave or gay---or youth or age;
The smiling humorist; or reflecting sage:
Here each amusement---each instruction find,
To please the fancy, or improve the mind.

Behold! ye SEX, to whom we change the *theme*,
The guardian of your innocence and fame:
See the Protector of your lovely youth:
The safeguard of your virtue, honor, truth:
Inestimable treaures! long the prey
Of wild Libertinism's lawless sway,
---See your preserver from seduction's snares
That teeming source of helpless---hopeless tears.

Apply the remedy---nor longer mourn
Dishonored glory, never to return!
Use beauty's powerful influence in our cause:
Unite mankind by MASONS' sacred Laws:
Your beauty, virtue,---honor *thus* secured;
Adieu those ills---too long alas! endured.

THE DEBTOR.

BY THE LATE

SIR JOHN HENRY MOORE, BART.

CHILDREN of Affluence, hear a poor man's prayer!
O haste, and free me from this dungeon's gloom;
Let not the hand of comfortless despair
Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb!

Unus'd Compassion's tribute to demand,
With clamorous din wake Charity's dull ear,
Wring the slow aid from Pity's loitering hand,
Weave the feign'd tale, or drop the ready tear:

Far different thoughts employ'd my early hours,
To views of bliss, to scenes of affluence born,
The hand of pleasure strew'd my path with flow'rs,
And every blessing hail'd my youthful morn.

But ah, how quick the change!---the morning gleam
That cheer'd my fancy with her magic ray,
Fled like the garish pageant of a dream,
And sorrow clos'd the evening of my day.

Such is the lot of human bliss below!
Fond hope a-while the trembling flow'ret rears;
Till unforeseen descends the blight of woe,
And withers in an hour the pride of years.

In evil hour, to specious wiles a prey,
I trusted:---(who from faults is always free?)
And the short progress of one fatal day
Was all the space 'twixt wealth and poverty.

Where could I seek for comfort, or for aid?
To whom the ruins of my state commend?
Left to myself, abandon'd and betray'd,
Too late I found the wretched have no friend!

E'en he amid the rest, the favour'd youth,
Whose vows had met the tenderest warm return,
Forgot his oaths of constancy and truth,
And left my child in solitude to mourn.

Pity in vain stretch'd forth her feeble hand
To guard the sacred wreaths that Hymen wove,
While pale-eyed Avarice, from his sordid stand,
Scowl'd o'er the ruins of neglected love.

Though deeply hurt, yet sway'd by decent pride,
She hush'd her sorrows with becoming art,
And faintly strove with sickly smiles to hide
The canker worm that prey'd upon her heart.

Nor blam'd his cruelty---nor wish'd to hate
Whom once she lov'd---but pitied, and forgave:
Then unrepining yielded to her fate,
And sunk in silent anguish to the grave.

Children of Affluence, hear a poor man's pray'r!
O haste, and free me from this dungeon's gloom;
Let not the hand of comfortless despair
Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb!

PIERCEFIELD WALKS,

A POEM.

Humbly inscribed to VALENTINE MORRIS, Esq.

NO more the Muse in sportive mood shall run
Poetic Fancy's visionary round;
Of castles sing, by magic charm uprear'd,
Within some forest's deep sequester'd shade;
Where sylphs and fairies dance by midnight moon,
Or exhalations from the teeming earth
To bogs and ditches with delusive flame,
Lead peasants wand'ring thro' the darksome night.
Of forms gigantic, and of spectres dire
Breathing destruction to adventrous knights,
High fam'd for hardy deeds, and bold emprize.
No more my Muse---these unsubstantial forms,
These airy dreams to monkish bards resign.

If scenes romantic, or elysian fields,
Attract thy wonder or deserve thy praise;
The rising prospect opens to thy view
In PIERCEFIELD's happy spot---the muses friend,
The worthy VALENTINE, in peaceful sweets
Of downy concord, spends the joyous hour:
Gen'rously frugal; splendidly obscure,
By strangers honor'd, by acquaintance lov'd,
No ill he dreads, because he offers none:
No more he wants, because he asks no more;
No arts are here to be ignobly great,
No solemn farce, no empty pomp of state
But the wise pleasures of the happy few,
Where private virtue finds it's own reward.

No more ye goddesses of verse remain,
Fix'd to the Gretian or the Latian shore,
To British groves, to British streams repair,
And change Parnassus for a lovlier seat.

Ye sons of Painting, who with kindred fire
Bid the descriptive pencil's glowing warmth
O'er the stretch'd canvas living charms dispense,
On which even Nature's self might aptly fix
With mute astonishment---attend the call
Of her, who bids for you new beauties rise,
Unknown to Flemish or to Roman school:

Ye sister Arts, your every talent join,
'Tis PIERCEFIELD'S blest retreat, which all demand
Such touch as *Claudes or Maro's muse can form;
Do thou Description aid the advent'rous Song,
Call in thy Milton and thy Shakespere too,
With all the letter'd tribe of British bards
To dignify the subject---nor asham'd
Be thou Ricardo, thus to stand in need
Of every help, where all descriptions faint.

* Claude Lorrain, a great landscape painter.

PASTORAL STANZAS,

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

The two following little Poems were wrote at a very early period of the Author's life.

WHEN Aurora's soft blushes o'erspread the blue hill,
And the mist dies away at the glances of morn;
When the birds join the music that floats on the rill,
And the beauties of Spring the young woodlands adorn.

To breathe the pure air and enliven my soul,
I bound from my Cottage exulting and gay;
No care to molest me, no pow'r to control,
I sport with my lambkins, as thoughtless as they.

Yet, the bright tear of pity bedews my fond eyes,
When I think that for MAN the dear victims must fall,
While nature such stores of provision supplies,
And the bounties of Heaven are common to all.

Ah! tell me, Reflection, why custom decreed
That the sweet feather'd songsters so slaughter'd should be?
For the board of the rich the poor minstrels may bleed,
But the fruits of the field are sufficient for me.

When I view the proud palace, so pompously gay,
Whose high gilded turrets peep over the trees;
I pity it's greatness, and mournfully say,
Can mortals delight in such trifles as these!

Can a pillow of down sooth the woe sticken mind,
Can the sweets of Arabia calm sickness and pain;
Can fetters of gold Love's true votaries bind,
Or the gems of Peru Time's light pinions restrain?

Can those limbs which bow down beneath sorrow and age,
From the floss of the silk worm fresh vigour receive;
Can the pomp of the proud, death's grim tyrant assuage,
Can it teach you to die, or instruct you to live?

Ah, no! then sweet PEACE, lovely offspring of Heav'n,
Come dwell in my Cottage, thy handmaid I'll be;
Thus my youth shall pass on, unmolested and even,
And the winter of age be enliven'd by thee!

By the Same.

BY the side of a mountain, o'er-shadow'd with trees,
With thick clusters of vine intermingled and wove;
I behold my thatch'd Cottage, dear mansion of ease,
The seat of contentment, of friendship, and love!

Each morn when I open the latch of my door,
My heart throbs with rapture to hear the birds sing;
And at night, when the dance of the village is o'er,
On my pillow I strew the fresh roses of spring.

When I hide in the forest from noon's scorching beam,
While the torrent's deep murmurs re-echoing sound;
When the herds quit their pasture to quaff the clear stream,
And the flocks in the vale lie extended around:

I muse, but my thoughts are contented and free,
I regret not the splendors of riches and pride;
The delights of retirement are dearer to me,
Than the proudest appendage to greatness ally'd.

sing, and my song is the carol of joy;
My cheek glows with health, like the wild rose in bloom;
dance, yet forget not the blithsome and gay,
That I measure the footsteps which lead to the tomb.

Contented to live---yet not fearful to die,
With a conscience unspotted I pass thro' life's scene;
On the wings of delight every moment shall fly,
And the end of my days be resign'd and serene.

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

VIENNA, *May* 11.

THE Genoese Envoy has presented a memorial in the name of his Republic, in which he requests the free exportation of 80,000 bushels of corn, Genoa being exposed to the horrors of famine. Our Court has not as yet formed any resolution respecting this memorial.

M. de Choiseul Gouffier, the late French Ambassador at Constantinople, has continued his journey through Jassy to Petersburg.

The late Hungarian Diet has granted to his Majesty 5000 recruits, to complete the national regiments; and 3000 more being wanted, the States have given orders to raise them without delay. The Hungarian Aulic Chancellor, Count Charles Palffy, gives to every one of his subjects, who choose to enlist, a bounty of twenty florins.

The remaining troops in Hungary, both infantry and cavalry, have also been sent off to the army of reserve in Upper Austria, and those in Transylvania are also on their march, under the command of General Heydendorff.

Last Sunday a considerable quantity of ammunition and warlike implements were dispatched from this metropolis to the frontiers, besides a sum of 4,000,000 of florins, all in silver specie, put up in chests, and carried by 46 waggons.

Sentence has been pronounced upon several Frenchmen for unlawful correspondence: some have been set at liberty, others banished, and several imprisoned for a twelve-month in the fortress of Kufstein.

Our Sovereign will spend some part of the Summer at Laxenburg, whence his Majesty will come hither every week to grant audience to those who may request it.

The junior Archdukes and Archduchesses will go to Schoenbrun.

The Duke of Deux Ponts will command a corps of Prussians in the present campaign. His Highness has resolved to erect a monument in the town of Humburg to the 16 hussars who put to flight 500 Frenchmen. The names of these heroes will be engraved on that monument.

From the lists given, it appears that there are still 4100 persons of both sexes in captivity among the Turks, by whom they were taken during the campaigns of 1788, 89, and 90. The Porte has been unable to restore them, since they have been sold as slaves to owners unknown, and, perhaps, at an immense distance from the Turkish capital. His Majesty has assigned the fund of the suppressed order of Trinitarians to the redemption of those unfortunate people.

May 13. This day the Archduke Charles made his entry into Ghent, as Governor General of the Pays Bas.

The Emperor, in a declaration, signed the 17th instant, has proclaimed a general pardon to Brabant, for all crimes and disorders committed in Brabant, in the years 1789 and 1790.

MANHEIM, *May* 13.

The Prussian army which defends the Dutchy of Deux Ponts, amounts to 20,000 men, and is deemed sufficient to prevent the junction of the French armies of the Moselle and Rhine.

Col. Seckendorf is arrived at the head-quarter of the King of Prussia, with a particular message from the Prince of Saxe Cobourg.

The fortress of Landau, which has twice refused to capitulate, is to be bombarded to-morrow.

STOCKHOLM, *May* 7.

The Duke Regent has forbidden the printing of the proceedings of the Convention of Students at the University of Upsal. The following expression in one of those treatises has occasioned this prohibition:—"For these seven centuries "Sweden has either been oppressed, or governed by despotism."

Baron Creutz, the late Swedish Envoy at the Republic of Holland, lately died at the Hague.

On the first of June three regiments of cavalry, and five regiments of infantry, are to encamped about Ladugard.

OSTEND, *June* 1.

A column of 5000 French troops arrived before Furnes about Seven o'clock yesterday morning: the garrison, composed of near 1200 Dutch, opposed them very bravely for four hours. They had only three pieces of cannon, three pounders, whilst the French had more than twelve eight-pounders in this action. The loss of the French is unknown. The Dutch, after having had six men killed, and ten wounded, were obliged to retreat, which they effected in good order, and arrived here this evening with their cannon and baggage. The French, after having plundered the principal inhabitants, left Furnes at ten o'clock at night, taking with them the Bailiff, Burgomaster, and five Magistrates, as hostages for the contributions which they demanded in cattle, corn, &c. The Dutch having been informed of their retreat, returned thither this afternoon; and intelligence is since received that a number of German troops have arrived at Furnes from Ypres and Courtray.

The transports with the British dragoons arrived here the day before yesterday; and upon receiving the above intelligence, were ready in less than an hour to proceed on reconnoitering.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

HALLIFAX, *April* 24.

Our worthy Governor is justly generally regarded: the road from Picton to Preston, which was compleated under his immediate inspection, has been productive of much public benefit and consequent popularity to his Excellency.

This place is strangely altered; the little society there was formerly, is totally destroyed, the Gentlemen in Garrison being constantly engaged at the Government-house, the scene of continued gaiety and dissipation: from twenty to thirty daily sit down to dinner; Sunday is devoted to gambling, and every Officer who can take a few guineas with him is a welcome visitor.

Orders are said to have been received for the embarkation of the major part of the military in this province for the West Indies.

CHARLESTON, *April* 10.

Some recent failures in New York and Philadelphia have cast a general damp on all commercial transactions here, and trade of every description is uncommonly dull. Several orders have been received from France, but few only of them have been executed. Corn is in great demand.

PITTSBURGH, *April* 10.

Notwithstanding the greatest vigilance and activity had been used for the protection of the south west frontier of Washington county, Pennsylvania, the savages have made several destructive excursions in that quarter; on the frontiers of Washington and Ohio Country they have committed great devastation, and carried off several persons. Vessels of 100 tons burthen are now employed between this place and New Orleans.

PHILADELPHIA, *April* 17.

Accounts from the western frontiers continue to be less favourable than from the active preparations for defence that were made we had reason to expect.

On Whelen and west of the Pennsylvania boundary the savages have been successful. A report is now in circulation that a considerable detachment of the second United States regiment has been cut off in the neighbourhood of Galliopolis.

BOSTON, *April 19.*

Several privateers have been fitted out here to cruize against the Powers at war with France; one mounting ten guns, and manned principally by French, sailed on Wednesday. There are at present a French frigate and sloop in our harbour, with several English merchant ships. It is understood that should our privateers be successful in their cruises, they will not be permitted to bring their prizes into any of the American ports.

WEISSEMBOURG, *June 1.*

General Houchard has taken upon him the command of the French army of the Rhine, to the greatest satisfaction of all the officers and men. Immediately upon his arrival he ordered that the cowards of the 11th battalion of Doubs be severely punished and dismissed.

The General of that battalion shot himself in his dungeon, to avoid the horrors of perishing by the *guillotine*.

TURIN, *May 15.*

The Duke of Mountferrat is already gone from hence to lead our troops against the French in Savoy. The combined British and Spanish fleets are to attack Nice.

The Duke de Chabelais is now at Giandola, and gives double pay to the soldiers under his command.

The General Casa Bianca, a Corsican by birth, who commanded the expedition against Savoy, both by sea and land, has been taken prisoner while on a reconnoitring party, by a division of Piedmontese.

VIENNA, *May 29.*

Our last battalion of Grenadiers joined the army last Sunday. The garrison of this metropolis is not quite 1000 men strong, but Hungarian troops are daily expected.

Prince Hohenloe has been appointed Quarter-Master General of the army commanded by the Prince of Saxe Cobourg. Adjutant General Mack has been appointed a Major General.

COPENHAGEN, *June 1.*

Intelligence is arriving from many respectable quarters, of a speedy appearance of a Russian fleet, having on board an army of 12,000 regular land forces, destined to act against France.

We daily reap the benefit and advantages resulting from our armed neutrality in the present general war, and our commerce becomes more extensive and wide spread than it has been at any former period.

The Swedish exile Thorild still continues here. The work, on account of which he has been banished from his country, has been translated into Danish, and gives universal satisfaction.

STOCKHOLM, *May 28.*

It is strongly reported that a great number of Foreign troops are on the point of entering Swedish Pomerania, but we hope that this rumour may be without foundation.

His Majesty pays the greatest attention to the army, and is daily visited by some officer.

The Galathea frigate, Captain Cederstroem, will be the first convoy of the Swedish merchantmen, which are to sail on the 16th of June from Elsineur. Three other frigates will sail with our merchantmen, in July, August, and October.

Letters from Cronstadt are arrived at Elsineur, giving advice that the Russian fleet destined for the Mediterranean, sailed from thence in three divisions, about the latter end of last month, with a considerable body of land forces.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

LONDON. *May* 23, 1793.

UPWARDS of 300,000 quarters of American wheat have been imported into this country since the order of the Privy Council for taking off the prohibition. By this judiciary measure Government has effected two important objects, the relieving the distresses the poor of this country experienced from a scarcity of corn, and depriving the French markets from such considerable supplies.

GAINSBOROUGH has furnished 40*l.* towards the fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of such seamen and soldiers as may fall in the course of the war.

A treaty is on the tapis between America and Spain, relating to the navigation of the Mississippi, which is laid open to all nations.

The French, since the commencement of their assignat coinage, have burned 745 millions.

An accident singularly melancholy and we believe unprecedented happened last week, at a colliery at Tipton, in Staffordshire; two young men about to be married to two young women sisters, on the day set apart for the celebration of their nuptial rites were both crushed to pieces by the falling in of a quantity of coal.

The cold has lately been uncommonly severe in many parts of the country; at Berkemstead in Herts, the water was covered with ice nearly as thick as a crown piece.

The fruit trees have suffered much from the late drought and severe weather. The early crops of potatoes, French beans, and indeed vegetation in general has experienced a severe check.

A number of shipwrights, caulkers, blacksmiths, &c. are about to be sent to Gibraltar, to be ready to afford such repairs to our vessels on that station as they may require.

The Rev. John Parkinson, M. A. is instituted to the rectory of Healing, Lincolnshire, on his own petition.

The Rev. Christopher Howe, curate of Newland, in Cumberland, is appointed to the living of Glossop, in Derbyshire, on the presentation of Earl Fitzwilliam.

The Rev. Thomas Barling, B. A. of Pembroke college, is instituted to the rectory of How in Norfolk, on the presentation of Granville Hastings Wheeler, Esq.

The Rev. Charles Carver, B. A. of Caius college, is licenced to the perpetual curacy of Allacton in Norfolk on the nomination of Mrs. Mary Bodham, of Bungay.

The new Bishop of Quebec, with his suits sets off for Canada about the middle of next month.

A stall in the Cathedral of Winchester, the rectory of Houghton, Hants, and the vicarage of Blandford, are vacant by the death of the Rev. Mr Nott.

The vicarages of Shamford and Little Peatling vacant by the death of the Rev. Mr. Horton, are in the gift of the Crown.

The *Bills* brought this year before the Houses of Parliment, exceed by some hundreds those of any preceding session.

The Greenland whale fishery, according to the most recent accounts, is likely to prove still less productive than last season.

Forty-two weather sheep were lately sold at Market Raisin, for 128*l.*

The State of North Carolina, by a census last taken year, contained 393,751 inhabitants, of whom 101,571 were slaves; both numbers this year have experienced a considerable increase.

An Engine has been constructed by a mechanic at Philadelphia, which throws 230 gallons of water in a minute, to the distance of 200 feet, in a direct line, or to any perpendicular object 180 feet high.

The natives of New South Wales are infinitely more barbarous than the savages in any other part of the world. The Abysinians or Eskimaux Indians have attachments to their women and matrimonial ceremonies, of which they are more observant than many European husbands; but the inhabitants of New South Wales know neither attachment or respect to kindred, but like the beasts of the fields, possess only that instinct which teaches them to propagate and preserve the species.

Major Grosse now acts as Governor of Botany Bay, in the room of Governor Philips, arrived in England. With him came two natives of the country.

By accounts received at the India House, which came over land from Bombay, dated the 13th of February, state that the Presidency there had dispatched a Company's cruizer to Suez, to wait for a messenger, expected by that route from Europe.

These advices also notice the ambitious views of Scindia, a Mahratta chief, who is at the Court of Poonah, for the purpose of counteracting the influence of Tuetcojae Holcar, his rival.

The following Company's ships were to sail: the Rose, on the 15th January; Melville Castle, 25th; Busbridge, 12th of February; Bellmont, the 20th; Talbot, 28th; and the King George on the 1st of March.

The General Elliot was to be dispatched in a short time, with a cargo of pepper, saltpetre, and piece goods.

WEST INDIA INTELLIGENCE.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, *April* 13.

Yesterday afternoon arrived at Port Royal the French schooner Hirondelle, loaded with cotton and wine, and taken by his Majesty's ship Proserpine, in the bite of Leogane.

The Penelope and Proserpine were left watching two French frigates laying at St. Mark's.

By an inhabitant of this town, who arrived yesterday from Cape Francois, we learn that war was proclaimed there about a fortnight ago against Great Britain and Holland, and that a French cruizer has already captured a Dutch vessel, from Curacoa, with 250,000 dollars and a very valuable cargo of merchandize on board.

The naval force at the Cape consists of two ships of the line.---A small frigate is at Cape Tiberoon.

The Endymion recently arrived with recruits for the Royals: off Antigua she spoke a pilot-boat, and received information, that the Admiral and all the ships from that station, had sailed from Barbadoes, to wait the arrival of a fleet from England, and assist in the reduction of some of the French islands.

In consequence of the quantity of beef and pork bought up by Government from the Irish merchants, amounting at the beginning of February, to more than fourteen thousand tierces, an advance of near forty per cent. took place on the price of both articles.

Provisions, and indeed every necessary of life, continue to advance in price.

Insurance on goods and vessels from London to this island has been effected at five guineas per cent. Twenty-five per cent. is demanded here on goods or vessels to and from America.

A merchant ship is engaged to serve as a prison ship. The walls of the Bath prison are reported to be in a very ruinous condition.

The Hon. House of Assembly is further prorogued to Tuesday the 14th day of May next.

A Proclamation has been issued obliging all French persons to give an account of themselves, and prohibiting their continuance in the island without giving security for their good behaviour, themselves in the sum of 200l. and a surety in 100l. and procuring a licence, which enjoins:

"1st. That he or they shall not go more than five miles from Kingston without special leave obtained for that purpose.

2d. That he or they shall present themselves once every fourteen days to the Chief Magistrate of the parish where he or they reside, and produce the licence.

3d. That he or they shall shew the licence to all Justices of the Peace, and all Officers of the navy and army, on being required so to do.---The licence to continue during pleasure.

MONTEGO BAY, *April 6.*

Yesterday afternoon arrived the schooner Nautilus, Patterson, from George-Town, South Carolina, in twenty days. About four days before Captain Patterson sailed, he was informed by the Captain of an American ship, who had just left Charleston, that two ships, the London of London, and the Amelia of London, were captured by a French frigate, and another vessel, in the Gulf-stream, on their passage to London from Charleston; that the crews of both ships were landed in South Carolina, and were seen by the American Captain at Charleston. ---Where the captures were to carry their prizes we have not been able to learn. ---Should this information be true, the French must have sent their cruizers to sea before the declaration of war, to intercept our homeward bound vessels from this quarter of the globe.

Captain Patterson also informs that 8 large French ships, four of them armed, had arrived at Charleston from France to purchase provisions.

ROSSEAU, DOMINICA, *April* 14.

A privateer has been fitted out here by a Mr. Sangford, which has already made three captures.---Every thing is quiet here. The greater part of the French in the island are anxiously watching for the arrival of the British fleet, which will easily make a conquest of the French islands, as most of the inhabitants will join them.

A fire broke out a few nights since, which consumed five houses, and would most probably have reduced the whole town to ashes but for the great exertions of the soldiers of the 15th regiment and the crew of the Blanche.

GUADALOUPE, *March* 28th.

The mother country having involved us in a destructive war, we expected would naturally make the necessary provision for our safety and the preservation of our valuable island:---but, to our general and unspeakable surprize, dispatches from the Marine Minister are just received, which announce the impossibility of his sending us any armed force, but exhorts us to unite to repel our common enemy.

Our Magazines are empty, and the whole Island in such a defenceless state, that we must submit to the first enemy that appears: an aversion to the Spaniards might induce a feeble resistance to an attack from them, but a British Squadron would be received without opposition.

The Austrian Minister at Grodno, M. de Cachet, has demanded of the Confederation, the Waywodships of Cracow, Sendomiria, and Lublin, as the Emperor's share of Poland.

The Empress of Russia has presented Mr. Dundas with a snuff box, on which is her portrait, valued at 20,000 roubles, in compliment to the great abilities displayed by him in the recent treaty between Great Britain and Russia.

June 17th. This day was issued from the Office of the Paymaster General, 183 days pay to the officers in the Garrisons of Great Britain, up to Christmas last: also six months allowance for fire and candle, to the same period.

Marquis Cornwallis has written a letter to the King, requesting a permission to decline accepting the office of Secretary of State for the Home Department, of which his Majesty had been pleased to make him so generous an offer.

The Corporation of London give 700l. towards the widening of Fetter-lane, at its entrance into Holborn, and the neighbouring inhabitants have subscribed 500l. The houses are to taken down from the corner to Mr. Langdale's distillery.

On the 7th inst. a young woman charged with the care of a child of four years old, belonging to Mr. Pierson, of Whitby, merchant, walking too near the edge of the precipice over the new half-moon battery at that place, the ground gave way, and she fell with the child in her arms from the height of near an hundred feet perpendicular:---The young woman was dashed to pieces, and her remains were conveyed from the spot, a shocking spectacle; the child had its right arm broken, but providentially received little or no hurt besides, and is now in a fair way of recovery.

On Tuesday the 11th inst. died, at Grange House, near Edinburgh, after a lingering illness, the Rev. Wm. Robertson, D. D. Principal of the University of Edinburgh, Historiographer to his Majesty for Scotland, and Author of several celebrated historical works.

Authur Young, Esq. is to be Secretary to the New Agricultural Board.

On Tuesday the 18th inst. Dowlin, who had been tried and convicted of perjury in the evidence he gave on the trial of Capt. Kimber was brought from the King's Bench Prison to the Court to receive judgement---when he was sentenced to be imprisoned in Newgate for the term of one month, and at the expiration thereof to be transported for the term of Seven Years, to parts beyond the Seas.

COURT OF KING's BENCH.

THE KING v. FROST.

On Wednesday the 19th inst. previous to passing sentence, Mr. Justice Ashhurst, in a concise but energetic speech, addressed the Defendant to the following effect:

"*John Frost*, you have been justly convicted by a Jury of your Country, upon an Indictment, charging you with having uttered false, scandalous and seditious words, tending to alienate the affection of your Fellow-Subjects from that wise, just and happy form of Government under which you live. You have attempted to withdraw the love of the Subject from his Most Gracious Sovereign, to sow wide the seeds of Anarchy, and to stir up the minds of the People against good Order and good Government.---This is an offence of the blackest and most atrocious nature.---The words that you have spoken are these---"*I am for Equality: I see no reason why one man should not be on the same footing with another.*" On being asked, what you meant by *Equality?* you replied "*No King.*" On being questioned, whether you meant *No King in this Country*, you answered, "*Yes;*" and added, "*The Constitution of this Country is a bad one.*"---That admirable Constitution which you have attempted to traduce and vilify, was planned by better heads and better hearts than yours. It will stand the test of ages, and remain proof against the attack of its enemies. But that is no reason why the vile endeavours of disloyal and seditious men, like you, should not meet exemplary punishment.---You stand convicted of an heinous offence against your King, your Country, and the Constitution. It might have been justly supposed that you, who had so lately returned from France, would have been throughly convinced of the invaluable blessings the Subjects of Great Britain enjoy in common under their happy Constitution, the numberless advantages that result from good Order, and the felicity and harmony that flow from good Government, by comparing them with the arnarchy and confusion with which that unhappy Country is at present over-run. ---It is very clear you did not go into France with any good view.

"It has been said by your Counsel, in mitigation of punishment, that when you spoke the seditious words of which you have been found guilty, you were

in liquor. That has not been attempted to be proved; and even if it were, it would by no means operate in way of extenuation, but would be an aggravation of your crime.---You have been guilty of a very aggravating circumstance; for, by being an Attorney, you took an Oath of Allegiance to His Majesty, which you have grossly violated.

"The Court have taken the whole circumstances of your case into consideration; and, upon mature deliberation, have unanimously agreed to pass upon you the following judgment; which is, That you *John Frost* be imprisoned in His Majesty's Jail of Newgate for the space of Six Calendar Months; that, during that time, you stand once in and upon the *Pillory* at Charing Cross, between the hours of twelve and two; and that, at the expiration of your imprisonment, you be bound in security for your future good behaviour for the term of five years, yourself in 500l. and two Sureties in 250l. each, and that you be confined in prison till such security be given."

Lord Kenyon---"L.t the Prisoner be struck off the Roll of Attorneys."

HOUSE OF LORDS.

JUNE 21.

His Majesty being seated on the throne, and the Commons attending at the bar, The Speaker of the House of Commons, in a short address, recapitulated the various measures adapted, and the liberal supplies granted in the course of a Session, marked by circumstances the most awful of any under which a British Parliament had ever met.

His Majesty then made the following most gracious Speech:

"My Lords, and Gentlemen,

"The firmness, wisdom, and public spirit by which your conduct has been eminently distinguished on the many important occasions which have arisen during the present session, demand my peculiar acknowledgments.

"Your firm determination to support the established Constitution, and the zealous and general concurrence in that sentiments, which my subjects have so strongly and seasonably manifested, could not fail to check every attempt to disturb the internal repose of these kingdoms; and you will, I doubt not, in your several Counties, encourage the continuance of the same vigilant attention to that important object.

"The rapid and signal successes which in an early period of the campaign have attended the operations of the Combined Armies; the respectable and powerful force which you have enabled me to employ by sea and land, and the measures which I have concerted with other Powers for the effectual prosecution of the War, afford the best prospect of an happy issue to the important contest in which we are engaged; it is only by perseverance in vigorous exertions, and by endeavouring to improve the advantages already acquired, that we can hope to obtain the great end to which my views are uniformly directed, the restoration of peace on such terms as may be consistent with our permanent security and with the tranquility of Europe.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"I return you my particular thanks for the cheerfulness and dispatch with which you have granted the necessary supplies, and I am happy to reflect that you have been enabled liberally to provide for the exigencies of the public service in a manner so little burthensome to my people.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"The arrangements which you have formed for the government of the British Territories in India, and for the regulation of our commerce with that part of the world, will, I doubt not, secure and augment the important benefits which we have already derived from those valuable possessions. It has been impossible for me to see without concern the embarrassment which has lately arisen in the state of Commercial Credit, but the steps which you have taken to prevent the progress of that evil appear already to have been productive of very salutary consequences; and while they have afforded a striking instance of your attention to the interests

of my people, their effect has furnished additional reason to believe that the distress which has been felt proceeded from a concurrence of temporary causes, and not from any diminution of the real wealth, or any failure in the permanent resource of the country.

"I have much satisfaction in reflecting, on the effectual protection which I have been enabled to afford to the trade of my subjects since the breaking out of the war; I am at the same time persuaded, that if our Commercial Interests had unavoidably been affected to a more considerable extent, it would not have been forgotten, that we are contending for our future security, and for the permanent preservation of advantages the most striking and the most valuable which any nation has ever, by the blessing of providence, been permitted to enjoy."

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

"My Lords and Gentleman,

"It is his Majesty's royal will and pleasure, that this Parliament be prorogued "to Tuesday, the 13th day of August next, to be then here holden; and this "Parliament is accordingly prorogued to Tuesday, the 13th day of August next.

LONDON GAZETTE, JUNE 22d, 1793.

ADMIRALTY-OFFICE, *June* 22d 1793.

Copy of a Letter from Captain Edward Pellew, of his Majesty's Ship La Nymphe, to Mr. Stephens, dated off Portland, June 19, 1793.

I have the honor to inform you, that, at day-light yesterday morning, I was so fortunate as to fall in with the National French frigate, La Cleopatra, mounting forty guns, and manned with 320 men, commanded by Monsieur Jean Mullon, three days from St. Maloes, and had taken nothing.

We brought her to close action at half past six, and in fifty-five minutes took possession of her; the two ships having fallen on board each other, we boarded her from the quarter-deck, and struck her colours; and finding it impossible to clear the ships, then hanging head and stern, we came to anchor, which divided us, after having received on board 150 prisoners. The enemy fought us like brave men, neither ship firing a shot until we had hailed. Her captain was killed three lieutenants wounded; the number of men not yet ascertained, but, from the best accounts, about sixty; her mizen-mast overboard, and her tiller shot off.

I am extremely concerned she was not purchased at a less expence of valuable officers and men on our part, whose gallantry I cannot sufficiently regret, and to whose loss I cannot possibly do justice. We had twenty-three men killed, and twenty-seven men wounded, of which a list is enclosed.

I am very particularly indebted to my first lieutenant, Mr. Amherst Morris, and no less so to lieutenants George Luke and Richard Pellowe, and I was ably seconded on the quarter deck by lieutenant John Whitaker of the Marines, and Mr. Thomson, the Master; and I hope I do not presume in recommending these officers to their Lordships protection and favor: And, I should do injustice to my brother Captain Israel Pellew, who was accidentally on board, if I could possibly omit saying how much I owe him for his very distinguished firmness, and the encouraging example he held forth to a young ship's company, by taking upon him the direction of some guns on the main deck.

OSTEND, *June* 16.

Intelligence has been received here, that the Dutch forces, quartered at Menin, and a part of those at Ipres, had received orders to march, on the 11th instant, at midnight, in two columns, with a view to surround a body of French troops in the neighbourhood of Vervick: That the column under the command of the Prince of Waldeck attacked one of the enemies batteries, and were on the point of carrying it, when the Prince was dangerously wounded in the breast and thigh and they were thrown into confusion and retreated. This corps being soon afterwards supported by the arrival of the column from Ipres, under the command of Prince Frederick of Orange, renewed the attack, and took possession of Vervick. The Dutch have lost on this occasion between fifty and sixty men

killed, amongst whom are five officers. The loss on the part of the French is supposed to amount to 400 men killed, and upwards of 100 taken prisoners, besides several pieces of cannon.

The Prince of Waldeck died yesterday of his wounds.

The transports from England arrived here this morning without any accident, and are safely moored in this harbour.

The East India Company have come to a resolution to present the Marquis Cornwallis with an annuity of 5000l. per ann. for 20 years, and in case of the Marquis decease before the end of that time, to continue it for the remainder of the period to his Son Lord Broom, as a mark of their sense of the Marquis's services in India.

On Friday last a Mr. Forder, a Trunnel pin maker in Southampton, was stabbed by a boy about 14 years of age. It appears the boy was playing some tricks with Forder, who threatened to beat him if he did it again; the boy declared if he did strike him he would stab him with a knife he was then eating his dinner with; the boy persisted in his tricks; and on Forder's endeavouring to take hold of him, he immediately thrust his knife into Forder's heart, consequently he died almost instantly. Jury's verdict---Wilful Murder. The boy was committed to take his trial.

General Washington, on hearing of the misfortunes of La Fayette, sent him a thousand pounds as a token of his friendship. We are told that the King of Prussia suffered this to reach him in his dungeon of Magdebourg; but we are also told that neither he nor Alexander Lameth is permitted to send an answer to the most anxious enquries of their nearest relations.

The King has granted to Mr Hayes, who on account of his age and infirmities, has resigned the office of one of the Welch Judges, a pension of 3000l. per ann.

Friday in a lying-in-hospital at the West end of the town, a woman brought forth two children one of them white, the other a negro.

PORTSMOUTH, *June* 23.

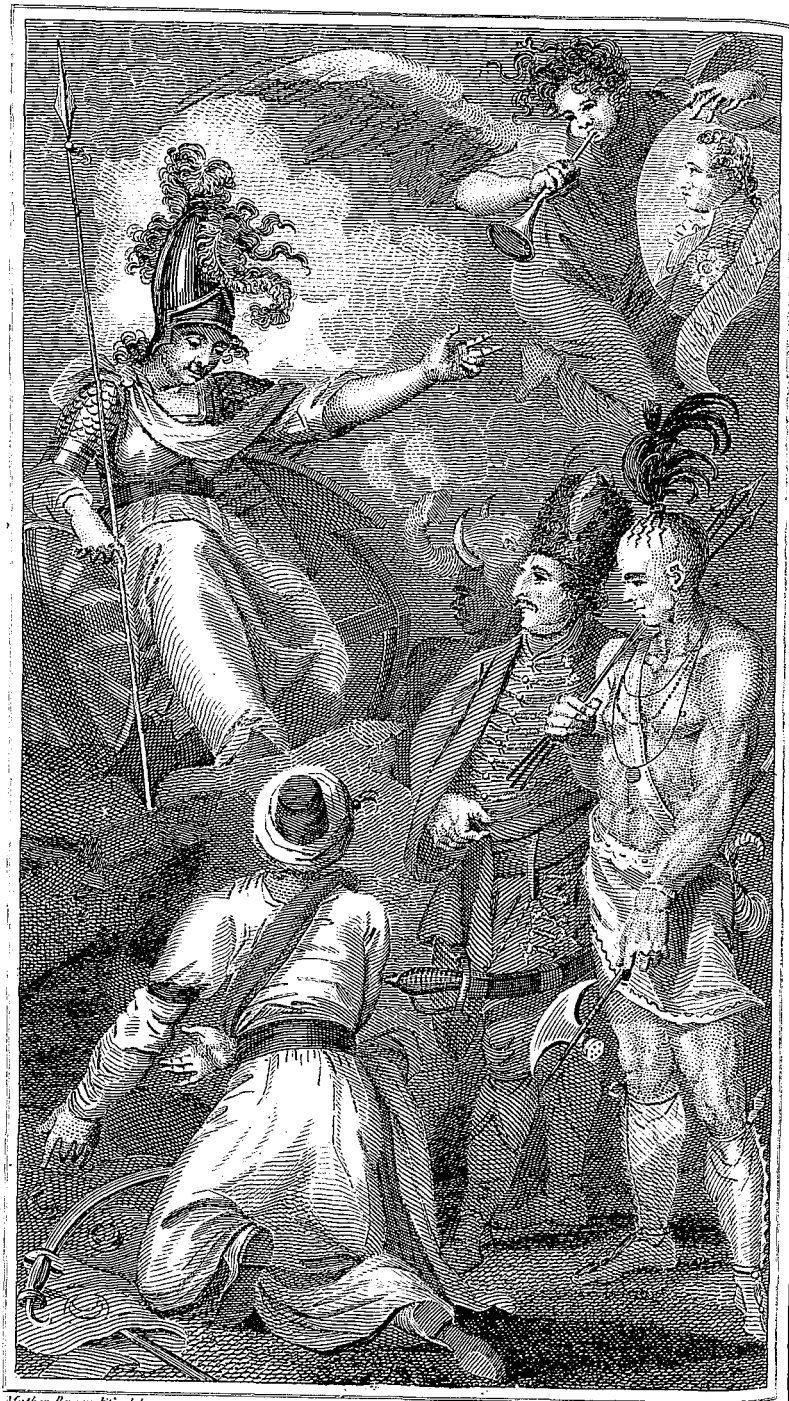
LATE on Friday evening arrived His MAJESTY'S frigate *Phaeton*, of 38 guns, Sir A. S. DOUGLAS, with two prizes, viz.

La Prompte, mounting 22 guns, but pierced for 28, with 165 men, which the *Phaeton* took on the 28th of May off Cape Ortegal. This is the first ship of war; the Convention launched, and was the first Pendant taken this war;---and a lugger of 10 guns, and 65 men, taken, about ten days ago, 130 leagues to the westward of Scilly.

On Thursday the 22d of June died at his seat in Ireland, in the 73d year of his age, the Right Hon. the Earl of MOIRA.---His Lordship, by birth a Baronet, was created Lord RAWDON, in 1750, and Earl of MOIRA in 1761. His children and family connections are very numerous. His first wife was the sister of the first Earl of EGMONT, by whom he had two daughters, the present Viscountess MOUNTCASHEL and Lady CATHERINE HENRY. His second Lady, the daughter of Lord HILLSBOROUGH, died, without issue. By his third Lady, the daughter of the Earl of HUNTINGDON, his Lordship had ANNE, the present Countess of AYLESBURY; FRANCIS, created Lord RAWDON, in 1783; JOHN, a Major in the army; SELINA, Countess of GRANARD, and one other son and daughter; besides four sons and one daughter, who died young.

His Lordship, who was personally known in all the superior circles of this kingdom, was here, about two years since, and was then able to take his wonted part not only in the hospitalities of the table, but in the benefits of conversation, to which he always contributed as much as he received. He is succeeded in all his titles and estates by Lord RAWDON, already the possessor of the late Earl of HUNTINGDON'S estates, except as far as a life interest in them is held by his mother, the Countess.

The late Earl had no English titles, so that the present Nobleman will still sit in the House of Peers as Lord RAWDON; but his mother has, in her own right, the Barony of HUNGERFORD, to which his Lordship is heir.



Mather Brown Esq.r del.

I. Corner Sculp.

Printed & Published by J.W. Bunney, Newcastle Street, Strand, Aug.t 1793.

THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

OR,

GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY;

For JULY 1793.

ILLUSTRATED WITH
TWO BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

If all the social Virtues of the Mind,
If an extensive Love to all Mankind,
If hospitable Welcome to a Guest,
And speedy Charity to the Distrest,
If due regard to Liberty and Laws,
Zeal for our King and for our Country's cause,
If these are Principles deserving Fame,
Let MASONS then enjoy the Praise they claim.

CONTENTS.

	Page
A Letter on Masonry from a Gentleman at Philadelphia to his *Friend in Glasgow*	93
Charity the distinguishing Characteristic of Masonry	96
The History of France	97
The General History of China	101
Genuine Memoirs of the Freemasons of Naples	105
An Eastern Novel	107
On the Nature and Properties of Air	111
A Letter from a Persian in London *to his Correspondent in Bengal*	113
On the Sagacity of a Spider	116
Search after Happiness	119
Melesichton	121
On Education	123
Remarks	125
On Retirement	127
An Account of the Monks	129
Description of Pompey's Pillar	131
On Epitaphs	133
Of Animals Living in Solid Bodies	134
Anecdote of the Late Dr. Dodd	136
Letter on Masonry	137
Law respecting the reading of Acts of Parliament by the Clergy	139
A Comparison between the Asiatics and French	141
The Queen of France and Dauphin	144
Fate of the unfortunate Munro	146
Speech of Miss Polly Baker	147
Anecdote of Bishop Burnet	149
Memoirs of the celebrated Farinelli	151
The Evils of War	152
On Sham Warehouses, *&c.*	154
Polish State Paper	155
On the Increase of Buildings	156
Essay respecting Age	157
Fine Arts	159
Strictures on Public Amusements	162
Memoirs of Prince Rupert	162
Picture of London	164
Poetry	165
Foreign Occurrences	173
Monthly Chronicle	174

LONDON:

Printed and Published by J. W. BUNNEY, No. 7, NEWCASTLE-STREET, *Strand*; and sold by all the Booksellers in Town and Country.

[*Entered at Stationers-Hall.*]

TO

THE LIBERAL PATRONS OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

GRATEFUL for the peculiar marks of public encouragement which honored the First Number of the FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE, the Proprietors can only offer their sincere thanks, and assure their generous friends, that, consistent with their duty and their inclination they will embrace every opportunity of improvement.

Nor will the Ladies in this particular be forgotten—a portion of every succeeding number will be offered to their peculiar attention; and care will be taken that no subject of an improper tendency shall ever disgrace those volumes which it will be the unremitted endeavors of the Proprietors to render worthy of a place in the well-chosen library of genuine taste, in all it's elegant varieties:—where, without a fear, the owner may admit a *wife*, a *sister*, or a *daughter*, assured that female delicacy will in it's *amusement* find *instruction*.

The Proprietors are happy to learn that the superb Engravings of the First Number, have met with many admirers among judges of the imitative arts; they are desirous of acquainting their Subscribers and Friends, that in the next Number, they will be presented with a high-finished Portrait, a striking likeness of the *Deputy Grand Master* of England, the present Earl of MOIRA, from an Original Drawing; accompanied with a few leading traits of that nobleman. The Embellishments of the future Numbers of the *Freemasons' Magazine*, will be given in that stile of excellence and diversity, which they hope will not fail to give universal satisfaction.

The Proprietors conclude, in the flattering hope, that from the stores they already are in the possession of, and from the liberal assistance promised, by some eminent literary characters, which are an ornament to the present age, they shall be enabled to ensure to the FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE a *solid* and *lasting foundation*.

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE OFFICE,
No. 7, *Newcastle-Street, Strand.*

EXPLANATION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

First.---The Great MASONIC PILLAR, inscribed to the *Masons* of Great Britain; with the Dance of the Genii.

Second.---*Asia* conquered and humbled, kneeling and laying a Sabre at the Feet of Britannia, who is seated upon a Rock, and pointing to her favorite Hero, CORNWALLIS (the gallant Conqueror of Tippoo Sultaun, whose Medallion is supported by *Fame*, sounding her trumpet; at her side is seen *Europe*, *Africa* and *America* awaiting the Issue of her Decisions.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Two Pieces signed Brother R. P. Gainsborough, Lincolnshire. Also a Letter from Bath, signed A Knight Templar, in our next.

The Essay on Operative Masonry is come to hand, and shall meet every due attention in our next Number.

The "Eulogium on the Anniversary of St. John, signed J. G. master of the Lodge at Wakefield," in our next certain.

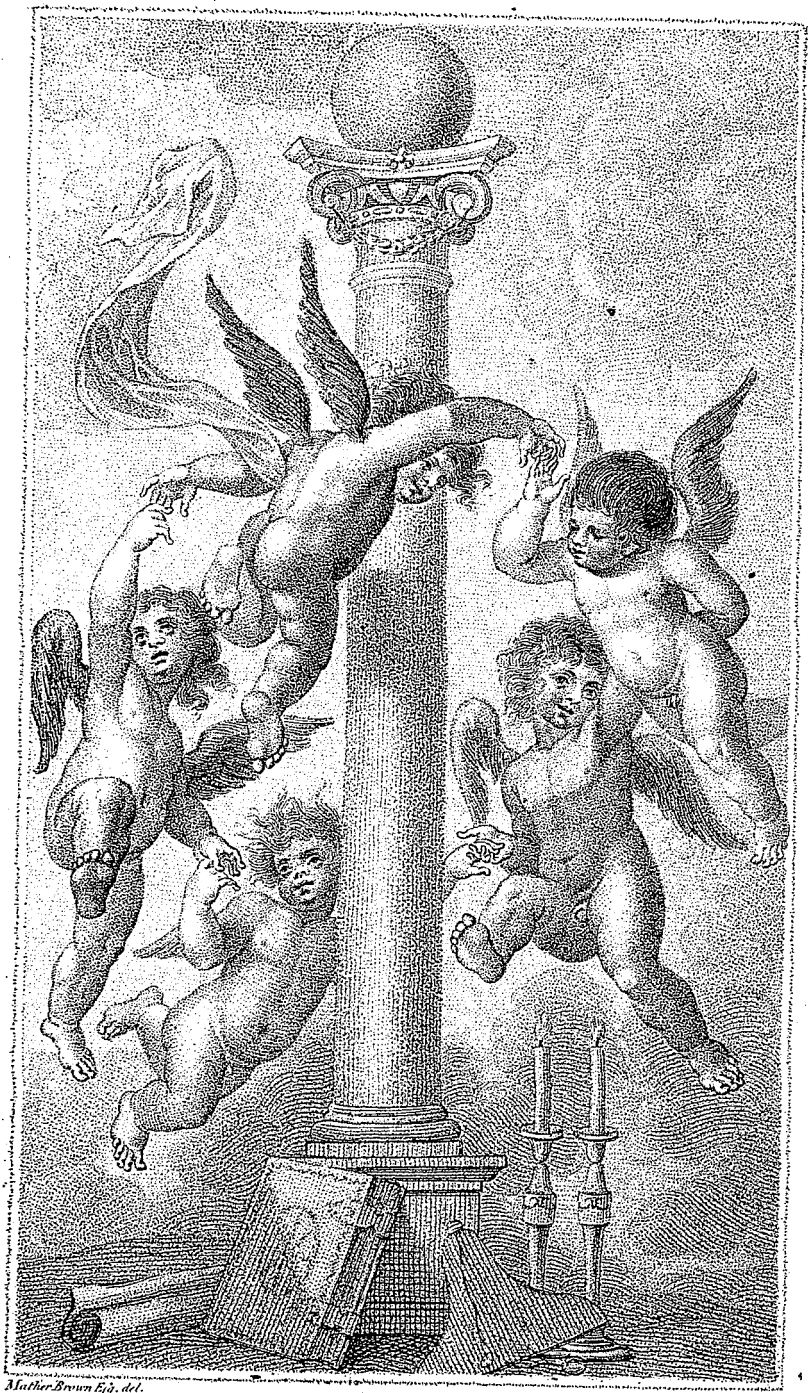
Several other Literary Favors under consideration will appear in our next, particularly the Essay on Prudence, signed Brother Congreve, Nottingham; and that on Masonry, by Brother Hanmer.

We return our sincere thanks to those Correspondents who have already favored us with their Communications, particularly our worthy Brother of the Lodge of Antiquity---the Author of the Letter signed Amicus---to our Brothers belonging to the Shakespear Lodge, Stratford on Avon---and to the Author of the Lines signed Clio, hoping for their future favors which it shall be our unremitting study to deserve.

We likewise beg leave to return our sincere thanks to our Brother at Malling, in Kent, and will accept with pleasure his kind offer, which we promise to pay every due and honorable attention to; also return him our best thanks for the favors already received.

Gratitude will not suffer us to close our address of thanks to our Correspondents, without acknowledging the great favor received from our worthy Brother and indefatigable Mason, Captain Hannam, as all who read the poetical "History of Gyges's Ring" will acknowledge.

*** All Literary-Favors, &c. addressed to J. W. BUNNEY, at the *Freemason's Magazine Office*, No. 7, Newcastle-Street, Strand (post-paid) will be duly attended to. Or all those wishing to become Subscribers to this Work, by sending their Names as above, shall be regularly served with beautiful Impressions of the Engravings and Letter-Press. Proofs of the Engravings, for framing, may be had as above, price *2s. 6d.*



Mather Brown Esq.r del.

W. Leney, sculp.

Printed & Published by J.W. Bunney Newcastle Street Strand Augt. 1795

THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

OR,

GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY.

FOR JULY, 1793.

An Original Letter from a Gentleman at PHILADELPHIA *to his Friend in* GLASGOW, *on the Subject of* FREE MASONRY.

MY DEAR RESPECTED FRIEND,

I WAS very happy in receiving your last some time sooner than I expected, as I had concluded the weather had been such, since you left us, as must have rendered your voyage both tedious, and disagreeable; but I was a good deal chagrined, to find that in place of giving me any account of the weather, your voyage or yourself; you begin very abruptly to furnish me with a number of objections against Freemasonry, and which you suppose to be unanswerable, and make no other apology for this, than, that you know I cannot be more agreeably employed than in defending my favorite institution. You inform me that though you have spent all the time you had from your studies, since you arrived in Glasgow, in perusing every thing you could hear of on the subject of Masonry, yet nothing you have found either there, or at home, has given you the smallest satisfactory information on that subject. You conclude that the whole you have yet learned respecting it, amounts to no more than a number of unproven assertions, and unfounded conjectures relative to it's antiquity, &c. And that those very assertions and conjectures, appeared to you, to be only applicable to operative Masonry. You look on it to be but an insufficient proof of men being Freemasons, that they have built houses, pyramids, temples, towers, &c. nor do you think it at all necessary in order to effect this. But setting it's antiquity aside, you tell me you never yet have met with any book or person, that could

give you such an account of the nature, design, and utility of that institution, as was sufficient to answer the objections that are every where made against it, or vindicated from the aspersions that are poured on it on every side.

And what is it, my dear friend, you would infer from all this? why, that it is a thing without antiquity or utility—That it has neither principles or intention to recommend it. This appears to be the conclusion you have made, from the whole of your reading and reasoning on this head.

Now as you are so kind as to inform me that if I can answer the many objections against Freemasonry, and vindicate it from it's aspersions, you shall not hesitate a moment in becoming *one of us;* and as I assure you, Charlton, the hopes of seeing you a Mason is a very prevailing motive with me to undertake this task; I shall therefore endeavour to give you the information you wish for; but don't expect the whole in this letter—the subject is too serious and important, to be particularly discussed in half a dozen such letters, however I shall cram as much in this as possible.

And let us first consider what Masonry is, what are we to understand by this term so much in every bodies mouth? It means first a trade or calling, or what we understand in general by operative Masonry. Again it signifies a select body or fraternity of men, and in this sense it is for distinction's sake, (and some other reasons) intitled Free Masonry. The term has no other signification than those two, and though in the first sense, it appears foreign to our purpose, yet, shall I make a few remarks concerning it; first on account of the name, and again because there is a certain resemblance of circumstances between the one and the other; and by thus considering their similar properties, we may be enabled to account for the coincidence of their names.

The first circumstance I shall take notice of in Operative Masonry is it's antiquity. In this it is indisputably superior to every other kind of mechanism whatever. Every other art calculated for the good of society, necessary to mankind, owes its origin to the invention of *man—this only* was before *him*, and has God for its original founder. He built the world, after forming the materials of which it is made, and to those very materials every operative Mason is to this day indebted for the substance of his work; this is the only pattern or example set by Heaven to mankind, and these are the only men who copy after this example.

But as this is not the *only* instance of the works of God, so neither is it supposed to be the first. It is allowed by the greatest and best of men; and I think very rationally, that our globe was only formed out of the ruins of another, and that from the relics of some preceding one, &c. *ad infinitum;* nor does there appear any absurdity at all in this opinion;—we may justly and naturally believe, that the same motives which induced him to form man, and the earth which he inhabits, must have equally operated on the divine

mind, and produce similar effects long before the origin of this world or any of it's inhabitants.

But should you object, that though this is an incontestible proof of it's antiquity as performed by God; yet it does not at all relate to man, or prove that he practised this art before any other.—The same reasons for which the almighty architect made him an apron, must have induced man to build himself a shelter for the same purposes, and that before he could till the ground or fall to any other employment; if you inquire, were not instruments needful in order to his building any house or hut?—whether needful or not, I am certain there were none used; his hands alone could procure him stones, boughs, &c. sufficient for that purpose. So much for the *antiquity* of building as practised both by man, and the maker of earth and man.

But the Operative Masonry, has far the pre-eminence in respect of antiquity, above every other human art or invention; yet even in this respect it is more than equalled by Free Masonry—I mean with regard to it's principles. For though God himself gave us the first great example of the former, in framing the earth; yet the principles of love and goodness, justice, mercy and truth, existed long before there were either earth or heavens. These are attributes of the Almighty part of his nature and essence, and therefore are eternal as himself; but those very principles in man, or rather the exercise of them, are the identical constituent parts of Free Masonry, differing only in degree, not in nature, from the infinite source whence they are derived,— are just drops of the illimitable ocean of love, goodness, mercy, and truth, as they exist in the eternal God; it remains that there is an analogy between Free and Operative Masonry, in respect to antiquity; and though the disproportion is great, it would have been still greater betwixt our institution and any other branch of mechanism whatever, so that the name seems to be taken with some propriety; I should now proceed to shew you some other corresponding circumstances between them, but as I can croud no more in this, I shall refer you to my next letter.

And am, dear Sir,

Your respectful friend and servant,

L. W.

CHARITY THE DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC OF *MASONS.*

[Extracted from PRESTON's Illustrations on Masonry.]

CHARITY is the chief of every social virtue, and the distinguishing characteristic of our Order. This virtue includes a supreme degree of love to the great Creator and Governor of the

universe, and an unlimited affection to the beings of his creation, of all characters and of every denomination. This last duty is forcibly inculcated by the example of the Deity himself, who liberally dispenses his beneficence to unnumbered worlds.

It is not particularly our province to enter into a disquisition of every branch of this amiable virtue; we shall only briefly state the happy effects of a benevolent disposition toward mankind, and shew that charity exerted on proper objects is the greatest pleasure man can possibly enjoy.

The bounds of the greatest nation, or the most extensive empire, cannot circumscribe the generosity of a liberal mind. Men, in whatever situation they are placed, are still, in a great measure, the same. They are exposed to similar dangers and misfortunes. They have not wisdom to foresee, or power to prevent, the evils incident to human nature. They hang, as it were, in a perpetual suspense between hope and fear, sickness and health, plenty and want. A mutual chain of dependence subsists throughout the animal creation. The whole human species are therefore proper objects for the exercise of human charity.

Beings who partake of one common nature, ought to be actuated by the same motives and interests. Hence, to sooth the unhappy, by sympathizing with their misfortunes, and to restore peace and tranquillity to agitated spirits, constitute the general and great ends of the masonic institution. This humane, this generous disposition fires the breast with manly feelings, and enlivens that spirit with compassion, which is the glory of the human frame, and not only rivals, but outshines, every other pleasure the mind is capable of enjoying.

All human passions, when directed by the superior principle of reason, tend to promote some useful purpose; but compassion toward proper objects, is the most beneficial of all the affections, as it extends to greater numbers, and excites more lasting degrees of happiness.

Possessed of this amiable, this godlike disposition, Masons are shocked at misery under every form and appearance. When we behold an object pining under the miseries of a distressed body or mind, the healing accents which flow from our tongue, alleviate the pain of the unhappy sufferer, and make even adversity, in it's dismal state, look gay. Our pity excited, we assuage grief, and cheerfully relieve distress. When a brother is in want, every art is prone to ache; when he is hungry, we feed him; when he is naked, we clothe him; when he is in trouble, we fly with speed to his relief. Thus we confirm the propriety of the title we bear, and demonstrate to the world at large, that BROTHER among Masons is something more than an empty name.

THE

HISTORY OF FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

[*Continued from Page* 24.]

THE kingdom of the Visigoths, established by the great Alaric in the southern provinces of Gaul, had, during the reign of Theodoric his son, acquired strength and maturity; after the death of Theodoric, [A. D. 451.] who fell in the battle of Chalons defending the Roman empire against the invasion of Attila the king of the Huns, his sceptre passed to his eldest son, Torrismond, who was assassinated by his brother Theodoric the Second; that prince experienced the same fate from Euric, a third brother; and the ambition of Euric aspired to extinguish the Roman authority in Spain and Gaul. After reducing in the former province the cities of Saragossa and Pampeluna, and penetrating into the heart of Lusitania, he passed the Pyrenees; from those mountains, with the exception of Berry and Auvergne, he extended his conquests to the Rhone and the Loire. His premature death delivered the neighbouring barbarians from the dread of his growing power; his throne was inadequately filled by the feeble youth of his son Alaric; and the long peace which had enervated the martial spirit of the Visigoths, the inexperience of their sovereign, and the implacable zeal of orthodoxy prompted Clovis to invade the peaceful and Arian kingdom of Alaric.

In the city of Paris, which he already considered as the royal seat of government, the king of the Franks proposed to his nobles and warriors the Gothic expedition. "It is with concern," said he, "I suffer the Arians to possess the most fertile part of Gaul; let us "with the aid of God, march against them, and having conquered "them, annex their kingdom to our dominions." The Franks applauded the religious ardour of their sovereign; and Clovis, in conformity with the piety of the age, having vowed to erect a church in honour of the holy apostles, prepared to march against a prince, whose friendship he had recently cultivated by the most solemn professions of regard.

Although Alaric was destitute of military experience, in personal courage he was not inferior to his aspiring rival: The Visigoths, long disused to war, once more resumed their arms, and crowded round the standard of their youthful king; but their presumptuous valour was unequally opposed to the discipline and veteran intrepidity of the Franks. In the decisive battle fought on the banks of the Clain, [A. D. 507.] about ten miles to the south of Poitiers, the Goths were totally routed, and pursued with a cruel slaughter. Alaric, disdaining to fly, rushed against his royal antagonist, and

obtained an honourable death from the hand of Clovis. An infant son, a bastard competitor, factious nobles, and a disloyal people, facilitated the progress of the victor. Aquitain readily submitted; and the king of the Franks, without further opposition, established his winter quarters at Bourdeaux.

In the ensuing spring, Thoulouse surrendered; [A. D. 508.] the royal treasures of that capital were transported to Paris; and the walls of Angouleme fell before the fortune of the conqueror. But the rapid career of Clovis was checked by the policy and power of Theodoric, the king of the Ostrogoths; that prince, with the concurrence of the Roman emperor of the east, had delivered Italy from the usurpation of Odoacer the Mercenary, and established in it the seat of his own independent sovereignty. The monarch of Italy had espoused Albofleda, the sister of Clovis, and had also bestowed his daughter in marriage on the late king of the Visigoths. He had in vain endeavoured to maintain, by mediation, the tranquillity of Gaul; and early educated in the profession of Arianism, he was influenced by religious as well as political motives, to oppose the ambition of Clovis, and to preserve the remaining possessions of the kindred Visigoths. He declared himself the protector and guardian of the infant son of Alaric; and Clovis, who had formed the siege of Arles, was defeated with the loss of thirty thousand men, and was forced to retreat with disgrace before the general of the great Theodoric: Yet the Franks still retained the greatest part of their late acquisitions; and the ample province of Aquitain, from the Pyrenees to the Loire, was indissolubly annexed to the French monarchy.

The honours of the Roman consulship, which had been conferred on the king of Italy by Zeno, the emperor of the east, was by his successor Anastasius, granted to the king of the Franks. Amidst the shouts of the joyful multitude, who incessantly repeated the acclamations of consul and Augustus, Clovis entered the cathedral of Tours, [A. D. 509.] after being invested in the church of St. Martin with a purple tunic and mantle. By these honorary distinctions the actual authority of the monarch of Gaul was not augmented; but the Romans were disposed to revere in the person of their master the consular title, and the emperors by these marks of friendship and alliance, tacitly ratified the conquests of the son of Childeric.

The ties of consanguinity, the precepts of the pure religion he had so lately professed, were not sufficient to restrain the ambition of Clovis; his throne was cemented by the blood of his kinsmen, the Merovingian princes. [A. D. 510.] Among other victims to his insatiate thirst of power, we discern Sigibert, the king of Cologne, with his son Clodoric; Cararic, whose dominions are not precisely ascertained; Ranacaire, who reigned over the diocese of Cambray; and Renomer, whose independent authority was acknowledged by the territory of Maine: Yet these cruelties were in the eyes of the

clergy expiated by his holy ardour in the cause of Christianity; and a barbarous age was eager to admire and applaud the orthodox zeal and liberal piety of the son of Childeric.

In the last year of the reign of Clovis he reformed and published the Salic laws; a few lines of these, which debar women from inheriting any part of the Salic lands, have been applied as precluding females from the succession to the crown of France; and the origin and nature of these lands have perplexed and exercised the ingenuity of our most learned and sagacious critics. [A. D. 511.] The promulgation of this artless system of jurisprudence was soon after followed by the death of the monarch himself, who expired at Paris in the forty-fifth year of his age and the thirtieth year of his reign. Among his contemporaries, the valour and victories of Clovis certainly allowed him to claim the foremost rank; but his valour was stained with cruelty, and his victories obscured by injustice. In the invasion of the Burgundians and Visigoths, the most partial historians have described him as the aggressor; and though in the battle of Tolbiac his sword was drawn against the Alemanni in the defence of his ally and kinsman Sigebert, yet he soon after hesitated not to secure his throne by the death of that very ally in whose cause he had triumphed. His ruling passion was to render himself absolute monarch of all Gaul; and he may be considered as more fortunate in the execution of his designs than justifiable in the means he employed. In private life, after his conversion to Christianity, he was chaste and temperate; nor does it appear that the husband of Clotilda ever violated the purity of the marriage-bed.

The conduct and character of the Founder of the French monarchy, naturally excite our curiosity and enquiries; but it is not consistent with the limits of this work to bestow an equal degree of attention on his immediate successors. His dominions were divided between four sons; Clodomir, Childebert, and Clotaire, the children of Clotilda, reigned with independent authority over Orleans, Paris, and Soissons; and Thierri, the illegitimate offspring of Clovis before his marriage, possessed the greatest part of Aquitain, and erecting a new kingdom under the name of Austrasia, fixed the seat of his government at Metz.

The sons of Clotilda were prompted by ambition, and the reproaches of their implacable mother, desirous of avenging the death of her father on the family of the assassin, to invade the kingdom of Burgundy. Gondebaud was no more; and his son and successor, Sigismond, was stained with the blood of an infant child, whom he inhumanly had sacrificed to the pride and resentment of a step-mother. The Burgundian monarch, who had too late discovered his error, was aroused from the prostrated posture of penitence, to defend his crown and life against the rapacious invaders of his country: [A. D. 523.] His efforts were in vain; he was defeated in a decisive battle, deserted by his subjects, and, with his wife and two of his children, was buried alive in a deep well, by the stern

command of the sons of Clovis. His brother Godemar still maintained the war; but his forces, in a second battle, were routed by Clodomir: yet the victory proved fatal to the victor; [A. D. 524.] and Clodomir, entangled in the pursuit, was in the moment of triumph surrounded and slain. Of his two sons, the elder was afterwards massacred, and the younger was immured in a convent by the boundless ambition of their uncles.

The arms of Childebert and Clotaire atchieved the final conquest of Burgundy; overwhelmed the remaining possessions of the Visigoths, whose youthful king, Amalaric, sunk into the grave; and divided the dominions of their late brother Clodomir. [A. D. 524, 558.] But an alliance founded in guilt was not likely to be of long duration; their friendship was soon interrupted by mutual complaints, and at length gave way to open hostilities. A temporary reconciliation was with difficulty effected; and the natural death of Childebert preserved Clotaire from the commission of a crime which he had long contemplated, if not with pleasure, at least without horror.

During these various transactions, Thierri, the king of Austrasia, acquired by arms the possession of Thuringia, and bequeathed it with the rest of his dominions to his son Theodebert; who reduced under his authority Auvergne, resisted the ambitious enterprises of his uncles, Childebert and Clotaire, and invaded with impartial rapacity the Italian territories of the Romans and the Ostrogoths. [A. D. 511, 553.] His premature death placed the Austrasian sceptre in the hands of his natural son Theodebalde; and on the demise of that prince, his subjects consented to acknowledge as their sovereign Clotaire, who by the subsequent decease of Childebert united the dominions of Clovis under his sole government.

Clotaire had scarce time to taste the joys of undivided empire before he was summoned by death, to account for the means by which he had acquired it; and his four sons immediately divided the kingdom which he had cemented at the expence of so much blood. [A. D. 562, 613.] Paris fell by lot to Caribert; Orleans and Burgundy to Gontran; Austrasia to Sigebert; and Soissons to Childebert. The death of Caribert once more kindled the flames of discord among the Merovingian princes; and a temporary compromise, which divided the city of Paris into three parts and confined each prince to his separate district, was not likely to extinguish the glowing embers. It is unnecessary to disgust the reader with the uninteresting series of fraternal discord, or the immortal hatred of Brunehaut, the wife of Sigebert, and Fredegonde, first the concubine and afterwards the consort of Childeric. During successive years open violence and secret intrigue, the sword and the dagger alternately interrupted the tranquility of the subject, and assailed the life of the sovereign.

[*To be continued.*]

THE

GENERAL HISTORY OF CHINA:

Containing a Geographical, Historical, Chronological, Political, and Physical Description of the Empire of CHINA, CHINESE-TARTARY, *&c.*

[*Continued from Page* 29.]

Of the Antiquity and Extent of the Chinese Monarchy.

SINCE the peace which this Prince concluded with the Muscovites at Nipchou, where the bounds of the Empire were settled, the extent of this great kingdom is known; the length of which from the southern point of the province of Hai-nan, to the extremity of that part of Tartary which belongs to this Empire, is upwards of nine hundred common French leagues.

Cang-hi died towards the end of the year 1722, leaving this flourishing Empire to his fourth Son, whom he named his successor some hours before his death: this young Prince ascended the throne, and took the name Yong-tching, which signifies a *firm peace*, and an *indissoluble concord:* He is witty, and speaks well, but too fast, not giving time for an answer; some think he affects it to prevent hearing any persuasions to change his resolutions: He applies himself to the affairs of his Empire, in which he is indefatigable, and is always employed for the good of his people: He is as absolute as his father, and as much feared, but his conduct is very different with regard to the missionaries, who were always favoured by his father.

Besides the prodigious extent of this Empire, there are many kingdoms which are tributary to the Emperor, as Corea, Tong-king, Cochin-china, Siam, &c. which pay him a yearly tribute, but their particular governments have nothing in common with that of China; sometimes the Emperor appoints their Kings, at least confirms them: they are all very much inferior to China, either as to the fertility of the soil, the number and beauty of the cities, or the religion, wit, manners, and politeness of the inhabitants: the Chinese call them barbarians, and avoid all alliances with them.

China is divided into fifteen provinces, as has been said before, but it is not equally peopled; for from Pekin to Nan-tchang, which is the capital of Kiangsi, the people are not so numerous as in the provinces of Tche-kiang, Kiang-nan, Quang-tong, Fo-kien, and some others, where they are so thick in the highways that 'tis troublesome travelling; taking the whole Empire together it appears to contain more people than all Europe.

Although Pekin is larger than Paris, in respect of the ground it stands on, it hath not more than three millions of souls in it, which computation is easily made, since every head of the family is obliged to give an account to the magistrates of the number of his family, their age, and sex.

Several things contribute to people this country; as the multiplicity of wives which the Chinese are allowed; the goodness of the climate, which hath been hitherto free from the plague; their sobriety and good temper; the contempt which they have for all other nations, which prevents their settling or even travelling any where; and, above all, the universal peace which they enjoy.

There are in each province a great number of cities of the first, second, and third order, the greater part of which are built on the banks of navigable rivers, having large suburbs.

Besides these cities there are a multitude of forts, castles, towns, and villages; and some of the towns, especially those called Tching, may be compared to cities for magnitude, number of inhabitants, and trade; they are called towns because not surrounded with walls, nor governed by particular magistrates, but by those of the neighbouring cities; as, for example, Kin-te-ching, where the finest Porcelaine is made, is dependent on a town in the district of Jao-tcheou; and Fochan, dependent on Canton, being but four leagues from it.

Most of the cities of China, are alike, being all oblong squares, and so contrived as to have, as near as possible, the four right angles face the four cardinal points, and the streets to face the South, in order to avoid the sharpness of the North-Wind: the walls of the cities are generally very broad and high, and are either of brick or square stone; behind is a rampart of earth, and round about it a wide ditch, with high square towers at proper distances from each other.

Every gate is double, and has double foldings, and between the gates is a place wherein to exercise the soldiers: when one enters the first gate, the second is not to be seen because they are not opposite: above the gates are fine towers, like arsenals, and guard-houses for soldiers; and without the gates are frequently large suburbs which contain near as many inhabitants as the city.

In the most frequented parts of each city you see one or more towers, the height and architecture of which are very extraordinary; some of these towers are nine stories high, but none less than seven; the principal streets of the cities are straight, but often narrow, except those of the imperial city, which are very long and wide, and mighty convenient, especially for horses and chariots: all the buildings, excepting the towers and some particular edifices, are very low, and so covered and hid by the walls of the city, that one would think they surrounded a park rather than a town.

Near most of the great cities, especially in the southern provinces,

there are a multitude of barks on both sides of the rivers, which are inhabited by numbers of families who have no other habitations, so that the water is almost as populous as the land.

There are properly but two orders in the Empire, one of the nobles, and the other of the people; the first comprehends the princes of the blood, the dukes, earls, mandarins of learning and arms, those that have been mandarins formerly, but are not so at present, and the learned who by their studies are aspiring to the magistracy and dignities of the Empire; the second comprehends the merchants, tradesmen, and labourers. I shall treat of each of these in their order.

There is no Monarchy more absolute than that of China: the Emperor has an absolute authority, and the respect which is paid to him is a kind of adoration; his words are like so many oracles, and his commands are as strictly and readily executed as if they came directly from heaven; none are admitted to speak to him but on their knees, not even his eldest brother, unless he commands it to be otherwise; nor any, but the lords that accompany him, are allowed to stand before, and to put one knee only to the ground when they speak to him.

The same honours are paid to his officers, when they represent the Emperor's person, and give his orders, either as envoys, or mandarins of the presence; the same honours are also paid to governors when they administer justice, for they do not consider who the person is, but whom he represents; the mandarins, the grandees of the court, and the princes of the blood not only prostrate themselves in the presence of the Emperor, but they do it also before his chair or throne, and every thing that is for his use, kneeling down even before his habit or his girdle.

And though they are not so blind but they can see his faults, and blame him for them, whenever he commits any which justly deserve it, such as anger, covetousness, or any other shameful passion, yet they think these public marks of veneration for their Emperor are necessary to inspire the people, by their examples, with the honour and obedience which are due to his authority; in order to this they give him the highest titles, calling him, Tien-tsee, the son of Heaven; Hoang-ti, august and sovereign Emperor; Ching-hoang, holy Emperor; Chao-ting, palace royal; Van-soui, ten thousand years; these names, and many more of the same nature, shew the great respect which his subjects have for him.

No persons, of whatever rank or quality, are allowed to ride on horseback, or pass in a chaise before the gate of his palace, but are obliged to alight at the place appointed for that purpose.

There are days fixed in the week, or in the month, wherein all the grandees are obliged to appear in ceremonial habits, in one of the courts of the palace, to pay him their homage, when, if he does not appear personally, they must prostrate themselves

before his throne: if he falls dangerously sick, it causes a general alarm, in which case the mandarins of all orders assemble in one of the courts of the palace, passing both nights and days on their knees, in order to give a token of their grief, and to intreat heaven to restore his health, not regarding either the inclemencies of the air, or the rigour of the season; for if the Emperor suffers, the whole Empire suffers in his person, his loss being the only misfortune which his subjects dread.

In the middle of the courts of the imperial palace there is a path paved with large stones, on which the Emperor walks when he goes out, and those that pass on it must run fast, which is a mark of respect they observe when they pass before a person of quality; but they have a particular way of running which is very graceful, as the Europeans have of making a handsome bow; the first missionaries were obliged to learn that exercise before they saluted the late Emperor upon their arrival at Pekin; after they had passed through eight great courts, at last they arrived at his apartment; he was in a cong, for thus they call a great hall or parlour that stands by itself, where the Emperor lives, which is carried upon slabs of white marble.

This cong was composed of a hall, in which there was a throne, and a chamber: he was sitting in a can or alcove raised three feet, which took up the whole length of the room; the can was covered with a plain white felt, perhaps he affected this simplicity as being in mourning for his grandfather; his habit was only black sattin lined with fur of sables, such as most of the considerable officers wear; he sat in the Tartarian fashion, with his legs across, and they made the imperial salute, as is usual when any one has audience from this prince.

As soon as any one is entered the court he must run, in a graceful manner, till he arrives at the bottom of the chamber which is opposite to the Emperor, then being in the front on the same line, he must stand a little time with both arms extended, and after bending his knees, bow down to the ground three times, then rise up again and repeat his last ceremony three times, till he is commanded to advance, and kneel at the Emperor's feet.

The yellow is the imperial colour, and is forbidden every body but the Emperor; his vest is covered with dragons with five claws, which is his coat of arms, none else daring to bear them on pain of punishment: he dates his decrees and all his publick acts with the years of his reign, and the day of the moon; as for example, the *sixteenth year of my reign, and the sixth of the fourth moon.*

He hath the disposal of the lives and fortunes of his subjects, nor can the viceroys, or any sovereign court of judicature punish a criminal with death, if the sentence is not first confirmed by the Emperor.

[*To be continued.*]

MEMOIRS

OF

THE FREEMASONS OF NAPLES.

[*Continued from Page* 16.]

A MAN named Giovanni Rho, a Milanese, page to an eminent family in Naples, had long been desirous to become a Freemason; but unfortunately fell into the hands of one of those false Lodges, who shamefully abuse the Secrets of the Order, and make it an object of traffic; or to make use of a term among the Freemasons of Italy, they fumigate, or lead astray, instead of instruct their new brethren. These impostors have frequently duped honest men, who having got amongst them, believe they have discovered the utility of an Order, whose secrets they are not acquainted with, and by this means have conceived ideas of Masonry very much to it's disadvantage.

Rho, after purchasing his initiation, sought to advance himself in the society, but found he was not called to any Lodge. This disappointment, far from checking his ardor, did but increase his passion for Freemasonry. When he met any one of those who had assisted at his reception, he saluted them as a brother, but they pretended not to know him. At first impatient, afterwards furious, he traversed the city of Naples and made to each person the sign *which they had assured him was that of a Mason, but no return was* given to it. From that time his love for the society was turned into hatred; he found at last that he had been duped. One of the spies of Pallante had noticed the signs of Rho, and did not fail to report it to the judge, who had discovered this sign by some traitor and in which he had instructed his emissaries. This informer of Pallante was one of those wretches, who, in spite of the police are so frequent in great cities, where they exercise the profession of procurers. His name was Gaetano Massini, a native of Florence, his surname was Spadincorpo, from a thrust he had received in the exercise of his trade. With this person Pallante concerted the following scheme to gain over the Milanese. Spadincorpo became acquainted with him accidentally, it was the more easy as Rho was then out of place, parading the square of the Palace Royal, as is customary for servants unprovided, and the indolent part of the common people. After some preliminary conversation, Spadincorpo promised to procure him a good place on a certain day, and told him also that he had something actually in view for him. Rho promised to be grateful. They appointed a time to present him to this new master. Spadincorpo conducted him on the appointed day to St. Salvadore, or the Jesuits house; where Pallante had shut up their papers. Spadincorpo pretended that his

new master for particular reasons would see Rho in the third apartment. He introduced him into a large hall, in which hung the portraits of the King of Spain and the reigning Prince of Naples, he desired him to take notice of them, and then left the room, and Rho to his own contemplation. An instant had scarcely elapsed when Rho saw a meagre old man enter the room, who feigned great surprize at seeing any one there. He had his hat slouched over his face, covering a round wig, his eyes, squinting and fierce, portrayed fury and astonishment. It is well known a squinting look, though it may not disfigure so much a good visage, sits horridly on an ugly face.

Who is this daring man, said Pallante (the reader will have anticipated this) who ventures into a place, where no one enters without permission? Rho replied that he was introduced by Massini. At these words one entered: "This, said he, is the worthy man of whom I had the honor to speak of to your excellence." Having said this he left the apartment.

Pallante approached Rho, and after having attentively surveyed the portraits hung up in the room, he asked him if he knew them. He answered yes, and was obliged twice to repeat they were the portraits of the Kings of Spain and Naples, "very good, says Pallante, it is from these Princes I have received orders to watch the Freemasons, and to extirpate this evil from the state. And you, unfortunate man! I know you are a Freemason. Rho confessed he was, and was obliged to give an account of his initiation. "Miserable wretch, replied Pallante, I hesitate now whether I shall condemn you to the gallies or death." To remove every doubt, Pallante informed him who he was: one may easily imagine the situation in which Rho saw himself at this discovery. The very name of Pallante, too much known at Naples, was sufficient to make him tremble. Entering into the house in hopes of meeting with a new master, he in lieu received sentence of death. Trembling and pale he at length ventured to ask why, as Naples was thronged with Freemasons, he an indigent stranger and abandoned by every one, should alone become the victim of justice? Do you see than, said Pallante, showing to him his two fists, in my right hand I hold poignards and chains, in the other rewards, protection, and gold: you have the choice of both. I have determined, replied Rho, pointing at the same time with his finger to the left hand, and fetching his breath; "very good, says Pallante, tendering to him his hand as a pledge of reconcilliation, here is the key of my left hand; I am ordered by the King of Spain and Naples to surprize a Lodge of Freemasons; I want your assistance in this enterprize." What Pallante said then was not true. Rho protested that he never assisted at any Lodge, and that what he wanted of him, was impossible for him to do; he said there was a man in Naples named Peyrol, who made it his business to enrol Freemasons. This Peyrol was a poor unfortunate man, whose misfortunes had overpowered him in spite of his exertions, a poor Frenchman who

came to Naples to get his living, and not being able to procure it as a linguist, was searching who he could dupe, and had already met with people simple enough to suffer themselves to be smoaked, to use the phrase of the Italians; "He, continued Rho, is a person who to get money will take upon him the commission which you offer me." Pallanté, who had already formed his plan, added that Peyro might address himself to a certain Pole, who, as he was told, intended to get admitted as a Freemason. This Pole whose name was Albert Sayupner was valet de chambre to a German, resident at Naples, who assumed the title of Count de Hubsch.

[*To be finished in our next.*]

AN

EASTERN NOVEL.

THE FOLLOWING EXAMPLE SHEWS THAT THE PRACTICE OF VIRTUE RENDERS A FAMILY ILLUSTRIOUS.

[*Continued from Page 40.*]

IN these happy moments it is easy to conceive what transports of joy were felt both by the father and son: after a thousand tender embraces Liu, forcing himself from the arms of his son, went and threw himself at the feet of Tchin, how much am I obliged to you, said he, for taking him into your house, and bringing up with so much goodness this dear part of myself! without you we might never have been re-united.

My amiable benefactor, replied Tchin, lifting him up, 'tis this generous act of virtue in restoring the two hundred taëls which has moved the compassion of Heaven; 'tis Heaven itself that has conducted you hither, where you have recovered what you lost, and have vainly sought so many years; now I know that this lovely boy belongs to you, I am uneasy that I did not use him with greater friendship: prostrate yourself my son, said Liu, and shew your gratitude to your benefactor.

Tchin put himself in a posture to return the compliments that were made, but Liu, in confusion for this excess of civility, immediately approached him, and prevented his purpose: these ceremonies being at an end they sat down again, and Tchin placed young Hi-eul on a seat near his father.

Then Tchin began to speak, my brother, said he to Liu (for it is a name I shall give you henceforward) I have a daughter almost thirteen, my design is to give her in marriage to your son that we may be more firmly united by this alliance: this proposal was made with such an air of sincerity, that Liu did not think it necessary

to make the usual compliments which civility requires, he therefore got over them, and immediately gave his consent.

As it was late they parted, Hi-eul went to rest in the same room with his father, and one may judge with how much tenderness they passed the night. The next day, Liu thought of taking leave of his host, but could not resist his earnest persuasions to stay: Tchin had prepared a second feast, wherein he spared nothing to regale the intended father-in-law of his daughter and his new son-in-law, to comfort them at their departure; they drank large draughts, and gave themselves up to joy.

Towards the end of the repast Tchin took a purse of twenty taëls, and looking upon Liu, my amiable son-in-law, said he, during the time that he has been with me may have suffered something contrary to my intention and my knowledge; here is a little present for him till I can give more substantial testimonies of my tender affection, and I would not by any means have him refuse it.

How! replied Liu, when I contract so honorable an alliance, and ought, according to custom, to make marriage-presents myself, and only defer it for awhile because I am on a journey, must you load me with gifts? It is too much, I cannot accept of them, this would cover me with confusion.

Alas! who thought, said Tchin, of offering you so small a matter; it is to my son-in-law, and not to you that I make this little present; in short, if you persist in the refusal it will be to me a certain sign that my alliance is not agreeable.

Liu, saw very well that he must comply, and that resistance was useless, he therefore humbly accepted the present, and making his son rise from the table ordered him to make a profound reverence to Tchin, that which I give you, said Tchin, raising him up, is but a trifle, and deserves no thanks: Hi-eul then went into the inward part of the house to return his mother-in-law thanks. The whole day was spent in feast and diversions, which were not ended till the approach of night.

Liu, being retired to his chamber, gave himself up to reflections on this strange event: It must be owned, cried he, that in restoring the two hundred taëls that I found I did an action agreeable to Heaven, since I am rewarded by the happiness of finding my son, and contracting so honourable an alliance; this is happiness upon happiness, and is like working flowers of gold upon a piece of beautiful silk: how can I show my gratitude for so many favors? Here are twenty taëls that Tchin has given to my son, can I do better than to lay them out for the subsistence of virtuous bonzes? this will be like scattering blessings upon the earth.

The next day after breakfast the father and son made ready their baggage, and took leave of their host; they went to the port and hired a bark, but hardly had they sailed half a league before they came to a place in the river whence arose a confused noise, and the water seemed in great agitation; it was a bark loaden with

passengers that was sinking to the bottom; they heard the poor wretches cry out for help, and the people on the bank, alarmed with the sight, called to several small barks to go to their assistance; but the watermen, being a kind of hard-hearted people, required the assurance of a good reward before they would give any.

During this debate Liu and his bark arrived; when he understood what was the matter, said he, within himself, to save a man's life is much more meritorious than to adorn temples and maintain bonzes; let us consecrate the twenty taëls to this good work, and succour these poor wretches that are like to perish; at the same instant he declared that he would give twenty taëls among those who should save in their barks these half-drowned people.

No sooner was this offer made but the watermen covered the river in a moment; even some of the spectators who stood upon the bank, and were skilful in swimming, threw themselves precipitately into the water, and in a moment's time they all were brought safe to land; Liu, greatly pleased with the success, immediately delivered the promised reward.

These poor people taken out of the water, and from the gates of death, came to return thanks to their deliverer; one of the company surveying Liu more attentively, cried out all on a sudden, How! is it you my elder brother; by what good fortune do I meet you here? Liu, turning about, knew his third brother Liu-tchin, and was so transported with joy that he was quite in a rapture, and joining his hands together, O! wonderful, said he, Heaven has conducted me hither at this critical moment to save my brother's life! after which he lent him his hand, embraced him, helped him into the bark, assisted him to take off his wet garments, and gave him others.

Liu-tchin, being come to himself, performed all the duties that custom requires from a younger brother, and the elder having made a proper return called Hi-eul, who was in one of the rooms of the bark, to come and salute his uncle; then he related all his adventures, which filled Liu-tchin with amazement from which he did not soon recover: but let me know, said Liu, what could bring you into this part of the country?

It is not possible, replied Liu-tchin, to tell you in a few words the cause of my journey: when you had been three years absent from your house we had news that you died of a disease in the province of Chan-si; my second brother, as head of the family, in your absence made an inquiry, and assured us that it was true; this was like a clap of thunder to my sister-in-law, who was inconsolable, and went in deep mourning; as for myself I constantly affirmed that the news was not certain, and that I believed nothing of it.

A few days after, my second brother pressed my sister-in-law to think of a new marriage, but she always rejected the proposition; in short she engaged me to undertake a journey into Chan-si, to inform myself upon the spot concerning your affairs, and when I

least thought of it, being ready to perish in the waves, I met with my dear brother who saved my life: this protection of Heaven is truly wonderful; but, my brother, believe me there is no time to lose, make what haste you can to your house to mitigate the sorrows of my sister-in-law, who undergoes too violent a prosecution, and the least delay may cause misfortunes that are not to be remedied.

Liu was in a great consternation at this recital, and sending for the master of the bark, though it was late, gave him orders to set sail and to proceed on his voyage all the night.

While Liu met with these adventures, Ouang his wife was in the utmost distress; a thousand reasons prevailed upon her not to believe her husband was dead; but Liu-pao, who by this pretended death became master of the house, affirmed it so positively that at length she seemed convinced, and went into mourning.

Liu-pao had a wicked heart, and was capable of the most dishonorable actions: I make no doubt, said he, but my eldest brother is dead, and I am become master. My sister-in-law is young, handsome, and well made, her relations live at a distance, and she cannot readily procure their assistance, I will force her to marry again as soon as possible, by which means I shall get a sum of money.

He communicated his intentions to his wife Yang, and ordered her to employ a skilful marriage-broker, but Ouang refused to hearken to the proposition; she swore she would continue a widow and honour by her widowhood the memory of her husband. Her brother-in-law Liu-tchin confirmed her in this resolution, insomuch that all the artifices they could make use of had no success. She could not get it out of her mind but that her husband was still living, and desired to be satisfied about it. Reports, said she, are often false, and without sending to the place it is impossible to be fully certain: the journey indeed is long, at least two hundred leagues, but what then, I know the good disposition of my brother Liu-tchin; I should be glad if he would go into the province of Chan-si, and inform himself of the truth; and if I have been so unfortunate as to lose my husband, he will at least bring back his precious remains.

Liu-tchin was desired to undertake this journey, and he accordingly departed; his absence rendered Liu-pao more ardent in his pursuits; besides having for some days past had ill success at gaming, he could not tell where to get money to try to recover his losses: In the strait that he was in he met with a merchant of Kiang-si, who had just lost his wife and was looking for another. Liu-pao laid hold of the opportunity, and proposed his sister-in-law; the merchant agreed to the proposal, but not without taking the precaution to inform himself, whether she that was proposed was young and handsome; and as soon as he knew the certainty he lost no time, and paid twenty taëls to conclude the affair.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

ON

THE NATURE AND PROPERTIES OF AIR.

THE Air is that invisible fluid substance which surrounds the earth; which contains the vapors, clouds, and other meteors, and by which all living creatures breathe; the body and shell of which is called the atmosphere. The nature, properties, and various affections of the air are reducible to the following heads:

1. The air is a fluid, though it cannot be congealed like water; it is corporeal, heavy; it's parts yield to any impression, and are easily moved one amongst another; it presseth in proportion to it's height, and the pressure is every way equal.

2. It is transparent to that degree, as to be even invisible. On account of it's great porosity, the air admits the light in such great and plentiful rays, as not only renders it diaphanous, but intirely hinders it's very small particles from being seen.

3. It may be rarified and condensed. The rarifaction of it may be demonstrated: by laying a bladder to the fire, it's neck being tied, the heat will so rarify the little inclosed air, as to make the bladder distend itself in such a manner, that if continued, it would burst with the report of a gun. The air may be so condensed, as to take up but a sixtieth part of the space it possessed before. Heat rarifies; and cold condenses the air, more than any agents whatsoever.

4. It is endued with an elastic force, as may be proved by various experiments made by the air-pump. I shall mention one that is very plain. A bladder, having it's neck fast tied, being put into the receiver, and the external air therein exhausted, the small matter of the internal air will, through it's own proper spring or elasticity, so distend the bladder as to burst it.

5. It has weight or gravity, and greater, as it is nearer to the earth's surface. By the pressure of the air, the water rises in the pump, and the mercury in the barometer.

The body of a man of six feet stature is pressed by a weight of air equal to 28000 pounds, or twelve tons and an half; and though it may seem wonderful that men, beasts, &c. are not crushed to pieces with such a weight of air; yet the equilibrium of the internal air, though it be very small, can ballance the force of the external air, how great a quantity soever it be, as may be proved by the experiments made by the air-pump. Here I shall, by the way, say something of the height of the atsmophere. It is certain, that the higher the air is, the rarer it is; but, as it is not to be determined in what proportion it becomes rarer and rarer, so there can be no true account of it's height given; yet most agree that it is about

forty miles high; but it is probable, the air may expand itself a great deal farther, there being properly no other limits to it, as we can conceive, but as it continually decreases in density, the farther remote it is from the earth, in a certain ratio, which, at last, as to our conception, must in a manner terminate.

6. It is the means and matter of life itself. For, without air, no earthly creature could live, as the experiments made by the air-pump plainly demonstrate.—By putting dogs, cats, rats, mice, &c. into the exhausted receiver, and by with-drawing the air, you may see them expire in a minute. Thus air is the means of life. It is also the matter of life; because air is impregnated with a vivifying spirit, or vital principle, which it communicates to animals; this is proper to feed, and, consequently, to be consumed by fire; for no creature can live, no, nor cannot burn, in a dust or burnt air, or such as has passed through the fire.

7. It is necessary for vegetation, inasmuch as plants and trees breathe the air, on which their vegetative life depends, and by which it is preserved.

8. It has an effect on bodies which tends to dissolve them; it is an universal menstruum; it reduces crystal-glasses to powder in time; divers minerals, earths, stones, &c. which, perhaps, ever since the universal deluge, have laid under ground secure from corruption, yet, being exposed to the corrosive quality of the air, have soon mouldered away.

9. It is the medium of all sound, as may be proved by the experiment of a bell in the receiver in the air-pump, which, before the air is exhausted, may be heard to a considerable distance; but, when exhausted, can scarce be heard at the nearest distance. This shews that sounds are augmented or diminished, in proportion as the air is condensed or rarified.

Lastly. It is the medium which diffuses light; for, if there was no atmosphere to refract the sun's rays all around, no part of the heavens would be bright, but that wherein the sun was: and should a spectator turn his back towards the sun, he would see all in darkness, and the least stars would shine and twinkle as they do in the clearest night. The sun, before his setting, would shine as brisk as at noon; but in a moment, as soon as he was got below the horizon, the whole hemisphere would be involved in the blackest darkness.——But, by means of the atmosphere it happens, that the sun, while he is above the horizon, illuminates with his rays the whole heavens, and thereby renders the stars invisible; and after he is set, though we receive no direct light from him, yet we enjoy his reflected light for some time; because, as the atmosphere is higher than we are, it must be a long time before it is withdrawn from the sun. If a man was to run up to the top of a steeple, he might see the sun, after it was set to those at the bottom. The rays, which the atmosphere receives from the sun after he is withdrawn from our sight, are, by refraction, faintly

transmitted to us; when the sun has got about 18 degrees below the horizon, he no longer enlightens our atmosphere, and then all the part over us becomes dark. After the same manner, in the morning, when the sun comes within 18 degrees of our horizon, he begins to enlighten the atmosphere; and so more and more by degrees, till he rises and makes full day. It is therefore evident, that the benefits we receive from the atmosphere are innumerable.

FROM A

PERSIAN IN LONDON

TO HIS

CORRESPONDENT IN BENGAL.

LETTER I.

From Aben-Corali-Cawn, *at Londres, to* Mahmmed-Ali-Cawn, *in Bengal.*

Friend of the inward recesses of the bosom, keeper of the secrets,

I Swear by our holy Prophet, it is not possible to gratify all thy desires, neither can I be granted to write nothing but the truth. These unbelievers do not lie like the vackeels and the bankers for gold, which a wise man knoweth to expect; but falsehood dwelleth upon the tongue, and is the trick of the understanding. Oh! Ali, thou knowest not how hard is the search of truth where no man speaketh it, and where, if ever it be written, it is soon contradicted and confounded. All day I sit at the desk labouring in the head to acquire the gift of their language, that I may be able to comprehend the relations they publish every day of their businesses, and become acquainted with the cause of all their battles. But I swear to thee, my heart's brother, that it is not possible to give credit to what I read, neither do I care to send thee tales which would diminish thy confidence in thy friend. Thou knowest already that it is the fate of all the Christian nations to rage with the pestilence of war; I will tell thee of what I am informed by my dragoman, and by venerable men, and what in part I have also read and understood to be the motive of this general conflagration. There are passed above forty moons since there arose in the empire of France (with whose governors and merchants we have conversed together) certain prophets who cried aloud there should be no more kings, nor princes, nor emirs, nor muftis, but that each man should be his own lord, ruling himself and his family according to his own will; neither should any man pray in the temples, but worship God in his own way, in the recesses of the house, according to his own conscience. And they said, that when the sultans and viziers should be put down, there

should remain neither wars nor battles, nor mantled cities, but there should be ratified a league of charity and perpetual peace from one end of the earth to another. Henceforth, they cried, there shall neither be gate, nor rail, nor hedge; but all things shall be common to all men—the rich shall divide his overflowings with the poor; and there shall be neither barter nor exchange, nor money—all shall work, that none may toil; and the happy shall labour a little, that the wretched may know repose!

So the people believed in them, and rose together in a mighty wrath, and put the emperor to a violent death in the great court before the gardens of his haram, and the viziers, and the high priests, and the captains of the armies; and many emirs they strangled in high places. But it came to pass, that the emperors of the other countries who were in friendship with him, made treaties and alliances together, and made a vow, and collected mighty fleets and armies to revenge the murder of the sultan.

But the prophets cried again to the people, "Go forth and conquer all the potentates of the earth;" for as it is with you, so shall it be with all nations; for we have received assurances that there shall no more be master nor servant, nor one man greater than another in all the empires. And the people believed them again, and girt the scymetar; so they burst like a torrent into the plains of the flat countries round them, and, as the prophets had spoken, so behold it happened unto them; for the generals fled out of the fortified cities, and the priests from the temples, and the nobles from the high places; so that there remained none to command, and none ever more powerful than another, but each did that which seemed good in his own eyes, according to the speeches which had been declared. Now let not thy faith fail thee, for all these things are so.

But the people did not according as they were told by the prophets—nor did they live in friendship and brotherhood with the nation into which they overflowed, but they threw a yoke upon their necks, and made spoil of their golden vessels, and their vessels of silver, and of their candlesticks, and of the images which were in their mosques and temples, and in the houses of the priests and of the sacred virgins; and they drove away their cattle, and sent away into their own land their corn and oil, and forage for their mules and their horses. So the prophets were exceeding wrath, and sorely rebuked the people; but they would not turn the ear, nor bend the neck to them; but they chose a chieftian, and went forward to conquer another people beyond the first empire which they had ravaged. But now behold the princes rose together, and quelled them with a mighty force, and drove them back with slaughter into their own fields, through all those provinces they had first overrun; and the men arose and expelled them with a great revenge for the mischiefs they had brought upon them, and the evils they had wrought in the midst of their cities.

And now behold the princes have surrounded them, and hemmed them in on every side, both by land and upon the waters, so that none can go out of that country, nor can any come in. And this is the greatest of the Christian kingdoms which Allah has afflicted in this way, whose will be done!

But other prophets have arisen in the states of those countries, whom the people have not hearkened to, but rather reviled and punished, because of the sorrows of that kingdom, and all the mischiefs and the crimes which have been acted in it, which are such, and so many, that I dare not write them with the pen, lest thou say I am possessed with the European spirit of lying; yet so much will I set down for thine own bosom, Ali, because thou mayest call to mind the reasonings we held together on the bank of Coulpi, what time our prophet proved thee, giving thee over to the cruel avarice of the Christian Pacha.—Know, then, that in the decrees of the will of God, which are fate, it is written, that it is not good for man to live according to his will, and his own law, nor to know an equal power, an absolute liberty; for where this is, there too is fear and guilt, and perpetual contention and disorder. Mahomet, avert from our happy climes this poisonous gift! poisonous as the breath of the governor, which causes our poppies to wither, and blasts the unripe harvest from our pining fields; cruel as the merchant's sword, which turneth the scale in the markets! Obedience is the lot of man—it is good for every cast; let the commanders bend themselves to heaven, of them much shall be demanded.

I will relate, therefore, unto thee what I have gathered of the lot of the people, now all of one weight and measure; all of which hath been confirmed to me by a man of many years, and once a high priest in the temples, and do thou lay thy finger on thy lip, and ponder on our past failings.

Instead of knowing happiness, (as once we thought, if the scourge of the collector's and the pacha's sword were removed away, we should do) this people, Ali, are not even free, for each man is become the tyrant, or the accuser of another; the guilty wreak horrible revenges upon the innocent, who cease to be innocent, that they may escape from their persecutions. There is no safety but in partaking in crimes.—The virtuous man is looked upon with arched eye-brows, and the tongue lolls at his appearance, as who shall say, "Behold a spy, or an enemy!" He that keepeth himself undefiled is the prey of calumny, and the victim of the common fear. There are none rich by whom the poor are fed; neither have the poor enjoyed, but rather wasted the wealth they have ravished. There are no husbandmen in their fields; their women weep, and there is no hand to feed their little ones; in their towns are the instruments of death; the prisons do not contain the guilty, and the tribunals are the places of slaughter; the streets resound with the stroke of the axe, and with the preparations for war; the high roads are covered by armed hordes, who plunder the caravans; the vineyards are trodden down by bands of robbers; lust and re-

venge wait not the going down of the sun; murder stalks abroad in the full noon. There is civil war in every little village, hatred and dissention are in every house. Oh! Ali, it is better to groan under vexations, and to bend the head to Heaven, than to take the bit in the teeth, and disobey the rulers. It is better than this wild and guilty freedom, to wipe away the tear that is pressed from our eye by torture, and to say in secret, "My soul is innocent." It is happier to pass through pain to poverty, than to be torn by remorse and the secret upbraidings.

If thou smartest under fresh oppressions, lay my words like an healing ointment on the sores of thy heart, for friendship is the soul's physician. Remember there is no happiness but in obedience to the rulers, and resignation to the decrees of fate. This is the true wisdom, neither exceedingly to desire, nor long to regret any thing. Our prophets make it thine and thy friends.—As I understand more of these strange events, I shall impart them to thee.

ABEN-CORAH-CAWN.

ON THE

SAGACITY OF A *SPIDER*;

IT'S STRUCTURE AND PROPERTIES DELINEATED.

OF all the solitary insects I have ever remarked, the Spider is the most sagacious, and it's actions seem almost to exceed belief. This insect is formed by nature for a state of war, not only upon other insects, but also with it's own kind. It's head and breast are covered with a strong natural coat of mail, which is impenetrable to the attempts of every other insect; and it's belly is enveloped in a soft, pliant skin, which eludes the sting even of a wasp. It's legs are terminated by strong claws, not unlike those of a lobster; and their vast length, like spears, serve to keep every assailant at a distance.

Not worse furnished for observation, than for an attack, or a defence, it has several eyes, large, transparent, and covered with a horny substance; which, however, does not impede it's vision. Besides this, it is furnished with forceps above the mouth, which serves to kill, or secure, the prey already caught in it's claws, or it's net. Such are the implements of war, with which the body is immediately furnished; but it's net, to entangle the enemy, seems what it chiefly trusts to, and what it takes most pains to render as complete as possible. Nature has furnished the body of this little creature with a glutinous liquid, which proceeding from the anus, it spins into a thread, coarser or finer, as it chooses to contract or

dilate it's sphincter. In order to fix it's thread, when it begins to weave, it emits a small drop of it's liquid against the wall, which hardened by degrees, serves to hold the thread very firmly. Then proceeding from the first point, as it recedes the thread lengthens; and when the spider is come to the place where the other end of the thread should be fixed, gathering up with it's claws, the thread, which would otherwise be too slack, is stretched tightly, and fixed in the same manner as before.

In this manner, it spins and fixes several threads parallel to each other, which, so to speak, serve as the warp to the intended web. To form the woof, it spins in the same manner it's thread transversly; fixing one end to the first thread that was spun, and which is always the strongest of the whole web, and the other to the wall. All these threads being newly spun, are glutinous, and therefore stick to each other wherever they happen to touch; and in those parts of the web most exposed to be torn, by doubling the threads sometimes sixfold.

Thus far naturalists have gone in the description of this animal: what follows, is the result of my own observation upon that species of the insect called the house spider. I perceived, some time ago, a large spider in one corner of my room making it's web; and though the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom against the labours of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent it's destruction; and I may say, it more than paid me, by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was with incredible diligence completed: nor could I avoid thinking, that the insect seemed to exult in it's new abode. It frequently traversed it round, examined the strength of every part of it; retired into it's hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy it had to encounter, was another, and a much larger spider: which having no web of it's own, and having probably exhausted all it's stock in former labours of this kind, came to invade the property of it's neighbour. Soon, then, a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in it's hole. Upon this, I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from his strong hold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned, and when he found all arts vain, began to demolish the new web, without mercy. This brought on another battle, in which the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his antagonist.

Now then, in peaceable possession of what was justly it's own, it waited three days with the utmost patience, repairing the breaches of it's web, and taking no subsistance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible; but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprised, when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute, weave a new net round

it's captive, by which the motion of it's wings was stopped; and when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized and dragged into the hole.

In this manner it lived in a precarious state, nature seeming to have fitted it for such a life; for upon a single fly, it subsisted more than a week. I once put a wasp into the net: but when the spider came out in order to seize it, as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in it's power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in it's net; but those it seems were irreparable, wherefore the cobweb was now intirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

I had now a mind to try how many webs a single spider could furnish. Whereupon I destroyed it, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, it's whole stock seemed exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself now, were indeed surprizing. I have seen it roll up it's legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time. When a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize it's prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider; which it actually did with success. The insect I am now describing lived three years: every year it changed it's skin, and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At first it dreaded my approach to it's web, but at last it became so familiar, as to take a fly from my hand, and upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave it's hole, prepared either for a defence or an attack.

To complete this description, it may be observed, that the male spider is much less than the female, and the latter are oviparous. When they come to lay, they spread a part of the web under the eggs, and then roll them up carefully, as we roll up things in a cloth, and thus hatch them in their hole. If disturbed in their holes, they never attempt to escape without carrying this young brood in their forceps with them, and thus frequently fall a sacrifice to their parental affection.

SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS.

WHOEVER takes an attentive survey of mankind, cannot fail to be struck with this observation:—That, in general, all are roving about in pursuit of enjoyment, and seldom think of seeking it within themselves.

It is very certain, that man was formed for society; and it is his duty, as well as interest, to cultivate a social disposition, to endeavour to make himself useful and pleasing to others, to promote and enjoy their happiness, to encourage the friendly affections, and to find in them the source of the greatest pleasures which this world can bestow. But, alas! Society too often exhibits a far different scene. We see weariness and disgust reign in the gayest assemblies.

Conversation, instead of turning upon such subjects as might at once afford amusement, often languishes for want of materials, or is engrossed by the most trifling subjects; so that it is often merely an idle dissipation of time—perhaps even a pernicious abuse of it; since it may afford opportunities for the exercise of many bad qualities, which, by appearing in disguise, are rendered still more mischievous. Ill-nature shelters itself under the mask of wit. A desire to depreciate the merit of the absent, or perhaps to mortify the present, endeavours to pass itself off for the love of sincerity and truth, or for a superior degree of zeal in the cause of Virtue, vanity assumes the appearance of every good and amiable quality, as occasion offers, or flatters the weaknesses of others, and applauds what ought to be condemned, in hopes of gaining favour, and being flattered in return. Sometimes merely for want of something to say, and without the least intention of doing mischief, an idle report is repeated which tends to injure an innocent person—perhaps irreparably, or fix trifling ridicule upon a worthy character, and thereby destroy the influence of it's good example. By these, and numberless other means, conversation is prevented from that purpose for which it was intended; and a meeting of rational beings, which should have contributed to improve the powers of their minds, by mutually assisting each other, and to strengthen the ties of affection and benevolence by the continual exercise of tho e qualities, often produces a quite contrary effect, and they part, filled with far different sentiments, and weary, dissatisfied with themselves and each other.

Many causes might be assigned for this strange, though too frequent abuse, of what seems calculated to afford the highest rational entertainment, since every vice and folly contributes towards it; but amongst others, this is certainly one—That mankind often seek Society, not with a view to be useful and pleasing to others, or even with any great expectation of being pleased themselves, but merely because they know not how to amuse themselves alone;

and those who associate with others, because they are weary of themselves, are not very likely to contribute to the pleasure or advantage of society.

While all are in pursuit of Happiness, it is strange to observe, that there are so few that cultivate and improve those powers which they possess within themselves; and the consequences of this neglect are certainly much more fatal, even to present happiness, than is generally imagined.

Supposing it were possible, that those who cannot please themselves in solitude should be able to please others, and be happy in society, yet it is impossible to be always engaged in it; and even those who have the greatest opportunity of enjoying it, know not how soon they may be reduced to a state of solitude. It is therefore highly necessary for all, to provide for themselves with solitary pleasures; for the mind of man is naturally active, it wants employment and amusement, and if it be not supplied with such as are innocent and useful, it will be apt to sink into a state of langour and disgust, or run astray into the wildest extravagancies of fancy, which may lead insensibly into endless doubts and errors, productive of consequences which may prove fatal to Happiness both here and hereafter.

It is therefore certainly a point of importance to all, and especially to those who are entering into life, to cultivate those powers and dispositions of mind which may prove sources of innocent amusement. When these are neglected, they are easily lost; but being exercised, they will continually improve; and if properly directed, they may be productive of much advantage as well as pleasure.

There is a certain indolence of mind in many persons, which is no less prejudicial to their improvement; they will not be at the trouble of seeking for pleasures of their own stores, or of contributing their part of enjoyment of those which are presented to them, but run continually from one subject to another, and spend their lives in a fruitless pursuit of what, by the help of a little exertion, they might have found in numberless instances which they have overlooked; and what, in fact, they never can enjoy, while they consider it as totally independent on themselves.

It is owing to this, that we see all places of public amusement so much frequented by persons who appear to take no pleasure in them. They cannot amuse themselves, and therefore they go where they are told amusement will be provided for them; and though they feel themselves disappointed, they are unwilling to own it either to themselves or others, for they know no remedy, nor will they be at the trouble of seeking any. This gives an air of gloominess to every place of amusement; for even the gayest scenes cannot afford pleasure to those who do not bring with them a disposition to be pleased themselves, and to enjoy and endeavour to promote the pleasure of others.

MELESICHTON.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF FENELON.

MELESICHTON was a native of an illustrious family in Greece. While but a youth, the heroic actions of his ancestors engaged his glowing mind, and in several bold and hazardous engagements, he gave early demonstrations of his superior judgment and singular bravery: but as he was too fond of grandeur, his high and expensive way of living soon plunged him into a sea of troubles, which obliged him to fly with his wife Proxinoe to a country seat on the sea shore, where they lived in profound solitude. Proxinoe was highly esteemed for wit, courage, and a majestic deportment. Many, who were in much better circumstances than Melesichton, made their addresses to her on account of her birth and beauty; but true merit alone made him the object of her choice. Though their virtue and friendship were inviolable, though Hymen had never united a happier pair, yet their mutual attachment and affection proved but an aggravation of their sorrows. With less impatience Melesichton could have borne the severest frowns of fortune, had he suffered alone, or without so tender a partner; and Proxinoe with concern observed, that her presence augmented the pains of her Melesichton.

Their sole comfort arose from the reflection, that Heaven had blessed them with two children, beauteous as the graces: their son's name was Meliboeus, and the daughter's Poeminis. Meliboeus was very active, strong, and courageous; in every gentleman-like exercise, he excelled all the neighbouring youth. He ranged the forests, and his pursuits were unerring and fatal as those of Apollo: however, the arts and sciences—those noble rays of the Deity—were more the objects of his contemplation, than his bow was of his diversion.

Melesichton imprinted the love of virtue on the mind of his son, in air and mien, unaffected, soft, and engaging; in aspect noble, bold, and dignified. His father wept over him with paternal anxiety. Poeminis was equally the care of her mother, who instructed her in all the various arts with which the goddess Minerva has enriched the world; to those useful accomplishments were added the charms of music. Orpheus never sung, or touched his lyre more softly than Poeminis: her silver tresses were tied with a careless air; whilst some few ringlets unconfined, played about her ivory neck at the breath of every gentle zephyr. Without the aid of dress, no nymph was ever so beautiful, so free from pride, so little conscious of her own charms. The conduct and œconomy of the family was her whole employment.

But Melesichton, lost to every hope of returning from his state of banishment, sought every opportunity to be alone. The sight

of Proxinoe and his children aggravated his sorrow. Often would he steal away to the sea-shore; at the foot of a large rock, full of tremendous caverns, bemoan his wayward fate; from thence repair to a gloomy vale, where, even at mid-day, no sun-beam entered. There would he sit on the margin of the dark stream and ponder o'er his ills. Sleep was a stranger to his eye-lids; untimely age furrowed his brow; bending to the storm, he grew negligent of life, and sunk under the pressure of accumulated misery.

One day, as he was reclining on a bank in this dreary vale, tired and fatigued with thought, he sunk imperceptibly into a slumber. In a dream, he saw the goddess Ceres, crowned with golden sheaves, who approached him with an air of majesty and sweetness; and thus addressed him:—"Why art thou thus overwhelmed with thy fate?"—Melesichton replied, "I am abandoned by my friends; my estate lost; law-suits and creditors for ever perplex me; the thoughts of my birth, and the figure I have made in the world, aggravate my misery; and to labour at the oar like a slave, is what my spirit can never submit to."

The goddess beheld him with pity and displeasure, saying, "Does nobility consist in affluence, ease, and luxury? No, Melesichton, it consists in the imitation of thy virtuous ancestors; the just man only is truly noble. Nature is sufficed with little; enjoy that little with the sweat of thy brow; live free from dependance, and no man will be nobler than thyself.—Luxury and false ambition are the bane of mankind.—If thou art destitute of the conveniencies of life, who shall better supply thee than thyself? Be not terrified, then, at the thought of attaining them by industry and application."

She said, and instantly presented him with a golden ploughshare, and an horn of plenty. All the rural deities passed on, and as they passed, they smiled on Melesichton.

He waked; a dawn of comfort enlivened his soul: he told his dream to his faithful partner, who rejoiced with him, and approved of his interpretation. The next day they dismissed their attendants. Proxinoe with Poemenis spun, while Melesichton and Meliboeus tended their sheep. All their fine needle-works were disregarded; their own ground produced their daily food, their own hands prepared it, and it was enjoyed with that true relish which is inseparable from temperance and labour. Winter was the season for repose, when the family, innocently gay, returned thanks to the gods for their harmless unambitious pleasures.

In a little time, Melesichton was in better circumstances than before. The company he kept, was within the compass of his true friends, and his own family. Their humble residence was far from court, where pleasures bear so high a price; their enjoyments were sweet, innocent, easy to be attained, and, in the pursuit, attended with no dangers. Still was their diet frugal, and their industry continued.

Melesichton's friends now pressed him, since fortune once again

had proved propitious, to resume his former post, and shine once more in the great world. Melesichton replied, "Shall I again give way to pomp and luxury, the fatal cause of all my late misfortunes; or shall I spend my future days in rural labours, which have not only made me rich again, but what is more, completely happy?"

One day, in his old solitary shade, he reposed himself on the grass, with as much serenity of mind, as before with confusion and despair. There again he slumbered; again the goddess Ceres in a dream addressed him thus:—"True nobility consists in receiving no favours from any one, and bestowing them with a liberal hand on all. On the fruitful bosom of the earth, and on your own hands, let your dependance rest.—Never for luxury and empty shew resign that solid good, which is the natural and ever-running fountain of true happiness."

ON

EDUCATION.

IN a country where the nurture of the body and mind are more attended to than in any other, it might seem superfluous to add any observations on this head, and still more so, as there are already so many celebrated men who have ably treated the subject, but they seem to have dedicated their labours, to the peculiar service of those who having sufficient of the good things of this world, want nothing but the will to make a conspicuous figure in life; I confess here it is not the same—the subject here treated, is *Day schools*, and whatever friendly pen should point out a good and practicable remedy for the present abuses, he would deserve the esteem and applause of his country; what I mean here, is to show

1st. That morals ought to be the prime care of a master.
2d. Why they are not.
3d. An attempt towards an amendment.

As to the first, I believe it will never be denied, that the care of the heart should be superior to that of the head, all science and art originally sprang from the natural wants and ingenuity of the people; but morals, which means justice with regard to property, and a restraint on those actions which would hurt the feelings, or the peace of another, is of a still more early origin, and may be practised at all times and in all places; but as men are nearly alike with respect to these ruling sentiments, love of self, and love of justice, it follows that we are all intitled to the same moral rights and duties in common with each other: the rich man, though he has more opulence, is not exempt from a single duty by the voice of nature, and though he may lord it over his vassal, it is not from a want of feeling, but a want of subsistance that he submits to it: the study of the heart is necessary as well as that of the sciences, it will therefore be to very little purpose for your son to be a very

clever man, provided he be not an honest one, his talents will only make him so much the more dangerous, in proportion, as he possesses them; if the present subject had been to discuss on the preference of private or public education, I think the balance would be considerably in favor of the former, though I am aware there are and have been a considerable number of arguments used against private tuition, but upon a proper analysis they fall to the ground.

In a city like London, though the parents can afford it, perhaps some do not like the trouble, and some the expence, of a home education; when they get to the day-school, there are perhaps one hundred boys, and two persons to teach them, I need not make any calculation to tell any one that moral learning cannot thrive there, because it is impossible in the nature of things; although the number of boys is so great, it does not reward the master or assistant sufficiently, provided they are fit for such a task, by reason of the low rate at which they are paid, which makes it a great reason why arithmetic forms so uncommonly large a portion of their time, because it does not want personal attendance; a great superfluity might be cut off in the article of numbers. Is your son to be a mathematician, this is not the place for it's perfection; but if he is to be a tradesman, which we will suppose to be the case, all the arithmetic which he would want might be acquired in three quarters of a year, by proper application; the remaining time might be dedicated to noble employment, such as proper selections of biographic history, which would elevate the mind and improve the ideas; for to what purpose is a youth spending his afternoon in searching how many times a wheel turns from hence to York, &c. And to what end is fine writing, except to destroy that time which might be made a better use of; but this cannot be done until a proper regulation takes place, and teaching becomes a creditable, instead of a hacknied employment.

The parents of the scholars frequently say, why has not your master taught you better? but the reason is very obvious, and it is a wonder he is taught at all. If we calculate 100 boys, at two persons to instruct them, we shall find that there absolutely is not above three minutes allowed to instruct each boy; this fully shews the absolute benefit that would flow from a national plan of education; it is a care that every father owes, first to himself, and next to his country, to see his son well educated; it is a benefit to the nation at large, and not to one in particular, when it's inhabitants are enlightened: seminaries for education should undergo a thorough investigation, especially in London; there are a number of men of great talents, who, under a parochial, or national regulation, would be capable of superintending, with propriety, the education of the capital, and I doubt not it's effects would be soon felt in the general manners of youth; I have a plan which I will submit to the public in your magazine, in the mean time I hope to see from some abler hand a better investigation.

For the FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

Mr. EDITOR,

IT has been remarked, that feeling hearts are rather scarce among the affluent and fashionable: this I deny, and with your good leave, I mean to present you with certain facts, which have lately come within my knowledge, and which bear a worthy testimony against an observation as illiberal, as unfounded.

Persons in high life may be compared to spoiled children, whose infant minds are destroyed by indulgence. Subjects that may tend to check dissipation and extravagance, are carefully kept from them, for should a tale of woe reach the ear of a lady of quality, whose heart is composed of *penetrable stuff*, that lady might be induced to pull her purse strings, in order to soften the pangs of biting want and wasting calamity; and thereby render it, somewhat too light for the card tables &c. of Lady *** or the Dutchess of ***; where fashion gives it's sanction to deception, and where female purity is yielded up to demands of *honour*.

The vices of the unprincipled great, are so many sources of emoluments to a numerous and rapacious HERD of cringing dependants. Thus even in our churches, at the court end of the town, the etiquette of mortals is observed more strictly than the service of the supreme. Some voluptuous member of our mother church ascends the pulpit, where he insults the sacred order, while he fattens upon the vanity by which he has been raised, and by which he still hopes to raise others. Full of self importance and future expectation, he delivers in language, flowery and unmeaning, his sentiments on scripture portions, in such soothing terms, that even vice itself might listen, and depart comforted and confirmed to it's bloated votaries.

From your first number, Mr. Editor, I conclude your aim is to "shoot FOLLY as it flies," it is my wish to render you every assistance in my power. To begin then.——Not many Sundays ago, I rolled in the chariot of a wealthy relation from Hanover-Square to a well known chapel. On it's name and situation I must be silent; since *truth is a libel*.

When we were in our pew, my well-dressed, and polite cousin, attracted the marked attention of nearly the whole congregation; while to the ladies he returned smile for smile, and to the gentlemen bow for bow; observing to me in a whisper, that a church was as good a *lounge* as a theatre; presently the reader took his stand, who, previous to entering upon his office, glanced a look towards his noble patron the Duke of ****, to whom he bowed in profound solemnity.

The sermon was to be preached by a gentleman who had lately been presented to a considerable living, in the gift of S. W***, a member of the *British Senate,* well known to set a proper value on *his parliamentary abilities. Alas! my good friend, a clerical fop* is now become so common an animal, that I need only say our preacher fully answered the description. His discourse, calculated rather to delude and soften conscience than to rouse it, I took down in short hand, and I wish you to present your readers with the following specimen of his manner.

" I should be extremely sorry, noble and polite hearers, either to give offence or be guilty of a crime against good breeding, but really having the honour to speak before this brilliant *assembly,* my duty calls upon me to assure my much valued hearers that they are *wandering through a delightful labyrinth of flowers; fair to the eye, but whose fascinating perfumes is charged with mental poison.* Let your preacher, I pray you, my amiable, my erring friends warn you of danger; for the delectable path wherein you now wander in elegant ease, attended by the graces, leads to those mournful *shades,* which vulgar teachers might name, to organs less delicate; but to their obscure and common audiences, composed of the general herd, I leave them: well aware, that in this refined temple, where it is my boast and pride to appear among you, even to mention words shocking to the sense, would render me highly culpable in the opinion of the great world, whose good will I prize as *fine gold,* and whose censure I trust I shall never incur."

In this soothing and well bred stile did our clerical lily male, our holy trifler proceed. While with a sigh for the frivolity of the tribe of fashion, who to the disgrace of all they should hold sacred, daringly profane the temples of their God, I sat an unwilling hearer, 'till his discourse was finished: when raising his snow white hand, in order to display a ring of value, and fine lustre; while the other pressing a cambrick handkerchief, rested on the gold-fringed velvet, he uttered a *short prayer, of a piece with his* sermon, and descended from the pulpit, which he had occupied about *ten minutes.*

A gay and thoughtless circle instantly surrounded him. To a painted dowager, at the wrong end of her seventh stage, he appeared to pay much court. " Well, Sir, says the toothless dame, *we* all admire your discourse, and for my part I *purtest* that tedious wretch, we have of late been bored with, is unsufferable. Would you think it, the other perishing Sunday, he kept us freezing for a whole half hour, by Lord *****'s repeater,—now, my dear parson, was not that shameful; and then he told us we should go to some filthy *place, if we did not feel for the poor; nay, the abominable brute even* told us that the vulgar, in a religious sense, were equal to *us!*—did you ever hear the like." This speech was approved by the circle, which broke up with great ceremony, while the priest handed the antiquated fair one to her carriage, dignified with the badges of

nobility, then placed himself by her side, stroked her lap-dog, and ordered the footman to drive to Grosvenor-Square.

When such interested sycophants preside over their temples, it is a matter of surprize that among the great, there are yet to be found so many who derive less honour from their elevated station, than from their private worth and praise-worthy munificence.

I remain, Mr. Editor, a well wisher to your important undertaking.

A PLAIN MAN.

ON

RETIREMENT.

FROM an insatiable love of liberty, Rosseau felt a violent disgust for society, and solitude became the never-failing source of all his pleasures. His letters to Mr. de Malherbe, are as remarkable for the information they afford of the true genius of the writer, as are his confessions; which have not been better understood than his character. In one of them he expresses himself in the following terms, "I mistook, for a length of time, the cause of that invincible disgust which I have always felt in the commerce of the world. I attributed it to the mortification of not possessing that quick and ready talent necessary to discover in conversation the little knowledge I possessed; and this beat back an idea, that I did not occupy that station in the opinion of the world which I conceived I merited. But after having scribbled a great quantity of paper, I was perfectly convinced that even in saying ridiculous things, I was in no danger of being taken for a fool. When I perceived myself sought after by all the world, and honored with much more consideration than even my own ridiculous vanity would have ventured to expect; and that notwithstanding this, I felt the same disgust rather augmented than diminished; I concluded it must arise from some other cause, and that these were not the kind of enjoyments for which my mind was calculated. What then in fact is the cause of it? it is no other than that invincible spirit of liberty, which nothing can overcome, and in comparison with which honor, fortune, and even fame itself, are nothing: it is certain that this spirit of liberty is engendered less by pride than indolence; but this indolence is incredible, it is alarmed at every thing, it renders the most trifling duties of civil life insupportable: to be obliged to speak a word, to write a letter, or to pay a visit, are to me, from the moment the obligation arises, the severest punishment. This is the reason why, although the ordinary commerce of men is odious to me, the pleasures of private friendship are so dear to my heart; for in the indulgence of private friendships, there are no duties to perform, we have only to follow the feelings of the heart and all

is done. This is the reason also, why I have so much dreaded to accept of favours; for every act of kindness demands an acknowledgement; and I feel that my heart is ungrateful only because gratitude is become a duty. The kind of happiness, in short, which pleases me best, does not consist so much in doing what I wish, as in avoiding that which is repugnant to my inclination; active life affords no temptations to me; I would a hundred times rather do nothing at all, than that which I dislike; and I have frequently thought that I should not have lived very unhappily even in the bastile, provided I was free from every constraint, other than that of merely residing within it's walls.

The pleasures and advantages of a tranquil leisure, were never felt with higher delight than by Rosseau; these enjoyments are equally within the reach of every individual. "When my torments," says this amiable philosopher, "oblige me to recount the long and sorrowful progress of the night, and the violence of my fever prevents me from enjoying one moments sleep, I frequently forgot my present condition, in reflecting on the various events of my life, and recollection, repentance, regret, and pity divide those attentions in which I bury for a few moments all my sufferings. In what situation do you conceive, Sir, I most frequently, and most chearfully recall to my mind these meditations? not the pleasures of my youth, they were too few, too much blended with bitterness, and are now too far distant from my thoughts; but the pleasures of my retirement, my solitary walks; the transient, the delicious days which I have passed entirely with myself, with my good old housekeeper, my faithful well-beloved dog, my old cat, the birds of the fields, and the beasts of the forest, surrounded by all the charms of nature, and filled with their divine and incomprehensible Author. Repairing before 'twas light to my garden, to see and contemplate the rising sun, when I discover the symptoms of a fine day, my first prayer was that neither messenger nor visitor might arrive to disturb the charm. After having devoted the morning to various cares, which, as I could put them off 'till another time, I always attended to with pleasure, I hastened to my dinner that I might avoid unpleasant visitors, and thereby procure a longer afternoon. Before one o'clock, even in the hottest day of summer, while the sun shone in meridian splendor, I walked forth with my faithful dog, hurrying along, fearful least some one might seize hold of me before I was secure in my escape; but when I had turned a certain corner, and felt myself free from danger, with what palpitation of heart, with what lively joy I drew my breath, and exclaimed, 'Now I am master of my time for the remainder of the day!' I then walked with tranquil steps in search of some wild sequestred spot in the forest, some desert place where no object, touched by the hands of man, announced servitude and domination, some asylum into which I might fancy, I alone had first entered, and where no impertinent intruder might interpose between nature and myself." Here is a character, which at the first view seems irreconcilable to

common sense; his mind, by superficial observers, might be reproached with the horrid epithet of *Misanthrope*. *No!* Rosseau glowed with the noblest warmth of a man and a philosopher, he equally exchanged his rights and duties, and wished no greater sacrifices from *another than he granted to them*; disgusted with the unmeaning, and insincere compliments of the trifling coteries in fashionable life, nothing was more gratifying to him than to be freed from them; his predominating passion was for unlimited freedom, personal and moral; in point of divinity he affected the better to suit the temper of the times, whether that was assumed or sentimental is not to be discussed here, certain it is that he was a great philosopher, an accurate reasoner, a man of the most liberal sentiments, and a strenuous advocate for personal and political freedom.

AN

ACCOUNT OF THE

MONKS,

THEIR SOLITUDE, DEVOTION, VISIONS, &c.

WE think it will not be uninteresting to relate the manner in which the primitive Monks spent their irksome and solitary hours in the dreary cells of a sequestered convent, in which they employed themselves either in vocal or mental prayer: they assembled in the evening, and they were awakened in the night, for the public worship of the monastery. The precise moment was determined by the stars, which are seldom clouded in the serene sky of Egypt; and a rustic horn or trumpet, the signal of devotion, twice interrupted the vast silence of the desert. Even sleep, the last refuge of the unhappy, was rigorously measured: the vacant hours of the monk heavily rolled along, without business or pleasure; and, before the close of each day, he had repeatedly accused the tedious progress of the Sun. In this comfortless state, superstition still pursued and tormented her wretched votaries. The repose which they had sought in the cloister was disturbed by tardy repentance, profane doubts, and guilty desires; and, while they considered each natural impulse as an unpardonable sin, they perpetually trembled on the edge of a flaming and bottomless abyss. From the painful struggles of disease and despair, these unhappy victims were sometimes relieved by madness or death; and, in the sixth century, an hospital was founded at Jerusalem for a small portion of the austere penitents, who were deprived of their senses. Their visions, before they attained this extreme and acknowledged term of frenzy, have afforded ample materials of

supernatural history. It was their firm persuasion, that the air, which they breathed, was peopled with invisible enemies; with innumerable dæmons, who watched every occasion, and assumed every form, to terrify, and above all to tempt, their unguarded virtue. The imagination, and even the senses, were deceived by the illusions of distempered fanaticism; and the hermit, whose midnight prayer was oppressed by involuntary slumber, might easily confound the phantoms of horror or delight, which had occupied his sleeping, and his waking dreams.

The monks were divided into two classes: the *Cœnobites*, who lived under a common, and regular discipline; and the *Anachorets*, who indulged their unsocial, independent fanaticism. The most devout, or the most ambitious, of the spiritual brethren, renounced the convent, as they had renounced the world. The fervent monasteries of Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, were surrounded by a *Laura*, a distant circle of solitary cells; and the extravagant pennance of the Hermits was stimulated by applause and emulation. They sunk under the painful weight of crosses and chains; and their emaciated limbs were confined by collars, bracelets, gauntlets, and greaves of massy and rigid iron. All superfluous incumbrance of dress they contemptuously cast away; and some savage saints of both sexes have been admired, whose naked bodies were only covered by their long hair. They aspired to reduce themselves to the rude and miserable state in which the human brute is scarcely distinguished above his kindred animals: and a numerous sect of Anachorets derived their name from their humble practice of grazing in the fields of Mesopotamia with the common herd. They often usurped the den of some wild beast whom they affected to resemble; they buried themselves in some gloomy cavern, which art or nature had scooped out of the rock; and the marble quarries of Thebais are still inscribed with the monuments of their pennance. The most perfect Hermits are supposed to have passed many days without food, many nights without sleep, and many years without speaking; and glorious was the *man* (I abuse that name) who contrived any cell, or seat of a peculiar construction, which might expose him, in the most inconvenient posture, to the inclemency of the seasons.

Among these heroes of the monastic life, the name and genius of Simeon Stylites have been immortalized by the singular invention of an aerial pennance. At the age of thirteen, the young Syrian deserted the profession of a shepherd, and threw himself into an austere monastry. After a long and painful noviciate, in which Simeon was repeatedly saved from pious suicide, he established his residence on a mountain, about thirty or forty miles to the east of Antioch. Within the space of a mandra, or circle of stones, to which he had attached himself by a ponderous chain, he ascended a column, which was successively raised from the height of nine, to that of sixty feet from the ground. In this last, and lofty station, the Syrian Anachoret resisted the heat of thirty summers,

and the cold of as many winters. Habit and exercise instructed him to maintain his dangerous situation without fear or giddiness, and successively to assume the different postures of devotion. He sometimes prayed in an erect attitude, with his out stretched arms, in the figure of a cross; but his most familiar practice was that of bending his meagre skeleton from the forehead to the feet: and a curious spectator, after numbering twelve hundred and forty-four repetitions, at length desisted from the endless account. The progress of an ulcer in his thigh might shorten, but it could not disturb this celestial life; and the patient Hermit expired, without descending from his column. A prince, who should capriciously inflict such tortures, would be deemed a tyrant; but it would surpass the power of a tyrant, to impose a long and miserable existence on the reluctant victims of his cruelty. This voluntary martyrdom must have gradually destroyed the sensibility both of the mind and body; nor can it be presumed that the fanatics, who torment themselves, are susceptible of any lively affection for the rest of mankind. A cruel unfeeling temper has distinguished the monks of every age and country: their stern indifference, which is seldom mollified by personal friendship, is inflamed by religious hatred; and their merciless zeal has strenuously administered the holy office of the Inquisition.

DESCRIPTION OF
POMPEY's PILLAR
IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF ALEXANDRIA, IN EGYPT;

WITH AN ANECDOTE OF SOME ENGLISH SEA OFFICERS THERE.

IN the afternoon a large party of us sallied out to take a view of Pompey's Pillar, the theme of the present age, and the admiration of past times! Besides my companions and myself, we were joined by two English commanders of the ships in the harbour, and Monsieur Meillon, and some young gentlemen of the French factory. We mounted the first asses that presented themselves for hire, and, attended by our Janizary, took the course we pursued yesterday. We left the convent on our right, and presently came among broken arches and long pavements, which are the remains of an aqueduct. Several towers reared up their dismantled heads on each side of us, whose appearance pronounces them to have been posts of great importance and strength. A number of stately pillars next engaged our attention. They are placed in two parallel lines, and seem to have formerly supported some magnificent portico. The pillars are of granite, or Thebaic marble, and about thirty feet high, of a single stone; and we counted no less than thirty of them still standing. But however choice these column-

might be in any other place, they were but foils to the pillar which now appeared before us. We had been buried amid the ruins and hills of sand, which the winds have thrown up, when, leaving the city by the gate of Roseto, we came unexpectedly upon the pillar. It is impossible to tell which is most worthy of admiration, the height, the workmanship, or the condition of this pillar. By the best accounts we can obtain, it is an hundred and ten feet high. The shaft, which is of a single stone of granite, is ninety feet, and the pedestal which is twenty feet more. It is of the Corinthian order, which gives a beautiful dignity to it's simplicity, rarely to be met with in modern architecture. It has suffered little or no injury from time. The polish upon the shaft has wonderfully withstood the buffeting of the tempest; and it promises to hand down a patriot name to the late posterity of the ignorant native, who has no other trace of the fame of Pompey! The pedestal has been somewhat damaged by the instruments of travellers, who are curious to possess a relic of this antiquity; and one of the volutes of the column was immaturely brought down, about four years ago, by a prank of some English Captains, which is too ludicrous to pass over.

"These jolly sons of Neptune had been pushing about the cann, on board one of the ships in the harbour, until a strange freak entered into one of their brains. The eccentricity of the thought occasioned it immediately to be adopted; and it's apparent impossibility was but a spur for putting it into execution. The boat was ordered, and with proper implements for the attempt, these enterprizing heroes pushed ashore, to drink a bowl of punch on the top of Pompey's Pillar! At the spot they arrived; and many contrivances were proposed to accomplish the desired point. But their labour was vain; and they began to despair of success, when the genius who struck out the frolic, happily suggested the means of performing it. A man was dispatched to the city for a paper kite. The inhabitants were by this time apprized of what was going forward, and flocked in crouds to be witnesses of the address and boldness of the English. The Governor of Alexandria was told that these seamen were about to pull down Pompey's Pillar. But whether he gave them credit for their respect to the Roman warrior, or to the Turkish government, he left them to themselves, and politely answered, that the English were too great patriots to injure the remains of Pompey. He knew little, however, of the disposition of the people who were engaged in this undertaking. Had the Turkish empire rose in opposition, it would not, perhaps, at that moment have deterred them. The kite was brought, and flown so directly over the pillar, that when it fell on the other side, the string lodged upon the capital. The chief obstacle was now overcome. A two-inch rope was tied to one end of the string, and drawn over the pillar by the end to which the kite was affixed. By this rope one of the seamen ascending to the top, and in less than an hour a kind of shroud was constructed, by which the

whole company went up, and drank their punch amid the shouts of the astonished multitude. To the eye below, the capital of the pillar does not appear capable of holding more than one man upon it; but our seamen found it could contain no less than eight persons very conveniently. It is astonishing that no accident befel these mad-caps, in a situation so elevated, that would have turned a landman giddy in his sober senses. The only detriment which the pillar received, was the loss of the volute before mentioned; which came down with a thundering sound, and was carried to England by one of the captains, as a present to a lady who commissioned him for a piece of the pillar. The discovery which they made, amply compensated for this mischief; as without their evidence, the world would not have known at this hour, that there was originally a statue on this pillar, one foot and ancle of which are still remaining. The statue was, probably, of Pompey himself; and must have been of a gigantic size, to have appeared at a man's proportion at so great an height.

ON EPITAPHS.

THE extensive limits of the vanity of man, terminate in an epitaph. It is, however, often a stronger testimonial of the pride of the living, than of the virtues of the dead. It should hereby seem that falshood is so inseparably blended with humanity, that it follows them even to the tomb, and triumphs still over their ashes. The great expence that frequently accompanies this monumental flattery, has often it's source in the design of giving credit to imposture; and the elogium graven on marble, in honour of the deceased, is most frequently a portrait which it were to be wished he had resembled, rather than a faithful likeness of what he really was.

Epitaphs may be stiled the *humbugs* of the dead, to which, indeed, a judicious reader never gives any credit. If the soul after this life is in a state of happiness, it does not require the ostentatious evidence of an epitaph; and if it be not in this state of beatitude, the rotting body does not merit the fallacious plaudit. Those, however, who pay this tribute to their departed friends, either through gratitude or esteem, are more excusable than those who in their life-time appropiate a capital sum to ornament a carcass with an expensive monument, and who have the effrontery to write their own elogium whilst living, that they may impose falsehood on the world, when incapable of speaking.

I should not, however, contemn this custom, if those who thought proper to pen their own epitaphs, acquitted themselves as well as a certain Roman, whose tomb was found with the following incription:

Non nomen, non quo genitus, non unde, quid egi,
Multus in eternum sum cinis, ossa, nihil,
Non sum, nec fueram genitus, tamen e nihilo sum,
Mito, nec exprobres singula, talis eris.

FREE MASONS' HALL GRAND LODGE LIBRARY LONDON, W.C.

OF

ANIMALS

LIVING IN SOLID BODIES.

IN Toulon harbour, and the road, are found solid hard stones, and perfectly entire, containing, in different cells, secluded from all communication with the air, several living shell-fish, of an exquisite taste, called *Dactyli*, i. e. Dates: to come at these fish the stones are broken with mauls. Also, along the coast of Ancona, in the Adriatic, are stones, usually weighing about fifty pounds, and sometimes even more, the outside rugged, and easily broken, but the inside so hard, as to require a strong arm, and an iron maul to break them; within them, and in separate niches, are found small shell-fish, quite alive, and very palatable, called *Solennes*, or *Cappe lungbe:* the facts are attested by Gassendi, Blondel, Mayol, the learned bishop of Sulturara, and more particularly by Aldrovandi, a physician, of Bologna; the two latter speak of it as a common fact, which they themselves saw.

In the volume for 1719, of the academy of sciences at Paris, is the following passage:

"In the foot of an elm, of the bigness of a pretty corpulent man, three or four feet above the root, and exactly in the centre, has been found a live toad, middle sized, but lean, and filling up the whole vacant space: no sooner was a passage opened by splitting the wood than it scuttled away very hastily; a more firm and sound elm never grew; so that the toad cannot be supposed to have got into it. The egg, whence it was formed, must, by some very singular accident, have been lodged in the tree at it's first growth. There the creature had lived without air, feeding on the substance of the tree and growing only as the tree grew. This is attested by Mr. Hubert, professor of philosophy at Caen."

The volume for the year 1731, has a similar observation, expressed in these words:

"In 1719 we gave an account of a fact, which, though improbable, was well attested; that a toad had been found living and growing in the stem of a middling elm, without any way for the creature to come out or to have got in. M. Seigne, of Nantes, lays before the academy a fact just of the very same nature, except that, instead of an elm, it was an oak, and larger than the elm, which still heightens the wonder. He judges, by the time requisite for the growth of the oak, that the toad must have subsisted in it, without air, or any adventitious aliment, during eighty or a hundred years. M. Seigne seems to have known nothing of the fact in 1719.

With the two forgoing may be classed a narrative of Ambrose Parré, chief surgeon to Henry III. King of France, who, being a very sensible writer, relates the following fact, of which he was an eye-witness:

"Being, says he, at my seat, near the village of Meudon, and overlooking a quarry man, whom I had set to break some very large and hard stones, in the mirdle of one we found a huge toad, full of life, and without any visible aperture by which it could get there. I began to wonder how it received birth, had grown and lived; but the labourer told me, it was not the first time he had met with a toad, and the like creatures, within huge blocks of stone, and no vissible opening or fissure."

Observations of living toads, found in very hard and entire stones, occur in several authors, particularly Baptist Fulgoso Doge of Genoa, the famous physicians of Agricola and Horstius, and lord Verulam: others give very specious accounts of snakes, frogs, crabs, and lobsters being found alive, inclosed within blocks of marble, rocks, and large stones.

Without attempting to explain facts so very abstruse and surprizing, yet, at the same time, so well authenticated, I shall only indicate the inferences arising from them.

1. That the testaceous and crustaceous fish, the toads, snakes, frogs, or at least the eggs, whence these different kinds of animals proceed, were lodged in the trees at their first growth, or in the soft mud, of which the stones were afterwards formed.

2. That these animals thus enclosed within trees or stones, or at least which come from eggs hatched in them, have subsisted there ever since, that is, 50, 100, 150 years, or perhaps even more, as less could not be required for the growth of the trees, or the formation of the stones where they were found.

3. That consequently they had lived there much longer than animals of the same species when at liberty.

4. Yet, during all the time, their sole aliment has been the sap of the tree, or any moisture or liquor penetrating through the thickness of the stones.

5. That they lived there without any other air than what was contained within there scanty cells, which even with regard to the shell-fish, these having a kind of respiration, deserves some enquiry; but borders on incredibility, with respect to frogs, toads, and snakes, whose sensible respiration seems to require much more air.

6. That to this exclusion of all external air, the animals, thus enclosed, might perhaps owe their longævity; at least this agrees with the idea of the celebrated Bacon, who, in his *Historia vitæ et mortis, cannon* 18, lays down the following rule as confirmed by experience. *Aer exclusus confert ad longævitatem, si aliis incommodis caveas.*

7. Lastly, That instinct taught these animals to provide themselves beforehand with niches proportioned to their utmost growth; or at least as they grew, they had the sagacity to enlarge their niches, either by repelling, or gradually abrading the sides which formed them.

These consequences, I am aware, may appear incredible, and I own not without some reason; but, incredible as they may seem, they must be admitted, if we admit the facts, whence they are deduced, be true; and after such vouchers and attestations, they are scarce to be questioned.

ANECDOTE

OF

THE LATE DR. DODD.

I HAVE just returned from Scotland. During my stay at Glasgow, I took up my residence at a friend's house, who having a party to dinner on one of the days of my visit, in the afternoon we went upon the water: a brisk wind getting up, an elderly lady remarked, that she was once in real danger, and that the remembrance brought to her recollection the late Dr. Dodd, of unfortunate memory.

This awakened our curiosity, and she informed us, that on her return from Margate, in one of the boats, in the year preceding the Doctor's imprisonment, which ended in his suffering for an offence against the violated laws of his country; the weather proved so rough and unfavourable, as to render their passage not only unpleasant, but rather dangerous.

In this state of alarm, to herself, and other ladies on board, it was their good fortune to attract the notice of a gentleman whose good offices and pleasant manner created general admiration among the passengers.

The storm increasing, the ladies, greatly terrified, expressed their apprehensions of immediate danger. The gentleman made use of every argument that might tend to lessen their fears; and among other observations, evidently calculated to keep up their sinking spirits, he made use of the following: "Come, come my good ladies, let me, once for all, make you assured of your safety, although at my own expence:—know, then, you are perfectly secure, so long as you have me on board; for I candidly acknowledge that I am so unfortunate as to have the character of a very, very sad fellow; and you all know the proverb says, *he that's born for the rope, is safe from the water.*"

His remark (continued the lady) created a smile among us. The storm soon abated, and we were all in love with the stranger, for his delicacy, humanity, and cheering conversation. He remained unknown to us till we landed; when a person at the inn addressing him as Dr. Dodd, he said, "Now, ladies, the mischief's out; you know who I am, and I trust I shall see you again in another place." And it was our intention to see him again; but, alas! the next assembly gathered around him, beheld him—not a preacher of the GOSPEL—but a victim to the LAW.

For the FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE following is part of a Letter which was addressed a short time since by a Companion of the GRAND CHAPTER OF HARODIM to a Gentleman of that ORDER, who is eminently distinguished among the Fraternity as a zealous and able instrument in the dissemination of Masonic Knowledge. If you should think it contains any observations that may tend to promote the Institution of Masonry, or add to it's estimation, I think there is no hazard of displeasing the Author by communicating it.

I am, Sir,

Your kind Friend and Brother,

A MEMBER OF THE LODGE OF ANTIQUITY.

SEPT. 7, 1792.

"SIR,

"TO your valuable instructions in the Science of MASONRY, I should do great injustice, if I did not frequently make them the subject of serious reflection; their manifest tendency being to improve the understanding, and amend the heart.

"Contemplating the interesting picture disclosed to the view of the investigating MASON, I frequently regret that I am restrained from developing to some of my most valued friends, among the unitiated, so much of it's beauty, of displaying such of it's most striking features, as would serve to counteract the effects of those erroneous ideas of our Institution, which we find too prevalent among mankind.

"The MASONIC SYSTEM, to my eye, exhibits a stupendous and beautiful fabric, founded on Universal Piety, unfolding it's gates to receive, without prejudice or discrimination, the worthy professors of every description of genuine Religion; concentrating, as it were, in one body, the just tenets, unencumbered by the disputable peculiarities, of all sects and persuasions; and storing up the most approved schemes of Ethics, adopted by the different nations of the world where Civilization has impressed her footsteps.

"This System originated in the earliest ages and among the wisest of men; and on it the effect of time (contrary to the usual course) has been to meliorate, not to impair; to conduct it to perfection by improvement *ad infinitum*, not to accelerate it's progress to decay; a System, I must say (whether morally or religiously considered), more excellent than any, because partaking of the chief excellencies of all others; more practicable, more productive of effect on it's professors, because, free from the austerity, yet comprising the best precepts of religion, it removes the

thorns in the road to happiness, and substitutes a flowery path to the same goal.

"It is to be lamented, that to the suggestions of some weak minds among our own Fraternity the prejudices of the world against our invaluable Institution are in a great measure imputable. Unable to comprehend the beautiful allegories of ancient Wisdom, they ignorantly assert, that the rites of MASONRY are futile, and it's doctrines inefficient. To this assertion, indeed, they give by their own conduct, a semblance of truth, as we fail to discern that *they* are made wiser or better men by their admission to our Mysteries. Nature alone can implant the seeds of wisdom; but MASONRY will teach and enable us to cultivate the soil, and to foster and strengthen the plant in it's growth.

"Of understandings incompetent to the conception of an idea so sublime as that of a Society of men, uniting for the noble purpose of imbibing and disseminating the principles of wisdom and of virtue (for, in the ROYAL ART, wisdom and virtue go hand in hand) in a mode so facile and so fascinating as to serve the sacred cause by an imperceptible operation; binding themselves to civil and social fidelity, to support * the government of the State under which they live, and to revere the laws wisely established for good government among themselves; subjugating their passions, healing animosities; cultivating fraternal affection; promoting and facilitating the acquisition of Science and Philosophy; and, by the influence of precept and of example, enforcing the practice of every moral and religious virtue:—Incapable, I say, of comprehending such an immense plan of perfection, the grosser faculties of some men lead them to conceive of MASONRY as of a superior degree of club-conviviality only. Assuming this fallacious principle, they, perhaps, prevail with some inconsiderate Brother to propose their initiation to our Mysteries; and what has that Brother not to answer for, who, so far forgetting our ancient charges, substitutes, it may be, the fruits of a club-room acquaintance with a man for a solid qualification for MASONRY; and thus degrades the dignity of that character which it has been the pride and pleasure of the greatest and best of Princes to assume and to support?

"The candidate thus unworthily introduced, with a soul torpid to every mental enjoyment, experiences a disgusting *tædium* during the business of a Lodge, and flies from this vacuity of mind with rapture to the subsequent entertainment; thus evincing too plainly, that not "the feast of reason," so much as "the flow of soul," was his inducement to initiation.

"From such an attendance on the duties of MASONRY, what impression can be made, but that of stupid wonder at the mysterious (and, to him, incomprehensible) pursuits, whence, gratifying as they appeared to sensible minds, he could derive no pleasure?

---

* Not to SUBVERT, as has been the pretence of some foreign States, for most im-

This impression he bears abroad with him into the world; and, being consulted, perhaps, by some well-disposed person, who may be desirous of a guide to his judgment, as to the propriety of entering or abstaining from our Society, he blunders out his ridiculous conceptions of the Institution, and debases (through ignorance of it's virtue) "a pearl without price."

"To dispel the cloud of ignorance so inauspicious to the noble purposes of our Order, and to facilitate that knowledge of its Mysteries, the unrestrained communication of which alone can convey pleasure to the mind of the professor, or confer it's true dignity on the profession, seem to have been the end and aim of the HARODIM System of MASONRY; which, after encountering and surmounting innumerable obstacles, interposed by ignorance and prejudice, is now rising rapidly into it's proper sphere, under the auspices of some of the most dignified characters in the Art, who while, by their talents and virtues, they reflect a lustre on the Institution, are content to believe, and condescend publicly to acknowledge, that the pursuits which they thus patronize are no inconsiderable ornament to themselves as FREE MASONS.

I am, &c.

S. J.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE following observations are submitted to your perusal and correction on a subject of some consequence, which I hope you will think worthy of a place in your Magazine.

I am, Sir, &c.

Lon. July 15, 1793.

AMICUS.

LAW.

QUID LEGES SINE MORIBUS?

BEFORE the invention of printing, at the end of every session of parliament, the King's writ was sent to the Sheriff of every county, together with a transcript of all the acts of parliament made in that session; and the usage was to proclaim them at his county court, and there to keep them, that whoever would, might read or take copies thereof; which custom continued 'till the reign of Henry the seventh*.

According to the present mode of publishing acts of parliament, (if it can be so called) the only method of obtaining a knowledge of the contents, is, by applying to the King's printer, whose office and duty it is to print them for sale.

* 3 Cokes Inst. 41.----4 Cokes Inst. 26.

At present the act of parliament, after it has passed both Houses of Parliament, and has received the royal assent, is entered on the parliament rolls, in the same words and nearly the same form, as the copies sold by the King's printer; and the reason given why a formal promulgation is not requisite, is, because every person is, in the judgment of the law, a party to the making of an act of parliament, being present thereat by his representatives—

Whose peculiar duty *it was formerly*, to see * proper publication of the acts of parliament; or on whom in particular to lay the blame, we are all in the dark, unless on the representatives of the people, who ought to procure a general act of parliament for the purpose.

It is one of the best and wisest maxims in the law,

"*Ignorantia Juris non excusat.*"

and this maxim is built upon the best and wisest foundations; for if a person was permitted to plead his ignorance as an excuse for a breach of the laws, who would not plead it in all cases? even a lawyer would make ignorance (if occasion required) his defence! But at the same time it must be allowed, it is very unreasonable and improper, to use any means which tend to conceal those laws, and keep the people in ignorance respecting the duty they owe, as individuals, to society.

"*Misera servitus est, ubi jus est vagum aut incognitum.*"

The reading the law in religious ceremonies is of the highest antiquity; the clergy have preserved that practice from the days of Moses, and will in all probability (in particular instances) continue the practice to the end of time.—In this country, MAGNA CHARTA was formerly not only appointed to be read in full country assemblies, but also twice a year in full congregations of the people, in their several parish churches. There are also many particular instances subsequent to the reformation [Hen. 8.] where parliament has approved of the custom.†

Nothing can be more rational, or more likely to produce public peace and good order, than that a necessary and essential part of

* The Speaker of the House of Commons appears the most proper person to have the superintendence of this business---In all probability it was first omitted to answer some political purpose, or on account of the neglect or inattention of the Speaker of the House of Commons.

† By several Acts of Parliament an Incumbent is obliged to read the Act of Uniformity of 5. and 6. Edw. 6. c. 1. once a year; the Act for observing the 5th of Nov. 3. Jac. 1. c. 1. after the morning service for that day; the Act for observing the 29th of May. 12 Car. 2. c. 14. the Lord's day next before; the Act against swearing of 6. and 7. W. 3. c. 11, on the Sunday next after the 24th of June, 29th of Sept. 25th of Dec. and 25th of March, under the pain of twenty shillings. Also the whole book of Canons, 1603, is to be read once every year, upon some Sunday or holiday in the afternoon before divine service, dividing the same in such sort, that one half may be read the one day and the other another day. Now in defiance of these Acts of Parliament, not one of them, or the Canons is ever read.

the laws of this country, should be made a part of the religion of the country, and be sanctified as such; in which case, not only numberless families would be saved from the claws of an informer, and ruin, but the ends of justice would be completely answered.

The plan which appears to answer the purpose, is this, that as formerly transcripts of all the *public* acts of parliament should be transmitted from parliament, through the medium of the sheriffs of the respective counties to the clergyman of every parish church, which the clergyman should read once through on each of the two following Sundays, during the time of divine service.

By these means every individual would, or may if he thinks proper, become acquainted with the laws of his country, wherein in any respect altered or amended by parliament. The clergyman would be more respected than ever, and that which is absolutely necessary in every free state, for the happiness of the people, would take place; our religion and laws would go hand in hand, and the religious and moral obligation we owe to our Creator and to Society to keep our laws, would be more clearly and distinctly understood.

A COMPARISON

BETWEEN THE

ASIATICS AND FRENCH.

I KNOW no better help to mature the judgment or dissipate our doubts than analogy; it is by that most things are tried, and by that alone we can form the best conjecture. As we mean here to form our criterion on this ground, and that in a political sense we shall, it is hoped, soon perceive whether it is imaginary or real liberty that has lately made so much noise.

It is an incontestible maxim, that the best form of government is that in which it is best administered. The tranquillity of a people is no small acquisition; the surety of their property, the care of their morals, and the just simplification of laws, are very great ones: that bombast of language which continually exaggerate men's rights, without providing against the evil influence of unrestricted nature, is the greatest blunder that can be committed: all gape after their rights, but few perplex themselves in performing their respective duties.

The government of Turkey has always been an object of abuse for republicans, and all who considered themselves as free men—the very phrase for despotism. It will, I am sure, be found, on reflection and experience, to be as tranquil and happy as any government on the globe.

In republics, the very name of which carries a charm to some people, the ear is captivated, the judgment seduced, and the pride of the people flattered to it's height, where every man is the subject of a subject, and every king a vassal to another. Here a suspicion on the part of the people, or an expression, though well meant, if not the echo of the popular oracles, will most probably devote it's author to the prison or the gallows. The man who possesses property, is generally marked out as a suspicious, because elevated, character; and though these are the effects of such an administration, and has been proved long before the Christian æra, there is a certain charm in the idea of republican government which inebriates the most sober and reflecting; enthusiasm possesses every member at the time we hear a man declare, that death in all it's horrors would never estrange him from the service of the people—that he will die at his post, rather than forfeit their sovereignty. If these professions were sincere, would they not demand the most unbounded gratitude on the part of the people? But on this conjunction *if*, depends the adequateness or imbecility of republican government, and by reflecting on the passions of men, on their predominant failing, the weakness of such persons who compose an assembly against the seducing charms of bribery and corruption—their constant aim is at imperial greatness; for they may exercise that power without taking the imperial diadem. These considerations must weigh with a man of reflection, and force him to declare, that of all forms of government, that of a republic is the worst.

View the patriot Mirabeau in his inmost recesses; see him employing the passions and ignorance of the multitude against their common interest.—Is it from the rabble that we are to have laws, who are mere tools of intriguing men; three fourths of whom can scarcely read or write? A man cannot help pitying the people, and condemning with warmth the knaves who have seduced them. No man less deserved the name of patriot than Mirabeau.

A man's own private interest, whatever may be their pretensions, will generally take the lead of patriotic attachment. If we search the transactions of all countries, we shall see, at one coup d'œil, that of those extensive countries which have adopted republicanism, three out of four have abandoned that form of government, and taken that of monarchy.

Whatever evils may arise from the influence of a throne, it will be a great consolation to think that we are not the slaves of an executive legislature, where the goal of domination lies open to all competitors, and each of them are crowding to it like racers at a horse course.

The first ends which were proposed by the revolution in France, were the representation of the people, the better revision of the state of the revenue, and for the framing of laws consistent with the personal and moral freedom of the people; but what man, however hardy, will dare to insult twenty-five millions of people,

by saying that they intended by a new legal establishment to murder their sovereign? A national representative, although returned by a particular district, is free to legislate for the whole nation. But who will advance, that the massacre of Louis XVI. was assented to by the majority of any town or city, however large or small, throughout the whole kingdom of France? It could be of no advantage to the French, supposing him guilty (which by no means was the case) to murder him. For a man to commit a crime, signifies an opposition to the laws, and that law which he has violated will convict him: but they framed *ex post facto* laws, on purpose to try Louis XVI. which is contrary to the civil and all other laws; and at the same time shews to a demonstration, that he offended no existing laws.—The Convention abused that confidence which was reposed in them; they were not sent there to split the nations into different parties, nor delude the people by the abstruse and metaphysical dogmas of equality, organization, &c.

If we cast our eyes on the more remote countries of the earth, we shall be surprized, and at a loss to account for the tranquil state in which they live, compared with the more philosophical countries, whose very name implies harmony and humanity. View the great territory of Asia, which is constantly branded with the report of strangled subjects, slaughtered jannizaries, and assassinated pachas; but look for one moment into the Gazette, and see if you there read the horrid accounts of illustrious and beautiful women slaughtered in the hands of the vilest ruffians! behold their beauteous limbs, which would have captivated the heart of an Alexander, dragged through the streets, under the bacchanalian shouts of a barbarous and insulting mob, venting their unnatural jests over the dying countenances of the most charming women, who lay mangled in the streets of Paris!

As we judge mostly by analogy, let us compare this scene with the manners and government of the Eastern countries, where the politicians will tell us, in spite of our senses, that the people are wretched: because the sultan may behead a vizier, or dispatch a eunuch, they affirm, that the life and death of his subjects depend on his smile or frown; that they have no property, their women no dower, the sons no inheritance, nor the husbandman any profit in the culture of his ground; but that all is subject to the uncontroulable decree of an Ottoman prince.

The outward form of any government is but a mockery, provided it's internal arrangements does not effect the happiness of the people. Those who speak of the killing looks of a sultan, only refer to the superior officers of government. The pachas, who are suspected of seditious practices in the remote governments, are, if conviction is clear, dispatched without form or ceremony; but this is defending, not domineering over the people: if, on the contrary, the proofs are weak, he is remanded to take his trial in the court of the sultan. If this seems hard, for a man to be dispatched out of the

world, it is still harder for such a man to kindle the flames of civil war through a happy tranquil country.—As to the insecurity of property, that assertion is totally false. The celebrated traveller Tavernier, who was an ocular witness, relates the history of the succession of a Frenchman, who died at Madraspatam, under the jurisdiction of the mogul: his effects were returned with the most scrupulous exactness to Paris, to the heir who never knew the death of his parent, but by entering into the possession of his property.

"This is not the only example," says this traveller, "which I "can cite of the exact order established in these parts for the pre- "servation of the property of a stranger, of whatever nation, who "should happen to die either in Persia, Turkey, or the Indies; "for if the goods fall into the hands of Mahometans, they lock "them up; and even if the goods are perishable, no one is per- "mitted to touch them but the right owner, known to be such by "the most incontestible proof, lest they should be impostors. I "doubt whether in many parts of our Europe," says he, "there "appears, on like occasions, so much sincerity and exactness.

"I ought not to pass over," says the equitable Chardin, "that "there is in Persia a court fiscal, which has commissioners in every "place to preserve the goods of intestates, and those who die with- "out heirs; they call this court, Beikelmal, the house for un- "claimed goods. This court has it's officers and jurisdiction, the "chief of which is called Berthelmalgi, president of the fiscal."

THE

QUEEN OF FRANCE AND THE DAUPHIN.

THE fate of the unfortunate Antoinette, cannot fail to call fresh sentiments of pity, in every breast, alive to those sensations which are allied to humanity.

Whatever may have been her former errors; are they, among the candid and the feeling, a subject for reflection at the present awful moment? let every parent picture the agonies of the royal *sufferer*, when, in obedience to the stern commands of bloodthirsty men, her son was torn from her feeble hold! let them imagine the horrors of her foreboding mind on the soul-rending occasion: and if they consider, that the deed was performed, upon the plea of *public safety* they must be sensible, the tortured Queen could harbour but one fear,—and that, the dreadful one,—of an ETERNAL SEPARATION!

The writer of these reflections is himself a parent, the only pledge of mutual affection, left him by a Saint in Heaven, is taken away: but not by the hand of violence;—not by oppressive

power! No,—he is consoled even in her loss—living, she was the blessing of his God; and, dead, she has proved his lesson.

Fallen from her exalted seat; humbled in the dust; shrinking under impending dangers;—where is now the glittering vision of a Burke?—Alas! how must remembrance rest on hours forever past!—when every wish was anticipated, and the distant quarters of the globe explored, to bring home, if possible, subjects formed by pampered imagination; at the time, when servile adulation bent the knee; when ready obedience, with it's hundred wings, waited, prepared for flight to that point, on which the eye of royalty appeared to glance—even but a partial beam.

Nursed in the lap of prejudice;—born to expect homage;—allied to an Emperor;—exalted to a Throne;—and 'till the commencement of her miseries, a stranger to controul:—In the flower of her days, insulted, imprisoned; and bereft of her royal partner by the crimson-stained hand of daring murder! What must have been the workings of her goaded and distracted mind, when her child was demanded from her; and when in prophetic fears she yielded to the mandate, issued forth by rebellion, no doubt aware of it's enormities, and fearful for their consequences?

In Shakspear's, Third Richard, we have frequently shed a tear over the pictured sorrows of a dignified mourner, as she is lamenting the departure of her devoted infant, whose days were numbered, and whose fate was fixed by the usurping tyrant.

Why is every feeling spectator so interested in the scene? It is from a sense, that, that scene is founded on truth.—Yet, formed as it is by the nature-guided and animated pen of our matchless bard, it still falls far short of the original, which the first powers of human invention could not altogether do justice to.

It is a matter of no small regret to the writer—that, facts, replete with lessons the most important, cannot, for reasons political, real or pretended, be brought forward on our London stages. If scenes illustrative of the fate of the unfortunate Louis were properly arranged, and the pen of genius rewarded and encouraged by those whose duty it is to become it's patrons, their effect would prove, at once, forceful and interesting:—while audiences, composed of English subjects and English hearts, would depart from their seats still more confirmed in loyalty to the best of Kings; and in attachment to the first of Lands.—They would execrate the enormities of democratic delusion, which has prompted heart-hardened, prejudiced, and desperate ruffians to deluge their devoted country in blood, and plunge it into destruction.

The armies of justice will, no doubt, at length prevail, for, *the Sword of Heaven is drawn.*—But, in the mean time, what is not to be dreaded from blood-hounds driven to desperation?——The writer shudders at the question, and trembles for the fate of those, whose doubtful situation has engaged his attention.

BERTRAM.

FATE OF THE UNFORTUNATE *MUNRO.*

Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman to his Friend at Calcutta, *dated on board the ship* Shaw Ardasier, *off* Saugur Island, *December* 23, 1792.

TO describe the awful, horrid, and lamentable accident I have been an eye witness of, is impossible.

Yesterday morning Mr. Downey, of the Company's troops, Lieutenant Pyefinch, and poor Mr. Munro and myself went on shore on *Saugur Island* to shoot deer: we saw innumerable tracks of tigers and deer; but still we were induced to pursue our sport, and did the whole day. About half past three we sat down on the edge of the jungle, to eat some cold meat sent us from the ship, and had just commenced our meal, when Mr. Pyefinch and a black servant told us, there was a fine deer within six yards of us. Mr. Downey and I immediately jumped up to take our guns; mine was the nearest; and I had but just laid hold of it, when I heard a roar like thunder, and saw an immense royal tiger spring on the unfortunate Munro, who was sitting down: in a moment his head was in the beast's mouth, and he rushed into the jungle with him, with as much ease as I could lift a kitten; tearing him through the thickest bushes and trees, every thing yielding to his monstrous strength.

The agonies of horror, regret, and, I must say, fear (for there were two tigers, male and female), rushed on me at once: the only effort I could make, was to fire at him, though the poor youth was still in his mouth. I relied partly on Providence, partly on my own aim, and fired a musquet, I saw the tiger stagger and agitated, and cried so immediately. Mr. Downey then fired two shots, and I one more.

We retired from the jungle, and a few minutes after Mr. Munro came up to us, all over blood, and fell: we took him on our backs to the boat, and got every medical assistance for him from the *Valentine* Indiaman, which lay at anchor near the island, but in vain.

He lived twenty-four hours in the extreme of torture; his head and scull were torn, and broke to pieces, and he was wounded by the claws, all over the neck and shoulders; but it was better to take him away, though irrecoverable, than leave him to be devoured limb by limb. We have just read the funeral service over the body, and committed it to the deep. He was an amiable and promising youth.

I must observe there was a large fire blazing close to us, composed of ten or dozen whole trees: I made it myself, on purpose to keep the tigers off, as I had always heard it would. There were eight or ten of the natives about us: many shots had been fired at

the place, and much noise and laughing at the time; but this ferocious animal disregarded all.

The human mind cannot form an idea of the scene; it turned my very soul within me. The beast was about four and half feet high and nine long. His head appeared as large as an ox's, his eyes darting fire, and his roar, when he first seized his prey, will never be out of my recollection. We had scarcely pushed our boats from that cursed shore, when the tigress made her appearance, raging mad almost, and remaining on the sand as long as the distance would allow me to see her.

THE SPEECH OF
MISS POLLY BAKER,

Before a Court of Judicature, at Connecticut *in* America *; where she was prosecuted the Fifth Time, for having a bastard Child: Which influenced the Court to dispense with her punishment, and induced one of her Judges to marry her the next Day, by whom she has had Fifteen Children.*

MAY it please this honorable bench to indulge me in a few words: I am a poor unhappy woman, who have no money to fee lawyers to plead for me, being hard put to it to get a tolerable living. I shall not trouble your honours with long speeches; for I have not the presumption to expect, that you may, by any means, be prevailed on to deviate in your sentence from the law, in my favour. All I humbly hope is, that your honours would charitably move the governor's goodness on my behalf, that my fine may be remitted. This is the fifth time, gentlemen, that I have been dragged before your court on the same account; twice I have paid heavy fines, and twice have been brought to public punishment, for want of money to pay those fines. This may have been agreeable to the laws, and I don't dispute it; but since laws are sometimes unreasonable in themselves, and therefore repealed, and others bear too hard on the subject in particular instances; and therefore there is left a power somewhat to dispense with the execution of them; I take the liberty to say, that I think this law, by which I am punished, is both unreasonable in itself, and particularly severe with regard to me, who have always lived an inoffensive life in the neighbourhood where I was born, and defy my enemies (if I have any) to say I ever wronged man, woman, or child. Abstracted from the law, I cannot conceive (may it please your honours) what the nature of my offence is, I have brought five fine children into the world, at the risque of my life; I have maintained them well by my own industry, without burthening the township, and would have done it better, if it had not been for the heavy charges and fines I have paid. Can it

be a crime (in the nature of things I mean) to add to the number of the King's subjects, in a new country that really wants people? I own it, I should think it a praise-worthy, rather than a punishable action. I have debauched no other woman's husband, nor enticed any youth; these things I never was charged with, nor has any one the least cause of complaint against me, unless, perhaps, the minister, or justice, because I have had children without being married, by which they have missed a wedding fee. But, can this be a fault of mine? I appeal to your honours. You are pleased to allow I don't want sense; but I must be stupified to the last degree, not to prefer the honourable state of wedlock, to the condition I have lived in. I always was, and still am willing to enter into it; and doubt not my behaving well in it, having all the industry, frugality, fertility, and skill in œconomy, appertaining to a good wife's character. I defy any person to say, I ever refused an offer of that sort: on the contrary I readily consented to the only proposal of marriage that ever was made me, which was when I was a virgin; but too easily confiding in the person's sincerity that made it, I unhappily lost my own honour by trusting to his; for he got me with child and then forsook me. That very person you all know; he is now become a magistrate of this county: and I had hopes he would have appeared this day on the bench, and have endeavoured to moderate the court in my favour; then I should have scorned to have mentioned it: but I must now complain of it, as unjust and unequal, that my betrayer and undoer, the first cause of my faults and miscarriages (if they must be deemed such) should be advanced to honour and power in the government, that punishes my misfortunes with stripes and infamy. I should be told it is like that were there no act of assembly in the case, that the precepts of religion are violated by my transgressions. If mine is a religious offence, leave it to religious punishments. You have already excluded me from your church communion. Is not that sufficient? You believe I have offended heaven, and must suffer eternal fire: Will not that be sufficient? What need is there, then, of your additional fines and whipping? I own, I do not think as you do; for, if I thought what you call a sin, was really such, I could not presumptuously commit it. But, how can it be believed, that heaven is angry at my having children, when to the little done by me towards it, God has been pleased to add his divine skill and admirable workmanship in the formation of their bodies, and crowned it, by furnishing them with rational and immortal souls? Forgive me, gentlemen, if I talk a little extravagantly on these matters; I am no divine, but if you, gentlemen, must be making laws, do not turn natural and useful actions into crimes, by your prohibitions. But take into your wise consideration the great and growing number of batchelors in the country, many of whom, from the mean fear of the expences of a family, have never sincerely and honourably courted a woman in their lives; and by their manner of living, leave unproduced (which is little better than murder) hundreds of

their posterity to the thousandth generation. Is not this a greater offence against the public good, then mine? Compel them, then, by law, either to marriage, or to pay double the fine of fornication every year. What must poor young women do, whom custom hast forbid to solicit the men, and who cannot force themselves upon husbands, when the laws take no care to provide them any; and yet severely punish them if they do their duty without them; the duty of the first and great command of nature, and of nature's God, *increase and multiply*: a duty, from the steady performance of which, nothing has been able to deter me; but for it's sake, I have hazarded the loss of the public esteem, and have frequently endured public disgrace and punishment; and therefore ought in my humble opinion, instead of a whipping, to have a statue erected to my memory.

ANECDOTE OF BISHOP BURNET.

THE celebrated Bishop Burnet was famous for that absence of thought which constitutes the character of what the French call *l'Etourdie*. All the world knows, that at Paris, about the year 1680, several ladies of quality were imprisoned on suspicion of poisoning, and among the rest, the Countess of Soissons, niece of cardinal Mazarine, and mother of the famous warrior Prince Eugene of Savoy. In the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, when the Prince came over to England, Bishop Burnet, whose curiosity was as eager as that of any woman in the kingdom, begged of the Duke of Malborough, that he might have the satisfaction of being in company with a person whose fame resounded thro' all Europe. The Duke complied with his request, on condition that he would be upon his guard against saying any thing that might give disgust; and he was invited to dine with the Prince, and other company, at Marlborough-house. The Bishop, mindful of the caution he had received, resolved to sit silent and incognito during the whole entertainment, and might have kept his resolution had not Prince Eugene, seeing him a dignified clergyman took it in his head to ask who he was. He no sooner understood that it was Dr. Burnet, of whom he had often heard, than he addressed himself to the Bishop, and among other questions, asked when he was last at Paris. Burnet, fluttered by this unexpected address, and still more perplexed by an eager desire to give the satisfaction required, answered with precipitation, that he could not recollect the year, but it was at the time when the Countess of Soissons was imprisoned. He had scarce pronounced the words, when, his eyes meeting those of the Duke, he instantly recognized his blunder, and was deprived of all the discretion he had left. He redoubled his error by asking pardon of his Highness: he stared wildly around, and seeing the whole company embarrassed, and out of countenance, retired in the utmost confusion.

MEMOIRS OF THE CELEBRATED *FARINELLI.*

FARINELLI, whose real name was Carlo Broschi, was born at Naples in 1705; he had his first musical education from his father Signor Broschi, and afterwards was under Porpora, who travelled with him; he was seventeen years of age when he left that city to go to Rome, where, during the run of an opera, there was a struggle every night between him and a famous player on the trumpet, in a song accompanied by that instrument: this at first seemed amicable and merely sportive, till the audience began to interest themselves in the contest, and to take different sides: after severally swelling out a note, in which each manifested the power of his lungs, and tried to rival the other in brilliancy and force, they had both a swell and a shake together by thirds, which was continued so long, while the audience eagerly waited the event, that both seemed to be exhausted; and in fact, the trumpeter, wholly spent, gave it up; thinking, however, his antagonist as much tired as himself, and that it would be a drawn battle; when Farinelli, with a smile on his countenance shewing he had only been sporting with him all this time, broke out all at once in the same breath with fresh vigour, and not only swelled and shook the note, but ran the most rapid and difficult divisions, and was at last silenced only by the acclamations of the audience. From this period may be dated that superiority which he ever maintained over all his cotemporaries.

From Rome he went to Bologna, where he had the advantage of hearing Bernacchi (a scholar of the famous Pistocco, of that city) who was then the first singer in Italy, for taste and knowledge; and his scholars afterwards rendered the Bologna school famous.—

From thence he went to Venice, and from Venice to Vienna; in which cities his powers were regarded as miraculous, but he told me that at Vienna, where he was three different times, and where he received great honours from the Emperor Charles VI. an admonition from that Prince was of more service to him than all the precepts of his masters, or examples of his competitors of fame: His Imperial Majesty condescended to tell him one day, with great mildness and affability, that in his singing he neither moved nor stood still like any other mortal; all was supernatural. "Those gigantic strides, (said he) those never "ending notes and passages (*ces notes qui ne finissent jamais*) only "surprize, and it is now time for you to please; you are too "lavish of the gifts with which nature hath endowed you; if you "wish to reach the heart, you must take a more plain and simple "road." Those few words brought about an entire change in his manner of singing: from this time he mixed the pathetic with the spirited, the simple with the sublime; and by these means delighted as well as astonished every hearer.

In the year 1734, he came into England, where every one knows who heard, or has heard of him, what an effect his surprizing talents had upon the audience: it was extacy! rapture! enchantment!—

In the famous air, *Son qual Nave*, which was composed by his brother, the first note he sung was taken with such delicacy, swelled by minute degrees to such an amazing volume, and afterwards diminished in the same manner, that it was applauded for a great length of time. He afterwards set off with such brilliancy and rapidity of execution, that it was generally very difficult for the violins to keep pace with him; sometimes indeed they were thrown entirely out, being left at a very great distance behind him. In short, he was to all other singers as superior as the famous horse Childers was to all other running horses; but it was not only in speed, for he had now the excellence of every great singer united. In his voice, strength, sweetness and compass; in his stile the tender, the graceful, and the rapid. He possessed such powers as never met before, or since in any one human being; powers that were irrisistible, and which must subdue every hearer; the learned and the ignorant, the friend and the foe.—

With these talents he went into Spain in the year 1737, with a full design to return into England, having entered into articles with the nobility, who had then the management of the opera, to perform the ensuing season. In his way thither, he sung to the King of France at Paris, where, according to Riccoboni, he enchanted even the French themselves, who at that time universally abhorred Italian music; but the first day he performed before the King and Queen of Spain, it was determined that he should be taken into the service of the court, to which he was ever after wholly appropriated, not being once suffered to sing in public. A pension was then settled on him of upwards of 2,000*l.* sterling a year.

He told me that for the first ten years of his residence at the court of Spain, during the life of Philip V. he sung every night to that monarch the same four airs, of which two were composed by Hasse. *Palido il sole*, and *Per questo dolce Amplesso*. I forget the others, but one was a minuet, which he used to vary at his pleasure.

After the death of Philip V. his favour continued under his successor Ferdinand the VI. by whom he was dignified with the order of Calatrava in 1750: but there his duty became less constant and fatiguing, as he persuaded this Prince to have operas, which was a great relief to him: he was appointed sole director of those spectacles; and had from Italy the best composers and singers of the time, and Metastasio to write. He shewed me in his house four of the principal scenes in Didone and Netette, painted by Amiconi, who accompanied him first into England, and then into Spain, where he died.

When the late King of Spain ascended the throne, he was obliged to quit that kingdom, but his pension was continued and he was allowed to bring away all his effects. The furniture of his house was very rich, as it was almost entirely composed of the presents he re-

ceived from great personages. He seemed very much to regret the being obliged to seek a new habitation, after having lived twenty-four years in Spain, where he had formed many friendships and connections that were dear to him; and it is a great proof of the prudence and moderation of his character, that in a country and court, where jealousy and pride are so predominant, he continued so long to be the King's chief favorite, a distinction odious to every people, without the least quarrel or difference with any of the Spaniards.

When he returned into Italy in 1761, all his old friends, relations, and acquaintances, were either dead or removed from the places where he had left them; so that he had a second life to begin, without the charms of youth to attract new friends, or his former talents to gain new protectors.

THE
EVILS OF WAR,

THE genius of Rome being formed for war, the Romans pushed their conquests over nations the most remote: but, alas! the Quirites, the body of the people, were so far from reaping any advantage from their triumphs, that they generally found themselves to be poorer at the end of their most glorious wars than before they begun them. At the close of each successful war it was customary to divide a part of the lands of the vanquished among the veteran soldiers, and to grant them a dismission in order to cultivate their new acquisitions. But such estates being still more distant from the city, became in fact so much the less valuable; and the new proprietor had less inclination than ever to forsake the capital and to banish himself to these distant provinces: for Rome by this time, was become the theatre of pleasure, as well as the seat of the Empire; where all who wished to act a part on the stage of ambition, popularity, or politics; all who wanted to be engaged in scenes of debauchery, or intrigues of state; all, in short, who had any thing to spend, or any thing to expect, made Rome their rendezvous, and resorted thither as to a common mart.

This being the case, it is not at all surprizing; that these late acquisitions were deserted and sold for a very trifle; nor is it any wonder, that the mass of the Roman people should be so immersed in debt; as we find by their own historians they continually were, when we reflect that their military life indisposed them for agriculture or manufactures, and that their notions of conquests, or of glory, rendered them extravagant, prodigal, and vain.

However, in this manner they went on, continuing to extend their victories and their triumphs; and after such triumphs, subsisting for a while by the sale of lands above mentioned, or by their

shares in the division of the booty. But when these were spent, *as they quickly were*, they sunk into a more wretched state of poverty than before, eagerly wishing for a new war as the only means of repairing their desperate fortunes, and clamouring against every person that would dare to appear as an advocate for peace: and thus they increased their sufferings, instead of removing them.

At last they subdued *the world*, as far as it was known at that time; (for small, in the comparison, was the part then *tenanted by man; the rest a waste!)* or at least subdued *so much of it as* was thought worthy of conquest. And then both the tribute and the plunder of *the Universe were imported into Rome*; therefore, the bulk of the inhabitants of that city must have been exceedingly wealthy, had wealth consisted in heaps of gold and silver; and then likewise, the blessings of victory must have been felt, had it been capable of producing any. But, alas! whatever riches a few grandees, the leaders of armies, the governors of provinces, the minions of the populace, or the harpies of oppression might have amassed together, the great majority of the people were poor and miserable beyond expression; and while these vain wretches were strutting with pride, and elated with insolence, as the MASTERS OF THE WORLD, they had no other means of subsisting, when peace was made and their prize-money spent, than to receive a kind of alms in corn from the public granaries, or to carry about their bread-baskets, and beg from door to door. Moreover, such among them as had chanced to have a piece of land left unmortgaged or something valuable to pledge, found, to their sorrow, that the interest of money (being hardly ever less than twelve per cent, and frequently more) would soon eat up their little substance, and reduce them to an equality with the rest of their illustrious brother beggars. Nay, so extremely low was the credit of these MASTERS OF THE WORLD, that they were trusted with the payment of their interest no longer than from month to month;—than which there cannot be a greater proof, both of the abject poverty, and of the cheating dispositions of those heroic citizens of Imperial Rome.

Now this being the undoubted fact, every humane and benevolent man, far from considering these people as objects worthy of imitation, will look upon them with just abhorrence and indignation; and every wise state, consulting the good of the whole, will take warning from their fatal example, and stifle, as much as possible, the very beginning of such a *Roman* spirit in it's SUBJECTS.

The case of the ancient Romans, thus considered, suffice it to observe, that the wars of Europe, for the last *two hundred years*, have ended to the advantage of none; but to the detriment of all.

Had the contending powers employed their subjects in cultivating and improving such lands as were free from disputed title, instead of aiming at more extended possessions, they had consulted their own and their peoples' greatness, much more efficaciously than by all the victories of a *Cæsar* or an *Alexander*.

Upon the whole, it is evident, that nothing can result from such systems but disappointment, want, and beggary. For neither the laws of Providence, the course of Nature, or the rules of sound Politics will ever bear a separation from genuine morality—not to mention that the victors themselves will experience, that in vanquishing others they are only preparing a more magnificent tomb for their own interment.

ON

SHAM WAREHOUSES,

AND PRETENDED MERCHANTS.

To the Printer *of the* Freemasons' Magazine, *or* General and Complete Library.

SIR,

IT will appear somewhat strange to you, when I affirm, that I doubt not in a very few years there will be hardly found such a thing as a shop, or a tradesman in the whole city of London. I would not be understood that this will be owing to the present stagnation of trade: what I mean is, that every little shop will be called a warehouse, and the petty owner of it stile himself a merchant.

The number of those warehouses are already so considerable, that you can hardly go into the most obscure street, or bye-lane, without meeting an abundance of them in every occupation:—For instance, I have seen a saddle warehouse, whose owner has been suspected for a footpad, because nobody would trust him with a horse; a Yorkshire shoe-warehouse, the master with scarce a shoe to his foot; a stocking-warehouse, the family all out at heels; a Scotch linen-warehouse, and an Irish linen-warehouse, consisting of nothing but remnants, and those in rags; a tea-warehouse, with a number of Pekin, singlo, and fine hyson cannisters, all empty; a snuff and tobacco-warehouse, with scarce a pipe full of one, or a pinch of the other. I have often met a Norwich crape-warehouse in mourning for itself; and more than one medicinal warehouse sick of it's own physic.

In like manner we may observe a prodigious number of those humble retailers, who have assumed to themselves the appellation of merchants, though they never visit the custom-house but on account of their making false entries, and are so far from having their faces known on the 'Change, that they scarce ever stir from behind their counters. One, whose imported stock does not amount, perhaps, to above half a dozen gallons of each sort laid in at a time, commences at once a wine-merchant; and another, who deals out his spirituous liquors by quarterns and half quarterns in a gin-shop, or night-cellar, claims an equal right to be distinguished as a rum

and brandy-merchant, with Atkinson and others. Even the occupier of a cellar that holds half a chaldron, as he hangs out a large coal at the front, with a board inscribed, *Coals sold here wholesale and retail*, pleads the same courtesy to be called a coal-merchant; and my honest friend in Spitalfields, prides himself as much in his being stiled, by the market-women, the right honourable pig and tripe-merchant, as if he had really been created lord viscount Double Tripe, baron Griskin.

Let me further ask, is there one out-rider, employed in any business, that does not pretend to be employed by a *merchant*? and is he not, to strangers, by his own account, a merchant himself? The itinerant pedlar is ever dubbed a merchant; and the smuggler, who trades with our sea-coasts as well as our inland parts, has undoubtedly an equal plea to the same title, from his extensive imports and exports, though not recorded in the custom-house books.

I shall conclude with observing, that of all the tradesmen I have occasion to be concerned with, there are only two to whom I can properly allow the honourable title of merchants; who, though they play into one another's hands, and must mutually depend on each other, yet differ in their interest as much as the old and new stile. The first is the purchaser of my old clothes, who has long had a prescriptive right (at least I could never contradict it) of being called rag-merchant; and the other who refits me, (as he is free of the company) has an undoubted privilege to stile himself merchant-taylor.

I am &c.

Bishopsgate-Street, T. M.

STATE PAPER.

Answer of his Majesty the King *of* Poland, *to the Notes delivered by the* Russian *and* Prussian *Ministers, on the 24th of June.*

"I DO declare, in the presence of the States in diet assembled, that whereas I acceded to the General Confederation of *Targovica* established under the protection of Her Imperial Majesty of all the Russias, I did it with the assurance that the territories of the Republic would be preserved entire.

"This was the only prospect which guided my steps; and it is my duty to inform of this the States in diet assembled, who, I hope, participate in my opinion respecting the integral preservation of the Domains of the Republic.

"I can foresee, that we are obliged to give a very select answer, penned in measured expressions, to the notes received.

"But all our pretensions only consist, that our territories be restored to us; and I hope, that their Imperial and Royal Prussian Majesties will easily find, that our Nation has not given the smallest occasion for that dismemberment which the two Courts have judged to be expedient.

(Signed) "STANISLAUS AUGUSTUS."

INCREASE OF BUILDINGS
NO PROOF OF THE RICHES OF A KINGDOM.

WHEN a stranger from the country, enters London, either by Portman-Square, Blackfriars-Bridge, Hyde-Park-Corner, or Moorfields, he is immediately struck with the vast increase of new buildings. Some actually finished! and more on the stocks! He foolishly thinks all this is from superfluity of money arising from trade and merchandise; and that we are the wealthiest people in Europe, or, perhaps in the world: but, I believe, I can very easily prove, much building is a sign of much distress; and that every new house is a new symptom of this kingdom's misery.

A man who has toiled all his life in a little shop, and with great care, industry, and integrity, to glean up about 5000*l.* which formerly was a decent retiring fortune, now cannot subsist on it. His certain interest of the funds will not allow it: and the uncertain one of any private security, though seemingly larger, is in the end much less. Well then, what does he do? Live he must; and, as Bobadil says, the *orifice of his stomach must be closed with something*, though ever so cheap and indifferent: after being pinched a great while, and clambering up the steep hill of Parsimony, where the least fallen step throws you to the bottom----he cries, *Why, let the Devil take the hindmost!* and so, being sprightly enough to find that posterity never did any thing for him, he grows careless about posterity at once, and immediately builds away, to gain a temporary increase of income; careless, so he lives well, who lives ill after he is departed.

But, you cry, there are always tenants for these houses, which proves a great increase of inhabitants; and this is ever allowed to be the riches of a kingdom. Why, sir, these people, who flock to town, can't stay in the country. They are pensioners in the disguise of men of fortune, and are drawing what little they have left to the capital, to look big, and make a figure with here; which properly diffused in their village would make hundreds happy. But, by this means, the extreme parts grow cold; which, in the human body, declares an approaching dissolution; and why not in the political body also?

These, then, are the people who fill your new streets with inhabitants; they must attend the Stock-Exchange or their daily subsistance would be at an end. They must swell the levees of their patron, or he will set a mark upon them; and, *If they have no coaches of their own, they must hire them; for I will be respected, and I will have coaches at my levee* (says a certain lord) *or I'll mark those who neglect me.*

To conquer a country, the surest way is to soften their minds; as your basket weavers steep their osiers in water some days before

they work them up, that they may bend the easier. *We are* (as Othello says) *steeped in poverty to the very lips* to make us more pliable. And I indeed believe, that our *sturdiness*, as Sir Robert stiled it, is pretty well gone off: partly pleasure, chiefly distress has unhinged us: we are no longer the people we were; and a new *dance* or a new fashion, makes us forget the gloom and distress of yesterday.

Then never tell me that we are rich, because new streets are building. You might as well urge the number of carriages about the streets, as proofs of plenty and abundance. But I see farther; and I know that the most nauseous medicines are always the most gilded; and that very tawdry clothes and showy banquets often are cloaks to extreme poverty.

Look round the country of England; see the numberless seats and capital manor houses daily advertised to be let or sold. Enquire as you ride, whose house that is up the avenue, and where the master lives; and the answer is always, *In London*. In London we will suppose him to live then. He pays hard money there even for the roots and garnish of his table, which in the country would have cost him nothing; and are, in the interim, consumed by the more worthy tenants in the parish.

In the country a gentleman is visited not only by the necessitous, but by the wealthy, because he is the principal person in a certain district; which always draws respect. In London, your next door neighbour knows just enough of you to criticise on you, and smile at your conduct, and, by the stratagem of a message with the words *rout* or *assembly* joined to it, people are heterogeneously packed together, with no other view, than to *shuffle* a pack of cards; and gain by *tricks*, what they are above gaining by industry and fair dealing.

This is the life of a modern country gentleman, removed to town with the incumbrance of a family. By this means your new streets are constantly filled---by the *necessitous*, and not the wealthy.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IT *is not a little surprising* that age, which so greatly terrifies us, should nevertheless be so much coveted by all the world. We are all ashamed to be old, and yet we all desire to live long enough to be as venerable as Methuselah. On the other hand, in our juvenile years, we think it a dishonour to be young: a girl wants to be a woman, and a boy a man long before the time allotted by nature. Hence it is, that miss, scarce in her teens, affects the dress and appearance of her mamma; and the smock-faced youth, without the down of sixteen, makes use of his penknife for a razor.

It must, however, be acknowledged that the ladies in general are much more addicted to the suppression of years than the men, as they consider beauty more immediately their province, and too well know that age, even in a *Ninon de l' Enclos*, will wither the lilies and roses of a fine face. I have been acquainted with several ladies who not only stopped the course of time in this respect, but absolutely made reprisals for what was past, by dropping a year gradually as they advanced. I have an aunt who is now, according to the Bible, than which no authority can be more orthodox, in her forty-fourth year; but having for these last four years sunk an annual rotation, she is at this period, agreeable to her supputation, just in her six and thirtieth; so that six years hence, instead of fifty, she will be exactly thirty. This is grinding young again without a mill; but the misfortune is, the sure index of age appears upon her forehead, and every additional wrinkle is an additional testimony in favour of the Bible.

The conduct of my *young* aunt makes me frequently call to mind that ludicrous passage in the *Diable Boiteux*, where two ladies are examined before a notary, who asks their respective ages. The lady of sixty-nine acknowledges herself forty; but the lady of forty-eight thinks it a very impertinent question; however, at length being hard pushed, she says very whimsically, "*Si cela est absolument necessaire, regardez moi donc avec attention, & mettez mon age en conscience.*" *If it be absolutely necessary, examine me attentively, and let your conscience dictate.*

Upon their retiring from their examination, the old lady laughs at the folly of the notary, who could be so simple as to imagine they would give in their real age to be pronounced against them in open court; then acknowledges she had suppressed twenty years; and thinks the other had done very right in following her example. This remark highly piques the younger, who will not even *now* allow herself to be more than thirty-five. But the other telling her she was present at her birth; and adding, "I knew your father, he was not young when he died, and that is near forty years ago," the *young* lady is so enraged that she is willing to sacrifice her mother's virtue to her vanity and youth, and replies with much warmth, "Oh! as to that, madam, I do not mind it a pin; for when my *father* married my *mother*, he was then too old to beget children."

I know not whether my aunt would call her mother's chastity in question upon such an occasion; but I really believe her's is so completely preserved by time, that it will never be blown upon in the circles of scandal, and that she will die a virgin, notwithstanding the retrograde steps she is incessantly taking from age towards matrimony.

NO FOOL.

FINE ARTS.

THE public have much to expect from the magnificent *Etchings*, which Mr. BARRY is now engaged in producing from his own great works in the Adelphi; the Olympick Games, and scenes of Elysium, have long been the admiration of the world; and the great room of the society of arts, exhibits a noble monument of classic science, equally honourable to the present age, and his own physical, philosophical, and moral pencil.—

Mr. BOWYER proceeds (as he ought) with zeal in the progress of his *Unique Cabinet Bible*; the happy combination of ancient art, and modern engraving does honour to the united abilities of Mr. BOWYER and his coadjutor, that great artist FITTLER, (engraver to the King,) and this work is to be classed among the most conspicuous of the elegant productions of this refined æra of laudable enterprize.

Messrs. V. and R. GREEN are now completing their thirteenth engraving from the Dusseldorf collection, and have already convinced the world their intention of *fulfilling*, and abilities in *executing* their arduous and honourable task, of the prints already produced too much cannot be said in praise; of the pictures, those particularly from VANDERWERF, demand our warmest encomium.

The military operations on the continent which occupy the public mind at this interesting juncture, afford the best scope for the exercise of the pencil; and it is with pleasure we find BROWN is engaged in recording them upon canvas; the principal engraving is to be inscribed to the commander in chief, the *Duke of York*.—BROWN's prints from Tippoo, and the Indian subjects are shortly to make their appearance.—And his great picture of the Princess Lamballe is nearly finished.—

LIVESAY is now finishing his picture of the *Eton Montem*, which will preserve the resemblance of our young nobility, and a faithful record of that celebrated festival.—

The elegant and very excellent productions of NORTHCOTE, OPIE, FUSELI, and HAMILTON, for the History of England, &c. demand our future attention, and animadversion, which must be reserved to our other numbers.—

The very flattering reception which the FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE has received, not only in town, but the *Lodges throughout the country*, deserve our best acknowledgements, and we promise to continue the same exertions, both in regard of obtaining literary acquisitions, and *elegant embellishments* which have already procured us so favourable and honourable a share of public approbation.

STRICTURES
ON
PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

THIS elegant little Theatre opened it's doors, for the first time this season, on the 11th of June, and presented to the audience, in all it's parts, a pleasing neatness: the boxes are a delicate white, ornamented with green and gold, which produces a pleasing effect; the entertainments were, *The Spanish Barber* and the *Son-in-law*. In the former, Barrymore supplied Palmer's place as Count Almarian, and went through the part in a manner creditable to himself and pleasing to the spectators. Parsons, loudly welcomed by *honest John*, looked in health, and never played off the whimsies of the amorous and suspicious Bartholo, with more genuine humour. Indeed the STERLING of this first of comedians, is so pure, as to render him valuable to the stage, and dear to the public, in whose good will he has a worthy claim from his industry, genius, and originality.

June 29th, First time. THE LONDON HERMIT OR RAMBLES IN DORSETSHIRE; written by *Mr. O'Keefe*. This work displays no abatement of this gentleman's well known talents, and though somewhat more extravagant than many of his former productions, it is not less powerful in it's influence on the visible muscles, and is besides recommended by the force of dignified sentiment, and interesting morality. We were sorry to witness the confusion of Barrymore in delivering the prologue, in which he was so very imperfect, as to offend the audience; if, as we are told, he had not proper time allowed him to study it—candour must acquit him; a daily print with more wit than usual, observed "If the prologue was a *good one*, Mr. B. forgot the *better half*."

The business is transacted in Dorsetshire. Whimsey, a wealthy Nabob, with great expence decorates his gardens with statues, and his mansion with paintings; he likewise erects an hermitage, and advertises for an hermit to be richly rewarded for seven years solitude. Young *Pranks*, escaped from the King's Bench and who is under a cloud with his uncle, arrives at the spot in the accidental pursuit of an Innkeeper's daughter, reads the notice on the garden gate, offers himself, and is accepted. The exhibition of the grounds by *Tully* the Irish gardener, is productive of much mirth, particularly in his description of the statues, and of the

hermit and hermitage. The bye-quarrel between the hermit and *the gardener produced* a roar of laughter; and on the former's throwing off the silver honours of his head with his disguise, and coming forward booted, spurred, jacketed, and cropped; the applause which followed was *the loudest that ever rent a* Theatre.

A love story runs through the whole, and in the end the parties are rendered happy in each other. The piece was given out for another night to a crouded house, the plaudits, which attended the fall of the curtain, were again repeated: and we have not the least doubt, but that the Hermit and the Gardener will raise many a laugh through the present, and in seasons yet to come.

Mrs. Gibbs, well in remembrance for her impassioned and just picturing of the Heroine in the Deserter of Naples, at the Royalty-Theatre, has experienced a most flattering welcome in Bridget.—This lady is in the possession of youth, beauty, elegance, and ease; add to these, a most fascinating archness, and a voice delicate, clear, and pleasing. But as new performers will not engage material attention till the season closes, when we shall be enabled to speak of them with more certainty and truth: we dismiss our fair adventurer with a wish that when that time arrives she may have a full demand upon our praise, unmixed with censure.

SADLER's WELLS.

THE Witch of the Lakes, with all her witcheries, has at length given place to a new pantomime called PANDORA's BOX; or the *Plagues of Mankind*—and a better assemblage of scenery, situation, dancing, and music, we never beheld in this place. Virtue and Vice, with their rewards and punishments, are contrasted with great art; and their different scenes pass in interesting and picturesque review before the pleased spectator. Much to the honour of the present conductors of the amusements of this moral Temple of Pleasure, many subjects, replete with invention and impressive moral, have of late seasons been brought before the rising generation—and it should seem that they entertain a proper sense of the importance of their office.—To provide for the entertainment of youth, with a due regard to it's improvement, is a task which requires some abilities to execute. *In the varieties presented in* Pandora's Box, we trace the judicious arrangements of a well-informed mind; which appears to have directed in their several departments, the composer, the machinist, and the scene painter.

MEMOIRS
OF
PRINCE RUPERT,

THIRD SON OF FREDERIC, KING OF BOHEMIA, AND NEPHEW TO CHARLES THE FIRST, KING OF ENGLAND.

PRINCE RUPERT, third son of the king of Bohemia, by the princess Elizabeth, eldest daughter of king James I. had an education, like that of most German princes, especially younger brothers, which qualified him for arms; and those who have been the least inclined to favour him, admit that he was well adapted, both by his natural abilities, and his acquired endowments, to form a great commander. When the civil war commenced, he came and offered his sword, when he was scarcely of age, to his uncle, king Charles I. Through the whole war he behaved with great intrepidity; and Mr. Granger observes, that "he possessed, in a high degree, that kind of courage, which is better to attack than defend; and is less adapted to the land service than that of the sea, where precipitate valour is in it's element. He seldom engaged but he gained the advantage, which he generally lost by pushing it too far. He was better qualified to storm a citadel, or even mount a breach, than patiently to sustain a siege; and would have furnished an excellent hand to a general of a cooler head."

In consideration of his services, and on account of his affinity to him, king Charles made prince Rupert a knight of the garter; and by his letters patent, bearing date at Oxford, the 19th of January, in the nineteenth year of his reign, made him a free denizen; and on the 24th of the same month, advanced him to the dignity of a peer of England, by the title of earl of Holdernesse and duke of Cumberland. When the civil war was over, he went abroad with a pass from the parliament; but when the fleet revolted to the prince of Wales, he readily went on board it, where he distinguished himself by the vigour of his counsels. His advice, however, was not followed; but, on the return of the fleet to Holland, the command of it was left to him. He then sailed to Ireland, where he endeavoured to support the declining royal cause; but he was quickly pursued by the superior fleet of the parliament, under Popham and Blake, who, in the winter of the year 1649, blocked him up in the haven of Kinsale. He escaped, however, by making a bold effort, and pushing through their fleet.

After the Restoration, prince Rupert was invited to return to England, and had several offices conferred upon him. On the 28th of April, 1662, he was sworn a member of the privy council; and in December following, he was admitted a fellow of the Royal

Society. In the year 1666, the king entrusted him, in conjunction with the duke of Albemarle, to command the fleet, when he exhibited all the qualities that are necessary to constitute a great admiral. By his happy return to the fleet, on the 3d of June, he wrested from the Dutch the only victory they had the appearance of gaining; and afterwards, on the 24th of the same month, he beat them effectually, pursued them to their own coast, and blocked up their harbour. Indeed, the great intrepidity which prince Rupert displayed, in this naval war, was highly and justly celebrated in his own time; and in the last Dutch war he seemed to retain all the activity and fire of his youth, and beat the enemy in several engagements.

From this time prince Rupert led a quiet, and chiefly a retired life, mostly at Windsor-castle, of which he was governor; and he very much employed himself in the prosecution of chemical and philosophical experiments, as well as in the practice of mechanic arts, for which he was very famous. He is mentioned by foreign authors with applause for his skill in painting; and is considered as the inventor of mezzotinto, of which he is said to have taken the hint from a soldier scraping his rusty fusil. The circumstances are thus related:—The prince going out early one morning, observed a centinel, at some distance from his post, very busy doing something to his piece. The prince asked what he was about? He replied, that the dew had fallen in the night, had made his fusil rusty, and that he was scraping and cleaning it. The prince looking at it, was struck with something like a figure eaten into the barrel, with innumerable little holes closed together, like friezed work on gold or silver, part of which the soldier had scraped away. From this trifling incident, prince Rupert is said to have conceived mezzotinto. He concluded, that some contrivance might be found to cover a brass plate with such a grained ground of fine pressed holes, which would undoubtedly give an impression all black, and that by scraping away proper parts, the smooth superficies would leave the rest of the paper white. Communicating his ideas to Wallerant Vaillant, a painter whom he maintained, they made several experiments, and at last invented a steel roller, cut with tools to make teeth like a file or rasp, with projecting points, which effectually produced the black grounds; those being scraped away, and diminished at pleasure, left the gradations of light. It is said, that the first mezzotinto print ever published was executed by his highness himself. It may be seen in the first edition of Evelyn's Sculptura; and there is a copy of it in the second edition, printed in 1755.

Prince Rupert also delighted in making locks for fire-arms, and was the inventor of a composition, called from him *prince's metal*, and in which guns were cast. He communicated to the Royal Society his improvements upon gunpowder, by refining the several ingredients, and making it more carefully, by which, as appeared by several experiments, it's force was augmented, in comparison of

ordinary powder, in the proportion of ten to one. He likewise acquainted them with an engine he had contrived for raising water; and sent them an instrument, of which he made use, to cast any platform into perspective, and for which they deputed a select committee of their members to return him their thanks. He was the inventor of a gun for discharging several bullets with the utmost speed and facility; and was the author of sundry other curious inventions. He died at his house in Spring-gardens, on the 29th of November, 1682.

PICTURE OF LONDON AND IT's INHABITANTS, &c.

BY THE ABBE RAYNAL.

THE kind of monopoly which some merchants exercise in the British islands, is practised by the capital of the mother country, with regard to the provinces. It is almost exclusively to London that all the produce of the colonies is sent. It is in London that most of the owners of this produce reside. It is in London that the profit arising from it is spent. The rest of the nation is but very indirectly concerned in it.

But London is the finest port in England. It is here that ships are built and manufactures carried on. London furnishes seamen for navigation, and hands for commerce. It stands in a temperate, fruitful and central county.—Every thing has a free passage in and out of it. It may be truly said to be the heart of the body politic, from it's local situation. It is not of an enormous size, though, like all other capitals, it is rather too large; it is not a head of clay, that wants to domineer over a colossus of gold.—That city is not filled with proud and idle men, who only encumber and oppress a laborious people. It is the resort of all the merchants; the seat of the national assembly. There the king's palace is neither vast nor empty. He reigns in it by his enlivening presence. There the senate dictates the laws, agreeable to the sense of the people it represents. It neither fears the eye of the monarch nor the frowns of the ministry. London has not arrived to it's present greatness by the influence of government, which strains and over-rules all natural causes; but by the ordinary impulse of men and things, and by a kind attraction of commerce. It is the sea, it is England, it is the whole world, that makes London rich and populous.

POETRY.

ODE.

PERFORMED AT THE
GRAND CHAPTER OF HARODIM.

WRITTEN BY
BROTHER NOORTHOUCK.

SET TO MUSIC BY
BROTHER WEBBE.

OPENING.

ORDER is Heaven's first law; through boundless space
Unnumber'd orbs roll round their destin'd race;
On earth, as strict arrangements still appear,
Suiting the varying seasons of the year:
Beneficence divine presents to view
It's plenteous gifts to man, in order true;
But chief a mind, these blessings to improve,
By arts, by science, by fraternal love.

DIVISION.

When men exalt their views to Heaven's high will,
With steady aim their duty to fulfil,
The mind expands, it's strength appears,
Growing with their growing years,
Mounting the apex of masonic skill.
Be this the earnest purpose of our lives,
Success must crown the man who nobly strives!

CONCLUSION.

Loud let us raise our swelling strains,
And Harodim proclaim,
Of excellence the name;
Good will to all, love to each other,
The due of every skilful brother,
Who worthily our ancient lore maintains.
Our mirth and our pleasure,
By prudence we measure;
And cheerfully parting, exchange an adieu;
Till we meet with fresh ardour, our plan to pursue.

THE HISTORY OF *GYGES's RING,*

BEING A PRELUDE TO THE SECRETS OF MASONRY.

ADDRESSED TO THE LADIES.

LADIES, you may have heard of GYGES' Ring,
Of which Historians write, and Poets sing;
Form'd by a Lydian Sage, with potent spell:
This Ring, it's wearer made invisible.
After his death, it often chang'd it's master,
At length fate destin'd it, to *Zoroaster:*
By his successors carefully possess'd;
Long did the *Magi* flourish in the *East.*
'Till *Ammon's* son with *Thais* thither came,
And fired *Persepolis* to please the *dame.*
Beneath it's ruins long the *treasure* lay,
'Till by an Arab robber brought to day;
Unconscious of the prize, he trudg'd along,
And sold it to a Bramin,---for a song.
Thence in *Bengal,* thro' various hands it pass'd,
Next, to a kinsman of my own at last.
He dying, gave it me, it's virtues rare
Unfolded, and soon felt a joyful *heir.*
To pass where-e'er I pleas'd, unseen and free,
O! what a feast for CURIOSITY!
No more shall *Masonry,* I cry'd, conceal
It's *mysteries,* all it's *secrets* I'll *reveal.*
No more the *fair* shall languish, I'll explain,
What they *all wish* to *know,* but wish in vain,
I said, and clap'd the ring upon my finger,
Away I went in haste, I did not linger.
At a fat *brother's* back, close as his shade,
I followed, and with him my entry made.
The *brethren* all were met, a *social board,*
I saw unterrified, the *guardian sword.*
I saw! I saw! and now your ears prepare,
For what I saw, I'll publicly declare.
Clear'd was each *mental eye,* I saw each *grace,*
And each protecting *genius* of the place.
FRIENDSHIP on wing *Ætherial, flying round,*
Stretch'd out her arms and bless'd the hallow'd ground.
HUMANITY well pleas'd, there took her stand,
Holding her daughter PITY in her hand;
And CHARITY, which soothes the widow's sigh,
And wipes the dew drop from the orphan's eye.

There stood BENEVOLENCE, whose large embrace
Uncircumscrib'd takes in the human race.
She saw each narrow *tie*, each private end
Indignant; Virtue's universal friend;
Scorning each frantic *zealot*, *bigot*, *tool*,
She stamp'd on every *breast* the golden rule.
And tho' the doors are barr'd 'gainst you, ye fair,
Your darling representative was there.
Sweet MODESTY, amongst the moral lay,
To you her tribute did remembrance pay.
I saw each *honest heart* with transport flow:
I saw each *honest cheek* with rapture glow.
Struck with delight, at once reveal'd I stood,
And begg'd admission of the brotherhood.
They kindly heard, and pardon'd my offence,
I barter'd *Curiosity* for *Sense*.
My magic ring destroy'd, reduced to dust,
Taught what was good, and generous, and just.
For *Masonry*, tho' hid from prying eyes,
In the broad world admits of no disguise.

ODE.

BY DR. WILLIAM PERFECT.

Sung by Brother SYLVESTER HARDING *at the* Grand Provincial Anniversary Meeting *at the Ship Tavern*, Feversham.

Tune----Mulbery Tree.

BEHOLD a cloud break and Urania descends,
The sky-mantled nymph our Convention attends,
It is for the Craft that she sweeps the loud strings,
And Science attunes her sweet notes as she sings.

All the arts informed by me,
Bow to thee, blest *Masonry*,
Creation spreads her charms to thee,
And thou immortal e'er shalt be.

Elated, all own that thy source is divine,
The *Bible* thy standard, thy square and thy line;
That *Truth* is thy handmaid, and *Reason* thy soul,
And *Justice* thy guide to the farthermost pole.

All the arts, &c

As wide and extensive as Sol's boundless ray,
All-chearing as Spring and as bright as her May,
The *System Masonic* of mystical rite,
Spreads an ocean of rapture and infinite light.

All the arts, &c.

Sense, Truth, and *Good Humour,* and *Harmony* join,
By MASONRY warm'd, they unite and combine;
To the bower of friendship she leads them along,
To taste of her banquets and chorus her song.

Then the arts, &c.

Behold the FREEMASON *how noble his plan,*
It enlarges the mind and ennobles the man,
It teaches the hand and the heart how to bless,
And melts e'en the miser to soften distress.

Then the arts, &c.

To time's latest period the *Craft* so divine,
As the rays of their art shall diffusedly shine,
Their *laws, rules,* and *orders,* all *others excel;*
And *Kent* e'er stand foremost their virtues to tell.

While the arts, &c.

SONG.

COMPOSED AND SUNG

BY BROTHER SAMUEL PORTER,

[Master of the Lodges of *St. John's,* No. 492. Henley in Arden, and of the *Shakespear,* No. 516, Stratford on Avon.]

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE SHAKESPEAR LODGE.

Tune---Mulberry Tree.

ON Avon's sweet banks where the silver streams glide,
The beauties in Stratford oft Shakespear would pride,
And say when enraptured by the juice of the vine,
He would there raise a Lodge for his favorite nine.

CHORUS.
To honor now his Country,
Do honor to his Memory,
And toast him round with three-times-three.

A few Sons of Science his name to revere,
Agreed to his mem'ry a Pillar to rear,
In true antique order, immense in it's size,
From Earth's hallow'd surface, to Heaven should rise,

CHORUS.
For so build we o'er earth and sea,
With beauty and true symmetry,
A sacred pile to Masonry.

From the north to the south pole, it's width be exprest,
It's length full extending between east and west,
To make it immortal, they gave it a name,
And call'd it the SHAKESPEAR, to Warwickshire's fame.

CHORUS.

And thus build we o'er earth and sea,
With beauty and true symmetry,
Such sacred piles to Masonry.

In Jehosophat's vale the foundation was laid,
By our Royal Grand Master, the Prince of the trade,
And to keep up in concord a grand jubilee,
Ordain'd it a Lodge of Freemasons should be.

CHORUS.

Ye sons born free, with me agree,
The King and Craft, let our toast be,
And toast him round, with three-times-three.

May Heaven's grand architect bless the design,
And health, peace and concord, it's members conjoin,
May they flourish in harmony, friendship, and love,
'Till they're summon'd to join in the grand Lodge above.

CHORUS.

And so build we o'er earth and sea,
Such sacred piles to Masonry,
Through time to all eternity.

TO

DELIA's KITTEN.

BEING THE FIRST ATTEMPT OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

HAIL! favour'd of the tabby race,
Whose form's replete with ev'ry grace,
To praise thee who'd refuse?
E'en I, tho' you my rival be,
This humble tribute pay to thee;
Inspired by thy *mews*!

In gentle pity turn your eye,
Behold your prostrate suppliant sigh,
Oh! deign to intercede
With her, for whom I'd gladly part
With worlds, if she'd extract the dart
That caus'd my breast to bleed.

Say, are you friendly in my cause?
Or will you wield terrific claws,
Your beauteous frame distort?
With fiery passion's baneful rage?
(Unworthy so demure a sage)
Or make my pain your sport?

W. D. G.

THE

CURATE.

A FRAGMENT.

O'ER the pale embers of a dying fire,
His little lampe fed with but little oile,
The Curate sate (for scantie was his hire)
And ruminated sad the morrowe's toil.

'Twas Sunday's eve, meet season to prepare
The stated lectures of the coming tyde;
No day of reste to him,---but day of care,
At manie a church to preach with tedious ride.

Before him sprede, his various sermons lay,
Of explanation deepe, and sage advice;
The harvest gained from manie a thoughtful daye,
The fruit of learninge, bought with heavy price.

On these he cast a fond but tearful eye,
Awhile he paused, for sorrowe stopp'd his throte,
Arroused at lengthe, he heaved a bitter sighe,
And thus complainde, as well indeed he mote:

"Hard is the scholar's lot, condemned to sail
"Unpatronized o'er life's tempestuous wave;
"Clouds blind his sight; nor blows a friendly gale,
"To waft him to one port---except the grave.

"Big with presumptive hope, I launch'd my keele,
"With youthful ardour, and bright science fraughte;
"Unanxious of the paines long doom'd to feel,
"Unthinking that the voyage might end in noughte.

"Pleased on the summer-sea I daunced a-while,
"With gay companions, and with views as fair;
"Outstripp'd by these, I 'm left to humble toil,
"My fondest hope abandon'd in despair.---

"Had my ambitious mind been led to rise
"To highest flights, to Crosier and to Pall,
"Scarce could I mourn the missinge of the prize,
"For soaringe wishes well deserve their fall.

"No tow'ring thoughts like these engag'd my breast,
"I hoped (nor blame, ye proud, the lowly plan)
"Some little cove, some parsonage of rest,
"The scheme of duty suited to the man;

" Where, in my narrow sphere secure, at ease,
" From vile dependence free, I might remain,
" The guide to good, the counsellor of peace,
" The friend, the shepherd of the village swain.

" Yet cruel fate denied the small request,
" And bound me fast, in one ill-omened hour,
" Beyond the chance of remedie, to reste
" The slave of wealthie pride and priestlie pow'r.

" Oft as in russet weeds I scour along,
" In distant chappels hastilie to pray,
" By nod scarce noticed of the passing throngе,
" 'Tis but the *Curate*, every childe will say.

" Nor circumscribed in dignitie alone
" Do I my rich superior's vassal ride;
" Sad penurie, as was in cottage known,
" With all it's frowns, does o'er my roof preside.

" Ah! not for me the harvest yields it's store,
" The bough-crown'd shock in vain attracts mine eye;
" To labour doom'd, and destin'd to be poor,
" I pass the field, I hope not envious, by.

" When at the altar surplice-clad I stand,
" The Bridegroom's joy draws forth the golden fee;
" The gift I take, but dare not close my hand;
" The splendid present centres not in me."

ON

CONTENTMENT.

SPARK of pure celestial fire,
Part of all the world's desire,
Paradise of earthly bliss,
Heaven of th' other world, and this:
Tell me where thy court abides?
Where thy glorious chariot rides?

Eden knew thee for a day,
But thou would'st no longer stay,
Outed for poor Adam's sin
By the flaming cherubim;
Yet thou lov'st that happy shade
Where thy beauteous form was made,
And thy kindness still remains
To the woods and flow'ry plains.

Happy David found thee there,
Sporting in the open air,
As he led his flocks along,
Feeding on his rural song.
But when courts and honors had
Snatch'd away the lovely lad,
Thou that there no room could'st find,
Let'st him go, and stay'dst behind.

His wise son, with care and pain,
Search'd all nature's frame in vain;
For a while, most anxious, he
Search'd it round, but found not thee:
Beauty own'd she knew thee not,
Plenty had thy name forgot;
Music only did aver,
Once you came and danc'd with her.

All the world still hunts about,
Happy he who finds thee out;
Some have dream'd thou still dost sit
Circled round with mirth and wit;
In a cloyster or a pew,
Others always seek for you;
But their search alike is vain,
These morose, and those profane.

The mother only, with fond care,
Hugs her child, and finds thee there:
Kisses while asleep it lies,
And upon it feasts her eyes;
'Till the little Babling came
Just to lisp it's mother's name;
Then her airy hopes decay,
Like visionary shades, away.

O then, Contentment!
Since thy throne thou dost not place
In a palace, on a face;
Since thou coyly passest by
Pleasure, Riches, Harmony;
Since we cannot find thee out
With the witty, or devout;
Since I here of thee despair
I'll aim at Heaven and find thee there.

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

POLAND.

WARSAW, *June* 26.

THE following resolution was taken on the 12th instant by the General Confederation at Grodno:

"*Whereas the Confederation* wishes for the most intimate union of all the children of one and the same country; it abrogates all punishments which were destined by the Constitution of 1776, for the persons who have not lawfully renounced the Confederation of Baar, and notifies a generally amnesty for all such as acceded to said Confederation; and wills also, that they shall continue to enjoy, as formerly, the esteem of the public, and declares that their persons and property shall be respected in an equal manner with those of other inhabitants."

On the 19th ultimo, the Ministers of Russia and Prussia presented a note to the Diet of Grodno, purporting (in the same manner as their declarations delivered to the Confederation of Targowicz, on the 22d of April last) that the taking possession of the territory of the Republic had been indispensably necessary, to re-establish tranquillity and good order.

The King's speech in the Diet, in answer to this note, has, no doubt, been softened by the necessity of sparing the two usurping powers: but it is worthy of record. His Majesty says---"that he had acceded to the confederation of "Targowicz only in consideration of the agreement made by that confederation, "under the auspices of Russia, that the integrity of all the possessions of the "Republic should be preserved, and public order and universal harmony be re-"established; but that his expectation having been deceived, by the invasion of "the greatest part of Poland, made by Russia and Prussia, it was now his in-"tention, and he proposed, that the most urgent remonstrances should be pre-"*sented to those Powers, to engage them to renounce all dismemberment of the* "Republic; protesting, at the same time, that he never should consent to any "such dismemberment. His Majesty concluded by proposing to send Ambassa-"dors to *all the Allied Powers, for the purpose of soliciting their mediation* "with the Courts of Vienna and Berlin."

This speech was highly applauded, and the propositions of the King were adopted, in the sitting of the 14th, by a majority of 107 votes against 24; and it was also determined, that the Committee appointed to conduct these measures is to treat exclusively with Russia, *and not with the two Courts conjunctively.*

Count de SIEVERS, *the Russian Minister, insisted that the King, and the* Nation assembled in a Diet, should sign the Act of Assession to the New Partition of *Poland*, part of which was already in the possession of Her Majesty *the* Empress of Russia.

Many difficulties arose on that subject; on which Count Sievers attempted to cross the Hall, in order to speak to his Majesty. A great number of Nuncios observed to him, that according to the laws of that kingdom, no foreign Minister is allowed to address the King in the Diet without special permission.

But C. Sievers, disregarding this admonition, found means to penetrate thro' the Nuncios, in spite of their opposition, and to whisper a few words to His Majesty. The King answered in a loud voice:

"The Russians, indeed, had the power in their hands to do what they pleased; "His Majesty was unable to resist their forces; and if *Russia* should think fit to "take away the Crown from him, he should undoubtedly be obliged to submit: "But nothing on earth should prove capable of inducing him to sign that act of "consent to the new dismemberment of his unhappy country."

This speech was received by two thirds of the Nuncios with the loudest acclamations, who immediately declared themselves to be of the same resolution.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

LONDON, *July 1st.* 1793.

THE Hanover Packet in her late voyage from Halifax, fell in with two large Islands of ICE, in a more southern degree of latitude than has been known for many years past.

Capt. Millegan, of the ship Eleanor, in a recent passage from Cowes to Charlestown, in latitude 44. 05. longitude 46. 03. fell in with an island of Ice, four miles in length, by the log; and 180 feet perpendicular above water; and the next day, in lat. 44. 54. and long. 42. 46. fell in with another island of Ice, about one mile in length, and 220 feet perpendicular.

Mr. D. Smith, of Portland, Massachusetts, published, in one of the Charlestown papers of the 25th of March, the following account of a mountain of Ice, seen by him on his passage from thence to England.

"I sailed from the port of Bristol, in the month of July last. On the second day of August following, early in the day, in lat. 44. 50. long. 45. 30. got sight of an island of Ice, bearing E. N. E. distant about 15 leagues. We stood towards it several hours, during which time it had the appearance of a white cloud.---When within four leagues, we discovered it to be an immense body of Ice, apparently stationary, in form very much resembling the island of St. Eustatius, in the West Indies. It's appearance was truly picturesque and beautiful, heightened by a bright reflection of the sun's rays on that part exposed to view, having the appearance of a stupendous mountain, on some part of which their appeared dark spots, supposed to be cavities on which the sun did not shine; these appeared to be several hundred feet in depth.---We computed it's height to be about 300 feet from the surface of the sea, and it's circumference about three miles.

"Various have been the reasons assigned for these phenomenæ of nature, the most probable of which is, that they are formed on the stupendous clifts of land contiguous to Davis's Streights, by the constant pouring of torrents of water over them, which freezes as it passes, in which state it continues till it's own weight tumbles it into the sea; after which it is driven by winds and currents."

A man of the name of Walsh, a resident in the town of Nottingham, on the fourth of last month, gave his son a charged pistol to play with, and the boy unfortunately discharged it at his father; the wadding unfortunately entered his body, and baffled all chirurgical or medical skill; after lingering till Monday last he died in the greatest agonies.

The Captain of a Russian trading vessel lately arrived in the river from Petersburgh, and who during a residence of three weeks had frequent opportunities of seeing the Empress, states her to have all the appearance of a person suffering the total decay of nature, very infirm, and devoid of that energy of thought and action which has hitherto been her characteristic.

Several travellers lately arrived from Maldonado and Monteviedo, possessions belonging to the Spaniards in South America, relate a singular phenomenon which took place in the River de la Plata, in the month of April last.

The waters of the river were forced, by a most impetuous storm of wind, to the distance of ten leagues, so that the neighbouring plains were entirely inundated, and the bed of the river left dry. Ships which have been sunk in the river for upwards of thirty years, were uncovered; and among others an English vessel, which was cast away in the year 1762. Several persons repaired to the bed of the river, on which they could walk without wetting their feet, and returned loaded with silver and other riches, which had been long buried under the water. This phenomenon, which may be ranked among the grand revolutions of nature, continued three days, at the end of which the wind ceased, and the water returned with great violence to it's natural bed.

In the sittings before Lord Kenyon and a special jury at Guildhall, on the 10th inst. an information filed by the Attorney General against Mr. Eaton, a bookseller, for publishing a work entitled "A letter addressed to the Addressers on the late Proclamation," was tried. The cause being fully discussed, the jury retired for an hour and a half, and brought in a verdict "guilty of publishing." Lord Kenyon desired them to reconsider the verdict; but after an absence of about an hour returned a verdict "guilty of publishing the pamphlet in question:" which was accordingly recorded.

ASSASSINATION OF MARAT.

This violent democrat fell by the hands of a woman, on Sunday the 14th inst. On the Thursday preceding his death, a genteel looking woman appeared at Paris, from Caen in Normandy. On the two following days she was busied, it should seem, in making enquiries concerning the various crimes imputed to her destined victim, and having satisfied herself as to the truth, on the Sunday she obtained an interview with *Marat*.---She continued in conversation with him for some time, asking his opinion of several persons whom she named; and on his averring them to be Counter-Revolutionists, she instantly stabbed him; declaring, she was then convinced that every thing she had heard of him was true.---Thus perished a man, who has been the principal actor, if not the instigator of more important events within the last twelve months, than perhaps any other person; by his directions not less than 5000 victims perished in September last, ---he was also the man who said, 270,000 heads must fall on the scaffold before France could be at peace with herself.---Marat, when stabbed, had a leprosy, and his blood was totally inflamed; this produced immediate putrefaction, so that the body could not be exposed naked to the populace, according to the new republican law of lying in state, notwithstanding he was embalmed. His assassinator was a native of Caen, named CORDE, in a respectable situation in life, her age about twenty-five, of a manner rather *distrait*, of a stature uncommonly large, and of a demeanour which would point her out to a most common observer, as an extraordinary personage.

On the 18th the funeral was performed with great pomp and solemnity, Marat's remains were deposited in a grave dug in the yard of the Club of the Cordeliers, between four linden trees. The following inscription, exalted on a pole so as to be read by the people, was carried before the coffin.

MARAT,
the friend of the people,
Assassinated by the Enemies of the people.
Enemies of your country,
moderate your joy:
HE WILL FIND AVENGERS!!!

Those whose proper feelings lead them to condemn
"Murder most foul, as at the best it is:"
should recollect the sanguinary character of the man, to procure whose death, the determined woman who the struck blow,---met her own.

The day before the funeral she was brought before THE REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL. Her countenance displayed heroic disdain. She said, she had rid the world of a monster; and in all her answers, her firmness filled every spectator with astonishment. At the beginning of her trial she thus addressed her judges.

"I did not expect to appear before you.---I always thought that I should be delivered up to the rage of the people, torn in pieces, and that my head stuck on the top of a pike, would have preceded Marat on his state-bed, to serve as a rallying point to Frenchmen---if there still are any worthy of that name. But happen what will, if I have the honours of the GUILLOTINE, and my clay-cold remains are buried, they will soon have conferred on them the honours of the Pantheon, and my memory will be more honoured in France, than that of Judith in Bethulia."

Sentence of death was pronounced on this resolute woman, and in the evening she was executed.

THE

LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARRY.

MONDAY, July 29.------*Whitehall*, July 29.

YESTERDAY morning a Messenger arrived at the Office of the Right Hon. Lord Grenville, His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, with dispatches from the Earl of Yarmouth, dated at the Camp before Mayence, July 23, containing an account of the Surrender of that city to His Prussian Majesty on the preceding day, with the Articles of Capitulation, of which the following is a Translation:

ARTICLES OF CAPITULATION.

Offered by Brigadier-General D'Oyre, *Commander in Chief at* Mayence, Cassel, *and the Places which are dependent upon them.*

Article I. The French Army shall deliver up to His Majesty the King of Prussia the city of Mayence and Cassel, together with their fortifications and all the posts which belong to them, in their present state; also the Artillery, both French and Foreign, Warlike Stores and Provisions, those matters only excepted which are mentioned in the following articles.

Answer. Accepted.

Article II. The Garrison shall march out with all the Honours of War, carrying away their Arms, Baggage, and other Effects, the private property of the Individuals of the Garrison.

Answer. Granted, on condition that the Garrison shall not serve, during the space of a year, against the Armies of the Allied Powers; and that if they carry away any covered waggons, His Prussian Majesty reserves the right of searching them, in case he should think proper.

Article III. The Garrison shall be allowed to carry away with them their Field Pieces with their Carriages. *Answer.* Refused.

Article IV. The General Officers, private Persons, the Commissaries of War, all the Directors, and those employed under them, in the different Departments of the Army, and, in general, all Individuals, French Subjects, belonging to the Garrison, shall carry away their Horses, Carriages, and Effects.

Answer. Granted.

Article V. The Garrison shall remain in the place forty-eight hours after the signature of the present Capitulation; and, if that time should not be sufficient for the last Divisions, a further delay of twenty-four hours shall be granted to them. *Answer.* Granted.

Article VI. The Commanders in Chief shall be permitted to send one or more Agents, furnished with Passports by His Prussian Majesty, to endeavour to procure the Money necessary for the payment of the Debts contracted by the Army; and the French Garrison desires, that, until the said debts shall be discharged, or untill an arrangement shall be made for their Liquidation, Permission may be granted them to leave Hostages, who may rely on His Majesty's protection. *Answer.* Granted.

Article VII. The Garrison of Mayence and it's dependencies, immediately after their evacuation, shall begin their March towards France in several columns, and shall set out at different times. Each column shall be furnished with a Prussian Escort for their safety to the Frontier. General D'Oyre shall have the liberty of sending in advance the Staff Officers and the Commissaries of War, in order to provide for the subsistence and accomodation of the French Troops.

Answer. Granted.

Article VIII. In case the Horses and Carriages belonging to the French army should not be sufficient for the transport of the Camp Equipage and other Effects mentioned in the preceding Articles, they shall be furnished with others in the Country, upon paying for them. *Answer.* Granted.

Article IX. As the Removal of the Sick, and especially of the Wounded, cannot be done by Land Carriage without endangering their Lives, a sufficient number of boats shall be furnished, at the expence of the French Nation, for conveying them by water to Thionville and Metz, taking the necessary precaution for the subsistence of these honourable victims of the war.

Answer. Granted.

Article X. Until the entire evacuation of the French Army, none of the inhabitants who are now out of Mayence shall be permitted to return thither.

Answer. Granted.

Article XI. Immediately after the Signature of the present Capitulation, the Troops of the besieging Army may take possession of the following posts, viz.

Fort Charles. Fort Welsch. Fort Elizabeth. Fort St. Philip. The Double Tenail. Fort Linsenberg. Fort Haupstein. Fort Mars. The Island of St. Peter, and the Two Gates of Cassel leading to Franckfort and to Wisbaden.

They may moreover occupy, conjointly with the French Troops, the Gate of Newthor, and the extremity of the Bridge of the Rhine, adjacent to the right bank of that river. *Answer.* Accepted.

Article XII. Colonel Douay, Director of the Arsenal, Lieutenant-Colonel Riboissieri, Sub-Director, and Lieutenant-Colonel Varine, Chief Officer of the Engineers, shall deliver over, with as little delay as possible, to the principal Officers of Artillery and Engineers of the Prussian Army, the Arms, Ammunition, Plans, &c. relative to the duties with which they shall be respectively charged. *Answer.* Accepted.

Article XIII. A Commissary at War shall in like manner be appointed to receive the magazines and effects which they contain. *Answer.* Accepted.

Article XIV. Additional Article. The deserters from the Combined Armies shall be strictly delivered up.

Done at Marienborn the 22d of July, 1793.

Friday morning, about five o'clock, as Mr. FRAMPTON, a Superintendant of contract rope-makers at Portsmouth, was going down the Common Hard to a boat, he was met by his son-in-law, Mr. EDWARD POWELL, master oar-maker, who demanded his wife, from whom he had been some time separated, on account of domestic strife; and on being answered that he (the Father) knew not where she was, he fired a pistol at him, the ball of which entered his coat and penetrated through a New Testament, which fortunately was in his side pocket, when it dropped without doing Mr. FRAMPTON any injury. Finding the first shot, however, ineffectual, he fired another, and the ball entered the poor man's body on the left side a little above the hip. Mr. FRAMPTON was immediately carried home, and is now under the care of Mr. JOHNSON, and other gentlemen of the Faculty, with very small hopes of recovery. POWELL, who had before shewn symptoms of insanity, was secured by the Peace Officers and lodged in gaol.

Mr. Frampton is since dead, and the Coroner's Jury sat on the body, and brought in their verdict *Wilful Murder, aforethought*, against Mr. Powell.

Lieutenant Broughton in his passage through Mexico, experienced the greatest possible respect and accommodation from the Spaniards. When at Mexico the Governor invited him to view the mines, an indulgence to which no stranger was ever permitted. Lieut. Broughton's business requiring dispatch, prevented his accepting the courtesy. The Governor to express his esteem for the British nation, presented him with a box of curious and valuable medals.

SUICIDE.

"Love makes fools or madmen of us all."

Last Sunday night a maid servant of Colonel Forbes, at Ham, Surry, went out about eleven o'clock under the pretence of taking a walk. After remaining out for some considerable time the family became uneasy, and dispatched a servant in search of her, but to no purpose. Little suspecting any thing material

had happened, they discontinued the search; but her not being returned in the morning, gave rise to various suspicions. Early in the morning some fishermen, casting their nets in the Thames adjacent to the place, perceived a body floating in the river, which on enquiry and examination, they found it to be that of this unfortunate young woman. She was a person of very creditable relations, and during the short space of time she lived in this last place, had conducted herself with the greatest propriety, but had for some time appeared much dejected. Some letters found in her trunk plainly proved that this rash step was occasioned by a disappointment in love.

July 13. The last official news from the Extraordinary Diet at *Warsaw*, came down to the 5th instant. From these it appears, that twelve Nuncios have been taken into custody on the 2d instant, by order of the Russian Ambassador. This event occasioned a violent commotion in the Diet. It was unanimously resolved to adjourn all Deliberations, and to petition the Russian Ambassador for the release of the imprisoned Deputies. His MAJESTY, testifying his painful mortification at this occurrence, advised this measure. But before this could be done, the Chancellor had a conference with the Russian Ambassador, and reported that orders had been given that very evening (2nd instant) for their release.

On the same day Count POTOCKI, Marshal of the General Confederation of *Targovica*, received a Letter from *Petersburgh*, the contents of which he communicated to the Diet in the sitting of the 3d inst. The Marshal says, that after the several Conferences he had holden, and after all the Negociations he had carried on with all possible zeal, he had been strongly convinced, that the present situation of *Poland* offered no efficacious remedy; that the course of affairs left no hopes to the Republic to recover the alienated Provinces, and that the only means left to *Poland* to better her fate, was to establish in the Provinces which were left to her, a form of Government more congenial to the character of the Nation.

Several remarks were made upon this Letter, which demonstrate that this advice is not relished, and that a quite different decision of affairs was expected from the negociations of the Marshal.

In the sitting of the 4th instant, it was resolved that the deliberation of the Diet shall instantly cease, if any violent measures are executed upon it's Members, or their property is sequestrated.

After long debates, in the Sitting of the 5th, the Plan of Instructions for the Delegation which is to negociate with the Russian Ambassador, was adopted, with several alterations and amendments.

The Diet will shortly dissolve itself, and the Delegates will, without delay, continue their Negociations with the Russian Ambassador.

Orders are given to sequestrate some Estates of the King, called *the Table Estates*, besides those of M. TYSSKIEWICZ, Great Marshal of *Lithuania*.

Advice has been received from *Berlin*, dated July 16th. mentions that the Confederate Diet at *Grodno*, after many protestations on the part of some Members, has finally resolved to sign the new Act of Dismemberment, in order to avert still greater dangers from the rest of the Republic.

AMERICA.

Extract of a Letter from Quebec.

On Tuesday the 11th of April last, *Joseph Draper*, one of the Royal Fuzileers, whose execution had been respited to that day, for conspiracy against His Royal Highness Prince EDWARD, at Quebec, was solemnly led with his coffin, &c. to the fatal field, where he was in no other expectation than to be launched into eternity:---But such was the change of fate by the following Address, pronounced by His Royal Highness, which must ever do honour to his feelings:

"*Draper*, you have now reached the awful moment, when a few seconds would carry you into the immediate presence of the Supreme Being. You must be conscious of the enormity of your guilt, and that you have not the least right to

expect mercy. I, as your Commanding Officer, am entirely prevented making any application whatever in your favour; there being, from various circumstances of the case, no one opening that could justify me in such a step:------however, as *the Son of your Sovereign, whose greatest prerogative is the dispensation of mercy*, I feel myself fortunately enabled to do that which, as your Counsel, the indispensable Laws of Military Discipline render it impossible for me even to *think of. In this situation, therefore, I have presumed to apply to the King's* Representatives here for your pardon; and I am happy to be authorised to inform you, that my intercession has been successful.---Major General CLARKE, in consequence of my warm prayers and entreaties, has had the goodness, by his acquiescence with my wishes, to enable me to prove both to you and the Public, that although your atrocious machinations were chiefly against my person, I am the first to forgive you myself, and to obtain for you his MAJESTY'S mercy. May you take warning by this awful scene, and so conduct yourself, that by the remainder of your life you may atone for your past crimes, and that I may not hereafter have occasion to repent having now been your advocate!"

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA.

Accounts from the Western Frontiers continue to be of the most distressing nature. In Washington, Green, and Franklin counties, many murders have been committed by the Indians; the following relation of a most shocking massacre, perpetrated by these savages on the Oconee river, has just transpired: 37 Indians surrounded the house of Mr. Thresher, and fired upon and killed Mr. Thresher, two children, and a negro woman; Mrs. Thresher, to avoid, if possible, the fate with which she was threatened, fled, with an infant about five or six weeks old in her arms, and leaped into the river; the Indians pursued, shot her through each thigh, and right breast, stabbed her in the left breast with a knife, cut her arm nearly off, and then scalped her.

In this situation she remained until the neighbours could assemble in sufficient numbers to cross the river and pursue the Indians. As the first canoe was crossing the river, she had strength enough to call for assistance; they went, found her hanging by a bush, in water nearly up to her chin, her infant at the bottom of the river, a few yards from her.

She lived nearly twenty-four hours, and when informed by her Physician, that it was impossible for her to survive much longer, she, with a fortitude that is rarely to be met with, called her friends around her, and in a calm but pathetic manner, gave her hand to every one, wishing them a better fate than had befallen herself and family; and when, after her speech had failed, as the neighbours were constantly coming in, she continued to give her hand, until about five minutes before she resigned her breath, which was without a groan.

Mrs. Thresher was about twenty-five years of age, of a respectable family, an elegant person, and possessed an uncommon education.

We are happy in being able to add, a body of volunteers and regulars, amounting to 800 men, have marched in pursuit of the savages.

By accounts from Vienna we are given to understand that the Emperor has leagued with the Empress and King of Prussia against Poland, and thrown in his claim for a share of that unfortunate and wretched country.

A very serious Riot took place at Nottingham on Wednesday in consequence of some Recruits singing "God save the King" among some *Jacobins*. One of the Jacobins was killed on the spot, and another died of his wounds yesterday. Three more are in the Hospital. As they were proceeding to very great lengths, *the Mayor was obliged to order the Military to fire, which soon dispersed them*, but not till the above Rioters had met with their fate. All is quiet now.

BIRTHS.

IN Portland-place, the Lady of Thomas Tyrwhit Jones, Esq. of a son and heir. Lady of the Rev. Richard Cantley, Rector of Walcot, Warwickshire, of a daughter. Lady of Nicolls Raynsford, Esq. of a daughter. Mrs. Lewis, wife of Mr. Lewis, Deputy Manager of Covent-garden Theatre, of a still-born child. Lady of the Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Fane, of a son. Lady of William Manning, Esq. of a son. Lady of Thomas Gardner, Esq. of a daughter. Lady of John Perring, Esq. of a daughter. Lady of Major Cunningham, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

AT Craigston, in Aberdeenshire, John Hunter, Esq. his Majesty's Consul for Seville and St. Lucar, to Miss Elizabeth Barbara Arbuthnot. Francis Dashwood, Esq. to the Hon. Lady Anne Maitland, sister to the Earl of Lauderdale. J. Larking, Esq. of East Malling, to Miss Style, only sister of Sir C. Style, Bart. of Wateringsbury, Kent. At Bath, John Palmer Chichester, Esq. of Arlington, late of the Horse Guards, to Miss Hamilton, sister to Lady Suttie. Lately, at Philadelphia, George Hammond, Esq. his Britannic Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, to Miss Peggy Allen, of that place. The Rev. Dr. Walsby, Preceptor to his Royal Highness Prince William, to Miss Henrietta Besset, of Green-street, Grosvenor-square. At the Countess of Longford's house, Rutland-square, Dublin, George Lucas Nugent, Esq. of Castle Richard, county of Meath, to Miss Sherlock, daughter of the late William Sherlock, Esq. of the county of Kildare. Samuel Estwick, Esq. son of Samuel Estwick, Esq. Secretary and Register of Chelsea Hospital, to the Hon. Miss Hawke, daughter of Lord Hawke. At Waughton House, the seat of the Hon. Charles Hope, Alexander Maclean, Esq. of Ardgower, to the Right Hon. Lady Margaret Hope, daughter of the late, and sister of the present Earl of Hopetoun. Dudley Loftus, Esq. of Killyon, in the county of Meath, to the Right Hon. Lady Anne Gore, youngest daughter of the Earl of Arran, by his Lordship's first wife, the sister of the Earl of Annesley. At Edinburgh, William Brown, M. D. late in the service of her Imperial Majesty, at Kolyvan, to Miss Hamilton Walker, daughter of the late Dr. Robert Walker, of the Royal College of Surgeons of that city.

DEATHS.

At his house at Highgate, Richard Nassau, Viscount Molesworth: he is succeeded in honours by his first cousin, Robert, now Viscount Molesworth, of Kensington-palace. At Chapel, in Borrowdale, Mr. Daniel Jopson, aged 85: till the time of his death, he never took physic; and what is still more remarkable, he would not believe it ever did any service. After a few hours illness, in the camp of Cisoin, the Hon. Robert C. Southwell, of the 3d dragoon guards, only brother to the Right Hon. Lord de Clifford. The Right Hon. Edmund Butler, Viscount Mountgarret and Baron of Kells: his Lordship is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, lately married to the daughter of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin. The Right Hon. Robert Lord Fairfax, aged 87. Richard Onslow, Esq. Colonel William Hamilton, nearly related to the Marquis of Abercorn, and one of the oldest officers in his Majesty's service. At the Countess of Pembroke's, the Hon. Mr. Herbert, son to Lord Herbert. Sir Cæsar Hawkins, Bart. of Kelston. The Right Hon. Thomas Lord Foley. At Morning-Side, near Edinburgh, at the advanced age of 73 years, Lord Gardenstone. At his house in Suffolk-street, Cavendish-square, Richard Scrimshire, of Highhouse, Amersham, in the county of Bucks, Esq. At her house at Battersea, Mrs. Tritton, relict of Thomas Tritton, Esq.

PROMOTIONS.

John Jeffrey, Esq. to be Clerk of the Survey of Woolwich Dock-yard. Alexander Osborn, Esq. to be Solicitor of the Customs for Scotland, vice William Menzies, Esq. deceased. The Rev. Dr. G. Baird, Professor of Oriental Languages, to be Principal of the University of Edinburgh, vice the Rev. Dr. W. Robertson, deceased. Mr. W. Mudie to be Professor of Oriental Languages, vice Mr. Baird, resigned. William Robertson, Esq. Advocate, to be his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's Solicitor General for Scotland, vice the late Alexander Wight, Esq.

THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

OR,

GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY.

FOR AUGUST, 1793.

ADDRESS

TO THE

FRATERNITY AT LARGE.

"Men should be what they seem."

SHAKSPERE.

BRETHREN,

IF there be aught in Virtue beyond *the name*, *the subject to* which I am about to request your attention is extremely momentous.

I have said, *in Virtue*, because as our Institution embraces all modes of faith, and as I consider, that of the numerous branches of religion Virtue is the radix, I have assumed *that* as the most comprehensive word whereby we can express all that is good in the whole system of Nature or Providence, if between these terms there be any distinction.

My conceptions will, perhaps, bear the character of singularity; yet am I content if, whether singularly just or erroneous, they be worthy of discussion.

In Masonry as in Religion, it must be granted, and I do not see why the concession should disgrace the *pure* principles of the one, any more than it diminishes our veneration of the other, the professors do not give to the perfection of the system all the support that were to be wished: and if it be possible for tongue to persuade or pen to impel the brethren to reflection on the importance of the subject, I shall feel bold enough to invite the aid of those who, possessed of superior talents, can effect by their abilities what I am about to propose from my zeal.

This proposition then, which by some, I am aware, will be deemed Utopian, is, to draw together by the pure principles of our Order, a select number of Brethren from the Fraternity at large, who, properly impressed by the tenets of the profession, shall have courage to carry them into practice, and make them the unerring guide of their conduct through life. The moral and theological Virtues, I believe, comprehend the whole view, and include the utmost aim of the Institution.

Forearmed against the fear of ridicule, I declare my firm belief, that from the Lodges of Free Masons in London and it's environs, a very numerous and respectable selection might be made to give effect to so desirable a purpose; and I am pretty well assured that upon the principles before stated I could myself introduce, and with a cheerful promptitude, some persons from the yet uninitiated who would reflect a lustre on the Society.

To be guided by Temperance in our commerce with the world; to have Fortitude to resist temptation, and to check improper desires; to let Prudence be the ruler of our actions, and to render to every man his due without distinction; in short, to subdue our passions, to have Faith and Hope in God, and Charity towards man, I consider as the objects of what is termed speculative Masonry. (The operative branch of the system, I leave to the discussion of those who, from their peculiar bias of mind, or connection with the arts, have made it more immediately their study.) If these, then, really form the ground-plan of our fabric, and were strictly enforced by the practice of the Craft, the Masonic must surely be an inestimable Institution.

To the "*Illustrations*" of a much-respected brother, I am indebted for the foretaste by which I was induced to solicit the bonds of union. In the pages of that work, I read with avidity the rudiments, and pursued in idea the perfection of Religion and Morality. But theory, without practice, though it may attract admiration, will never gain respect. To be honoured, in short to be useful, a system must have the qualities of stability, of practicability, and of effect. Now it is, perhaps, the strongest and most invincible objection with those who attempt to argue against Free Masonry, that to an institution so specious, and from which so much excellence might be expected to result, the members do not give by their general conduct the necessary support. Wonderful indeed would it be if the ministers of the gospel, or the advocates of any system divine or human, could controvert this as a *general* proposition: but I am sufficiently happy in being able to affirm, that instances are very numerous indeed wherein Masonry operates with the happiest influence.

Our Society, my brethren, can only acquire it's proper rank in the scale of human Institutions, by a general and faithful observance of it's own precepts; and if this cannot be effected in it's corporate capacity, very much may be expected from the junction of well-disposed individuals, who shall be inclined by the constant tenor of

their lives to recommend the profession, and to prove, that Free Masonry is only another term for inflexible Virtue.

It is matter of real regret when we see men whose principles and whose practice would do honour to our Order deterred from uniting with us, by the improper and indefensible conduct of a few members of the Fraternity; and till some mode of selection like that above proposed be attempted, reproach, I fear, must continue to occupy the place of respect, and prejudice counteract the efforts of an incomparable scheme of morality.

To concentrate the rays of this comprehensive system is the object of the writer of this paper, who, having small expectations of success from his own personal influence, wishes only to call forth the endeavours of those friends to the art, who, though yet latent, he thinks, wait but a signal to endue themselves with energy, and to accomplish the grand design of the Institution.

I am, with great Truth,
Your Friend and Brother,
A MEMBER OF THE LODGE OF ANTIQUITY.

S. J.

LETTER II.

From a Gentleman at PHILADELPHIA *to his Friend in* GLASGOW, *on the Subject of*

FREE MASONRY.

SIR,

THE second property I shall take notice of in Operative Masonry is the magnitude of it's productions; *in this it is* greatly distinguished from all other arts, and truly imitative of it's great Founder. If none of the productions of this art are so great as the basis on which they are erected — the general foundation built by God,—yet it must be allowed they nobly aspire much nearer to it, than it is possible for any thing that can ever be produced by any other species of mechanism. To only mention this, is a sufficient proof of the truth of the assertion. There is no necessity to have recourse to the tower of Babylon, the pyramids of Egypt, or any other wonder of the world in order to prove this: let any man in any inhabited part of the earth, look around them, and say if any objects bear such a similarity to the works of the first great builder as those of inferior Masons do.

But in this respect also there is a particular resemblance between Free and Operative Masonry. As the one is superior to all other arts in point of magnitude, so the other exceeds any other sect or

society under the Sun, in the number of it's members and the greatness of the whole.

Should you object that the separate religious societies are more than equal to us in point of number, you are only assisting me to prove the point; for suppose you take every religious man out of the society to which he belongs, not even the name or appearance of the society will remain.—Nothing but a wretched collection of persons and principles, the most remote that can be imagined from every idea of a society; but every truly religious man is a practical Freemason, differing only in name and circumstances, but not in principle or practice, these he really and constantly adheres to; the principles of brotherly love in all it's branches, are common to the Christian and Freemason. Indeed it were to be wished that the former was as steady and invariable in the exercise of their principles as the latter; but this is easily accounted for from the peculiar advantages which Freemasons enjoy in the circumstance of their union.

But as I intend more fully to consider the agreement between Christianity and Masonry in a proper place and time, as it is at present a digression from my subject; let what has been already advanced, suffice to prove the analogy betwixt Free and Operative Masonry *in point of magnitude, and that religion tends only to* make a large addition to the greatness of the former, and render it above all other societies in number and greatness.

The third similar quality in Free and Operative Masonry, that occurs to my mind is that of *strength*.—This is indeed a property by which Operative Masonry is eminently distinguished from every other mechanic art. Very little reflection will be sufficient *to convince you fo this. There is not so great a disproportion* between the strength of any two objects which nature or art can produce, as betwixt architecture and the productions of any other art. —Nothing else than the vast immoveable works of the God of nature, can either equal or exceed the powerful—the invincible strength of architecture in every age and nation. Now this incomparable strength is consequent on the beauteous harmony and proportion of the several parts which constitute the whole; every other species of beauty, elegance, harmony, and proportion, are only imperfect imitations in miniature of nature and architecture. The lovely order, the noble harmony, the stupendous magnificent regularity, and proportion of architecture, let all other artists stand and admire, (if they can) imitate.

And may not the very same qualities, the most lovely concord, order, and harmony, with the strictest justice and propriety be applied to Freemasonry. And the same causes produce similiar effect—inimitable strength.—This is the very cause, these are the very ingredients which have always constituted the indissoluble tye—which have ever secured the inseparable union of Masons, and *rendered it invincible through all the storms of opposition.* The combined efforts of the devil and the world, with all the malicious

and venomed shafts, they have united against us, have never yet been powerful enough to erase, or so much as to shake the mighty fortress rendered impregnable, by the concord, order, regularity, and harmony of the several parts of members which compose the whole of the formidable building. I am obliged to conclude this letter sooner than I could wish.—I do not intend however to conclude the subject; but shall proceed in my next to consider some other concording circumstances between Free and Operative Masonry.

OF

COURAGE, FORTITUDE, and FEAR.

FORTITUDE is a virtue or quality of the mind, generally considered the same with courage; though in a more accurate sense they seem to be distinguishable. Courage may be a virtue, or a vice, according to circumstances; Fortitude is always a virtue. A contempt or neglect of danger, without regard to consequences, may be called courage; and this some brutes have as well as men: in them it is the effect of natural instinct chiefly; in man it depends partly on habit, partly on strength of nerves, and partly on want of consideration. But fortitude is the virtue of a rational and considerate mind, and is founded in a sense of honour, and a regard to duty. There may be courage in fighting a duel, though that folly is more frequently the effect of cowardice: there may be courage in an act of piracy or robbery; but there can be no fortitude in perpetrating a crime. Fortitude implies a love of equity and of public good; for, as Plato and Cicero observe, courage exerted for a selfish purpose, or without a regard to justice, ought to be called audacity rather than fortitude.

Fortitude takes different names, according as it acts in opposition to different sorts of evil; but some of those names are applied with considerable latitude. With respect to danger in general, fortitude may be termed intrepidity; with respect to the dangers of war, valour; with respect to pain of body or distress of mind, patience; with respect to labour activity; with respect to injury, forbearance; with respect to our condition in general, magnanimity.

Fortitude is very becoming in both sexes; but courage is not so suitable to the female character: for in women, on ordinary occasions of danger, a certain degree of timidity is not unseemly, because it betokens gentleness of disposition. Yet from those of very high rank, from a queen or an empress, courage in emergencies of great public danger would be expected, and the want of it blamed; we should overlook the sex, and consider the duties of the station. In general, however, masculine boldness in a woman is

disagreeable; the term *virago* conveys an offensive idea. The female warriors of antiquity, whether real or fabulous, Camilla, Thalestris, and the whole community of Amazons, were unamiable personages. But female courage exerted in defence of a child, a husband, or a near relation, would be true fortitude, and deserve the highest encomiums.

The motives to fortitude are many and powerful. This virtue tends greatly to the happiness of the individual, by giving composure and presence of mind, and keeping the other passions in due subordination. To public good it is essential; for without it, the independence and liberty of nations would be impossible. It gives to a character that elevation which poets, orators, and historians, have in all ages vied with one another to celebrate. Nothing so effectually inspires it as rational piety; the fear of God is the best security against every other fear. A true estimate of human life; it's shortness and uncertainty; the numberless evils and temptations to which by a long continuance in this world we must unavoidably be exposed; ought by no means to discourage or throw any gloom on our future prospects: they should teach us, that many things are more formidable than death; and nothing is lost, but much gained, when, by the appointment of Providence, a well-spent life is brought to an honourable conclusion.

Let it be considered too, that pusillanimity and fearfulness can never avail us any thing. On the contrary, they debase our nature, poison all our comforts, and make us despicable in the eyes of others; they darken our reason, disconcert our schemes, enfeeble our efforts, extinguish our hopes, and add tenfold poignancy to all the evils of life. In battle, the brave soldier is in less danger than the coward; in less danger even of death and wounds, because better prepared to defend himself; in far less danger of infelicity; and has before him the animating hope of victory and honour. So in life, the man of true fortitude is in less danger of disappointment than others are, because his understanding is clear, and his mind disencumbered; he is prepared to meet calamity without the fear of sinking under it; and he has before him the near prospect of another life, in which they who patiently bear the evils of this will obtain a glorious reward.

Fear, when it gains an ascendancy in the mind, renders life a burden. The object of fear is evil; and to be exempt from fear, or at least not enslaved to it, gives dignity to our nature, and invigorates all our faculties. Yet there are evils which we ought to fear. Those that arise from ourselves, or which it is in our power to prevent, it would be madness to depise, and audacity not to guard against. External evils, which we cannot prevent, or could not avoid without a breach of duty, it is manly and honourable to bear with fortitude. Out of many instances of the fatal effects of fear recorded in writers, the following is selected as one of the most singular. "George Grochantzy, a Polander, who had inlisted as a soldier in the service of the king of Prussia, deserted during the last

war. A small party was sent in pursuit of him; and when he least expected it, they surprised him singing and dancing among a company of peasants, who were got together at an inn, and were making merry. This event, so sudden and unforeseen, and at the same time so dreadful in it's consequences, struck him in such a manner, that, giving a great cry, he became at once altogether stupid and insensible, and was seized without the least resistance. They carried him away to Glocau, where he was brought before the council of war, and received sentence as a deserter. He suffered himself to be led and disposed of at the will of those about him, without uttering a word, or giving the least sign that he knew what had happened or what would happen to him. He remained immoveable as a statue wherever he was placed, and was wholly passive with respect to all that was done to him or about him. During all the time that he was in custody, he neither ate, nor drank, nor slept, nor had any evacuation. Some of his comrades were sent to see him; after that he was visited by some officers of his corps and by some priests; but he still continued in the same state, without discovering the least signs of sensibility. Promises, intreaties, and threatenings, were equally ineffectual. The physicians who were consulted upon his case were of opinion, that he was in a state of hopeless idiocy. It was at first suspected, that those appearances were feigned; but these suspicions necessarily gave way, when it was known he took no sustenance, and that the involuntary functions of nature were in a great measure suspended. After some time they knocked off his fetters, and left him at liberty to go whether he would. He received his liberty with the same insensibility that he had showed upon other occasions: he remained fixed and immoveable; his eyes turned wildly here and there without taking cognizance of any object, and the muscles of his face were fallen and fixed like those of a dead body. Being left to himself, he passed twenty days in this condition, without eating, drinking or any evacuation, and died on the twentieth day. He had been sometimes heard to fetch deep sighs; and once he rushed with great violence on a soldier who had a mug of liquor in his hand, forced the mug from him, drank the liquor with great eagerness, and let the mug fall to the ground."

To turn from the serious to the ludicrous effects of fear, the following instance of the latter sort, quoted from a French author by Mr. Andrews in his volume of Anecdotes, shows upon what slight occasions this passion may be sometimes excited in a very high degree, even in persons the most unlikely to entertain such a guest. "Charles Gustavus (the successor of Christina of Sweden) was besieging Prague, when a boor of a most extraordinary visage desired admittance to his tent; and, being allowed entrance, offered, by way of amusing the king, to devour a whole hog of one hundred weight in his presence. The old general Konigsmarc, who stood by the king's side, and who, soldier as he was, had not got rid of the prejudices of his childhood, hinted to his royal master, that the

peasant ought to be burnt as a sorcerer. 'Sir,' said the fellow, irritated at the remark, 'if your majesty will but make that old gentleman take of his sword and his spurs, I will eat him immediately before I begin the hog.' General Konigsmarc (who had, at the head of a body of Swedes, performed wonders against the Austrians, and who was looked upon as one of the bravest men of the age) could not stand this proposal, especially as it was accompanied by a most hideous and preternatural expansion of the frightful peasant's jaws. Without uttering a word, the veteran suddenly turned round, ran out of the court, and thought not himself safe till he had arrived at his quarters; where he remained above twenty-four hours locked up securely, before he had got rid of the panic which had so severely affected him."

The influence of fear, both in occasioning and aggravating diseases is also very great. No man ought to be blamed for a decent concern about life; but too great a desire to preserve it, is often the cause of losing it. Fear and anxiety, by depressing the spirits, not only dispose us to diseases, but often render those diseases fatal which an undaunted mind would overcome. Sudden fear has generally violent effects. Epileptic fits, and other convulsive disorders, are often occasioned by it. Hence the danger of that practice, so common among young people, of frightening one another. Many have lost their lives, and others have been rendered miserable, by frolics of this kind. It is dangerous to tamper with the human passions. The mind may easily be thrown into such disorder as never again to act with regularity.

In acute diseases frights have evidently killed many, by the agitation into which they have thrown the spirits, already too much disordered. We have also accounts of persons absolutely killed by terrors when in perfect health at the time of receiving the shock from them; and people ordered to be executed, but with private orders for a reprieve, have expired at the block without a wound.

MEMOIRS

OF

THE FREEMASONS OF NAPLES.

[*Continued from Page* 107.]

HE had been a Mason about three years, in short he was one of those who unfortunately for society have introduced themselves into those meetings. Pallante had engaged him by gifts, and the promise of impunity to get himself admitted a second time into another Lodge, that he might inform against the Society and deliver them into his power.

Rho was charged to speak to this man who was, by means of bribery, to engage Peyrol to convene a Lodge.

The Milanese, deceived and inveigled into this disgraceful intrigue, did not fail to search for Spadincorpo, who, knowing what had passed, waited for him at the door and finished his seduction by the promises of money. The hatred he bore Freemasonry prompted his decision. He reconciled himself to Spadincorpo, who had sold him to Pallante, as it has been shewn, and agreed that the profits of this league should be shared between them. They did not fail to meet the Pole, the friend of Spadincorpo, and who was waiting for them. He affected a mysterious air, and confessed to them the desire he had of becoming a Freemason. Spadincorpo took the hint, and in the same confidential way advised him to apply to Peyrol for his reception. The Pole affected great thankfulness, and testified an ardent desire to execute this design, and prayed them to engage Peyrol to assemble a Lodge, which he at the same time observed would be difficult on account of the late edicts.

Rho, little experienced in impostures, was afterwards informed by Spadincorpo, that the Pole was in intelligence with Pallante, that he was then a Freemason, and interfered in this scheme only to surprize a Lodge by his being made a second time. This new secret appeared to him horrible; but as he had advanced some way already in this plot, he was drawn on to the rest by interest—he had not power to recede.

All three repair to Peyrol, and in confidence inform him, that there is in Naples a wealthy Polish gentleman who ardently desires to be made a Freemason through his exertions in a reputable Lodge, under the promise of a premium proportioned to his fortune and the favour which he requested. Peyrol was dazzled by the prospect of gain, but at the same time wishing to assume the air of a Master of a Lodge, desired to see before him the person and physiognomy of him who wished to be admitted. Spadincorpo knowing who he was dealing with, says, with a loud laugh, "Physiognomy! it is his purse, which is the present question." Peyrol acceded, but he proposed a previous feast, with which they could better cement a familiarity with the stranger, and be better acquainted with his circumstances. This was all related to Pallante, and they fixed on the morrow for the feast. The Polish valet de Chambre had no trouble in representing the Man of Fortune, like many more of his profession: he told Peyrol that he had heard him spoken of as one of the most distinguished of the Society of Freemasons, and assured him of his earnest wishes to have a better acquaintance with a man of his character, and on account of his introducing him to a society so respectable. He remarked that he set a very high value on that favor, and more especially when he recollected the danger there was in convening a Lodge at the present crisis. The unfortunate Peyrol, flattered at hearing himself so much applauded, returned a multitude of compliments, and declared he would admit him the first favourable moment. He concluded by requesting some cash of the Pole, who did not hesitate in giving him some, the better to make sure of the man for the next scene.

Peyrol, who thoroughly understood the art of promising, without performing, sought how to make him his dupe. Once inveigled himself, he was afterwards accustomed to cheat others; he thought he would at least exhibit the appearance of a Lodge. For this purpose he conferred with a Swede named Berenser, a soldier in a Swiss regiment at Naples, who after having been an officer in France, was obliged by a succession of misfortunes to turn soldier at Naples; he also made a small gain by the office of servant in a National Lodge of Freemasons. Peyrol engaged this man by the offer of partaking the profits with him, to deceive the Pole by the imposture of a false Lodge.

In this they sought to dupe each other, and they themselves were both deceived. Sad example of the depravity of human nature! If there are yet sensible and just souls the number is too small to resist the multitude or efface their ignominy.

They purchased together the apparatus of a Lodge, after which Peyrol invited many of his friends, under the pretext of a treat which a Polish gentleman intended to give. He had chosen for the place of meeting a country house at Capo de Monte, an hill famous for the beauty of it's prospect, where there is a royal house and a great number of delightful villas.

The fatal day was come, when the blood-thirsty Pallante, hoped to establish his reputation by his treasonable practices: similar to a drunkard who seizes with eagerness the last bottle, without reflecting that it will deprive him of the small remains of his reason, and expose him to the jests of the bye-standers, by reeling him headlong on the earth. He had sent some one in the morning to the place of rendezvous. After dinner he sent for the Pole, to confer with him on the means of accomplishing his project, and to anticipate with joy the triumph they were about to experience. These two proceedings served in the sequel to develope the plot, or Pallante would without doubt easily have concealed it from the public, and not have injured his own character. He posted in the evening soldiers and archers in ambuscade near the house where the company were to meet. Himself, accompanied by a young domestic, returned to the neighbourhood, to a house of one of his clients. Pallante had taken this young man into his service, aged eleven years, named Denys, of an agreeable figure: although he was not his father, he bestowed on him some time after a lucrative establishment, without being possessed of talents which would justify his elevation. He there waited the issue of this affair. The Freemasons on their arrival found at the gate a black cloth, a death's head, hammers, aprons, and gloves. On seeing this assemblage they viewed one another with astonishment; nor were they without their suspicions of some treachery. Peyrol told them humourously, that it was a trick they were about to play on a Polish gentleman. At that instant the soldiers and archers advanced, armed with bayonets and pistols; threatening them in case of resistance, they seized these unfortunate men, and bound them with their pocket handkerchiefs.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

A CHARGE

DELIVERED TO THE

FAITHFUL LODGE, No. 499,

AT

BIDEFORD, DEVON.

BY JOHN WATKINS, L.L.D. and R.W.M.

BRETHREN,

ON a day* of such high signification among Masons, and which is usually appropriated, and justly, to the most solemn celebration, and to the most important services in all their Lodges, I cannot do better, considering the province to which you have called me, than to dwell a little upon truths which constitute the essence of our Art, and thereby endeavour to excite in your minds a nobler relish for studies, which have every thing in them to recommend them to the notice of the sensible, the generous, and the humane.

Wisdom, says the wisest of sages, *is the principal thing, therefore get Wisdom.* A deference to his authority highly becomes us as Masons; even though we owed no respect to his memory in any other character. But what is *Wisdom?* and what is it to gain *Understanding?* These are questions undoubtedly of the highest consequence. Let us attend to their investigation with that attention they deserve. Some have considered the great increase of Letters, and the improvement of the Arts and Sciences, but as so many steps to a greater corruption of human nature, by opening and setting in action those springs of vice which have lain dormant, or have been but partially exerted in a state of simplicity.

Not to enter, however, into the merits of so complicated and very difficult a question; I shall, at present, confine myself to considerations of a more general nature, and in which there cannot possibly be such a risk of deception through prejudice or malevolence. Let us fix our attention to that *Wisdom* only which is the ennobler of human nature, by calling forth it's powers into a liberal activity—that *Wisdom* without which we are reduced beneath a worse than even brutal depravity, and to an ignorance even below contempt.

* The Anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, 1792.

Perhaps there are some who regard the whole of *Wisdom*, as consisting in the improvement of the intellectual powers, by the application of them to works that immortalize their performers in the esteem of men. They are mistaken. *Solomon*, though highly eminent for this kind of *wisdom*, does not recommend it, in this warm manner, to general cultivation.

That such a consideration may not be taken in as subservient to the Grand Principle, Solomon never asserted, and we cannot believe. But then only as it is subservient to *true wisdom* is it to be regarded; and this ascertains at once the just place and value of the Arts and Sciences so much boasted of.

The Grand Principle then of *Wisdom*, to which all others are subordinate, which ought to be the primary point of all our consideration—which should be the principal scope of our researches, and for the reception of which our minds should constantly be expanded, is *Self-Knowledge*. In this is summed up the whole of *true Wisdom*.

We all know,—natural reason and daily experience convince us, that man is not what he was. The human mind is conscious of it's own imperfections; is sensible of the want of it's being enlightened by the rays of moral truth. The passions by their constant jarring, and frequent wild confusion, sufficiently show us, that the human soul hath lost something that was originally placed therein by it's Great Architect for the purpose of regulating it's affections and directing it's faculties; and that it is now become, instead of the beautiful Temple it once was, a chaos of grand and splendid ruins,—*grand and splendid* they undoubtedly are yet, still they are but the ruins of what was once infinitely more so. The light also that once made this edifice glorious, is so departed as to leave only a faint glimmering, just serving to render the ruins visible.

To regain that principle which hath for it's aim and within it's power the reduction of those disordered parts once more into regularity,—to recover, in some degree at least, the mental beauty that is hid under this heap of desolation, and to diffuse that light which can alone render man the glory of the Creation, must be an enquiry of the utmost consequence. Compared with this, all other *wisdom* is but trifling folly, and the cultivation of all other arts but childish pursuits. The effects of that species of wisdom, which is so highly esteemed among men, are of no intrinsic value; and can challenge only a momentary regard. The most elegant and spacious fabric, planned by the profoundest skill, erected with the greatest labour and expence, and ornamented with the most exquisite productions of the imitative arts, can last but for a period. The number of it's admirers will even decrease in proportion as it becomes familiar; and the silent but certain movements of time, will corrode it's most delicate parts, and insensibly bring the whole into a ruinous heap.

Where are now the mighty structures of antient time? The name of the Ephesian Diana, the Roman Amphitheatre, the Temple of Solomon, and innumerable other buildings, history tells us, once were glorious? Some of the chiefest are swept away from the face

of the earth, like the more humble, more transient—but perhaps equally curious habitation of the spider. And the ruins of others just remain as monuments of human vanity, and of the little regard that is due to that kind of wisdom, which hath neither permanency nor moral influence to recommend it.

And with respect to the still more estimated branches of wisdom, political speculation and polite literature, even they cannot boast a much superior degree of excellence. All the labours of the great and mighty men of letters, tend like the cultivators to morality. Neither then is all this *wisdom*, nor in the cultivation of them consists that *understanding* which should be the first thing in our attention. They do not contain the essence of that *wisdom*, the possession of which forms man's highest glory, and will ensure him a permanent reward. *Moral Philosophy*, as *true Wisdom* hath been termed, alone lays claim to this honour.

The antients had a sense of this, and, therefore, their greatest sages laboured earnestly in the pursuit of this knowledge. It must be confessed, that various of the philosophic schools of Antiquity, went far into the mysteries of truth. The names of Pythagoras, Socrates, and Plato, are sufficient evidences that men can indeed go very far, even with that portion of light they naturally have, in recovering that state of internal beauty which was the primitive state of man. But though much was done by those sublime personages, in this study, yet they lay under an absolute incapacity of attaining a complete excellence in it from the want of having a powerful influential principle, to aid the efforts of reason.

A Revelation from the Great Author of Nature could alone supply this requisite, and he hath supplied it.

By that Sacred Volume which lies now expanded before us, Reason obtains a spring capable of bringing all the confused materials into order, and the mind of man to a state of glory.

To what the Antients have left us, as the lessons of their experience in the School of Wisdom, we are enabled to add what they wanted; and possess, therefore, more abundant strength, and more captivating motives to induce us to take an active pursuit in the sublimest of studies. And though it cannot be denied but that any man may, of himself, by the effort of his natural powers, exercised under the influence of this Revelation, attain to a very high degree of excellence in the study of Wisdom, yet the probability of his success is not any way to be compared to his who engages in the pursuit in company with others. The Spirit of Emulation is, indeed, a noble Spirit. True Philosophy and true Religion delight in it's assistance, as sensible that it affords a most powerful spring to the exercise of great and good actions.

Indolence and Vice are mutually allied, and are fostered together in the shades of inactive imbecility and unsocial solitude.

Society alone hath the property of making men ashamed of those evils, and of bringing them in love with *true Wisdom*, by actively exerting it's principles, in the different stations and circumstances of

life. And yet in the enlarged state of the world, even this property becomes so expensive as to lose a considerable part of it's power. When we see men all around us, actuated by the selfish passions, and carrying the corruptions of their depraved natures into all their connexions with each other, we can have but little regard for that emulous principle which is so necessary to the rendering us true children of wisdom, and the cultivators of a really excellent understanding. On this account the antient sages who deeply saw this inconvenience, formed their followers into *select* societies, and therein taught them to exercise the important lessons of moral truth. In such small circles the sphere of observation is necessarily confined, and consequently a new attainment in moral excellence, or a fresh lapse into vice, must be easily observed, and have the salutary effort of stimulating or warning others.

Benevolence is one of the strongest characteristics of *true Wisdom*, because it hath a direct tendency to destroy that selfish principle which is the greatest disgrace to man, and is the parent of every base and wicked action. Now the exercise of this *benevolence* must be necessarily weak in the enlarged and complicated state of social intercourse, on account of that cupidity which too generally marks the character of mankind.

Societies, therefore, the principles of which are to lead the members into a more perfect acquaintance with *true Wisdom*, and to impress upon their minds a strong sense of their duty to each other as *Brethren*, must be of the greatest utility to the moral and political interests of the world.

In such Societies, real excellence in moral virtue may be attained to a much higher degree than in the public walks of life, or even in the umbrageous, silent paths of solitude.

From what hath been said, the application to be educed is obvious, and, no doubt, is anticipated by each of you.

Our sublime Order, my brethren, was instituted under a sense of the disadvantages men lie under, from the imperfections human nature is replete with, and the obstacles that lie in their way to *true Wisdom*, by the evil maxims and customs of the world. The necessity of that principle which is, as I have already observed, the essence of *Wisdom*, to make men what they ought to be, gave birth to this Society, which hath subsisted almost ever since the necessity of it was first understood. You know what it's peculiar principles are; the world also hath long known that they must be intrinsically excellent, otherwise the Order would not have so long stood firm under such a variety of circumstances as have at all times been combined against it. In this enlightened age indeed, our Order is respected by every person who is above vulgar prejudices. The opinions of others, however, are but of little consequence to us as Masons, as we are sensible that the Royal Art derives no part of it's excellence from what others think of it. Towards the grand design, already mentioned, of restoring Man to his proper dignity by renewing his internal beauty, our Order lends great assistance. The genius of

Masonry, may I not say, wipes away by it's genial influence, the tear from the eye of sorrowing humanity,—checks the vicious tendency,—and lends the salutary aid to the efforts of virtue. Say ye who respect the divine image in the human soul, say how it brightens through the medium of our Order. Sensibility, the sweetest, gentlest, daughter of Heaven! dwells in the Masonic Temple. In conjunction with reason and revelation, it is her province to labour in the important work of building up the human soul, into a beautiful fabric for the inhabitation of the divinity. She finds the mind, indeed, in a state that requires great improvement, being under the influence of selfish passions and evil dispositions. The Royal Art is exerted in breaking off those extraneous qualities, in order to render the mind fit for the application of the *perfect square*. The genuine disciple is led through the *graduated scale* of active virtues to the footstool of his Creator; he is assimilated by it to the divinity, and rendered meet to be an inhabitant of the celestial Lodge, where our supreme Grand Master ever presides. All it's principles and ceremonies have this tendency. The central point of Masonry is the glory of the Great Architect, under whose auspices it professeth to act in the perfection of man. Every thing visible and oral in Masonry is directed to this great object;—an object compared with which every other is vain and trifling—for this comprises all our duties, all our interests, and all our hopes. Combine every thing that is great and good, beautiful and praise-worthy, it only shows what the mind of man naturally is not, but what it undoubtedly *ought to be*. For the purpose of realizing such a combination of excellencies our Order was instituted, hath flourished, does flourish, and ever will do so, while Virtue is prized on earth. But here it may be asked, if *Masonry* hath this aim, why do we not see more of it's professors exhibit correspondent good effects to the world. The answer is obvious—all who profess *Masonry*, are not therefore *Masons*. To be such thoroughly we must be *good men and true*.

How high then, and exalted a character is the *true Freemason! Masonry* is the science not so much of the *head* as of the *heart*, and no further than as a person enters into this knowledge can he be said to be, what is certainly the highest character on the face of the earth—

A FREE AND AN ACCEPTED MASON.

ORATION ON MASONRY,

DELIVERED

BY THE LATE REV. DR. WILLIAM DODD,

AT THE

DEDICATION OF FREEMASONS' HALL,

IN GREAT QUEEN-STREET.

MOST Worshipful Grand Master, and Brethren all! there never was a stranger paradox advanced, than that, which the gloomy *philosopher of Malmesbury* hath laboured to support, against the *sociability of man*. Every feeling of the human heart,—every trait in the human character,—every line in the history of civilized nature, serves to *explode* the idea; and to convince us, "that man is a being formed for *society*, and deriving from thence his highest felicity and glory." Nay, indeed, the *history* of *mankind* might well be considered as "the *history* of *social life*; perpe-"tually and invariably tending more and more to perfection."

It is not to be doubted, that the mighty master-hand, which with so much facility created from the dust of the earth the *two* first inhabitants of it, could, with equal ease, have created *thousands* of the same species, and have given them all the means and advantages of perfect civilization. But He thought good to create *two* only, with an evident purpose to a *gradual population* of the earth which he had formed; and to a *gradual advancement* of those improvements, for which He wisely fitted the human mind; and in which He as wisely determined to keep that mind continually occupied.

Hence, we perceive, that from this fertile and unexhausted storehouse of human intelligence and invention, arts, sciences, and culture of every kind have proceeded with gradual progress; and MAN,—peculiarly distinguished as he is from the whole animal creation, by his boundless capability of invention and improvement—MAN hath still gone on to cultivate and adorn social life: and to beautify and bless that life with all which *Utility* could ask; which *Reason* could approve; nay, or even the luxuriance of *Fancy* itself, with *charmed* eyes, could delight in and admire!

Immortality and glory crown the *men*—those truly great and distinguished worthies, who have nobly added to the advancement of *human happiness*, by the advancement of *civilization!*—who, by the invention or improvement of arts and sciences—of religion and laws, by *human* or *civil* culture,—have been instrumental to exalt the dignity, and to enlarge the comforts of their species!

Kings of the earth!—who have furled with exulting triumph your standards, crimsoned in fellow-creatures blood!—*mighty conquerors!*

—who have proudly built your fame on wide-spread ruin, and fearful devastation!——how doth your false honour fade, and sink into darkness and obscurity, before the ever-living lustre of *their* genuine glory—those fathers, friends, and benefactors of mankind—those true heroes, who, like their just emblem, *the Sun*, have perpetually diffused life, blessing, beneficence; have existed only to instruct, improve, and humanize the world.

THESE—*Illustrious Hearers!* are the men, whom we exult to call BRETHREN: and of this truly honourable fraternity it is, that MASONRY, throughout all ages, hath been composed: an institution —not, as the *ignorant* and *uninstructed* vainly suppose, founded on *unmeaning mystery*, and supported by mere *good-fellowship*:—but "an *Institution* founded on eternal reason and truth; whose deep "basis is the *civilization* of *mankind;* and whose everlasting glory "it is, to have the immoveable support of those two mighty pillars, "*Science* and *Morality!*"

In proof of what I advance, permit me just to touch, with a passing pencil,—as the *time*,—not as the unlimited *nature of my subject* will admit;—just to *touch* upon—(1.) the ANTIQUITY;—(2.) the EXTENT;—(3.) the COMPREHENSIVENESS;—(4.) the EXCELLENCE and UTILITY of our Royal *Art;* of whose daily advancing *progress*, highly flourishing *state*, and unquestionable *merit*, who can doubt a moment—that beholds this splendid EDIFICE; that considers this lovely, honourable, and illustrious assemblage?

1. And permit me to observe, that the brightest title suffer no diminution of lustre; nay, that *Nobility* itself derives distinction, from the support and countenance of an institution so venerable. For, if ANTIQUITY merits our attention, and demands our reverence,—where will the society be found, that hath an equal claim? —*Masons* are well informed from their own private and interior records, that the *building* of *Solomon's Temple* is an important æra, from whence they derive many mysteries of their art. Now, be it remembered, that this great event took place above *a thousand* years before the *Christian æra*; and consequently more than a century before *Homer*, the first of the Grecian poets, wrote; and above *five* centuries before *Pythagoras* brought from the East his sublime system of *truly masonic* instruction, to illuminate our western world.

But, remote as is *this period*, we date not from thence the commencement of our art. For though it might owe to the wise and glorious king of *Israel* some of it's many mystic forms and hieroglyphic ceremonies, yet certainly the art itself is coeval with *Man*, the great subject of it. Nay, it may be well stiled coeval with *Creation*; when the *Sovereign* ARCHITECT raised on masonic principles this beauteous globe;——and commanded that *master-science Geometry* to lay the rule to the *planetary* world, and to regulate by it's laws the whole stupendous system, in just unerring proportion rolling round the central *Sun!*

2. And as *Masonry* is of this remote *antiquity*, so is it, as might reasonably be imagined, of boundless EXTENT. We trace it's footsteps in the most distant, the most remote ages and nations of the world. We find it amongst the first and most celebrated *civilizers* of the *East*, we deduce it regularly, from the first astronomers on the plains of *Chaldea*, to the wise and mystic kings and priests of *Egypt*; —the sages of *Greece*, the philosophers of *Rome*: —nay, and even to the rude and *Gothic builders* of a dark and degenerate age; whose vast temples still remain amongst us, as monuments of their attachments to the *Masonic* arts, and as high proofs of a taste, which, however irregular, must always be esteemed awful and venerable.

In truth, in no *civilized* age or country hath *Masonry* been neglected: the most illustrious characters,—kings and nobles,—sages and legislators,—authors and artists,—have thought it their glory to protect and to honour it. And, at the *present* hour, while we find the *brotherhood* successfully established in every kingdom of the earth, we are happy to rank in that list many names, which do honour to their own,—would have done honour to any age. To *enumerate* them would be a task abundantly pleasing; but the time allows me not. It would, however, be inexcusable to omit particularising that *Hero-King*, that bright and northern star, whom the admiring world allows to be one of the greatest princes, and of whom we may justly boast as one of the first and most distinguished friends and lovers of our *Art!*—that ancient, honourable *Art*, for whose promotion and dignity LODGES are opened in every quarter of the globe.—For I cannot but remark with peculiar pleasure, that in whatsoever else men may dispute and disagree, yet they are all unanimous to respect and to support a singularly amiable institution; which annihilates all parties; conciliates all private opinions; and renders those who by their Almighty Father were *made of one blood*, to be also of one heart and one mind; BRETHREN, bound, firmly bound together by that indissoluble tie—"the love of their "GOD, and the love of their *Kind*."

3. This alone might well be judged a sufficient reason for the *extent*, and, if we may so say, *universality* of the Craft. But, when to this we farther add, the COMPREHENSIVENESS of the institution, and the vast circle of arts and sciences which it takes, we shall no longer wonder at that *extent*; but be satisfied, "That MASONRY "must and will always keep pace, and run parallel with the culture "and *civilization* of mankind." Nay, we may pronounce with strict truth, That where *Masonry* is not, *civilization* will never be found.——And so in fact it appears: for, in *savage* countries, and barbarous climes——where operative *Masonry* never lays the *line*, nor stretches the *compass*—where skilful *Architecture* never plans the *dome*, nor rears the well-ordered *column*;——on those benighted realms, liberal Science never smiles, nor does ingenuous Art exalt, refine, embellish, and soften the mind!

But, give MASONRY once to exert her heaven-descended talents, even in realms like those;—let her rear the dwelling, and teach the lofty temple to emulate the clouds;—see what a train of Arts immediately enter, and join, in ample *suite*, to give their patron *Architecture* completion and glory!—Lo! at their head, *Sculpture* with his animating chissel bids the forming marble breathe!—See *Painting* with his vivid pencil steal Nature's fairest tints, while the glowing canvas starts beneath his touch into beauty and life!—See the long labours of the loom; the storied tapestry, and the rich wrought silk, employed to decorate the habitation which every art and every exertion of the manufacturer and mechanic are busied to complete!

But not the *manual arts* alone attend: hark!—through the finished dome divine *Music* pours her soul-commanding sounds; with her artful hand and finely-varied tones sweetly enforcing the lofty and instructive lessons of heaven-born *Poesy!*—which, whilst it wraps the delighted mind in deep contemplation, gives birth and being to those sage, those *civil*, those *legislative* and *moral* plans; or, in one word, to *all that round* of *speculative Masonry*, which secures, adorns, and dignifies society; and represents in strong contrast the *savage*, and the *civilized* man!

Thus *comprehensive* is the noble Art we boast; and such are the triumphs of *Architecture* alone, *in whose* ample grasp are contained such numberless benefits to human nature, and which may justly be deemed the peculiar and favourite child of civilization, as well as the unerring mark and criterion of that civilization, and of the progress of the fine arts in every state.—Were I to proceed—or had I assumed for my proof that wonderful, all-informing science on which *Masonry* is built; nay, and which—*proud Mistress of Arts!*—issues forth her commanding laws, not only to those arts, but even to *nature*—even to nature's amplest round—the *solar system* itself:—had Geometry been my theme—the time would have failed me to have recounted even a part of that comprehensive extent and reach of instruction;—that inexhausted fund of information and knowledge, of improvement and advantage, which it imparts to it's studious votaries. Happy votaries—adepts in true *Masonry*—ever the zealous and most ardent admirers of natural and moral *beauty!* for they are especially sensible of the *beauties* of that *world*, which, amongst the intelligent Greeks, knew no other name. And well indeed might be styled Κοσμος, essential "BEAUTY;"—for it excels, at once, in all the regularity of order, the exactness of proportion, the glow of colouring, the force of expression, and the strength of design.

4. But future and more extensive discussions of this high and entertaining theme may, perhaps, through *your* honourable sanction engage my pen*. For the *present*—after what hath been already

* The Author did not live to publish any thing more on Masonry.

advanced, can any man doubt a moment of "the EXCELLENCE and "UTILITY of MASONRY," thus deep in antiquity, boundless in extent, and universal in it's comprehension of science, operative and speculative; thus, in it's wide bosom, embracing at once the whole circle of Arts and Morals?

To attempt it's encomium (particularly after what has been already so ably, so elegantly advanced by my worthy brother) would be "wasteful and superfluous excess;" would be, in the fine language of our first and sublimest of Bards,

> "*To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,*
> "*To throw a perfume on the violet;*
> "*To smooth the ice; to add another hue*
> "*Unto the rainbow; or, with taper-light*
> "*To seek the beauteous eye of Heaven to garnish.*"

For who, in this polished, this improving age, is insensible of the attraction, the excellence, the utility of the Fine Arts, the Liberal Sciences? Who, in this peculiarly humane and philanthropic æra, is cold to the call of BENEVOLENCE—that never failing attendant on the ingenuous Arts;—that all-pervading, all-performing virtue, which in one short and easy word, *Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself*, comprizes all duty, and consummates the round of moral perfection.

Indeed, the celebrated Eulogy which CICERO passeth on philosophy, may with equal propriety be applied to MASONRY, duly practised and rightly understood. For in that view it will be found eminently "the improvement of youth, and the delight of old age. "The ornament of prosperity, the refuge and solace of adverse "hours: it pleases at home; is no incumbrance abroad: it lodges "with us; travels with us; and adds amusement and pleasure to "our rural retirement."

With heart-felt zeal and sincerity, allow me then, right noble and worthy *Brethren*, to congratulate you on the advancement, the progress, and present state of our useful, excellent, antique, and mystic Lore! more particularly allow me to congratulate you on this great and festive day; on this solemn DEDICATION with high pomp and song, of an EDIFICE, which does equal credit to it's architect, and to the craft; and which promises a long line of stability and glory to Masonry, in this it's favourite land.

And while by our sincere *good-will* and *friendly regard* each for the other;—while by our liberal and merciful *relief* of the *Brethren in distress*;—while by the establishment of an universal language and communication, for the attainment of those two purposes throughout the earth, under the seal of most sacred and inviolable *secrecy*;—whilst thus, we seem to have amply provided for the interests of

---

* Mr. HESSELTINE, the Grand-Secretary, whose EXORDIUM was not more elegant and instructive, than ably and eloquently delivered.

BENEVOLENCE: so let us, by every method, and by every encouragement in our power, court the LIBERAL ARTS to come and dwell *amongst us*: let the means of their cultivation and improvement be the frequent subject of our best and most serious disquisitions: let us endeavour to hold forth every engaging allurement, that they may approach and apply their elegant and wonder-working fingers, to finish the beauties of this well-ordered dome; and to make it, what we wish, the distinguished residence of immortal MASONRY!

An æra, which cannot be far distant: for the magnificence of our building, in so short a period, thus wonderfully grown up before us, speaks in emphatic language, at once the zeal and the ability of it's friends; and stimulates—with a force far beyond all the eloquence of the most persuasive *orator*;—stimulates every noble heart to a gallant emulation, and must inspire a wish to contribute towards the perfection of so beautiful and elegant a design.

Nor can the brilliant and generous example of that illustrious NOBLEMAN, who so honourably *presides* over us, want it's due effect; —a Nobleman—you, my Brethren, all agree with me—not more distinguished as a *Mason* than as a *Man!* whose love of liberal Arts, and whose regard for moral Virtue, are not confined to the *Lodge*, but accompany and adorn *him* in all the walks of life! Under such auspices may the Craft rest happy and secure, and flourish for ever as the *Palm!*—and may this HALL, awfully dedicated to *Masonry*, to *Virtue*, to *Benevolence*, still and for ever behold each ennobling science, each ingenuous Art, smile and triumph, soften and civilize beneath it's *roof!*——*May private friendship* and *public virtue* dignify and distinguish the heart and character of every *Mason*, who here shall form and fill the mystic *Lodge!*

And when the sacred solemn rites are done, when festive Hilarity assumes his social seat, may decent politeness, and sweetly-smiling innocence for ever wreathe the chaplet for his brow, crown his *bowl*, and command his *song!*

And, while amidst the scientific labours of the Lodge, elevated schemes of improving Art engage and enrapture our Minds; while holy and ancient mysteries warm the imagination with improvement's kindred glow;—while in the mournful investigation of a Brother's wants pleading pity melts our eye, and generous compassion swells the feeling breast;——while amidst the cheerful exertions of inoffensive mirth, of heart-enlarging, friendly communication—reflection shall be enabled to look back with pleasure, and impartial conscience shall find nothing to disapprove: *then*, my *Brethren*, may we, with comfort and with confidence, lift up our adoring hearts:

AND WE DO LIFT THEM UP TO *Thee*, Great Nature's adorable and wonderous Geometrician! Almighty Parent of the World! wise Former of *Man!* imploring on this, and on all our other laudable undertakings, thy favour, thy blessing, thy aid; without which, vain and fruitless are all the efforts of feeble men!—'Tis from *Thee*, beneficient Founder of our frame, that we have received, the *heart*

to feel; the *hand* to labour; the *eye* to behold; the *ear* to hear; the *tongue* to proclaim; and all the faculties which make us *susceptible* of *moral*, partakers of *natural* good!—Teach us, then, to delight in them, to improve them as thy blessing; and through the beauty, order, and excellence of *created* things, to view, contemplate, and adore thy uncreated excellence and beauty!

Formed as thy *Temple*, and enriched with the ornaments of thy creative wisdom,—consummate Architect of thy master building, *Man!*—we look up to Thee, to inspire us with understanding, with science, with virtue, with all which can dignify, refine, and exalt our nature, and render the temple at least not wholly unworthy of it's sacred inhabitant!—To this end, direct us to make the BLESSED VOLUME of thy instructive wisdom, the never-erring *square* to regulate our conduct; the *compass* within whose circle we shall ever walk with safety and with peace; the infallible *plumb-line* and criterion of rectitude and truth! Enable us to fill up every sphere of duty with exactness and honour; and by our amiable attention to all the sweet and blessed offices, the endearing charities of social life in particular, teach us to win the love of those who unite in those tender offices with us: and as fathers, husbands, friends,—as worthy *men* and worthy *Masons*,—to distinguish and exalt the profession which we boast!

And, while through thy bounty—rich Dispenser of every blessing!—our cups overflow with plenteousness, and *wine*, and *corn*, and *oil*, delight and cheer our boards: Oh, may our full hearts never be wanting in gratitude, and in the voice of thanksgiving to Thee; in liberal sentiments and succour towards every laudable undertaking; in the quickest sensibility, and readiest relief we can give to the woes and distresses of our fellow-creatures—of *all mankind*—of every *being*, universal Lord! who bears thy image, and looks up to thy providence; who is fed by thy hand, hopes for thy future and all comprehending mercy, and can and will triumphantly unite with us,—with the general voice of *Masons* and of *Men*,—earnestly and emphatically saying,

" *Father of All! in every age,*
" *In every clime ador'd;*
" *By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,*
" Jehovah, Jove, *or Lord!*
" *To* Thee, *whose temple is all space,*
" *Whose altar, earth, sea, skies;*
" *One chorus let all Being raise,*
" *All Nature's incense rise!*"

ESSAY ON STRIFE.

STRIFE, like a pestilence, may be traced by the havoc which it makes. Every rank and every station of life is, at times, visited by this plague of society. It embitters domestic scenes; it sows the seeds of everlasting enmity amongst the inhabitants of an obscure village; and plunges whole nations into faction and discord. Solomon says, "the beginning of Strife is as when one letteth out water." Daily experience furnishes us with but too many testimonies to the truth of the simile; which strongly points out the necessity of attending to the caution which accompanies it—"therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with."

If the smallest fissure be made in the mound which confines the water, it will soon force for itself a wider passage; and when once the torrent is at liberty, it disdains restraint, and carries down before it whatever is thrown to impede it's progress. And, such is the violence of strife, if we give it but the least entertainment in the mind, it's constant attendants, malice, hatred, and revenge, will soon force a passage after it. Then,

Non sic aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus amnis
Exiit, oppositasque evicit gurgite moles,
Fertur in arva furens cumulo, camposque per omnes.
Cum stabulis armenta trahit—

Characters, reputations, every thing that is valuable and dear to man, will not be able to check it's fury. These are, indeed, often the first objects of it's rage. The tempest passes over the head of the bulrush, to wreck it's vengeance on the oak.

The man who is carried by a rapid stream appears, to himself, to be at rest, whilst every other object seems to be in motion. He who is hurried away by the violence of Strife is equally deceived both in his senses and his judgement. He ever fancies himself to be in the right, and those of the opposite party constantly in the wrong.

Human invention, which has so abundantly supplied the world with mischievous weapons of destruction, has not been deficient in discovering subjects for the exercise of strife.

It is a melancholy reflection, that Christianity, which was intended for the comfort and happiness of mankind, should have given rise to so many bloody feuds and contentions. The expression of our Saviour, "I came not to bring peace, but a sword," has been literally fulfilled almost ever since the commencement of Christianity. Christianity had no sooner triumphed over the altars of Paganism, but she became divided within herself; and "her foes were those of her own household." But

it would be unjust to lay to the charge of Christianity all the bickerings, animosities, and bloodshedding, which have so much obtained among Christians. It is, as a system of morality, every thing that would produce "peace on earth, and good-will amongst men," if men would put it's precepts into practice. When the children cease to listen to the instructions, and to walk in the steps, of their aged parent, let not the venerable parent be branded with the vices of her disobedient children.

How wide a field for strife do politics supply! Though contention in domestic life is sure to be productive of misery to the fools who wage it, it's effects are dreadful when it separates a whole nation into two distinct people. It prevents the intercourse of neighbours, and destroys society. It makes those who should unite in all the friendly offices of social life more perfect strangers, and more averse to each other, than if they had to combat with national prejudice, and an unknown language. Even when the boisterous torrent of party-spirit which overflowed the mind subsides, unlike the rich inundations of the Nile, it leaves a poisonous sediment behind, whose influence produces a thousand noxious weeds, which poison for ever the dearest affections of the human heart.

At a time like this, when the public safety requires the generous exertions of *united* individuals, I cannot refrain from addressing the words of Jocasta to all disputants; whether the janglers of the fire-side, the doughty antagonists of a country coffee-room, or the more eloquent discontented leaders of party.

ὦ ταλαιπωροι,
ἐδ' επαισχυνεσθε γῆς,
Οὕτω νοσέσης, ἴδια κινεῖτες κακά;

"O, wretched! are you not ashamed, when your country is in so great danger, are you not ashamed, thus to wage private quarrels?"

Strife and contention arise from a discontented mind; from that restless spirit which is impatient of restraint; and from a false supposition, that whatever lays a restraint upon the actions is an infringement of true liberty. Men who hold such an opinion are to be informed, that equal, if not superior, to the blessings of true freedom is the protection from lawless liberty. If man were subject to perpetual invasion from superior force or sagacity, the comforts of his life would be little increased by the savage satisfaction of retaliating upon his inferior. A party-spirit oftens proceeds from a foolish supposition that we can regulate the affairs of others, when perhaps we are totally unable to conduct our own. Urged on by this idea, men form parties to reform a State, without considering what ample scope there is for them to display their talents for reformation in their own lives and conduct. It shows a strange degree of disinterest-

ed folly, in men to be so anxious for the improvement of every thing but themselves, and to spend their whole time in providing for the happiness of others in a certain never-to-be-procured state of perfection, whilst their own conduct is, perhaps, exhibiting to the world a retrograde motion, and they themselves are becoming, day after day, less perfect.

The surest antidote against strife, as well as many other evils of life, is contentment;—contentment, that alchemy of the mind, which converts every thing into happiness! Contentment, in wordly affairs, disposes the mind to be satisfied in any tolerable condition of life; and, in spiritual concerns, contentment will teach the disputant, whatever be his creed, to keep is tenets to himself, and not disturb the peace of that household, which Christ hath established upon earth, with the vain disquisitions of, perhaps, after all, a deluded imagination. Satisfied with having performed, as far as frail nature will permit, what the Lord God requires, *viz.* to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God, he will rest in hope, that, should his opinions of some nicer points be erroneous, the Almighty will look with pity and compassion upon a mistaken faith, producing such amiable virtues.

If every individual, instead of loudly clamouring for the reformation of the world, would keep a constant guard over his own conduct, and reform himself, then might we indeed expect to see a golden age of happiness and peace rising upon us, wherein the mild influence of Christianity would supersede the necessity of all earthly tribunals, and the general innocency of mankind become the strongest protection to the individual.

ORIELENSIS.

AN
EASTERN NOVEL.

THE FOLLOWING EXAMPLE SHEWS THAT THE PRACTICE OF VIRTUE RENDERS A FAMILY ILLUSTRIOUS.

[*Continued from Page* 110.]

WHEN Liu-pao had received the sum, I ought to acquaint you, said he to the merchant, that my sister-in-law is proud, haughty, and a great lover of formality; she will make a great many difficulties when she is to leave the house, and you will have some trouble to bring her to a resolution; I will tell you therefore what you must do; at the beginning of the night bring a chair adorned as usual, with good strong porters, make as little noise as you can, and be ready at the door; she that will appear with a mourning head-dress is my sister; say never a

word to her, nor hearken to what she says, but take her about the middle, force her into the chair, and conduct her to your bark as soon as you can. This expedient pleased the merchant, and the execution of the project seemed easy.

In the mean time Liu-pao returned home, and that his sister-in-law might have no suspicion of his design he took no notice of any thing while she was by; but as soon as she was withdrawn he made his wife a confident of the project, and told her of the trick he was going to play; it is necessary, said he, that this two-legg'd merchandise should be taken away this night, of which I have not the least reason to doubt: however, I am not willing to be present at the transaction, so that I will be absent for some time; but it is necessary that you should know that as soon as night appears there will come a considerable crowd to our door, and will take her away in a chair.

He was going to proceed when he was suddenly stopt by the noise that he had heard: it was his sister-in-law that passed near the window of the room, at which Liu-pao went hastily out at another door, insomuch that he had not time to add the circumstance of the mourning head-dress: it was doubtless by the particular direction of Heaven that this circumstance was omitted.

Ouang readily perceived that the noise she made at the window had obliged Liu-pao to break off his discourse abruptly: the tone of his voice plainly shewed that he had still something more to say, but she had heard enough, for finding by his air when he enter'd the room that he had some secret to communicate to his wife, she pretended to withdraw, and listening secretly at the window heard these words distinctly, *they will carry her off, they will put her in a chair.*

These words greatly strengthened her suspicions, when entering the room, and going to Yang-sang, she declared her uneasiness to her; sister-in-law, said she to her, you behold an unfortunate widow who is bound to you by the strongest ties of the most sincere friendship, and therefore by this very friendship I conjure you to acknowledge freely whether your husband persists in his former design or no, in forcing me to a marriage which will prove my utter ruin?

At these words Yang appeared in confusion and blushed, but recovering herself soon after; why should you have such thoughts, sister, said she to her, and why do such strange fancies disturb your mind? if there was a design of a second marriage, do you think there would be any great difficulty in the matter? but, alas! to what purpose should a person throw himself into the water before the bark is going to be cast away?

When Ouang heard the proverb of the bark she understood better the sense of the private discourse of her brother-in-law: she immediately gave herself up to complaints and tears, and quite overwhelmed with grief shut herself up in her room, where she wept, sighed, and lamented. What a wretch am I, said she,

that I know not what is become of my husband! Liu-tchin, my brother-in-law and friend, whom I might depend upon is on a journey; my parents and relations live at a great distance; if this affair is hastened how can I give them notice? I can hope for no assistance from my neighbours, for Liu-pao is become formidable among them, and they know he is capable of the blackest villany: wretch that I am! I cannot escape from his snares; if my ruin is not perfected to-night it will to-morrow, or in a very short time; the only thing I can do is to put an end to this painful life; to die once is much better than to suffer a thousand deaths, and what is my life at present but one continual death?

She then came to a resolution, but deferred executing it till the evening: as soon as day had left our hemisphere, and darkness had succeeded in it's room, she retired into her chamber, and shutting herself up took a cord, and fasten'd one end of it to a beam, and at the other made a running noose; she got upon a stool, modestly adjusted her garments about her feet, and then cried out, supreme Tien avenge my cause: after this she threw down her head-dress, and putting her head and neck into the running noose, she kicked away the stool with her foot, and was left suspended in the air.

Here was an end, as one would imagine, of this unfortunate lady, but it somehow happened that the cord, though made of hemp and seemingly very strong, immediately broke, and she fell to the ground half dead.

Yang ran towards the room as soon as she heard the noise which was occasion'd by her violent fall, and found the door barricadoed; she thought it was the effect of a troubled mind, and therefore took up a bar and wrench'd open the door: as the night was extremely dark in entering the room her feet were entangled in Ouang's garment, which threw her down; this fall forced her head-dress to some distance, and the fright she was in made her faint away for a few moments: when she had recover'd her senses she rose up and went to seek for a lamp, and returning to the room found Ouang extended upon the earth without motion, and her breath almost gone, for the cord bound her so very straight that she foam'd at the mouth, upon which she immediately loosen'd the running noose.

While she was proceeding to do other services she heard a knocking at the door; she made no doubt but it was the merchant of Kiang-si that came to fetch his purchased spouse; she ran hastily to receive them, and introduce them into her chamber that they might be witnesses of what had happened; through haste, and willingness not to appear without a head-dress, she took up that which she found at her feet, which was the mourning head-dress of Ouang.

It was in reality the merchant of Kiang-si that came to take away the lady that had been promised him; he had a wedding-chair adorned with streamers of silk, festoons, flowers, and several fine

lanthorns: it was surrounded with domestics who carried lighted torches, and a crowd of musicians who were to play on flutes and haut-boys. All these attendants were placed in the street without playing on their music, or making the least noise; the merchant had advanced a little forward, and knocked softly at the door, but finding it half open he enter'd the house with lighted flambeaux.

When Yang appeared the merchant seeing her in a mourning head-dress, which was the signal agreed upon, and being likewise charmed with her air and features, he laid hold of her as a hungry hawk seizes a little helpless bird: his followers ran to his assistance, and shut the lady up in the chair which was there ready to receive her; in vain she cry'd out, *you are deceived, it is not me you seek for*; the noise of the instruments was soon heard, which drown'd her voice, while the chairmen that carried her, rather flew than walk'd to transport her to the bark.

While this was acting Ouang, who had received assistance from the care of her sister-in-law, was come to her self and had recovered her senses; the great noise that she heard at the door renewed her fears, and filled her with dreadful inquietudes; but when she perceived the noise of the trumpets and the confusion of voices and musical instruments go still farther and farther off, she began to grow bolder, and in about half a quarter of an hour ventured to go and see what was the matter.

After she had called her sister-in-law several times to no purpose, she imagin'd that the merchant had made a mistake, and had taken her away though he came for another, but she was fearful of some troublesome incident in return, when Liu-pao should be informed of the mistake. She then shut herself up in her chamber, where she collected her scattered jewels and other parts of her head-dress that were left, and entertain'd thoughts of taking a little rest, but she could not close her eyes during the whole night.

Early in the morning she rose up, and while she was seeking her mourning head-dress to put it on, she heard a noise at the door of one knocking very hard, crying out, *open the door*; it was no body else but Liu-pao, whose voice she was well acquainted with. She was not long in resolving what to do, but let him knock without answering: he swore, cursed and bawled till he grew hoarse; at last Ouang went to the door, and standing behind, without opening it, who is that that knocks, said she, and who is it that makes such a noise? Liu-pao, who distinguished very well the voice of his sister-in-law, was immediately seized with a strange dread, especially when she refused to open the door; sister-in-law, said he, I have good news to tell you, Liu-tchin our younger brother is returned, and our eldest brother enjoys a perfect health; open quickly.

At these words, concerning the return of Liu-tchin, Ouang ran to take the black head-dress that Yang had left, but in vain did she expect to see her dear Liu-tchin, for there was no body but Liu-pao who entered immediately her room, but not seeing his wife there, and moreover observing a black head-dress on her sister-in-law's head, his suspicions were strangely renewed. At length he cried out,

where is your sister-in-law? You ought to know better then I, replied Ouang, since it was you that carried on this fine intrigue: but tell me, replied Liu-pao, why do not you wear your white head-dress? have you laid aside your mourning? in answer to which Ouang was so complaisant as to relate the history that had happened during his absence.

She had hardly made an end of her story before Liu-pao began to beat his breast, and acted like a madman, but coming to himself by little and little, I have one comfort in my misfortunes, said he to himself, I will sell my sister-in-law, and with the money I'll buy another wife, and no body shall know that I have been so unfortunate as to sell my own. He had been playing all the night, and had lost the thirty taels which he had received from the merchant of Kiang-si, who was already at a great distance with his new bride; he was preparing to go out in order to negociate this affair, when he perceived at the door four or five persons who wanted to enter; they were his eldest brother Liu-yu, his youngest Liu-tchin, his nephew Hi-eul, and two domestics that carried the baggage. Liu-pao amazed at this sight, and not having the assurance to confront them, made what haste he could out at the back-door, and vanished like lightning.

The lady Ouang, transported with joy, came to receive her dear husband; but how exceeding was her delight when she perceived her son, whom she hardly knew, he was grown so much and had so fine a person: ah! by what good fortune, said she, have you brought back this dear son whom I supposed to be lost?

Liu-yu entered into the detail of all his adventures, and Ouang in her turn related at large all the indignities that Liu-pao had made her suffer, and the extremities to which he had reduced her.

Then Liu-yu having bestowed on his wife the commendations that her fidelity deserved, if by a blind passion for riches, *said he*, I had kept the 200 taels, which I found by chance, how should I have recovered my dear child? if avarice had hindered me from giving the twenty taels to save those who were suffering shipwreck my dear brother had perished in the water, and I should never have seen him: if by an unlook'd for adventure I had not met with this amiable brother, how should I have discovered the trouble and disorder that reigned in my house? without this, my dear wife, we should never have been re-united, our family would have been dismembered, and we should have been plunged in affliction. All this is the effect of the particular providence of Heaven, who has over-ruled these different events: as for my other brother, who without design sold his own wife, has justly brought on himself his own misfortunes: the Almighty Tien treats mankind as they deserve, let them not therefore think to escape his justice.

Not long after Hi-eul went to fetch his bride, the daughter of Tchin; the marriage was concluded, and proved a very happy one; they had several children, and saw a great number of their grandchildren, many of which were advanced by their learning, and raised to the highest office; thus this family became illustrious.

THE

GENERAL HISTORY OF CHINA:

Containing a Geographical, Historical, Chronological, Political, and Physical Description of the Empire of CHINA, CHINESE-TARTARY, *&c.*

[*Continued from Page* 104.]

THE princes of the blood-royal of China, have neither power nor credit with the people; they are stiled regulo, and are allowed a palace and a court, with officers and a revenue conformable to their rank; formerly, when they were dispersed in the provinces, the officers of the crown remitted them their revenues every three months, that they might spend them as fast as they received them, to prevent the laying up any part of them, lest they should be enabled to create troubles, and sow sedition, and were forbidden upon pain of death to move from the place appointed them for their residence; but since the Tartars have been masters of China, the Emperor obliges all the princes to live at court under his care; they have also houses, lands, and revenues, beside what the Emperor allows them, and improve their money by the industry of their domestics, so that some of them are very rich.

The Emperor alone disposes of all places in the Empire; it is he that names the viceroys and governors, and displaces them according to their merit (for no place, generally speaking, is vendible in the Empire); even the princes of the blood don't bear that title without his leave, which they could not obtain if their conduct was irregular.

It is he that chuses which of his sons shall be his successor, and if he thinks that there is none of his family capable of governing well, he names one of his subjects, which of them he thinks is most proper, to succeed him; there have been formerly examples of this nature, Princes that have been remarkable for preferring the welfare of their subjects, to the glory and splendor of their own family; nevertheless for these several last ages the Emperor has chosen a prince of his own blood for his successor, which of them he pleases, provided that he hath true merit and a capacity to govern, otherwise he would lose his reputation, and infallibly occasion great disorders; but if he prefers to the eldest one who has more merit, then his name becomes immortal: if he that hath been declared his successor with the usual solemnities, forbears to pay him the due submission which he ought, or commits any great crime, he has it in his power to exclude him from the succession, and to name another in his place.

The late Emperor Cang-hi, in such a case, deposed one of his sons in a very singular manner, the only one which he had from

his lawful wife, and whom he had declared heir to the crown, but afterwards suspected his fidelity: it was surprising to see him, who had been almost equal to the Emperor, now loaded with irons; his children and principal officers were involved in the same fate, and the public gazettes were immediately filled with manifesto's, by which the Emperor informed his subjects of the reasons which had obliged him to act after that manner.

The sentences of the courts of judicature are of no force till ratified by the Emperor, but those that proceed immediately from the Emperor are perpetual and irrevocable, and the viceroys are obliged to have them registered, and published immediately in all places of their jurisdiction. The power of the prince is not limited to the living only, but extends also over the dead; for the Emperor, to recompense their personal merit, or that of their descendants, gives honourable titles to their memory which extend to all their family.

The Chinese have this general notion of government, that a state is a large family, and that a prince ought to have the same affection for his subjects as a parent has for his children, he being the common father to them all, and they judge of him according as he observes this rule; if well he is highly praised and valued, but if otherwise he is treated with the utmost contempt; for the Chinese say, *why hath the Tien placed him on the throne? Is it not to be our parent? and therefore he ought not to make himself feared, but in proportion as he deserves to be loved for his goodness and virtue:* their books are full of these maxims.

The Chinese Emperors, in order to preserve this reputation, are continually busied in enquiring into the state of the Empire, and affect a paternal care of their people, especially whenever any of the provinces are afflicted with calamities; the Emperor then shuts himself up in his palace, keeps fast, deprives himself of all pleasures, and publishes decrees to ease that province of the usual taxes; he affects also to be mightily grieved at the miseries of his people, saying, *that he laments night and day for their misfortune, that it wounds his heart, and that all his thoughts are employed to make them happy.* In short, he makes use of a multitude of such expressions to give his subjects proof of his tender affection towards them. The reigning Emperor has ordered, that whenever any of the provinces are threatened with a calamity a courier shall immediately be sent to him to inform him of it, that he may take measures to appease the anger of Tien.

Notwithstanding the great power with which the Emperor is invested, the law allows the mandarins, whenever he commits any faults in his administration, to represent them to him in an humble manner, and to lay before him the inconveniences which they may occasion in the government; and if he should have no regard to their representations, but punish the mandarin for so doing, the suffering mandarin would receive from the people the highest encomiums, and his name would be rendered immortal: there have been several of these publick martyrs in China, who could not

be terrified either by punishments or death, when the prince deviated from the rules of a wise administration.

Besides, the tranquility of the Empire depends intirely upon the application of the prince to see the laws put in execution; for such is the genius of the Chinese, that if either the Emperor or his council were not steady, and attentive to the conduct of those who have authority over the people, the viceroys and the mandarins, who are at a distance from the court, would govern the people as they pleased, and become so many petty tyrants in the provinces, and equity would soon be banished from the tribunals; upon which the people, who are infinite in China, finding themselves ill used and oppressed, would begin to cabal and murmur, which would soon be followed by a general revolt in a province; the rising of one province, might, in a short time, communicate itself to the adjoining provinces, and the whole empire be in a flame in an instant; for it is the character of this nation, that if the first seeds of rebellion are not immediately stifled by authority, in a short time they produce the most dangerous revolutions: There have been divers examples of this in China, which have taught the emperors that their authority is no longer secure than their indefatigable watchfulness renders it so, and than they tread in the steps of the great princes that have preceded them.

One of the most considerable ensigns of the imperial authority is that of the Seals of the Empire, which are applied to authorise all public acts, and all the decisions of the tribunals of the empire; the Emperor's seal is near eight inches square, and is of a very fine jasper, which is a precious stone highly esteemed in China, and none but the Emperor is allowed to use it; it is called Yu che, and is taken out of the mountain Yn yu chan, that is, *the mountain of the agate seal.*

The Chinese relate several fables concerning this mountain, and among others, that formerly the *Fong hoang* having appeared on this mountain rested upon an unhewn stone, and that a skilful lapidary having broke it in pieces found this famous stone of which the seal of the empire is made: this bird called *Fong hoang* is the phœnix of China, and is according to them the bird of prosperity, and the forerunner of the golden age: but it has no other existence than what is found in their books, and the chimerical painting that is made of it.

The honorary seals that are given to the princes are of gold; those of viceroys, great mandarins or magistrates of the first order, are of silver; those of the inferior mandarins or magistrates are either of brass or lead; they are larger or lesser according to the dignity of the magistrates; the characters of the seals, since the Tartars have been in China, are both Chinese and Tartarian, the officers and magistrates being both Chinese and Tartars. When the Emperor sends visitors into the provinces to examine the conduct of the governors and particular magistrates, he gives a seal to each of them, and when the seals are worn out they must send notice of it to the tribunals, who send them new ones, and take back the old ones.

[*To be continued.*]

HISTORICAL DEDUCTION

OF THE

BRITISH DRAMA.

THAT the present Age is little productive of Dramatic excellence, is a position that may be safely admitted. What can strictly be termed original, is not good; and what may challenge our admiration, is devoid of novelty. A developement of the causes which have produced this decline of an inchanting art, may not be unamusive, and it is hoped not without it's use.

When the mighty genius of SHAKSPERE formed our National Drama, Criticism was an art but little cultivated, and the translated Models of ancient Art were few.—The Audiences of our Theatres were in general mean; learning, or rather the pedantry of learning, was confined to the Court.

If we compare the productions which were collateral, we shall see those played within the verge of the Court were coldly studied, and extravagantly laboured, larded with quotations, and deformed by a phraseology against the idiom of our language.—The Courtiers forsook the Vulgar, where the Vulgar was right, and sense and passion sunk under the load of

> " Taffata Phrases, silken terms precise,
> " Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,
> " Figures pedantical."

The common Stages indeed were sustained by more natural efforts.—Sterling sense was little debased by a *barbarous* taste for the Ancients, and the powerful creations of our native fancy were not mutilated by the application of a scale, upon which they were never constructed. The magic of MACBETH was wrought by the aid of popular charms; and the incantations of LUCAN and of HORACE were unknown; or, if known, happily disregarded.—The PEOPLE could furnish a *bolder* enchantment, and one more suited to the genius and the taste of Britons. How this Drama has been weakened by refinement, how Criticism has persisted in exacting Imitation, instead of Originality, and loudly applauded what it neither *felt* nor *loved*, I proceed to investigate.

Of a Court, the influence sooner or later must be universal.—No sooner did the dawn of our Dramatic Day appear, but it was destined to be deformed by two reigns of perverse study and learned affectation.—The steed that had been rough-ridden by ELIZABETH, was scrupulously appointed by JAMES—the manage was attentively studied, and every *tag* adjusted of his caparison.—Nature

was smothered entirely by Art, and Genius was taught his stated paces, and limited in his course.

If this mischief had only stiffened a Court, it would have been of little moment; but it infected the people;—their common entertainments were interlarded with latinity—and all the mob processions tricked out with odds and ends, stalked like Romans under arches decorated with Latin sentences.—The Dialogue of the Drama was thus studded.

But, morally still worse, what was deformed by bad taste, was shortly to be defiled by indecency, and the restoration of the Theatre exhibited such purience both of plot and dialogue, as was alone sufficient to ruin the manners of the People—Such, indeed, was the necessary result from Revolution which converted puritanic preciseness into profane licentiousness—the Stage, utterly abandoned, lampooned Decency, and insulted Religion and Morals.

From this gulf of depravity the Drama was slowly redeemed; but she had suffered too much to retain any vestige of her origin—and a set of features were carefully modelled from a French Cast after the Antique, but which they had invested with the garment of intrigue, and whose lineaments all announced the refinement of gallantry and love.

Thus have we displayed the spirit of the Stage from the period of it's perfection until it became polluted by an affectation of classical literature.—But a time was hastening when the pursuits of manly genius, or of conceited learning, were to yield before the rage of Puritanism in Religion and Republicanism in the State. In the Cival War died the Drama, that had sprung up perfect, and existed only sixty years in the country.

However, an æra was speedily to arrive when the KING and *his servants* were to *have their own again*, and the People receive their former amusement;—then, from the corners in which they had pined away in penury, the aged survivors of the Stage emerged to notice; their art had not suffered by disuse; what they themselves knew was soon communicated to others, and the works of the Favourite of Nature were, though sparingly, brought before the Public.

But a revolution so sudden in the State was preparing the depravation of MANNERS, and the Stage is but the mirrour of the Time. From men who were zealous Religionists so horrible a regicide had proceeded, as by an erroneous association of ideas to throw the very decencies of conduct into disrepute and suspicion. From the continent CHARLES had brought a set of profligate practices, and his Court soon laughed at the decorum of language and of life: Impiety and indecency were wit; and conjugal infidelity was treated with the levity of approbation. Such was the spirit of the Court, and the Stage displayed it's reflection with the usual fidelity.

Then what a succession of horrible dramas did they exhibit!—Every character had the fashionable taint.

> "Harpies and Hydras, all the monstrous forms
> "'Twixt ARABY and IND."

The last step towards general impurity was taken, and the Gallants and Belles of their Comedies talked familiarly of *Brothels* and *China Shops*; the Men were all Bullies, and the Women impudent and unchaste. Let any one, who wishes to wonder at the problem life, read three plays of the Reign of CHARLES II. and avoid shuddering, if he is able.

It was perhaps doing some service to carry in such an age the passions of Tragedy up to the topmost heat of the thermometer of ROMANCE—Extravagance of purity is more friendly to virtuous life than it's opposite; for though the one can never be attained, it is certain the other never ought. Nature indeed suffers by both.

That there were among them those who knew better things is obvious. Suppose for instance, that the cause of PIERRE were good, and the *love-scenes* of Venice Preserved are exemplary.—Yet OTWAY was afraid that chastity would pall upon the appetite, and he accordingly indulged his audience with the rank infamy of AQUILINA; she loved in a high strain, and alleviated her submissive depravity by the passion for a Traitor to his Country.

Of DRYDEN we must speak with mingled reverence and regret; he occasionally wrote to his *own* heart; he generally wrote for that of the People, and is the most striking instance of the grandest genius sinking into filth from feebleness of virtue. But his compliance procured him no competence—he drudged on for subsistence, and his principles and his poetry were carried to any side.

The Rabble of ASPASIAS and AEGERIAS, ASTRACAS and CASSANDRAS who fluttered from the Novel to the Comedy, and like other insects left some evidence of their qualities behind them, deserves no notice here. Another revolution courts our attention, when ANNA was called to the Throne of the State, and ADDISON to the Chair of TASTE.

Why should we wish to disguise, that at this period FRANCE possessed a juster judgment in Arts and Sciences, and that there the Ancients were studied with much greater care, and diffused with more copiousness of translation?

ADDISON naturally preferred Gallic *decorum* to British *licentiousness*; and from FRANCE were imported the *tragedy* of RACINE, and the Comedy so properly termed *sentimental*. We had, truly speaking, lost our natural Drama; and the CATO of ADDISON is as much a French Play, as if it had been translated from the page of a French Writer.

How such a smooth, correct, but tame composition agreed with the character of this people, we have proof enough—they were received as the finest moral lessons—and the heart was satisfied, if the judgment coldly approved—they were dieted upon declamation, and their *passions* were all reserved for politics.

ROWE composed expressly in the taste of RACINE—Although himself an Editor of SHAKSPERE, he seems to have preferred inferior models, or rather he did not know the mode of imitation proper for genius—Nay, so strangely did he estimate his productions, to

the perceptions of his Critics, that he gives us Plays professedly written in imitation of SHAKSPERE's stile, without one trace that the Imitator had ever read a single Play of that Poet in his whole existence.

ROWE's Characters have an artificial pompous diction common to them all—And so bad a mirrour of life is the page of ROWE, that there are no four consecutive lines in any of his Tragedies, which any human being could be supposed under any circumstances to have uttered.

If it be asked by what means the modern Drama has acquired a bolder character? the answer will be, *through* the frequent publications and the commentators of SHAKSPERE's Works. The endeavor so successfully exerted to elucidate his original expression, lapsed into disuse, has brought about a more general acquaintance with our ancient stores of language—We estimate properly the weighty eloquence of that diction, which defies the feebleness of paraphrase. When GRAY the Poet wrote upon the pre-eminence of this language, he ingeniously desires a Modern to attempt a translation of RICHARD's *first Soliloquy* into the fashionable phraseology.

With the *style* of SHAKSPERE, we have admitted latterly the quantity of *business* which employs his characters, and which indeed seems so congenial to our National temper and feelings, that we are not apprehensive of any change for that which may be styled the declamatory Drama—a species which by long-spun harangues seeks to smother the poverty of plot imposed by the preservation of the unities.

In this taste are written the CARMELITE, the REGENT, and the pieces of the younger COLMAN. Our Comedy preserves it's former French *sentiment*, with an infusion of *humour so intoxicated*, that Nature seems under the impulse of a paralysis, and the Actor *most commonly* looks to be seized with the disorder termed St. Vitus's dance.

THESPIS.

THE SPEECH

OF

*COUNT T*****,

AT THE INITIATION OF HIS SON INTO MASONRY.

DEAR SON,

I CONGRATULATE you on your admission into the most ancient and perhaps the most respectable Society in the universe. To you the mysteries of Masonry are about to be revealed, and so bright a sun never shed it's lustre on your eyes. In this awful moment, when prostrate at this holy altar, do you not shudder at every crime, and have you not confidence in every virtue? May

this reflection inspire you with noble sentiments; may you be penetrated with a religious abhorrence of every vice that degrades the dignity of human nature; and may you feel the elevation of soul which scorns a dishonourable action, and ever invites to the practice of piety and virtue!

THESE are the wishes of a father and a brother conjoined. Of you the greatest hopes are raised; let not our expectations be deceived. You are the son of a Mason who glories in the profession; and for your zeal and attachment, your silence and good conduct, your father has already pledged his honour.

YOU are now, as a member of this Illustrious Order, introduced a subject of a new country, whose extent is boundless. Pictures are open to your view, wherein true patriotism is exemplified in glaring colours, and a series of transactions recorded, which the rude hand of time can never eraze. The obligations which influenced the first *Brutus* and *Manlius* to sacrifice their children to the love of their country, are not more sacred than those which bind me to support the honour and reputation of this venerable Order.

THIS moment, my son, you owe to me a second birth; should your conduct in life correspond with the principles of Masonry, my remaining years will pass away with pleasure and satisfaction. Observe the great example of our ancient masters, peruse our history and our constitutions. The best, the most humane, the bravest, and most civilized of men have been our patrons. Though the vulgar are strangers to our works, the greatest geniuses have sprung from our Order. The most illustrious characters on earth have laid the foundation of their most amiable qualities in Masonry. The wisest of Princes planned our Institution, at raising a Temple to the eternal and Supreme Ruler of the Universe.

SWEAR, my son, that you will be a true and faithful Mason. Know from this moment that I centre the affection of a parent in the name of a brother and a friend. May your heart be susceptible of love and esteem, and may you burn with the same zeal your father possesses. Convince the world by your new alliance you are deserving our favours, and never forget the ties which bind you to honour and to justice. View not with indifference the extensive connections you have formed, but let universal Benevolence regulate your conduct. Exert your abilites in the service of your King and your Country, and deem the knowledge you have this day attained, the happiest acquisition of your life.

RECALL to memory the ceremony of your initiation; learn to bridle your tongue, and to govern your passions; and ere long you will have occasion to say, "In becoming a *Mason* I truly become the *man*; and while I breathe will never disgrace a jewel that kings may prize."

IF I live, my son, to reap the fruits of this day's labour, my happiness will be complete. I will meet death without terror, close my eyes in peace, and expire, without a groan, in the arms of a virtuous and a worthy Freemason.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE following Remarks are submitted to your perusal and consideration, which I hope you will think worthy of a place in your valuable Publication.

I am yours, &c.

CLIO.

REMARKS

ON

PULPIT AND BAR ORATORY.

MR. Addison, in one of his Spectators, ascribes the deficiency of the English in the Art of Oratory to the natural modesty of the people.

That we are sadly deficient in the art of pleading must be evident to every person of judgement who attends the harangues of the pulpit, or the declamations of the bar.

Considering the multiplicity of gentlemen who embrace the profession of the law, it is somewhat astonishing that so few good pleaders are to be found amongst them. There are no body of men who have more occasion for oratory, yet there are not any who possess it in a less degree. The most eminent of our pleaders are shamefully deficient in the rhetorical art.

The ancient orators never ventured to speak in public, before they had conquered every natural or acquired defect. The practice of Demosthenes is well known. He had acquired an habit of stammering. By persevering art he conquered that defect.

The deficiency of English oratory is not solely confined to the bar; the pulpit is equally defective. In Mr. Addison's time, the *preachers* stood stock still in the pulpit. In our days they move to so little purpose, that they might as well be motionless. The transcendent joys of heaven, and the exquisite tortures of hell, are themes on which they discourse with the same tone of voice, and uniformity of language, as if they were reciting an uninteresting narrative. It is true, that their congregations are, in general, even with them. Whilst the downy Doctor tells his emollient tale, his principal parishioners enjoy the sweets of slumber. Agreeable to the print of Hogarth, the church-warden snores, whilst the parson is exhorting him to watch and pray.

Mr. Addison mentions *senators* in his time, whose custom it was to mould their hats into a thousand forms whilst they were delivering orations in the senate. "A deaf man (says that elegant writer) would have conjectured that they had been cheapening a beaver when they were talking of the fate of the British nation." If Mr.

Addison was now living, and to visit the senate in the character of a spectator what would he say on perceiving that, in the whole House of Commons there were not above twenty members qualified for public speakers? There is not any nation in Europe which has more occasion to cultivate the art of oratory than England. Yet no people under heaven were ever so defective in that art as the English. Our lower house of parliament is as much a popular assembly as the senate of old Rome. It is the nature of all popular assemblies to have some leaders. Those leaders should be men of eloquence. The present times afford not any such. Incoherent rant, and discordant jargon, mark the complexion of our senate. Yet in that house the affairs of the nation, as in our common law courts, and matters relative to the property of individuals are affected, in some degree, by the powers of rhetoric.

This should convince us of the necessity of cultivating the art of oratory, or for ever laying aside all pretensions to it. Perhaps the latter would be the better way. Possibly nature denied us the power of attaining unto the perfection of oratory. If we are not naturally incapable of making some progress in the useful art, it is an high reflection on our national character, that we are so shockingly deficient. It can never be owing to our modesty, as Mr. Addison would suggest. For unless it can be proved that our divines and lawyers are the most bashful men in England, we shall still be at a loss to account for their being the worst readers and speakers that ever disgraced any civilized country.

COUNT LARGORYSKY.

THE miserable fate of Poland has had a sad and fatal influence upon the venerable and much lamented Count LARGORYSKY. This honourable victim to his Country's wrongs, was one of the few Polish Noblemen who had virtue or courage sufficient to oppose the schemes of it's despoilers, and, by espousing with a firm and manly resolution the Cause of the People and his oppressed Country, openly to oppose the views of Despotism.

The Count's possessions were not very considerable, but his Benevolence was unbounded. His whole life had been spent in the service of *Poland*, and his only happiness consisted in rendering others so; formerly, when the peasantry of that country were oppressed by their imperious Lords, to whom they were no other than the most menial slaves—but which days, alas! were comparatively days of felicity to what these brave people, under the iron sway of the Despots they must now be subject to, are doomed to suffer!—In those days the peasants on the estate of the good LARGORYSKY, were the envy of their surrounding brethern—they lived free, happy, and contented under him—he spent the greater part of his income in rendering them so, and for this purpose he built on his domains a house for the reception of the old and the infirm,

that they might rest from their toils, and spend the remainder of their days in ease and peace. There they were also cloathed and fed by his munificence. The young alike shared his bounty. He established a seminary, in which all the children of his peasants were instfucted in the religiou of their fathers, and were taught to read, write, and understand arithmetick.—That nothing should be wanting which might be conducive to their own or their Country's welfare, he established a school, where the old country people instructed the young ones in every branch of agriculture, and for the sick he always provided medical assistance. These humane and benevolent institutions he kept up as long as he lived.

Unfortunately, the possessions of this excellent man were situated in one of those districts that have been seized on; and as he was known to be a TRUE PATRIOT, not all his amiable qualities, his years, or his rank, could preserve him from the insults of the imperious Satellites of Despotism; and he sustained a number of affronts.—His Peasants, who revered their Lord, as their common Father and Benefactor, were dragged away from before him to serve in the army, and their wives and helpless little ones, were left destitute of every friend but him. The noble-hearted Count, unable longer to brook the wrongs of Poland, and to behold the excess of this misery, finding himself too weak to stem the torrent of destruction that was pouring on his ill-fated country, formed the fatal resolution of putting an end to his valuable existence!

He previously assembled all his old Peasants, and after taking an affectionate and tender leave of them, he gave to the eldest of them a parcel, with directions not to open it until four days after.—The next day this benevolent and brave Man threw himself upon his Sword, and expired!—His corps was found by several of his old Tenantry, who had been supported for years by his Charity. The sight filled them with grief and horror.—They assembled their Brethren; and, according to the Count's instructions, performed the last sad service for their Lord, Friend, and Benefactor, by burying him in a most simple manner, and without an Epitaph.

The packet with which he had entrusted them, was according to his orders opened on the fourth day, and was found to contain a letter open and addressed to the KING, of which the following is a corect copy:

"SIRE,

"One of your eldest friends and strongest supporters bids you farewell. He waits to tell you his sentiments on the brink of the grave.

"You ought to chuse death, before the submission to Potentates who wish to dismember Poland. When the nation chose you for their King, they chose you also to preserve their Constitution. Preserve it then with a valiant opposition, or suffer the assassin's poignard to snatch from you a life which you shall be unworthy of. Remember the last words of LARGORYSKY."

THE PROPHECY OF *SIBILLA TIBURTINA.*

FOUND *ANNO* 1520, IN SWITZERLAND,
ENGRAVEN ON A MARBLE STONE.

A STAR shall arise in Europe over the Iberians, towards the great house of the North, whose beams shall unexpectedly enlighten the whole world.—This shall be when mortal men, being weary of arms, shall with joint consent embrace the agreeable proposals of peace.—Certainly, it will be long disputed with strong hand, to whom the rule of government shall be committed, during the occasion of a long vacancy, or interregnum.—At length a Family of Antient Descent prevails, and will proceed in a course of War, till contrary fates resist his fortune.—Soon after the setting of this Star, a light as antient as the former, burning with far more eager flames of War, shall set up his government as far as the Antipodes. France shall first be yoak'd by this Power—Britain shall, humbly in ships, crave his assistance—Italy, pausing with great deliberation on high enterprizes, will stretch out to him her feeble right hand: But this very light shall hide itself in the clouds with the gods, to the wonder of mortal men—which light being extinguished, Bloody Comets will appear, and the Heavens all on Fire, and then there will be no safety any where.—The jostling Planets in their retrogade courses shall slide away, and be destroyed—Each Orb shall contend with another; the fix'd Stars shall outrun the wandering Planets—The seas shall equal the mountains.—These things shall certainly come to pass; then Night, Destruction, Calamity and Eternal Darkness!

THE PARAPHRASE.

SIBILLA TIBURTINA, was the last of those Sibils, which the Antients held in such esteem, and of whom Lactantius and St. Augustine makes mention.—Some late authors have taken notice of two others, viz. Sibilla Europea, and Agrippina, but I have as yet seen none of their Prophecies.—At what time our Sibil lived does not appear, but it must have been a considerable time before the birth of Christ, as her Prophecy of the Messiah testifies.—This Prophecy was discovered by the force of a violent flood washing away the earth, where the stone lay buried in Switzerland, about the year 1520—A copy thereof was immediately transmitted to Rome,

and several Expositions framed—some imagining Charles the 5th, others Philip of Spain, some the King of France, to be the Star mentioned by the Sibil; but she does not point at any of these.—He *shall* be of a more obscure and distant Family—I am liable to error myself, yet I think my conjectures will fall near the mark. The illustrious Ticho takes notice of this Prophecy, and said it was worthy of observation, but makes no comment. At first I found some difficulty in the Latin word Sidus, which naturally signifies a sign in Heaven, consisting of several stars or a constellation of many joined together, not properly one single Star; which is usually expressed by Stella.—If this be the meaning of the word Sidus—the Prophetess tells us, that in the latter days there should arise a people or state, inhabiting near the farthest part of Northern Europe. [Ticho thought it was the Russians, whom this Sibil intended by this Nothern people.] That they, I say, and their armies should on the sudden, when least expected, give cause of wonder all the world over: or let us suppose, that the Prophetess meant, that there should come a King, born in a Northern Country, who by his own personal valour and achievement, should bring the world in suspense at his great success, and that this Prince should be foretold, long before his appearance, by some vertical Comet, especially to that country.—But this King or Prince's coming shall not be absolutely in a time of War or Peace.—It shall be when almost all nations of Europe wearied, with either Foreign or domestic War, shall unanimously be desirous of Peace—The truth is, it will be, when most nations having weakened themselves by an unprofitable War, they can resist no longer.—The certain time when this shall happen, cannot be known, but yet there is a light given, whereby it may the more easily be discerned; this flaming Star shall be seen soon after the decease of some Principal King, and before the access of another to the Crown; that is in the vacancy of a governor or monarch—at which time, there will be some bustling who shall rule. The government at last, she saith, shall be possessed by the offspring of the most antient lineage, which will not be contented with only one Crown, but will proceed to greater conquests, until they find themselves cut off by a stronger hand.—When ever this happens, then starts up a family as antient as the former, and he makes work to some purpose, waging more cruel and fierce wars, than his predecessor, and enlarges his confines to the borders of the Antipodes; whereby is meant, he conquers many nations.—But we are given to understand that before he makes such victorious excursions, he shall subdue France, and that Britain shall crave his assistance, as also Italy mistrusting and envying this Star's greatness, will lend him but small assistance, for the jealous Italian had rather himself attain this honour; but he shall not.—To proceed, this glorious Star, which fills all Europe with wonder and admiration, ends his days before his natural time, leaving such a fame behind him, as none shall ever attain to.—After the extinguishing of this light she says there will be seen many prodigies in the air, and that the Planets

shall move in a contrary course; one King shall quarrel with another, and every one shall do things contrary to law, justice and reason.—Every man shall be in action one against the other; but see the issue of this dissention: the fixt Stars in their motion (she says) shall outrun the Planets (a thing in the course of nature impossible) —the Planets represent Kings, Governors, Rulers, Nobility, &c. The fix'd Stars being many in number, the Common People—the motion of the Planets is swift, the fix'd Stars slow. Now should it happen, that the fix'd Stars overrun the Planets in their motion, or outstrip the Nobility, in power and virtue—then judge the event! but such a thing, she says, shall assuredly come to pass; the sense is twice repeated; the seas shall be equal to the mountains—the Sea is the People, Mountains are Kings and Rulers. This is an useful warning to the Monarchs and Nobility of Europe, to be just and loving to their subjects, servants and tenants; to live virtuously, and to be a light shining before the eyes of their people; that they beware of private dissentions, least they thereby diminish their power and authority, for according to the Prophecy, the common people signified by the fix'd Stars, and the sea, will at length lay hold of it, and endeavour to procure the reins of government to themselves.—When these things shall come to pass, a world of mischiefs follow, and long it will be, before the misery of that War be repaired.—These things, saith Sibilla, will surely come to pass, and then comes, Night, Destruction, &c.

Ambrose Merlin, the Welch Prophet, intimates as much, saying the chariot of the moon shall disturb the Zodiac, and the Pleiades shall break forth into lamentations.—The sense of the Prophet is, that at a certain period, the common people should disturb all law and civil government, exceed their former bounds, and despise their superiors.—By Pleiades, he means a tumultuous company of people, who by their murders and rash actions, shall cause much lamentation and weeping among themselves as well as to others—and this is the issue of unnatural tumults.

THE PROPHECY OF SIBILLA TIBURTINA

ON

OUR SAVIOUR.

MANY imagined the Star, which appeared in the time of Augustus Cæsar (before the appearance of the Sibil at his court) denominated the establishment of the Kindom of Peace.—Sibilla Tiburtina shewed the Emperor the image of a beautiful virgin, placed above the Star, holding a sweet boy in her bosom; and said to him, *this Child is greater than thou, worship him.*—To which the Mantuan Poet sufficiently alludes in the following lines, speaking of the before named Sibil.

Augustus, with the Senate, People, all,
Fitting themselves for holy mysteries,
She hastes from Tiber's tow'r, comes to the Hall
Or Court of Cæsar, pointing to the skies,
Where in a most clear Air, she did them shew,
A Mother, and her Babe, wrapt round about,
In a bright Iris, or a most fulgent Bow;
Upwards her Face, and both her hands stretch'd out,
Viewing the Child, and pointing with her Hand,
Who is that Boy, said he! O, Cæsar, Peace,
Worship thou him; so the Heavens doth Command.
The Altars, and the Temples now must Cease,
Leave them to him, he Rules the Firmament;
The immortal Heav'ns he Rules and doth guide,
The fated Stars under his Government,
Are all subjected! All the World beside.---
Augustus Cæsar, let thy Haughtiness
Be laid Aside! What tho', thou Rul'st the Earth,
Thou must Remember, thou art much less,
And art his vassal! Brag not of thy Birth.
His Pow'r is Infinite, and Rules on high,
All things are under his Authority.

Yet the effects thereof, viz. preaching of the gospel, the publication of the law, the sedition of the people, the troubles, persecutions, banishments, blood-shed, wars, murders, &c. &c. had their beginning (so it pleaseth God) many years after.

CHARACTERS

IN

HARRY THE EIGHTH's TIME.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

FATE never ruined a man—it will be ever found, his own indiscretion was in fault.—All greatness is subject to envy; but none more than that which is insolent and haughty. Plain and modest greatness is only safe—Wise men have kept themselves retired that they might not be gazed at, and great ones have shrunk and suffered themselves to be overborne, in order to be secure.—Vainglorious men, are the scorn of the Philosopher, the admiration of fools, the idols of parasites, the envy of the unworthy, the unfortunate, the busy body, the ambitious and the rivals—He lives well that lives in peace, and he is truly great who has an upright conscience.—Anger, certainly, is a great weakness in any man, but the greatest indecency in a Nobleman: In this Duke it proved of the worst consequences imaginable—it revealed his secrets, and betrayed

him—broke off his designs, and confounded him.—He that is master of the heart is lord of his life.—If my shirt (said Metellus) knew my mind, I would burn it—If my friend or servant knows my intentions I must either undo him, or be undone by him; unless he be so much a man, as not out of weakness to discover me, or out of corruption to betray me into the hands of my enemies.—Wild beasts dwell in dens—Fishes bed in mud—and Birds make their nests in bushes and trees.—A wise man is wrap't in secrecy—The wisdom of *Gyges* consisted in his ring, whereby he learned the secrets of others, and kept his own.—It's pity that man should ever learn to speak, who knows not how to be silent.—I could wish to be wise enough, to be my own councellor, and next so secret, as to be my own council keeper.—Some of my servants must of course belong to my bed-chamber, but none to my private closet.—Despised danger is certain ruin; while it surprizes us at once careless and naked.—When upon my guard, I need not fear the greatest enemy—the weakest may do much harm if neglected—security is the only misfortune, and imprudence the only fate that distresses the world.—Great need have we to guard the tongue, from whence flows the issues of life and death; and well weigh those words, which proceed from our mouth, the measure of good and evil.—I shall close the character of this Duke, with a remark of the Emperor Charles the 5th, when he heard of his execution:—He said that a butcher's dog (such was Cardinal Woolsey's extraction) had killed the fairest Buck in England.

SIR THOMAS AUDLEY.

IN troublesome and designing times, a popular Orator is a good Courtier.—He had all the genius requisite to form a good statesman, and the reserve of the best Politician: For if a man have that penetration, that he can discern which things are proper to be laid open, and which to be kept secret, and which to be shewn by halves, and to whom, and at what time; to him a habit of dissimulation becomes the greatest virtue.—He surprized the King always to his own purpose, never moving any of his suits to him, but when in haste, and most commonly amusing him with other matters till he passed his request.—He was always watchful on the circumstances of things, and contrived that the least of his public actions should come off with reputation. He waved all services dexterously, wherein he must oppose his Royal Master.—Insurrections raised by rigour, are laid by moderation—Patience can weather out the most turbulent age, and a solid judgment the most intricate times.—The reserved and peaceable man is the most secure.—Activity will bring a man to honour, but Prudence will make that honour lasting.

SIR WILLIAM MOLINEUX.

AT the University his company was well chosen—his carriage even and agreeable; his time exactly observed and prudently spent.

—Abroad, his conduct noble—his observations and exercises manly. —At court his presence was graceful; his discourse solid, digested, distinct and clear,—much improved by reading, more by travel, most by conference with those that speak well.—His hospitality was renowned, his equity and prudence beloved, and his interest large and commanding. Three things he took special care of—first, that the poor might duly receive their stated alms—secondly, that the clergy might enjoy their established rights—thirdly, that his tenants should never by oppressed,—that every body should be employed, for tenants and commonalty in general, said he, are the supporters of a kingdom.—Improve thriftily, but force not violently, either your bounds or rents above your ancestors. He had no weakness to be imposed on—no interest to be corrupted, by fond hopes, or fair promises of preferment—no sloth, nor neglect to be surprised —no vanity of discourse to offend his King—no partiality to be biassed—no passion to misguide; in short, one that hateth nothing but what was dishonest; loved nothing but what was just and honourable.

OF

ANIMALS

LIVING IN SOLID BODIES.

[*Continued from our Last.*]

THE more a fact is singular, and varies from the ordinary laws of nature, the more it merits the attention of the philosopher and amateur. When once sufficiently confirmed, however contrary it may be to prevailing opinions, it is intitled to a place in the rank of knowledge. The most obstinate scepticism cannot destroy it's certainty, and can only afford a proof of the presumption and pride which lead us to deny whatever we are incompetent to explain. The following phenomena are of this kind. They are such as have occurred to us in the course of our reading; and we have collected them from the hope that some one, whose studies may have been directed to such objects, will enlarge the list. The more they are multiplied, the greater light will probably be thrown upon them; and it will, perhaps, one day be matter of surprise that we have been so long ignorant of their cause.

In 1685, M. de Cassini mentions a fact, from the testimony of M. Duraffe, Ambassador at the Court of Constantinople, who assure him, that stones were frequently found there, in whichere inclosed little animals called *dactyles*.

The following instances are not less curious, and are more recent.

Some workmen in a quarry at Bourfire, in Gotha, having detached a large piece of stone from the mass, found, on breaking it, a

live toad. They were desirous of separating the part that bore the shape of the animal, but it crumbled into sand. The toad was of a dark grey, it's back a little speckled. The colour of it's belly was brighter. It's eyes, small and circular, emitted fire from beneath a tender membrane which covered them. They were of the colour of pale gold. When touched on the head with a stick, it closed it's eyes, as if asleep, and gradually opened them again when the stick was taken away. It was incapable of any other motion. —The aperture of the mouth was closed by means of a yellowish membrane. Upon pressing it on the back, it discharged some clear water, and died. Under the membrane which covered the mouth, were found, both in the upper and lower jaw, two sharp teeth, which were stained with a little blood. How long it had been inclosed in this stone, is a question that cannot be solved.

Mr. le Prince, a celebrated sculptor, asserts in like manner, that he saw in 1756, in the house of M. de la Riviere, at Ecretteville, a living toad in the centre of a hard stone; with which it was as it were incrusted; and facts of this kind are less rare than is imagined.

In 1764, some workmen in a quarry in Lorrain, informed Mr. Grignon, that they had found a toad in a mass of stone, 45 feet below the surface of the earth. This celebrated naturalist went immediately to the spot, but could not perceive, as he assures us in his "*Treatise on the Fabrication of Iron*," any vestige of the prison of this animal. A small cavity was visible in the stone, but it bore no impression of the body of the toad. The toad that was shewn him was of a midling size, of a grey colour, and seemed to be in it's natural state. The workmen informed Mr. Grignon, that this was the sixth that had been found in these mines within the space of thirty years. Mr. Grignon considered the circumstance as worthy a more particular attention, and he promised, therefore, a reward to any person who should find him another instance of a toad so inclosed in a stone that it had no means of getting out.

In 1770 a toad was brought to him inclosed in two hollow shells of stone, in which it was said to have been found; but on examining it nicely, Mr. Grignon perceived that the cavity bore the impression of a shell-fish, and of consequence he concluded it to be apocryphal. In 1771, however, another instance occurred, and was the subject of a curious memoir, read by Mr. Guettard to the Royal Academy of Science at Paris. It was thus related by a famous naturalist:

In pulling down a wall, which was known to have existed upwards of a hundred years, a toad was found, without the smallest aperture being discoverable by which it could have entered. Upon inspecting the animal, it was apparent that it had been dead but a very little time; and in this state it was presented to the Academy, which induced M. Guettard to make repeated enquiries into this subject, the particulars of which will be read with pleasure, in the excellent memoir we have just cited.

These phenomena remind us of others of a similar nature ; as related in a letter, of the 5th of February, 1780, written from the neighbourhood of Saint Mexent, of which the following is a copy:

" A few days ago I ordered an oak-tree of a tolerable size to be cut down, and converted into a beam that was wanted for a building which I was then constructing. Having separated the head from the trunk, three men were employed in squaring it to the proper size. About four inches were to be cut away on each side. I was present during the transaction. Conceive what was my astonishment, when I saw them throw aside their tools, start back from the tree, and fix their eyes on the same point with a kind of amazement and terror! I instantly approached, and looked at the part of the tree which had fixed their attention. My surprise equalled theirs, on seeing a toad, about the size of a large pullet's egg, incrusted in a manner in the tree, at the distance of four inches from the diameter, and fifteen from the root. It was cut and mangled by the axe, but it still moved. I drew it with difficulty from it's abode, or rather prison, which it filled so completely, that it seemed to have been compressed. I placed it on the grass; it appeared old, thin, languishing, decrepid. We afterwards examined the tree with the nicest care, to discover how it had glided in; but the tree was perfectly whole and sound."

These facts, but particularly the memoir of M. Guettard, induced H. Herissan to make experiments calculated to ascertain their certainty.

February 21, 1771, he closed three live toads in so many cases of plaster, and shut them up in a deal box, which he also covered with a thick plaster. On the 8th of April 1774, having taken away the plaster, he opened the box, and found the cases whole, and two of the toads alive.—The one that died was larger then the others, and had been more compressed in it's case. A careful examination of this experiment convinced those who had witnessed it, that the animals were so enclosed that they could have no possible communication with the external air, and that they must have existed during this lapse of time without the smallest nourishment.

The Academy prevailed upon Mr. Herissan to repeat the experiment. He enclosed again the two surviving toads, and placed the box in the hands of the Secretary, that the Society might open it whenever they should think proper. But this celebrated naturalist was too strongly interested in the subject to be satisfied with a single experiment; he made therefore the two following.

1. He placed, 15th April, in the same year, two live toads in a bason of plaster, which he covered with a glass case, that he might observe them frequently. On the ninth of the following month, he presented this apparatus to the Academy. One of the toads was still living; the other had died the preceding night.

2. The same day, 15th April, he inclosed another toad in a glass bottle, which he buried in sand, that it might have no communication with the external air. This animal, which he present-

ed to the Academy at the same time, was perfectly well, and even croaked whenever the bottle was shook in which he was confined. It is to be lamented that the death of Mr. Herissan put a stop to these experiments.

We beg leave to observe upon this subject, that the power which these animals appear to possess of supporting abstinence for so long a time, may result from a very slow digestion, and perhaps from the singular nourishment which they derive from themselves. Mr. Grignon observes, that this animal sheds his skin several times in the course of a year, and that it always swallows it. He has known, he says, a large toad shed it's skin six times in one winter. In short, those which, from the facts we have related, may be supposed to have existed for many centuries without nourishment, have been in a total inaction, in a suspension of life, in a temperature that has admitted of no dissolution; so that it was not necessary to repair any loss, the humidity of the surrounding matter, preserving that of the animal, who wanted only the component parts not to be dried up, to preserve it from destruction.

But toads are not the only animals which have the privilege of living for a considerable period without nourishment and communication with the external air. The instances of the oysters and dactyles mentioned in the beginning of this article, may be advanced in proof of it. But there are other examples.

Two living worms were found in Spain, in the middle of a block of marble, which the sculptor was carving into a lion of the natural colour, for the royal family. These worms occupied two small cavities, to which there was no inlet that could possibly admit the air. They subsisted probably on the substance of the marble, as they were of the same colour. This fact is verified by Captain Ulloa, a famous Spaniard, who accompanied the French Academicians in their voyage to Peru, to ascertain the figure of the earth. He asserts that he saw these two worms.

A beetle of the species called capricorn, was found in a piece of wood in the hold of a ship at Plymouth. The wood had no external mark of any aperture.

We read in the *Affiches de Province*, 17 June, 1772, that an adder was found alive in the centre of a block of marble thirty feet in diameter. It was folded nine times round in a spiral line; it was incapable of supporting the air, and died a few minutes after. Upon examining the stone, not the smallest trace was to be found by which it could have glided in, or received air.

Misson, in his travels through Italy, mentions a craw-fish that was found alive in the middle of a marble in the environs of Tivoli.

M. Peyssonel, King's physician at Guadaloupe, having ordered a pit to be dug in the back part of his house, live frogs were found by the workmen in beds of petrifaction. M. Peyssonel, suspecting some deceit, descended into the pit, dug the bed of rock and petrifactions, and drew out himself green frogs, which were alive, and perfectly similar to what we see every day.

MEMOIRS

OF

FRANCIS LORD RAWDON,

EARL OF MOIRA IN IRELAND,

ACTING GRAND MASTER OF MASONS IN ENGLAND.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

FROM the very ancient family of the Rawdons in the county of York, this distinguished Nobleman is descended. His family was seated in that county at the time of the Conquest; but in the last century his Lordship's ancestors removed to Ireland, from which kingdom they derived the honors which they enjoyed before the present Nobleman obtained a seat in the British House of Peers. His father, Sir John Rawdon, Bart. was in 1750 advanced to the dignity of the Peerage, by the title of Baron of Moira; and in 1761 was created Earl of Moira in the county of Downe, with remainder to his heirs male. By his third wife, Lady Elizabeth Hastings, sister to the late Earl of Huntingdon, Lord Moira had issue, six sons, and four daughters; the eldest of which sons is Francis, now Earl of Moira.

The present Earl was born December 9, 1754, and his education was such as became his birth and his promise of talents. Having chosen a military life, he was, at the age of seventeen, appointed Ensign in the 15th regiment of foot, and in the course of his profession was employed in America during the late unhappy contest between the English Colonies, and the Mother Country. For his services in that quarter, where he greatly distinguished himself as a zealous and intrepid assertor of the rights of Great-Britain, he was advanced to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. In the battle fought near Camden, August 16, 1780, when the British forces gained a complete victory, Lord Rawdon so acted as to obtain the particular approbation of Lord (now Marquis) Cornwallis, who in his dispatches home made very honourable mention of his Lordship's courage and ability, as he did also in his public thanks after the engagement. On the 25th of April 1781, Lord Rawdon defeated General Green at Hobkirk's Hill. Afterwards, however, finding his force not sufficient, he retreated into Camden. On the 7th of May, having received a considerable reinforcement by the arrival of a detachment, he attempted to compel General Green to another action, which he found impracticable. He then returned to Camden; and on the 10th, burned the gaols, mills, many private houses, and much of his own baggage; which done, he evacuated the post, and retired with his whole army to the South of the Santee.



T. Jones sculpt.

Earl of Mora.

From a Painting by Sr. Joshua Reynolds.

Printed & Published by J. H. Bunney, Newcastle Street, Strand, Sept. 5. 1793.

Lord Rawdon's exertions at this juncture, though not attended with their usual success, were the natural result of an union of valour and prudence. Though unable to act offensively against the enemy, he prevented their obtaining any material advantage over him. Soon after this his Lordship returned to England, and with much spirit and effect vindicated his conduct from some aspersions which had been thrown upon it in the House of Lords in his absence.

On the 20th of November 1782, his Lordship was promoted to the rank of Colonel, with the command of the 105th regiment of foot, and was at the same time named one of the aids de camp to his Majesty. March 5th, 1783, he was advanced to the dignity of an English Peer, by the title of Baron Rawdon of Rawdon in the county of York. By the death of his father his Lordship has very lately succeeded to the Earldom of Moira.

In his political conduct his Lordship generally takes part with the Opposition, and is on most occasions an active adversary to the Minister in the House of Lords: his opposition, however, resulting from the conviction of a pure mind, is open and manly, and to his reasons he gives all the force of a correct and powerful eloquence.

As a private gentleman, his manners are affable and conciliating; and he has on numerous occasions given proofs of philanthropy which will ever reflect an honor on his name and memory, to which a title may add a lustre, but which it never can confer.

In 1791, his lordship was a zealous promoter of the cause of the Catholic Dissenters, and his exertions and influence, we believe, had great weight in the discussion, and, finally, in the passing of a Bill for their relief.

In the following year Lord Rawdon, with the most beneficent intentions, introduced to the notice of Parliament, and with indefatigable perseverance endeavoured to bring to effect, a Plan for the Relief of Unfortunate Debtors, which was strongly supported by many noblemen, who, actuated by the sentiments of humanity, considered it as very possible to relieve the unhappy debtor, without at the same time doing injury to the claims of the fair creditor. His Bill, however, was opposed by the great Law Lords, not in it's principle, but as they conceived the provisions inadequate to the purpose. His Lordship declared that in his opinion nothing ought to be more rigidly guarded against than the practice of frauds upon tradesmen, by contriving to impose upon them with the appearance of stile and splendor. He was not, however, so wedded to his own opinion as to think that the provisions of the Bill were perfect; though he was assured that by the wisdom of their Lordships they might easily be rendered so; but if no attempt should be made, the grievance which every one must acknowledge to exist, and which he wished to redress, must continue for ever to the disgrace of a liberal and enlightened people. He should only add, that it was incumbent on those who, admitting the goodness of it's principle, had censured it's provisions, to give that assistance which they were

FREEMASONS' HALL GRAND LODGE LIBRARY LONDON, W.C.

well able to give, in completing so charitable and so necessary a work.—The Bill was lost.

On the 5th of March, however, in the present year, his Lordship renewed his generous efforts in the cause of humanity, and presented to the House a Bill to amend the Law of Imprisonment on Mesne Process; for better regulating the Law and Practice of Bail; and for the Relief of Unfortunate and the Punishment of Fraudulent Insolvent Debtors. The principal clauses of this Bill went to prevent persons being maliciously arrested; to prevent their being capriciously confined in lock-up houses; to prevent fraudulent debtors from squandering in prison what they should have applied for the benefit of their creditors; to prevent persons in a state of sickness and disease from being dragged to prison at a time when their lives might be endangered; and to prevent persons from remaining in prison for an unlimited time, without enquiring into the justice of the claims for which they had been arrested. In introducing this Bill, his Lordship said he would not address himself to the feelings of the House; he relied on it's justice.

This Bill was read twice, and very sanguine hopes were entertained of it's being passed; but on the question being put for the third reading, May 31, so many legal objections were opposed, that Lord Rawdon, with deep regret, relinquished all hope of success. He complained of having been deluded by some noble Lords, who had in the beginning of the business flattered him with expectations of their support; and seeing such determined hostility, as he said, to the principle of the Bill, he would rather abandon it altogether than give the House any more unnecessary trouble.

A motion of Lord Thurlow's for postponing the third reading to that day two months being carried by a majority of 5 out of 15 votes, the Bill fell to the ground.

How enviable must at this time have been the feelings of his Lordship, who for so long a period had dedicated his most earnest labours to the cause of suffering humanity. Undaunted by all the obstacles opposed by interested men, and men who perhaps felt their consequence wounded by the consideration that the matter had not originated, as it ought, among themselves, he persevered in it's support till it was found that his most vigorous efforts must fail in a contest with legal pertinacity.

Of his Lordship's Masonic character there can be but one opinion. The unwearied attention he has paid to the duties of that high office, to which he was appointed by the late Duke of Cumberland, on the resignation of the Earl of Effingham, and to which he was on the 24th of November 1790 re-appointed, with the most distinguished marks of approbation, by our present Royal Grand Master, has secured to him the warmest affections, mingled with the profoundest respect, of the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons of England.

S. J.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

NATURE dictates many of our rules of action in a much stronger manner than it is *possible* for any *law* or *preternatural regulation to enforce*; and nothing can be more convincing, than the manner in which it in general operates in the case of an *old man* marrying a *young woman*, or, *vice versa*, an *old woman* being married to a *young man*.

Marriage is the state capable of *the highest human felicity*, calculated for a *constant scene* of as much delight as our being is capable of: It is the foundation of community, and the chief band of society.—It is or ought to be that state of perfect friendship in which there are two bodies with but one mind.

Marriage prevents a state of jealousy, and shews superior ideas of happiness in human beings than in the brute creation—It was never intended we should so mock nature as by acting contrary to the natural impulse of it; and though there are many instances in which, and very properly so, we deviate from the paths of nature, yet if the whole is artificial it is contrary to reason and good sense.

Marriage need not be to prevent a state of jealousy in the above cases, or in the case of the marriage of an old couple, because it would not be likely that an old man or woman procures a third person to join in creating it; and if the old man *should happen* to go astray, he would in all probability pay dearly *for his temerity*.

The English are more liberal in their ideas, less confined in their laws, and profess more real liberty than any other nation in the universe; and very properly so, for their climate requires it.—Some climates require *an absolute monarchy* for the government, others an *aristocracy*, and again, others require a *democracy*—It is the difference of the manners and dispositions of each of those different countries, caused by their *respective climates*, that occasions a different sort of government to be required.

In Europe there is a kind of balance between the Southern and Northern Nations. The first have every convenience of life, and few of it's wants: the last have many wants, and few conveniencies. To one, *nature* has given *much*, and demands but *little*; to the other, she has given but *little*, and demands a *great deal*. The equilibrium is maintained by the laziness of the Southern nations *, and by the industry and activity which she has given to those in the North. The latter are obliged to undergo excessive labour, without which they would want every thing, and degenerate into barbarians. This has

* There reigns in Asia (a very warm climate) a *servile spirit*, which they have never been able to shake off; and it is impossible to find, in all the Historians of this Country, *a single passage* which discovers a *free soul*; we shall never see any thing there but the Heroism of Slavery. 1 Mon. Spirit of Laws, b. 17, c. 6.

naturalized slavery to the people of the South: as they can easily dispense with liberty. But the people of the North have need of liberty, for this best can procure them the means of satisfying all those wants which they have received from nature. The people of the North then are in a *forced state*, if they are not either free or barbarians. Almost all the people of the South are in some measure in a state of violence if they are not slaves *.

Singular as it may appear, yet it has been contended by able authors, that according to the different climates the religion is *in part* obliged to vary. A particular class of the Indians, for instance, hate the Mahometans, because they eat cows: the Mahometans detest the Indians, because they eat hogs †. This happens to be an excellent religion for both, because it suits their climates and constitutions best.

It was contrary to the Papian Law for a man of sixty to marry a woman of fifty. As they had given great privileges to married men, the law would not suffer them to enter into useless marriages. For the same reason the Calvisian *Senatus Consultum* declared the marriage of a woman above fifty with a man less than sixty to be unequal; so that a woman of fifty years of age could not marry without incurring the penalties of these laws. Tiberius added to the rigour of the Papian Law, and prohibited men of sixty from marrying women under fifty; so that a man of sixty could not marry in any case whatsoever, without incurring the penalty. But Claudius abrogated this Law made under Tiberius ‡.

All these regulations were more conformable to the climate of Italy than to that of the North, where a man of sixty years of age has still a considerable degree of strength, and where women of fifty are not always past child-bearing.

If an old couple have a mind to end their days happily together, though the marriage is *a mere ceremony*, God forbid I should attempt to prevent it.—Let them enjoy themselves and forget old age; for we were never created to live miserable.

But where a man gives up his *existence*, if I may use the expression, for the sake of marrying a rich old widow, I think such an one is beneath the character of an Englishman.—He must either give up all the happiness this world can afford to make her happy, or have the ingratitude § to treat her like a brute, and thereby cause her to end her old days in misery, in a reflection on past improprieties, a sincere repentance *without a remedy*, and all that anguish and misery a woman who has any feelings (there being none of either sex but feel for themselves) must feel on such an occasion, and whose only hopes rest in a future state ‖.

* Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws, b. 21, c. 3. † Ib. b. 23. c. 21. ‡ Ibid.

§ Though the Wife may deserve unhappiness for her conduct, the Husband ought not to make himself the instrument of punishment. It is ungrateful and dishonourable for him to behave improperly--There is honour amongst Thieves--They are solemnly bound to cherish each other, and they ought mutually to do it.

‖ The only instance I ever knew where there was happiness and a difference of ages, has occurred but a short time since between a very worthy young gen-

When she reflects that the property given this brute was left under a solemn engagement * to her, by her husband, to dispose of it amongst the most worthy of his relations, and perhaps a family of children. A man that would thus dishonourably rob a family of their patrimony, would not *hesitate* to rob on the highway, *if sure of not being detected.* It is not the laws he reveres, but *the fear of punishment keeps him honest.*

I think no better of a young woman §, who can so *counteract nature* as to marry a rich old man, spend the prime of her youth, and give up her virtue to some old debauchee, who values her seduction more than the happiness likely to ensue. A woman guilty of such conduct, I think unworthy the name of an *Englishwoman.*

But, I trust, the conduct of the men and women of this country is less to be censured in this respect than in any other.

I cannot conclude these observations without showing my disapprobation of the conduct of parents in forcing children to marry contrary to their wishes, a measure often pregnant with all those evils that generally attend an unhappy or improper union.

I am, sir,

London, Your obedient servant,

Aug. 1, 1793. LÆSUS AMICUS.

---

tleman, universally respected, and a very rich old lady upwards of eighty---The gentleman has always acted on *the most honourable terms* to her, and they *now live happily together.* However much I may dislike the match in *both* yet I cannot help admiring the *honourable conduct* and *gratitude* of the gentleman. On the other hand I know a *reverend Divine* in the West of England, of about thirty, who married a rich old widow turned of fifty---the consequence was, that the first month they parted beds, the second month sitting rooms, and now for sometime past she has taken to her bed-room, where she has remained almost in a state of insanity ever since. This shows the consequence of a *too indulgent husband* leaving his property improperly in the power of his wife, thereby making it a temptation to others and a snare for herself; who, from conceit and ignorance of her person, listens too much to the flattery of a deceitful set of men, who seek the ruin of others for the sake of their own emolument.

* It cannot for a moment be supposed that a man would leave his property to his wife for a second husband to enjoy,---the thoughts of his property being lavished away in that manner, property that he had been all his life-time scraping together, would be no comfort to him on his death-bed.

§ Montesquieu says, with more wit than truth, "Young women who are conducted by marriage alone to liberty and pleasure; who have a mind which does not think, a heart which dares not feel, eyes which dare not see, ears which dare not hear; who appear only to show themselves silly, condemned without intermission to trifles and precepts; have sufficient inducements to lead them on to marriage: It is the young men that want to be encouraged." S. L. b. 23. c. 9. But *this ought not to lead them to form improper connections.*---A temptation is no excuse for a fault; an honest heart will always, in proportion as the temptation increases, act the more firm and upright.

AN

EXTRAORDINARY ANECDOTE OF *GENERAL PUTNAM.*

SOON after Mr. Putnam removed to Connecticut, the Wolves, then very numerous, broke into his sheepfold, and killed seventy fine sheep and goats, besides wounding many lambs and kids. This havoc was commited by a she-wolf, which, with her annual whelps had several times infested the vicinity. The young were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters; but the old one was too sagacious to come within gun-shot; upon being closely pursued, she would generally fly to the Western woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps.

This wolf at length became such an intolerable nuisance, that Mr. Putnam entered into a combination with five of his neighbours to hunt alternately until they could destroy her. Two by rotation, were to be constantly in pursuit. It was known, that, having lost the toes of one foot by a steel-trap, she made one track shorter than the other. By this vestige the pursuers recognised, in a light snow, the rout of this pernicious animal. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found she had turned back in a direct course towards Pomfret, they immediately returned, and by ten the next morning the blood-hounds had driven her into a den, about three miles from Mr. Putnam's house. The people soon collected with dogs, guns, straw, fire, and sulphur, to attack the common enemy. With this apparatus several unsuccessful efforts were made to force her from the den. The hounds came back badly wounded and refused to return. The smoke of blazing straw had no effect; nor did the fumes of burnt brimstone, with which the cavern was filled, compel her to quit the retirement. Wearied with such fruitless attempts, which had brought the time to ten o'clock at night, Mr. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in vain; he proposed to his negro-man to go down into the cavern, and shoot the wolf; the negro declined the hazardous service. Then it was that his master, declaring that he would not have a coward in his family, and angry at the disappointment, resolved himself to destroy the ferocious beast, lest he should escape through some unknown fissure of the rock. His neighbours strongly remonstrated against the perilous enterprize; but he knowing that wild animals are intimidated by fire, and having provided several strips of birch-bark, the only combustible material which he could obtain that could afford light in this deep and darksome cave, prepared for his descent. Having accordingly divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, and having a long rope fastened round his legs, by which he might be pulled back at a concerted signal, he entered head foremost, with the blazing torch in his hand.

The aperture of the den, on the east-side of a very high ledge of rocks, is about two feet square; from thence it descends oblique-

ly fifteen feet, then running horizontally about ten more, it ascends gradually sixteen feet towards it's termination. The sides of this subterraneous cavity are composed of smooth and solid rocks, which seem to have been driven from each other by some former earthquake. The top and bottom are also of stone, and the entrance in winter, being covered with ice, is exceedingly slippery. It is in no place high enough for a man to raise himself upright, nor in any part more than three feet in width.

Having groped his passage to the horizontal part of the den, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch. It was silent as the house of death! none but monsters of the desert had ever before explored this solitary mansion of horror. He cautiously proceeded onward, came to the ascent, which he shortly mounted on his hands and knees, until he discovered the glaring eye-balls of the wolf, who was sitting at the extremity of the cavern. Startled at the sight of the fire she gnashed her teeth, and gave a sullen growl. As soon as he had made the necessary discovery he kicked the rope, as a signal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the den, who had listened with painful anxiety, hearing the growling of the wolf, and supposing their friend to be in the most iminent danger, drew him forth with such celerity that his shirt was stripped over his head, and his skin was severely lacerated. After he had adjusted his clothes, and loaded his gun with nine buck-shot, holding a torch in one hand and a musquet in the other, he descended a second time, when he drew nearer than before, the wolf assuming a still more fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs, was evidently on the attitude, and on the point of springing on him. At this critical instant, he levelled, and fired at her head, Stunned with the shock, and suffocated with the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave: but having refreshed himself, and permitted the smoke to clear, he went down the third time. Once more he came within sight of the wolf, who, appearing very passive, he applied the torch to her nose, and perceiving her dead, he took hold of her ears, and then kicking the rope (still tied to his legs) the people above, with no small exultation, drew them both out together.

THE BASTILE OF SAXONY.

The following Description of KONIGSTEIN, is extracted from Baron TRENCK's MEMOIRS.

THIS vast rock is not a fortress that an enemy must subdue before he can conquer Saxony. It contains but a small garrison, incapable of making a sally; and serves only to secure the

records of the country, and prisoners of state. Konigstein is the Bastile of Saxony; in which many a brave man has pined out his life in durance. When I was there, part of the rock were blown up to form casemates. In doing this, was found a dungeon bored in the solid stone to the depth of sixty fathoms. At the bottom of this dungeon appeared a bedstead, on which a skeleton reposed, and by it's side the remains of a dead dog—Mournful sight for a heart possessed of the feelings of a man! How savage the tyrant, that can invent such tortures for his fellow-creatures, and can lie down on his pillow, conscious, that in a hole like this, a man is slowly consuming the lamp of life, feebly supported by vain hopes of his compassion! Even now the walls of this prison confine three persons not unworthy of notice. One of these was Private Secretary to the Court of Saxony, and in the year 1756 betrayed the secrets of the Dresden Archives to the King of Prussia. He was taken in Poland; and has now been four-and-thirty years in a dungeon;—he still lives—but his appearance is more that of a wild beast than of a man.

Another is one Colonel Acton. He who is acquainted with the secret history of Dresden, will remember the horrid poison scheme, which was detected, but was thought proper to be kept secret. Acton was the chief in this conspiracy. He was by birth an Italian; possessed a Calabrian heart; was a bold and handsome man; and was the favourite of the Dowager Electress.—This is a sufficient key to his history, for those who are desirous of knowing what is become of Acton, who has still many friends in Dresden, and enjoys more liberty than his fellow-prisoners. Where he is, however, he must die: but he is a great vilain, and cannot accuse his imprisonment of injustice.

"The third is a fine young Swede. Six years ago he was arrested at Leipsic, at the private request of the King of Sweden, and brought to Konigstein in a mask. When he was taken, he defended himself like a lion, claiming his right to be protected by the law of nations. This man is excluded from the light of day. No one sees him; no one speaks to him: and, on pain of death, no one must know what his name is, who he is, or that he is there. From what I could learn, he is no criminal; he has had no trial; but some state or love intrigue at the Swedish Court has brought on him this fate. Pity him, Reader! he has no deliverance to hope for but death; for the Elector has promised the King of Sweden, that he shall never more behold the beams of the sun. He is now under thirty years of age, and the worthy Governor cannot speak of him without the tear of compassion in his eyes: he shrugs up his shoulders, looks up to Heaven, and says, it is the Elector's order, and I must obey. God help him!"



Matthew Brown Esq.r del.

W.m Lewis sculp.

Printed & Published by J.W. Bunney, Newcastle Street, Strand, Sept.r 1.st 1803.

AN

ACCOUNT OF THE ROYAL CUMBERLAND *FREEMASONS' SCHOOL.*

Instituted *March* 25, 1788, for MAINTAINING and EDUCATING the

FEMALE CHILDREN AND ORPHANS *OF INDIGENT BRETHREN*

OF THE ANTIENT AND HONOURABLE SOCIETY OF

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS:

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE DUTCHESS OF CUMBERLAND.

TO our Masonic Readers we need offer no apology for introducing the present subject to public attention. An Institution so noble in itself, and so honourable to the Fraternity, can never be too well understood, or too strongly recommended. It opens a field in which the generous feelings of humanity may exert their utmost energy, and points at once to temporal enjoyment and eternal bliss.

The Spirit of Benevolence was never more universally nor more efficaciously exerted than at present: provision for the aged, the poor, and the infirm, being abundantly found in this hospitable country.

FREE-MASONRY, which has reason to boast of every excellence that antiquity and the practice of moral virtue can give, had not before this Institution extended it's beneficence to Female Objects, however urgent their necessities.

The purpose of the Institution was, therefore, to preserve the FEMALE OFFSPRING of INDIGENT FREEMASONS from the dangers and misfortunes to which a distressed situation might expose them.

To extend the hand of compassion, to give assistance where it was most wanted, and to render the design extensively beneficial, a Plan was, with the utmost deference, submitted to *Her Royal Highness* the DUTCHESS of CUMBERLAND, by the *Chevalier* BARTHOLOMEW RUSPINI.

Her Royal Highness, having considered the same, humanely condescended to take it under her protection, and deigned to accept the title of PATRONESS.

His Royal Highness the Duke of CUMBERLAND, then *Grand Master*, and their Royal Highnesses the PRINCE of WALES, the Dukes of YORK and GLOUCESTER, expressed their approbation, and a disposition to support it by their patronage.

The more effectually to promote this humane Undertaking, and to prevent abuses, it was considered, that the assistance of the Ladies would prove a valuable acquisition: it was therefore resolved to solicit the favour of those Ladies, who should condescend to become Governesses, to inspect into the oeconomy of the house, the education of the children, and into all matters relative to their various employments; and that they would vouchsafe to communicate to the Committee, such observations as might seem necessary to forward the purposes of this Institution; thus adding to the liberality of their contributions, the kind office of training young female minds, destitute of parental care and attention, to Industry and Virtue, to social, moral, and religious Duties.

Offices of Charity give a dignity to rank which Courts cannot confer. In the midst of splendor and distinction we can venture to pronounce, that no reflection is so truly grateful to the mind of Her Royal Highness the DUTCHESS of CUMBERLAND, as that of her having given an essential sanction to an Institution calculated to cultivate and improve the minds of infant female indigence, to sow the seeds of virtue, whence must spring the fruits of good living, to the honour of those who have disseminated such principles.

Not only is the highest praise due to Her Royal Highness for having so readily condescended to become the Patroness of this Institution, but also for her very liberal contribution towards it's support, and particularly for her attention to the poor children, which she manifests in frequent visits to the school, at which times she solicitously inquires into the progress of their education, and inspects the domestic oeconomy of the houshold, which we are happy in being able to say is exemplary, and worthy of imitation by every Charitable Institution, the nature of which should be compatible with such a system. Her Highness has also, as often as circumstances would permit, attended Divine Service when Anniversary Sermons have been preached in behalf of the Charity, and has used her influence, with much effect, in it's favour, in the great circle of her friends.

To Ladies of all ranks we especially and most earnestly recommend the support of this Benevolent Fabric, which has for it's object to qualify a number of girls to occupy an useful, though not a menial station in life, to furnish respectable families with servants, whose talents and virtuous dispositions may entitle them to that confidence, which can rarely be bestowed with safety on those whose birth and education have been among the lowest orders of society.

If language could do justice to the philanthropic disposition and unwearied exertions of the Chevalier RUSPINI, rhetoric should here strew it's choicest flowers on the theme, but our praises are feeble, and unequal to his merits: we look up, therefore, to an All-good, All-wise, and All-powerful Being, to whose approbation he only aspires, and to whose rewards he has secured the best of all claims, that of Universal Benevolence.

The great encouragement this Undertaking met with in it's infancy from several branches of the Royal Family, and from many distinguished characters among the nobility and gentry, as well without as within the circle of the Fraternity, enabled the Trustees and Committee, who were delegated to manage the concerns of the Charity, to take a house at Somer's Town, in the New Road leading from Tottenham-court-road to Islington, and on the 1st of January 1789, fifteen Children were admitted therein, which number has been, at different periods, augmented to the amount of twenty-eight; than which number the house is not calculated to accommodate more.

The great and daily increase of benefactions to this Charity, however, has induced the Trustees, and General Committee (under the sanction of a General Court of the Governors), to take a piece of ground in St. George's Fields; whereon they intend, by subscriptions and benefactions (distinct from the annual contributions for the support of the Charity) to erect a commodious and substantial building, sufficiently capacious to receive any number of Children their finances may be competent to support. Near three hundred pounds have been already contributed for this purpose; and, having contracted with a builder, to carry their design into execution, for 1819*l.* they solicit the benefactions of those who already are, as well as those who may be humanely disposed to become Subscribers to the Charity, to enable them to carry on and complete so benevolent an Undertaking.

This Charity is not (as many have supposed) confined to the Children of Masons within the Metropolis (though it's principal support is naturally derived thence), for we understand that they are received from all parts of the kingdom, and that there are now three Children in the School from Nottingham, Colchester, and Gravesend;—indeed the qualifications laid down in the rules of the Institution sufficiently imply, that Country Children are equally intitled to it's benefits with those in Town.

As we are extremely desirous of recommending this Charity to public protection, we have subjoined some account of the Plan on which it is conducted, the qualifications and privileges of a Governor, and also the qualifications of Children necessary to enable them to participate of it's benefits; referring our Readers for further information on the subject, to the book of printed regulations, which may be had of the Secretary, Mr. CUPPAGE, No. 13, Warwick-street, Golden-square.

A General Court of the Governors is convened by public advertisement four times a year; when the proceedings of the Committees held in the intermediate time are submitted for confirmation or rejection;—the accounts of the Charity ordered for liquidation;—Children admitted and discharged, and all other business of a general nature transacted. At the Court in April, the Com-

mittees for the year are chosen;—the Officers elected;—and the general state of the Charity is laid before the Governors.

The General Committee meet on the last Friday in every month, to regulate the concerns of the Charity, receive the report of the House Committee, who are delegated by them to attend more immediately to the internal and domestic management of the School, and who lay before the General Committee, every quarter, the bills and expences incurred in support of the same. These accounts pass from them to an Audit Committee, where they, as well as the receipt of the Charity, undergo a second revision, previous to their being brought before the General Committee, by which latter they are again examined, before they are submitted to the General Court for ultimate approbation.

QUALIFICATION OF GOVERNORS, &c.

I. That every person subscribing One Guinea, annually, shall be deemed a Governor, or Governess, during the time they shall severally continue such subscription.

II. That every subscriber of Ten Guineas, or upwards, shall be deemed a Governor or Governess for life; and such Governor shall be a Member of the General Committee.

III. That any subscriber of One Guinea, who shall pay a further sum of Nine Guineas, within twelve months after the first payment, shall be deemed a Governor for life.

IV. That the Master for the time being of any Lodge subscribing One Guinea, annually, shall be deemed a Governor during that time.

V. That the Master for the time being of any Lodge subscribing Ten Guineas, shall be a Member of the Committee for fifteen years; and on such Lodge paying the further sum of Ten Guineas, within the space of ten years, such Master for the time being shall be a Governor and Member of the Committee so long as such Lodge exists.

VI. That the Master for the time being of any Lodge subscribing Twenty Guineas, shall be deemed a perpetual Governor, so long as such Lodge exists.

VII. That the executor of any person paying a legacy of One Hundred Pounds for the use of this Charity shall be deemed a Governor for life.—And in case a legacy of Two Hundred Pounds or upwards be paid for the use of this Charity—then all the executors proving the will shall be deemed Governors for life.

VIII. That the Governor shall have a right to vote at all Quarterly and Special Courts.

IX. That every Nobleman, Member of Parliament, Lady, Master of a Country Lodge, and Governor, not residing within the Bills of Mortality, shall have a right to vote by proxy at all ballots and elections.

X. That any subscriber, who may happen to be in arrears, shall be precluded voting at any election until such arrears are paid.

QUALIFICATION OF CHILDREN FOR ADMISSION.

First, That no Child can be admitted under the full age of five years, nor above the age of nine years, nor any Child that is strumous, or afflicted with any infirmity, or who has not had the small pox. And,

Secondly, Every Child applying for admission must produce the four following Certificates, viz.

A Certificate from the Master and Wardens (for the time being) of the Lodge where the father was made a Mason; or from a Lodge where he is or has been a Member.

A Certificate from the Grand Secretary, of the father having been duly registered as a Mason (if made since the year 1768).

A Register of her age, from the parish where she was born, or other satisfactory proof thereof; and a Certificate from some one of the medical Governors, of the present state of her health.

S. J.

THE CHARACTER OF *SALADINE,* SULTAN OF EGYPT AND SYRIA.

HISTORY, which is often but one continued recital of injustice and cruelty, seems to afford mankind some consolation, when, in the midst of so many crimes, she stops to relate some acts of clemency and moderation: what is singular upon this occasion is, that we find these *traits* in the person of a prince whom historians class among the list of barbarians; but would they not themselves be barbarians so little to acknowledge virtue! Though Saladine is celebrated by his conquest, he derives his real glory from his pacific virtues. From his youth he testified none of those impetuous passions which often bespeak extraordinary genius, nor did any one circumstance presage his future greatness; it seems, even by his history, that if fortune herself had not placed him upon the throne, he never would have made any efforts to reach it; so greatly do circumstances change and display the real characters of men. This prince was originally of the nation called Kurdes, a savage people divided into tribes, who having fixed their habitation in Syria, on the banks of the Tyger, gave to that country the name of Kurdistan. His father, Ayoub, impatient to exert his courage, quitted his own country in his youth, with one of his brothers named Schirkouh, and went in quest of employment to the governor of Bagdat, who commanded there in the name of the Seljoucides. This governor having had testimonies of Ayoub's bravery, gave him the government of Tekvit, a place situated upon the western banks of the Tyger. Here Saladine drew his first breath in 1137.

Various circumstances afterwards compelled the two brothers to enter into the service of Nour Eddin, known by the name of Noradin Soudan d'Alep; a prince whose great success against the Franks occasioned the second Croisade, when Lewis the Young, King of France, and the Emperor Conrad, united their forces. Noradin, fully satisfied with the service of Saladine's father, appointed him governor of Damascus. Saladine was brought up under the eye of Ayoub, and he imbibed all the prejudices of his country, an inviolable attachment to the practice of his religion, a great respect for the law of Mahomet, and an insurmountable hatred to the Christians. He lived in a state of tranquility at the court of Noradin, who greatly loved him, till the expedition into Egypt.

Noradin had, for some time, entertained a design of making himself master of Egypt, weakened by luxury and the dissentions of the emirs. Schirkouh was fixed upon to conduct this enterprize; and Noradin proposed that Saladine should accompany his uncle. In this enterprize the youthful Saladine displayed his warlike talents; and his uncle, who through his great exploits had attained the government of Eygpt, dying, he succeeded him in this post. Saladine testified he was worthy of the rank to which he had been elevated. He distributed amongst the officers and soldiers the money he had received from the caliph, as well as that which he found in the coffers of Schirkouh. He reformed his manner of living; for till now he had yielded to youthful pleasures, prefering soft tranquility to a thirst of glory: it was even against his inclination that he accompanied his uncle into Eygpt; he, nevertheless, gave proofs of his military genius in the siege of Alexandria, which he sustained with vigour. In the second expedition he used all his influence with Noradin to be released from making that campaign; he pleaded the inconveniences to which he had been exposed in Egypt, and the scantiness of his fortune. Noradin removed these obstacles, he furnished him with money and horses, and commanded him to repair to the army. Thus by a singular opposition, Noradin seemed desirous of raising a man to snatch the sceptre from the hands of his children; and Saladine opposed that destiny which conducted him to the throne.

Having altered his conduct, he underwent all the hardships of a military life, and was emulous of setting an example of virtue to the soldiers. To gain the affection of the troops, who are always ready to obey those whom they respect, he was very punctual in fulfilling the duties of Mahometism, and swore perpetual animosity to the Franks. He took upon himself the title of lieutenant of Noradin, and gave orders for the *Kherba*, or public prayers, in the name of that prince, an honour peculiar only to sultans. Noradin applauded Saladine's good fortune, and ordered his troops to obey their general. Thus he exercised the sovereign power in Egypt in quality of vizier. Having attained this point of elevation, he testified the goodness of his heart, by inviting his father Ayoub and his brothers to come and reside at his court; and he gave them

posts of profit. As the Egyptians groaned under a foreign yoke they were compelled to bear, he silenced their murmurs by his generosity and prudence. Not being able to reconcile the chief of the black eunuchs, who was also governor of Cairo, he attacked him with open force in a commotion, which the latter had occasioned, and ran him through with his sword; this gallant act restored the public tranquility.

Whilst Saladine was laying the foundations of his power, the Christians exerted every possible means to frustrate his designs. Noradin, by the accquisition of Eygpt, surrounded them on every side. Amauric, King of Jerusalem, in vain remonstrated to the princes of the west the exigent state of Syria, and the profanation of the holy places: none but the Greeks furnished any succours, the Latins contributed only their promises. Two hundred large flat-bottom boats, with sails and oars, were sent to the assistance of Amauric, with which he resolved to lay siege to Damietta, to serve as a barrier to Palestine. This city was situated opposite Pelusa, a mile from the sea, upon one of the mouths of the Nile. Saladine, having received intelligence of the designs of his enemies, placed a strong garrison in the city, and furnished it with arms and provisions. He came himself to relieve it. The Franks attacked the place with all imaginable ardour; but they were always repulsed, and their machines were burnt by the besieged. After the siege had continued fifty days they acknowledged the difficulty of the enterprize; Amauric raised the siege, and returned with the remains of his army into Palestine.

Saladine discovered the necessity of keeping a people, naturally seditious, constantly employed; he raised troops, set out from Cairo, and marched into Idumea. He attacked a fortified castle near Gaza, which was the last place the Christians possessed on that side of Egypt. Meeting with some resistance from the castle, he advanced towards Gaza, he entered by the back gates, put to the sword all who opposed him and pillaged the city. Other business having called him into Egypt, he was desirous of driving the Christians out of Elah, in order to form a free passage for the Mussulmans, who went on their pilgrimage to Mecca: he took this city, pillaged it, placed a garrison here, and restored the mosques.

The year following died Adhef, caliph of Egypt; and with him terminated the dynasty of the Fathimites, and Saladine mounted the throne. This caliph had left uncommon treasures: the new prince kept no part of these riches to himself; he distributed them to the officers and soldiers, and reserved the most precious moveables for Noradin, with whom it was prudent for him to keep upon good terms. This prince, who had sometimes entertained strong suspicions of Saladine, died soon after, and left an heir to the throne, a son about eleven years old, whom he vanquished, and compelled to submit, on condition of reserving the city of Damascus. In the year 1175, he took upon himself the title of sultan, and exercised all the rights of sovereignty.

Thus did Saladine pursue a series of unremitting conquests; nevertheless, his clemency, his moderation, and his liberality, have rendered his name more precious to the Mussulmans than even his glory. All persons, of whatever rank, country, religion, found an easy access to his person. His breast was never disturbed with any violent passions, and he was an utter stranger to choler or revenge. His figure excited more affection than respect. Nature seemed to have destined him for a private life, rather then the government of a great empire. He wanted that resolution so necessary for princes to make their power respected; he could never establish a rigid discipline among his troops; and he restrained his emirs, rather by munificence and bounties, than by the dread of his authority. Fortune alone placed him upon the throne, of which he was not ambitious. Zeal for religion, rather than policy, put arms into his hands, and made him instrumental in the destruction of mankind, which was far from his natural disposition. In fine, if he was ungrateful to his benefactors, his great qualities seemed to give a sanction to his usurpation; for had it not been for those wars in which he was engaged, his people would, probably, have been the happiest subjects upon earth.

DESCRIPTION
OF THE
TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS,
GOLDEN FOOT, OR GUINEA.

(Extract of a Letter, by way of Introduction.)

"SOMETIME since died in Germany, of old age, one *Petrus Gaulterus*, a man well-known in the learned world, and famous for nothing so much as for an extraordinary collection, which he had made of the Chrysipi, an animal or vegetable, of which, I doubt not, but there are *still* some to be found in *England*: however, if that should be difficult, it may be easy to send some over to you, as they are at present very plentiful in these parts. I can answer for the truth of the facts contained in the paper I send you, as there is not one of them, but what I have seen repeated above twenty times, and I wish others may be encouraged to try the experiments over again, and satisfy themselves of the truth by their own eyes. The accounts of the Chrysipi, as well as the collection itself, were found in the cabinet of the above-mentioned *Petrus* after his death: for he could never be prevailed on to communicate of either, while alive. I am, Sir, &c."

We shall content ourselves, with giving the following extracts from the account of the learned philosopher above alluded to:

The size of the body of a *Chrysipus* varies according to it's different species.

I know two species only* differing in extent almost one-half; which, for distinction sake, I call the *whole Chrysipus*. The latter of these is by no means so valuable as the former.

I have not, after the minutest observation, been able to settle, with any degree of certainty, whether this be really an animal or a vegetable, or whether it be strictly neither, or rather both. For as I have, by the help of my microscope, discovered some of it's parts to resemble those of a lion; I have, at other times, taken notice of something not unlike the *flower-de-luce*. On their extremity (if they are not very old), may be seen certain letters, forming the names of several of our kings; whence I have been almost inclined to conclude, that these are the flowers mentioned by *Virgil*, and which appear to have been so extremely scarce in his time.—What has principally dissuaded me from an opinion of it's being an animal is, that I could never observe any symptoms of voluntary motion:—but, indeed, the same may be said of an oyster, which I think is not yet settled by the learned to be *absolutely* a vegetable.

But though it hath not, or seems not, to have any progressive motion of it's own; yet it is very easy to communicate a motion to it. Indeed some persons have made them fly all over the town with great velocity.

What is said of the Polypus, by a learned writer of the last age, is likewise applicable to the *Chrysipus*:—

"They make use of their progressive motion, when communicated to them, to place themselves conveniently, so as to catch their prey.—They are voracious animals; they lay their snares for numbers of small insects;—as soon as any of them touches one of them it is caught."

But then it differs from the *Polypus* in the consequence: for, instead of making the *insect* it's prey, it becomes itself a prey to it; and instead of conveying an *insect* twice as large as it's own mouth into it, in imitation of the *Polypus*, the poor *Chrysipus* is itself conveyed into the *loculus*, or pouch of an *insect*, a thousand times as large as itself. Notwithstanding which, this wretched animal (for so I think we may be allowed to call it) is so eager after it's prey, that if the *insect* (which seldom happens) makes any resistance, it summons other *Chrysipi* to it's aid, which in the end hardly ever fail of subduing it, and getting into it's pouch.

A CHRYSIPUS, *by the single contact of my own finger, has so closely attached itself to my hand, that by the joint, and indefatigable labour of several of my friends, it could by no means be severed, or made to quit it's hold.*

I have some of them, that have greatly *multiplied under my eyes*, and of which I might almost say, that they have produced young

* A third has been discovered since the Philosopher's time. These are now little known, and held in small estimation, except by *collectors* and *old women*.

ones from all the exterior parts of their body. I have learned, by a *continual attention* to the two species of them, that all the individuals of these species produce young ones.

I have for sixty years had under my eye thousands of them; and though I have OBSERVED THEM CONSTANTLY, AND WITH ATTENTION, so as to watch them night and day, I never observed any like the common animal-copulation.

I tried at first two of them; but these I found would not produce a compleat *Chrysipus;* at least I had reason to think, the operation would be so slow, that I must have waited some years for it's completion. Upon this I tried a hundred of them together; by whose marvelous union (whether it be that they mix total, like those heavenly spirits mentioned by *Milton*, or by any other process not yet revealed to human wit) they were found, at the year's end, to produce three, four, and sometimes five complete *Chrysipi.* I have, indeed, often made them in that space produce *ten* or *twenty;* but this has been by some held a dangerous experiment, not only to the parent *Chrysipi* themselves, which have by these means been utterly lost and destroyed, but even to the philosopher who hath attempted it: for as some curious persons have, by hermetic experiments, endangered the loss of their teeth, so we, by a too intense application to this *Chrysipean Philosophy*, have been sometimes found to endanger our ears.

A *Chrysipus* of the larger kind, may be divided into one and twenty substances (whether animal or vegetable we determine not) every substance being at least as large as the original *Chrysipus.*—These may again be subdivided, each of them into twenty-four; and what is very remarkable, every one of these parts is heavier, and rather larger than the first *Chrysipus.* The only difference in this change is that of the colour; for the first sort are *yellow*, the second *white*, and the third resemble the complexion and substance of many human faces.

These subdivided parts are by some observed to lose, in a great degree, their adherescent quality: notwithstanding which, *Gaulterus* writes, that from the minutest observations upon his own experience, they all adhered with equal tenacity to his own fingers.

As to the age of the *Chrysipus* (says our philosopher) it differs extremely; some being of equal duration with the life of man; and some of scarce a moment's existence. The best method of preserving them is, I believe, in bags or chests in loose numbers; *for they seldom live long when they are alone*, some think, and very properly, they never can put enough of them together, if they are put into the pocket singly or in pairs, they will last but a very little while—and in some pockets not even a day.

The *Chrysipus* is to be looked for in old houses, behind wainscots; and in scrutores; in searching for them, particular regard is to be had of the persons who inhabit, or have inhabited in the same houses, by observing which rule, you may often prevent throwing away your labour. They love to be rather with old than young

persons, and detest finery so much, that they are seldom to be found in the pockets of the gay and fashionable.—They appear to have an aversion to the pockets of court dresses, and are very rare indeed in gilded palaces.—They are sometimes very difficult to be met with, even though you know where they are, by reason of *pieces of wood, iron,* &c. which must be removed before you can get at them.

The virtues of the *Chrysipus* would occupy a whole volume.—A single one stuck on the finger, will make a man talk for a full hour; nay, will make him say, whatever the person who sticks it on desires: and again, if you desire silence, it will as effectually stop the most loquacious tongue. Sometimes indeed one, or two, or even twenty, are not sufficient; but if you apply the proper number, they seldom, or never, fail of success. It will likewise make men blind or deaf, as you think proper; and all this, without doing the least injury to the several organs.

Secondly—It has a most miraculous quality of turning black into white, or white into black.—Indeed it has the power of the prismatic glass, and can from any object reflect what colour it pleases.

Thirdly—It is the strongest love-powder in the world, and hath such efficacy on the female sex, that it hath often produced love in the finest women to the most worthless and ugly, old and decrepit among mortal men.

To give the strongest idea, in one instance, of the salubrious quality of the *Chrysipus*,—it is a medicine which the physicians are so fond of taking themselves, that few of them care to visit a patient, without swallowing a dose of it.

ON

HAPPINESS.

IF we consider the various pursuits of mankind after Happiness, they will be found in general centered in that sovereign object, riches. The statesman, whose motives would seem to tend wholly to the welfare and prosperity of his country, who makes the most solemn protestations of his attachment to it's interest, and pretends to be ready to sacrifice his life and fortune, whenever called on in the defence of it, will, as soon as the grand spring of his actions is removed, be found as cool and inactive in support of the common cause, as he was before a zealous promoter of it's happiness. Self interest precedes every other consideration, and a thirst for money often prompts the mind to actions of a base and dangerous tende-

dency. The miser, whose insatiable avarice keeps pace with every other part of his character, knows no happiness but in accumulating wealth, and is as sanguine and dilligent in the cause, as if the preservation of his life depended on the pursuit of it. His ambition knows no bounds; but, like a greedy monster, he would rob the indigent of their support, and reduce them to the most abject servility, in order to enrich his own coffers. Contentment is a name he is not acquainted with: his chief pleasure consists in admiring his ill-gotten pelf, and looking disdainfully on all beneath him. Yet after all, his riches serve only to torment him; surrounded with all the superfluities of life, he murmurs in the midst of plenty, and by looking up to others in a prosperous situation, he not only envies the happiness they enjoy, but loses all relish for his own.

When ambition fires the mind, and when avarice petrifies the heart, a man may truly say, farewel content. It is impossible for a miser to be happy, his name implies misery, and he deserves it; and the ambitious man being of a restless disposition by nature, can never enjoy the blessings of repose.

The way to be happy is to look down on those who suffer, and not up to those who shine in the world. The comparison then would be so much in our favour, that we should cease to complain. So far should we be from repining at the unequal distributions of fortune, that we should sit down contented with our own lot, and be happy with the blessings we enjoy. Our pride would be humbled, and our peevishness turned into pity; all our murmurings would be hushed at the sight of each other's misery. A little reason and common sense would point out to us the absurdity of our pursuits, and prove how dangerous it is to follow the deceitful track. How happy then might people live, and what a figure might they make in the eye of the world, were they to manage the liberalities of fortune with common sense, and learn to despise the superfluities of it! From a want of this springs all the unhappiness of life, and from a careful observance of it proceeds every satisfaction we can wish to obtain.

If we reflected properly on the miseries with which the majority of mankind are hourly tormented, on the many crosses and disappointments they meet with, and the difficulties with which they are embarrassed, we should, possessing health and a moderate competency, view without emotion the magnificence of the great, and never sigh for the luxuries of the vicious. There is less pleasure in the enjoyment of riches, than the idea of them presents us with; for the man, who, by virtuous industry, moves in a moderate sphere of life, tastes more real satisfaction than the courtier with all his pomp, pride, and greatness.

STRICTURES
ON
PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

ON Saturday, August 3, a New Piece, from the pen of the Manager, was presented under the title of "THE MOUNTAINEERS."

THE CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA.

Don Octavian, - - - - - - -	Mr. KEMBLE;
Buchasen (the Governor), - -	Mr. BENSLEY;
Don Villeret, - - - - - - -	Mr. BARRYMORE;
Pacha, - - - - - - - - -	Mr. WEWITZER;
Ganen, - - - - - - - - -	Mr. EVATT;
Toco, - - - - - - - - - -	Mr. PARSONS;
Sadi, - - - - - - - - - -	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
Roque, - - - - - - - - -	Mr. AICKIN;
Kilmallock, - - - - - - - -	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Zoraida, - - - - - - - - -	Mrs. KEMBLE;
Floranthe, - - - - - - - -	Mrs. GOODALL;
Agnes, - - - - - - - - -	Mrs. BLAND.

SKETCH OF THE FABLE.

The father of *Floranthe* had consented to her receiving the addresses of *Octavian*, but a more advantageous *match* being proposed, he withdraws that consent, and forbids the lovers meeting again; *Octavian* challenges his rival, they fight, and he leaves him for dead, on which he retires to the mountains, taking up his residence in a cave, where he has remained almost frantic for twelve months. Here the piece commences.—*Floranthe*'s father dying, she follows her lover into the mountains; after some difficulties she meets with him, and an explanation taking place, he consents to return to society again. Beside this, there is another love-tale, between *Villeret*, *Floranthe*'s brother, and *Zoraida*, the Governor's daughter; her mother was of the Christian religion, and had early implanted a respect for it's tenets in her young mind, which being roused by the persuasions of *Villeret*, who is a Spaniard, she leaves her father's castle in Grenada, and traverses the mountains in hopes of getting to Seville; she is accompanied by *Villeret*, *Kilmallock*, *Agnes*, and *Sadi*, a Moor, to whom *Agnes* has taken a fancy. They are followed by the Governor, who, meeting with her alone, while her lover is endeavouring to explore their way, he is on the point of putting her to death, when *Octavian* rushes in and subdues him; *Villeret* returns, and saves the Governor from *Octavian*'s fury; in return for which, he consents to his union with *Zoraida*.

This piece is taken from the two tales of *Cervantes*, entitled "*Zoraido*," and "*The Captives.*" The story is embellished by Mr. COLMAN in the manner of his other pieces, where using all the licence of *Shakspere*, and making a *melange* of tragedy, of comedy, and song, he amply repays the licence which he assumes, by the entertainment which he furnishes.

In the MOUNTAINEERS there are passages which approach to the true sublime of *Shakspere*, and *traits* of character which must prove universally striking from their originality.

The piece has been many times repeated with great applause.

August 12th, First time.—CAERNARVON CASTLE; or, THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF WALES. Nothing but it's *loyalty* to boast of, and it was which kept *John Bull* quiet:—for every scene of this dullest of all dull things, is alike destitute of wit or pleasantry;—in justice to *Atwood*, who composed the new music, we add, that it gave general satisfaction—and sorry are we, so soon to lose it.

THE CHARACTERS OF THE DRAMA.

King Edward, - - - - - - -	Mr. BARRYMORE;
Edmund de Mortimer, - - - - -	Mr. DAVIES;
Philip le Brun, - - - - - - -	Mr. SUETT;
Walter, - - - - - - - - -	Mr. BENSON;
Adam, - - - - - - - - -	Mr. BANNISTEE, Jun.
Druid. - - - - - - - - -	Mr. BANNISTER.
Isabel, - - - - - - - - -	Mrs. KEMBLE;
Lady Jane, - - - - - - - -	Miss DE CAMP;
Reza, - - - - - - - - -	Mrs. BLAND.

A *Miss Gopell's* first appearance in *Rosina*, was well received.—This lady's figure is small, but neat—her countenance has youth to recommend it, but little expression—as an actress the less said, *as yet*, the better;—her singing deserves our warmest praise, and on that account she may be considered as an acquisition to this theatre.

Another youthful candidate for theatirc fame, a *Miss Cooper*—her character *Polly Honeycombe.*—This young lady has made a trial, which we are apt to imagine, will not be repeated.

SADLER's WELLS.

SINCE our last we have witnessed, with much pleasure, a pleasing piece of music, dialogue, and scenery, the latter highly honourable to the inventive powers of *Greenwood*, intitled THE SIEGE OF VALENCIENNES. We hear that it has been got up, under the immediate inspection, and from the plan of *Mr. Lonsdale;* the whole does him great credit:—he has availed himself of every interesting particular, and we sincerely wish, that on his benefit night, he may reap the reward which a British Public is ever ready to bestow on the deserving.

DUNKIRK, NOW BESIEGED BY THE DUKE OF YORK.

THIS fortified place was captured in the year 1658 by the English and French troops. Early in the campaign siege was laid to it; and when the Spanish army advanced to it's relief, the combined armies of France and England rushed out of their trenches, and fought the battle of the Dunes, where the Spaniards were totally defeated. The valour of the English was much remarked on this occasion. Dunkirk soon after this victory being surrendered, was by agreement delivered to Cromwell. He committed the government of that important place to Lockhart, a Scotchman of ability, who had married his niece, and was his ambassador at the court of France.

During these transactions, great demonstrations of mutual friendship and regard passed between the French King and the Protector. The latter had concerted measures with the French court for the final conquest and partition of the Low Countries. Lord Fauconberg, Cromwell's son-in-law, was dispatched to Louis, then in the camp before Dunkirk; and was received with the respect usually paid to foreign princes by the French court.

Mazarine, to flatter the Protector, sent his nephew Mancini to London, accompanied by the Duke de Chequi; and expressed his regret that his urgent affairs should deprive him of the honour which he had long wished for, of paying, in person, his respects to the greatest man in the world. But in several publications, viz. Thurloe's Papers, Carte's Collections, Vie de Cromwell par Raguenet, &c. &c. we find, that in reality the Cardinal did not entertain so high an idea of Cromwell.

It may not be unworthy of remark, that the then DUKE of YORK, exiled from his native country, who had with applause served some campaigns in the French army, and who had merited the particular esteem of Marshal Turenne, now joined his Royal Brother, and continued to seek military experience under Don John of Austria, and the Prince of Conde.

Charles II. then doomed to act the vagrant part now allotted to the branches of the House of Bourbon, held at that time his little and contemptible court at Bruges. That Monarch's character is considerably tarnished by the sale of Dunkirk, which took place in the year 1662; and it is somewhat singular in human affairs, that what the English Nation lost by the advice of one DUKE of YORK, will be recovered by the acknowledged gallantry of another, the present Illustrious FREDERICK.

Vauban, the celebrated engineer, exerted his skill in fortifying Dunkirk in a very extraordinary manner. In consequence, however of the Treaty of Utrecht, the fortifications were demolished in the year 1713; but by the peace of 1783, the French were permitted to repair them. At this period, however, they are in a ruinous condition, and must become an immediate prey to the Combined Troops under the command of His ROYAL HIGHNESS.

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

LONDON, *August* 7th, 1793.

FROM a Correspondent Brother in Devonshire we learn, that Dr. WATKINS, R. W. M. of *The Faithful Lodge* (No. 499) held at Bideford in that county, has it in contemplation to make some considerable researches into the History of Masonry, which will comprehend, of course, a view of the progress of civilization, and, we should expect, would be accompanied with a Biography of those persons who have dignified, and been themselves dignified by, the Masonic character.

On Thursday the 8th inst. The Patrons, Rulers, Council, and Companions of the GRAND CHAPTER of the Ancient and Venerable ORDER OF HARODIM, held their annual feast at the Grove-House, Camberwell, at which W. MEYRICK, Esq. M. E. C. H. presided; and by the characteristic urbanity of his manner gave that zest to the entertainment which, while it dignified himself, constituted the highest enjoyment of the Brethren present.

The Brother who favoured us with this account desired us to add, that from a discovery being made in the course of the entertainment, that it was the natal day of Brother WILLIAM PRESTON, who was present, and whom the Companions of the Chapter revere as the renovator and chief supporter of this Ancient Order, a glow of sentiment was awakened in the minds of the company that burst forth in a transport of fraternal congratulation, which must be highly gratifying to him, and certainly did honour to their own feelings as brethren and disciples of a great master in the art.

Brother DODD, and several other Brethren by their lyric talents added much to the hilarity of the occasion; and to the polite attention of the Stewards very great praise was due.

The evening was concluded with that harmony and decorum which ought ever to distiuguish the assemblies of Free and Accepted Masons.

CHELMSFORD, *August* 16th.

ON Monday last being the Anniversary of the Birth-Day of His Royal Highness

THE PRINCE OF WALES,

GRAND MASTER OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS,

Upwards of one hundred Brethren of that ancient and honourable Society assembled in this town, for the purpose of holding

A PROVINCIAL GRAND LODGE

in honour of the Day, to regulate the Masonic Business of the County, and to constitute the LODGE OF GOOD FELLOWSHIP, at the Saracen's-Head; the Right Worshipful Provincial Grand Master

THOMAS DUNCKERLEY, Esq.

did not arrive till past eleven o'clock, having been previously detained on Masonic Business, by His Royal Highness the Grand Master, and the

Right Honourable Brethren Lord PETRE, Past Grand Master, and the Marquis of TOWNSHEND.----Immediately on his arrival The Grand Lodge was opened in ample form, and the following Gentlemen were appointed Grand Officers for the County, viz.

Brother COOK, Deputy Grand Master.
Brother LAMBERT, and T. WHITE, Grand Wardens.
Brother DICKIE, Grand Treasurer.
Brother CUPPAGE, Grand Secretary.
Rev. Brother LLOYD, Grand Chaplain.
Brother ------ COOK, Grand Architect.
Brother BARTON Grand Sword Bearer.

After the investment, the procession took place to church in the following order, viz.

Band of Martial Music.
Two Tylers with drawn Swords.
Masters, Officers, and Brethren of the different visiting Lodges, viz.
Melford, Ipswich, Bury, Cambridge, London, &c.
Two Tylers.
Brother COOK, Deputy Grand Master, the Master of the Lodge of Good Fellowship, Chelmsford, No. 462, carrying the first great wax light, in an elegant inlaid candlestick, near three feet high.
The Wardens of that Lodge.
Secretary and Treasurer.
Other Officers and Brethren two and two.
The Master of the Lodge of Good-Will, Braintree, No. 401, carrying the second great light, in a more elegant candlestick than the former.
His Officers and Brethren of his Lodge, two and two.
The Master of the Lodge of Friendship, Ilford, No. 227, carrying the third and last great light, in a most magnificent superb candlestick, curiously inlaid with different Masonic Hieroglyphics.
His Officers and the Brethren of his Lodge, two and two.
The Master of the Colchester Lodge, No. 47, carrying the book of Constitutions, superbly bound, on a velvet cushion, covered with royal blue silk.
His Officers and the Brethren of his Lodge, two and two.
The Master of the Well-Disposed Lodge, Waltham Abbey, No 28, carrying the Holy Bible, magnificently bound and gilt, on a rich crimson velvet cushion covered with royal blue silk, with gold fringe and tassels.
The Officers and Brethren of his Lodge, two and two.
A Janitor.
Royal Arch Masons with Sashes and Medals, two and two.
An Equerry, K. T.
The Grand Register of the Order of Masonic Knights Templar in Uniform.
The Companions of that sublime Order in Uniform, with black silk sashes, ornamented with a silver star of five points, a cross of gold, and an appendage of white satin.
The Grand Lodge of Essex, in the following Order,
Grand Tyler.
Past Grand Officers, two and two.
Grand Stewards.
Grand Chaplain, and Grand Architect.

Grand Secretary, and Grand Treasurer.
The Two Grand Wardens.
The Grand Master preceded by the Grand Sword Bearer, and supported on the right by the Deputy Provincial Grand Master, and on the left by
Capt. Sir W. HANNAM,
Acting Grand Master for England, of K. T.

On their arrival at the Church the procession halted, and opening to the right and left, the Grand Master, with his Officers, preceded by the sword of state, entered first, and was followed by the procession inversed; the three lights being placed in the middle aisle before the pulpit.---During divine service a Masonic Hymn, composed by the Provincial Grand Master, was sung, and a handsome collection made, which was given to the church-wardens and overseers to distribute to the poor of this parish. A most excellent and truly Masonic Sermon was preached by the Rev. Grand Chaplain, from this text, St. John, chap. viii. verse 32, "And "ye shall know the *Truth* and the *Truth* shall make you *Free*.

The procession, in the order in which it first set off, returned to the Saracen's Head, where an elegant dinner was provided, that did honour to the purveying abilities of Brother CASWELL.

After dinner the Lodge of *Good Fellowship*, which for more than three years had been acting under dispensation from his late Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, was constituted in DUE FORM; A short but most excellent address was delivered by Brother DUNCKERLEY, who after recommending the cultivating the several moral and social virtues, which so eminently distinguish the principles and ground-work of Masonry, recommended to the consideration of the Brethren, that most excellent *Charity* the ROYAL CUMBERLAND FREEMASONS' SCHOOL, for clothing, boarding, and educating the daughters of poor Freemasons, and in order that that precept might be enforced by example, and that the Grand Lodge of Essex might be distinguished as well-wishers to the institution, he began a subscription by TWENTY GUINEAS from his own purse; this was followed by every member's contributing what suited his convenience; to which was added a benefaction from the newly constituted Lodge, the whole amounting to a very considerable sum.

At an early hour the Provincial Grand Master took a most affectionate leave of the Brethren, who, with hearts full of fraternal esteem and cordial regard, accompanied him, preceded by the band of music, to the Black Boy, and after giving him three hearty and heart-felt cheers, parted with this amiable Veteran, who has been justly styled "the great luminary of Masonry *.---The company returned in form to the Lodge, where the business of Masonry was resumed under the able government of Brother COOK, Deputy Provincial Grand Master---but here we must draw the veil.---Our readers must excuse our saying any thing more than that every thing was conducted in that truly harmonic style that should ever accompany the assembly of a society whose tenets and principles have stood the test of revolving ages, and were never more *freely* investigated ---more *fervently* embraced, or *zealously* supported, than under the auspices of the present Royal Family of Great Britain.

* Vide PRESTON's Illustrations on Masonry.

POETRY.

ODE.

FOR THE BIRTH-DAY OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS *THE DUKE OF YORK,* M,D,CC,XCIII.

BY J. WATKINS, L.L.D.

WHILE France laments her ruin'd state,
Her murder'd King, her Queen in chains,
And weeps incessant o'er her fate;
While her best sons seek foreign plains,
Britannia rules in matchless sway,
Her Sons feel freedom to obey.

O'er George's head she waves her shield,
And with her spear points out the way
That leads to glory's martial field,
To FRED'RICK thus, I heard her say,---
"My Son assert Britannia's cause
"Maintain her rights 'gainst treach'rous foes."

Rous'd at the call our FRED'RICK flew
Untouch'd by fear of pain or death,
His gallant ranks as eager too
Push'd on to seize the fadeless wreath:
For well they knew Britannia's cause
Involv'd their Liberty and Laws.

There on the plains where Marlbro' fought,
And rais'd the British glory high,
By victory led, their foes they sought
And triumph'd in Humanity:
For mercy in the British mind
With courage always is combin'd.

The British name for valour known;
For every generous action fam'd
Has triumph'd now in YORK's renown,
And all it's treach'rous foes has sham'd.
Britannia sees her glorious name
Shine in her Royal FRED'RICK's fame.

Let this auspicious day be crown'd,
That gave our Royal Hero birth,
Through Britain's shores let joy resound
With every sign of grateful mirth.
For well he claims your high applause,
Who thus asserts Britannia's cause.

While France sinks in her children's blood,
To Order and to Right a foe,
May we still boast in GEORGE THE GOOD,
Nor greater Freedom wish to know.
Britannia joys whene'er we sing
With heart and voice *Good save the King.*

SYMPATHY

TO

DELIA.

BY DR. WILLIAM PERFCT.

ENSHRIN'D in your bosom of snow
Is a sweet little cherub, my dear;
'Tis SYMPATHY call'd, and we know
It brightens HUMANITY's Tear.

'Tis a guest the most lovely and fair
That Heav'n can on mortals bestow;
It pilots the Pilgrim of Care
Repulsive of Sorrow and Woe.

Poor pale-ey'd Distress I descried,
And Merit on Misery's bed,
By Opulence surely denied
A scrap of superfluous bread!

Then I saw her, Dove-sembled, descend
To visit this scene of distress,
Benevolence sweetly extend,
And Merit, so wretched, caress.

Thus the first lucid dawnings of Morn,
Pervade Nature's mantle so dark,
And kindle o'er landskips forlorn,
Of Light and of Life the warm spark.

AN IMPROMPTU.

Written with a pencil, on the Girdle of a Lady, justly admired for the accomplishments of her Mind, and the exquisiteness of her Person.

CONTEMPLATE all *above* this Zone,
And *Heav'nly pleasures* know;
While all the joys that *earth* can own,
Have fix'd their seat *below.*

Swansea, August, 1793. A. W.

THE DESERTERS.

A TALE.

BY ANTHONY PASQUIN, *Esq.*

THEY, who imagine all are lost that stray,
Are, at the best, but cogitators blind:
Believe such doctrine comfortless who may;
Though fortune's skittish, yet she's often kind.

A British regiment in a keen fang'd frost,
In Canada's rough clime, in eighty-two,
Had six base privates, who forsook their post
To join the rebel crew!

To bring the recreant desperadoes back,
A serjeant was dispatch'd;
A Connaught spalpeen, christen'd Paddy Whack,
Whose brogue or blunderings were never match'd.

After some galling marches, that distress'd 'em,
He overtook the party, and addressd 'em:

Are you not pretty fellows, answer true,
To quit your colours, and your comrades too?
Now how, like dogs, you hang your heads, and mutter!
What! would you quarrel with your bread and butter?
You've sold your arms, no doubt, for cash, and spent it,
But, by the Hill of Howth, you'll all repent it:
I'll tell the King what rascals he has got,
Damme you'll first be try'd, and then be shot.
But now to business: I'll be short and clear,
I've twenty men in ambush, in the rear,
Will cut ye, every mother's son, in *three*,
Unless you instantly return with me.

The soldiers, to revolt but half inclin'd,
After some potent struggles of the mind:
Unanimously went,
With Pat, the serjeant, to the colonel's tent,
On promise of forgiveness from the throne.---
Thus the commander to the serjeant spoke,
(After he chid the culprits and confounded 'em),
How, Paddy, could you take six men alone?
How take 'em! said the serjeant, that's a joke,
By Peter's keys, your honour, I *surrounded 'em.*

A LETTER FROM A LADY DYING TO HER HUSBAND.

THOU who doth all my worldly thoughts employ,
Thou pleasing source of all my worldly joy!
Thou tend'rest Husband, and thou truest Friend,
To thee this fond, this last adieu, I send;
All conquering Death assumes his awful right,
And will for ever veil thee from my sight.
He wooes me to him with a cheerful grace,
And not one terror clouds his meagre face:
Clearly he sets the joys of Heaven in view,
And shews me that no other joys are true;
He promises a lasting rest from pain,
And shews me that life's flittering joys are vain;
But love, fond love, would fain resist his power,
Would yet awhile defer the parting hour;
It brings thy mournful image to my eyes,
And would obstruct my journey to the skies;
But say, thou dearest, thou unwearied Friend,
Say, shouldst thou grieve to see my sorrows end?
Thou know'st a painful pilgrimage I've pass'd,
And should'st thou mourn that Death hath come at last?
Rather rejoice to see me shake off life
And die, as I have liv'd, thy---faithful Wife.

THE SWEETS OF FRIENDSHIP.

HOW sweet when the Nightingale sings from the grove,
When the Moon is half hid o'er the hill,
When nothing is heard but the whispers of Love,
And the sound of the far distant rill.

How sweet with the Friend of our Bosom to stray
'Midst scenes such as these to commune,
And quitting the glitter and bustle of day,
Mend the Heart and the Passions attune.

May this oft be our lot, so Wisdom divine
Shall lead us a flowery way,
So our Morning of Life shall most brilliantly shine,
And it's Evening be cloudless and gay.

J. B.

ACROSTIC.

C haste as Dian, cold as snow,
H er eyes with brilliants' lustre glow;
E ach charm, each grace, she does possess,
S uch as Beauty's Queen express!
T he roses on her cheeks display
E thereal bloom, eternal May!
R ural manners, rural truth;
M aturity combin'd with youth!
A las! can such perfection die?
N o:---'tis IMMORTALITY.

W. D. G.

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

STOCKHOLM, *August* 9.

LAST Wednesday, when the Ministers were to have their usual Conference, an answer to the declaration presented by the Russian Charge d'Affaires was expected to be given. But on account of the return of the King and the Duke Regent, which had but just taken place, the Conference was postponed to the 11th.

The Chancellor of the kingdom is gone to his Castle at Akeroe. M. Engestroem, who goes as Ambassador and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of London, will continue at the same time in his charge of Chancellor of the Court.

Count Bark has been appointed Secretary of State for the Foreign Department.

The private library of the King Gustavus III. consisting of 14,000 volumes, has been added to the National Library in the Castle. The defunct Monarch had also two other very considerable libraries in his pleasure castles at Drottningholm and Haza.

COPENHAGEN, *August* 13.

Lord Spencer arrived here on Sunday night; his Lordship goes hence to take upon him his embassy at the Court of Stockholm.

If the establishment of an University takes place in Norway, for which purpose many of the Norwegian Gentry have subscribed considerable sums, it will have its residence at Toensberg.

We are gratified with the prospect of the finest and most plentiful harvest.

LEGHORN, *August* 7.

Last Monday, the British Frigate L'Aimable, of 32 guns, arrived in this Road, after a passage of two days, from the British Fleet under the command of Lord Hood, who still continues off Toulon. On the same day an English cutter sailed from this port with dispatches for his Lordship.

This day the numerous Merchant Fleet which has been here for a considerable time, sailed from hence. It consists of about 70 sail, among which we reckon English, Dutch, Spanish and Swedish ships. The convoy consists of one line of battle ship, one frigate, and a cutter.

POLISH FRONTIERS, *August* 7.

Authentic accounts from Constantinople state, that the Russian Charge d'Affaires having signified to the Sublime Porte the taking possession of some of the provinces of Poland, the Turkish Ministers sent official mandates or firmans to the Governors of their frontier places, to the following purport:

"That since the Poles had ceded all those provinces to the Russians which formerly constituted the boundaries between the Turkish and Polish Territories, the Turkish Governors should forthwith, on every occasion, apply to the Governors appointed in those provinces by Her Imperial Majesty of all the Russias."

This plainly proves, that the reports of the Porte making hostile preparations respecting the said cession, are totally void of foundation.

The Treaty between Poland and Prussia will be speedily signed at Grodno, and the Deputies are actually in conference with M. Buckholtz, the Prussian Minister.

On the 13th of September, a solemn fete will be celebrated at Petersburg, to commemorate the Treaty of Peace concluded with the Porte; and the Imperial Ukasa or Proclamation relative to the ceremony, has already made its appearance.

We have advice that the floods have done great damage in Siberia; and the town of Bernavel, and several mines have suffered considerably by these elementary scourges.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

LONDON, *August 1st*, 1793.

THE number of houses in the city of Dublin by an actual survey in 1788, amounted to 14,327; and notwithstanding the prodigious increase of buildings in that capital for the last five years, it may not be thought too great an augmentation to state them now at 16,000 inhabited houses, which at nine to a house, will contain 144,000 souls.

PARIS. *Statement of the prisoners, who were confined in the different prisons on the 1st of July.*------Conciergerie, 294;---Grande Force, 329; 67 of whom belong to the Military.---Petit Force, 142;---Abbaye, 78; 13 of whom are Military men, and five hostages;---Bicetre, 232;---Salpetriere, 66;---Chambre d'Arret de la Marine, 54;---Total 1417.

His Majesty has been pleased to settle a pension of *66l.* per annum, on the eight children of the late Mr. Flint, the Messenger, who was unfortunately killed abroad by the overturning of a post-chaise; likewise *66l.* per annum, on Mrs. Flint his widow.

Brighton, August 8. Yesterday morning between six and seven o'clock the atmosphere became suddenly uncommonly dark, and a most tremendous storm of thunder and lightning succeeded, accompanied with torrents of rain: the storm lasted rather more than half an hour, and then it cleared up---during its continuance a most extraordinary circumstance happened; the tide which was coming in suddenly went back above a hundred yards, and in a few minutes returned again; it ebbed and flowed in that manner six or seven times in the course of half an hour; the oldest inhabitants here declare they never saw any thing like it before; there are various conjectures about the cause of this phænomenon, the most probable one is that it was the effect of an earthquake in the opposite shores.

Ipswich, August 7. About seven o'clock this evening a ball of fire fell upon a house at Felixston, near twelve miles from hence, belonging to Mr. Chandler, divided into two tenements and occupied by Jonathan Cook and Ellen Punt, both labourers, which being a thatched roof was soon in flames, and totally destroyed, together with all their furniture. Punt and his wife were at supper by the fire-side at the time. The ball entered the house of the chimney, melted some part of the fire-irons that stood in its way; struck the poor man on one side, burnt his arm in a most shocking manner, and made several holes in his stockings. His wife received no hurt. The roof of that part of the house belonging to Punt was blown off and falling upon that belonging to it set it on fire.

HORRID EXECUTION AT PARIS.

Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman at Paris, giving an account of the execution of twelve persons in that city, for having supplied their relations, the Emigrants, with small sums of money.

"There was not a breast unaffected by the execution here of the twelve victims to Revolutionary Tyranny. The heroism with which they met their death, furnished some comfort. I was present at the whole. All these unfortunate people answered the interrogations with the same tranquility as if they had been engaged in common conversation. The whole of their deportment was noble. The women (three of the twelve) were dressed with neatness, taste and simplicity. The youngest of them quite a beauty. A number of persons went to the Tribunal to observe their behaviour, and they returned from thence with their hearts oppressed, to think of the fate which awaited these unfortunate persons.

"But there were spectators of another description, who were not moved by this sentiment---far otherwise---but all the insults which were heaped upon the sufferers did not in the least alter their behaviour; they heard the sentence of death without having a lineament of their faces discomposed.

"One after the other they embraced the Council who had defended them. On his part he wept much---but not one of them male or female shed a tear. They thanked him with a thousand civil expressions. Each gave him the little they had about them; some a watch, some a ring, &c. requesting him to except those trifles, not as an emolument but as a token of remembrance, and a mark of friendship.

"When the twelve who were condemned came out of gaol, a part of the people called out, *Long live the Nation, long live the Republic!* But from the unfortunate victims a different shout was heard. They rose up all together and cried in chorus, *Long live the King---Long live the King!* The youngest of the nine men, though he had his hands tied behind him, got on one of the posts which are called *Boute Roue*, and with one jump got into the cart. Such was the alacrity and spirit with which they met their fate. They refused the Confessors who offered themselves, most assuredly on account of their having taken oaths; but they refused them with civility. On the way they conversed quite at their ease, and their conversation often led them to smile. The young man frequently addressed himself to the people. He said to them among other things, *In a little time you will be more unhappy than we are.*

"They presented themselves to the scaffold with the most striking courage. When it came to the turn of the youngest of the women, her mother said to her---GO, MY DAUGHTER!!!--The people kept for the most part a melancholy silence. The insults and shouts were very rare during their march, and none were heard about the scaffold.

"I have received such an impression from this event that I think of nothing else. Many were the persons whom I saw shedding tears of grief and admiration!"

A young Irishman who had evinced great bravery at the Siege of Valenciennes concludes his letter to his friend thus---"If an Officer's *finger* is *scratched*, it is a WOUND; if my *head* was *shot off*, it would be only the same;---but if I *survived* I would contradict them."

It was observed in company, that the Duke of M------ frequently sent his fish to market---*I always;* said an arch wag, *took him to be a* SEL-FISH-MAN.

At the last assizes held at Croydon, a cause was tried for SLANDER, in which an *Attorney* was plaintiff, and a honest *Farmer* defendant. The action was brought for calling the Attorney a *rogue* and a *thief*---these words were proved by two witnesses to have been spoken. The verdict of the jury was---"We are of opinion, that the plaintiff being an *Attorney*, the action will not *lye*."

The public is cautioned against counterfeit half-crowns of the impression of King William the Third, and of the date of 1697, several of which are in circulation.

The new upper Gallery at Covent-Garden Theatre, which is entirely finished, is so placed that the back seats command a perfect view of the stage, though the space between the upper and under gallery is greater than the old Theatres admitted. The latter gallery is also improved by the addition of two new avenues. The whole of the audience part of the Theatre is new painting---the pattern of the boxes will be preserved---while the designs which ornament the new works are highly picturesque and reflects honour to the artist.

One of the men, while at work upon the roof, fell from the scaffold down into the pit, and providentially received only a wound (now cured) on his nose.---The writer of this article, for this Magazine, saw the man at work a few days after the accident, who said, that while falling he did not think he should be *much* hurt.

FRENCH ARMIES.

The following state of the Forces of the Republic of France, has been published by order of the Executive Council, in the Ministerial Gazette.

	Men.
1. Army of the North	120,585
2. Ardennes	40,132
3. Moselle	83,268
4. Rhine	114,577
5. Alps	40,489
6. Italy	29,275
7. Eastern Pyrennes	24,446
8. Western ditto	31,000
9. Coast of Rochelle	41,110
10. Coast of Brest	32,593
11. Coast of Cherbourg	15,481
11. Patriotic Army before Lyons	12,000
11. Ditto on the Banks of the Durance	18,000
With adding Forces ordered out	400,000
Total	160,2902

A tax upon Shoes, it is said, will be part of the Ways and Means to be proposed for the support of the ensuing campaign.

The New Barracks at Knightsbridge are to be extended so as to be capable of containing three thousand men.

BIRTHS.

LADY of Bartholomew Rudd, Esq. Gower-street, of a son and heir. At Tunbridge Wells, the Lady of Sir Thomas Dyke Ackland, Bart. of a son. Lady of Scrope Barnard, Esq. M. P, of a son. Lady of Henry George Johnston, of a son. Lady Viscountess Jocelyn, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At. St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. John Arnold Bromfield, to Miss Ann Golt. Sir Edward Astley, Bart. to Mrs. Bullen. Charles Hope, Esq. Advocate, to the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Hope. Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart. of Normanton Park, Rutlandshire, to Miss Manners. At Storrington, Alexander Mark Constant de Faville, Chevalier de St. Lazare, a French Officer, to Miss Ann Augusta Smith, second daughter of Mrs. Charlotte Smith, the celebrated Novelist. Sir Henry Cosby, to Miss Elliott. Alexander Brodie, Esq. M. P. to Miss Wemyss. The Hon. Henry Willoughby, son to Lord Middleton, to Miss Jane Lawley. In the Isle of Man, Philip Cannel, Esq. aged 86, to Miss Caghig, aged 21.

DEATHS.

At Lunenham, Rutlandshire, aged 93, Mr. Henry Richardson, he had nineteen children born in wedlock, and their progeny amounts to near 200. Dowager Lady D'Oyley, relict of the Rev. Sir Hadly D'Oyley, Bart. At Dalrey, Edinburgh, Michael M'Naran, at the age of 104, he was Baron Officer to Lord Galloway. Rufford Hill, Lancashire, aged 66, Lady Juxon. The Hon. Mrs. Gordon, of Cobardy. Sir Cæsar Hawkins, of Kelston, Bart, Richard Onslow, Esq. Sir John Halket, Bart. Lady Anne Froughton. Joseph Harlock, late Governor of Bencoolen. The Right Hon. Lady Mayoress. The Right Rev. Dr. John Thomas, Lord Bishop of Rochester, and Dean of the most honourable Order of the Bath. The Right Hon. Lady Jane Matthew.

THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

OR,

GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY;

For SEPTEMBER 1793.

ILLUSTRATED WITH
TWO BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

If all the social Virtues of the Mind,
If an extensive Love to all Mankind,
If hospitable Welcome to a Guest,
And speedy Charity to the Distrest,
If due regard to Liberty and Laws,
Zeal for our King and for our Country's cause,
If these are Principles deserving Fame,
Let MASONS then enjoy the Praise they claim.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Address to our Readers	269
A Charge delivered by T. Dunckerly, Esq.	271
A Charge delivered by J. Watkins, L. L. D.	275
A Narrative of the Sufferings of Lieut. George Spearing	282
On the Impression of Reality attending Dramatic Representations, by J. Aikin, M. D.	288
Philosophical Letter, by Dr. Franklin	294
On the Prisons of the Metropolis	299
Further Particulars of the Earl of Moira	301
Instances of Cowardice and Courage in the same Persons	303
Florio; or, the Abuse of Riches	305
On the Title of Esquire	308
An Oriental Fable	312
Original Anecdotes of Dr. Goldsmith	315
The Wooden Leg: An Helvetic Tale	321
Anecdote on Mr. Addison	323
Address from the Freemasons of Cornwall to the Prince of Wales	324
Charles II. and Vossius	325
Tale of a Numidian Chief	326
On Affectation	327
An Account of some surprising Hail and Thunder-storms in Cheshire	329
Characters in Harry the 8th time	331
La Fayette's Statement of his own Conduct	333
French Bravery, with an Engraving	335
An Essay concerning the Ancients	336
Philip of Macedon	337
On Education	338
Curious Leaden Coffin found at Danbury in Essex	339
Sketches of Foreign Literature	341
Public Amusements	344
Poetry	348
Monthly Chronicle	351
Births, Deaths, &c.	354

LONDON:

Printed and Published by J. W. BUNNEY, No. 7, NEWCASTLE-STREET, *Strand*; and sold by all the Booksellers in Town and Country.

[*Entered at Stationers-Hall.*]

TO

OUR READERS.

IT is the Intention of the Proprietors of this Magazine to give a SERIES of PORTRAITS, accompanied by GENUINE MEMOIRS (where such can be obtained) of the most eminent Characters in Masonry, whether distinguished by their high rank among the Fraternity, or for their deep Disquisitions in the Science. The difficulty, however, in the first instance of procuring genuine Portraits or authentic Anecdotes of many dignified Brethren, and in the next place the unavoidable delays which frequently attend the Engraving of the Plates, will prevent our paying that attention to Precedency which degrees either of rank or merit would otherwise claim.

A very highly-finished PORTRAIT OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, GRAND MASTER OF MASONS, is in reserve as a Frontispiece to the First Volume.

*** The Proprietors of the Freemasons' Magazine deem it necessary to give the Portrait of the EARL of MOIRA a second time (in addition to the two Plates which embellish this Number) owing to the Printing of the former not being executed in that masterly manner, which the Subscribers to this Undertaking had a right to expect. Circumstances, unavoidable in their nature, not allowing sufficient time.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SOME ACCOUNT of THOMAS DUNCKERLY, Esq. whose Portrait graces the present Number, will be given in our next: the Gentleman who has promised to favor us with the materials, being far distant from Town, has occasioned the delay. We shall be happy to hear from Brother W. of Colchester, whose Letter we duly received, and forwarded according to desire.

The subjects recommended by T. L. are too limited in their use or gratification to readers in general, to be admitted in our Magazine. T. L. seems to write with taste and judgment, and we should be obliged by his original communications.

The Portrait and Character of the Gentleman mentioned by a well-wisher, have been published already in more than three or four periodical Works, and are of course too familiar to be desirable.

The hints suggested by J. W. L. came too late to be attended to this Month; they are, however, under consideration.

Brother WILLIAM SPENCE will see in the present Number, proofs of the respect which we shall ever pay to his opinions.

Our reverend and respected Correspondent W. in Devonshire, may rely on our attention to his valuable Communications. The PORTRAIT he mentions shall be speedily brought forward. If he will have the goodness to transmit some BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT, we shall esteem it a favor.

We sincerely thank our worthy and indefatigable Correspondent Brother THEOPHILUS JONES, Master of the Cambrian Lodge, at Brecon, for the good wishes he has expressed for our undertaking. His friendly suggestions will always be welcome. We certainly purpose making our Magazine a Repository for every proper and well written Disquisition on the subject of Free Masonry; but it will also include every species of Polite Learning and Rational Amusement; and toward the perfection of it, we shall be obliged by his kind assistance.

Our worthy friend Capt. Mackey has thanks for his communications; they shall all be inserted as early as possible.

Our respected Brother G. whose Favor from Cornwall has been received, and is in the present Number, will accept our grateful Thanks; and we beg he will be assured, that we shall at all times be happy to receive his promised communications.

Several continued Subjects omitted in this Number shall be given in our next, the History of China, Freemasons' of Naples, Mirabeau, &c. &c.

We are sorry that our valuable Correspondent AMICUS PACIS's Essay came too late for insertion in this Number.

*** All Literary Favors, &c. addressed to J. W. BUNNEY, at the *Freemason's Magazine Office*, No. 7, Newcastle-Street, Strand (post-paid) will be duly attended to. Or all those wishing to become Subscribers to this Work, by sending their Names as above, shall be regularly served with beautiful Impressions of the Engravings and Letter-Press. Proofs of the Egravings, for framing, may be had, as above, at *2s. 6d.* each set.

Erratum---In our last, Page 204, Note at the bottom, for Mr. HESELTINE, the Grand Secretary---read Grand TREASURER.

THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

OR,

GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY.

FOR SEPTEMBER 1793.

A CHARGE,

Delivered to the Members of the Lodge *of* FREE and ACCEPTED MASONS, *held at the* Castle Inn, Marlborough, *at a Meeting for the Distribution of* CHARITY *to twenty-four poor People, at which most of the* Ladies *in* Marlborough *were present, Sept.* 11, *A. L.* 5769.

BY THOMAS DUNCKERLEY, Esq.

Right Worshipful Provincial Grand Master over the Lodges in Dorset, Essex, Gloster, Hereford, Somerset, and Southampton, with the City and County of Bristol, and the Isle of Wight.

BLESSED IS HE THAT CONSIDERETH THE POOR. *Psal.* xli. v. 1.

BRETHREN,

IT is with the greatest satisfaction I meet you here in the cause of *charity: Charity* is the basis of *our* Order; it is for this purpose we have a Grand Lodge at *London*, another at *Edinburgh*, and a third at *Dublin*. Lodges are now held on every part of this globe, and charities are collected and sent to the respective *Grand* Lodge of each kingdom or state: *there* the distress'd brethren apply and find relief: nor is any exception made to difference of country or religion.

For, as in the sight of God we are all equally his children, having the same common parent and preserver—so we, in like manner, look on *every* Free-Mason as our brother; nor regard where he was born or educated, provided he is a good man, an honest man, which is "the noblest work of God."

A laudable custom prevailed among our ancient brethren; after they had sent their donations to the *general* charities, they considered the distresses of those in *particular* that resided in their respective neighbourhoods, and assisted them with such a sum as could be con-

veniently spared from the *lodge*. In humble imitation of this masonic principle, I recommend the present charity to your consideration; to which you readily and unanimously consented. The sum is, indeed, but small: yet when it is considered that this lodge is in its infant state; having been constituted little more then three months: I hope, as the widow's mite was acceptable, *this* act of ours will be considered, not with respect to the sum, but the principles by which we are influenced.

I have told you in the *lodge*, and I repeat it now, that *brotherly-love, relief*, and *truth*, are the grand principles of Masonry, and as the principal part of the company are unacquainted with the original intention of this society, it may be proper for their information, and your instruction, that I explain those principles, by which it is our duty in particular to be actuated.

By *Brotherly-love*, we are to understand that generous principle of the soul, which respects the human species as one family, created by an All-wise Being, and placed on this globe for the mutual assistance of each other.—It is this attractive *principle*, or power that draws men together and unites them in bodies politic, families, societies, and the various orders and denominations among men. But as most of these are partial, contracted or confined to a particular country, religion, or opinion; *our* Order, on the contrary, is calculated to unite mankind as one family: High and low, rich and poor, one with another; to adore the same God, and observe his law. All worthy members of this society are free to visit every lodge in the world; and though he knows not the language of the country, yet by a silent universal language of our own, he will gain admittance, and find that *true* friendship, which flows from the brotherly-love I am now describing.

At that peaceable and harmonious meeting he will hear no *disputes* concerning religion or politics; no *swearing*; no *obscene, immortal*, or *ludicrous* discourse; no other contention but *who can work best, who can agree best.*

To subdue our passions, and improve in useful scientific knowledge; to instruct the younger brethren, and initiate the unenlightened, are principal duties in the lodge; which, when done, and the word of God is closed, we indulge with the song and cheerful glass, still observing the same decency and regularity, with strict attention to the golden mean—believing with the poet, that

God is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Let me travel from *east* to *west*, or between *north* and *south*, when I meet a *true* brother I shall find a friend, who will do all in his power to serve me, without having the least view of self-interest: and if I am poor and in distress, he will relieve me to the utmost of his power, interest, and capacity. This is the second grand principle: for, *relief* will follow where there is brotherly-love.

I have already mentioned our general charities as they are at present conducted; it remains now that I consider particular donations given from private lodges, either to those that are not masons, or to a brother in distress. And first, with respect to a Charity like this before us; perhaps it is better to be distributed in small sums, that more may receive the benefit, than to give it in larger sums, which would confine it to few.

With regard to a brother in distress, who should happen to apply to this *lodge*, or any *particular* member for relief, it is necessary that I inform you in what manner you are to receive *him*. And here I cannot help regretting, that such is the depravity of the human heart, there is no religion or society free from bad professors, or unworthy members, for as it is impossible for us to read the heart of man, the best regulated societies may be imposed on, by the insinuations of the artful, and hypocrisy of the abandoned. It should therefore by no means lessen the dignity and excellency of the *royal craft*, because it is our misfortune to have bad men among us, any more than the purity and holiness of the *Christian* religion should be doubted, because too many of the wicked and profligate approach the holy altar.

Since, therefore, these things are so: be careful whenever a brother applies for relief, to examine strictly whether he is worthy of acceptance: enquire the *cause* of his misfortunes, and if you are satisfied they are not the result of *vice* or *extravagance*, relieve him with such a sum as the lodge shall think proper, and assist him with your interest and recommendation, that he may be employed according to his capacity, and not *eat the bread of idleness*. This will be acting consistent with TRUTH, which is the *third* grand principle of Masonry.

TRUTH is a divine attribute, and the foundation of all masonic virtues: to be *good men* and *true*, is part of the first great lesson we are taught; and at the commencement of our freedom, we are exhorted to be fervent and zealous in the practice of *truth* and *goodness*. It is not sufficient that we walk in the light, unless we do the *truth*. All hypocrisy and deceit must be banished from us—Sincerity and plain dealing compleat the harmony of the brethren, within and without the lodge; and will render us acceptable in the sight of that great Being, *unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid*. There is a charm in *truth* that draws and attracts the mind continually towards it: the more we discover, the more we desire, and the great reward is, *wisdom*, *virtue*, and *happiness*. This is an edifice founded upon a rock, which malice cannot shake, or time destroy. What a secret satisfaction do we enjoy, when in searching for truth, we find the *first principles* of useful science, still preserved among us, as we received them, by *oral* tradition from the earliest ages; and we also find this truth corroborated by the testimonies of the best and greatest men the world has produced. But this is not all; the *sacred* writ-

ings confirm what I assert; the sublime part of our ancient mystery being there to be found; nor can any *Christian* brother be a *good* Mason that does not make the word of *God* his first and principal study.

I sincerely congratulate you on the happy establishment of this lodge, and the prospect you have of its utility and permanency, by the choice you have made of members capable to conduct it. Let Wisdom direct you to contrive for the best.—Strengthen the cause of Masonry, by mutual Friendship, which is the companion and support of fraternal love, and which will never suffer any misunderstanding to inflame a brother, or cause him to behave unbecoming a member of our peaceable and harmonious society. Let us then resolve to beautify and adorn our Order, by discharging the duties of our respective stations, as good subjects, good parents, good husbands, good masters, and dutiful children; for by so doing, we shall put to silence the reproaches of foolish men. As you know these things, brethren, happy are ye if ye do them; and thrice happy shall I esteem it to be looked on as the founder of a society in *Marlborough* whose grand principles are, brotherly-love, relief, and truth.

Let us consider these poor persons as our brothers and sisters, and be thankful to Almighty God, that he has been pleased to make us his instruments of affording them this small relief; most humbly supplicating the GRAND ARCHITECT OF THE UNIVERSE, *from whom all holy desires, all good counsels and all just works do proceed*, to bless our undertaking, and grant that we may *continue* to add some little comfort to the *poor* of this town.

Next to the *Deity*, whom can I so properly address myself to, as the most beautiful part of the creation?

You have heard, *Ladies*, our grand principles explained, with the instructions given to the brethren; and I doubt not but at other times you have heard many disrespectful things said of this society. Envy, malice, and all uncharitableness will never be at a loss to decry, find fault, and raise objections to what they do not know. How great then are the obligations *you* lay on this lodge! with what superior esteem, respect, and regard, are we to look on every lady present, that has done us the honour of her company this evening. To have the sanction of the *fair* is our highest ambition, as our greatest care will be to preserve it. The virtues of humanity are peculiar to your sex; and we flatter ourselves, the most splendid ball could not afford *you* greater pleasure, than to see the human heart made happy, and the *poor* and *distrest* obtain present *relief*.

A CHARGE,

DELIVERED AT CONSTITUTING

THE FAITHFUL LODGE [No. 499]

AT BIDEFORD, DEVONSHIRE,

MAY 23, *A.L.* 5792. *A.D.* 1793.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

THE PRAYER OF CONSECRATION.

BY JOHN WATKINS, LL.D. and R.W.M.

Κενος εκεινϖ φιλοσοφϖ λογϖ υφ' μηδεν ανθρωπϖ παθϖ θεραπευεται. ωσπερ γαρ ιατρικης εκ οφελϖ μη τας νοδϖς εκβαλλεσης απο των σωματων, ϖτως ϖδε φιλοσοφιας, ειμη το της ψυχης κακον εκβαλλη.

Pythagoras apud Stobæum.

THE PRAYER.

GREAT and adorable Architect of the Universe, supreme Grand Master of thy intelligent creatures, we praise and thank thee for all thy mercies to us, and, especially for giving us desires to enjoy, and powers of enjoying the delights of society.

The fraternal affections which thou hast implanted in us, and which we cannot destroy without doing violence to our nature, are among the chief blessings which thy benign wisdom hath bestowed upon us. May we, under the influence of thy grace, duly use these benefits by promoting thy glory in the world, and the good of our fellow-creatures. But as these great ends cannot be accomplished without our improvement in knowledge and virtue, enable us to conquer those impediments which ignorance and vice have laid in our way.

May we be active under the auspices of thy Divine Light, in perusing the dictates of truth, and renouncing the destructive maxims and customs of the vicious. Give us to see our errors, and resolution to correct and amend them. May we be assimilated daily more and more to thy example, by improving in true affection to all our brethren. To us, particularly, who are now entering into a fraternal compact, under peculiar obligations, extend thy favoring regard. Enable us to be *faithful* to thee, *faithful* in our several stations and callings of life, *faithful* Masons in all the duties of the Craft, and *faithful* to each other as Members of this Society.

Under a sense of our duty to thee, general and particular, TO THE GLORY OF THY GREAT NAME WE DEVOTE THIS NEW INSTITUTION, BY THE NAME OF THE FAITHFUL LODGE OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

* * * * * * * * *

Accept, we humbly beseech thee, this offering to thy Divine Majesty; take us under the shadow of thy protection, and enable every one of us to consecrate his heart also to thy service and glory. Establish, strengthen, and preserve this Society, upon the best and surest foundations of peace, virtue, and happiness.

May all the virtues in which thy goodness delights, be admired, and humbly cultivated by those, who have devoted this Institution to the glory of thy great Name.

Imprint upon our hearts an awful reverence to thy Holy Word, containing the revelation of thy Sacred Will. May we regulate ourselves by that unnerring rule; may we be rendered fit for the application of the *square* of righteousness, by always *circumscribing* ourselves within the bounds of religious and social duty.

Extend thy benevolence to all our fellow creatures; enlighten and favour with true charity those who are prejudiced against our profession; bless all our brethren, wherever scattered or dispersed over the whole earth; to those who walk contrary to their profession give the grace of repentance; wipe away the tears from those who are in distress; pour the lenient balm of consolation into their hearts, and remove, if it be thy will, the burden of sorrow from them.

Fit and prepare us all, by whatever dispensations thou seest necessary for us here below, for a happy entrance into the supreme Celestial Lodge, where thy ineffable brightness is the only light, and to which Faith, Hope, and Charity are the only steps, and where the most extatic pleasures are continually flowing for evermore. *Amen.*

THE CHARGE.

BRETHREN,

AFTER congratulating you most heartily upon the establishment of a Lodge in this town, an object which the real friends of our Order have long wished for, I think it expedient to employ a few moments in laying before you the nature and design of our Institution, by a knowledge and due use of which, alone, we can render the Lodge now constituted, permanent, and consequently beneficial to the general interests of the Craft.

Human nature is abhorrent of solitude; even the primitive and paradisaical state of man required an additional happiness, by the association of friendship and love.

The adorable Author of our being hath constituted our frame of such an assemblaged variety of passions, and rendered us

capable in so many ways of pleasing them, that it is impossible to contemn pleasure, unless our feelings are perverted, or our doing violence to them.

The innumerable comforts poured out by the Creator, meet the powers and desires of man, and call upon him to obey the dictates of Nature in the due enjoyment of them.

But this could not be properly the case if man were a solitary inhabitant of the beauteous scene. The pleasure of such a state would scarcely deserve to be called so, as it would consist only in the temporary gratification of the meanest and most ignoble of the human faculties. Those in which lies his true dignity, would receive no delight; and dissatisfaction, with its infinitely variegated train of evils, would soon intrude, and grievously distress his mind.

True pleasure is indeed ordained for man, but without the blessings which Friendship and Love possess peculiarly to themselves, pleasure is not complete; the absolute necessity of Society is, therefore, evident, for the full constitution of human happiness.

Let the gloomy misanthrope, as being incapable of communicating to, or receiving satisfaction from others, court, in disgust, the shady covert of solitude; and let the fastidious man, with an injudicious apathy, inveigh against social pleasures; we, feeling the full expansion of the faculties which God hath given us, will look solicitously for every rational pleasure, which a state of Society alone affords.

Intellectual pleasure, which is a necessary branch of true happiness, and by which I understand the improvement and exercise of the mind, cannot subsist without the cheering influence of *Friendship*; nor can it be complete, because it cannot be amiable, without that gentle harmonization of the affections, that beautiful melioration of the heart, which are produced by *Love*.

Enfolded in these principles lies the *nature* of that Institution to which we have the happiness to belong, and which has subsisted from those ages now buried under the dark ruins of time.

The wide-spread and infinitely diversified state of Society, which stands on the broad basis of a wise necessity, and is called the World, is not the *social* state to which these refined principles are strictly to be applied.

Vice has diffused itself among the offspring of Adam, in consequence of the extinction of the beatific light which irradiated his mind, into such a variety of appearances adapted to their different dispositions, that there is no supposing these principles to be those of Society at large.

The application of them to any fraternity, in their original purity, would now be absurd; but we can do and say, that no fraternity admits them more pure and more extensive than that in which we are engaged.

The melioration of the human heart, the harmonization of its affections, the rational direction of its faculties, and the cultivation of every private and social virtue, were *designed* to be the blessings resulting to men by the original institution of this Society.

Considering man, at least in a state of imbecility, if not of positive depravation, the *spirit* of our Order, my brethren, is by certain powerful means, drawn from those principles already mentioned, to give strength to his faculties, to pour the radiant beams of *truth* upon his mind, and to inspire him with an ardent love of moral rectitude, in all its various degrees of gradation, as adapted to the different relations in life.

We do not by any means pretend to say that our Institution has superior powers, by exciting different motives for the improvement of man, to the doctrines and precepts of Christianity. While we cheerfully acknowledge that the principles of that glorious system are radically those of *Free-Masonry*, we maintain, that in some peculiarities of a subordinate nature, it is the excellency of the latter to co-operate with considerable power in the advancement of the important design of Christianity, the restoration of man to a state of light and happiness.

The reduction of men, morally considered, to a perfect *level* with each other, and the eradicating from their minds those narrow notions, which on account of some supposed excellent qualities, or some external distinctions, elevate them into a false consequence, are affected to a very pleasing and wonderful degree in this fraternity.

I acknowledge, indeed, that there are very weighty and highly popular prejudices entertained against *Free-Masonry*. To touch briefly upon the principal of them, may be beneficial to us, my brethren, by teaching at once the mode of conduct which is necessary to obviate them.

Our plea of *Friendship* is partly admitted, but the principle from which we say it proceeds is questioned. We are supposed to be actuated in our connections not by a pure disinterested benevolence, but only on account of our being mutually acquainted with some peculiar *secrets* of trifling consequence, and serving only as criteria by which to know one another. If such be, indeed, the essence of our Friendship, then, certainly, the principle and the connection formed by it, would be equally contemptible.

If we are animated by the *spirit* of our Order, my brethren, such prejudices would be too weak to obscure the purity and brilliancy of the Friendship proceeding from its influence; and the world would be obliged to confess, that something binds us more firmly to each other, than those external marks of distinction *.

* The divine *Plato* truly observes (speaking under the name of *Lysis*, a disciple of *Pythagoras*) that, ουκεν ξυμπλοκην και ξυνδεσμον τοις μεν κακοις, i. e. *There is no conjunction or firm unity between wicked men.*

It is further objected, that if *Friendship* be so highly esteemed by us, and that of the purest nature, "why do we seem to abandon the sweetest part of it, which is enjoyed only in an association with female beauty, gentleness, and sensibility?"

This is an objection by far more plausible than just. In answer to it we might barely mention, that all nations, in all ages, have considered women as ineligible to certain Societies and Offices; but I add, that the *spirit* of our Institution is to abstract us, as much as possible, at certain intervals, from those impediments to mutual confidence and social improvement, which we meet with in the world.

But our moral imbecility would be equally increased by the diffusion of a soft captivating vapour over our hearts, if we admitted the fair sex at our assemblies, and this would give many passions a play in our breasts, particularly rivalship and jealousy, totally incompatible with the *spirit* of our Order, and destructive of its very foundation.

As our principles, however, most powerfully tend to improve us in all those virtues of the soul, on which the happiness of every domestic relation so greatly depends, and which alone can render us deserving the regards of those, whose love it is our duty to attract and preserve: let me press upon you the constant cherishing this *spirit*, by the practice of every moral and social duty. If our amiable female relatives observe us acting in unison with those principles, which we profess to constitute the *Masonic character*, they will be as proud of it as we are. By that subjugation of the passions which Masonry teaches you, your habitations will be all *lodges* of peace, harmony, and happiness.

We are condemned also for the "inviolability of our *secret mysteries*." This being an objection so opposite to the plainest dictates of common sense, and to the practice of the best of men in all ages and countries, that it would deserve not even a notice from me, were it not that it affords me an opportunity of pressing upon you the closer preservation of those secrets.

Some of our brethren have been too much in the habit of making Masonry the subject of conversation in mixed companies. Such persons should consider, that to those who are not of the Order, this topic cannot be interesting: that to those who are, it cannot be informing, and consequently had better be omitted *.

* * * * * *

Other objections which apply to the conduct of individuals among us, are evidently the offspring of ignorance and illiberality.

---

* *Iamblichus*, in *Vita Pythag.* says, εστι δε παντων χαλεπωτατον εγκρατευματων το γλωττης κρατειν. *Nothing is more difficult than the government of the tongue.* The first point in the *Pythagorean* philosophy was *silence;* and it is the first point of Masonry. The benefits are innumerable; let every one labour in the cultivation of it.

The *subjects* of them are the only persons who should enter into the refutation of them. Not, however, by the language of apology, much less by that of recrimination, but by the noble, though silent voice of reformation. I am always sorry to hear those brethren speak in vindication of Masonry, whose minds are unacquainted with its *spirit* and *precepts*. Their vindication is a censure, and their walk is a persecution of their profession.

I am also concerned to say that there are but few, comparatively speaking, who enter at all into the *spirit* of the order, of which they are *nominally* members. The generality are contented *cum signo pro signato*, and vainly imagine that by a superficial knowledge of some leading points of distinction, they have attained all that is necessary.

Those things, of little moment in themselves, are treated by some with such a scrupulous tenacity, and are paid such a minute attention to, as though the whole of the Institution consisted in hieroglyphics without a meaning. It should be our care to look farther than these, and to treat the order, not as an enigmatic, but as a moral system. It is, in fact, a system more adapted to the heart than to the head; and calls more for the exercise of the moral than the inventive powers. The mysteries which it contains (and many of them are beautifully representative of the most refined truths) deserve our respect, and the knowledge of them our cultivation: but our chief care is to be acquainted with the *spirit of Masonry*, in all its gradations of refinement.

As *light*, at the Creation, probably diffused itself, at first glimmeringly, and then gradually spread itself over the dark orb, so the light of scientific and moral truth proceeds slowly over the human heart.

Let us, my brethren, aided by our advantages as Free-Masons, watch its motions, and improve every opportunity which it affords us, of rendering ourselves amiable in the sight of our fellow-creatures; and meet, for a portion, in the place where that *light*, in all its purity, eternally flows, with happiness contained in its cheering rays.

Before I close, permit me to add a few words, more particularly applicable to the occasion of our present meeting.

All the way-worn travellers in the road of life, (and what are we all but such?) need the reciprocation of good offices, and in social festivity, temporal relaxations from their cares.

The Lodge we have now opened is adapted for this purpose, and with a humble intention also to advance, in some degree, those great purposes, which you have heard to be the design of our Order at large.

Without *Fidelity* no fabric erected for *Friendship* can possibly continue permanent; under this consideration, therefore, we have constituted the Society now formed, by the name of the FAITHFUL LODGE. It is required of us, my brethren, in consequence, to act

with all the *Fidelity* becoming Masons, to the engagements we have entered into as members of the general fraternity, and especially as joined together in a select Society, solemnly erected for the most valuable purposes, and upon the most laudable principles!

Hither let us repair, at all appointed times, for the improvement of our minds, and the enjoyment of those social comforts which the Author of Nature has rendered necessary for the constitution of our happiness: remembering, however, as well here as in the ordinary walks of life, always to *circumscribe* both our desires and enjoyments within the bounds of that *moderation* which produces real pleasure to the mind, and preserves health to the body.

At the present moment we have much to look forward to, and, I trust, that your sentiments coincide with mine, in anticipating much solid satisfaction in this place. But let it be considered that on ourselves depends the realization of this prospect. Unless our conduct is regulated in that consistent manner which Masonry requires from all her sons; by our walking upon the *square* of Virtue, living upright according to the *plum-line* of Integrity, and *levelling* ourselves to our respective situations in life, by a subjugation of that false pride and its concurrent evil passions, which, when indulged, carry a man to the most dangerous heights: unless our lives, I repeat it, correspond with the principles of our Institution, we shall do it the greatest injury, and render this *Lodge*, instead of illustrious and permanent, disrespectable and of trifling duration.

Let us then seriously reflect, that by this day's work we have many eyes upon us, and that though we have not, strictly speaking, new duties to fulfill, we have new engagements of a more powerful nature than any we have hitherto had, to render the Masonic character brilliant even in the most prejudiced person's estimation.

To *know ourselves* is the highest point of human wisdom, and it is that *moral geometry* in which we should be always actively exercised. If we often try ourselves by the rules of this science we shall at least render virtue habitual, and shall have but little or no occasion for those *laws* which all Societies are under the necessity of enacting for the preservation of order and obedience. Such laws for the government of this Lodge remain to be composed, and I must beg that you will be very careful and deliberate in this important part of your duty, because I expect that they will be so framed as to preclude the slightest attempt to break the peace of our Society from among ourselves, and that they will be obeyed with the most implicit submission. If such laws are at all necessary, the carrying them into full effect must be equally so; and if any brother falling under the influence of one article shall think himself aggrieved, let him consider that a relaxation in one instance would be much worse than a total repeal, as it would, by gradually rendering the whole code contemptible, induce all the evils destructive of the Society.

I shall not press you farther upon what must, undoubtedly, be obvious to each of your minds; and to which, besides, your attention will be hereafter frequently brought.

Collecting the whole of our duty into one point of view, the mention of that alone will be sufficient, I flatter myself, to engage your judgments and your feelings.

The altar of this edifice (if I may so express myself) should always burn with the cheering and purifying flame of *charity*, comprising all the offices of *love* and *benevolence*. Our hearts should never be unwarmed by this sacred principle. The sight or relation of misery suffered by our fellow-creatures through life's thorny maze, should always cause it to burn with increasing ardour in our breasts. Sweet, inexpressibly sweet, are the vibrations which the chords of his heart feel, who sympathises with the sorrows of virtue in distress; but they swell into a higher degree of extacy if he can but cause the voice of mourning to change its note, and the tears from affliction's fountain cease to flow.

Let but the FAITHFUL LODGE be marked by this lovely character, and its permanency is secured: when this immortalizing principle burns with *freedom*, *fervency*, and *zeal*, every other that can *strengthen*, *support*, and *adorn*, will most certainly be found.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

If you think, as I do, that the following Narrative illustrates in a striking manner the Masonic Pictures of FAITH, HOPE, and PERSEVERANCE, you will have the goodness to give it to your Readers in the next Number of your agreeable Miscellany.

I am, &c. S. J.

A NARRATIVE OF THE SUFFERINGS OF *LIEUTENANT GEORGE SPEARING,*

WHO LIVED SEVEN NIGHTS IN A COAL-PIT, WITHOUT ANY SUSTENANCE, EXCEPT SOME RAIN-WATER.

ON Wednesday, September 13, 1769, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, I went into a little wood called Northwoodside (situated between two and three miles to the N. W. of Glasgow) with a design to gather a few hazel-nuts. I think that I could not have been in the wood more than a quarter of an hour, nor have gathered more than ten nuts, before I unfortunately fell into an old coal-pit, exactly seventeen yards deep, which had been made through a solid rock. I was some little time insensible. Upon recovering my recollection, I found myself sitting (nearly

as a taylor does at his work), the blood flowing pretty fast from my mouth; and I thought that I had broken a blood-vessel, and consequently had not long to live; but, to my great comfort, I soon discovered that the blood proceeded from a wound in my tongue, which I suppose I had bitten in my fall. Looking at my watch (it was ten minutes past four), and getting up, I surveyed my limbs, and to my inexpressible joy found that not one was broken. I was soon reconciled to my situation, having from my childhood thought that something very extraordinary was to happen to me in the course of my life; and I had not the least doubt of being relieved in the morning; for the wood being but small and situated near a populous city, it is much frequented, especially in the nutting-season, and there are several foot-paths leading through it.

Night now approached, when it began to rain, not in gentle showers, but in torrents of water, such as is generally experienced at the autumnal equinox. The pit I had fallen into was about five feet in diameter; but, not having been worked for several years, the subterranean passages were choked up, so that I was exposed to the rain, which continued with very small intermissions, till the day of my release; and, indeed, in a very short time, I was completely wet through. In this comfortless condition I endeavoured to take some repose. A forked stick that I found in the pit, and which I placed diagonally to the side of it, served alternately to support my head as a pillow, or my body occasionally, which was much bruised; but in the whole time I remained here, I do not think that I ever slept one hour together. Having passed a very disagreeable and tedious night, I was somewhat cheered with the appearance of day-light, and the melody of a robin redbreast that had perched directly over the mouth of the pit; and this pretty little warbler continued to visit my quarters every morning during my confinement; which I construed into a happy omen of my future deliverance; and I sincerely believe the trust I had in Providence, and the company of this little bird, contributed much to that serenity of mind I constantly enjoyed to the last. At the distance of about a hundred yards, in a direct line from the pit, there was a water mill. The miller's house was nearer to me, and the road to the mill was still nearer. I could frequently hear the horses going this road to and from the mill; frequently I heard human voices; and I could distinctly hear the ducks and hens about the mill. I made the best use of my voice on every occasion; but it was to no purpose; for the wind, which was constantly high, blew in a line from the mill to the pit, which easily accounts for what I heard; and, at the same time my voice was carried the contrary way. I cannot say I suffered much from hunger. After two or three days that appetite ceased; but my thirst was intolerable; and, though it almost constantly rained, yet I could not till the third or fourth day preserve a drop of it, as the earth at the bottom of the pit sucked it up as fast as it ran down. In this distress I sucked my clothes; but from them I could extract but little moisture. The shock I

received in the fall, together with the dislocation of one of my ribs, kept me, I imagine, in a continual fever; I cannot otherwise account for my suffering so much more from thirst than I did from hunger. At last I discovered the thigh-bone of a bull (which, I afterwards heard had fallen into the pit about eighteen years before me), almost covered with the earth. I dug it up; and the large end of it left a cavity that, I suppose, might contain a quart. This the water gradually drained into, but so very slowly, that it was a considerable time before I could dip a nut-shell full at a time; which I emptied into the palm of my hand, and so drank it. The water now began to increase pretty fast, so that I was glad to enlarge my reservoir, in so much, that on the fourth or fifth day, I had a sufficient supply; and this water was certainly the preservation of my life.

At the bottom of the pit there were great quantities of reptiles, such as frogs, toads, large black snails, or slugs, &c. These noxious creatures would frequently crawl about me, and often got into my reservoir; nevertheless I thought it the sweetest water I had ever tasted; and at this distance of time the remembrance of it is so sweet, that, were it now possible to obtain any of it, I am sure I could swallow it with avidity. I have frequently taken both frogs and toads out of my neck, where I suppose they took shelter while I slept. The toads I always destroyed, but the frogs I carefully preserved, as I did not know but I might be under the necessity of eating them, which I should not have scrupled to have done had I been very hungry.

Saturday, the 16th, there fell but little rain, and I had the satisfaction to hear the voices of some boys in the wood. Immediately I called out with all my might, but it was all in vain, though I afterwards learned that they actually heard me; but, being prepossessed with an idle story of a wild man being in the wood, they ran away affrighted.

Sunday, the 17th, was my birth-day, when I completed my forty-first year; and I think it was the next day some of my acquaintance, having accidentally heard that I had gone the way I did, sent two or three porters out purposely to search the pits for me. These men went to the miller's house, and made enquiry for me; but, on account of the very great rain at the time, they never entered the wood, but cruelly returned to their employers, telling them they had searched the pit, and that I was not to be found. Many people in my dismal situation would, no doubt, have died with despair; but, I thank God, I enjoyed a perfect serenity of mind; so much so, that on the Tuesday afternoon, and when I had been six nights in the pit, I very composedly (by way of amusement) combed my wig on my knee, humming a tune, and thinking of Archer in the "Beaux Stratagem."

At length the morning (Sept. 20) the happy morning for my deliverance came; a day, that while my memory lasts, I will always celebrate with gratitude to Heaven! Through the brambles and

bushes that covered the mouth of the pit, I could discover the sun shining bright, and my pretty warbler was chaunting his melodious strains, when my attention was roused by a confused noise of human voices, which seemed to be approaching fast towards the pit; immediately I called out, and most agreeably surprized several of my acquaintance, who were in search of me. Many of them are still living in Glasgow; and it is not long since I had the very great satisfaction of entertaining one of them at my apartments. They told me that they had not the most distant hope of finding me alive; but wished to give my body a decent burial, should they be so fortunate as to find it. As soon as they heard my voice, they all ran towards the pit, and I could distinguish a well-known voice exclaim, "Good God! he is still living!" Another of them, though a very honest North Briton, betwixt his surprize and joy, could not help asking me, in the Hibernian style, if I were still alive? "I told him I was, and hearty too;" and then gave them particular directions how to proceed in getting me out. Fortunately at that juncture a collier, from a working pit in the neighbourhood, was passing along the road, and hearing an unusual noise in the wood his curiosity prompted him to learn the occasion. By his assistance, and a rope from the mill, I was soon safely landed on *terra firma*. The miller's wife had very kindly brought some milk warm from the cow; but, on my coming into the fresh air, I grew rather faint, and could not taste it. Need I be ashamed to acknowledge, that the first dictates of my heart prompted me to fall on my knees, and ejaculate a silent thanksgiving to the God of my deliverance; since, at this distant time, I never think of it but the tear of gratitude starts from my eye?

Every morning, while I was in the pit, I tied a knot in the corner of my handkerchief, supposing that, if I died there, and my body should be afterwards found, the number of knots would certify how many days I had lived. Almost the first question my friends asked me was, how long I had been in the pit? Immediately I drew my handkerchief from my pocket, and bade them count the knots. They found seven, the exact number of nights I had been there. We now hastened out of the wood. I could walk without support; but that was not allowed, each person present striving to shew me how much they were rejoiced that they had found me alive and so well. They led me to the miller's house, where a great number of people were collected to see me. A gentleman, who had a country-house just by, very kindly, at my request, sent for a glass of white wine. I ordered a piece of bread to be toasted, which I soked in the wine, and ate. I now desired the miller's wife to make me up a bed, fondly thinking that nothing more was wanting than a little refreshing sleep to terminate my misfortune. But, alas! I was still to undergo greater sufferings than I had yet endured. By the almost continual rains, together with the cold damp arising from the wet ground on which I lay, and not being able

to take the least exercise to keep up a proper circulation of the blood, my legs were much swelled and benumbed. Some of my friends, observing this, proposed to send to Glasgow for medical advice. I at first declined it, and happy had it been for me had I pursued my own inclinations; but unfortunately for me a physician and surgeon were employed, both of them ignorant of what ought to have been done. Instead of ordering my legs into cold water, or rubbing them with a coarse towel, to bring on a gradual circulation, they applied hot bricks and large poultices to my feet. This by expanding the blood-vessels too suddenly, put me to much greater torture than I ever endured in my life, and not only prevented me enjoying that refreshing sleep I so much wanted, but actually produced a mortification in both my feet. I do not mean, by relating this circumstance, to reflect on the faculty in general at Glasgow; for I was afterwards attended by gentlemen who are an honour to the profession. The same method was pursued for several days, without even giving me bark till I mentioned it myself. This happily stoped the progress of the mortification, which the doctors did not know had taken place till the miller's wife shewed them a black spot, about as broad as a shilling, at the bottom of my left heel. In a day or two more the whole skin, together with all the nails of my left foot, and three from my right foot, came off like the fingers of a glove.

Opposite the river, on which the mill stood, there was a bleach-field. It is customary for the watchman in the night to blow a horn to frighten thieves. This I frequently heard when I was in the pit; and very often, when I was in a sound sleep at the miller's I have been awakened by it in the greatest horrors, still thinking myself in the pit; so that, in fact, I suffered as much by imagination as from reality.

I continued six weeks at the miller's, when the roads became too bad for the doctors to visit me, so that I was under the necessity of being carried in a sedan chair to my lodgings in Glasgow. By this time my right foot was quite well; but in my left, where the above-mentioned black spot appeared, there was a large wound, and it too plainly proved that the *os calcis* was nearly all decayed; for the surgeon could put his probe through the centre of it. The flesh too at the bottom of my foot was quite separated from the bones and tendons, so that I was forced to submit to have it cut off. In this painful state I lay several months, reduced to a mere skeleton, taking thirty drops of laudanum every night; and though it somewhat eased the pain in my foot, it was generally three or four in the morning before I got any rest. My situation now became truly alarming: I had a consultation of surgeons, who advised me to wait with patience for an exfoliation, when they had not the least doubt but they should soon cure my foot. At the same time they frankly acknowledged that it was impossible to ascertain the precise time when that would happen, as it might be six or even twelve months, before it came to pass. In my emaciated

condition I was certain that it was not possible for me to hold out half the time; and knowing that I must be a very great cripple with the loss of my heel-bone, I came to a determined resolution to have my leg taken off, and appointed the very next day for the operation; but no surgeon came near me. I sincerely believe they wished to perform a cure; but being, as I thought, the best judge of my own feelings, I was resolved this time to be guided by my own opinion; accordingly, on the 2d of May, 1770, my leg was taken off a little below the knee. Yet, notwithstanding I had so long endured the rod of affliction, misfortunes still followed me. About three hours after the amputation had been performed, and when I was quiet in bed, I found myself nearly fainting with the loss of blood; the ligatures had all given way, and the arteries had bled a considerable time before it was discovered. By this time the wound was inflamed; nevertheless I was under the necessity of once more submitting to the operation of the needle, and the principal artery was sewed up four different times before the blood was stopped. I suffered much for two or three days, not daring to take a wink of sleep; for, the moment I shut my eyes, my stump (though constantly held by the nerve) would take such convulsive motions, that I really think a stab to the heart could not be attended with greater pain. My blood too was become so very poor and thin, that it absolutely drained through the wound near a fortnight after my leg was cut off. I lay for eighteen days and nights in one position, not daring to move lest the ligature should again give way; but I could endure it no longer, and ventured to turn myself in bed, contrary to the advice of my surgeon, which I happily effected, and never felt greater pleasure in my life. Six weeks after the amputation, I went out in a sedan chair for the benefit of the air, being exactly nine months from the day I fell into the pit. Soon after I took lodgings in the country; where getting plenty of warm new milk, my appetite and strength increased daily; and to this day, I bless God, I do enjoy perfect health; and I have since been the happy father of nine children.

GEORGE SPEARING.

Greenwich Hospital,
Aug. 1, 1793.

P. S. The above Narrative is a plain simple matter of fact, and affords a very useful lesson to mankind, viz. never to give way to despondency, be their situation ever so deplorable: let them confidently rely on Almighty Providence, and I sincerely wish, and doubt not, but their misfortunes will terminate as happily as *mine*. G. S.

ON THE

IMPRESSION OF REALITY ATTENDING DRAMATIC REPRESENTATIONS.

BY J. AIKIN, M. D.

[*From the* MEMOIRS *of the* LITERARY *and* PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY *of* MANCHESTER, *Vol. IV. just published.*]

DR. Johnson, in his Preface to Shakespear, excuses that great poet's violation of the *Dramatic Unities*, and argues against the law by which they have been enjoined, upon this principle—That as, in fact, we are never so deceived by a dramatic representation as to believe it *real*, there is no danger of injuring its effect by any thing which may tend to destroy such a belief. And he seems to triumph not a little, in exposing the absurdity of an imagined conviction, that a scene passing before our eyes is *real*, when we are all the time conscious that it began in fiction.

But it appears to me, that in this instance (as perhaps in many others) the critic has taken a very narrow survey of the human mind, and has only skimmed the surface for that truth which lay somewhat deeper. The question respecting the nature of that feeling which a scene of fiction excites in us, must be determined by a reference to the general mode in which the mind receives impressions. Now, I shall attempt to shew, that although the means by which emotions are raised are very various, yet that, when raised, they are all precisely the same in their nature, and only differ in degree of intensity. This, I think, will manifestly appear, if, in the first place, the same principle which is necessary to account for the effect of one of these means, will equally account for all; and, in the second place, if the evident and external expressions of our emotions are similar in every case.

Why is it that the view of a *real* scene of distress, in which we are not personally concerned, operates upon our feelings, but in consequence of that general principle of our nature, whereby the image of human passions in another, excites corresponding emotions in ourselves? *Reality* itself cannot operate upon us without a *medium*; and in what respect does the action produced by the direct medium of the senses, differ from that produced by the remoter mediums of recollection, narration, or any mode of fictitious representation? I behold a person suffering under the extremity of torture, and find myself highly affected at the spectacle. I make his feelings in some respect my own;—my flesh creeps upon my bones, and the pain of sympathy rises to such a degree as to become intolerable. It is now over, and that portion of human misery has no longer an existence. Still the scene recurs to my mind, and whenever it intrudes, all my pain is renewed, though with less intensity; and this continues to be the case till the ideas fade away. The identity of the sensation is proved by the sameness of the cor-

poreal effects. If I shuddered and turned pale at the real spectacle, I do the same at the first recollections; if I ran with horror from the former, I plunge into company or business to deliver me from the latter. Now, if it be allowed, that my own mind, acting upon itself, without the aid of external objects, be capable of creating an imaginary scene indistinguishable in its effects from a real one, why should not equal power be granted to those artificial methods, in which resembling, sensible objects are called in to assist the operations of the fancy?

But, it may be said, no one denies as a matter of fact, the power of recollection and fictitious representation to move the passions, and the question is only, what is necessary to the production of this effect? Now, since in the case of a recollected scene, it cannot be a *belief of reality* (for no man *believes* that the event on which he reflects is acted over again), why should such *belief* have any thing more to do with the efficacy of fiction? And this reasoning (on which Dr. Johnson diffusely dwells) is just, as far as it goes; but his error consists in confounding with *proper belief*, that *impression of reality*, or *temporary illusion*, which I conceive absolutely essential to account for the undoubted effects produced by all the various *imitations of action*. *Belief* is the consequence of a reflex operation of the mind, by which we are convinced of a truth after examination or enquiry. It is therefore incompatible with the impressions of illusion; for, as soon as they are examined, they are at an end. We cannot ask ourselves whether they are true, without discovering them to be false. But it is certain we are often so impressed with a notion, as to entertain no present *doubts* about it, though it is no object of our *belief*, but, on the contrary, has repeatedly been detected by us as a falsehood.

Dr. Johnson himself, speaking of what he terms the *extrusion* of Gloster's eyes in Lear, says, that it "seems an act too horrid to "be endured in dramatic exhibition, and such as must always com-"pel the mind to relieve its distress by incredulity." Does not this expressly imply, that a *less* horrid and unnatural action would pass on the stage for real; and that the usual affection of the mind in dramatic exhibitions is an impression of reality? *Historical incredulity cannot be here meant; for* how are we sure that the story was not true; besides, we read with tolerable tranquillity of facts still more shocking. It must then be the "incredulus odi" of Horace,—a resolution to discard and reject what so much pains us. Horace did not disbelieve that Medea had murdered her children; but when the fact was represented to him in a visible display, the horror he felt made him refuse to admit it as a true scene.

Further to elucidate this idea of the *impression of reality* as distinct from *belief*, let us trace the progress of the imagination from the instances in which it is *least* assisted by external objects, to those in which it is *most* so. And, not to dwell upon the conviction of reality attending dreams, delirium, and insanity, where there is probably a physical cause operating on the brain, I shall first consider the case of a reverie, or day-dream.

Sitting alone in my study, I shut my book, lean back in my chair, and following, either involuntarily or with design, a particular train of ideas, soon become insensible to all the objects around me, and with the mind's eye behold a course of action with its correspondent scenery, in which I appear engaged either as a spectator or an actor. The consciousness of my real condition is for a time suspended; and I feel pleasure or pain, approbation or disgust, according to the nature of the fancied scene. Nor are *actions* indicatory of what passes within, entirely wanting; and though I may not, with the violence of Alanascar kicking the basket, spurn the table from me, yet I smile, frown, move my lips, and assume imperfect gestures and attitudes, in correspondence with my internal emotions. Here, then, is a perfect illusion effected by the mental faculties alone; commencing with complete consciousness of my real situation, and proceeding to as complete a forgetfulness of it. A person enters the room—and the pageant vanishes.

Again—I sit in the same place, and take up Sterne's story of Le Fevre. I am perfectly apprized, not only that Le Fevre is not in the room, but that no such person ever existed. But as I read, I suffer the writer to lead me into the same kind of reverie which I had in the former instance created for myself; and I follow him with the greater ease, as my mind is not encumbered with the labour of invention, but passively admits those representations of action and discourse, which he has wrought into such an admirable resemblance of nature. I soon become so rivetted to the book, that external objects are obliterated to me. I pity, glow, admire; my eyes are suffused; I sob; I am even *audible* in my expressions of sympathy; till a message breaks the charm, and summons me away, full of shame at the real tokens remaining of emotions founded on fiction. Now will any one, fairly consulting his feelings, assert that in such a case he weeps merely from the reflection on possible human calamities; and that Le Fevre is not for the time a real person in his imagination?

Once more—I read in Tacitus the highly-wrought description given by that historian of the return of Agrippina to Italy, after the death of Germanicus. I feel myself much interested; but from the rapidity of the narration, the want of those minute strokes which are necessary to fill up the picture of real life, and the intermixture of the author's reflections, the whole is rather addressed to the intellect than to the imagination; and I rather cry, "How admirably this is described!" than view a distinct spectacle passing before my sight. But in the midst of my reading, I chance to cast my eyes upon West's picture of Agrippina landing at Brundusium: I see her, with downcast eyes, pale and extenuated, embracing the funeral urn—her little children hanging at her garment;—I see the awe-struck crowd, the mourning lictors, and the hardy veterans bursting into tears. Now, indeed, the illusion is complete. I think no longer of Tacitus or West—my heart and my eyes obey without resistance every call to sympathize with the widowed Agrippina. Here, then, an external object, addressed to one of

the senses, is called in to aid the creative power of the imagination.

Attend me next to the *theatre*. I go, it is acknowledged, with the full conviction that the place is Drury-lane, and that the actors are merely players, representing a fiction for their own emolument. Nay, I go with the avowed purpose of seeing a favourite actress in a particular character. The curtain draws up, and after some preparation, enters Mrs. Siddons in Belvidera. The first employment of my mind is to criticize her performance, and I admire the justness of her actions, and the unequalled expressiveness of her tones and looks. The play proceeds, and I am made privy to a horrid plot. With this, domestic distresses are mingled, involving the two most interesting characters in the piece. By degrees, I lose sight of Mrs. Siddons in her proper person, and only view her in the assumed shape of Belvidera. I cease to criticize her, but give way with full soul to all the sentiments of love, tenderness, and anxiety which she utters. As the catastrophe advances, the accumulated distress and anguish lay fast hold on my heart: I sob, weep, am almost choaked with the mixed emotions of pity, terror, and apprehension, and totally forget the theatre, the actors, and the audience, till, perhaps, my attention to present objects is recalled by the screams or swooning of a neighbour still more affected than myself. Shall the cold critic now tell me, I am sure you do not *believe* Mrs. Siddons to be Belvidera, and therefore you can only be affected in consequence of "the reflexion that the evils "before you are evils to which yourself may be exposed—you ra-"ther lament the possibility, than suppose the presence, of misery." The identity of Belvidera is out of the question; for who was Belvidera? and certainly my own liability to evils, some of them impossible to happen to me, and others highly improbable, is the farthest thing from my thoughts; besides, were the effect of a spectacle of distress dependant on this principle, it would be equally requisite in the real, as in the fictitious scene. What I feel, is *genuine sympathy*, such as by a law of my nature ever results from the image of a suffering fellow-creature, by whatsoever means such an image is excited. The more powerfully it is impressed on my imagination, and the more completely it banishes all other ideas either of sense or reflection, the more perfect is its effect; and reality has no advantage in this respect over fiction, as long as the temporary illusion produced by the latter continues. That such an *illusion* should take place at the theatre, where every circumstance art can invent has been employed to favour it, cannot be thought extraordinary, after it has been shewn, that a scene of the mind's own creation can effect it.

And for what end, but that of deception, are such pains taken in adjusting the scenery, dresses, decorations, &c. to as near a resemblance as possible of reality?—why might not the piece be as well read in the closet as represented on the stage, if all its effect depended on the pleasing modulation of language, prompting just reflections on life and manners? Some effect, doubtless, is pro-

duced by a tragedy *read*; but this is exactly in proportion to the dramatic powers of the reader, and the strength of imagination in the hearer; and always falls much short of that of a perfect representation on the stage.

But, says the critic, "the delight of tragedy proceeds from a "consciousness of fiction; if we thought murders and treasons real, "they would please no more." *Delight* is not the word by which I would choose to denote those sensations in the deeper scenes of tragedy, which often arise to such a pitch of intensity, as to be really and exquisitely painful. I do not here mean to enter into an enquiry concerning the source of the interest we take in spectacles of terror and distress. It is sufficient to observe, that just the same difficulty here occurs in reality, as in fiction. Every awful and terrific scene, from an eruption of Etna, or an attack on Gibraltar, to a street-fire or a boxing-match, is gazed at by assembled multitudes. In histories, is it not the page of battles, "treasons and murders," on which we dwell with most avidity? I do not hesitate to assert, that we never behold with *pleasure* in fictitious representation, what we should not have viewed with a similar sensation in real action. The truth is, that many of the tragic distresses are so blended with lofty and heroic sentiments, that the impression of sorrow for the sufferer is lost in applause and admiration.

When Cato groans, who does not wish to bleed? And when this is not the case, but pure misery is painted without the alleviations of glory and conscious virtue, the effects on the beholder are invariably pain and disgust. We are, indeed, by the strong impulse of curiosity, led to such representations, as the crowd are to fights and executions; but what man of nice feelings would go a second time to see *Fatal Curiosity*, or the butchery of a Damien?

With respect to the principle which renders a degree of *dramatic unity* necessary, it seems not difficult to be ascertained. *Congruity* is alike essential in real and in fictitious scenes to preserve a continuity of emotion. After a pathetic speech in a play, if the actor immediately turns his eyes on the audience, or bows to the boxes, we feel the effect to be spoiled; why? because it is plain he is not the man he before appeared to be; for it is impossible that poignant sorrow should be immediately succeeded by indifference. Thus if a person were to ask our charity with a lamentable tale of woe, and suitable expression of countenance, and we should immediately afterwards detect him smiling or nodding to a companion, the first impression of pity would be lost in a conviction of fraud. A ludicrous incident on the stage interrupts the flow of tears in the deepest tragedy, and fills the house with general laughter. It is just the same in real life. At the funeral of a dear friend, at the death of a martyr, circumstances may occur, which not only divert the attention, but even provoke a smile. But such distractions in the real scene are short, and the true state of things rushes again on the mind. In imitative representations, on the contrary, they may be so forcible and frequent, as entirely to destroy the effect intended to be produced.

Incongruities in dramatic spectacles may be of various kinds. They may arise from the characters, the diction, or the fable. Those which proceed from the violation of what are termed the *unities of time and place* are, perhaps, the least injurious of any; for we find by experience, that the mind possesses the faculty of accommodating itself, with the greatest facility to sudden changes in these particulars. Indeed, where the fable will admit it, the intervention of *acts* renders the change of time and place no incongruity at all. For the drama is then a history, of which certain parts are exhibited in dialogue, and the rest in narration. Now, it is impossible to give a reason, why the mind, which can accompany with its emotions a series of entire narration, should refuse to follow a story of which the most striking parts are exhibited in a manner more peculiarly impressive. During the continuance, indeed, of the dramatic actions, every thing should be as much as possible in unison; for as the stage is the most exact imitation of real life that art can invent, and in some respects even perfect, an inconsistency in one point is rendered more obvious by comparison with the rest. Thus, with regard to *time*; as the *conversation* on the stage employs the very same space of time as it would in a real scene, it seems requisite, that the accompanying *action* should not exceed those limits. If, while the stage has been occupied by the same performers, or an uninterrupted succession of new ones, the story should require the transactions of half a day to run parallel with the discourse of half an hour, we could scarcely fail to be sensible of an incongruity, and cry to ourselves, "this is impossible!" Such a circumstance would give a rude shock to the train of our ideas, and awaken us out of that *dream* of the fancy, in which it is the great purpose of dramatic representations to engage us. For notwithstanding a critic of Dr. Johnson's name (whose heat and imagination, however, appear from numerous instances to have been very intractable to the efforts of fiction) has thought fit to treat the supposed illusion of the theatre with ridicule, I cannot but be convinced of the existence of what I have so often myself felt, and seen the effects of in others; and if the point were to be decided by authority, I might confidently repose on that of the judicious Horace, who characterises his *master* of the drama, as one,

> ——————*qui pectus inaniter angit,*
> *Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet*
> *Ut magus; & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.*

The notion of a temporary delusion produced by the imitative arts, and particularly by the drama, is, I observe, supported by Dr. Darwin, in the ingenious prose *Interludes* of his *Loves of the Plants*; and by arguments so similar to those here made use of, that it will be proper for me to say, that this short Essay was written some years before the appearance of that beautiful poem. The writer whom Dr. Darwin combats on this occasion, is Sir Joshua Reynolds, who seems implicitly to have adopted the opinion of his friend Dr. Johnson.

J. AIKIN.

TWO CURIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL PAPERS.

WRITTEN BY

Dr. FRANKLIN,

AND NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY COLLECTION OF HIS WORKS.

No. I.

Endorsed in Dr. FRANKLIN's Hand, as follows, viz.

LETTER *to Abbe* SOULAIRE, *occasioned by his sending me some Notes he had taken of what I had said to him in Conversation on the Theory of the Earth. I wrote it to set him right in some Points wherein he had mistaken my Meaning.*

SIR, Passy, *Sept.* 22, 1782.

I RETURN the Papers with some corrections. I did not find coal mines under the calcareous rock in Derbyshire. I only remarked, that at the lowest part of that rocky mountain which was in sight, there were oyster shells mixed with the stone; and part of the high county of Derby being probably as much above the level of the sea, as the coal mines of Whitehaven were below, it seemed a proof, that there had been a great *bouleversement* in the surface of that island, some part of it having been depressed under the sea, and other parts, which had been under it, being raised above it. Such changes in the superficial parts of the Globe seemed to me unlikely to happen if the Earth were solid to the centre. I therefore imagined, that the internal parts might be a fluid more dense, and of greater specific gravity than any of the solids we are acquainted with, which therefore, might swim in or upon that fluid. Thus the surface of the Globe would be a shell capable of being broken and disordered by the violent movements of the fluid on which it rested. And as air has been compressed by art so as to be twice as dense as water, in which case, if such air and water could be contained in a strong glass vessel, the air would be seen to take the lowest place, and the water to float above and upon it; and as we know not yet the degree of density to which air may be compressed, and M. Amontons calculated, that its density increasing as it approached the centre in the same proportion as above the surface, it would, at the depth of leagues, be heavier than gold, possibly the dense fluid occupying the internal parts of the globe might be air compressed. And as the force of expansion in dense air when heated, is in proportion to its density, this central air might afford another agent to move the surface, as well as be of use in keeping alive the central fires; though, as you observe, the sudden rarefaction of water, coming into contact, without those fires, may be an agent sufficiently strong for that

purpose, when acting between the incumbent earth and the fluid on which it rests.

If one might indulge imagination in supposing how such a globe was formed, I should conceive, that all the elements in separate particles being originally mixed in confusion and occupying a great space, they would (as soon as the Almighty first ordained gravity, or the mutual attraction of certain parts, and the mutual repulsion of others, to exist) all move towards their common centre; that the air being a fluid whose parts repel each other, though drawn to the common centre by their gravity, would be densest towards the centre, and rarer as more remote; consequently all bodies lighter than the central parts of that air, and immersed in it, would recede from the centre, and rise till they arrived at that region of the air which was of the same specific gravity with themselves, where they would rest; while other matter, mixed with the lighter air, would descend, and the two meeting would form the shell of the first earth, leaving the upper atmosphere nearly clear. The original movement of the parts towards their common centre would form a whirl there; which would continue upon the turning of the new-formed globe upon its axis, and the greatest diameter of the shell would be in its equator. If by any accident afterwards the axis should be changed, the dense internal fluid, by altering its form, must burst the shell, and throw all its substance into the confusion in which we find it. I will not trouble you at present with my fancies concerning the forming the rest of our system. Superior beings smile at our theories, and at our presumption in making them. I will just mention that your observation of the ferruginous nature of the lava which is thrown out from the depths of our volcanos, gave me great pleasure. It has long been a supposition of mine, that the iron contained in the substance of the globe, has made it capable of becoming, as it is, a great magnet; that the fluid of magnetism perhaps exists in all space; so that there is a magnetical North and South of the universe, as well as of this globe, and that if it were possible for a man to fly from star to star, he might govern his course by the compass; that it was by the power of this general magnetism this globe became a particular magnet. In soft or hot iron the fluid of magnetism is naturally diffused equally; when within the influence of the magnet, it is drawn to one end of the iron, made denser there and rarer at the other. While the iron continues soft and hot, it is only a temporary magnet; if it cools or grows hard in that situation, it becomes a permanent one, the magnetic fluid not easily resuming its equilibrium. Perhaps it may be owing to the permanent magnetism of this globe, which it had not at first, that its axis is at present kept parallel to itself, and not liable to the changes it formerly suffered, which occasioned the rupture of its shell, the submersions and emersions of its lands, and the confusion of its seasons. The present polar and equatorial dia-

meters differing from each other near ten leagues, it is easy to conceive, in case some power should shift the axis gradually, and place it in the present equator, and make the new equator pass through the present poles, what a sinking of the waters would happen in the present equatorial regions, and what a rising in the present polar regions; so that vast tracts would be discovered that now are under waters, and others covered that now are dry, the water rising and sinking in the different extremes near five leagues. Such an operation as this possibly occasioned much of Europe, and among the rest this Mountain of Passy on which I live, and which is composed of limestone, rock and sea shells, to be abandoned by the sea, and to change its ancient climate, which seems to have been a hot one. The globe being now become a perfect magnet, we are perhaps safe from any future change of its axis. But we are still subject to the accidents on the surface, which are occasioned by a wave in the internal ponderous fluid; and such a wave is produced by the sudden violent explosion you mention, happening from the junction of water and fire under the earth, which not only lifts the incumbent earth that is over the explosion, but impressing with the same force the fluid under it, creates a wave that may run a thousand leagues, lifting, and thereby shaking successively all the countries under which it passes. I know not whether I have expressed myself so clearly as not to get out of your sight in these reveries. If they occasion any new enquiries, and produce a better hypothesis, they will not be quite useless. You see I have given a loose to imagination, but I approve much more your method of philosophising, which proceeds upon actual observation, makes a collection of facts, and concludes no farther than those facts will warrant. In my present circumstances, that mode of studying the nature of the globe is out of my power, and therefore I have permitted myself to wander a little in the wilds of Fancy.

With great esteem, I have the honour to be, Sir, &c. &c.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

P. S. I have heard that Chymists can by their art decompose stone and wood, extracting a considerable quantity of water from the one, and air from the other. It seems natural to conclude from this, that water and air were ingredients in their original composition: for men cannot make new matter of any kind. In the same manner may we not suppose, that when we consume combustibles of all kinds, and produce heat or light, we do not create that heat or light? we only decompose a substance which received it originally as a part of its composition? Heat may thus be considered as originally in a fluid state; but, attracted by organized bodies in their growth, becomes a part of the solid. Besides this, I can conceive that in the first assemblage of the particles of

hich this earth is composed, each brought its portion of the loose heat that had been connected with it, and the whole, when pressed together, produced the internal fire which still subsists.

No. II.

ENDORSED "LOOSE THOUGHTS ON AN UNIVERSAL FLUID."

Passy, June 25, 1784.

UNIVERSAL space, as far as we know of it, seems to be filled with a subtle fluid, whose motion, or vibration, is called light. This fluid may possibly be the same with that which being attracted by, and entering into other more solid matter, dilates the substance by separating the constituent particles, and so rendering some solids fluids, and maintaining the fluidity of others; of which fluid when our bodies are totally deprived, they are said *to be frozen; when they have a proper quantity,* they are in health, and fit to perform all their functions; it is then called natural heat; when too much, it is called fever; and when forced into the body in too great a quantity from without, it gives pain by separating and destroying the flesh, and is then called burning, and the fluid so entering and acting is *called fire.*

While organized bodies, animal or vegetable, are augmenting in growth, or are supplying their continual waste, is not this done by attracting and consolidating this fluid called fire, so as to form of it a part of their substance? And is it not a separation of the parts of such substance, which, dissolving its solid state, sets that subtle fluid at liberty, when it again makes its appearance as fire?

For the power of man relative to matter seems limited to the dividing it, or mixing the various kinds of it, or changing its form and appearance by different compositions of it; but does not extend to the making or creating of new matter, or annihilating the old. Thus, if fire be an original element, or kind of matter, its quantity is fixed and permanent in the world. We cannot destroy any part of it, or make addition to it; we can only separate it from that which confines it, and so set it at liberty; as when we put wood in a situation to be burnt; or transfer it from one solid to another, as when we make lime by burning stone, a part of the fire dislodged from the wood being left in the stone. May not this fluid, when at liberty, be capable of penetrating and entering into all bodies, organized or not, quitting easily in totality those not organized, and quitting easily in part those which are; the part assumed and fixed remaining till the body is dissolved?

Is it not this fluid which keeps asunder the particles of air, permitting them to approach, or separating them more, in proportion as its quantity is diminished or augmented? Is it not the greater gravity of the particles of air, which forces the particles of this fluid to mount with the matters to which it is attached, as smoke or vapour?

Does it not seem to have a greater affinity with water, since it will quit a solid to unite with that fluid, and go off with it in vapour, leaving the solid cold to the touch, and the degree measurable by the thermometer?

The vapour rises attached to this fluid, but at a certain height they separate, and the vapour descends in rain, retaining but little of it, in snow or hail less. What becomes of that fluid? Does it rise above our atmosphere, and mix equally with the universal mass of the same kind? or does a spherical stratum of it, denser, or less mixed with air, attracted by this globe, and repelled or pushed up only to a certain height from its surface, by the greater weight of air, remain there surrounding the globe, and proceeding with it round the sun?

In such case, as there may be a continuity, or communication of this fluid through the air quite down to the earth, is it not by the vibrations given to it by the sun that light appears to us? and may it not be, that every one of the infinitely small vibrations, striking common matter with a certain force, enter its substance, are held there by attraction, and augmented by succeeding vibrations, till the matter has received as much as their force can drive into it?

Is it not thus the surface of this globe is continually heated by such repeated vibrations in the day, and cooled by the escape of the heat when those vibrations are discontinued in the night, or intercepted and reflected by clouds?

Is it not thus that fire is amassed, and makes the greatest part of the substance of combustible bodies?

Perhaps when this globe was first formed, and its original particles took their place at certain distances from the centre, in proportion to their greater or less gravity, the fluid fire, attracted towards that centre, might in great part be obliged, as lightest, to take place above the rest, and thus from the sphere of fire above supposed, which would afterwards be continually diminishing by the substance it afforded to organized bodies, and the quantity restored to it again by the burning or other separating of the parts of those bodies?

Is not the natural heat of animals thus produced, by separating in digestion the parts of food, and setting their fire at liberty?

Is it not this sphere of fire which kindles the wandering globes that sometimes pass through it in our course round the sun, have their surface kindled by it, and burst when their included air is greatly rarefied by the heat on their burning surfaces?

ON THE

PRISONS OF THE METROPOLIS.

TO THE PRINTER.

SIR,

A German Traveller being shewn the vast Cathedral of St. Paul's, is said to have demanded of his *Cicerone*, Whether it were not the Church of England of which he had heard so much and so often? Ridiculous as this mistake must appear to us, I question whether any reasonable or benevolent man, Mr. Printer, would be inclined, or indeed be able to laugh, if he were asked by a foreigner, Whether the King's Bench Prison were not the Jail of Great Britain? The high and gloomy walls which form its circumference appeared to me to cover a large surface of the soil of Liberty—they have kept pace with the *improvements* of the town, and extended their pomœria in no doubt the same proportion as luxury and commerce have increased the inhabitants of the capital. A man who, like myself, wanders from one extremity of the metropolis to the other, and thinks as he wanders, will form meditations more useful than pleasant from the survey of the numerous prisons and hospitals of this high-viced city. What a mass of guilt and misfortune, of vice and misery, is confined within those walls! What a part of the Commonwealth is constantly under punishment or cure, and in either case unhappy! We behold a town of wretchedness, perhaps of crimes, a *Ponteropolis*, policed, as Montaigne expresses it, by their vices themselves, and society organized from necessity, not virtue*; a town within a town, drafted and peopled from it by folly, wickedness, and misfortune. If we turn our eyes from these gloomy spectacles to behold the wealth of our Merchants, the state of our Nobles, our River covered by a forest of masts, the population of our streets, the increase and luxury of our building; our new Theatres, the squares, the crescents, circus's, and all the imaginations of a sickly and pampered taste; is it not a melancholy reflection, Sir, that each of these should demand its proportion of jail and hospital, and that the balance should be struck with a constant and even hand between Luxury and Distress, Prodigality and Indolence, Prosperity and Misfortune! Nations have ever entertained a foolish vanity, and endeavoured to magnify the extent and population of their metropolitan cities beyond the truth. I was walking this

* *J'estime qu'ils dresserent des vices memes une contexture politique entre eux, et une commode et juste societie.*

MONT. ESSAYS.

morning with a friend of mine whom I had known at Paris, and who now swells the number of his unfortunate countrymen who have sought a refuge here. The ancient garb of vanity sits not so well upon him as in those silken days when I first became acquainted with him; but he still displays its rags and tatters, and would be as much offended if Paris were supposed inferior to London, as when he possessed the most magnificent hotel and the grandest carriage within it.

Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa
Fortuna.

I would not wound the feelings of any man, Mr. Printer; but least of all of the stranger and the unfortunate: but to confess the truth, I do not like to hear my country depressed or humiliated upon any point, and perhaps partake in some small degree of that national vanity which I have ventured to condemn. When I look at home and around me, Sir, I am happy to be an Englishman, and proud too. If I am wrong, let the native of some happier, wiser, honester, and braver Country reprove me; to know the existence of such an one will comfort me under my correction, and cure me of my error. When I heard my friend, therefore, extolling and preferring upon every occasion the city of Paris to London, thinking our town smaller, our population less, and preferring Notre Dame to the Abby, and St. Genevieve to St. Paul's; it occurred to me as we passed through St. George's Fields, in our ramble, to remark to him the formidable and dreadful area of one single prison for debt. "Mon bon ami," said I, "ne parlons plus des grandeurs, des ornamens; voyons un peu les miserables, et comptons les malheurs." When I had been put in mind of the Bicetre, I pursued the tenor of my discourse: "Let us not dispute," said I, "about a few streets, or the acres concealed by a prodigal magnificence. What can it signify whether your New Pantheon be comparable with our Cathedral? Of what importance is it, whether the Elysian Fields or Hyde Park, the Bois de Boulogne or Kensington Gardens, produce the gayest croud of triflers? or whether it be wiser to catch the rheumatism at our Ranelagh or your's? Let us compute by a rule unknown to vanity, and use an arithmetic new and foreign to ambition. What quarter of our town but contains a workhouse, an hospital, and a jail? On which side shall we walk but we behold a palace for the mad, or a city for the unfortunate? You talk of your Bicetre—I have entered it, and beheld wretches of every description shut up and confounded together; the madman and the murderer, the thief, the pick-pocket, and the debtor. But look upon this town of wretchedness, where none but the debtor enters; remember that all that perish here are the prey of folly and misfortune: for every wretch included within these walls exists a tyrant out of them, brooding over his revenge,

and paying no inconsiderable sum to be able to oppress his victim. Look at the number of our felons, at the classes of our mad, at the houses of our poor, at the hospitals for our unfortunate, and think of a colony founded by our crimes.—Remember that your Hotel-dieu suffices for all Paris, but here every disease fills its peculiar hospital—every crime has its appropriated prison.—Shall we strike the account? Rather let us draw a veil over those scenes which make humanity shudder, and let us remember that the luxury, the pomp, and magnificence of both these our overgrown cities, present no title to an honest exultation, since they represent their correspondent pre-eminence in vice, wretchedness and misfortune; and are but as the paint and patches of a harlot, which conceal not only her deformity but her sores."

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
A STROLLER.

FURTHER PARTICULARS

IN ADDITION TO OUR ACCOUNT OF THE

EARL OF MOIRA.

[*Continued from Page 234. in our last.*]

ON the breaking out of the American troubles, Lord Rawdon went with his regiment, the 63d, to Boston. They arrived there just before the affair of Bunker's Hill; their light infantry and grenadiers were in that action, which occasioning a vacancy in the light infantry, the company was given to his Lordship. Such an appointment always does honour to an officer, but particularly so in time of ware. In 1776 his Lordship moved with the army to Halifax, and from thence to New York, and was at the battle of Brooklyn. The 63d did not accompany Sir Wm. Howe in his southern expedition in 1777, but remained with Sir Henry Clinton on York Island. His Lordship was very favourable distinguished by Sir Henry Clinton, and appointed one of his Aid de Camps. He acted in this capacity when forts Montgomery and Clinton on the North River, were stormed in October 1777. The 63d was one of the regiments under General Vaughan, that stormed Fort Clinton. In 1778, on the resignation of Sir Wm. Howe and when General Clinton succeeded to the command in Chief, his Lordship was appointed Adjutant General to the army in America, in the room of Colonel Paterson, then made Brigadier General. This post is always conferred on officers of the first talents. His Lordship at the same time was made Lieut. Colonel in rank. The same year his Lordship was permitted to raise a new corps to be named the Volunteers of Ireland. It was soon completed. His

interest at Head Quarters, his rank and station, his merit and abilities, generous bounty money, great assiduity, and the number of the convention soldiers that found the way into New York, filled up the corps with great rapidity. His Lordship then got the provincial rank of Colonel. He was in high favour with Sir Henry Clinton, till autumn 1779. At that time Major Drummond, Sir Henry's old friend, and Colonel Innes, and his Lordship, all of whom had hitherto been the first men with the commander in chief, suddenly lost all their influence. The reason of this quick revolution was imputed by many to one of Sir Henry's caprices, but others better informed, knew, that Colonel Innes, who brought the account of the retaking of Georgia, when at home in 1779, managed so as to get the Provincial rank established, which hurt Sir Henry exceedingly, not only from being done without his participation, but from a pretty well grounded opinion, that it was a most unpopular step in regard to the regular officers, and was likely to give general disgust. His Lordship and the Major were said to have favoured the measures. It certainly was a political step as far as it respected attaching the Americans to the service. This object however did not weigh at head quarters. His Lordship some time after was sent to the Southward with his corps. Major Andre was appointed adjutant general in his room, and the commander in chief got the appointment confirmed by the King.

Previously to the battle of Camden, whilst his Lordship commanded in that post, he wrote the following letter, which was afterwards found in Col. Rugeley's house. This will give the military reader a good idea of his Lordship's talents.

(Secret) *Camden, July 7, 1780.*

SIR,

I send you the names of some of the Field Officers who are at present under Gen. Sumpter's command. Perhaps you may have such acquaintance with some of them, at least with their characters, that you may tempt them with proposals without fear of their betraying you. The service which I would have them perform, is to advise Sumpter to advance and fix his encampment behind Berkley Creek, where there is a very specious position.

I will promise five hundred guineas to any of them who will prevail upon him to take that step; will give you notice of it; will particularise the enemy's force, and mark what detachments are made to secure their camp from surprise. Whoever undertakes it, may depend upon the strictest secrecy being observed; for upon that head I am sure I may rely upon you. Very plausible arguments may be used for counselling Sumpter to take that position; it may particularly be represented, that he would thereby cover the Waxhaws from the incursions of our cavalry, and secure all the grain of that district; that Mecan's detachment from its halting at Hanging rock, is evidently weak, and acting on the defensive; and, that as we can support our light troops much more readily from

Hanging rock, that he can sustain his present position, his advanced parties will always be circumscribed in their range, and must always suffer when they fall in with ours. To prevent their having any apprehensions from me, reports might be propagated in their camp that Caswell had defeated M'Arthur, and was pressing forwards against me, their credulity would ardently embrace a tale so consonant to their wishes; and the asserter, in spreading it, might make a parade of his zeal. The difficulty will be to procure a proper emissary; if he conducts the business well, he shall be rewarded in proportion to the importance of the service. There is in the camp a Lieut. Col. Lacey, a prisoner on parole to us, who endeavouring to persuade Patten to follow his example, has been confined, and injuriously treated by Sumpter; possibly that may be a good channel for the business. No ill can arise from a discovery of the proposals; Sumpter might indeed pretend to give into the snare, and might lay an ambuscade for us, but, as I should march prepared for every occurrence, I might probably draw as much advantage from meeting him in that manner, as if I had been the assailant. We must only take care not to be duped, for if the person whom we try, reveals the affair to Sumpter, the latter may go halves with him and, to entitle him to the money, may encamp at Berkley's Creek one afternoon, and go off the next morning. The terms must be clear, and *bona fide* towards us at least. Should Sumpter be reinforced, I think him likely to take the step without instigation. Shew this letter to Major Mecan, and believe me, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

Major Rugeley. RAWDON.

His lordship commanded the left wing of Lord Cornwallis's army in the battle of Camden. He fought there at the head of his Volunteers; it was a hard service, having the rebel continentals, double in number, opposed to him. Fortunately his men were old soldiers. After the battle, he received the particular thanks of Lord Cornwallis " for his distinguished courage and abilities."

INSTANCES OF
COWARDICE AND COURAGE IN THE SAME PERSONS.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE surprising want of fortitude exhibited on the scaffold by the late French General CUSTINE, a man who on innumerable occasions had faced death almost at the cannon's mouth, without the smallest doubt of his innate courage, has been subject

of wonder to many persons; we learn, indeed, that he hesitated, contrived paltry evasions to gain a few moments of time, and at length was actually brought to the guillotine by force. This want of courage, however, in the hour of premature death, is by no means singular in the annals of History; for men have appeared in different periods of their lives in such opposite characters, that it is very difficult for the world to judge, whether the greatest men who have figured on the stage of life, really deserved the epithets of hero, or coward. Some have distinguished themselves with great bravery in the field on one occasion, who have been greatly censured for cowardice in other trials, even when their own interest was more immediately concerned, or perhaps were found wanting in spirit at a time, that their own and families being, as a prince, and a man, hung upon the chance, or resolute exertion, of a single hour. Of such kind of instances, we have one very striking, in the conduct of King James the Second. When he was Duke of York and Lord High Admiral of England, in the engagement he had against the Dutch fleet, he certainly gave proofs of personal bravery, as well as of being a most able naval commander. Indeed, that favourite of fortune, and monster of ingratitude, the minion who had been raised from obscurity by his bounty, and who deserted him in the hour of his adversity, the Duke of Marlborough, always had the sincerity to declare, that James was a man of real courage, and an able general. Yet when three kingdoms were at stake, when the ingratitude of William should have stimulated him to revenge, and the indignity of being thrust out of his kingdom by a Hollander, whose power he had defeated, when he was only High Admiral, should have rather made him prefer death to the disgrace of being beaten by a paltry state, joined only by a few of his own rebellious subjects; yet at the battle of the Boyne, his warmest partizans allow, that he behaved like an ignorant poltroon. And then at last, in his adversity, he bore himself under his misfortunes with an heroic firmness of mind. Such inconsistent parts men act on different occasions in life.

Admiral Byng is another instance of such contradictions in the same person, with respect to fortitude. He bravely met his adversaries often face to face, and conducted himself nobly. He was afterwards sentenced to be shot for cowardice, in the engagement in the Mediterranean before Mahon. And at last suffered death with such boldness and resolution, as would do honour to the greatest heroes of antiquity. It is difficult to pronounce men to have been cowards, who have looked death in the face with a becoming stedfastness; yet, both King James and Admiral Byng, to this hour, are looked upon to have been such, by the generality of mankind.

Contrast their conduct in life with two other characters, who really deserve to be stigmatized for timidity much more than they; and yet mankind universally allow them to have been the bravest of men. The one is the famous Count Patkul, who so signalized

himself in the wars against Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. He was at last taken prisoner by that enterprising prince, and as he had been born in a country that owed allegiance to the Swedes, the King was determined to punish him as a rebel, and not to admit him as a prisoner of war. The foreign ministers interceded with Charles, but to no purpose, to spare the life of this unfortunate general. The past services which he had done to the King's enemies, rendered all supplications ineffectual to save him. On this trying occasion, when real fortitude was so much required, the Count sunk into more than the weakness of a child. He petitioned, he blubbered, and cried incessantly; and the night before he was to be executed, he begged of the clergyman who was to attend him, that if his sentence was to die upon the rack, that he would not tell him of it, as he could not bear the sound of such a painful death. At the place of execution, on seeing the wheel, he discovered every symptom of dread, terror, and cowardice; and expired in the most dastardly lamentations.

The other relation that I shall give, is of the Marshal Duke de Biron of France. He was always deemed a most active and successful general, and, so far from being ever accused of the want of personal courage, was generally censured for running himself into needless danger in the day of battle. He had seen a vast deal of service, and was universally acknowledged to be a man of extreme valour. Afterwards, for repeated insurrections and conspiracies against the King, he was at last condemned to lose his head. From the moment that sentence was pronounced against him, his spirits forsook him. He cried and lamented his fate day and night, and when he was led to the stage, he was so very childish as to pray the executioner to hide the sword with which he was to be decollated, whimpering that he could not bear the sight of it. One of his officers who had served under him in all his wars, and who had accompanied him to the scaffold, being fired with indignation at his unmanly deportment, in order to rouse his spirits, addressed him in this manner. "What, my Lord, is this the conduct of the Marshal Duke de Biron, whom I have beheld with rapture look death in the face in so many dangerous encounters, and in so many various shapes?" "True," replied the Duke, "I have often fronted danger, but Death never looked me in the face before this moment." He afterwards childishly delayed the time for giving the signal, till at last the executioner's patience being wearied out, he came behind him, and while he was talking in a frantic manner, his head was severed from his body at one stroke.

For the FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

FLORIO;

OR,

THE ABUSE OF RICHES.

Divitiarum non possessio, sed contemptus ac laudabilis usus beatum facit.
HOR.

WERE the duration of human life extended to the term of a thousand years, instead of being limited, generally speaking, to that of threescore and ten, men could not be less attentive to the duties, nor less apprehensive than they are of the end, of this state of probation. Life seems not to afford what can be called enjoyment, but is spent in a continual exertion of every faculty to prepare and heap up matter for something future. On the folly of this I cannot better speak than in the language of Cowley:

Why dost thou heap up wealth which thou must quit,
Or, what is worse, be left by it?
Why dost thou load thyself, when thou 'rt to fly,
Oh man ordain'd to die!

In another place, he says, "If you should see a man who had to cross from Dover to Calais, run about very busy and solicitous, and trouble himself many weeks before in making provisions for his voyage, would you commend him for a cautious and discreet person, or laugh at him for a timorous and impertinent coxcomb? A man who is excessive in his pains and diligence, and who consumes the greatest part of his time in furnishing the remainder with all conveniencies and even superfluities, is to angels and wise men no less ridiculous; he does as little consider the shortness of his passage that he might proportion his cares accordingly. It is, alas! so narrow a streight betwixt the womb and the grave, that it might be called the *Pas de Vie*, as well as that the *Pas de Calais*."

FLORIO set out in the world with an ample fortune derived from his father, who, though a man of letters was also a man of wealth, which is indeed no very common accident. From his father's study and experience FLORIO had gained many excellent lessons for his moral conduct, among which none had been more strongly inculcated than that of Prudence, as in his father's opinion none seemed more necessary considering his early accession to the

goods of fortune. FLORIO had likewise been taught, that true happiness consists not in present enjoyment, but in the pursuit of it. Excellent, however, as this maxim is in itself, there is perhaps no other so open to misconstruction.

FLORIO was left in possession of a very large estate, about forty miles from London. It will be sufficient, if, instead of particularising, I observe, that had he not himself resided on it, it might have been let for near a thousand a year. There was nothing wanting to have made it a seat of Happiness to beings of a different mode of thinking. But FLORIO, now unencumbered by the control of a *preaching parent*, discovered that he was never formed to pass a serene or contemplative (which he termed an insipid) life. He soon saw with an eye of displeasure, that a poor cottage situated at the bottom of his lawn, and which had been for forty years the residence of an aged, but happy pair, occupied a spot which he conceived might be to more advantage converted to the purpose of a canal. Unmoved by the entreaties of the poor husbandman and his rib, and earnest indeed were their pleas grounded on a natural attachment to a spot which had been so many years the seat of rural labour, rural simplicity, and conjugal happiness, the axe was laid to the slender props of the hut, and the blow that levelled the whole with the earth struck the hearts of Rusticus and Ruricola. They witnessed the scene; their tears—curse on the cause!—would have softened any breast not rendered callous by the demon Avarice. This is a picture pen can never truly paint. Driven from a place rendered by length of time so dear to them, they survived not many months the hard and unmerited expulsion. FLORIO, however, felt nothing when he was told of their melancholy fate. Had he lost a hound of his pack, or had one of his stud died a natural death, he had lamented it as an irreparable loss, and perhaps have inconsolable for a month.

Not to enlarge upon minutiæ, for which I have neither time nor inclination, FLORIO went on from day to day, from month to month, planning and anxiously superintending the execution of plans for the enlarging of his estate, and the consequent increase of his wealth. He could scarcely eat a meal with content or cheerfulness, or allow himself an hour's relaxation from the toil of the day; at night, when Nature pointed every being to repose, FLORIO was the prey of anxiety and solicitude about the event of some of his schemes. "If," he would say, "such an alteration, after all my expence, my labour and pains, add not to my riches, there will be a summer's employment entirely thrown away." In thirty years FLORIO had not enjoyed a month's real satisfaction or content of mind; and in thirty years he had done good to no individual around him; he had been a thousand times solicited to accord comfort to the afflicted and unfortunate, and a thousand times in vain; he dashed the cup of blessings from his lips. The prayers to Heaven of the relieved poor, the greatest

the most sublime pleasure the human heart can feel—these weighed nothing in FLORIO's mind in the scale opposed to that of enlarging a barn, erecting a *deceptio visus*, or procuring the completest stud or pack in the county; which last, indeed, he kept more for show than for use.

The maledictions of those whom he had injured by his encroachments and oppressions were at last heard; and that Providence, whose good gifts he had so long perverted, poured its vengeance on his head. It was in the act of commanding a cottage to be converted to a kennel for his hounds, that he was seized with an apoplexy, and fell lifeless to the earth: and thus was an end put to the life of a wretch, who had not grace to sit down with a grateful heart to God for what was amply sufficient for all the purposes of man.

Insere nunc Melibœe pyros, pone ordine vites.

VIRG.

Go, Melibœus, now,
Go graft thy orchards and thy vineyards plant;

Behold the fruit!

S. J.

ON THE

TITLE OF ESQUIRE.

THAT the honours of nobility may, even by creation, as well as natural descent, fall upon unworthy persons, is a fact which it would be foolish to deny, because it would be impossible; and which it would be weak to repine at, because it is the fate of all institutions not to be able to exclude certain abuses. A profession is not lessened in the eyes of a sensible man, because an unworthy person has been admitted into it; and with all the faults of individual noblemen, it will be found, that the institution of the peerage has been the nurse of patriotism and public virtue, and impresses the mind with a kind of superior caution against vice, cowardice, and perfidy, which the general mass of mankind are without. It is not, however, my intention, in the following observations, to interfere at all in speculative questions on the advantages or disadvantages of created or hereditary nobility; but to point out the absurd abuse of a title, which, from vanity and foolish complaisance, has been so generally extended, as to lose its dignity, and become almost a term of reproach.

The title I mean is that of *Esquire*, appended to the name by the common abbrevation *Esq.* Let us consider what this title was

originally, and what it legally is, and we shall soon be convinced, that the indiscriminate use of it is totally without foundation upon any known law, or source of honour. In this part of my subject, I am principally, though not altogether, assisted, by the learned author of "Commentaries on the Laws of England."

Esquires are said, by Camden, to consist of four classes. 1. The eldest sons of knights, and their eldest sons in perpetual succession. 2. The eldest sons of younger sons of peers, and their eldest sons in like perpetual succession; both which species of esquires, Sir Henry Spelman entitles *armigeri natalitii*. 3. Esquires created by the king's letters-patent, or other investiture; and their eldest sons. 4. Esquires by virtue of their office; as justices of the peace, and others, who may bear any office of trust under the crown. To these may be added the esquires of the knights of the bath, each of whom constitutes three at his installation; and all foreign, and even Irish peers; for not only these, but the eldest sons of peers of Great Britain, though frequently titular lords, are only esquires in law, and must be so named in all legal proceedings. It may be observed, however, that the first two distinctions or classes, enumerated by Camden, have long ceased to exist: for the title of knight, gives not the title of esquire to the eldest son, who may perhaps be a common, and often a low mechanic, and must, according to the statute 1. Hen V. c. 5. be designated by his mystery or trade, in all writs, &c.

Esquires and *gentlemen* are confounded together by Sir Edward Coke, who observes, that every esquire is a gentleman, and a gentleman is defined to be one *qui arma gerit*, who bears coat-armour, the grant of which adds gentility to a man's family. "It is, indeed," says Blackstone, "a matter somewhat unsettled, what constitutes "the distinction, or who is a real *esquire*; for it is not an es- "tate, however large, that confers this rank upon its owner. But "to the list given above, the following may be added, mayors of "towns, counsellors at law, serjeants of the several offices of the "king's court, and other officers of note. These are all entitled "to be called esquires, and none others."

The title of Esquire, therefore, like all other titles, proceeds directly, or indirectly, from the king as the fountain of all honour, and it can be conferred by no other person, nor assumed by any person from vanity or caprice. But if this be the law, how strangely different is the practice of modern times! Tradesmen and mechanics, of all descriptions, confer this title upon each other: and many do not even scruple to write *esquire* to their names in books of subscription. But no individual in this kingdom (his majesty only excepted) can confer any title; and if foolish custom or complaisance allow men to dub each other esquires, an equally foolish and equally well-founded custom may, in time, induce them to prefix the title *Honourable* to their names. If caprice is to govern in one thing, it may in all; for caprice is boundless, and human vanity will always furnish it with an apology.

But mechanics and tradesmen are not the only persons who assume the title *Esquire* without the right to it. The higher orders of commercial men, such as *merchants* and *bankers*, assume it with no better title; nor can the landed interest prove that they have a superior claim: for as Blackstone observes, an estate, however large, does not confer this rank upon its owner. But, in flat contradiction to those of honour, how many thousand esquires does this nation contain*! Beside persons concerned in trade, it is assumed by every man who has no visible means of living, and who therefore calls himself a *gentleman*, and is by others denominated an esquire. Even debtors in jail are frequently addressed by this title; and I recollect to have seen, in a newspaper, under the head of Old Bailey Intelligence, the "Trial of George Barrington, *Esquire*," the most infamous pickpocket and thief that ever disgraced a good understanding. Is not this enough to sicken us of *Squireship*?

Low mechanics retired from business, and who repair to Hampstead or Hackney, to doze away the remainder of their lives in solitude which they cannot improve, or diversions of which they cannot partake, are to a man *Esquires*.—It was said above, that persons enjoying patent places under the king, or offices of municipal administration, are entitled to the rank and title of Esquire; such as commissioners of the customs, excise, comptrollers, &c. To render this as ridiculous as possible, we find the title of *Esquire* almost always bestowed on persons who enjoy the *high office* of *Stewards* to tavern dinners. Whether they enjoy this title only *durante officio*, or for life, with remainder to their eldest sons, I know not; but his majesty's gift appears to lose considerably of its value, since his privilege of conferring honours can be assumed by *Codgers*, *Odd Fellows*, and *Easy Johns*!

If the question be asked, why the title of *Esquire* is thus confounded, and rendered common to the meanest as well as the greatest, I know of no answer but by referring to *vanity*; a principle in our nature too often powerful enough to acquire the mastery over reason and common sense. There is often a very great degree of vanity in ostentatiously proclaiming the titles to which we have a right; and it is perhaps always a sign of weakness to value ourselves on names, which abstractedly imply no intellectual merit, and no superior virtue. But to assume a title to which we have no right, is an uncommon degree of arrogance; and to be proud of it, may, without any breach of Christian charity, be denominated a very

* The author of the Tatler, in No. 19, says: "To the utter disgrace and "confusion of the heralds, every pretender is admitted into this fraternity (of "squires) even persons the most foreign to this courteous institution. I have "taken an inventory of all within this city, and looked over every letter in the "Post-Office, for my better information. There are of the Middle Temple, "including all in the buttery books, and in the lists of the house, five thousand. "In the inner, four thousand. In the King's-bench-walks, the whole buildings "are inhabited by Esquires only, &c." Steele pursues the subject in a happy vein of irony, and I beg to refer my readers to the paper.

great defect in the understanding. It is, indeed, a species of childishness; for we observe that children are remarkably fond of "playing at lords, dukes, generals, and judges;" mimicking the consequence which they conceive to be attached to such elevated ranks.

To a man fond of the title of Esquire, I would perhaps address my self in terms like these: "You have been dubbed *Esquire*, by "persons who have not the power to confer the title upon you. "Here is one who wrote you down Esquire, because you appeared "well-drest; your title, therefore, consists in externals, and the "taylor is *your* fountain of honour; there is another man who ad- "dresses you Esquire on the cover of his letter, and he wants to "borrow money of you; your best method will be to address him "Esquire, and refuse the request; for a title, which confers no "merit, is dearly bought by a dividend of sixpence in the pound. "But perhaps you may say, if a man addresses me as *Esquire*, I "cannot do less than return the compliment; common politeness "requires it. Very true; and depend upon it, he expects it; for "he knows that common politeness will have weight with you, "though common sense has none with him. But if you are your- "self fond of this title, let me mention a circumstance which ought, "in some measure, to lessen its charms. All titles are estimable "in proportion to their superiority, as all metals are valuable in "proportion to their scarcity. Now, as the title of *Esquire* is at "present bestowed upon five hundred times more persons than it "was thirty years ago, and is becoming every day more common, "you may perceive that a time is approaching when it will be "*universal*, and an equality of Esquireship will prevail. You will "then be on a level with the mass of mankind, and your out-door "clerk will be as good a squire as yourself. The title then will "lose its value, and be as common and *contemptible* as *Mister* is "now in the eyes of you *Esquires*. This consideration, since it is "an appeal to vanity, which is the parent of promiscuous esquires, "ought to be well attended to; for what resource will then be left "to you? I cannot suppose that you will become self-created "Knights, or Baronets; for the law will not allow you, unless you "can set up the plea insanity or idiotism; but let me tell you, in "the mean time, that by being pleased with the title of Esquire, "which does not belong to you, you share very much in the tem- "per and disposition of that self-created Knight Sir Jeffrey Dun- "stan,"

To all this the reply may be, that a merchant, banker, or *gentleman*, who is commonly styled *Esquire*, might be offended if any person of my way of thinking were to degrade him to plain *Mister*. And this, in all probability, would be the case with many; for where a certain reverence is generally paid to a man, to withhold it marks a difference of opinion that may easily be construed into contempt or disrespect. Where there is danger that this may be the case, it may be prudent to abide by general custom, though it is

impossible for an obscure individual to entertain a very great respect for a man who took it amiss that *he* did not confer a title which no man has a right to confer, and who is so weak as to be jealous of an empty name. The purpose of this paper, however, is to awaken the attention of *Esquires* to the insignificancy of the title; as men of sense they cannot be ignorant of this; but long custom may have reconciled them to it, as custom will to many absurdities; and an honest man, the moment he finds himself possessed of that to which he has no right, will resign it contentedly.

To be proud of what does not of right belong to us, is to acknowledge a principle of injustice, and of all things that men are proud of, I know not that I could have selected one so insignificant in itself as that which has been the subject of this paper. It may, indeed, be remarked, that a fondness for titles, even where regularly conferred, is often the symptom of a departure from internal worth. Where the latter shines in its fullest lustre, we seldom find a desire for external distinctions, nor can it derive the smallest aid from them. All titles will seem little in the eye of a philosopher, and nothing in that of a Christian. Where they exist without virtue and without talents, they render the want of these the more conspicuous, and the individual the more contemptible. The record they bear to posterity is that of splendid infamy, and eminent insignificance. A virtuous, active, and useful life is beyond all title, and stands in need of none. And, if we consider how useless the most dignified rank is to confer happiness, still more meanly must we think of those who repine, because they are refused a title which, in reality, confers no rank; or, if it did, cannot belong to them. The calamities of human life respect no distinctions of rank; and fallen grandeur is the most deplorable spectacle of human misery. To be pleased with trifles is the province of childhood; age and maturity ought to set at naught petty distinctions, that can imply no merit, and which being self-assumed, argue the veriest of all species of vanity. The time is fast hastening, when the insignificance of such honours will make us ashamed that we ever coveted them, and when nothing will be found of real value but the reflections of a spotless mind, that has been laudably employed in exertions of wisdom, and acts of goodness, to promote the welfare and happiness of mankind.

SIMPLEX.

AN

ORIENTAL FABLE.

TIME, the devourer of all things, has premitted me to be the spectator of a long series of events. The colour of my locks is now changed to that of the swans, which sport in the gardens of the mighty kings of the earth. Age and experience have taught me to believe, that the sovereign disposer of our destinies has given to

man a heart susceptible of virtue, and a soul capable of tasting the pleasures which arise from doing good. A noble and disinterested action must, somewhere, meet with its reward. Listen, O! sons of Adam, listen to my faithful tale!

In one of those delightful vallies, which cut the chain of the mountains in Arabia, for a long time lived a rich pastor. He was happy, because he was content, and his happiness consisted in doing good. One day, as he was walking on the enamelled borders of a torrent, under the shade of a grove of palm trees, which extended their verdant branches even to the heads of the lofty cedars, with which the top of the mountain was crowned, he heard a voice which frequently echoed into the valley the most piercing cries, and sometimes low murmuring plaints, which were lost in the noise of the torrent.

The venerable pastor hastened to the place from whence the voice proceeded: he saw a young man, prostrate on the sand at the foot of a rock: his garments were torn, and his hair in wild confusion covered his face, on which were easily to be traced the flowers of beauty faded by grief. Tears trickled down his cheeks, and his head was sunk on his bosom: he appeared like the rose, which the rude blasts of a storm has levelled to the earth. The pastor was touched at the sight. He approached the youth, and said to him, "O, child of grief, hasten to my arms! let me press to my bosom "the offspring of despair!"

The youth lifted up his head in mournful silence. With astonishment he fixed his eyes on the pastor; for he supposed no human being was capable of feeling for his sufferings. The sight of so venerable a figure inspired him with confidence, and he perceived in his eyes the tear of pity, and the fire of generosity. If to a generous soul it is pleasure to complain, and unfold the injured secrets of the heart, that pleasure surely must be heightened, when we complain to those, who will not shut their ears to the voice of truth, but will weigh every thing in the scale of reason, even though those truths may be disagreeable, and such as they wish to have no existence.

The youth rose up, covered with dust, and, as he flew to the arms of the pastor, uttered cries, which the neighbouring mountains trebly echoed. "O, my father! (said he) O my father!" when he had a little recovered himself, after the tender embraces and the wise counsels of the old man, who asked him many questions.

"It is (continued the unfortunate youth) behind those lofty ce-
"dars, which you behold on those high mountains, it is there dwells
"Shel-Adar, the father of Fatima. The abode of my father is not
"far distant from thence. Fatima is the most beautiful damsel
"among all those of the mountains. I offered my service to Shel-
"Adar, to conduct one particular part of his flock, and he accepted
"my service. The father of Fatima is rich, mine is poor. I fell
"in love with Fatima, Fatima fell in love with me. Her father
"perceived it, and I was ordered to retire from that quarter in
"which lived the beautiful Fatima. I besought Shel-Adar in the
"most suppliant term to permit me to attend his most distant

" flocks, where I could have no opportunity of addressing the ob-
" ject of my heart. My intreaties were in vain, and I was com-
" manded instantly to retire. My mother indeed is no more; but I
" have an aged father, and two brothers so young, that they can
" yet hardly reach the most humble of the palm-tree branches.
" They have long depended on me for support; that support is
" now at an end. Let me die, hoary-headed Sire, and put an end
" to my woes."

The beneficent pastor conducted the youth to his own habitation, and the next morning, after having caused him to bathe in the waters of comfort, conducted him to the valley of Shel-Adar. They were followed by a herd of sheep, whiter than the summit of the highest mountain when covered by the winter's snow, and a number of horses more beautiful and nimble than that on which rode the prophet Mahomet.

The pastor approached Shel-Adar, and thus spoke to him: " A
" dove from Aleppo took refuge at Damas, and lived with a dove
" of that country; the master feared that the dove from Aleppo
" would one day entice away her companion, and therefore caused
" them to be separated. They would eat no grain but that which
" they received when together. They languished, they died. O
" Shel-Adar, separate not those who cannot live, unless they live
" together!"

Shel-Adar listned with attention to the words of the pastor, and, when he understood that the flock and the horses he had brought with him were now given to the bewailing youth, he took Fatima by the hand, and led her to the arms of her lover. They retired to the neighbouring grove, where the swains from the mountains assembled around them, crowned them with garlands, and in circles tripped over the enamelled grass to the sweet notes of the lute.

The day had passed too swiftly, when the twinkling stars appear in the heavens, gave the signal for retiring each to their habitation. The reverend Sire then withdrew, but not till he had uttered these words:

" Hearken, ye tender branches, to your parent stock, bend to
" the lessons of instruction and imbibe the maxims of age and ex-
" perience. As the pismire creeps not to its labour till led by its
" elders, as the young eagle soars not to the sun, but under the
" shadow of its mother's wing, so neither doth the child of morta-
" lity spring forth to action, unless the parent hand point out its de-
" stined labour. Dangerous are the desires of the flesh, and mean
" the pursuits of the sons of the earth. They stretch out their
" sinews, like the patient mule; they persevere in their chase
" after trifles, as the camel in the desart. As the leopard springs
" on his pray, so doth man rejoice over his riches; and basks in the
" sun of slothfulness, like the lion's cub. On the stream of life
" float the bodies of the careless and intemperate, as the carcasses
" of the dead on the waves of the Tigris. Wish not to enjoy life
" longer then you wish to do good."

G.

ANECDOTES OF *DR. GOLDSMITH.*

DR. JOHNSON did not think the life of any literary man in England well written; "for besides," says he, "the common incidents of life, it should tell us his studies, his private anecdotes, and modes of living—the means by which he attained to excellence, and his opinion of his own works." Upon this idea the following circumstances relative to the life of Dr. Goldsmith (hitherto unpublished) are given by a person who lived in the closest habits of intimacy with the Doctor for the last ten years of his life.

Dr. Goldsmith's first establishment in London, after his travels, was as journeyman to a chymist near Fish-street-hill; and hearing that his friend Dr. Sleigh (formerly a fellow-student of his at Edinburgh) was in town, he waited with anxiety for the Sunday following to pay him a visit; "but notwithstanding it was Sunday," said the Doctor, "and it is to be supposed in my best clothes, Sleigh scarcely knew me—*such is the tax the unfortunate pay to poverty*—however, when he did recollect me, I found his heart as warm as ever, and he shared his purse and friendship with me during his continuance in London."*

By the recommendation of his principal, the chymist, who saw in Goldsmith talents above his condition, he soon after became an usher to the Rev. Dr. Milner's Academy, at Peckham, where he continued till such time as his criticisms in the Monthly Review introduced him to the acquaintance of Mr. Griffith, the principal proprietor, who engaged him in the compilation of it.

The circumstance of his being usher at Peckham Academy was the only æra of Goldsmith's life that he was vain enough to be ashamed of, forgetting "that a man cannot become mean by a mean employment." He frequently used to talk of his distresses on the Continent, such as living on the hospitalities of the friars in convents, sleeping in barns, and picking up a kind of mendicant livelihood, by the German flute, with great pleasantry; but the *little story of Peckham School* he always carefully avoided; and when an old friend one day very innocently made use of that

* Dr. Sleigh afterwards settled as a Physician at Cork, his native city, and was rising rapidly into eminence, when he was cut off in the flower of his age, by an inflammatory fever, which at once deprived the world of a fine scholar, a sound physician, and an honest man.

common phrase, "Oh! that's all a *holiday at Peckham*," he reddened with great indignation, and asked him, "Whether he meant to affront him?"

Dr. Goldsmith's first settled residence in London was in Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey, where being introduced to the late Mr. Newbery, of whom the Doctor always spoke with the highest respect and gratitude, he gave him a department in the Public Ledger, where the Doctor wrote those periodical papers called "Chinese Letters," which now appear in his Works under the title of "The Citizen of the World."

The Doctor used to tell many pleasant stories of Mr. Newbery, who, he said, was the patron of more distressed authors than any man of his time.—The following one of—— Anet, a man who had been pilloried for some deistical writings, and who was then in St. George's-fields for debt, he used to relate with much colloquial *humour*; *Anet*, whilst he was in prison, had written a little treatise on the English Grammar, which he sent Goldsmith, begging his intercession with Mr. Newbery to dispose of it. The compassion of the Bookseller met that of the Poet's, and they called together one evening at Anet's apartments in St. George's-fields. After the usual forms of introduction, the price of the manuscript was talked of, when Mr. Newbery very generously, and much above the expectation of the Author, said, "he would give him *ten guineas* for it." The bargain was instantly struck, and Anet, by way of shewing his gratitude, said, he would add a dedication to it, along with his *name*. This was the very thing Newbery wanted to avoid, and which gave rise to the following curious dialogue:

"But, Mr. Anet," says Mr. Newbery, in his grave manner, "would putting your name to it, do you think, increase the value of your book?"

A.—"Why not, Sir?"

N.—"Consider a bit, Mr. Anet."

A.—"Well, Sir, I do, what then?"

N.—"Why, then, Sir, you must *recollect* that you have been *pilloried*, and that can be no recommendation to any man's book."

A.—"I grant I have been pilloried—but I am not the first man that has had this accident; besides, Sir, the public very often support a man the more for his *unavoidable* misfortunes."

N.—"*Unavoidable*, Mr. Anet!—why, Sir, you brought it on yourself by writing against the established religion of your country, and let me tell you, Mr. Anet, a man who is supposed to have forfeited his ears on such an account stands but a poor candidate for public favour."

A.—"Well, well, Mr. Newbery (*getting into a passion*), it does not signify talking—you either suffer me to put my name to it, or, by G—! you publish no book of mine."

N.—"Very well, Sir,—you do as you please in respect to that matter—but if you have no regard to your reputation, I have some for

mine. So, Mr. Anet, a good evening to you."—Here the conversation ended, and, I believe, the book was never since published.

Dr. Johnson observes, in his Life of Milton, that his biographers have been careful in mentioning historically every house in which this great poet lived, "as if it were an injury to neglect naming any place that he honoured by his presence." Without being scrupulously attached to this principle, I shall mention the different residences of Goldsmith, only as they afford a pleasing kind of information to sympathetic minds, and mark the gradual progress of his advancements in fortune and literary reputation.

The Doctor, soon after his acquaintance with Newbery, for whom he held "the pen of a ready writer," removed to lodgings in Wine-office-court, Fleet-street, where he finished his "Vicar of Wakefield," and on which his friend Newbery advanced him *twenty guineas:* "A sum," says the Doctor, "I was so little used to receive in a *lump,* that I felt myself under the embarrassment of Captain Brazen in the play, "whether I should build a privateer or a playhouse with the money."

About the same time he published "The Traveller, or, A Prospect of Society," Part of this Poem, as he says in his dedication to his brother, the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, was formerly written to him *from Switzerland,"* and contained about two hundred lines. This manuscript lay by the Doctor some years, without any determined idea of publishing, till persuaded to it by his friend Dr. Johnson, who gave him some general hints towards enlarging it, and in particular, as I have been informed, the concluding lines of that poem, which Goldsmith has thus very beautifully versified:

"*In every government though terrors reign,*
Though tyrant king, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure?
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd
Our own felicity we make or find;
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy;
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power—but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own."

Dr. Johnson, though no stranger to Goldsmith's oddities, always spoke respectably of his genius, and praised "The Traveller"

as abounding with many beauties, particularly that fine character of the English nation beginning:

> " *Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,*
> *And flies where Britain courts the western spring,*
> *Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,*
> *And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide.*"

He frequently repeated the whole of this beautiful picture with an energy which did great honour to the Poet.

The fame of this Poem not only established him as an Author of celebrity amongst the Booksellers, but introduced him to several of the literary and men of eminence. Amongst these were the Right Hon. Lord Nugent, Edmund Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Nugent, Topham, Beauclerc, Mr. Dyer, &c. &c. who took a pleasure in the Doctor's conversation, and by turns laughed at his blunders, and admired the simplicity of the man, and the elegance of his poetical talents.

The Doctor now becoming quite *renomme*, he made his appearance in a more professional manner than usual, viz. a scarlet great coat buttoned close under the chin, a physical wig and cane, as was the fashion of the times, and declined visiting many of those public places which formerly were so convenient to him in point of expence, and which contributed so much to his amusement. " In truth," said the Doctor, (a favourite phrase of his), one *sacrifices something for the sake of good company, for here I 'm* shut out of several places where I used to play the fool very agreeably."

His acquaintance with Lloyd the author, and colleague of Churchill, commenced just about this time, and the particulars of the introduction are too curious to omit in this biographical sketch.

Goldsmith sitting one morning at the Chapter Coffee-house, Lloyd came up to him with great frankness, and asked him how he did? The Doctor, who certainly was a very modest man, seeing a stranger accost him so intimately, shrunk back a little, and returned his enquiries with an air of distant civility. " Pho! pho!" says Lloyd, " my name is Lloyd, and you are Dr. Goldsmith, who, though not formally introduced to one another, should be acquainted as brother poets and literary men; therefore, without any ceremony, will you sup with me this evening at this house, where you will meet half-a-dozen honest fellows, who, I think, will please you." The Doctor, who admired the frankness of the introduction, immediately accepted the invitation, and met him at the appointed hour.

The party, which principally consisted of Authors and Booksellers, was, as Lloyd predicted, quite agreeable to the Doctor, and the glass circulated to a late hour in the morning. A little

before the company broke up, Lloyd went out of the room, and, in a few minutes afterwards, his voice was heard rather loud in the adjoining passage in conversation with the master of the house. Goldsmith immediately flew to his new friend, to enquire what was the matter, when Lloyd, with great *sang froid*, replied, "Oh! nothing at all, but that this very *cautious* gentleman here has refused *my note on demand* for the contents of the reckoning."—"You forget at the same time," says the other, "to tell Dr. Goldsmith that you owe me between fourteen and fifteen pounds already, which I can't get a farthing of; and since you have thought proper to explain matters so publicly, I now tell you, I will neither take your word nor your note for the reckoning?"—"Pho! pho!" says Goldsmith, "my dear boy, let's have no more words about the matter, 'tis not the first time a gentleman has wanted cash; will you accept my word for the reckoning."—"Most certainly, Doctor, and for as much more as you like." "Why then," says Lloyd, whispering to the master, and forgetting all animosities, "send in another cast of wine, and add it to the bill."

The wine was accordingly sent in—the Doctor pledged his word for the reckoning, and in a few weeks afterwards paid it, without ever hearing any thing more about it from Lloyd, who, upon this and similar occasions, *had a very short memory*.

Soon after the publication of his "Traveller" he removed from Wine-Office-Court to the Library Staircase, Inner-Temple, and at the same time took a country-house, in conjunction with Mr. Bot, an intimate literary friend of his, on the Edgeware-road, at the back of "the Cannons." This place he jocularly called, "Shoemaker's Paradise," being originally built by one of the craft, who laid out somewhat less than half an acre, with a small house, two rooms on a floor, with flying Mercuries, *jettes d'eau's*, and all the false taste which Mr. Murphy so happily ridicules in his farce of "Three Weeks After Marriage."

Here he wrote his "History of England, in a Series of Letters *from a Nobleman to his Son*," a work generally attributed to George Lord Lyttelton, and what is rather singular, never contradicted; either directly or indirectly, by that Nobleman or any of his friends. This book had a very rapid sale, went through many editions in the Author's life-time, and continues to be esteemed one of the most useful introductions, of that sort, to the study of our history.

His manner of compiling this History was as follows:—he first read in a morning from Hume, Rapin, and sometimes Kennet, as much as he designed for one letter, marking down the passages referred to on a sheet of paper, with remarks. He then rode or walked out with a friend or two, who he constantly had with him, returned to dinner, spent the day generally convivially, without much drinking (which he was never in the habit of), and

when he went up to bed took up his books and paper with him, where he generally wrote the chapter, or the best part of it, before he went to rest. This latter exercise cost him very little trouble, he said; for having all his materials ready for him, he wrote it with as much facility as a common letter.

But of all his compilations, he used to say, his "Selections of English Poetry" shewed more "the art of profession." Here he did nothing but mark the particular passages with a red lead pencil, and for this he got *two hundred pounds*—but then he used to add, "a man shews his judgment in these selections, and he may be often twenty years of his life cultivating that judgment.

In 1768, he brought out, "The Good Natured Man," a Comedy, which, though evidently written by a scholar and a man of observation, did not please equal to its merits. Nothing shews the prevalence of fashion in literary matters more than the want of success in this comedy. Sentimental writing had then got possession of the stage, and nothing but morality and sententious writing lifted upon stilts, could meet the vitiated taste of the audience; in vain did the fine writing and yet finer acting of *Croaker* (a character in the play), engage the applause of the judicious few—*in vain did the bailiff scene* mark with true comic discrimination the manners of that tribe, with the elegant and embarrassed feelings of the benevolent man. The predominant cry of the prejudiced and illiterate part of the pit was, "it was low—it was d—mn'd *vulgar*, &c." and this *barbarous judgment* had very nearly damned this comedy the very first night, but for the uncommon exertions of the Author's friends, in whom were included all the judges and amateurs of dramatic excellence.

It is even doubtful whether these would have been sufficient to save the play, was it not for Croaker's admirable reading of the *incendiary letter* in the fourth act. To be composed at so truly comic an exhibition, "must have exceeded all power of face;" even the rigid moral-mongers of the pit forgot their usual severity on this occasion, and their *nature*, truer than their *judgments*, joined in the full-toned roar of approbation. Goldsmith himself was so charmed with this performance of Shuter's, that he followed him into the green-room after the play was over, and thanked him in his honest, sincere manner, before all the performers; telling him "he had exceeded his own idea of the character, and that the fine comic richness of his colouring made it almost appear as new to him as to any other person in the house."

The Doctor followed up this compliment with a more solid one, by giving him ten guineas for his benefit ticket the same season.

[*To be continued.*]

THE WOODEN LEG:

AN HELVETIC TALE.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GESNER.]

ON the mountain from whence the torrent of Runti precipitates into the valley, a young shepherd fed his goats. His pipe called echo gayly from the hollow rocks, and echo bid the vallies seven times resound his songs melodious. On a sudden he perceived a man climbing with pain the mountain's side. The man was old; years had blanched his head. A staf bent beneath his heavy tottering steps, for he had a wooden leg. He approached the young man, and seated himself by him on the moss of the rock. The young shepherd looked at him with surprise, and his eyes were fixed on the wooden leg. My son, said the old man, smiling, do you not think that, infirm as I am, I should have done better to have remained in the valley? Know, however, that I make this journey but once a year, and this leg, as you see it, my friend, is more honourable to me, than are to many the most streight and active. I don't doubt, father, replied the shepherd, but it is very honourable to you, though, I dare say, another would be more useful. Without doubt, you are tired. Will you drink some milk from my goats, or some of the fresh water that spouts below from the hollow of the rock?

Old Man. I like the frankness painted on thy visage. A little fresh water will be sufficient. If you will bring it me hither, you shall hear the history of this wooden leg. The young shepherd ran to the fountain, and soon returned.

When the old man had quenched his thrist, he said, let young people, when they behold their fathers maimed, and covered over with scars, adore the Almighty Power, and bless their valour; for without that you would have bowed your necks beneath the yoke instead of thus basking in the sun's warmth, and making the echoes repeat your joyful notes. Mirth and gaiety inhabit these hills and vallies, while your songs resound from one mountain to the other. Liberty! sweet liberty! All we see around us is our own. We cultivate our own fields with pleasure. The crops we reap are ours; and the time of the harvest is with us rejoicing days.

Young Shepherd. He does not deserve to be a freeman, who can forget that his liberty was purchased with the blood of his forefathers.

Old Man. But who, in their place, would not have done as they did? Ever since that bloody day of Nefels, I come once a year to the top of this mountain; but I perceive that I am now come for the last time. From hence I still behold the order of the battle,

where liberty made us conquerors. See, it was on that side the army of the enemy advanced; thousands of lances glittering at a distance with more than two hundred horsemen covered with sumptuous armour. The plumes that shaded their helmets nodded as they marched; and the earth resounded with their horses hoofs. Our little troop was already broken. We were but three or four hundred men. The cries of the defeat were re-echoed from every side, and the smoke of Nefels in flames filled the valley and spread with horror along the mountains. However, at the bottom of a hill, where we now are, our chief had placed himself. He was there, where those two pines shoot up from the edge of that pointed rocks. I think I see him now, surrounded by a small number of warriors, firm, immoveable, and calling around him the dispersed troops. I hear the rustling of the standard that he waved in the air; it was like the sound of the wind that precedes a hurricane. From every side they ran towards him. Dost thou see those floods rush down from the mountains? Stones, rocks, and trees, overthrown, in vain oppose their course; they o'er leap, or bear down all before them, and meet together at the bottom of that pool. So we ran to the cry of our general, cutting our way through the enemy. Ranked around the hero, we made a vow, and God was our witness, to conquer or die. The enemy, advancing in order of battle, poured down impetuously upon us; we attacked them in our turn. Eleven times we returned to the charge, but always were forced to retire to the shelter of these hills; we there closed our ranks, and became unshaken as the rock by which we were protected. At last, inforced by 30 Swiss warriors, we fell suddenly on the enemy, like the fall of a mountain, or as some mighty rock descends, rolls through the forest, and with a horrid crush lay waste the trees that interrupt its course. On every side the enemy, both horse and foot, confounded in a most dreadful tumult, overthrew each other to escape our rage. Grown furious by the combat, we trod under foot the dead and dying, to extend vengeance and death still farther. I was in the middle of the battle. A horseman of the enemy in his flight rode over me, and crushed my leg. The soldier, who fought the nearest to me, seeing my condition, took me on his shoulders, and ran with me out of the field of battle. A holy father was prostrate on a rock not far distant, and imploring heaven to aid us—*Take care, good father, of this warrior, my deliverer cried*; he has fought like a son of liberty! He said, and flew back to the combat. The victory was ours, my son, it was ours! but many of us were left extended on the heaps of the enemy. Thus the weary mower reposes on the sheaves himself has made. I was carefully attended; I was cured; but never could find out the man to whom I owe my life, I have sought him in vain, I have made vows and pilgrimages that some saint of Paradise, or some angel, would reveal him to me. But, alas! all my efforts have been fruitless. I shall never in this life shew him my gratitude. The young shepherd, having heard the old warrior, with tears in

his eyes, said: No, father, in this life you can never shew him your gratitude. The old man, surprised, cried, heavens! what dost thou say? Dost thou know, my son, who my deliverer was?

Young Shepherd. I am much deceived, if it was not my father. Often he has told me the story of that battle, and often I have heard him say, I wonder if the man I carried from the battle be still alive!

Old Man. O God! O angels of heaven! was that generous man thy father!

Young Shepherd. He had a scar here, pointing to his left cheek; he had been wounded with a lance; perhaps it was before he carried you from the field.

Old Man. His cheek was covered with blood when he bore me off. O my child! my son!

Young Shepherd. He died two years ago; and as he was poor, I am forced for subsistence to keep these goats. The old man embraced him, and said, Heaven be praised! I can recompense thee for his generosity. Come, my son! come with me, and let some other keep thy goats.

They descended the hill together, and walked towards the old man's dwelling. He was rich in land and flocks, and a lovely daughter was his only heir. My child, said he to her, he that saved my life was the father of this young shepherd. If thou canst love him, I shall be happy to see you united. The young man was an amiable person; health and pleasure shone in his countenance; locks of yellow gold shaded his forehead, and the sparkling fire of his eyes was softened by a sweet modesty. The young maiden, with an ingenuous reserve, asked three days to resolve; but the third appeared to her a very long one. She gave her hand to the young shepherd; and the old man with tears of joy, said to them, My blessing rest upon you, my children! This day has made me the most happy of mortals.

ANECDOTE ON Mr. ADDISON.

WHEN Mr. Addison lived in Kensington-Square, he took unusual pains to study Montaigne's Essays, but finding little or no information in the chapters, according to what their titles promised, he one day in great anger threw by the book, wearied and confused, but not satisfied.—Said a gentleman present: "Well, Sir, what think you of this famous French author"—"Think, replied he; Why that a dark dungeon, and fetters, would probably have been of some service to restore this author's infirmity."—"How, Sir, said his friend, imprison a man for singularity in writing."—"Why not, reply'd Mr. Addison, had he been a horse, he would have been pounded for straying out of his bounds; and why as a man he ought to be more favoured I really do not understand."

TO THE PRINTER OF THE FREEMASON's MAGAZINE.

" SIR,

" IN the first Number of your Magazine you very properly inserted the Address of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons to the Sovereign, that it might ' be handed down to Posterity as a lasting Monument of their Loyalty and Attachment ;' as also a Copy of the Address of Thanks to the Prince, as Grand Master for his Condescension in presenting it. The same motives that induced you to preserve those, will be a sufficient apology for my requesting your inserting of the enclosed Address to his ROYAL HIGHNESS, which was presented by Sir JOHN ST. AUBYN, Bart. the worthy Provincial Grand Master of Cornwall; and which it would be injustice to the Freemasons of Cornwall to omit observing was of a date prior even to the Address of the Grand Lodge.

" I am, Sir,

" An admirer of your Plan and a Loyal Brother,

PENRYN, Sept. 16. G."



THE LOYAL AND AFFECTIONATE ADDRESS OF

THE FREEMASONS OF CORNWALL,

In PROVINCIAL GRAND LODGE assembled this 7th day of January, A.D. 1793. A.L. 5797.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

GEORGE AUGUSTUS FREDERICK

PRINCE OF WALES,

GRAND MASTER *of* MASONS *under the Constitution of* Freemasonry *in* England.

ROYAL BROTHER,

ALTHOUGH to your Royal Highness, as well as to every one initiated into the Mysteries of FREE MASONRY, it is well known that the Principles of this ancient and honourable Society effectually precludes all Disquisitions in their several Lodges on the Subject of Politics; the difference of Opinion in which might tend to disturb the Harmony which always should and does prevail among the CRAFT; yet at a period like the present, when

Societies, Clubs, or general meetings of Individuals are looked upon with a jealous eye, and many of them may be calculated to promote Dissatisfaction against the Government and Constitution of this Country, over which the HOUSE of BRUNSWICK have so long and happily reigned;—It has been thought advisable and highly proper to approach your Royal Highness, as Grand Master of the Free Masons in England, with this affectionate and loyal Address, by which we may make known to your Royal Highness and to the whole Kingdom our Sentiments on the present alarming Crisis of Affairs, and remove all Suspicions that might otherwise be entertained to the Prejudice of the meetings of this Society.

We, therefore, of the Ancient and Honourable Society of Free Masons in Cornwall, in Provincial Grand Lodge assembled, beg leave to declare to your Royal Highness, in the most sincere and affectionate Manner, as Men and as Masons, our Heart-felt Loyalty to the amiable Sovereign now on the Throne, to your Royal Highness the Heir Apparent of these Realms, to the Queen, and to every other Branch of the Royal House of Brunswick; and also our Zeal and Attachment to the Constitution of this Country, as by law established, in a Government by King, Lords, and Commons; and to assure your Royal Highness we value the Blessings derived therefrom too highly, not to be ready at all Times, when requisite, to exert ourselves in their Protection and Support.

We cannot omit taking this opportunity also of assuring your Royal Highness how sensible we are of the Honour and Protection we have experienced under your Royal Highness's fraternal Patronage; nor can we doubt but that, under such Auspices, this Society will continue to flourish, and be, as it always has been, not only the most Ancient, but the most respectable Society existing.

Signed, in the Name of, and by desire of the
Provincial Grand Lodge,

JOHN ST. AUBYN,
P. G. M. for CORNWALL.

(Counter Signed)
FRANCIS MIRKINS, *P. G. S.*

CHARLES II. AND VOSSIUS.

SOME men have contracted such a depravity of mind, that they can only relish the most improbable tales and have no taste for truths that are more rational and credible.—King Charles II. being at Windsor often amused himself with the conversation of the famous Vossius, who had an infinite number of stories relating to the incredible antiquity, learning, and manners of the Chinese, and at the same time a perfect free-thinker in points of religion. The King said to one of his Courtiers near him: On my conscience, this learned divine is a very strange man; he has the strictest faith in the fables of the Heathens, and in the Divine testimonies of the Christian Doctrine, he is a mere infidel.

TALE OF A
NUMIDIAN CHIEF.

[FROM FLORIAN'S GONZALO OF CORDOVA.]

HAPPY is that obscure being, who without rank, or fortune, or birth, knows no other duties but the simple ones of nature, no pleasures but to love, no glory but to be beloved. Insensible to that foolish pride which constitutes our first requisite: he seeks not, in other countries, perils and sufferings which were not intended for him. He lives not at a distance from the worthy object of his tenderness, and adds not to the unavoidable pains of love, the more cruel pain of absence, which nature wished to have spared him. In tranquility he passes his days in the place where they commenced. Beneath the tree where he sported as a child, he reposes with his wife, and sleeps away his old age. The cottage where he was born gives birth also to his sons and his daughters. Nothing changes; nothing will change on his account. The same sun delights; the same fruits nourish; the same verdure charms him, and the same companions, more and more beloved, make him more sensibly enjoy the blessings of nature, the transports of love, and the charm of equality.

Such ought to have been my lot, and such it was before the war of Grenada. I was born amongst those pastoral tribes, who, without towns or any fixed place of residence, dwell beneath tents with their flocks, removing from pasture to pasture; and wandering amongst the desarts from the foot of Atlas to the borders of ancient Egypt. These people are descended from the first Arabians, who leaving the happy region of Yemen under the conduct of Afrik, vanquished extensive climes, to which they gave the name of their leader. The vanquished were confined to the towns. The conquerors, who never sought, never loved any but the pastoral life, took possession of the plains, and spread their tribes amongst the immense tracts of Bilidulgerid.

There we preserved the manners and customs of our ancestors; there every tribe apart preserved its flocks, its wealth, in a circular district of tents, covered with the skins of camels. Free, but governed by a sheik, the camp formed a republic, which remained or removed, determined on war or peace, according to the advice of the heads of the tribe. Our sheik administered justice, and the whole code of our laws was reduced to this simple maxim—Be happy, and do injury to no one.

Our wealth consisted in camels, whose indefatigable swiftness could, in one day's space, transport us a hundred miles from our enemies; in steeds, invaluable for their courage, their docility, their attachment to their master, of whom they were the dearest compa-

nions; in flocks, whose fine fleeces furnished our only clothes, and whose delicious milk was our only food. Content with these gifts of heaven, we despised gold and silver, with which our mountains abounded, if our hands, covetous as those of Europe, had prompted us meanly to sink mines. But the verdant pastures, fields of barley and of rice, to us seemed preferable to that dangerous metal, source of the miseries of the world, and which you yourselves, it is said, doubtless, aware of the crimes which they tempt you to perpetrate, take only from the earth by the hands of criminals.

Peace, friendship, and harmony, reigned in the bosom of each family. Faithful to the religion which our ancestors transmitted to us, we adore but one God, and we reverence his prophet. Without wearying our weak capacities with commenting on that divine book, without asserting that guilty pride of explaining his holy maxims, we are certain of following them, when we execute the duties of a man, in practising those mild duties which nature engraved upon our hearts, before they were written in the sublime Koran. We are of opinion that one good action is better than many prayers; that justice and charity are more sacred than the Rhamadan; and obliged in our desarts of sand to forego certain ablutions, we endeavour to compensate for them by charity, benevolence, and above all, by hospitality. Faithful, during forty centuries, to that duty so pleasing to our hearts, we revere it as the first, and we cherish it as the most amiable. Every stranger, although an enemy, who touches the threshold of our tents, becomes to us a sacred object. His life, his goods, his security, becomes to us a sacred deposit, confided by the Almighty; every day we implore him to grant us this honour, for which the chief of our family contend. Never does one of these take his meal within his tent; his table is always at the entrance; seats are already prepared; nor does the master take his seat till he has three times exclaimed, In the name of God, the Father of man, if there be here a traveller, a poor man, or an unfortunate person, let him come and partake of my fare, and relate to me his sorrows.

ON

AFFECTATION.

NOTHING conduces more to render a person agreeable, than easy and graceful manners. That our manners may be graceful, they must be natural; for actions, that are forced, are stiff and aukward, and therefore disgustful. The use of education is not to transform but to polish nature, and to eradicate accidental ill habits. The same gestures in behaviour, and the same tone of voice in speaking, that might be agreeable enough in one person,

would offend in another: because being differently formed, they must, while they follow nature, speak and act differently. Affectation is an attempt to be, or appear to be, something different from ourselves, and to assume graces in our behaviour and conversation of which we are not capable. It is the same thing in manners as hypocrisy in religion. It is a folly chiefly incident to youth; it generally wears off by age and acquaintance with mankind. It is always disgustful, not only as it is unnatural, but especially as it indicates a trifling vanity of mind. It usually takes its rise from a fondness to imitate some person that is admired for superior accomplishments. It is commonly blind and undiscerning, and adopts the infirmities and peculiarities of the person admired, as readily as his beauties and graces.

Curiatus, is a gentleman of rank and fortune; his form is comely, his aspect engaging, and his natural good sense and lively genius are much improved by a polite education, and an extensive knowledge of the world. He can be agreeable in all companies, without descending to the vices or follies of any.

In conversation he is always entertaining and instructive, never assuming or loquacious. He can be humourous without departing from innocence; and witty, without ridiculing religion, or aspersing characters. He never mortifies any in his company, by seeming indifferent to what they say, nor offends them by direct contradiction: he rather insinuates, than imposes his sentiments. His language is pure and accurate, but not laboured; his temper is calm but not unfeeling; his behaviour is respectful but not fawning. Stolidus, is a youth of family and fortune; but his genius, taste, and education, rise not above mediocrity. He is little acquainted with books, less with men; his form is clumsy, and his manners stiff; yet is intolerably vain, and ambitious of nothing so much, as to be thought a polite gentleman. Curiatus is the admiration of all his acquaintances; and for this reason, Stolidus admires him too, and employs all his attention to speak and act like him. When he walks, he strains every muscle, to imitate Curiatus's natural and easy gait. He cocks his hat in the same manner, and elevates it in the same number of degrees. He could smile or laugh decently enough, if he would be content to do it naturally: but affectation has changed his laugh into neighing, and his smiles into grinning. He slabbers his clothes a dozen times in an evening, by his fruitless efforts to spit like Curiatus: and exhausts the glands of his mouth by continual exertions, because Curiatus has a habit of spitting frequently. When he talks he usually makes bad grammar, and often worse sense; and he has for some time, disused his natural voice, and adopted an ugly tone, and an odd pronunciation scarcely intelligible, from a mere affectation of seeming to speak as accurately and possitively as Curiatus. There is no subject that he will not venture to discourse upon: and he is much too apt to engross the conversation, when he is in company, because he imagines none can speak so sensibly or so handsomely as himself: when he throws out his dull

humour, none laughs but himself; yet he is not in the least mortified; for he fancies they restrain their laughter, that they may not interrupt the pleasure of hearing him talk. Stolidus might pass for a tolerable companion, if he would act like himself, and modestly confine his conversation to the few things that he understands; but his vain affectation makes him ridiculous. He knows that he is sometimes spoken of with contempt; but this only elates him; for he imagines it proceeds from envy of his superior reputation and accomplishments. It would be happy for him if some friend in whom he confides would point out to him his folly, and direct him to a more natural behaviour. A seasonable hint often has a good effect. Eusebius, who was a celebrated preacher, used often in the vehemence of his utterance, to fall into a hesitation of speech. Loquentius, who was also a reputable preacher, and an admirer of Eusebius, had, by a servile imitation of him, adopted his stammering. A friend who heard Loquentius on a particular occasion, used the freedom to say to him, "Sir, Eusebius is an excellent man, and in many respects, worthy of your imitation; but his stammering is an infirmity; and though it is inoffensive in him, because it is natural, and overlooked amidst his shining talents, yet it is utterly unpardonable in you, in whom it is forced and affected. In future imitate the excellencies, not the infirmities of Eusebius." Loquentius never stammered again. When he perceived that his affectation was observed by others, he was ashamed of it himself.

AN

ACCOUNT OF SOME SURPRISING

HAIL AND THUNDER STORMS IN CHESHIRE,

FROM MR. HENRY ******.

THE Storm of Hail you enquire after happened in the afternoon of the 29th of April, 1697.—It began on the sea side, at the lower end of *Wirrel*, in this county. It was said at first not to extend above the breadth of three miles; it made a most dreadful noise which was heard a great way of. It crossed the water into Lancashire below Liverpool, nearest to the sea, and then extended itself wider. The air was observed to be strangely troubled, and made as it were a great conflict in the clouds. The greatest desolation it caused, as I hear, was at Ormskirk in Lancashire, where it broke almost all the windows in the town. Some said the hail stones were as big as geese eggs, and measured four or five inches about. An infinite number of birds were killed, cattle wounded, and many young deer killed in the parks. It was observed that the wind shifted twice or thrice during the

storm. Here at Chester, it was clear and calm at the same time. Six days before the hail storm already mentioned, viz. April 23, about one or two o'clock in the afternoon, came on a most terrible thunder storm in *Wirrel*, not far from the place where the hail storm began six days after. A thunderbolt as it is generally called, struck down the top of Bebington spire steeple. It was said that five yards of the spire was knocked down; the remainder was much shattered—the weather-cock on the top was never found.—These storms puts me in mind of one I very well remember when at my father's house at Broadoak, and it was not any where a mile distant from it. You shall have the account of it, from his own manuscript.

July 8, 1676, came on a most dreadful storm of rain, hail, wind, with thunder and lightning, between three and four in the afternoon. The hail stones measured some three inches, others four in circumference, whereby much damage was done to the corn in the neighbourhood, particularly our own wheat, rye, pease, &c. intirely ruined. Near four hundred panes of glass were broke and cracked in the south windows of the house; some of the larger hail stones, which beat in at the windows, came with such force, that they rebounded from the floor on a pretty high bed on the farther side of the room. Our God is angry, and by this providence chides us for our sins. We should be sensible of the chastisement, and humble ourselves before him, and amend our lives, for fear the next punishment may still be more severe. Lord turn thou us, and we shall be turned.—Some of the hailstones remained unmelted for two days together, though in the month of July.—Thus far Mr. Henry ****** concerning the first story.—He afterwards proceeds—As to the thunder at Lawton Church, I take an account of it, from a Collection of Remarkable Providences, which I have in manuscript drawn up, by Mr. Burghill of Acton—Thus he writes: On the 20th of June 1652, being the Lord's-day, there arose a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning, followed by a fearful accident in the Church, as the Minister was preaching. There were eleven young men slain with the lightning, and many more much hurt. The Minister's text at their funeral was Luke xiii. 4, 5. He adds that a man and horse were both slain at Wirrel. Some people at a distance from Lawton Church, have affirmed to have seen the lightning waver to and fro over the Church like crooked streams of fire. The young men who were killed, were sitting in the belfrey, at some distance from the congregation, supposing not to be minding the service then going forward as they should have done: they were not struck down, but found sitting in the same posture they were in at first.—July 28, 1690, there happened a thunderstorm at Carringham, between six and seven o'clock in the evening: after some hours continuance of the wind and rain, a most dreadful clap was heard. Some that were above stairs, on the other side of the house from that on which it entered said, they saw a ball of fire fall with violence

into a pond of water. Mrs. B——, Mr. L——'s daughter, was sitting in the parlour with her back to the window leaning on her elbow, terrified with the thunder, when the lightning struck in at the top of the window near her, struck down an ink-bottle, scorched her neck all on one side above her stays: it was exceeding painful, and she had no ease for many hours afterwards. A silver bodkin in her hair was partly melted. There was not the least sign that her hair was singed: in the neck of her shift were some blue spots, as if burnt with gun-powder. Some of the gold lace on her stays was melted. She is a serious, pious gentlewoman, and to this very day is greatly affected with the mercy of her deliverance. All that were in the parlour were greatly astonished at what had happened. Mr. Mainwaring, a relation of Squire Mainwaring, then sheriff of this city, was in the room, and thought he had lost the use of his legs, and was struck into such a fit of amazement, that it was a great while before he knew where he was or what he did. Some pictures in the room opposite to the window, had holes burnt in them as big as a pistol bullet. The room over the parlour was hung with curious gilt leather: the gilding was entirely effaced, and melted on the ground. A dumb man sitting on the dresser in the kitchen was struck off without receiving any hurt. The parlour was filled with smoke, and a noisome smell of sulphur. The thunder and lightning continued most part of the night.—Thus Mr. Henry ******'s very accurate and satisfactory accounts are fully made out in the foregoing.

CHARACTERS

IN

HARRY THE EIGHTH's TIME.

[*Continued from our last.*]

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

THE Writer of his Life says, He was an excellent wit: his interest introduced him to Court, but it was his great merit and service that kept him there. Happy is the Prince, that hath a faithful servant to search out useful men; and thrice happy those men that meet with a familiar and honest favorite, by whom they may have access to the Prince.—He who commits wise actions in the day, will not practice foolish ones at night. —A good jest, if properly applied, may prove of more use, than sober counsel. His jests were confined to these rules: he never played on any man's misfortunes or deformity; nor on superiors

for that were bold and undutiful; nor on serious and holy matters, for that were irreligious and highly criminal. He had much salt in his repartees, but no gall: pleasantly jesting, but never mocking. He strictly observed times, seasons and circumstances, knowing when to speak, and when to hold his tongue. His very apt and clever sayings were always natural, never affected: subtle and acute, prompt and easy, never careless: he never rendered himself contemptible to please any man. It was not an insipid change of words but a smart retort of wit, which every body seemed better pleased with than himself. He always told a story well, and was as good at a neat continued discourse, as at a quick sentence, contriving it in a handsome manner, clothing it with suitable expressions, without parenthesis, or impertinencies; representing persons and actions to the life, that you would think you saw as well as heard; never contradicting, but with an (under favour, Sir), always subjoining to his adversary's discourse, It may be so.

SIR JOHN FINEUX.

THE source of the Nile is concealed, but its stream is famous. No man throve, but he that lived as though he were the first man in the world, and his father had not been before him. The Prince's prerogative, and the Subject's privilege, are solid felicities together, and but empty notions asunder. That people are beyond example free, and beyond comparison happy, who restrain their Sovereign's power to do them harm, so far, as that he hath none left to do him good.—Many were the circumstances which raised Sir John to the power he arrived at: first, An indefatigable industry; secondly, A freedom of conversation. In regard to business none more close; so in company, none more open. A gay and cheerful humour—spirited conversation and agreeable manners, are exceeding useful accomplishments to every one living in the world. When a man is not thus qualified, let him retreat to the dark recesses of retirement: thirdly, A rich and well assorted marriage, that at once brought him a large estate, and a large interest: fourthly, A great acquaintance with noble families, with whose dependants he first got in, devoting an hour each day to their company, and at last with themselves, laying aside his vacant hours for their service: fifthly, His hospitality and entertainments—none more reserved than he abroad; none more noble at home: sixthly, His care and integrity in managing; his watchfulness in promoting; his reason and eloquence in pleading, and his success in carrying causes: seventhly, His eminence and activity, in the two profitable Parliaments of Henry the VIIth and VIIIth. His opposition to Empson and Dudley's two severe prosecution of penal laws. The man who serves his Prince from motives of private interest, is raised but for a time; but the man who is careful for the public good will remain always

in favour: eighthly, His devotion to the sacred name of friendship; that bliss on this side Heaven, made up of peace and love. He chose many acquaintances, but few friends: lastly, To sum up all his good qualities at once; his good use of time was remarkable. A certain Emperor used to say, when a day passed wherein he did not do some charitable action, I have not reigned to-day. The same with Sir John; when he had done nothing worth notice, he said, I have not lived to-day. Time was the only thing he could be said to be covetous of. We should not, said he, complain that we have but little time, but that we spend much of it, either in doing nothing, or in doing evil, or in doing nothing to the purpose.

FREE MASONS' HALL GRAND LODGE LIBRARY LONDON, W.C.

LA FAYETTE's

STATEMENT OF HIS OWN CONDUCT

LA FAYETTE is represented as indifferent about his fate, and being now entirely detached from the 'soliciting interests and prejudices of the passions,' his mind is said to have resumed the serene dignity of its native independence, and thus being enabled to take an impartial review of his former conduct, he has determined to judge how far that has corresponded with, or deviated from the rules of integrity and justice.

"My character, says he, is become a feathered shuttlecock, "which both parties beat to each other, in the wantonness of play, "deeming that side disgraced on which it should happen to fall. "A strange combination of unfortunate circumstances not only "overpowered my most spirited and well meaning efforts in resisting the horrid despotism of licentiousness, but also drew upon "me the vengeance of a society, whose principles, like those of religion, are degenerated from their primitive purity, to the species "of despotism they affect to detest, but yet exercise in the humour "of every whim, to those degrees that exalt capriciousness from a "state of ridiculous insignificance, to the serious importance of "criminality.

"The institutors of this society were men of unblemished integrity, and formed it upon principles so noble, in an hour of "such imminent danger, that the genius of France seemed to have "taken its residence with them, and consequently the confidence "of the people, who considered it as the idol of political principles.

"The apprehensions of danger abating, the gross and weak, indulging the variety natural to them, picked up principles for "fashion sake, though ignorant of their nature. Pleased with the "novelty, they strutted into view, in all the coxcomb fopperies "that the extravagance of whim and colours could afford, displaying themselves with the anxious ambition of deformed people, "seemingly regardless in what sense you noticed them provided

" they were but noticed. Mere profession being then deemed a " sufficient qualification to entitle a man to become a member of " this society, it soon began to swell up with cumbersome com- " bustibles, who though considered as poor harmless expletives, " were deemed an acquisition by some, who through an overfond- " ness for themselves, were proud to see the numeration table " well filled, without well considering the power of numbers, nor " the infinite variety of purposes they were liable to produce, nor " yet how far weak men were liable to be duped into wicked agencies."

After this attack upon the Jacobin Club, M. de la Fayette, proceeds as follows:

" The vital sparks of Liberty (physically speaking) in its infant " state, has nothing so much to dread as a superabundance of idio- " tic phlegm, for though it derives its corporeal strength therefrom, " yet when it forces its way into the sacred presence-chamber of " reason, all the charming structures, and scenes of order, are de- " molished, and a fulmination of chaotic distractions ensues, which " transforms the whole of the noble system into so dangerous a " monster, that its destruction becomes necessary to the honour " and safety of its former species.

" Such was the monster which lately broke loose from the chains " applied by reason, and rushed forth in the open face of day, furi- " ously overturning all things that bore any appearance of resist- " ance, and marked its career with blood and destruction, confound- " ing the innocent with the guilty in one promiscuous ruin.

" The legislative body, terrified at the rudeness of such desperate " outrageousness, suffered itself to be dictated into measures, which " the necessity of the moment only could justify, or rather apolo- " gize for.

" It was my misfortune to oppose the progress of such violence, " with the utmost spirit I was master of, and my overthrow was " the consequence of the contest. Reduced to the necessity of " yielding my neck to the murderer's knife, or of availing myself " of the alternative which the law of nature and reason afforded, " I preferred a submission to any law, rather than to the blind ven- " geance of a fury, which was governed by no law. My enemies " rejoiced at my escape—It gave persecution the important ap- " pearance of vigilance, and also gave their unjust or pretended " suspicions an apparent justification."

Whatever reason M. la Fayette may have to detest that party to whose resentment he fell a sacrifice, yet he here declaims against the old government of France, with his accustomed energy.

" In those aristocratic days, the industrious husbandman was not to enjoy the fruits of his honest labours, and the insatiable wants of " a despotic government gaped for a large share of his golden har- " vest. The refined modes of aristocratic assiduity, were ingeni- " ously adapted to collect another share, with all the aggravations " of insolence. Another share fell to sacerdotal drones of all de- " grees, from the haughty prelate, to his pampered eminence the " cardinal."



Drawn by Mather Brown Esq.r

Engraved by I. Ford

A SORTIE from DUNKIRK.

London, Printed & Published by J.W.r Bunney, Newcastle Street, Strand, Oct.r 1793.

" The herbs of the field, and what was ever deemed refuse to " the human appetite, were thought good enough for peasants, " their nutrition supported corporeal strength to a certain degree, " from which resistance was not to be feared. To touch the fatted " calf, lamb, or capon, amounted to something like sacrilege in " him—his betters were ready for dinner—his rich vineyard was " barren to him—his charitable eminence wanted more wine than " he could waste himself."

" To turn our eyes from this wretched scene, to the Court, we " might see a swarm of prismatic shadows, or forms, whose nature " it was to glitter with gaudy colours, in the sunshine of a royal " smile, and vanish in the gloom of a frown—a farcical airy group " —mere enigmas of entity—such as fancy presents to us in the " mummery scenes of a distempered dream, incessantly mocking " each other, in the graceful antics of nods, bows, fascinating " smiles, and curtesies, &c."

FRENCH BRAVERY.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

[For the incident that furnishes the subject of the accompanying PLATE, we are indebted to the communications of a Brother who deservedly holds a high rank in the British Service.]

IN a *Sortie* made a few weeks ago from Dunkirk, a severe contest was held for some time with a part of the army under His Royal Highness of York. Towards the close of the action, and during the retreat of the French, an Officer of cavalry belonging to the garrison perceived a National Standard lying on the ground, either dropped in the flight, or fallen from the hands of an Ensign killed or wounded. Though he was himself at the same time most closely pressed by a detachment, after having twice valiantly cut his way through bodies of Hanoverian infantry, he leaped from his horse, and seizing the Standard, remounted. Scarcely, however, had he seated himself when the pursuers came up, and a grenadier of the British cavalry demanded him as his prisoner, with the surrender of his flag. The French officer replied, that he was determined to carry it to the fortress, or perish in the attempt. He fought bravely in defence of his charge; and when at last fortune had given the advantage to his adversary, he persisted in declaring that he would neither be made prisoner, nor give up the colours; that he knew how to die, but not to dishonour himself or the nation. The result was, that he actually suffered himself to be shot through the head, and thus did this standard fall into our possession. The Duke of York with one of his aids-du-camp came up at the instant, and were spectators of the unexampled bravery and resolution of this magnanimous son of Mars. S. J.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,,

If the following Essay should be deemed worthy of a place in your useful and instructive Magazine, it will animate me to send you one every Month. CANTABRIGIENSIS.

An ESSAY *concerning the* ANCIENTS, *and the Respect that is due to them; with an attempt to prove that we should not enslave ourselves too much to their* OPINIONS.

ANTIQUITY is ever venerable, and justly challenges honour and reverence, but yet there is an essential discrimination between reverence and superstition: we may give our assent to them as ancients, but not as oracles; they may have our minds flexible and easy, but certainly there is no manner of reason they should have them servilely fettered to their opinions. As we should not distrust every thing which they deliver without proof, where we cannot convince them of error, so likewise we may suspend our belief upon probability of their mistakes; and where we find reason to dissent, we should respect truth rather than authority.

Our ancestors suffer more by our implicit admiration, than by our opposition to their errors; and indubitably our opinion of them is dishonourable, if we think they would rather have us followers of them than of truth.

The greatest veneration we can display for the ancients, is by following their example, which was not to sit down with superstitious supineness, in fond admiration of the learning of their predecessors, but to canvass with the most rigid accuracy their various writings, to avoid their mistakes, and to use their discoveries in order to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge. For instance, the celebrated Aristotle himself took great liberties in censuring and reprehending the errors and mistakes of the elder philosophers; and therefore, I cannot discover any reason why he should be allowed greater privileges than he himself allowed his predecessors.

No man can say, I am infallible; for error is the common lot of humanity. As for the truth of things time makes no alteration. Things are still the same, let the time be past, present, or to come. Those things which we revere for their antiquity, what were they at their first birth? Were they false, time cannot make them true; were they true, time cannot make them more true. The circumstance therefore of time, with respect to truth and error, is altogether impertinent. Antiquity cannot privilege an error, and novelty cannot prejudice truth.

In all ages, there have been those who with great ardour, zeal, and elegancy of sentiment, have declaimed against new things,

setting forth the great danger of innovation and novelty. But let us not be terrified by evanescent shadows. If to be the author of new things be a crime, how will the first civilizers of mankind, enactors of laws, and founders of government, escape this censure? Whatever now affords delight in the works of nature, which excels the rudeness of past ages, is certainly new. Whatever we behold in cities and houses above the first wild exuberancy of fields, and meanness of cottages, had its time when this imputation of novelty might as well have been laid to its charge. The introduction, therefore, of novelty is no offence, unless that which is introduced prove pernicious or destructive, or cannot be introduced without the extirpation of others that are better.

If novelty should always have been rejected, never would arts have arrived at that exquisite perfection wherein we now enjoy them; nor could we ever have hoped for any future reformation. Notwithstanding truth be in itself eternal, yet with relation to the opinions of men, there is scarce any so antient, but had its beginning, and was once reckoned a novelty; and if for this reason it had been condemned as erroneous, what an universal darkness and ignorance would have been in the world, in comparison to that light which now diffuses its lustre so far and wide.

The admiration of former ages was a vanity that was prevalent at all times as well as ours; and the golden age was never the present. Our predecessors have not prevented us, but have opened a door that we may enter into the recesses of truth. He who comes last, has certainly the superior advantage in the enquiry. Our ancestors have done well and wisely in their generations, but they have not done all. Much still remains behind; and he who lives a thousand years hence, will not have reason to complain, that there are no hidden truths for his investigation. There are more worlds to conquer. Every day brings new light, and by a wise and careful labour we may improve upon our ancestors.

PHILIP OF MACEDON.

PHILIP, king of Macedon, and the father of Alexander the Great, was eminently distinguished for his patience and moderation. At the close of an audience which he gave to the Athenian ambassadors, who came to complain of some act of hostility, he very politely asked them, whether he could do them service? "The greatest service you can do us," replied Demochares, who was one of the number, "is to go and hang yourself." Every one present was highly incensed at the brutal scurrility of the answer:—but with an incredible calmness of temper, which honors his memory,—"Go home," said Philip, "and tell your masters, that those, who can treat me with such insolent language, in my own court, are much more inclined to commence hostilities, than he who can forgive it."

ON EDUCATION.

THE true end of Education is to give young persons such principles as may most easily conduct them to happiness, and enable them to distinguish false pleasure and happiness from the true. It is a usual comparison that the mind of Children is like wax, capable of any impression; or like paper, on which we may write what sentiments we please; which Don Saavedra, a learned Spaniard, has improved, in his emblems for the institution of a Christian Prince, by representing a canvas stretched on a frame, and ready to be painted, with this motto, *Ad Omnia*; apt alike to *all things*.

Arts and sciences are too often mistaken for all that is necessary to form a man; whereas one may be a very ill and unhappy man with all the learning in the world. Youth ought to be perfectly instructed in the notions of right and wrong; to have true ideas of those things they are most likely to meet with in the world, and be directed to the proper ends to which their actions ought to tend. Arts and sciences will then indeed become beneficial and ornamental, which otherwise might not only prove useless but dangerous.

They are therefore far wide of the mark, who make the education of youth so laborious and abstruse a thing; whereas there is little more to be done than to inculcate true notions of things; not as characterised in this or that language, or defined in such or such books, but as they are in nature, and as they are likely to experience them in the course of life.

But then, this knowledge is not to be wrought into them by chiding, and harsh usage; on the contrary, they are to be treated tenderly; we must descend to their capacities, and lead them gently step by step, and by a proper indulgence render a proper restraint more easy.

Parents ought also to take great care that their children never hear or see base or flagitious things. Young minds receive the impression of whatever passes before them, not only more readily but retain it longer than at any other stage of life; and this may, perhaps, have been the reason why the children of so many princes and great men, seeing the licentiousness of a court, have proved tyrants and debauchees. Nay, an age has been so debauched, that to be vicious and effeminate has given the best title to preferment: thus, after the death of Nero, the strongest party in the palace were for exalting Otho to the empire, because of the similarity of their manners.

But the true and solid basis, both of our conduct, and bringing up our offspring, is Religion; for though their passions should happen to betray them into some extravagances; just religious principles are most likely to retrieve and establish them in that course of morality and virtue, which must render life easy, honourable, and useful, and themselves worthy of those glorious endowments which they have received from their Creator.

For the FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

Though the following account has once already appeared before the public yet we think no apology necessary in giving it a place in a Work so well adapted to the perusal of those Free Masons who have gained the sublime degree of Knights Templars. The piece of Linen is now in the possession of the Right Worshipful T. DUNCKERLEY, Esq. Grand Master of the Order of Knights Templars in England, whose Portrait is given in this Number.

SIR, *Colchester Academy.*

ON the *16th.* of October *1779*, as some workmen were digging a grave for the interment of Mrs. Frances Fytche, in the north aisle* of the parish church of Danbury, Essex, just beneath a niche in the north wall, wherein is placed the effigy of a man in armour carved in wood, in a cumbent posture, and cross-legged, they discovered, about thirty inches from the surface of the pave-

* The eastern part of this aisle is inclosed by a partition apparently as old as any part of the church, and seems to have been solely appropriated to the use of the owners of St. Clere's-hall, or Danbury-place, as a chapel, chantry, or burial-place: there are two arches in the north wall of this inclosed part, in each of which lies the effigy of a Knight Templar, in armour, curiously carved in wood, and still in fine preservation. A similar arch, inclosing another effigy of a Knight Templar, was in the wall of the south aisle of this church till the year 1776, when the whole aisle was taken down and rebuilt; since which the effigy usually lies on the floor of the north aisle. These effigies are all cross-legged; the feet of each are supported by a lion; but every lion and every man are in a different position. One Knight is in a praying attitude, his hands being folded together, his sword sheathed; the lion which supports his feet seems to lie quite at his ease, with his face turned towards the Knight's face, that is, as I conceive it, towards home. Perhaps this is emblematic of the Knight having returned from the Crusades, and died at home in peace. Another of the Knights is in the act of drawing his sword; the lion at his feet appears less pacific than the former, and his head turned from the Knight's face: that this expresses the Crusader having died in the holy wars, seems (I think) very likely. The third Knight is represented as returning his sword into the scabbard, the lion in a position different from the other two, as he neither looks directly to nor from the face of the Knight, but straight forward, and seems journeying on:---this, it is probable, represents the Crusader as having died in his passage from the wars. But these are the mere conjectures of a man who does not desire to impose them on the public as of any weight, but wishes for better information on so curious a subject. It has been matter of great dispute amongst Antiquaries, whether these figures represent the D'Arcies or the Sancto Claros. Weever, in his "Funeral Monuments," says, they are the former; while the Author of the "History of Essex," and many other persons, contend that they are the Sancto Claros, or St. Cleres, urging, that the latter inhabited this parish from the reign of Stephen till Edward the IId; whereas the first of the D'Arcy family did not reside here till the beginning of the 15th century, near 150 years after the conclusion of the Crusades. But the argument may, I think, be comprised in a nut-shell, and Weever's error be instantly manifested; and it is matter of astonishment that this mode of reasoning has never before been thought of, viz. The arches, which are exactly built for inclosing the effigies, are evidently coeval with the

ment, beneath a very massy stone†, a leaden coffin without any inscription thereon, or marks where any had been affixed. Judging that this coffin enclosed the body of the Knight Templar represented by the effigy, I communicated my opinion to the late Rev. Mr. De L'Angle, the then very worthy rector, and Lewis Densey Ffytche, Esq; of Danbury-place, church-warden, who, concurring in the same idea, resolved to open the coffin, but deferred it a day or two, to avail themselves of the company and information of the late Rev. Dr. Gower, of Chelmsford, an eminent physician and antiquary, who was requested to attend on the Monday following.

Some professional engagements deprived us of the Doctor's company and observations; however, the workmen proceeded to open the coffin. On raising the lead, there was discovered an elm coffin inclosed, about one-fourth of an inch thick, very firm and entire. On removing the lid of this coffin, it was found to inclose a shell about three-quarters of an inch thick, which was covered over with a thick cement of a dark olive colour, and of a rosinous nature. The lid of this shell being carefully taken off, we were presented with a view of the body, laying in a liquor or pickle, somewhat resembling mush-room catsup, but of a paler complexion, and somewhat thicker consistence. As I never possessed the sense of smelling, and was willing to ascertain the flavour of the liquor, I tasted and found it to be aromatic, though not very pungent, partaking of the taste of catsup, and of the pickle of spanish olives. The body was tolerably perfect, no part appeared decay but the throat and part of one arm. The flesh every where, except on the face and throat, appeared exceedingly white and firm; the face was of a dark colour, approaching to black; the throat which was much lacerated, was of the same colour. The body was covered with a kind of shirt of linen, not unlike Irish cloth of the fineness of what is now usually retailed at three shillings per yard; a narrow rude antique lace was affixed to the bosom of the shirt, the stiches were very evident, and attached very strongly.—The linen adhered rather closely to the body; but on my raising it from the breast, to examine the state of the skin more minutely, a considerably piece was torn off, with part of the lace on it. This I have in my possession, for the inspection of the curious; it is in good preservation, and of considerable strength.

The coffin not being half full of the pickle, the face, breast, and belly were of course not covered with it; the inside of the body

---

church. The church was built long before the D'Arcies had possessions in the parish, and very probably by the family of the St. Cleres, as their arms are emblazoned in several small compartments of the antique wainscot cieling of the chancel. If this be admitted, there can be no doubt but the figures represent the Sancto Claros; and if the effigy first above-mentioned belonged to the embalmed body which we found, that body must have lain there 500 years.

† This stone is now placed in the church-porch, over the burial-place appropriated to the family of the writer of this account.

seemed to be filled with some substance which rendered it very hard. There was no hair on the head, nor do I remember any in the liquor, though feathers, flowers, and herbs in abundance were floating, the leaves and stalks of which appeared quite perfect, but totally discoloured. The appearance of the feathers helped us to discover the cause of the dark appearance of the face and throat. The coffin was not placed in a position exactly horizontal, the feet being at least three inches lower than the head, the greater part of the liquor consequently remained at the feet; the pillow which supported the head, in process of time, decayed, and the head, unsupported, fell back, lacerating the throat and neck, which with the face appeared to have been discoloured from the decay of the cloth or substance that covered them. The jaws, when first discovered, were closed, but, on being somewhat rudely touched, expanded, owing as was supposed, to the breaking of some bandage that bound them together; when the jaws were opened, they exhibited a set of teeth perfectly white, which was likewise the colour of the palate, and all the inside of the mouth.

Whether the legs were crossed or not, must for ever remain a doubt, though I am strongly of opinion that they were; for one of the gentlemen pushing a walking-stick rather briskly from the knees to the ancles, the left foot separated from the leg somewhere about the ancles.

The limbs were of excellent symmetry: the general appearance of the whole body conveyed the idea of hearty youth, not in the least emaciated by sickness. The whole length of the corps very little exceeded five feet, though the shell which inclosed it was five feet six inches within.—After the above remarks were made, the church-doors were opened; and the parishioners and others having satisfied their curiosity, the shell and wooden coffin were fastened down, the leaden coffin was again soldered, and the whole left, as near as circumstances would admit, *in statu quo*.

T. White.

SKETCHES
OF
FOREIGN LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHICAL SPIRIT.

THE philosophical spirit, which is nothing but reason strengthened by experience, is of great service to those who write books which instruct people to avoid mistakes in composition, and to detect the errors committed by an author; but it misleads us while we are judging of a poem in general. The beauties from which it derives its greatest merit are better felt than found

calculation, or a metaphysical description of the real and relative faults of those on whom he passed a judgment which has been adopted by all ages and nations. It was by the impression they made on the reader, that great critic defined them; and the public always conformed to his opinion.

Du Bois.

POETIC COMPOSITION.

HISTORY sets to view the revolutions in human affairs, in which we behold real manners, virtues, and vices, with talents often in themselves middling and indifferent. Simple history is a narration, timid in the presence of truth; a recital of facts expressed in the plainest manner: it fears nothing so much as the pomp of words. The epopœia, on the other hand, seizes the pencil of Homer, and at one view takes in the whole universe. A god discovers to the poet, in one instance, heaven, hell, and earth; the past, the present and the future; who chooses at will, and draws up a history of mankind, rather than of men. The ethic ascends even to the mysteries of divine providence, and shews us at once their moving forces, their direction, and the effects they have produced. Here every thing shall be uttered with a degree of nobleness and dignity, superior to its natural condition; men should speak in the style of heroes, the passions should all have an energy, a continued vigour; in short: all should be nature, but nature enchanted and transported by the enthusiastic raptures of the Muse. There is not a single verse in the Æneid which does not partake of the dignity of the Muse, invoked by the poet in the beginning of his work; and to this dignity they owe their poetic strain; without this, they might be verses indeed in another species of writing, but they would be prose in the epopœia.

Batteux.

STRICTURES *on the* ILIAD.

THOSE who are fond of father Bossu's system, will not pardon me, if I do not find out the particular moral which Homer has inculcated in his Iliad: I can by no means think, with that author, that an epic writer first of all pitches upon a certain moral, as the ground-work and foundation of his poem, and afterwards forms a story to it; yet, as I am of opinion, that no poem ever was, or can be made, from which some great moral may not be deduced, I shall briefly consider the maxims which occur upon a perusal of the Iliad. The first is, that super-intending Divinity presides over all, and acts in all; and that nothing is done without it; this seems to be the principal moral which Homer had in view. The second is, that those who implore Heaven for vengeance, have frequently reason to lament the success of their prayers; this arises from the action. When I consider the behaviour of Agamemnon, and the consequences with which it is attended, I am ready to confess that we should not irritate those of whose assistance we may stand

in need. When I review the conduct of Achilles, I cannot help thinking that the pleasure of revenge is often purchased at too dear a rate. On a survey of the Greeks and Trojans, I find that the people are frequently chastised for the folly or the frenzy of their prince; and lastly, I must own, observing the effects produced by the presence and absence of Achilles, that two men linked together are stronger than in a state of separation.—These are all, undoubtedly, very good maxims; but I am persuaded that not one of them ever contributed to form the ground-work or foundation of Homer's poetical edifice.

BATTEUX.

MOLIERE's MISANTHROPE.

WHEN Moliere wanted to paint a man-hater, he did not look out for an original, of which his character should be an exact copy; he had then made but a picture, a history; he had then instructed us but by halves. He collected every mark, every stroke of a gloomy temper which he could observe among men. To this he added all that his own genius could furnish him with, of the same kind: from these several points, well-connected, and properly disposed, he drew a single character, which was not a representation of the true, but of the probable. His comedy was not the history of Alcestes, but his picture of Alcestes was the history of Misanthropy taken in general. By this means he gave much better instruction than a history scrupulously exact could possibly have done, by only exhibiting some strokes of a real man-hater, critically correct.

BATTEUX.

THE chief thing which hindered the success of the Misanthrope at its first appearance remains to this day, with a great many people; it does not make them laugh. People say, notwithstanding, that it is an admirable play, because they cannot say otherwise without doing themselves discredit. By frequently saying this, and hearing it said by others, it comes to be their own opinion, and even their taste to a certain degree. They laugh a little at the representation of this piece, but not enough to be able to say, with sincerity, that of all comedies it is that which gives them most pleasure.

I do not believe that Moliere consulted his servant about this piece: it was not at all in her taste. If he consulted her now and then upon others, it was because he had a mind sometimes to humour his actors, and it were to be wished, indeed, that he had not done it so often.

TRUBLET.

STRICTURES
ON
PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

ON Saturday, *September* the 14th. The Summer Performances at this Theatre concluded for the Season; when Mr. BANNISTER, Jun. spoke the *Adieu*. To the customary terms was added an invitation of the public to that "humble roof," until *Drury-lane Theatre* should be in a condition to receive them.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Monday, *September* the 16th. This Theatre opened for the Season, and although the House was new but last year, it afforded proof of the unremitting attention and enterprizing spirit of the Patentee, in presenting a still more beautiful face to the public than it did before. The expence of the alterations and improvements must have been very considerable. The Play was O'KEEFFE's pleasant Comedy of *Wild Oats*, and the Afterpiece *Hartford Bridge*. The Performers were received with the most cheering plaudits, and shewed their gratitude by the spirit of their exertions.

DRURY-LANE COMPANY.

Thursday, *September* the 19th. The *New Drury-Lane House*, not been finished at the commencement of the Season, Mr. COLMAN's Theatre was opened with *The Mountaineers* and *Who's the Dupe*, under the Drury-Lane Patent. Miss HEARD, for the first time, represented *Zoraida*, instead of Mrs. KEMBLE, (who has returned to her Husband's Company) and was received with great applause.

September the 23d. At the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, Mr. MIDDLETON, who performed at that Theatre five years ago, and has since been acting in *Dublin*, renewed his acquaintance with the town in the character of *Othello*. Mr. Middleton has improved considerably in his profession since he last trod the *London* Stage. His voice is in excellent tone; in many of the scenes he spoke the character with great force and feeling, but rather pitched his pipe too high, and now and then paused not only unnecessarily, but so as to make the sense of the passage linger, and weaken its effect. Upon the whole, however, his acting was of great promise, and gave us hopes of his proving a powerful co-adjutor to the Covent-Garden Company.

POETRY.

THE PARTRIDGES.

WRITTEN ON THE LAST OF AUGUST.

BY THE REV. MR. PRATT.

HARD by yon Copse that skirts the flowery vale,
As late I walk'd to taste the evening breeze,
A plaintive murmur mingled in the gale,
And notes of sorrow echo'd through the trees.

Touch'd by the pensive sound, I nearer drew:
But my rude step increas'd the cause of pain:
Soon o'er my head the whirring Partridge flew,
Alarm'd; and with her flew an infant train.

But short the excursion;---for, unus'd to play,
Feebly the unfledg'd wings th' essay could make:
The parent, shelter'd by the closing day,
Lodg'd her lov'd covey in a neighb'ring brake.

Her cradling pinions there she amply spread,
And hush'd th' affrighted family to rest;
But still the late alarm suggested dread,
And closer to their feathery friend they press'd.

She, wretched parent! doom'd to various woe,
Felt all a mother's hope, a mother's care;
With grief foresaw the dawn's impending blow,
And to avert it thus preferr'd her prayer:

O thou! who e'en the sparrow dost befriend,
Whose providence protects the harmless wren;
Thou God of birds! these innocents defend,
From the vile sport of unrelenting men.

For soon as dawn shall dapple yonder skies,
The slaught'ring gunner, with the tube of fate,
While the dire dog the faithless stubble tries
Shall persecute our tribe with annual hate.

O may the sun, unfann'd by cooling gale,
Parch'd with unusual heat th' undewy ground;
So shall the pointer's wonted cunning fail,
Sō shall the sportsman leave my babes unfound.

Then shall I fearless guide them to the mead,
Then shall I see with joy their plumage grow;
Then shall I see (fond thought!) their future breed,
And every transport of a parent know.

But if some victim must endure the dart,
And Fate marks out that victim from my race,
Strike, strike the leaden vengeance through this heart;
Spare, spare my babes; and I the death embrace.

WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS

OF A

NOBLEMAN's SEAT IN CORNWALL.

BY MR. MOORE.

AMIDST these venerable drear remains
Of ancient grandeur, musing sad I stray;
Around a melancholy silence reigns,
That prompts me to indulge the plaintive lay.

Here liv'd Eugenio, born of noble race,
Aloft his mansion rose; around were seen
Extensive gardens deck'd with every grace,
Ponds, walks, and groves through all the seasons green.

Ah, where is now its boasted beauty fled!
Proud turrets that once glitter'd in the sky,
And broken columns in confusion spread,
A rude mishapen heap of ruins lie!

Of splendid rooms no traces here are found:
How are these tottering walls by time defac'd!
Shagg'd with vile thorn, with twining ivy bound,
Once hung with tapestry, with paintings grac'd!

In antient times, perhaps, where now I tread,
Licentious Riot crown'd the midnight bowl,
Her dainties Luxury pour'd, and Beauty spread
Her artful snares to captivate the soul.

Or here, attended by a chosen train
Of innocent delight, true Grandeur dwelt,
Diffusing blessings o'er the distant plain,
Health, joy, and happiness by thousands felt.

Around now Solitude unjoyous reigns,
No gay-gilt chariot hither marks the way,
No more with cheerful hopes the needy swains
At the once-bounteous gate their visits pay.

Where too is now the garden's beauty fled,
Which every clime was ransack'd to supply?
O'er the drear spot see desolation spread,
And the dismantled walls in ruins lie!

Dead are the trees that once with nicest care
Arrang'd, from opening blossoms shed perfume,
And thick with fruitage stood, the pendent pear,
The ruddy-color'd peach, and glossy plumb.

Extinct is all the family of flowers:
In vain I seek the arbor's cool retreat,
Where antient friends in converse pass'd the hours,
Defended from the raging dog-star's heat.

Along the terrace-walks are straggling seen
The prickly bramble, and the noisome weed,
Beneath whose covert crawls the toad obscene,
And snakes and adders unmolested breed.

The groves, where Pleasure walk'd her rounds, decay,
The mead untill'd a barren aspect wears;
And where the sprightly fawn was wont to play,
O'ergrown with heath, a dreary waste appears.

In yonder wide-extended vale below,
Where osiers spread, a pond capacious stood;
From far, by art the stream was taught to flow,
Whose liquid stores, supplied th' unfailing flood.

Oft here the silent angler took his place,
Intent to captivate the scaly fry---
But perish'd now are all the numerous race,
Dumb is the fountain, and the channel dry.

Here then, ye Great! behold th' uncertain state
Of earthly grandeur---beauty, strength, and power,
Alike are subject to the stroke of fate,
And flourish but the glory of an hour.

Virtue alone no dissolution fears,
Still permanent, tho' ages roll away;
Who builds on her immortal basis, rears
A superstructure time can ne'er decay.

THE
CHELSEA PENSIONER.

BY SIR JOHN HENRY MOORE, BART.

BENEATH that mouldering turret's gloomy shade,
Where yonder pines their wide-spread branches wave,
A gallant Veteran rests his weary head,
And with him sleep his sorrows in the grave.

No breathing art adorns the sacred ground,
Points the tall spire, or bids the trophy rise,
A scanty turf with twisted osier bound
Scarce marks the spot where buried honour lies.

Ah, what avails him, that in youth's gay prime
Each unremitting toil of war he bore,
Each sickly change of every varying clime,
From Europe's strand to Asia's sultry shore?

How short the glory of the poor man's deeds!
How slight the fame he fondly thinks his own!
In vain he triumphs, or in vain he bleeds,
Alike unwept, unpitied, and unknown.

Yet though no plumed steeds, no sable car,
Call forth the hireling's mercenary tears,
No blazon'd banners streaming from afar
Flaunt their vain honors o'er thine humble bier;

Yet on the margin of the path-worn green,
Near the lov'd spot where thy cold relics rest,
Fair virtue's angel-form shall oft be seen
To bid the turf lie lightly on thy breast.

The thoughtless many, the misjudging croud,
Whose glance scarce beams beyond the present hour,
May idolize the follies of the proud,
Or bend submissive at the shrine of pow'r;

But with the chosen band, the manly few,
Whose sober approbation far outweighs,
In reason's scale, the clamorous fickle crew,
And the vain tumult of their fleeting praise--

---(Scorning the pageantry of pomp, and place)
Their hearts shall pay the tributary sigh
To that poor virtue, from whose humble base
Tow'r'd the proud columns that insult the sky.

Though, she whose beauty's all-enhanting pow'r
Could every sterner care of life beguile,
Whose charms could sooth reflection's sickening hour,
Or bid the cheerless brow of sorrow smile;

Far from these dreary scenes for ever torn,
No more shall animate each rapturous strain,
Now sweetly smiling, now with looks of scorn,
Hiding her heart, that sunk at giving pain:----

Yet when emerging from the giddy throng,
When every eye but mine is seal'd in rest,
Pensive I walk these time-mark'd walls among,
And kiss the hallow'd ground her footsteps press'd;

Here while the scenes of former bliss arise,
(Sad source from whence these tears of anguish flow)
Far from the sneering fool, or censuring wise,
I nurse in solitude the seeds of woe---

---Deaf to the voice of pleasure or of fame,
Yet not from pity's milder influence free,
E'en then, not unregardful of thy name,
This aching breast shall heave one sigh for thee.

A

MORAL SKETCH,

BY DR. WILLIAM PERFECT.

CONSCIENCE than Empires more content can bring,
And to be just is to be more than King.
What is the pomp of groves?--What pleasure yields
The voice of birds, the garniture of fields?
The sheep-fed hills, the valley's fair expanse?
The fragrant zephyr in its airy dance?
The purple robes? the shouts that rend the air?
False glory's triumph, and false pleasure's glare?
What's all the wealth and elegance of life?
If all within be bitterness and strife?
When the still voice of conscience guilt reveals,
A king's a beggar, and his wants he feels;
But feels a beggar not its scorpion's sting;
His rags are robes, and he himself's a king.
To a perturbed spirit what's a crown?
The sounding cymbal and the bed of down?
Tyrannic Conscience, by the fates decreed
To make us poor in wealth, and rich in need;
Terrific power, exempted from thy blame,
How bright is fancy's ray and friendship's flame!
By thee unvex'd I hear with sacred pride
"The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side."

EXPECTANCY.

I 9 WHEN waves, when tempests tost,
A fugitive from shore to shore,
Hope's forward prospect never lost;
'Twas this against the current bore:
Expecting soon at home to find
My friends were true, my Kitty kind.

Around when Devastation spread
Her crimson pinions, stain'd with gore;
When Britain's sons in battle bled,
And groans were drown'd in cannons' roar,
Upheld by Hope, I thought to find
My friends were true, my Kitty kind.

By famine and by frost assail'd,
On icy Greenland's trackless coast,
Whene'er my comrades' spirits fail'd,
I gave them this reviving toast:
A safe return! and may we find
Our friends are true, our lasses kind!

Now crown'd with conquest, blest with peace,
Farewell to ev'ry foreign clime;
Let mirth commence, destruction cease;
Let Love and Friendship share the time!
For safely moor'd at home, I find
My friends are true, my Kitty kind.

W. D. G.

THE

MOSS ROSE BUD.

LITTLE Bud of op'ning red,
Where the blooming Graces dwell;
Nodding o'er thy dewy bed,
In thy verdant mossy cell.

With Lover's hand should some fond youth,
To Delia's breast thy beauties bear;
Go,---and learn this sacred truth,
That greater beauties flourish there.

Tooting, Sept. 3.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

LONDON, *September 1st*, 1793.

POPULATION OF AMERICA.

A CALCULATION of the Population of the United States made in the year 1783, in order to become the basis of Congressional Assessments, stated the total at 2,389,300 persons; this was alledged in Lord Sheffield's Observations to the commerce of the United States to be much too high, but with what probability of truth is seen by a reference to the census taken in 1790, according to an act of Congress, from which it appears, that the number of inhabitants had encreased in seven years to nearly four millions of persons. The encrease in the four last years, is equal to that of the preceding seven, and the number of inhabitants of the United States, amount on a fair calculation to 5,650,000 persons.

Abstract of an Estimate of the expenditures of the Civil List of the United States, for the year 1793, reported by A. Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, to the House of Representatives.

President's salary - - - -	25,000 Dollars.
Vice-President's ditto - - -	5,000
Chief Justice - - - - -	4,000
Five Associate Justices - - -	17,500
All the District Judges - - -	21,700
Congress - - - - -	143,591
Treasury Department - - -	55,050
Department of State - - -	6,300
Department of War - - -	11,250
Commissioners of old Accounts - -	13,300
Loan Offices - - - -	13,250
Western Territory - - -	11,000
Amount of Pensions - - -	5,267
Contingencies - - - -	20,264
Total - -	352,466, or
In British money	79,304*l.* 17*s.* 0*d.* sterling.

The American revenue, for 1793, is estimated at 4,400,000 dollars, exclusive of what may arise from the sale of lands in the Western Territory; there is likewise upwards of the value of 5,000,000 dollars in bullion, lying in the Bank of the United States, now preparing for their coinage.

The number of convicts now in the jail of Philadelphia is *twenty-eight* men and *two* women; a proof that the system of solitary punishment for capital crimes, adopted by that State in 1786, fully answers the purpose intended. The number of convicts in November 1791, when the writer of this paragraph, who was one of a Committee for inspecting the public prisons, in order to mitigate the miseries arising from confinement,---last visited that place, was 134.

At Malden Fair, in Essex, on Sept. the 13th and 14th, there was a fine shew of all kinds of cattle and sheep; but little or no business was done, as none of the principal graziers could purchase any, from the universal want of grass, and the scarcity of turnips and hay; the best Welch runts and Scots, were offered full thirty per cent. cheaper than last year, and yet very few were disposed of even at these reduced prices; most of the large flocks of sheep were also, on the same account, driven back again.

At Salisbury great Sheep Market on the 11th, and at Wilton Fair on the 12th, the shews of sheep were very considerable, particularly at the latter, but the sale was remarkably dull. Lambs yielded from 8*s.* to 12*s.* and ewes from 14*s.* to 18*s.* or 20*s.* which was much below the prices expected. There were many horses at Wilton, but the prices were low, and but few were sold.

Harlow Bush Fair, in Essex, great quantities of cattle of every kind were shewn, but few of which were sold, and those at still lower prices than were bid at Barnet the week before; there were many strings of fine cart-colts, which sold freely, and some of them reached as high as forty guineas a-piece.

From the great quantities of cheese carried for sale to St. Giles's Hill Fair, near Winchester, which was held on the 12th, the price of that necessary article was somewhat lower than at any of the late country fairs. Horses were also less valuable than at the late Magdalen Hill Fair.

SCOTLAND.---*Perth, September*, 13. Yesterday the Circuit Court was opened here by Lords Eskgrove and Abercrombie. The Rev. Mr. Fische Palmer, accused of writing and circulating a seditious and inflammatory hand-bill, was brought to the bar at eight o'clock in the morning, and the Court sat till twelve at night. The Jury afterwards inclosed, and returned a verdict this day at two, all in one voice, finding the pannel guilty.

Lords Eskgrove and Abercrombie, in delivering their opinions on the nature of the punishment, spoke very pathetically on the occasion, tending to shew the heinousness of the offence, aggravated by being committed by a man in Mr. Palmer's line of life. The sentence is, transportation beyond the seas for *Seven Years*. Mr. Palmer, in a short speech, attempted to vindicate himself. The Court was very crowded.

Edinburgh. We hear his Majesty has been pleased to increase the number of his Chaplains in Ordinary for Scotland from six to ten. Dr. Hardie succeeds the late Principal Robertson;---the four new ones are Dr. Johnston, Dr. Sommerville, Dr. T. Robertson, and Mr. Paul. Dr. Gerard and Dr. Hill, with the three Deans (Doctors Grieve, Carlyle, and M'Cormick) make up the number.

LUNAR OBSERVATIONS.

HERSCHEAL, during the late eclipse of the Sun, we understand, made some important Lunar Observations, tending to establish some former conjectures as to the degree of light, heat, &c. reflected on that orb. He is of opinion that the atmosphere of the Moon is not above 24 or 25 miles high, and that the twilight of morning and evening bears no proportion to that which we enjoy, it being nearly a transition from light to darkness. With us, when the earth, by it's rotation, has concealed the Sun from our sight, our atmosphere rising every where 50 miles above us, moves and reflects to us the light, till the Sun hath descended 18 degrees below the horizon, when all that part of the atmosphere above us becomes gradually dark; but the Moon being of diameter so much smaller, and the atmosphere so considerably more contracted, the deepest darkness almost immediately precedes the rising of the Sun, and succeeds it's setting.

The establishment of this hypothesis, has confirmed the conjecture of the inhabitants of the Moon not being more than one third the stature of the people of this earth.

It is a demonstrative fact, that the pressure of 28,224 pounds weight of air, is essential for the support of a middle sized man whose surface may be about 14 square feet; and that a dullness and languor is the consequence of the air being thicker, and the weight consequently less.---The greater the body of air, the more densed it is towards the surface of the earth, as the lower parts are pressed by the weight of air all above them. Consequently if the weight of air sustained by a square inch on the surface of our globe be 15 pounds, as it has been proved by experiments on the air-pumps, and also by the quantity of mercury the air balances in a thermometer, when that weight is accumulated by the condensation of 50 miles of atmosphere, the weight sustained by the same space of surface, 25 miles above us, would not at most be more than five pounds: consequently that the atmosphere of the Moon is not capable of supporting a man more than two feet high, and of proportionable bulk.

A few days ago died, of the gout in his stomach, at Baldwins, in Kent, the Right Hon. ALEXANDER Lord SALTOUN, in the 36th year of his age. His Lordship's indisposition lasted but for a few days, which renders the loss of so valuable a character the more severe and afflicting to his family and friends.

The King of Poland, by every act of his life, has proved himself to be a great man; and sacrificing every consideration to the welfare of his unhappy country, has exhibited the true portrait of a Patriotic King.

The new Government of Poland, established under the auspices of Russia and Prussia will be more aristocratic than the ancient. Fifteen thousand Prussian troops, it is reported, are on their march from Silesia to join the army of that power, already in Poland, in consequence of some offensive measures having been attempted to be carried in the Diet.

The Algerines are fitting out a squadron of frigates to act against France;---those barbarians, while the French rode triumphant in the Mediterranean, were the most zealous supporters of the new Republic, and would most probably be so again should it's affairs wear a more favourable aspect: it would do honour to Europe, if the combined fleets of Britain, Spain, &c. which will we trust shortly be unemployed in the Mediterranean, were to crush the maritime power of these desperate marauders, and release numberless Europeans whom they hold in bondage.

From the last accounts that have been received, it appears that above eleven hundred persons have suffered by the *Guillotine*, in different parts of France, within the last three months.

Leclerk, Aumont, Henry, Maubert, Merime, Bottais, Eudeline, De Lalande, and Brieux, a woman, were found guilty by the Revolutionary Tribunal, of having been principals in a sedition at Rouen, in January last, and sentence of death was passed upon them. They were executed on the 6th, at noon. Fourteen other persons, tried for the same offence, were acquitted.

On the 7th, Jacbues Touduti-la-Blanmordierre, 43 years of age, formerly Lieutenant in Monsieur's regiment of foot, was condemned to death by the Revolutionary Tribunal. He heard the sentence pronounced, and submitted to the execution of it, with what the Parisians call, *The Purity of Royalist Fanaticism.*

The late General Custine was about to be acquitted by the Revolutionary Tribunal; but Robespierre sent some of his emissaries to that Tribunal, to tell them, that if Custine was not executed on the following day, the heads of the Jury should be carried about on pikes.---This had the desired effect. After the executioner had struck off his head, which was bald, he took it by the ear, and shewed it to the people, who set up an immoderate shout of laughter!---Such is *French justice* and *French sensibility!*

General Custine was born in 1740, in a village near *Saarburg*, in *Lorraine*. He was descended from a most ancient family, said to be related to the illustrious house of *Lorraine*.

Norwich. The following extraordinary phœnomenon occurred in the parish of Felmingham, in this county, a few days ago, in a field belonging to a Mr. Moore: The earth, in circumference about twenty yards, suddenly sunk in depth upwards of five feet; the cavity is nearly circular, and the earth round it for two yards much cracked; on the Saturday following another chasm was discovered in the field of a Mr. Hain, nine feet deep, of about 20 yards in circumference, and perfectly circular; the surface of the part sunk is perfectly whole and even, from which it is evident the settlement was sudden; it is supposed they both happened at the same time, although the latter was not discovered until two days after.

Shipton Mallet. The warehouses and out-buildings belonging to Messrs. Jenkins and Green, clothiers, were lately destroyed by fire; there is much reason to believe it to have been wilfully done, as the work people had threatened to destroy the premises, some machines having been introduced into the manufactory to facilitate the work-posts; the Monmouthshire militia were very active and serviceable in extinguishing the flames.

Bath. A dreadful accident happened a few days ago at Camerton coal-works; a lad having occasion to go into a room where there were six or seven barrels of gun-powder, the nails in the boy's shoes are supposed to have struck against those in the floor, and communicated fire; the explosion was dreadful, the boy was killed, and two others much hurt; the works round the pit took fire, which by great exertions was extinguished; had it spread every miner in the pit must have perished.

CLERICALS.

The Rev. Thomas Weatherhead was instituted to the vicarage of Sedgford, in Norfolk, on the presentation of the Dean and Chapter of Norwich.

The Rectory of Orchardley, and Vicarage of Buckland Dinham, in Somersetshire, are vacant by the death of the Rev. Mr. Ames.

The Rectory of Stockerston in Leicestershire, is vacant by the death of the Rev. John Robertson.

The Rectory of All Saints, and St. Michael's, Southampton, vacant by the death of the Rev. Mr. Rooke.

The Vicarage of Barling, in Essex, vacant by the death of the Rev. H. Evans, is in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's.

The Rectory of St. Michael's, Cornhill, vacant by the death of the Rev. A. Dawes, is worth about 250l. per annum, and is in the gift of the Draper's Company.

The Rev. Rice Llewellyn is presented by Lord Sackville to the Rectory of Shipton, in Northamptonshire.

The Rectory of Ronworth-with-Upton, in Norfolk, in the gift of the Bishop of Ely, is vacant by the death of the Rev. C. Coggill.

The Rectory of Osmondiston, in Norfolk, vacant by the death of the Rev. T. Rogers, is in the gift of the Marquis Cornwallis.

Dr. Stuart, one of the Canons of Windsor, is spoken of as the new Bishop of St. David's.

A Stall in the Prebendary of Ely is vacant.

MARRIAGES.

AT St. Lawrence's Church, Mr. Jeremiah Norton, wholesale draper of Lawrence-lane, to Miss Ann Harris, of Maidstone, Kent. At Croydon, Edward James Mascal, Esq. of Camberwell, to Miss Juliana Ann Dalzell, eldest daughter of Robert Dalzell, Esq. late of Tidmarsh, in Berks. At Cornworthy, in the county of Devon, Samuel Kekewich, of Bowdon-House, in the same county, Esq. to Miss Solome Sweet, of Tiverton. At St. Anne's, Blackfriars, Samuel Mills, Esq. of Moorfields, to Miss Wilson, daughter of Thomas Wilson, Esq. of Highbury Place, Islington. At St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, Mr. David Jardine, merchant, to Miss Hilley, daughter of A. Hilley, Esq. At St. George the Martyr, Queen-square, H. C. Woolrych, Esq. of the Tower of London, to Miss Bently, of Red-lion-square.

DEATHS.

On Wednesday morning last, at his seat in Dorsetshire, the Right Honourable Henry Digby, Lord Digby and Baron Sherborne in England, and Lord Digby and Baron of Geashill in Ireland.

Henry Lambe, Esq. of Ardleigh, late Captain in the East Essex Militia; and the day following, Mrs. Lambe, mother of the said gentleman. In New North-street, Red-lion-square, John Barnfather, Esq. aged 74. At Upper Tooting, in Surrey, Richard Harrison, Esq. in the 83d year of his age. Mr. White, Father of the Corporation of Winchester, at an advanced age. In a fit of apoplexy, Thomas Hankey, Esq. of Bedford-square, and senior partner in the house of Messrs. Hankey, Bankers, in Finchurch-street. At Wimbledon, the Hon. L. G. Sutherland, second son of Earl Gower and the Countess of Sutherland.

THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

OR,

GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY,

For OCTOBER 1793.

ILLUSTRATED WITH
TWO BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

If all the social Virtues of the Mind,
If an extensive Love to all Mankind,
If hospitable Welcome to a Guest,
And speedy Charity to the Distrest,
If due regard to Liberty and Laws,
Zeal for our King and for our Country's cause,
If these are Principles deserving Fame,
Let MASONS then enjoy the Praise they claim.

CONTENTS.

	Page
An Address to the Free and Accepted Masons, by M. Clare, J. G. W.	359
The Light and Truth of Masonry explained, by T. Dunckerly, Esq.	364
Cursory Thoughts on Happiness, by S. J.	367
Anecdotes of Dr. Goldsmith	369
Thoughts on the Foundering of Ships	375
Sir Peter Parker, Bart. D. G. M.	376
Sketch of the Life of Thomas Dunckerley, Esq. P. G. M.	377
Anecdote of M. de Montesquieu	382
To ****** *******	383
Faith	387
Mermaids not Fabulous, by Lord Monboddo	388
On the Discipline of the University	394
Instances of the Severity of the Penal Laws in force against Roman Catholics in this Kingdom	396
On the Benefits of Literature	398
A View of the Progress of Navigation	400
The General History of China	404
A Picture of Piety and Economy, recommended to the Country Gentlemen, &c. of Great-Britain	409
Antient Charters	411
On Friendship	413
Monumental Inscription	415
Comments on Sterne, by John Ferriar, M. D.	426
Traits in the Life of the late Dr. J. Hunter	421
Some Account of the late Queen of France	423
Public Amusements	426
Poetry	429
Foreign Intelligence	333
London Gazettee	334
Monthly Chronicle	436
Births, Deaths, &c.	438

LONDON:

Printed and Published by J. W. BUNNEY, No. 7, NEWCASTLE-STREET, *Strand*; and sold by all the Booksellers in Town and Country.

[*Entered at Stationers-Hall.*]

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE should be highly ungrateful if we omitted to express our sincere Thanks to Brother J. GRIERSON, Esq. the worthy Deputy Provincial Grand Master for Hampshire, for his obliging Communications through the medium of Brother WHITE of Colchester Academy.

Our best Thanks are due to our indefatigable Correspondent and Brother MYSTAGOGUS; particularly for his very friendly suggestions for the improvement of this Undertaking. We should be happy, if not attended with inconvenience, that he would favour us with an interview.

The very handsome and obliging favor conferred upon us by Brother J. HESELTINE, Esq. Grand Treasurer, we shall with gratitude ever acknowledge; as without his assistance we should not have been honoured with the notice of a Nobleman high in our Order.

We return our best Thanks to Mess. LONGMAN and BRODRIP for the very handsome and speedy Communication of the "Lamentation of the Queen of France," written by that worthy and respectable Brother Dr. MILLER, Master of the St. George's Lodge, Doncaster.---See Poetry.

The kind recommendation and favour of the Chevalier RUSPINI we acknowledge with gratitude.

The Packet from a worthy Brother belonging to the Lodge Roman Eagle, Edinburgh, No. 212 of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, did not arrive till within a few days of the publication of this Number. The Portrait and Character of the worthy and respectable Brother he alludes to shall be early given. We return Thanks for his obliging Communications, hoping for his future Favors.

The Lines signed "Brother R. W." Glasgow, in our next.

Our gratitude is due to Brother WHITE, Grand Secretary, for his kind recommendation of our Magazine.

Our best Thanks are due to Brother CUPPAGE, for his obliging favor.

The Letter from Brother MIDDLETON of the Chelsea Lodge came safe to hand---are sorry for his disappointment, but we will make amends.

The Lines, signed J. B. in our next.

Several Literary Favors received which shall be attended to in our next certain.

*** All Literary Favors, &c. addressed to J. W. BUNNEY, at the *Freemason's Magazine Office*, No. 7, Newcastle-Street, Strand (post-paid) will be duly attended to. Or all those wishing to become Subscribers to this Work, by sending their Names as above, shall be regularly served with beautiful Impressions of the Engravings and Letter-Press. Proofs of the Egravings, for framing, may be had, as above, at *2s. 6d.* each set.

THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

OR,

GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY.

FOR OCTOBER 1793.

AN

ADDRESS

TO THE

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS,

Assembled at a QUARTERLY COMMUNICATION, *held near* Temple-Bar, Dec. 11, 1735.

BY MARTIN CLARE, M. A. J. G. W.

THE chief pleasures of Society, *viz.* good Conversation, and the consequent Improvements, are rightly presumed, Brethren, to be the principal motive of our first entering into, and then of propagating our Craft, wherein those advantages, I am bold to say, may be better met with, than in any Society now in being; provided we are not wanting to ourselves, and will but consider, that the Basis of our Order is *indissoluble Friendship* and the Cement of it *Unanimity* and *Brotherly Love.*

That these may always subsist in this Society, is the sincere desire of every worthy Brother; and, that they may do so in full perfection here, give me leave to lay before you a few observations, wherein are pointed out those things, which are the most likely to discompose the harmony of Conversation, especially when it turns upon controverted points. It is, Brethren, a very delicate thing to interest one's self in a dispute, and yet preserve the decorum due to the occasion. To assist us a little in this matter, is the subject of what I have, at present, to offer to your consideration; and I doubt not, but the bare mention of what may be disagreeable in

any kind of debate, will be heedfully avoided by a body of gentlemen, united by the Bonds of Brotherhood, and under the strictest ties of mutual Love and Forbearance.

By the outward demeanour it is, that the inward civility of the mind is generally expressed; the manner and circumstance of which, being much governed and influenced by the fashion and usage of the place where we live, must, in the rule and practice of it, be learned by observation, and the carriage of those who are allowed to be polite and well-bred. But the more essential part of civility lies deeper than the outside, and is that general good-will, that decent regard, and personal esteem for every man, which makes us cautious of shewing, in our carriage toward him, any contempt, disrespect, or neglect. 'Tis a disposition that makes us ready on all occasions to express, according to the usual way and fashion of address, a respect, a value, and esteem for him, suitable to his rank, quality, and condition in life. It is, in a word, a disposition of the mind visible in the carriage, whereby a man endeavours to shun making another uneasy in his company.

For the better avoiding of which, in these our Conventions, suffer me, Brethren, to point out to you four things, directly contrary to this the most proper and most acceptable conveyance of the Social Virtues, from some one of which, Incivility will generally be found to have its rise, and of consequence that discord and want of harmony in Conversation, too frequently to be observed.

The first of these is a NATURAL ROUGHNESS, which makes a man uncomplaisant to others; so that he retains no deference, nor has any regard to the inclinations, temper, or condition of those he converses with. It is the certain mark of a clown, not to mind what either pleases or offends those he is engaged with. And yet one may sometimes meet with a man in clean and fashionable clothes, giving an absolute, unbounded swing to his own humour herein, and suffering it to jostle or overbear every thing that stands in its way, with a perfect indifference how people have reason to take it. This is a brutality every one sees and abhors. It is what no one can approve, or be easy with; and therefore it finds no place with those who have any tincture of good-breeding; the end and design of which is, to supple our natural stiffness, and to soften mens' tempers, that they may bend and accommodate themselves to those with whom they have to do.

CONTEMPT is the second thing inconsistent with good-breeding, and is entirely averse to it. And if this want of respect be discovered, either in a man's looks, words, or gesture, come it from whom it will, it always brings uneasiness and pain along with it: for nobody can contentedly bear to be slighted.

A third thing of the like nature is CENSORIOUSNESS, or a disposition to find fault with others. Men, whatever they are guilty of, would not choose to have their blemishes displayed and set in open view. Failings always carry some degree of shame with them;

and the discovery, or even imputation of any defect, is not borne by them without uneasiness.

RAILLERY must be confessed to be the most refined way of exposing the faults of others; and because 'tis commonly done with some wit, in good language, and entertains the company, people are apt to be led into a mistake, that where it keeps within fair bounds, there is no incivility in it. The pleasantry of this sort of conversation introduces it often therefore among people of the better sort; and such talkers, it must be owned, are well heard, and generally applauded by the laughter of the standers-by: but it ought at the same time to be considered, that the entertainment of the company is at the cost of the person who is painted in burlesque characters, who therefore cannot be without some uneasiness on the occasion, unless the subject, on which he is rallied, be matter of commendation; in which case the pleasant images which make the raillery, carrying with them praise as well as sport, the rallied person, finding his account in it, may also take a part in the diversion.

But in regard the right management of so nice a point, wherein the least slip may spoil all, is not every body's talent, it is better, that such as would be secure of not provoking others, should wholly abstain from raillery, which by a small mistake, or wrong turn, may leave upon the minds of those who are stung by it, the lasting memory of having been sharply, though wittily, taunted, for something censurable in them.

CONTRADICTION is also a sort of Censoriousness, wherein ill-breeding much too often shews itself. Complaisance does not require, that we should admit of all the reasonings, or silently approve of all the accounts of things, that may be vented in our hearing. The opposing the ill-grounded opinions, and the rectifying the mistakes of others, is what truth and charity sometimes require of us; nor does civility forbid, so it be done with proper caution and due care of circumstance. But there are some men, who seem so perfectly possessed, as it were, with the spirit of contradiction and perverseness, that they steadily, and without regard either to right or wrong, oppose some one, and perhaps every one of the company in whatsoever is advanced. This is so evident and outrageous a degree of censuring, that none can avoid thinking himself injured by it.

All sort of opposition to what another man says, is so apt to be suspected of Censoriousness, and is so seldom received without some sort of humiliation, that it ought to be made in the gentlest manner, and couched in the softest expressions that can be found, and such as, with the whole deportment, may express no forwardness to contradict. All possible marks of respect and good-will ought to accompany it, that whilst we gain the argument, we may not lose the good inclinations of any that hear, and especially of those who happen to differ from us.

And here we ought not to pass by an ordinary, but a very great fault, that frequently happens in almost every dispute; I mean that of *interrupting others, while they are speaking*. This is a failing, which the members of the best-regulated Confraternities among us have endeavoured to guard against, in the by-laws of their respective Societies, and is what the R. W. person in the chair should principally regard, and see well put in execution. Yet as it is an ill practice, that prevails much in the world, and especially where less care is taken, it cannot be improper to offer a word or two against it here.

There cannot be a greater rudeness than to interrupt another in the current of his discourse: for if it be not impertinence and folly to answer a man, before we know what he has to say; yet it is a plain declaration, that we are weary of his discourse; that we disregard what he says, as judging it not fit to entertain the Society with; and is in fact, little less than a downright desiring that *Ourselves* may have audience, who have something to produce, better worth the attention of the company. As this is no ordinary degree of disrespect, it cannot but give always very great offence.

The fourth thing, Brethren, that is against Civility, and therefore apt to overset the harmony of Conversation, is CAPTIOUSNESS. And it is so, not only because it often produces misbecoming and provoking expressions and behaviour in a part of the company, but because it is a tacit accusation and a reproach for something ill-taken, from those we are displeased with. Such an intimation, or even suspicion, must always be uneasy to society; and as one angry person is sufficient to discompose a whole company, for the generality, all mutual happiness and satisfaction ceases therein, on any such jarring. This failing therefore should be guarded against with the same care, as either the boisterous rusticity and insinuated contempt, or the ill-natured disposition to censure, already considered and disallowed of. For as peace, ease, and satisfaction are what constitute the pleasure, the happiness, and are the very soul of Conversation; if these be interrupted, the design of Society is undermined; and in that circumstance, how should Brotherly Love continue? Certain it is, that unless good order, decency, and temper be preserved by the individuals of Society, confusion will be introduced, and a dissolution will naturally, very quickly, follow.

What therefore remains is to remind the Brethren, that Masons have ever been lovers of order. It is the business of their particular profession to reduce all rude matters to truth. Their aphorisms recommend it. The number of their lights, and the declared end of their coming together, intimate the frame and disposition of mind, wherewith they are to meet, and the manner of their behaviour when assembled.

Shall it then ever be said, that those, who by choice are distinguished from the gross of mankind, and who voluntarily have enrolled their names in this most ancient and honorable Society, are

so far wanting to themselves and the order they profess, as to neglect its rules? Shall those who are banded and cemented together, by the strictest ties of amity, omit the practice of Forbearance and Brotherly Love? Or shall the passions of those persons ever become ungovernable, who assemble purposely to subdue them?

We are, let it be considered, the successors of those, who reared a structure to the honour of Almighty God, the grand Architect of the World, which for wisdom, strength, and beauty, hath never yet had any parallel. We are intimately related to those great and worthy spirits, who have ever made it their business and their aim to improve themselves, and to inform mankind. Let us then copy their example, that we may also hope to obtain a share in their praise. This cannot possibly be done in a scene of disorder: Pearls are never found but when the sea is calm; and silent water is generally deepest.

It has been long, and still is, the glory and happiness of this Society, to have its interest espoused by the great, the noble, and the honored of the land. Persons, who, after the example of the wisest and the grandest of Kings, esteem it neither condescension nor dishonour to patronize and encourage the Professors of the Craft. It is our duty, in return, to do nothing inconsistent with this favour; and being members of this body, it becomes us to act in some degree suitable to the honour we receive from our illustrious head.

If this be done at our general meetings, every good and desirable end will very probably be promoted among us. The Craft will have the advantage of being governed by good, wholesome, and dispassionate laws: the business of the *Grand Lodge* will be smoothly and effectually carried on: your Grand Officers will communicate their sentiments and receive your opinions and advice with pleasure and satisfaction; particular Societies will become still more regular, from what their representatives shall observe here. In a word, true and ancient Masonry will flourish; and those that are without, will soon come to know, that there are more substantial pleasures to be found, as well as greater advantages to be reaped, in our Society, orderly conducted, than can possibly be met with in any other bodies of men, how magnificent soever their pretensions may be. For none can be so amiable as that which promotes Brotherly Love, and fixes that as the grand cement of all our actions; to the performance of which we are bound by an obligation, both solemn and awful, and that entered into by our own free and deliberate choice; and as it is to direct our lives and actions, it cannot never be too often repeated, nor too frequently inculcated.

THE LIGHT AND TRUTH OF MASONRY EXPLAINED,

BEING THE SUBSTANCE OF A

CHARGE

Delivered at Plymouth, *in April*, 1757,

BY THOMAS DUNCKERLEY, ESQ. P. G. M.

BRETHREN,

LIGHT and TRUTH being the great essentials of the *Royal Craft*, I shall begin this discourse (prepared for the opening of this Room) with that awful message which St. JOHN delivered to the world, *That God is Light, and in him is no darkness at all;* and that we are not worthy of the *true Fellowship*, unless we walk in the *Light*, and do the *Truth*. O! sacred *Light!* whose orient beams make manifest that *Truth* which *unites* all good and faithful *Masons* in a heavenly *Fellowship!*

This sublime part of Masonry is that firm base on which is raised the shaft of Faith, that supports a beautiful entablature of good works: it is the foundation of a superstructure unbounded as the universe, and durable as eternity. To attempt a description of this stupendous fabrick may seem presumptuous in me, who have been so few years a Mason: but as you, my Brethren, were pleased to request something of this kind, give me leave to assure you that I am truly sensible of the honour: and though there are several among you, who by knowledge and long experience are well qualified for such an undertaking, yet as it is my duty to execute your commands, I shall cheerfully begin the work; and humbly hope by *patience* and *industry* to make some amends for the little *time* I have served.

The *Light* and *Truth* which St. JOHN takes notice of in his message to the World, being a principal part of sublime Masonry, I have, as I observed before, taken it for the subject of my discourse, on this solemn occasion. I intreat you to hear me with attention; and whatever deficiencies you may discover in this Essay impute it to inexperience, and admonish me with Brotherly Love, that while I am pleading the cause of *Truth* I may be free from *error*.

God said let there be Light; and there was Light. Without it the rude matter of Chaos, *though brought into form*, would still have been to little purpose. *Let your Light so shine before men, that they may see your good works*, was the advice of him that was *a Light to lighten the Gentiles*. Our *Lights* are not hid, but placed on *Candlesticks;* and these are silent monitors continually intimating to us, that as the *ancient and honorable badge* we wear has placed us above the rest of mankind, so all our duties to our Heavenly Master, our fellow creatures, and ourselves, should be *formed* and *contrived* by the *wisdom* of God's word; *strengthened and supported* by Love, Truth,

and Charity; and *beautified and adorned* by Honesty, Temperance, and true Politeness. All Masons that are, or ever have been, were *shewn the Light:* and though they cannot forget it, yet, alas! how *faintly* does it shine in the hearts of too many! How is its lustre sullied, and splendor diminished, by the folly, stupidity, and madness of irreligion and impiety!——These are the persons of whom St. JOHN says, *they went out from us; but they were not of us: for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us: but they went out, that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us.* And thus it is that those who depart from the *Light* bring an evil report on the *Craft.*

TRUTH, as it is a divine attribute, so is it the foundation of all Masonic Virtues. It is one of our grand Principles; for to be *good men and true,* is part of the first great lesson we are taught; and at the commencement of our *Freedom* we are exhorted to be *fervent* and *zealous* in the pursuit of *Truth* and *Goodness.* It is not sufficient that we *walk in the Light,* unless we do the *Truth* also. All hypocrisy and deceit must be banished from among us: they are *sincerity* and *plain-dealing* that complete the harmony of a Lodge, and render us acceptable in the sight of Him unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no *secrets* are hid. There is a charm in Truth that draws and attracts the mind continually toward it. The more we discover, the more we desire; and the great reward is Wisdom, Virtue, and Happiness. This is an edifice founded on a rock, which malice cannot shake or time destroy.

What a secret satisfaction is it to Masons, when in searching for Truth, they find the rudiments of all useful knowledge still preserved among us, as it has descended by oral tradition from the earliest ages! and to find likewise this Truth corroborated by the testimonies of the best and greatest men the world has produced! But this is not all; the Sacred Writings confirm what I assert, the sublime part of our Antient Mystery being there to be found; nor can any Christian Brother be a perfect Mason that does not make the word of God his study. Indeed we own all Masons as Brothers, be they *Christians, Jews,* or *Mahometans* (for Masonry is universal, and not strictly confined to any particular faith, sect, or mode of worship); all Masons, I say, of whatever religious denomination, who rule their passions and affections, and square their actions accordingly, are acknowledged by us as Brothers; but, for *our* parts, the Holy Scripture is to be studied by *us,* and occasionally read and consulted.

Since without *Light* we cannot perceive the beauty and excellency of *Truth,* and since we are certain that no man can be a worthy Brother who is wanting in either; it may not be improper at this Time to draw the character of him *Who walks in Light, and does the Truth;* and who, according to ST. JOHN'S Account, is worthy of the *true Fellowship.*

As we call any building or piece of architecture *perfect* which hath *all its parts,* and is finished and completed according to the *nicest rules of art; a Brother* is in like manner said to be a good *Mason* who has *studied* and *knows himself,* and has learnt and practises that

first and great lesson of *subduing his Passions and Will*, and tries to the utmost of his power to free himself from all vices, errors, and imperfections; not only those that proceed from the heart, but likewise all other defects of the understanding which are caused by custom, opinion, prejudice, or superstition: He who asserts the native *freedom* of his *mind*, and stands fast in the *liberty* that makes him *free*; whose soul is (if one may so express it) universal, and well contracted, and who despises no man on account of his *Country* or *Religion*; but is ready at all times to convince the world that *Truth, Brotherly Love*, and *affording relief*, are the grand principles on which he acts.

His whole life will be conformable and agreeable to that *true light*, the Law of God, which shines clear to his heart, and is the model by which he squares his judgement. In his outward behaviour he will be very careful not to give private or public offence, and (as far as appears to him right) will strictly comply with the laws, the customs, and religious institutions of the country in which he resides. To all mankind he will act upon the square; and do to others as he would have them do unto him. He will be firm and consistent with himself, and continually in expectation and on his guard against all accidents to which this life is exposed; and in particular he will by a *well-spent life be daily preparing for death*, that final period of human action, which sooner or later will take us hence, to give a strict account of our stewardship and the improvement of our talents.

In fine, all good Masons should be pious, prudent, just, and temperate, and resolutely virtuous.

From what I have advanced, and from these our ancient charges, I hope it is evident to every one at the present, that it is the duty of every Mason to live soberly, righteously, and godly; or, according to the words of the Evangelist, He should walk in the Light, and do the Truth.

Continue, my Brethren, to persevere in principles that are disinterested, and I doubt not but you will find this room, which we have now opened and dedicated to MASONRY, constantly resorted to by the wise, the faithful, and the good.

Let us consider the intention of our Meetings; let submission to your Officers, and Brotherly Love to each other, be shewn by your diligent attendance in the Lodge; and be very careful to enquire into the *characters* and *capacities* of those who are desirous to be admitted among you.

Study the CONSTITUTIONS and CHARGES, and improve in the FIFTH SCIENCE as far as your abilities and several avocations will permit. Have universal Benevolence and Charity for all mankind; and wherever you meet your necessituous Brethren dispersed, relieve them to the utmost of your ability, remembering, notwithstanding, not to do things that may really prejudice yourselves or families.

'Let us by well-doing put to silence the ignorance of foolish men. 'As free, but not using our liberty for a cloke of maliciousness, but as the servants of God. Honor all Men, Love the Brotherhood, Fear God, Honour the King.'

TO THE

PRINTER OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

RELIGION being the Basis of Free Masonry, and FAITH one of the principal tenets of the Profession, you will perhaps consider any observations arising from those subjects as not incompatible with the nature of your undertaking; if then you should believe they might be acceptable to some of your readers, I submit to you for insertion a few

CURSORY THOUGHTS ON HAPPINESS,

OF which

> "*Each has his share; and who would more obtain*
> "*Shall find—the pleasure pays not half the pain**."

As it is essential to the order of sublunary things, that Riches (too often termed the *good things* of this world) should be unequally distributed, Providence seems wisely to have ordained, that they should not be indispensably necessary to our Happiness.

Happiness, like the Passions, is implanted in all; it is best derived from *Hope*, and seems indeed incompatible only with *Fear*. I know not if I should err were I to say, that *true Happiness* can only subsist in the hope of something *future*; it is very certain, however, that a superficial kind only attends on the gratification of the *present moment*.

Since, then, Happiness is not confined to any condition or circumstance of life; but

> "*The Learn'd is happy Nature to explore,*
> "*The Fool is happy that he knows no more,*
> "*The Rich is happy with the plenty given,*
> "*The Poor is happy with the care of Heav'n†;*"

the plain inference is, that every one must look for it within his own breast. If we would enjoy it unallayed with Care, we had best seek it in that moderate proportion which is called *Content*; for the supreme degree, however fascinating in prospect, is seldom durable, and never to be depended on; but Content may be the lot of whosoever seeks it, of the peasant equally as of the prince. Let this suffice to prove my first position, and indulge me in a few more observations.

I have thought much on this subject, Mr. Printer, and from no other did I ever derive such full conviction. In whatever light I began my argument I ever found it tend to one grand point, beyond which I neither had power nor desire to pursue it: this conclusion was, that Happiness could in no degree be enjoyed by man but through

AN UNLIMITED FAITH IN THE POWER, THE WISDOM, AND THE GOODNESS OF GOD.

Thanks to that God! the proof does not require *my* arguments of the actual existence of such a Being, nor does it remain with me to

* Pope, † Pope's Essay on Man.

confound the Sceptic with testimonies of his *Omnipotence, Omniscience, and Omnipresence*: man cannot use a single *Sense* that will not convince him of that invisible Power which is above all, and in all, and greater than all. Can he cast his *eye* on the wide expanse of Heaven, and believe it to be the work of *chance, or of human art*? *Hear* the deep thunder roll, and say whence it comes, or whither it goeth? Can he *feel* the sensations of pleasure or of pain, and account upon merely human principles for its action upon him? *Inhale* the fragrance of the new-blown rose, and trace its source? or, lastly, can he *taste* the wheat of the field, and pay his thanks to man as the giver of that sustenance by which he lives? Let him own then, as he must feel, this incomprehensible POWER!

Can argument be necessary to prove his WISDOM equal to his POWER, or his GOODNESS to both? The frailty of human imperfection in many instances requires, if not to be *convinced*, at least to be roused to the *recollection* of it. Were the affairs of this world left to the absolute control and direction of the Kings and Potentates of the earth (which kind of government we might, indeed, conceive to extend to every superior order over its inferior), would not the inference be certain as it is simple? Would not the human passions of envy, ambition, and a general thirst for possessions, have trampled on every tie of gratitude and respect, reduced the world to anarchy, and long ere this have depopulated its Kingdoms?

This view of things may at the first glance appear rhapsodical; but give it a pause of reflection, and I think, nay am sure, it must appear self-evident. That All-creative Being, without whose care millions beside ourselves had been nothing, or worse than nothing, long ere this, whose power has supported, and whose mercy has showered its blessings upon us, give us hearts to be grateful, and a light for our actions, that they may redound to his honour and our own happiness.

Having established in our minds a sincere conviction of the POWER and WISDOM of the Almighty, there only remains for us to address him in the pure language of Piety and Humility, and fix a perfect reliance on his GOODNESS in every emergency. Should the effect be other than we wished, we may assure ourselves, and be happy in the assurance, that he who sees at the same view the present and the future well knew our short-sightedness, and saw that our blindness to the future would have *precipitated us on a rock of error*, from which his GOODNESS preserved us, by denying our ill-judged requests. Paying due attention to these frequent interpositions of the Deity in the affairs of men, all may observe the Truth of what I have endeavoured to inculcate; and those in whose behalf the divine interference operates will never fail to perceive, that the end will be happier than that to which their own desires had tended.

To conclude, it is an axiom worthy to be written on the heart, as on it depends the HAPPINESS of mankind in every age, condition, and circumstance of life, that, however dissatisfied our blindness and impiety may make us with the decrees of Heaven when they happen not to accord with our own wishes, the Wisdom and Goodnes of God orders every thing for our advantage in the end, and even his chastenings are mercies. S. J.

ANECDOTES
OF
DR. GOLDSMITH.

[*Continued from Page* 320.]

THE success of the comedy of "The Good-natured Man" fell infinitely short of what either the Author or his friends had calculated. During the run of it, in deference to the vitious taste of the public, he was obliged to omit the *Bailiff* Scene, and even with this sacrifice, it rather *dragged* through the remainder of the season. This irritated poor Goldsmith's feelings much, and what added to the irritation was, the very great success of "False Delicacy," a comedy written by the late Hugh Kelly, which appeared at the other house just at the same time.

Of the superior merit of "The Good-natured Man," there could be but one opinion amongst the judges of dramatic merit, but such was the taste of the town for sentimental writing, in which this comedy abounds, that "False Delicacy" was played every night to crowded audiences—ten thousand copies of the play were sold that season, and the Booksellers concerned in the profits of it, not only presented the Author with a piece of plate value 20*l.* but gave a public breakfast at the Chapter Coffee-house.

All this was wormwood to Goldsmith, who, though the type of his "Good-natured Man" in every other respect, yet, in point of Authorship, and particularly in poetry,

"*Could bear no rival near his throne.*"

He vented his spleen in conversations amongst his friends and in coffee-houses, abused "False Delicacy" in very unguarded terms, and said he would write no more for the stage, whilst the dramatic chair was usurped by such blockheads. What further widened this breach between the two rival Authors was, their accidentally meeting in the green-room at Covent Garden, where Goldsmith, thinking 'twas necessary to say something civil to Kelly, faintly wished him joy on the success of his piece, to which the other (who had heard all the strong things Goldsmith had said of his play) smartly enough replied, "I cannot thank you because I cannot believe you." From that hour they never spoke to one another.

Such was the cause of enmity between two men who were both candidates for public favour, and who were both very deserving characters. Kelly, by the publication of his "Thespis," a poem; his letters called "The Babblers," some Novels, and "False Delicacy," had raised himself much into public notice, and what justly increased it was, the consideration of his doing all this from an humble

beginning, and a very narrow education. He had a growing family too, which he supported with decency and reputation. Goldsmith had the superiority of genius and education, but would not bend either beneath the level of his own understanding—whilst Kelly, who understood little more than the surface of things, better accommodated his knowledge to all the vicissitudes of public opinion.

Their acquaintance commenced soon after the publication of "The Traveller," at a time when Kelly was Editor of the Public Ledger. It was begun in a frank manner on the side of Kelly, who meeting him at the Temple Exchange Coffee house, wished him joy of the success of his poem, and in the course of the conversation invited him to dine with him. "I would with pleasure accept of your kind invitation," said Goldsmith, "but to tell you the truth, my dear boy, my "Traveller" has found me *a home* in so many places, that I am engaged, I believe, three days—let me see—to-day I dine with Edmund Burke, to-morrow with Dr. Nugent, and the next day with Topham Beauclerc—but I'll tell you what *I'll do for you*, I'll dine with you on Saturday." Kelly accepted his offer, and a growing intimacy subsisted between them 'till the success of "False Delicacy" dissolved it.

To acquit Goldsmith of all manner of blame on this occasion, would be sacrificing too much to departed friendship; but I will appeal to all close observers upon human nature, whether, in the rivalship of profession, some sparks of enmity do not appear in breasts otherwise tuned to all the harmonies of life. "Themistocles could not sleep for the trophies of Miltiades,"—and the sluggish disposition of a late first law officer, he confessed himself, was roused by the rapid strides of a contending brother. In short, there is a certain degree of envy almost inseparable from ambition, and happy are those few who can run their race without it. Had Kelly been content to keep in the back ground, Goldsmith would have shared his last guinea with him, and in doing it would have felt all the fine influences of his general good-nature—but to contend for the bow of Ulysses, "That was a fault; that way envy lay."

Though the fame of his "Good-natured Man" did not bear him triumphantly through, yet, what with the profits of his three nights, and the sale of his copy-right, he *netted five hundred pounds.* With this and the savings made by some compilations, which he used to call "building of a book," he descended from his Attic story in the Stair-case, Inner temple, and purchased chambers in Brick-court, Middle Temple, for which he gave four hundred pounds. These he furnished rather in an elegant manner, fitted up and enlarged his library, and commenced quite a man of "lettered ease" and consequence.

Much about this time Dr. Goldsmith was concerned in a fortnightly publication, called "The Gentleman's Journal." He was assisted by Dr. Kenrick, Bickerstaffe, and another Gentleman who undertook the compilation part. This Journal was to do wonders both for original writing, criticism, &c. but, each depending on the

industry of the other, after one or two numbers it fell off exceedingly, and, I believe, hardly lived to its six month. When it ceased to be published, a friend was observing what an extraordinary sudden death it had. "Not at all, Sir," says Goldsmith; "a very common case; it died of too many Doctors."

His next original publication was "The Deserted Village," which came out in the spring of 1770. Of the success of this poem it is now unnecessary to speak: the circumstance of his returning the hundred pound note to the bookseller for the copy-right, under an idea of its being too much, is strictly true, and his way of computation was this, "that it was near *five shillings* a couplet, which was more than any bookseller could afford, or, indeed, more than any modern poetry was worth." The Poet, however, lost nothing by his generosity, as his bookseller (the late Mr. Griffin, of Catherine-street, Strand) paid him the remainder of the hundred pounds, which the rapid sale of the poem soon enabled him to do.

Goldsmith, though quick enough at prose, was rather slow in his poetry—not from the tardiness of fancy, but the time he took in pointing the sentiment, and polishing the versification. He was by his own confession, four or five years collecting materials in all his country excursions for this poem, and was actually engaged in the construction of it above two years. His manner of writing poetry was this: he first sketched a part of his design in prose, in which he threw out his ideas as they occurred to him; he then sat carefully down to versify them, correct them, and add such other ideas as he thought better fitted to the subject. He sometimes would exceed his prose design, by writing several verses impromptu, but these he would take uncommon pains afterwards to revise, lest they should be found unconnected with his main design.

The writer of these Memoirs called upon the Doctor the second morning after he had begun "The Deserted Village," and to him he communicated the plan of his poem. "Some of my friends," continued he, "differ with me on this plan, and think this depopulation of villages does not exist—but I myself am satisfied of the fact. I remember it in my own country, and have seen it in this." He then read what he had done that morning, beginning,

"*Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,*
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er the green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cot—the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook—the busy mill,
The decent church, that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made."

"Come," says he, "let me tell you, this is no bad morning's work; and now, my dear boy, if you are not better engaged, I should be glad to enjoy a *Shoe-maker's* holiday with you."

This *Shoe-maker's Holiday* was a day of great festivity to poor Goldsmith, and was spent in the following innocent manner:

Three or four of his intimate friends rendezvoused at his chambers to breakfast about ten o'clock in the morning; at eleven they proceeded by the City-road and through the fields to Highbury Barn to dinner; about six o'clock in the evening they adjourned to White Conduit House to drink tea; and concluded the evening by supping at the Grecian or Temple Exchange Coffee-houses, or at the Globe in Fleet-street. There was a very good ordinary of two dishes and pastry kept at Highbury Barn about this time (five-and twenty-years ago) at 10d. per head, including a penny to the waiter, and the company generally consisted of literary characters, a few Templars, and some citizens who had left off trade. The whole expences of this day's fete never exceeded a crown, and often'er from three-and-six-pence to four shillings, for which the party obtained good air and exercise, good-living, the example of simple manners, and good conversation.

Hear this, ye rising generation of Authors! and instead of haunting taverns, and following the luxurious tables of the great, where much useful time is exchanged for dissipated habits, learn from this frugal model, "that your reasonable wants, and even pleasures, lie in a small compass; and that whilst you are enjoying yourself upon this scale, you are confirming your health, laying up a future source of independence, and rescuing yourself from that contempt (too generally true) which Roger Ascham has long since thrown upon wits, that "they live one knows not how, and die one cares not where."

Poor Goldsmith himself in the latter part of his life felt the ill-effects of not following this advice, for when he exchanged these simple habits for those of the great, he contracted their follies without their fortunes or qualifications; hence, when he ate or drank with them, he contracted habits for expence which he could not individually afford—when he squandered his time with them, he squandered part of his income; and when he lost his money at play with them, he had not *their talents* to recover it at another opportunity. He had discernment to see all this, but had not the courage to break those fetters he had forged. The consequence was, he was obliged to run in debt, and his debts rendered him, at times, so very melancholy and dejected, that I am sure he felt himself, at least the last years of his life, a very unhappy man.

The next original work our Author sat down to, after his "Deserted Village," was his Comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer." He told one or two of his friends, "That he would try the dramatic taste of the Town once more, but that he would still hunt after *nature* and *humour* in whatever walks of life they were most conspicuous." This comedy was produced in 1772, and notwith-

standing the opinion of Mr. Colman and some others, that there were parts in it rather too farcical, it had a surprising run, and reconciled our Author so much to dramatic writing, that had he lived longer, the probability is, he would have dedicated a considerable part of his studies to that line.

The first night of its performance Goldsmith, instead of being at the Theatre, was found sauntering, between seven and eight o'clock, in the Mall, St. James's Park; and it was on the remonstrance of a friend who told him "*how useful his presence might be in making some sudden alterations, which might be found necessary in the piece,*" that he was prevailed upon to go to the Theatre. He entered the stage-door just in the middle of the 5th Act, when there was a *hiss at the improbability of Mrs. Hardcastle supposing herself forty miles off, though on her own grounds, and near the house.* "What's that?" says the Doctor, terrified at the sound. "Psha! Doctor," says Colman, who was standing by the side of the scene, "don't be fearful of *squibs*, when we have been sitting almost these two hours upon a barrel of gunpowder."

In the Life of Dr. Goldsmith prefixed to his Works, the above reply of Colman's is said to have happened at the last rehearsal of the piece, but the fact was (I had it from the Doctor himself) as I have stated, and he never forgave it to Colman to the last hour of his life.

The Doctor cleared eight hundred pounds by this Comedy; but though this year was very successful to him by other Publications, what with his liberalities to poor Authors, poor Countrymen of his, and a passion for gaming, he found himself at the end of it considerably in debt. This he lamented in secret, but took no effectual means for the cure of it.

Whilst I am upon this part of the Doctor's literary life, it may not be improper to record, that it was this Comedy of "She Stoops to Conquer" first brought *Lee Lewes* (or rather *Lewes*, as he was then called, having added the *Lee* afterwards to distinguish his name from that of the present Deputy Manager of Covent Garden) into the line of an acting performer, which happened in the following manner.

Lee Lewes, previous to the bringing out of this Comedy, was principally employed as an Harlequin, and only occasionally performed little speaking parts of no consequence. Shuter, who with great comic talents possessed no inconsiderable share of dramatic knowledge and effect, often spurred Lee Lewes, in their convivial moments, to leave the *mask* for the *sock*—or, to use his own cant phrase, "Why don't you *patter** , boy? D—n me, you can use the *gob-box* as quick and as smart as any of them: you have a good comic look and a marking eye, and why don't you patter on the stage?"

The repetition of these friendly hints roused Lee Lewes's feel-

* A cant phrase for speaking.

ings, and Shuter telling him that there was a part in a new Comedy that he thought would suit him, he agreed to perform it. This was the part of young Marlow, which Doctor Goldsmith at first agreed to with some reluctance, but after one or two rehearsals so altered his opinion, that he declared it was the second best performance in the piece, and this opinion was afterwards confirmed by the general sense of the audience.

This period, too, is farther remarkable for our Author dismissing the title of *Doctor* from his address, and calling himself Mr. Goldsmith. Whether he had only then decided never to practise the profession he was bred to, or that he thought *Mr.* a more familiar manner of launching himself into the fashionable World, which he was then vain enough to affect to be fond of, it is now hard to decide; this, however, was the fact, that the world would not let *him lose his degree*, but called him *Doctor* to the end of his life.

ThePoem of "*Retaliation*" was the closing work of this Literary Character, which he did not live to finish, and was published in that imperfect manner after his death. The cause of this Poem originated as follows: Goldsmith, with all his fine talents for writing, was often very odd and eccentric in conversation, insomuch that he was not a little the butt of some of his literary friends; who used to squib off little crackers of wit at his expence. He bore all this with a patience that emboldened them to take greater liberties, when Goldsmith, who knew his own strength, as well as how to avail himself of an opportunity, waited till they had spent their fire in this way, and then came out upon them all with "Retaliation;" a poem where their characters, under supposed epitaphs, are all brought out, with great resemblance and strong force of colouring.

When he had gone on as far as the character of Sir Joshua Reynolds in the Poem, which was the *last Character*, I believe, *of the Doctor's writing*, he shewed it to Mr. Burke, of whose talents and friendship he always spoke in the highest degree, but required at the same time a solemn promise of secrecy. "Before I promise this," says Mr. Burke, "be explicit with me; have you shewed it to any body else?" Here the Doctor paused for some time, but at length confessed he had given a copy of it to Mrs. Cholmondeley. "O then," replied Mr. Burke, "to avoid any possible imputation of betraying secrets, I'll promise nothing, but leave it to yourself to confide in me."—Mr. Burke's suspicion was soon verified; the Doctor, it appeared, had given copies to others, who had given copies to others again, so that he was under a necessity of reading it himself a little while after in full Club, where, though *some* praised it, and others *seemed* highly delighted with it, they still thought a publication of it not altogether so proper.

Goldsmith now found that a little sprinkling of *fear* was not altogether an unnecessary ingredient in the friendships of the world. Whilst he was considered as the *placid Poet*, and the *Good-natured Man*, his little foibles were played upon with great safety; but no sooner was he found out to be equally a bold satiric portrait-painter, than he was treated with more civility and seeming affection; his

peculiarities were found to possess some degree of humour, and his taste was consulted in all discussions on literary subjects. Our Poet was not unobserving of all this, and though he meant not immediately at least to publish *Retaliation*, he kept it, has he expressed himself to a friend, "as a rod in pickle upon any future occasion."

But this occasion never presented itself; a more awful period was now approaching, "when Kings as well as Poets cease from their labours."—A stranguary, to which he was subject, and which was increased by neglect, prevented him from going so much into company as he used to do, which, with the derangement of his worldly affairs, brought on a kind of occasional despondency, in which he used to express "his great indifference about life:" a nervous fever added to this despondency, which induced him to take too large a dose of Dr. James's Powders, and this, it was thought, hurried him out of the world, on the 4th of April 1774, after an illness of ten days.

*** *Anecdotes, and little traits of temper, which will best elucidate the simplicity and moral character of Dr.* GOLDSMITH, *will be given in our next, and have been hitherto only omitted lest they might be considered as breaking in too much on the line of his literary life.*

THOUGHTS

ON THE

FOUNDERING OF SHIPS.

IN reading Dr. Franklin's Letters, I found he had treated very ingeniously on this subject: but I think he did not give so full directions, as, perhaps, he would have done, had he been particularly treating on that subject alone; therefore, I have thought it not amiss to add some thoughts of my own to those of Dr. Franklin, and offer them to the public. Let us first consider the principle on which the ship floats on the water, which is simply this, that air is lighter than water. Thus if you fill any vessel, such as a cask, full of air, and make it tight, it will float on the top of the water, and carry a weight equal to the difference of the weight of air in the cask, and the same cask full of water, deducting for the weight of the cask itself. Thus a ship will carry just as much weight as the difference between the weight of the air contained in said ship below the surface of the water, and the weight of so much water, deducting the weight of the ship and ballast. A Captain who perceives his ship at sea spring a leak, in a desperate manner, so as to gain fast on his pumps, should, in the first place, start all his casks

full of any liquid, that he can get at in the lower tiers, and as fast as they can get empty, or the water increases so that they will empty no more, stop them tight again, and throw overboard only such things as will of themselves sink, carefully retaining every thing that will float on the water, for they may at last save the ship. If the case still seem desperate, empty every cask that can be made tight, and put them in the hold, and contrive to force them under water, and keep them there by props from the deck: this will still lessen the pressure, and the water will come in slower, as it rises higher in the hold, and covers more of the empty casks. Every wooden thing that can any way be spared, must be put in the hold, and forced under water, by props, not by weights, for this would destroy the effect. Even in cases of great extremity, cut down the masts, and cut them very small, with every thing above, and force them into the hold, cabin, and scuttles, or any where, so that they can be kept under water. The salt provisions, water, &c. that will be necessary to be kept for use, should be first of all brought upon deck, and last of all be put into the hold or any where else, so that they will be immersed in the water, and can be got at for use. I am of the opinion that few ships that put to sea, would sink, after every thing being done as above directed, although half their bottoms were beat out. Let not the Mariner despair in such cases, at seeing the water gain very fast on his pumps—but consider, as the vessel fills, the pressure lessens, and the water comes in slower, and the pumps will discharge it much faster, as it will not be so far to hoist as at the beginning. This is certainly a subject worthy the attention of the wise and great, if we consider how much property and how many lives are lost for want of such knowledge. If these hints should be the means of stirring a more able hand to take up the subject, and contribute to the saving of any lives, it will reward the writer.

SIR PETER PARKER, BART. D.G.M.

OF the life of this distinguished Officer and excellent Man few particulars have transpired, that can satisfy the Biographer or interest the Reader.

We forbear, therefore, at present detailing any account from the oral suggestions of our friends, or from our own recollections, in the hope that we may be favoured through some authentic channel with Memoirs that may justly illustrate the most striking incidents of a valuable life, which has been certainly spent in a manner that has no less deservedly acquired the approbation of his Country in his professional capacity, than of his Brethren as a Mason.



T. Jones sculp.

Sir Peter Parker.

From an original Painting.

Printed & Published by I. H. Bunney, Newcastle Street, Strand. Nov.r 1793.



T. Jones sculp.

Thomas Dunckerley Esq.r P.G.M.

From a Painting by T. Beach.

London, Printed & Published by J.W. Bunney, Newcastle Street, Strand, Oct.r 1793.

IN our last we gave a striking Portrait of THOMAS DUNCKERLEY, Esq. and, agreeably to our promise, are happy in the opportunity of laying before our numerous Readers, the following Biographical Account of this Gentleman, from the pen of a valuable Correspondent, Brother WHITE, of COLCHESTER ACADEMY, Provincial Junior Grand Warden for the County of Essex.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE
OF
THOMAS DUNCKERLEY, ESQ. P.G.M.

——— "*of Right and Wrong he taught*
"*Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard*;
"*And (strange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.*"

ARMSTRONG.

MR. DUNCKERLEY, is a past Senior Grand Warden of England*, Provincial Grand Master for the city and county of Bristol, the counties of Dorset, Essex, Gloucester, Hereford, Somerset, Southampton, and the Isle of Wight, *under the authority of His Royal Highness the* PRINCE *of* WALES; Grand Superintendant and Past Grand Master of Royal Arch Masons for the city and county of Bristol, the counties of Dorset, Essex, Gloucester, Hereford, Kent, Nottingham, Somerset, Southampton, Surry, Suffolk, Sussex, and Warwick, *under the patronage of His Royal Highness the* DUKE *of* CLARENCE; Most Eminent and Supreme Grand Master of Knights of Rosa Crucis, Templars, Kadosh, &c. of England, *under his Royal Highness* PRINCE EDWARD, *Patron of the Order.*

The masonic titles of this gentleman are given to shew the high sense the Grand Lodge of England entertains of his abilities and exertions, the great trust reposed in him by the Heir Apparent and his illustrious Brothers, the very great esteem and regard with which he is honoured (we had almost said adored) by several hundred Brethren in the above-mentioned counties, and to point out the amazing progress he has made in moral, social, and scientific Masonry, during forty-six years, by his travels in Europe, Africa, and America, particularly in England, Ireland, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Gibraltar, Corsica, and Sardinia.

*"By the indefatigable assiduity of that truly masonic luminary, Thomas Dunckerley, Esq; in whose favor the appointment [of Provincial Grand Master] for Hampshire was first made out, Masonry has made considerable progress, not only within that province, but in many other counties in England. In grateful testimony of the zealous and indefatigable exertions of this gentleman for many years to promote the honour and interest of the Society, the Grand Lodge has resolved that he shall rank as a Past Senior Grand Warden, and in all processions take place next the present Senior Grand Warden for the time being."

Vide PRESTON'S 'Illustrations of Masonry.'

As a gentleman Mr. Dunckerley is universally allowed to possess powerful mental abilities, which he has not failed to cultivate by an intimate knowledge of the Belles Lettres, and those arts and sciences that refine and exalt the human mind; and by a most extensive intercourse and acquaintance with the most illustrious and ingenious personages in this and many other kingdoms.

With a most enlightened mind and an urbanity of manners, that endears him to every one, he fulfils all the relative duties in a manner truly exemplary. He has naturally a taste for poetry, and exclusive of those pieces which have received the stamp of public approbation, his private friends have infinite cause to be charmed with the effusions of his Muse. Though conversant in science and philosophical researches, he is of too virtuous and vigorous a frame of mind, and too well-grounded in his religious and moral principles ever to suffer philosophy to lead to infidelity: but all the Christian Truths receive his most hearty concurrence, and all the Christian Virtues his constant practice.

As a Brother, Mr. Dunckerley stands unrivalled in his indefatigable exertions in the glorious cause of Charity, and in promoting concord and unanimity, brotherly love, morality, and good fellowship, with the strictest order and decorum; witness his many private and public charities, particularly his recent donation at the Provincial Grand Lodge at Chelmsford* for the support of the "Royal Cumberland Free Masons' School;" witness also the many excellent Charges he has given in the Provincial Grand Lodges where he has presided, and the uniform proofs his whole life has manifested, that he "lets his light shine before men."

The various scenes this gentleman has experienced would require volumes to record; the limits of our work will only admit of the general outlines of a character chequered with events, which could be sustained only by *honesty* and *courage*. "Honestas et Fortitudo" was a motto he took at ten years of age, when a thirst for glory, and a desire to engage in the bustle of the world, induced him to leave his school abruptly and enter the Royal Navy, where, during twenty-six years constant service, he had the honour and satisfaction to obtain the commendations and friendship of the following gallant commanders, under whom he served, viz. Admirals Sir John Norris, Matthews, and Martin, Captains Cornish, Russell, Berkley, Coates, Jekyll, Legge, Marshall, Byron, Swanton, Peyton, and Marlow, but having no parliamentary interest, nor any friend in power, that he then knew of, to assist him, his own modest merit was insufficient to procure him a command.

In the year 1760, upon Mr. Dunckerley's return from the siege of Quebec, an event happened which could not but fill him with astonishment; as it placed him in a new and most extraordinary point of view.—A Lady, receiving the Sacrament on her death-bed, made a declaration in all the awful solemnity of the occasion,

* Vide our Magazine for August, *page* 258.

by which it appeared that Mr. Dunckerley owed his birth to the first Personage in the Kingdom, and Nature was determined that it never should be questioned, for those who recollect the high Personage alluded to, will require no further proof when they see the subject of these Memoirs; but as this is a matter of much delicacy, our readers must excuse us from entering into further particulars and permit us to draw a veil over this part of the life we propose to record, which were we at liberty to illustrate would prove a most interesting part of the history.

Notwithstanding this discovery of Mr. Dunckerley's descent, he determined not to quit the service of his country until the end of the war, but, unfortunately for him, in the mean time the sudden dissolution of the great Personage we have alluded to, deprived him of a friend, who died without knowing that such a person existed.

In 1764 he applied for and obtained superannuation; but it was not until 1767 that his case was laid before a Great Personage, who was graciously pleased to make a provision for him.

Possessing a strong active mind, with an easy fluent delivery, he was advised in the year 1770, to become a student in the law, and during five years close application, acquired such a fund of legal knowledge, that, in Michaelmas term 1774, he was called to the bar by the honourable Society of the Inner Temple; but being fond of an active life, and still animated by a thirst for glory, when the court of France became hostile to this country in supporting American Independence, and an invasion was threatened, he accepted a commission in the South Hampshire regiment of militia, where he greatly distinguished himself during three years service.

It has been the particular good fortune of Mr. Dunckerley to be honoured with the friendship of the first and best characters of the age, from whom he has letters that would fill an octavo volume, and which reflect the highest honour upon him and them. We were anxious to obtain many of these to enrich our present Work, but such is his extreme delicacy and fear of giving offence, that we could only obtain the two here subjoined; one is from a noble Viscount (now a Marquis), and the other from the late General Sir Adolphus Oughton, K. B. which we are happy in being permitted to publish, as they offer a just tribute of praise to the benevolence of our gracious and beloved Sovereign, and manifest an interest and regard for Mr. Dunckerley, worthy of their exalted rank.

Gratitude is a prominent feature in this gentleman's character,—we have felt the luxury of doing good when we have heard him speak of the many obligations he is under to the following noblemen and gentlemen, which he relates with a heart over-flowing with a just sense of their kindness and favours. In 1766 he was befriended by Lord William Gordon, Captain Charles Meadows (now Mr. Pierpoint), and Captain Edward Meadows, of the Royal Navy. In 1767 by the Dukes of Beaufort and Buccleugh, Lord

Chesterfield, Lord Harcourt, Lord Valentia, Sir Edward Walpole, Sir Edward Hawke, and Mr. Worsley. In 1768 by the Duke of Grafton, the Marquis of Granby and Lord Townshend, and afterwards by Lord Bruce (now Earl of Aylesbury), Lord North, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Brummell, Mr. Richard Burke, Mr. Blackburn a merchant in the city, and Mr. Heseltine, our worthy Grand Treasurer; and though "last not least," by General Hotham and Colonel Hulse, to whom he expresses himself highly obliged by their kindness and personal attention.

He married early in life, being now in the sixty-ninth year of his age, near forty-nine of which have been spent in wedlock; his lady, who is every way worthy of such a valuable husband, is some few years older than he is, and enjoys a good share of health and spirits. Having last year, in his masonic character, laid the first stone of a new church at Southampton, he jocularly observed, "that if the structure were completed by the time he had completed fifty years in wedlock, he should think himself justified in following the practice of some nations he had travelled in, viz. of keeping a Jubilee year, and in that case handsel the new church by being re-married in it."

Previous to the appropriation of Somerset House to its present use, Mr. Dunckerley had apartments therein, since then, he generally resides at his apartments in Hampton-Court Palace, and, by the munificence of his Sovereign, the Prince of Wales, and Duke of York, has the honour and happiness to be in a very comfortable situation, and, to crown all, we shall add in his own words, "that he has been blessed with the friendship of that Great Being who never faileth those that seek him."

That he may long, very long, continue to enjoy these blessings, and be an ornament to a Society which has received the testimony of approbation from the good and great in all ages, is the free, fervent, and zealous wish of his humble Biographer and thousands of others, who deem it none of the least of the prerogatives of Free Masonry to call this excellent Man by the most friendly of all titles—A BROTHER.

"SIR,

"THE kind communication of His Majesty's benevolence and goodness made me as happy, as the frequent reflections I made upon unmerited distress, before this event, gave me sincere concern.

"I cannot divine to what channel you owe that piece of good fortune; if in any degree to one person*, to whom I mentioned your affair (whose benevolence of heart and public virtues I know are only obscured by public prejudice), I may have possibly been in a small degree an instrument of conveying to the knowledge of one

* The late Earl of Bute.

of the most generous of Princes, one of the opportunities in which I believe his soul is most delighted. By whatever means it came, blessed be the hand which confers it; may you, Sir, and your family long enjoy the comforts of such a provision.

I am, with great regard, your obliged and faithful servant,"

Edinburgh, Nov. 18, 1767.

"DEAR SIR,

"I VERY heartily congratulate you on the happy change you have lately experienced in your fortune. Lord H. and Mr. W. are men whose virtues are of no common stamp, and the bounties of our most amiable and excellent Sovereign cannot flow through channels more worthy of them. It would be a vain attempt, as well as totally unnecessary to you, to express the sense I have of the King's humanity and goodness. Instances of it frequently come to my knowledge which fill my heart with joy and add fervency to my prayers that it may please God to reward him, even in this life, by impressing on the minds of all his Subjects a due sense of their obligations to him for so inestimable a blessing, and affectionate duty to so unparallelled a Prince.—The attending Lord——in Ireland, would not (in my opinion) be an adviseable scheme, the expence being great and certain, the advantage small and precarious.—— Lord Granby may get you a Commission for your Son, and will, I dare say (recommended as you are), do it readily: they advise you well not to ask a favour of him for yourself. Sir Edward Hawke's proposal is indeed very handsome, and should be gratefully accepted; his motives for making it do honour to you both: but as so sudden a rise will infallibly draw envy upon you, it is of importance that you should be extremely circumspect in your behaviour: a man in adversity is a most respectable character: even a certain degree of pride becomes him, as it marks a greatness of mind superior to ill-fortune: and the world readily gives him credit for virtues which neither hurt their own pride nor clash with their interests: but when the clouds of adversity are dissipated, and the sun of favour shines upon him, he stands in a conspicuous point of view, and the scene is entirely changed, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, find matter to exert their malign influence upon him; the perspective is turned, his faults magnified, his virtues diminished; hence the justness of that Proverb "That it is difficult "to carry a full cup even," or, as our friend Storace expresses it, "ut tu Fortunam sic nos te celse feremus." Humility and complacency are the armour he can put on; but it requires judgement and address to guard against the appearances of meanness or affectation: when those amiable qualities are inherent in the disposition and ripened by judgement, as I am persuaded yours are, the task is much more easy; for the man who acts naturally has always the best chance of pleasing.

"I condole with you on the state of Mrs. Dunckerley's health, nor would I wish you to be such a Stoical Philosopher as not to be

fully awake to all the tender feelings; but as a Christian Philosopher you will consider that the loss of friends is the condition of life, nor can we hold it by any other tenure.—— Mrs. Oughton joins me in wishing you all possible happiness, and I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most faithful Friend and Brother,

JAMES ADOLPHUS OUGHTON."

ANECDOTE OF M. DE MONTESQUIEU.

A Gentleman, being at Marseilles, hired a boat with an intention of sailing for pleasure; he entered into conversation with the two young men who owned the vessel, and learned, that they were not watermen by trade, but silversmiths; and that when they could be spared from their usual business, they employed themselves in that way to increase their earnings. On expressing his surprise at their conduct, and imputing it to an avaricious disposition; "Oh! sir," said the young men, "if you knew our reasons, you would ascribe it to a better motive. Our father, anxious to assist his family, scraped together all he was worth; purchased a vessel for the purpose of trading to the Coast of Barbary, but was unfortunately taken by a pirate, carried to Tripoli, and sold for a slave. He writes word, that he is luckily fallen into the hands of a master who treats him with great humanity; but that the sum which is demanded for his ransom is so exorbitant, that it will be impossible for him ever to raise it; he adds, that we must, therefore, relinquish all hope of ever seeing him, and be contented, that he has as many comforts as his situation will admit. With the hopes of restoring to his family a beloved father, we are striving, by every honest means in our powers, to collect the sum necessary for his ransom, and we are not ashamed to employ ourselves in the occupation of watermen." The gentleman was struck with this account, and on his departure made them a handsome present.

Some months afterwards the young men being at work in their shop, were greatly surprised at the sudden arrival of their father, who threw himself into their arms; exclaiming, at the same time, "that he was fearful they had taken some unjust method to raise the money for his ransom, for it was too great a sum for them to have gained by their ordinary occupation." They professed their ignorance of the whole affair, and could only suspect they owed their father's release to that stranger, to whose generosity they had been before so much obliged.

After Montesquieu's death, an account of this affair was found among his papers, and the sum actually remitted to Tripoli for the old man's ransom. It is a pleasure to hear of such an act of benevolence performed even by a person totally unknown to us; but the pleasure is infinitely increased, when it proves the union of virtue and talents in an author so renowned as Montesquieu.

TO THE

PRINTER OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE person to whom the following letter was sent, has been summoned to appear before that Eternal Being, in whose hands are the issues of life and death, consequently neither his name nor that of his correspondent shall be here mentioned. On visiting the place of the former's residence the letter-writer observed some pernicious effects produced by the book in question, and as he had a knowledge of the Author, he conceived it a duty incumbent upon him to reprove him sharply for such a miserable endeavour to rob men of their best hopes, and society of its best security. Whether this remonstrance had the salutary effect of rousing his mind to repentance for this and his other enormities is unknown; but it is apprehended that the publication of the letter, through the channel of your useful Work, may be serviceable to the interests of Virtue and Masonry.

I am, &c.

AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.

TO ****** *******.

SIR,

IT was not till a few days since that I was favoured with the perusal of a certain delectable morsel of infidelity, entitled *The Philosophy of Masons*, which the voice of the public unanimously attributes to your refined understanding, and regard for the interests of mankind. The stale, unsupported, unaltered objections to the Christian Revelation, which diversify your performance are totally unworthy of any notice, because they are even beneath contempt. Wretched indeed must be that intellect, that can be pleased with the same unmeaning witticisms which have been uniformly repeated against the sacred cause of Religion, by every buffoon who has mounted the exalted stage of scepticism.

Had you, Sir, confined yourself to the mischievous amusement, like the fool in Solomon, of burlesquing not only Christianity, but also the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments, I might not, probably, have troubled you with my strictures on your conduct. Considering you as abandoned to the very verge of absurdity, I should have left you in quiet possession of your miserable delusion, and to the mercies of that Being who gave you those talents which you have perverted, for a different purpose.

What has occasioned this remonstrance is your endeavouring to impose the squallid figure of Infidelity upon the world, under the dress of Masonry; thereby attempting, no doubt, either to weaken the principles of religion in the minds of Free Masons, or to render the order itself still more unpopular than vulgar prejudices have already made it.

You, Sir, as I suppose, have passed through the different degrees of Masonry, concerning which so much has been written, and so many opinions entertained; and therefore you cannot but be sensible, that so far from its principles having the least tendency to encourage Scepticism, they all proceed from, and centre in Religion; not in the boasted religion of Nature, but that which professedly came from above.

What else can be the bond of its union;—for the cultivation of every private and social virtue which it strongly recommends to, and insists upon from all its votaries, is totally incompatible with a state of irreligion.

With respect to the Lecture which you have given in your book, upon the Origin of Masonry, I shall say nothing; as those of your readers who are of the Order are fully capable of judging upon its truth or probability, and in their minds I apprehend, the *philosophic author will not rise in any high degree as a Free Mason.*

We know, and dare venture to declare to all the world, that no man can be a consistent Free Mason who denies a Divine Revelation; even that Revelation which is professed by Christian Believers, and in the state of Immortality which that Revelation holds out to us. While, therefore, on the one hand, the serious, reasonable man will view your attempt to rob the soul of its best motive to good actions, and of its best hope under the various calamities of this life, with indignation and abhorrence;—the genuine Mason will consider your mean and, I may add, infamous artifice of cloathing the rotten carcase of Infidelity under the garb of Masonry, as a considerable aggravation of your guilt.

From their Lodges it should be the united determination of the Brethren to exclude you, as one who has basely endeavoured to wound their venerable parent to the heart under the appearance of a more particular affection, and a more extraordinary duty.

Permit me to ask you, hath Masonry indeed a *Philosophy* separate from the interests of Religion?—Are her votaries, even the most enlightened of them, taught by her to despise, what you esteem popular superstitions*?—If you would wish that the world should believe this of the Order, I am free to pronounce that both your heart and head must be in a state of miserable depravity, and wretched imbecility; for should such a general opinion of it prevail, it would be for the interests of all governments, and the duty of all legislators, to extirpate such an abominable system from off the face of the earth.

But, in truth, no man who hath candidly observed the conduct of Free Masons, I mean as a general body of men, can possibly

* The truly *enlightened*, the highly *exalted* Brethren, must perceive and will cheerfully allow, that the farther we proceed in the Masonic course, the deeper must be our veneration for the Sacred Scriptures; and in proportion as we study the mysteries which it contains, so shall we be convinced of the importance and beauty of the grand doctrines of the Christian System. With these doctrines, the most sublime of our symbols hold a perfect unison; and I may add that the latter elucidate the former with a strong and pleasing lustre.

imagine that it is any part of their profession, in any degree, to contemn the obligations, or to reject the doctrines laid down in the volume of Sacred Writ. On the contrary, they who observe the antient ordinances, the various charges, and different public documents which have appeared, under authority, as forming the code of the Society, must allow that the grand design of the Institution is to co-operate with the inspired writings in building up the human soul into a beautiful, virtuous, and therefore glorious temple, fit for the inhabitation of the Supreme Architect of the Universe.

There are, undoubtedly, many Brethren among us who are not Christians, but though their religious profession does not preclude them from enjoying the primary benefits of the Order, yet it is well known to the Society, that there are some considerable mysteries and valuable privileges which, on that account, they are necessarily debarred from. MASONRY received its finishing touches, its grand completing stroke in the glorious display of the Christian Revelation. Every Christian grace enters into the true Masonic character. The Doctrines, even the most peculiar and sublime doctrines of Christianity, as some of them have been termed, are regarded as holy, and just, and true, in our Lodges; I may add also, that they are illustrated in such a manner as to tend to the settling the pious mind on the firm basis of a consistent, orthodox belief.——It is our principal endeavour to form our minds into the sublimest conceptions of the Divine Being, and to the most implicit and regular obedience of all his dispensations and precepts: and we are, therefore, sensible that nothing conduceth so well to the accomplishment of these important ends as the sincere profession of Christianity.

If you, Sir, was truly and properly made and raised, in an European Lodge (or indeed in any properly constituted Lodge), I must be so free as to say that you are not only an apostate from Religion, but also a renegado from Masonry. Your evident intentions in that absurd performance of yours, are to destroy all principles of religious faith in the minds of men, and consequently, the moral force of all their actions. By obtaining this *laudable* purpose oaths will no longer be considered as obligatory, and the true fraternal character will be rejected at the pleasure of those who regard themselves as under no tie of justice, but are actuated only by the mean principle of selfishness.

An uniformity in impious opinions may, perhaps, link the sons of Infidelity together for a little while, but those very opinions will teach them to violate each other's rights when inclination, or the plea of convenience shall stimulate them to do it. Society, therefore, must be rendered an anarchical state when those grand principles upon which only it can stand, shall be taken away. And in such a situation what would become of Masonry? This sublime Institution refines Society into a more beautiful and a more perfect system, by joining men together in closer and more affectionate relations than is the case in the enlarged state of social intercourse.

But its grand labour to bring about this glorious end, is to make its votaries *good men and true;* and as the strongest motive to virtue it points their view to that Temple of Immortal Perfection beyond the present state, where social happiness is alone complete, but which you have kindly endeavoured to persuade men is only a visionary structure erected by artifice, and supported by superstition.

Masonry not only tenderly alleviates the cares, soothes the sorrows, and relieves the distresses of its disciples, but joins with Christianity in animating their spirits, and in wiping away their tears, by the influence of that *Faith* which looks beyond the gloomy confines of mortality, and carries its observation to a land of eternal bliss.

We are not taught in our Lodges to consider ourselves as *Brethren only* for a few transient days, and as passengers in the same vehicle to one short stage, and then to part *for ever*. On the contrary we are taught to consider ourselves as bound in an eternal chain of union, and as fellow-travellers to, and joint candidates for, an entrance into that magnificent Lodge, where our Supreme Grand Master himself eternally presides.

Being thus united in our character, pursuits, and hopes, we form the most perfect Society that can be formed upon earth. But a society of masonic infidels could not subsist; it is an idea that can exist no where except it be in such strangely compounded intellects as those of the author of the *Philosophy of Masons!*

I make no doubt, Sir, but that you felt a peculiar titillation in the brain, and a wonderfully pleasing swell in your breast, when this lucky title occurred to you. It was an excellent thought to procure purchasers for the poisonous trash which you had distilled from the *benevolent* labours of Woolaston, Tindal, and Peter Annet.

The public is naturally inquisitive after such publications as promise to unfold the curtain which has so long been drawn around the art of Masonry, and a mere peep into its secrets affords them high satisfaction. It was easy to suppose, then, that a performance proposing to contain the *Philosophy of that Order* must rouse curiosity, and even excite the desire of the Brethren themselves to see what a new light had burst forth for the elucidation of their mysteries. But *vox et prætereà nihil.* All the *philosophy* is contained in the title page, and the light proves to be only a *phosphoric* glimmering extracted from the fæces of former sceptics.

It is my earnest wish that this may close your iniquitous labours; and it is my prayer to GOD that the grace of repentance may be granted you, that you may see and deeply acknowledge, in all the lowliness of humility, the baseness of your conduct, and that you may receive an inheritance into that state of everlasting joy, from which you have so strenuously attempted to lead away the hopes and endeavours of your fellow-creatures!

I am, &c.



Printed & Published by J.W. Barney, Newcastle Street, Strand, Nov.r 1.1793.

FAITH.

[WITH AN ELEGANT ENGRAVING.]

OF this Virtue, we have the following definition by that celebrated Divine Dr. Clarke; "Faith (says he) is that firm belief of things at present not seen; that conviction upon the mind, of the truth of the promises and threatnings of God made known in the Gospel, of the certain reality of the rewards and punishments of the life to come; which enables a man in opposition to all the temptations of a corrupt world to obey God in expectation of an invisible reward hereafter. This is that faith, which in Scripture is always represented as a Moral Virtue—nay, as the principal root and spring of all Virtues: because it is an act not of the understanding only, but also and chiefly of the will, so to consider impartially to approve and embrace the doctrine of the Gospel as to make it the great rule of our life and actions."

The apostle Paul has defined Faith to be "the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen." His meaning is, *that Faith is a virtue by which any thing commanded us by God to believe, appears evident, and is accepted by us, although we do not see, nor can conceive it: because by Faith we rest entirely upon* the truth and power of the Almighty.

It is an old and true distinction, that things may be above our reason without being contrary to it. Of this kind are the power, the nature, and the omnipresence of the Deity; with innumerable other points. How little do those who quarrel with mysteries know of the commonest actions in Nature? The production of the smallest seed, the growth of plants, and the formation of an animal, are still mysteries to the wisest of mankind. If *an ignorant person* were told that a loadstone would draw iron at a distance, he might say, that it was an assertion contrary to his reason, and that he could not believe it unless he saw it with his own eyes. The manner whereby the soul and body are united, and how they are distinguished, are wholly unaccountable to us. We see but one part, and yet know that we consist of two; which is a mystery we cannot comprehend any more than we can the constitution of a tulip. From these instances it appears, that God never commanded us to believe any doctrine contrary to the reason he has endowed us with; but has for his own wise ends thought fit to conceal from us the nature of some articles proposed to our assent, purposely to try our faith and obedience, and to increase our dependence upon him. It is highly probable, that if God should please to reveal to us the mysteries in our holy religion we should not be able to understand them, unless he should at the same time bestow on us some new faculties of mind which we have not at present, and which are reserved until our resurrection to eternal life. For now as the Apostle says, "we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."

Thus we see we are totally at a loss to account for the common productions of Nature, they being all mysteries to our finite capacities; other mysteries are proposed to us as trials of our Faith, and we must either believe what God commands us in Holy Scripture, or we must reject that Scripture altogether, and with it our profession of Christianity; but that, it is to be hoped, is too desperate a step for any reasonable man to take.

Divine Truths have been intimated to the human race by various means. Sometimes by the immediate voice of God, or by the mediation of inspired men; of which we have numbers of instances in the lives of the Patriarchs, and in the Jewish history. But the clearest revelation of the Divine intentions ever vouchsafed to mankind was by the message and mediation of his own son our Lord Jesus Christ; and the belief of his Gospel, or receiving as certain Truths those things declared to us in God's name, is called the Christian Faith.

MERMAIDS NOT FABULOUS,

BY LORD MONBODDO.

THE account I am to give of Mermaids is taken from a Dutch book, which is very rare, and not translated, as far as I know, either into French or English; and therefore I will give it in the words of the author, who is one Valentyn, Minister of the Gospel in Amboyna and Banda. He lived in the beginning of this century, and has written a natural history of India, which I am told is the best extant. A friend of mine, who has favoured me with a translation of the passages from it that follow, assures me that the author was a man esteemed by the Dutch of Batavia (among whom my friend lived for several years) to be a man of perfect veracity, and, from what he has collected concerning the Mermaid, appears to have been a man of learning, and of great curiosity and industry.

In his third volume, which treats of Amboyna, and the islands in its neighbourhood, he says, "It seems very certain, hat, in former times, Mermaids have been seen here."

"In the Company's Daily Register for the year 1653, there is inserted, That Lieutenant Trans Male or Smallen saw, at the time he was sent with some men on an expedition in the Bay of Houndelo, as did all the people that were with him, in clear day time, two Mermaids, the one greater, the other smaller, which they took to be man and wife, swimming together: that the hair of her head hung over the neck, and that it appeared between a green and greyish colour; and that they could see they had breasts.

They were all above the waist, shaped exactly as a human creature; but from thence downwards, they seemed to go tapering off to a point. About six weeks afterwards, near the same place, the like appearance was seen by the said Smallen, and upwards of fifty people that were with him.

"Alkert Herport, in his Account of India, fol. 147, says, On the 29th of April, at Taynan, near the New Work, in the afternoon, a man appeared three times above water; and, on immediate examination, nobody was missing. In the afternoon, he appeared in like manner three times near to the bulwark, called Hollandia; his hair was long, and a mixture of green and grey colour.

"In 1712, it is said a Mermaid, or Sea-woman, was taken alive (near the island of Booro), which was fifty-nine inches, or five feet long. She lived four days and seven hours, and then died, as she would not eat any thing. She was never heard to articulate any noise. It is said that one Samuel Falvers in Amboyna preserved the body for some time, and made out an exact description of it, by which it appears that her head was like a woman's, properly proportioned, with eyes, nose, and mouth; only the eyes, which were light blue, seemed to differ a little from those of the human species. The hair that just reached over the neck, appeared of a sea-green and greyish colour. She had breasts, long arms, hands, and all the upper parts of the body, almost as white as a woman's, but leaning somewhat to the sea-grey. Her body below the navel appeared like the hinder part of a fish.

"It is well known that many writers have handed down to us an account of what happened in the year 1403 or 1404, in the time of a great storm in Europe. Many dikes in Holland were broken down, betwixt Kampen and Edam, in the Zuyder Zee. A wild or sea-woman was drove from thence, through a breach in the dike, into the Parmer Sea, and there taken by the boors of Edam, to which place they brought her, cleared her of sea-ware, and put clothes on her. The people of Harlem heard of it, and requested to have her; which was granted. She had in the mean time learned to eat victuals, and they afterwards taught her to spin. She lived many years, and, as the priests said, had been observed to pay reverence to the Holy Cross. She was allowed at her death a Christian burial. Many writers declare that they had spoken to people who had seen the sea-woman.

"Pliny (Book ix. Chap. 5.) says, that the ambassadors to Augustus from Gaul declared that such sea-woman were often seen in their neighbourhood.

"It is worthy of notice, what Alexander of Alexandria (Book iii. Chap. 1. Genial. Dier.) says of such sea-people: He was informed by Draconitas Bonifacius, a Neapolitan nobleman, a man of great honour, that, when he served in Spain, he saw a sea-man preserved in honey, which was sent to the King from the neighbourhood of Mauritania; that it looked like an old man, with a very rough head and beard, of a sky-blue colour, much larger than the common run of men; and

that there were small bones in the fins, with which he swam. This he related as a thing known to every one in that part of the world.

"Theodorus Gaza relates, That when he was in the Morea, such a woman was drove on that coast by a violent storm; that he saw her, and she was very well looked; that she sighed, and seemed very much concerned when a number of people came round her; that he had pity on her, and caused the people to stand at a distance; that she profited by the opportunity, and, by the help of her fins and rolling, she got into the water and got off.

"Georgius Trapanzantius says, he saw from the sea-shore such a Mermaid, very handsome, appear several times above water. In Epirus, he says, there appeared a sea-man, who for sometime watched near a spring of water, and endeavoured to catch young women that came there; he was with much difficulty at length caught himself; but they could never get him to eat.

"Ludovicus Vives relates, that in his time a sea-man was taken in Holland, and was carefully kept for two years; that he began to speak, or at least to make a kind of disagreeable noise, in imitation of speech; that he found an opportunity, and got into the sea. The Portuguese speak of Mermaids as a common thing on the coast of Zofala and Mosambique.

"Janius says, in his time, at Swart Wall, near the Brile, the skeleton of a Triton was hanging in the middle of the church.

"To this purpose, a friend of mine tells me, he was informed by a fisherman, that when he was a boy at Moslensluys, near to Tou, they caught, in the night-time, a Mermaid, half an ell long, that was perfectly like to a woman; it died soon. He declared he had often seen things taken out of a cod fish, which had that appearance.

"A gentleman of good character in the Hague told me, in the year 1719, that he saw a very perfect skeleton at the house of a Danish envoy, which he said had been caught near to Copenhagen. And Vossius says, that there were once five or six caught near Copenhagen; and the skeleton of one caught in the year 1644 is to be seen there.

"Joan Dilerey relates a curious story of some American fishers. One night, it being a perfect calm, they observed a Mermaid coming into their vessel; and they fearing it to be some mischievous fish, in the fright, one of them cut, with a hatchet, the creature's hand off, which fell within board, and the creature itself sunk immediately, but came soon up again, and gave a deep sigh as one feeling pain. The hand was found to have five fingers and nails like a man's hand.

"In the last age, one of the Dutch herring busses caught a Mermaid in their nets. The man, who was taking out the herrings, was so confounded when he came to it, that in his fright he threw it into the sea. He repented too late of what he had done, when he observed clearly that it had a head and body like a man.

After the foregoing relations from reading and hearsay, the author, Mr. Valentyn, declares what he saw himself on his voyage

from Batavia to Europe, in the year 1714. "In 12 deg. 38. min. south latitude, on the first day of May, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, I, the captain, purser, and mate of the watch, and a great many of the ship's company, it being very calm and the sea smooth as glass, saw, about the distance of thrice the length of the ship from us, very distinctly, on the surface of the water, seemingly sitting with his back to us, and half the body above the water, a creature of a grizlish or grey colour, like that of a cod-fish skin. It appeared like a sailor, or a man sitting on something; and the more like a sailor, as on its head there seemed to be something like an English cap of the same grey colour. He sat somewhat bent, and we observed him to move his head from one side to the other, upwards of five and twenty times; so that we all agreed that it must certainly be some shipwrecked person. I, after looking some time, begged the captain to order them to steer the ship more direct towards it, being somewhat on the starboard side; which was done accordingly; and we had got within a ship's length of him, when the people on the forecastle made such a noise, that he plunged down, head foremost, and got presently out of our sight. But the man who was on the watch at the mast-head, declared he saw him for the space of 200 yards, and that he had a monstrous long tail.

"I shall now only mention, that in the year 1716, the newspapers were every where full of a sea-man, who appeared in the month of January, near Raguza, a small city on the Adriatick Sea, the like of whom I never heard or read of. It had much the resemblance of a man, but it was near fifteen feet long. Its head was very large, and its feet and arms were well proportioned to its body. It appeared for several days running, and commonly came out of the sea about three o'clock in the afternoon, and walked with monstrous strides, sometimes in one, sometimes in another place, along the shore.

"People from far and near went to look at it; but they were so much afraid, that they kept a good distance from it, and many looked with spy-glasses. It often carried its hand above its head. The hideous noise that it made could be heard at half a mile's distance, so that people in the neighbourhood were sore afraid of it. The various accounts given by those who saw it are so uniformly the same, that there is no room left to question the veracity of the story."

Mr. Valentyn then concludes with saying, "If, after all this, there shall be found those who disbelieve the existence of such creatures as a Sea-man or Mermaids, of which we have at least given great reason to believe that there are, let them please themselves; I shall give myself no more trouble about them."

To these accounts of Mermaids given by Valentyn may be added what Bartholinus relates in his *Centuria Historiarum Anatomicarum Variarum*, printed at Haphnia 1654, p. 188, where he informs us, "That there was in his time one of these animals catched upon the coast

of Brazil, and brought to Leyden, and there dissected in presence of one whom he names, viz. Johannes de Layda, who made him a present of a hand and rib of the animal. He calls it a Syren, and says it was the form of a woman down to the waist, below which it was nothing but a piece of unformed flesh, without any marks of a tail. He gives us the figure of the whole animal, both erect and swimming, as also of the hand which he got from de Layda."

There is also in a collection of certain learned tracts, written by John Gregory, A. M. and Chaplain of Christ Church in Oxford, published in London in 1650, an account of a sea-animal of the human form, very much like a bishop in his pontificals. It is said to have been sent to the King of Poland in 1531, and to have lived for some time in the air: but it took the first opportunity of throwing itself into the sea. This story Gregory says he got from one Rondeletius, whose words he gives us, page 121. from which it appears that Rondeletius had the story only at second-hand, from one Gisbert, a German doctor.

But the most circumstantial story of all is that which is told by Maillet, in his Telliamede, (page 241, of the English translation), of a sea-man that was seen by the whole crew of a French ship, off the coast of Newfoundland, in the year 1720, for two hours together, and often at the distance of no more than two or three feet. The account was drawn up by the pilot of the vessel, and signed by the captain and all those of the crew that could write, and was sent from Brest by Monsieur Hautefort to the Count de Maudrepas, on the 8th of September, 1725. The story is told with so many circumstances, that it is impossible there can be any deception or mistake in the case; but if it be not true, it is as impudent a forgery as ever was attempted to be imposed on the public.

These and such like facts I believe, as they appear to me sufficiently attested; and are not, as I think, by the nature of things, impossible; for there does not appear to me any impossibility or contradiction that there should be a marine animal of the human form, which can live in the water, as we do in the air, or even that this animal should not have two legs, as we have, but should end in a tail like a fish. There are, however, I know, many, who are disposed to set bounds to the works of God, and who cannot be persuaded that even the land animal man exists with the varieties I have described. But I follow the philosophy of Aristotle, who has said every thing exists which is possible to exist. Nor, indeed, can I well conceive, that a benevolent and omnipotent Being, infinite in production as in every thing else, should not have produced every sensitive being that is capable of pleasure, and can enjoy a happiness suitable to its nature, whose existence is possible, that is, implying no contradiction; for otherwise there would be something wanting in the System of Nature, which would not be perfect or complete, as, I think, of necessity it must be.

That Mermaids, or Sea-men, which existed, as I have shewn, so late as the year 1720, are still to be found somewhere in the Great

Ocean, I have not the least doubt, though they appear to be but a rare animal. As to men with one leg, one eye, or two eyes in their breast, whether they are yet any where to be found, I cannot say. But, if it were certain that they no longer existed, it would not from thence follow that they never existed; for we are sure that there are whole species of animals, which were once in certain countries, but are not now to be found there, such as Wolves in Britain. And it is very likely those very extraordinary men in India and Africa, of whom antient authors speak, being, as is probable, but few in number, and considered as monsters by the other men in those countries, would be destroyed or exterminated by them, as it is likely the Troglodytes in Africa where, who, as Herodotus says, where hunted by the Garamantes (an African nation), as if they had been while beasts*. Other men, of the same monstrous appearance, have been, I am persuaded, destroyed in the same way, such as men with the heads of dogs, who have not been seen by any modern traveller, but of whom so many ancient authors speak, that I can hardly doubt of their having once existed, though they are not now to be found †.

---

* Lib. iv. Cap. 183.

† Photius, in his Excerpts from Ctesias *De Indicis*, has given us the following account of them: "They were, says Ctesias, a people in the mountainous country of India, near to the river Indus, and were called by the Indians, Καλυστριοι, in their own language, which being translated into Greek, Κυνοκεφαλοι, or *dog-headed*: and they had the tails as well as the heads of dogs. They had, he says, no use of speech, but supplied the want of it by gesticulation, and a noise they made like the barking of a dog. He says, they lived in society together, were about 120,000 in number, were very expert archers and throwers of the dart, paid yearly to the King of India 1000 talents of silver by way of tribute, and he in return, every fifth year, made them a present of 30 myriads of bows, as many darts, 12 myriads of targets, and 5 myraids of swords. In short, he relates so many particulars concerning them, that they must have been a nation at that time very well known.

With Ctesias concurs Ælian, *De Natura Animalium*, (Lib. iv. Cap. 46) who adds, that some of them were brought to Egypt in the time of the Ptolemies, where they learned letters, to play upon the pipe and harp, and to dance; and they went about, he says, and collected money for showing themselves. (Ibidem, Lib. vi. Cap. 10,) And he relates other particulars of them, (Lib. x. Cap. 30. and Lib. vii. 19 of the same work.) Pliny also speaks of them, without saying any thing to persuade us that he did not believe in their existence, (Lib. vii. Cap. 2.) And Solinus and Aulus Gellius speak of them in the same way; also Agatharchides, in his work upon the Red Sea, (p. 62. of H. Stephen's edition), who agrees with Ælian, that they where to be seen in Alexandria in his time, having been sent thither from Ethopia and the country of the Troglodytes; and with them some Sphinxes, of the same shape with those represented in painting and sculpture, that is, of a mixed from partly lion and partly man. The Sphinx, he says, is by nature a tame and gentle animal, and capable of being taught motion to music; whereas the Dog-headed Men, he says, where exceeding fierce, and very difficult to be tamed. This author, Agatharchides, I have elsewhere mentioned. (p. 50.) where I have said, that I did not know that such an author now existed, till I was informed that he was still extant, by a friend of mine in London, whom I think myself now at liberty to name, Sir George Baker, and who, besides, is a most worthy man, and one of the best scholars I have known even in Eng-

From what has been said, it must be evident that there is a wonderful variety of the human species, even in its natural state, much greater than of any other animal known: and the variety also, both of mind and body, in the civilized state, is very great. For, in the first place, the civilized man is exceedingly different from a perfect savage: then a civilized man, in the first stages of society, is very different from the same man in the latter periods: and a philosopher, and a man of science, is very different from an ordinary man in every stage of the social life. And, when we join to all these varieties the differences which I have shown exist betwixt individuals and families in the same age and in the same country, I think we may conclude, with great certainty, that what I have said in the beginning of this volume is no more than the truth, that man is the most various animal which God has made, so far at least as we know. And, as he is undoubtedly the most excellent animal on this earth, he is therefore, of all created things, the noblest study of the noblest subject for the study of the philosopher, at the same time that is the study the most important and interesting to him.

land. The work is intitled, *Excerpts from Agatharchides, concerning the Red Sea*, by which name the antient denoted the Indian sea, of which what we call the Red Sea is only a gulph. It is not translated: and therefore is only known to the few learned. I have read it over from beginning to end, and find it a most curious collection, concerning all the different savage nations in Africa, which were discovered by the third Ptolemy of Egypt, in the manner I have mentioned, who appears to have been a lover of knowledge, and of much greater curiosity than most Kings. Some of the nations he mentions are still to be found in Africa, particularly a nation that he calls Ακριδοφαγοι, or *Grasshopper-Eaters*, whom he describes exactly as Sir Francis Drake has described them, insomuch that one should have thought Sir Francis had copied from him.--See Sir Francis's account of them in Buffon, Vol. iii. p. 451. which the reader may compare with Agatharchides, (p. 57.) And he gives an account of a people in Ethiopia, who hunt Elephants, and feed upon them, (p. 55.) which agrees very well with what I have heard from Mr. Bruce concerning the same people.

ON THE

DISCIPLINE OF THE UNIVERSITY.

From Dr. Berkenhout's "*Letters to his Son.*"

YOU are become a member, and I hope you will prove not an unworthy member, of one of the first universities in Europe; and of a college that has produced many eminent, very eminent men. But, alas! the number of men distinguished for superior knowledge and abilities, is far exceeded by the number of drones that have issued from the hive, and have mixed with the illiterate part of mankind, undistinguished and forgotten.

To what cause shall we attribute this lamentable excess of ignorance in the number of persons educated at Oxford and Cambridge?

It must, I think, be ascribed to a variety of causes, partly acting upon each other, and some of them totally independent. The first cause, which operates alike in both Universities, is a positive adherence to statutes and customs, which, not according with the present improved state of learning, nor with the manners of the present times, fatigue and disgust the students immediately on their admission. Extreme early rising and constant attendance in the chapel, are hardships in which they perceive no utility. They comply with reluctance. They are disgusted with an academical life. They reside no longer than is absolutely necessary, and they look forward with impatience to the day of their release. In such a temper little improvement can be expected. No young man will apply to learning *con amore*, in a disagreeable situation.

I am, nevertheless, far from thinking that young gentlemen should be entirely unrestrained; but I am of opinion, that these restrictions should be confined to their immoralities, and that, in all other respects, their residence at the University should be rendered as agreeable to themselves as possible. There is a principle in human nature so averse to coercion, particularly about the age of sixteen, that the lectures of your tutors make very little impression because they are attended by compulsion. In every other University in Europe, attendance upon lectures is a voluntary act: no task, no exercises, are imposed. Nevertheless, the public lectures are universally attended, and the students listen with an eager desire of information; because their attendance is voluntary.

It cannot be denied, that the Colleges in our English Universities retain an obvious similitude to Roman Catholic convents; and it is very surprizing that the reformation should have produced so little, so very little, alteration in their institutes, habits, and regulations; many of which are totally indefensible on principles either of policy or utility.

In these strictures I have told you nothing that you did not know before; nothing with which the whole world is not as well acquainted as myself; nor have I discovered any blemishes that are not seen and felt by every rational member of both Universities. Why then, you will ask, are no steps taken towards reformation?

You remember Æsop's fable of the mice and the cat. Who will hang the bell? A first reformer is sure to create many enemies. It is very difficult to stem and divert into another channel, a torrent of prejudice that has been so many years accumulating, without being carried down with the stream. But such a reformation requires a power which the Universities themselves do not possess. It must be the act of the legislature; and the administration in this kingdom is generally too deeply involved in national politics to spare the time and application that a reform of such importance would require.

It is possible that, in some future period, a fortunate concurrence of circumstances may produce a rational and uniform system of education in both Universities. There are now resident at Oxford and at Cambridge men fully adequate to the delineation of a com-

prehensive, and universal plan, of academical tuition, which, with the advantages of their present foundations, might very easily be rendered superior to any Institutions of the kind in Europe. No other Universities possess such noble and spacious edifices for the accommodation of students; no Universities are so munificently endowed; no other Universities possess such public and college libraries; and certainly no seminaries of learning can boast so many members of distinguished erudition in every branch of literature: but these singular advantages are sacrificed to an unavoidable (*unavoidable*, in the present state of things) compliance with ancient statutes, manners, and customs.

I have, in my last letter, acknowledged the defects which foreigners observe in the general economy of English Universities. They are astonished to find that our professorships are commonly sinecures; that there is no continued series of public lectures in arts or sciences; and that college tutors are almost the only sources of information. This naturally creates surprise; because, in all other Universities, the students have the advantage of daily public lectures, without vacation or interruption, during the greatest part of every year. What is the cause of such laborious attention of the professors in these Universities? The answer is obvious. They are paid by their auditors, who are under no obligation to attend them; consequently their emoluments depend on their reputation.

INSTANCE OF THE SEVERITY OF THE PENAL LAWS IN FORCE AGAINST ROMAN CATHOLICS IN THIS KINGDOM, *AT THE BEGINNING OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.*

[*From* "Warner's *Topographical Remarks relating to the South-Western Part of Hampshire*," *just published.*]

THE unjust and absurd penal statutes enacted for the discovery and punishment of Popish priests exercising the duties of their function within this kingdom, the abrogation of which attests the good sense and liberality of the present age, found a victim in a blameless and amiable character, who finished his existence in Hurst-castle, after a confinement there of thirty years. This person was one Paul Atkinson; a native of Yorkshire, born in the year 1655. The tempting sum of one hundred pounds, which these statutes held out as a reward to any informer against the transgressors of them, induced a miserable woman, a maid servant of Mr. Atkinson, who had been rescued from ruin, rags, and wretchedness by the benevolent priest, and received into his family, to betray her master. The harmless offender was instantly seized, and Hurst-castle chosen to be the scene of his perpetual imprison-

ment. Here, at a distance from every friend and connection whose occasional society might have whiled away the tedious hours of captivity, this unfortunate man wore out thirty years of his life. Death at length put him beyond the reach of persecution on the 15th day of October 1729. His remains were removed to Winchester, and interred in St. James's church-yard; where a modest head-stone, with the following inscription, hands down to posterity a notification of his long imprisonment.

H. S. E. R. P.
Paulus Atkinson Franciscanus,
qui 15 Oct. 1728,
Ætat. 74. in Castro de Hurst, Vitam
finivit postquam ibidem 30 pere-
gerat Annes, R. I. P.

The sweetness of Mr. Atkinson's disposition, the goodness of his heart, and his unaffected piety, endeared him greatly to the humane commander of Hurst-castle, a Mr. Dore; who endeavoured to alleviate the horrors of perpetual imprisonment by occasional relaxation. To this end, he frequently allowed Mr. Atkinson to accompany him to a small farm which he possessed in the neighbourhood, where, in the wholesome hospitality of the times, he used to regale him with a pipe of tobacco, and a glass of ale. Some intolerant bigots however, who resided in the adjoining parts, and observed this kindness of the governor, took great offence at it; and threatened to complain of the qualified liberty thus allowed Mr. Atkinson. The patient sufferer, apprized of their indignation, determined to avoid in future giving any cause for it; and from that moment shut himself up in the little apartment which had been assigned him. Here he remained to the hour of his death, without once leaving it, although the governor frequently requested him to repeat those innocent indulgences which had before so much conduced to his health and amusement. Notwithstanding this abridgment of his little remaining comforts, and the close imprisonment to which he thus doomed himself, the worthy priest never lost his cheerfulness; and, perhaps, we cannot easily find a stronger proof, that peace of mind when founded upon a consciousness of rectitude, and aided by the comforts of religion, can be but slightly affected by *external circumstances*, than the calm serenity which Mr. Atkinson preserved during the tedious term of a thirty years imprisonment, and the resignation with which he bore his misfortunes, and not the malice of his foes—so true is that admirable observation of our great poet,

> "*He that has light within his own clear breast,*
> *May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day;*
> *But he that hides a dark soul, and foul thoughts,*
> *Benighted walk under the mid-day sun;*
> *Himself is his own dungeon.*"

ON THE

BENEFITS OF LITERATURE.

FEW engines can be more powerful, and at the same time more salutary in their tendency than Literature. Without enquiring for the present into the cause of this phænomenon, it is sufficiently evident in fact, that the human mind is strongly infected with prejudice and mistake. The various opinions prevailing in different countries, and among different classes of men, upon the same subject, are almost innumerable; and yet of all these opinions, only one can be true. Now the effectual way [means] for extirpating these prejudices and mistakes seems to be literature.

Literature has reconciled the whole thinking world respecting the great principles of the system of the universe, and extirpated the dreams of romance and the *dogmas* of superstition. Literature has unfolded the nature of the human mind, and Locke and others, have established certain maxims respecting man, as Newton has done respecting matter, that are generally admitted for unquestionable. Discussion has ascertained, with tolerable perspicuity, the preference of liberty over slavery; and the Mainwarings, the Sibthorpes, and the Filmers, the race of speculative reasoners in favour of despotism, are almost extinct. Local prejudice had introduced innumerable privileges and prohibitions upon the subject of trade; speculation has nearly ascertained that perfect freedom is most favourable to her posterity. If in many instances the collation of evidence had failed to produce universal conviction, it must however be considered, that it has not failed to produce irrefragable argument, and that falsehood would have been much shorter in duration, if it had not been protected and inforced by the authority of political government.

Indeed, if there be such a thing as truth, it must infallibly be struck out of the collition of mind with mind. The restless activity of intellect will for a time be fertile in paradox and error; but these will be only diurnals, while the truths that occasionally spring up, like sturdy plants, will defy the rigour of season and climate. In proportion as one reasoner compares his deductions with those of another, the weak places of his argument will be detected, the principles he too hastily adopted will be overthrown, and the judgments, in which his mind was exposed to no sinister influence, will be confirmed. All that is requisite in these discussions is unlimited speculation, and a sufficient variety of systems and opinions. While we only dispute about the best way of doing a thing in itself wrong, we shall indeed but make a trifling progress; but, when we are once persuaded that nothing is too sacred to be brought to the touchstone of examination, science will advance with rapid strides.

Men, who turn their attention to the boundless field of inquiry, and still more who recollect the innumerable errors and caprices of mind, are apt to imagine that the labour is without benefit, and endless. But this cannot be the case, if truth at last have any real existence. Errors will, during the whole period of their reign, combat each other; prejudices that have passed unsuspected for ages, will have their era of detection; but, if in any science we discover one solitary truth, it cannot be overthrown.

Such are the arguments that may be advanced in favour of Literature. But, even should we admit them in their full force, and at the same time suppose that truth is the omnipotent artificer by which mind can infallibly be regulated, it would yet by no means sufficiently follow, that Literature is alone adequate to all the purposes of human improvement. Literature, and particularly that literature by which prejudice is superseded, and the mind is strung to a firmer tone, exists only as the portion of a few. The multitude, at least in the present state of human society, cannot partake of its illuminations. For that purpose it would be necessary, that the general system of policy should become favourable, that every individual should have leisure for reasoning and reflection, and that there should be no species of public institution, which, having falsehood for its basis, should counteract their progress. This state of society, if it did not precede the general dissemination of truth, would at least be the immediate result of it.

But in representing this state of society as the ultimate result, we should incur an obvious fallacy. The discovery of truth is a pursuit of such vast extent, that it is scarcely possible to prescribe bounds to it. Those great lines, which seem at present to mark the limits of human understanding, will, like the mists that rise from a lake, retire farther and farther the more closely we approach them. A certain quantity of truth will be sufficient for the subversion of tyranny and usurpation; and this subversion, by a reflected force, will assist our understandings in the discovery of truth. In the mean time it is not easy to define the exact portion of discovery that must necessarily precede political melioration. The period of partiality and injustice will be shortened, in proportion as political rectitude occupies a principal share in our disquisition. When the most considerable part of a nation, either for numbers or influence, becomes convinced of the flagrant absurdity of its institutions, the whole will soon be prepared tranquilly, and by a sort of common consent, to supersede them.

A VIEW
OF THE
PROGRESS OF NAVIGATION.

IN SEVERAL ESSAYS.

ESSAY I.—*Of the Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Assyrian Navigators.*

IN the early stages of society, the wants of men are few; content with the produce of their native soil they have little temptation to risk the dangers of the sea, and it is only when nations have arrived at a certain degree of civilization and knowledge of the arts, that they are enabled to construct embarkations capable of encountering the storms of the main.

Vain must be our pretensions to ascertain in what part of the globe the rich mine of arts was first explored: but as far as we can trace it back, the arts have generally travelled from east to west, and for the priority of civilization three potent nations are made each to put in a claim—the Hindoos, the Egyptians, and the Chinese. But the Chinese themselves confess, that they derive the arts from Hindostan, and Confucius is not ashamed to honour the Brahmins as his masters in philosophy: and Egypt can by no means contest the palm of antiquity with Hindostan, a country considered by the oldest nations on the face of the earth, as the most remote origin of sciences and arts.

But the philosophy and religion of that people, both which are intimately connected, must however, have impeded the progress of the arts among them, and particularly that of navigation. Emigration subjects the man to the loss of his *cast*, and from this law the Banians or merchants only are excepted. By means of this priviledge to a peculiar order of men, the Hindoos carried on an extensive commerce, and sent colonies into very distant regions.

The first essays of all nations in the naval arts, we have the most convincing proofs are rude and imperfect; hollow pieces of timber little better than a tray or basket, or vessels covered with hides, served them at first for the passage of rivers; what vessels they built when they first ventured on the sea, history no where describes, but many concurring circumstances combine to assure us that they were small, rude, and ill contrived.

Of this we may be assured by the number of vessels employed by the celebrated Semiramis, in her expedition to India. Diodorus calls them 2000 sail, and tells us they were opposed by the fleet of Staurabates, king of India, consisting of double that number.

The Egyptians like the Hindoos from religious scruples, bore a great aversion to sea, yet the whole nation were not ignorant of the sea affairs, having likewise an order of men among them who followed nothing else; and the Greeks candidly confess they learned navigation from them.

The Egyptian vessels of burthen were constructed, says Herodotus, (Euterpe, c. 96.) of a species of thorn, which resembles the lotos of Cyrene. They cut planks two cubits square, and secured them together with the bark of the byblus, made into ropes. They had a rudder, which went through the keel of the vessel; their mast was made of the same thorn, and the sails were formed from the byblus. These vessels were some of them of great burthen. This curious account gives a clear idea of the imperfect state of naval architecture in these days.

The Phænicians, as they are denominated by the Greeks, anciently occupied the whole country of Palestine: the sterility of their native soil compelled them to derive from their industry what that sterility had denied them. They addicted themselves to trade and manufactures, and became so celebrated for their commerce that they obtained the epithet of "Chanaanites," or "sons of the merchant." They were the first who made long voyages. The Adriatic and Tyrrhene seas, Iberia and Tartessus were first of all explored by them. Their vessels were not round but of fifty oars*.

When the nation of the Jews broke from their captivity in Egypt, and over-running Palestine, drove the terrified inhabitants to the sea-coast; Sidon, at that time celebrated for its commercial opulence, opened an asylum to the fugitives, who were employed by the prudent Sidonians to extend their commerce and form colonies abroad. Their first settlements to the westward were Cyprus and Rhodes; they passed afterwards into Greece, Sicily and Sardinia, carried colonies into Gaul, and explored the southern coast of Spain. On the African shore in the Mediterranean, they founded that powerful city Carthage, and still coasting along, they found that the Mediterranean communicated by a narrow strait with another sea, which we now call the Atlantic. Here their navigations were sometime at a stand; but, encouraged by success they ventured, about 1250 years before the Christian æra, to pass the Streights and enter the ocean. According to their usual custom they sent colonies to the new discovered countries. The island now known by the name of Cadiz, first engaged their attention.

By degrees they grew familiar with the navigation of the ocean, and extended themselves to the southward of the Streights, as they had before done to the northward, and Strabo assures us that soon after the Trojan war, the Phænicians had explored a considerable portion of the western coast of Africa, where they had planted colonies and built cities. Their colony of Cadiz was very convenient for extending their navigation to the north; accordingly we find them coasting the shores of Portugal, Spain, and Gaul; and extending their commerce even to the island of Great Britain, where it is supposed they made settlements, but certain it is they carried on a considerade trade in lead and tin.

* Herod. Clio. c. 143.

These intrepid navigators extended their commerce as far as the Black Sea, to Bythinia, and Colchis. They were accustomed to make annual voyages through the Palus Meotides for the support of their commerce. They penetrated even to the shores of the Báltic, and brought from thence amber, which they sold again to the different nations on the coasts of the Mediterranean. But the most astonishing effort of their skill and courage, was the circumnavigating Africa at a very early period. To prove that the Phænicians actually performed this voyage, the strongest evidences may be produced. Pliny, l. ii. c. 69, tells us on the authority of Cælius Antipater, a celebrated historian who flourished in the time of the sedition of the Gracchi, that in his days two ships sailed from Spain, and went to traffic on the coast of Ethiopia. He adds that Hanno the Carthagenian, sailed round Africa into the Red Sea, and returned the same way, and that Hamilco setting out at the same time sailed northward as far as Thule, which some think was Iceland, but others, with more reason suppose it to be the Shetland islands. He also asserts, on the authority of Cornelius Nepos, a faithful and much esteemed historian, that in his time a certain Eudoxus, flying the pursuit of Ptolemy Lathunus king of Egypt, embarked on the Arabian gulph, and arrived at Cadiz.

But the most circumstantial account of the circumnavigation of Africa which is descended to us, is that related by Herodotus, and which the Phænicians performed by order of Nechos, king of Egypt, about 610 years before the Christian æra. The Phænician fleet sailed from the Red Sea, entered the southern ocean, and kept constantly in sight of land. When autumn approached they went on shore, sowed grain, and watching until it was ripe, gathered in their harvest and reimbarked. Coasting in this manner along the coast of Africa, they were two years in arriving at the pillars of Hercules; they entered the Mediterranean, and went up to the mouth of the Nile, in the third year after their setting out. (Herod. l. iv. c. 42.) It is worthy of remark, that Herodotus strenuously endeavours to throw suspicion and doubts on the truth of this narrative; and treats as fabulous the very circumstance which confirms the veracity of the story. He could not conceive, he says, how these navigators could see the sun in a position contrary to that in which he is seen in Europe! and yet it is certain, as soon as they crossed the equator, it must appear so to them.

A few years after the expedition performed by order of Nechos, Xerxes charged a Persian of high rank with a similar commission*, but he did not proceed so far as the Phænicians. Still more recently the Carthagenians dispatched Hanno, an experienced navigator, to make discoveries on the western coast of Africa. His relation, published originally in the Punic language, and afterwards translated into Greek, has come down to us. And by this account we learn,

* Herodot. l. iv. n. 43.

that the Carthagenian commander has penetrated at least as far as the fifth degree of northern latitude*.

Other writers there are who ascribe to the Phænician navigators a much earlier antiquity, and assert with a considerable share of evidence, that a fleet of that nation sailed along the coast of Africa, and doubled the Cape of Good Hope, as far back as Sesostris, king of Egypt. Nay, some writers contend, that the commerce of the Phænicians extended to the new world itself. This suggestion arises from the description which Diodorus gives of a large island discovered, and inhabited by the Carthagenians, in the Ocean, far beyond the Streights of Gibraltar. A Carthagenian vessel was, it seems, driven by a tempest upon this island, of which the mariners, in their return, made the most luxuriant report.

The love of novelty, and perhaps domestic oppression, engaged so many to embark for this terrestrial Paradise, that the senate of Carthage found it necessary to check this emigration. This discovery they endeavoured to keep a profound secret; but it is evident, from Strabo, Pliny, and Plutarch, that the Greeks had obtained some information thereof. It has, therefore, been concluded by many authors, that these fortunate islands were the West India, and by others the Canary Islands.

It is not possible to contemplate without astonishment the maritime power and opulence of these people. No nation of antiquity was ever equal to the Phænicians, either in the opulence or extent of their commerce, the number, power, or grandeur of their colonies. Their fleets brought from the East Indies to the shores of the Red Sea that world of spices, which they afterwards distributed to the most remote corners of the globe. Spain found them silver, Africa gold, Britain tin, and from the shores of the Baltic they brought amber. Carthage, one of her colonies, contested the empire of the world with imperial Rome. To give an idea of the power and opulence of Tyre, we must make use of the emphatical language of Holy Writ—"O, Tyrus! thou hast said," &c. See Ezekiel, chapter xxvii. ver. 3, to end of ver. 25.

By this warm and animated description of Tyre, we see that the trade of that city was boundless. It was, in fact, the centre of commerce; and in this point, prophane history coincides with Holy Writ†.

Of the method, or the instruments by which the Phænicians directed their navigation, we know nothing, except that they guided their course by an accurate and scientific observation of the lesser bear.

Like our gallies, the Phænician vessels went both by sails and oars. They had ships of different constructions, for war and commerce. Ships of war were long and pointed; the merchantmen were broad, deep, and capacious.

---

* See Mem. de l'Academie des Inscriptions. † Strabo, l. xvi. p. 1097.

But before we quit the Phœnician navigation, it will be proper to notice the voyages made for Solomon, who, we are told by Holy Writ, "had a navy at Tarshish, which once in three years brought him gold, silver, ivory, apes, and peacocks.*" On this voyage the ingenious traveller, Mr. Bruce, has given a long dissertation, in which he supposes, upon strong presumption, that Tarshish was situated on the coast of Zanguebar, near the present city of Melinda.†

David took possession of the two ports of Eloth and Ezeon-geber, which ports his son Solomon visited in person, and by means of his friendship with Hiram, king of Tyre, collected ship-wrights and seamen; pilots he was obliged to find elsewhere, who were acquainted with the Arabian Gulph and Indian Ocean. Now a vessel sailing from Suez, or the Elanitic Gulph, in any of the summer months, will find a steady wind down the gulph, where she will meet variable winds to carry her to the Streights; and there she will find the sea monsoon, which blows S. W. and will carry her to any part of India. On her return, she will be favoured with the contrary monsoons; by the help of these winds, in very early ages, the Indian trade was carried on without difficulty.

Many doubts have arisen where the Ophir and Tarshish of the scriptures were situated. We are told that the trade was carried on from the Elanitic Gulph, and brought returns of gold, silver, and ivory; and that the voyage took up three years. On examining these circumstances, Mr. Bruce is clearly of opinion, that Tarshish was situated near Melinda, on the African coast, and Ophir he takes to be Sofala, on the same coast.

[*To be continued.*]

* 1 Kings, x. 22. † See Bruce's Travels, Vol. I. p. 430.

THE
GENERAL HISTORY OF CHINA:

Containing a Geographical, Historical, Chronological, Political, and Physical Description of the Empire of CHINA, CHINESE-TARTAKY, *&c.*

[*Continued from Page* 216.]

THE seal which the magistrates receive from the Emperor are carried before them when there are any ceremonies to perform, or when they go to visit persons to whome they would show respect: they are carried in a golden box by two men, upon a kind of litter, which goes before the chair of the mandarin: when he is arrived at the place where he designed, the seal is laid on a side-table covered with a carpet.

The Emperor of China is no less formidable on account of the great revenues which he draws from the empire, than the vast extent of it; but it is not easy to give a just account of them, because the annual tribute is paid partly in money, and partly in commodities, and they are collected from all sorts of land, from salt, silks, stuffs, linen and cotton, and other commodities; from the ports, customs, barks; from the sea, from the forests, royal gardens, and confiscations, &c.

The personal tribute, which those that are from twenty to sixty years of age pay, amounts to immense sums of money, because of the great number of inhabitants which are in the empire. They say that formerly there were upwards of 58,000,000 of persons that paid this tribute. In the numbering of the people, which was made in the beginning of the reign of the late Emperor Cang hi, there were found 11,052,872 families, and 59,788,364 men able to bear arms, and yet neither the princes nor officers of the court, nor mandarins, nor the soldiers who have served and have been discharged, nor the licentiates, the doctors, the bonzes, nor young persons under twenty years of age, nor the great multitudes that live in barks either on the rivers or on the sea, are comprehended in this number. The number of bonzes exceed 1,000,000, of which there are 2,000 unmarried at Pekin; besides that there are 350,000 more in the idol temples in divers places, who are settled by the Emperor's patents; the number of bachelors alone are about 90,000.

There are besides 10,000 barks belonging to the Emperor, which are employed to bring to court the tribute of rice, stuffs, silks, &c. The Emperor receives annually 40,155,490 sacks of rice, wheat, and millet, each sack weighing 120 pounds; 1,315,937 loaves of salt, each loaf weighing 50 pounds; 210,470 sacks of beans, and 22,598,597 bundles of straw for his horses; in wrought silks and stuffs 190,530 pounds weight, each pound of twenty ounces; 409,896 pounds of unwrought silk, 396,480 pieces of callico, 560,280 pieces of linen cloth, besides vast quantities of velvet, satin, damask, and the like; also varnish, oxen, sheep, hogs, geese, ducks, wild-fowl, fish, herbs, fruits, spices, and many sorts of wine, which are continually brought into the imperial palace: the whole revenues of the Emperor, being computed in French money, amount to near 200,000,000 of taels, each tael is an ounce of silver, whose intrinsic value amounts to 100 French sols.

The Emperor may raise new taxes if the occasions of the state should require it, but he very seldom uses this power, the yearly tributes being considerable enough to defray his expences: there is scarcely a year he does not remit the whole tribute to some province, if it happens to be afflicted with any kind of calamity.

As the lands are surveyed, and the number of families are known, as also what is due to the Emperor, the officers of each town gather his taxes with ease; and those that are negligent in paying of them are punished by the mandarins, either by the bastinado, or sending

them to prison, but never by seizing their goods; or else by billeting into their houses the poor and aged, whom the Emperor keeps out of charity in each town, and who remain in the house until they have consumed as much as is owing to the Emperor.

These officers are accountable for what they receive to the Pout tching ssee, who is treasurer-general of the province, and they remit to him the sums of money which they have collected; they send them on mules, each mule carries 2,000 taels in two wooden vessels like long barrels, which are secured with iron cramps. The Pou tching ssee is accountable to the Hou pou, which is the second sovereign court, and has the superintendency of the customs and taxes, and is accountable for them to the Emperor.

China is singular in this, That the Emperor is in the Empire as a great head of a family, who provides for all the necessities of his officers; the greater part of the tribute and taxes belonging to the Emperor is spent in the provinces for the maintenance of the poor, especially of aged people, of invalids, who are in great number, for the salary of the mandarins, the maintenance of the forces, for public buildings, &c. and the overplus is carried to Pekin, to supply the expences of the court and the metropolis, in which the Emperor maintains 160,000 men of regular troops, besides their pay, which is paid in money.

Besides all this there is distributed at Pekin every day, to near 5000 mandarins, a certain quantity of meat, fish, salt, herbs, &c. And every month they have rice, beans, wood, coals, and straw delivered to them: the same thing is done to those that are sent from the court to the provinces, they are paid all their charges on the road; beside, they have barks, horses, carriages, and inns allowed them at the expences of the Emperor.

The affair is thus managed; when a mandarin is sent by the court they give him a Cang ho, that is an order dispatched from the court by the Ping pou, or tribunal of the militia, sealed with the seal of that tribunal, by which the officers of the posts, and of the towns are ordered to furnish, without delay, what is mentioned in that order, and for a proof of the execution of it they put their seals to it: there are men provided to draw the barks, and to carry the baggage, likewise the general officer of the posts gives orders for weighing the baggage, and furnishing as many men as are necessary to carry it, allowing fifty Chinese pounds weight to each man.

The troops which the Emperor keeps, as well near the great wall as in other fortified places, amounted formerly to the number of 770,000 soldiers, which number hath been increased, and subsists so at present, for they never reduce them; they serve for guards to the grand mandarins, governors, officers and magistrates, escorting them on their journeys, and in the night keeping watch about their barks or their inns. The Emperor likewise maintains near 565,000 horses to remount his cavalry, and for the use of

posts and couriers to carry his orders, and those of the tribunals into the provinces.

The Emperor defrays also the charges of all foreign ambassadors, from the day that they enter into his dominions until they go out of them. He pays all the expence of their tables, and when they are arrived at court lodges them in a palace, where, for a token of friendship, he sends them every other day dishes from his own table; and sometimes, to shew them a particular regard, he sends them extraordinary messes.

I do not mention the other expences which the Emperor is obliged to be at for public buildings, and the repairing of his palace, which, although of a different architecture from ours, yet is suitable to the majesty of so great a Prince.

The idea which I have already given of it, in the beginning of this Work, may seem sufficient for the reader, but I shall now supply what is wanting there by a more particular description of it, without repeating what has been said before, which has been done by one of the missionaries, who had the honour to be admitted into the Emperor's presence, and to salute him even in his apartment.

As, *said he*, the southern gate is never opened but for the Emperor, we came in by the eastern gate, which leads into a vast court southward with regard to the palace; this court is square, and at each angle there is a large oblong building with a double roof, and three gates like those of cities; the length of this court from north to south is upwards of 200 geometrical paces, and the length across is about the same: It is paved with large bricks and the walks laid with large flat stones: before we entered into another court we passed a canal that was almost dry, over one of the six white marble bridges, which are laid across this canal that runs east and west, over against five gates that are vaulted, on which is a large building with a platform and a double roof, whose thickness is upwards of twenty geometrical paces. At each end of the bridge that leads to the middle gate are two large round columns of white marble, upon a large pedestal of white marble, surrounded with balisters of the same, as also two great lions between seven and eight feet high upon their basis, which seem as if they had been cut out of one stone.

The gates of this second court, of which I am now speaking, face the north; the length of it is but 100 paces, and about fifty in breadth; at the entrance of this court there are two other white marble columns, adornnd with dragons *in relievo*, with two small wings below a chapiter which is flat and wide.

From thence you enter into a third court, which is double the length of this last, but a little wider; it has five gates the same as in the two former, with a building on them of the same structure.

These gates are very thick, and covered with plates of iron fastened on with brass nails, whose heads are bigger than a man's fist; all the buildings of the palace are placed on bases of the height of a

man, of a reddish grey marble, very ill polished and adorned with mouldings.

All these courts are surrounded with low buildings covered with yellow tiles: At the bottom of this third court there is a large building flanked with two pavilions which join two wings, and are terminated by two other pavilions like the first, that is, with double roofs, and surrounded with galleries the same as the wings, and the bottom of the building, which is raised on a platform of bricks with its parapet, and little embrasures, and is near thirty-five feet high: the level of the platform, which is six feet higher than the level of the ground, is built of marble; there are three gates at the bottom like the former, with this difference, that the nails and plates of iron are gilt; there were guards at this gate.

After we had passed through these three courts, which have nothing remarkable excepting their extent, we went into a fourth, which is near fourscore geometrical paces square, and very pleasant; it is surrounded with galleries that are interrupted, at proper distances, with little open halls somewhat higher, over against which there are steps of white marble which go quite round.

This court has a little canal in it, which is lined with white marble; the sides are adorned with balisters of the same kind; there are four or five bridges over this canal of one arch, of white marble, and adorned with mouldings and *basso relievos;* in the bottom of this court there is a large and magnificent hall, which has three fine stair-cases to go up to it, whose flights are adorned with balisters of the same.

The fifth court is near the same form and size; there are in it large *perrons* raised in the form of a square three stories high, and adorned at each story with balisters of white marble. These *perrons* take up near half the length of the court, and near two thirds of its breadth; it is about eighteen feet high, built upon a base of marble of *Siam*, which is coarser and only six feet high: there are three stair-cases that ascend to the top, that of the middle is the most considerable; on the top of the *perrons* are eight vases of copper near seven feet high, and at the bottom of the middle stair-case are two large copper lions: these *perrons* are over against a large and magnificent hall, where the Emperor receives the memorials and petitions, which the Mandarins of the Sovereign Tribunals come to present him daily, after having performed the accustomed ceremony of bowing at the foot of the great stairs.

Afterwards we passed through two other such courts, with *perrons* of the same form and manner, and surrounded with the like buildings, and stair-cases with balisters round them: after we had crossed the last of these courts we were conducted through a door on the right hand, which brought us into another court, whose length was near 200 paces: it is a kind of hippodrome, (a place for tilting, or horse-racing) at the end of which on the left hand there is a great hall which stands open; we found guards there, and waited till the mandarin, who was to conduct us into the apartment of the Emperor, came to us. [*To be continued.*

A PICTURE OF PIETY AND ŒCONOMY.

RECOMMENDED TO THE COUNTRY GENTLEMEN, &c. &c. OF GREAT BRITAIN.

[*From the* "ADDITIONS *to* BOSWELL'S *Life of Johnson.*"]

To BENNET LANGTON, *Esq; at Langton, near Spilsby, Lincolnshire.*

"DEAR SIR,

"IN supposing that I shall be more than commonly affected by the death of PEREGRINE LANGTON *, you were not mistaken; he was one of those whom I loved at once by instinct and by reason. I have seldom indulged more hope of any thing than of being able to improve our acquaintance to friendship. Many a time have I placed myself again at Langton, and imagined the pleasure with which I should walk to Partney † in a summer morning; but this is no longer possible. We must now endeavour to preserve what is left us,—his example of piety and œconomy. I hope you make what enquiries you can, and write down what is told you. The little things which distinguish domestic characters are soon forgotton; if you delay to enquire, you will have no information; if you neglect to write, information will be vain.

"His art of life certainly deserves to be known and studied. He lived in plenty and elegance upon an income which to many would appear indigent, and to most scanty. How he lived, therefore, every man has an interest in knowing. His death, I hope, was peaceful; it was surely happy.

"Your very humble Servant,

"*June* 27, 1758. SAM. JOHNSON."

Mr. Langton did not disregard Dr. Johnson's counsel, but wrote the following account, which he has been pleased to communicate to me.

"The circumstances of Mr. Peregrine Langton were these. He had an annuity for life of two hundred pounds *per annum*. He resided in a village in Lincolnshire; the rent of his house, with two or three small fields, was twenty-eight pounds; the county he lived in was not more than moderately cheap; his family consisted of a sister who paid him eighteen pounds annually for her board, and a niece. The servants were two maids, and two men in livery. His common way of living, at his table, was three or four dishes: the appurtenances to his table were neat and handsome; he frequently entertained company at dinner, and then his table was well served with as many dishes as were usual at the tables of the other gentlemen in the neighbourhood. His own appearance, as to clothes, was genteelly neat and plain, he had always a post-chaise, and kept three horses.

* Mr. Langton's uncle.

† The place of residence of Mr. Peregrine Langton.

"Such, with the resources I have mentioned, was his way of living, which he did not suffer to employ his whole income; for he had always a sum of money lying by him for any extraordinary expences that might arise. Some money he put in the stocks; at his death, the sum he had there amounted to one hundred and fifty pounds. He purchased out of his income his houshold furniture and linen, of which latter he had a very ample store; and as I am assured by those that had very good means of knowing, not less than a tenth part of his income was set apart for charity: at the time of his death, the sum of twenty-five pounds was found, with a direction to be employed in such uses.

"He had laid down a plan of living proportioned to his income, and did not practise any extraordinary degree of parsimony, but endeavoured that in his family there should be plenty without waste; as an instance that this was his endeavour, it may be worth while to mention a method he took in regulating a proper allowance of malt liquor to be drank in his family, that there might not be a deficiency, or any intemperate profusion: On a complaint made, that his allowance of a hogshead in a month was not enough for his own family, he ordered the quantity of a hogshead to be put into bottles, had his cellar locked up from the servants, and distributed out every day, eight quarts, which is the quantity each day at one hogshead in a month; and told his servants, that if that did not suffice, he would allow them more; but, by this method, it appeared at once that the allowance was much more than sufficient for his small family; and this proved a clear conviction, that could not be answered, and saved all future dispute. He was, in general, very diligently and punctually attended and obeyed by his servants; he was very considerate as to the injunctions he gave, and explained them distinctly; and, at their first coming to his service, steadily exacted a close compliance with them, without any remission; and the servants finding this to be the case, soon grew habitually accustomed to the practice of their business, and then very little further attention was necessary. On extraordinary instances of good behaviour, or diligent service, he was not wanting in particular encouragements, and presents above their wages; it is remarkable that he would permit their relations to visit them, and stay at his house two or three days at a time.

"The wonder, with most that hear an account of his œconomy, will be, how he was able, with such an income, to do so much, especially when it is considered he paid for every thing he had: he had no land, except the two or three small fields which I have said he rented; and instead of gaining any thing by their produce, I have reason to think he lost by them; however, they furnished him with no further assistance than grass for his horses (not hay, for that I know he bought), and for two cows. Every Monday morning he settled his family accounts, and so kept up a constant attention to the confining his expences within his income; and to do it more exactly, compared those expences with a computation he had made,

how much that income would afford him every week and day in the year. One of his œconomical practices was, as soon as any repair was wanting in or about his house, to have it immediately performed. When he had money to spare, he chose to lay in a provision of linen or clothes, or other necessaries; as then, he said, he could afford it, which he might not be so well able to do when the actual want came; in consequence of which method, he had a considerable supply of necessary articles lying by him, beside what was in use.

"But the main particular that seems to have enabled him to do so much with his income, was, that he paid for every thing as soon as he had it, except, alone, what were current accounts, such as rent for his house and servants' wages; and these he paid at the stated times with the utmost exactness. He gave notice to the tradesmen of the neighbouring market-towns, that they should no longer have his custom if they let any of his servants have any thing without their paying for it. Thus he put it out of his power to commit those imprudencies, to which those are liable that defer their payments by using their money some other way than where it ought to go. And whatever money he had by him, he knew that it was not demanded elsewhere, but that he might safely employ it as he pleased.

"His example was confined, by the sequestered place of his abode, to the observation of few, though his prudence and virtue would have made it valuable to all who could have known it.—These few particulars, which I knew myself, or have obtained from those who lived with him, may afford instruction, and be an incentive to that wise art of living, which he so successfully practised."

ANTIENT CHARTERS.

THERE is handed about, a Charter of Malcolm III. granted to Hunter of Polmood, written in Scottish rhyme; but many circumstances, and this one in particular, that about the same age, there was a charter granted by William the Conqueror, to one Hunter, written almost in the same words; which Stow in his Chronicle, p. 3, relates he had taken out of an ancient Chronicle in the Richmond Library. Speed, lib. 9. cap. 2. page 424, says the same; but the style not agreeing with the times, convinces us, that it is suppositious, and this particularly, that the free-duty, payable for the land, is ordained to be a Bow with Arrows, when the King comes to the river YARROW; but this district, lying on Yarrow,

which divides the forest of Ettrick, or shire of Selkirk, was never under the dominion of the English, till long after this time.

Ruddiman's "Introduction to Anderson's Diplomata Scoti."

No. I.

COPY OF POLMOOD CHARTER.

I MALCOLM Kenmore King, the third year of my reign,
Give to thee Norman Hunter of Polmood,
The hope and the hopetown,
With all the bounds upside down,
Above the earth to heaven
And below the earth to hell,
As free to thee and thine
As ever God gave it to me and mine,
For A BOW AND A BROAD ARROW,
When I come to hunt in Yarrow;
And in witness that it is sooth,
I bit the white wax with my tooth,
Before thir witnesses three,
May, Maud, and Marjorie,
And my thurd son Henry.

No. II.

EDWARD fancifully gave
To Norman the hunter the hop and the hop town
With all the bounds upside down:
And in witness that it was sooth,
He bit the wax with his fong tooth.

Bishop Nicholson's "Historical Library."

THE family of RAWDON were originally settled near Leeds in Yorkshire, and took their name from their residence: they are of great antiquity, as appears from the title deed of their Estate, granted by William the Conqueror, part of which Estate Lord Rawdon still enjoys. The following lines are taken from the original deed.

No. III.

I WILLIAM, King, the thurde yere of my reign,
Give to Paulyn Roydon, Hope and Hopetowne,
With all the bounds, both upard downe,
From Heaven to Yerthe, from Yerthe to Hel,
For the and thyn, there to dwel,
As truely as this Kingright is myn,
For A CROSSE BOW AND A HARROW,
When I sal come to hunt on Yarrow;
And token that thing is sooth,
I bit the whyt wax with my tooth,
Before Meg, Maud, and Margery,
And my thurde sonne, Henry.

ON

FRIENDSHIP.

------AMICITIA QUAM NOMEN EST.

AMIDST all the vicissitudes of life, FRIENDSHIP is a healing balm, the harbinger of peace, the messenger of joy. Society, one end of our existence, is promoted by this communicative blessing. Here hostilities cease, and the dove alone presides. *Animosities vanish, unanimity reigns.* Where this angelic virtue is wanting, what are all our joys? What constitutes our social happiness and our civil peace, but Friendship? What ties will subject where this principle is not our guide? What can more powerfully constrain and restrain, than the bonds of Friendship? All the powers of argument or reason will nought avail without this principle, either to restrain from injuring, or excite to benefit. Where this beatific virtue reigns o'er the mental shore, the lion may lie down with the lamb securely. Contention is no longer heard; divisions are healed, and union established. Though various are the ways in which this principle manifests itself, yet all centre in regard to the object, and an exact uniformity in procedure. What renders it far above all description is, that it is a secret motive, produced by a secret cause, and actuated by secret regard, known only by the parties. Numerous are the passions of the human breast, and as variously drawn forth as different in their nature. This is an inward conception of the heart, in which the will and affections are consulted, and which increases with our years. Friendship (that which is real) is an ingrafted principle that takes deep root in the heart, and branches forth in the actions; which, although often by adverse Providence the boughs are lopped off, yet the root remains, which is still a living principle, daily springing up into action. Thus, although the scorching heat of persecution seems to exhaust its virtues, yet the gentle dew of reflection restores and invigorates the subject.

Where the will is not brought into complete and full acquiescence in the cause, the work is drudgery, and is no more than slavish fear, which leads me to observe, that the ties of nature or consanguinity do not create this principle, as then it would be the necessary consequence of affinity. On the contrary, as it is produced by a cause which appears deserving of it, it is never placed without this seeming appearance, however the issue may prove it groundless. Thus, in proportion as the goodness of the cause increases or lessens, so the Friendship flourishes or declines.

Having shown the source and spring of action, I now proceed to consider its effects:—the principle being noble, it is natural to suppose the effects are the same.

It is *first* proper to observe, that disinterested motives are a necessary evidence of real Friendship, which lead the participant not

to communicate this blessing merely to the prosperous, but to the poor and distressed.

When fortune smiles, when riches roll in, when honours are even crowning them with laurels, the world will profess Friendship. But where is the man, the *rara avis*, who, while calamity frowns, affliction threatens, and poverty impends, will aid and assist, comfort and relieve? This is the test—a friend in need, is a friend indeed; and such only deserve the name. Friendship not only implies a principle, but an act; not merely a profession, but performance.

The Friendship of the world in general is merely professional, and consists in a number of promises or declarations which probably they never intended to execute, but delude. How greatly is such a conduct to be abhorred, and yet how common! Here let us take a brief view of the different degrees of men who assume this character.

The flattering courtier, learned in all the arts of sophistry, promises his poor dependants what he never means to execute. The social man, whose sphere exceeds not mediocrity, strenuously professes Friendship, to his friend whose rank is superior, amidst the blaze of wealth and honour. The exalted party, by an adverse Providence, is hurled from the pinnacle of power to the dregs of submission; furnished with every hope professions can afford, he has recourse to his former friend, who receives him with disdain. These are some of the effects of human Friendship, which glitter at the view, and vanish in the proof.

How fleeting then are all our enjoyments! how vain are all our comforts!

One grand cause why human Friendship is so precarious is, because man is a mutable creature, subject to various tempers and dispositions, prejudices, or antipathies. It is often seen that in those from whom we expect the most Friendship, we find the least, which arises from a groundless apprehension of the sincerity of their intentions.

As Friendship is a mental conception of regard for a particular object, it is often deceived, which deception being discovered, the Friendship gradually lessens.

In order to the duration or continuance of mutual Friendship, it is necessary there should exist between the parties a similarity of sentiment: this is essential to its progress and increase, as this often is the means of creating it. By observation we find that people, after a short acquaintance, become the mutual participants of this communicative blessing, by reason of a similarity of sentiment and disposition.

It is rarely seen that the simple and the wise, the profane and the pious unite in these sacred bonds of Friendship.

As the grand design of this social privilege is to impart our joys and our sorrows to each other, unless there is an unity of mind, this freedom cannot take place. Can the modern profligate thus unite with the pious Christian? or can the pious Christian seek alliance

with a profligate? their dispositions, their joys, and their pleasures, are as opposite as light is unto darkness. Hence, it is self-evident, that without a similarity of sentiment, there can be no real Friendship.

Endued with this noble virtue, possessed of a real friend, we may consider ourselves as highly favoured above many of our fellow-mortals; but, alas! our joys must have a period; separation must take place for a time. May we then live in hopes to meet again, where sorrow never entereth, and where are pleasures for evermore.

To conclude, although Friendship in itself is pleasing, yet its duration being short, as subject either to mutability or dissolution, we must say of this, as of all other sublunary blessings, "They are less than nothing, and altogether vanish."

Edinburgh, July 15, 1793. FRAT. AQUIL. ROM.

AT the south end of Renton, a small town within about a mile and a half of Dumbarton, the Traveller's notice is attracted by a Monument erected in a field, on the right hand of the road, on the banks of the Levin, inclosed within an iron railing, about twenty feet square. The pedestal is about twelve feet, attic base, Doric pillar, attic capital with a round ball on the top of it, four steps leading up to the gate of the railing, exactly opposite to the Inscription, which is well known to be the production of the late Dr. Samuel Johnson.

SISTE VIATOR!
Si Lepores, ingenüq: venam benignam,
Si morum callidissimum pictorem,
Unquam es miratus:
Immorare paululum memoriæ
TOBIAS SMOLLET, M. D.
Viri virtutibus hisce,
Quas in Homine et Cive
Et laudes et imiteris,
Haud mediocriter ornati:
Qui in literis variis versatus,
Postquam felicitate sibi propriâ
Sesè posteris commendaverat,
Morte acerbâ raptus
Anno Ætatis 51.
Eheu! quàm procùl a Patriâ!
Prope Liburni portum in Italiâ,
Jacet Sepultus.
Tali, tantoq: viro, patrueli suo,
Cui in decursu lampada
Se potius tradidisse decuit,
Amoris, eheu! inane monumentum,
In ipsis Leviniæ Ripis,
Quas, versiculis sub exitu vitæ illustratas,
Primis infans vagitibus personuit
Ponendam curavit
JACOBUS SMOLLET de Bonhill.

COMMENTS ON STERNE.

BY JOHN FERRIAR, M. D.

——— vos ardete
Risus, blanditiæ procacitates,
Lusus, nequitiæ facetiæque,
Joci, deliciæque et illecebræ.

Buchanan.

THIS is almost the only satirical and ethical writer of note, who wants a commentator. The works of Rabelais, Butler, Pope, Swift, and many others, are over-loaded with explanations, while Sterne remains, in many places, unintelligible to the greater number of his readers. I would gladly discharge this debt of gratitude, to an author who has afforded me much delight; but my leisure hours can but produce some general traces, or occasional hints, that amount only to an amusing relaxation. Some person whose zeal is greater, and his literary repose complete, may work the mine I have opened, with profit and splendor.

Indeed, there is some danger in attempting to detect the sources from which Sterne drew his rich singularities. It has been fashionable of late, to decry the analysis of objects of admiration, and those who wish to trace the mysteries of wit and literary pleasure, are held to be profane dissectors, who mangle the carcase of learning, out of spleen and idle curiosity*. Besides, the originality of Sterne has scarcely been made a problem; on the contrary, he is considered as the inventor of a new style in our language. I cannot help thinking, however, with honest Mungo in the farce, that it imports us little to hear what we do not understand; and though far beneath the dignity of Horace or Pope †, who professed to admire nothing, I think it very unphilosophical, to let wonder conquer reason, especially in the closet.

To be too curious in the survey of beautiful performances, is to invite disgust. The colossal statues of Phidias, though polished to perfection without, bore a rude appearance to those who examined

* It has been said that a learned Gentleman intends to re-publish Joe Miller's Jests, with illustrations from the Greek writers. I expect impatiently the restoration of several of his Irish stories to Hierocles the Philosopher, from whose Attic those ridiculous blunders have wandered abroad, and having lost their original country, are most unfairly quartered upon Ireland.

† Nil admirari prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque, quæ possit facere et servare beatum.

Hor. Ep. Lib. 1. Ep. vi.

For fools admire, but men of sense approve.

Pope.

them within *: but if a limb, or a feature of a work, should appear to be purloined from the labours of a former artist, it would be right to look for his mark.

In tracing some of Sterne's ideas to other writers, I do not mean to treat him as a Plagiarist; I wish to illustrate, not to degrade him. If some instances of copying be proved against him, they will detract nothing from his genius, and will only lessen that imposing appearance he sometimes assumed, of erudition which he really wanted.

It is obvious to every one, who considers Tristram Shandy as a general Satire, levelled chiefly against the abuse of speculative opinions, that Rabelais furnished Sterne with the general character, and even many particular ideas, of his work. From that copious fountain of learning, wit and whim, our author drew deeply. Rabelais, stored with erudition, poured lavishly out, what Sterne directed and expanded with care, to enrich his pages †. And to this appropriation, we owe many of his most pleasing sallies. For being bounded in his literary acquirements, his imagination had freer play, and more natural graces. He seized the grotesque objects of obsolete erudition, presented by his original, with a vigour untamed by previous labour, and an ardour unabated by familiarity with literary folly. The curious Chapters on Noses § afford the strongest

* ἐκείνων γὰρ ἕκας᾽ ὃς τὰ ἑκτὸς, ὁ μὴν Ποσειδῶν, ἢ Ζεὺς ἢτ᾽ πολύκαλος, χρυσᾶ καὶ ἐλέφαντος ξυνεργασμένος. ******* ἢν δὲ ὑποσύρας ἴδῃς τὰ ἔνδοθεν, ἄφες μοχλὰς τινας, καὶ ῥόμβους, καὶ ἧλας διαπεπαῖς τετορνωμένους, καὶ κορμὸς καὶ σφῦρας, καὶ πίτλαν ὑπόπλεων, καὶ τοιαύτην τινὰ πολλὴν ἀμορφίαν ὑποκάρυστον.

Lucian. Ονειρ: ἢ Αλεκτ:

† καθάπερ ἐν πολλῶν ταμείων εἴ τις κομίσας ἕψημα τι, εἰς τὴν ψυχὴν μεταχεύσεις.

Dionys, Halicarn. Αρχ: Κριτ:

§ Sterne would have made much of a passage in the Memoirs of La Porte: it respects the views of *Mademoiselle* to a marriage with Louis the 14th.---"Je dis "tout cela a la Reine, qui se mocqua de moi, me disant: ce n'est pour san "nez quoiqu'il soit bien grand."---

Mem. de la Porte, p. 275.

The following precious anecdote on this subject, occurs in the curious Miscellany published under the assumed name of Vigneul Marville: "Les nes camus "deplaisent, et sont de mauvaise augure. Le Connetable Anne de Montmo"rency etoit camus; et on l'appelloit a la Cour, le Camus de Montmorency. "Le Duc de Guise, fils de celui qui fut tue a Blois, etoit aussi camus; et j'ai "connu un Gentilhomme qui ayant une veneration singuliere pour ces deux "Maisons de Guise et de Montmorency, ne se pouvoit consoler de ce qu'il s'y "etoit trouve deux camus, comme si ce defaut en diminuoit le lustre."

Tom. 1. p. 140.

"He" (Mr. Shandy) "would often declare, in speaking his thoughts upon "the subject, that he did not conceive how the greatest family in England could "stand it out against an uninterrupted succession of six or seven short noses." ---Tris. Shandy, vol. 3, chap. 33. This is a curious coincidence; I pretend to call it no more.---But it must be added, that Marville's Miscellanies appear to have been much read, about the time when Sterne wrote.

proof of this remark. About the time when Sterne wrote, it was not forgotten indeed, that the physiognomy of the Nose had been a kind of fashionable subject among Philosophers; but little was written, and little remains on the controversy, and what Sterne gives us, is founded on the following passage of Rabelais: "Pourquoy; "dit Gargantua, est ce que frere Jean a si beau nez? Par ce (re- "pondit Grangousier) qu'ainsi Dieu l'a voulu, lequel nous fait en "telle forme, & telle fin, selon son divin abitre, que fait un po- "tier ses vaisseaux. Par ce (dit Ponocrates) qu'il fut des premiers "a la foire des nez. Il print de plus beaux & des plus grands. Trut "avant (dit le moine) selon la vrave Philosophie Monastique, c'est, "par ce que ma Nourrice avoit les tetins molets, en l'allaictant, mon "nez y enfondroit comme en beurre, et la s'eslevoit et croissoit "comme la paste dedans la mets. Les durs tetins des Nourrices "font les enfans camus. Mais gay, gay, ad formam nasi cognos- "citur ad te levavi *."

"Now Ambrose Paræus convinced my father that the true and "efficient cause of what had engaged so much the attention of the "world, and upon which Prignitz and Scroderus had wasted so "much learning and fine parts—was neither this nor that—but that "the length and goodness of the nose, was owing simply to the "softness and flaccidity of the nurse's breast—as the flatness and "shortness of puisne noses was, to the firmness and elastic repulsion "of the same organ of nutrition in the heal and lively—which, "though happy for the woman, was the undoing of the child, inas- "much as his nose was so snubbed, so rebuffed, so rebated, and so re- "frigerated thereby, as never to arrive ad mensuram suam legiti- "mam;—but that in case of the flaccidity and softness of the nurse "or mother's breast—by sinking into it, quoth Paræus, as into so "much butter, the nose was comforted, nourished, &c. †"

"—— *the causes of short and long noses. There is no cause but* "one, replied my uncle Toby,—why one man's nose is longer than "another's, but because that God pleases to have it so. That is "Grangousier's solution, said my father.—'Tis he, continued my "uncle Toby, looking up, and not regarding my father's interrup- "tion, who makes us all, and frames and puts us together, in such "forms and proportions, and for such ends, as is agreeable to his in- "finite wisdom. §"

I wish Sterne had known enough of Taliacotius to have done him justice, on the subject of noses. The practice of that extraordinary man, which has been obscured by misplaced raillery, and the imputation of follies entirely foreign to his method, deserves to be better known. ‡ It was both rational and successful; and it is a

---

* Liv. 1. Chap. xli.

† Tristram Shandy, vol. iii. chap. 38.

§ Id. Chap. 41.

‡ See his Book, De Curtorum Chirurgia.

considerable addition to his fame, that he anticipated later Physiologists in some surprizing and important facts respecting the re-union of living parts.—Sterne has played unaccountably with the public curiosity, on the subject of a very silly book, which he attempts to pass off as curious, merely because it is obscure. This is the more surprizing, because his fiction of Slawkenbergius is admirable. Mr. Shandy has the good fortune, we are told, to get *Bruscambille's Prologue on Noses* almost for nothing—that is for three half-crowns. "There are not three *Bruscambilles* in Christendom—said the stall-"man, except what are chained up in the libraries of the curious." This is well calculated to excite the appetites of epicures in literature, which perhaps was all the author intended; and which is ill supported by the work in question. That no future collector may sigh for Bruscambille, I will give as much of his Prologue on Noses as deserves the patience of a reader. I shall only premise, that the book consists of a set of prose discourses, printed at Cologne, in 1741, which seem to have ushered in comedy *, farce, or puppet-show, according to the exigencies of the night: they resemble the Prologues of Terence, only in the freedom with which Monsieur Bruscambille treats his audience.

"Je n'entrepaend point de faire ici une ample description des "differens nez, avec les proprietez singulieres qui leur sont an-"nexees; j'en dirois peut etre trop des grands nez au prejudice des "*nez mediocres, des petits nez, des nez cornus, des nez plats, &* "autres de toute sorte d'espece, je me contente de dire que les "grands nez ont beaucoup d'avantage sur les petits pour les odeurs "dont ils sont l'organe naturel, d'autant que par leur capacite plus "etendue ils peuvent recevoir plus de vapeurs odoriferentes & que "celles qui montens de bas en haut leur peuvent moins echapper "qu'aux petits nez: en un mot, Messieurs, si c'est quelque chose "de beau, de bon, de louable, d'avantageux en tout genre d'avoir "du nez, il le doit etre encore plus d'avoir du grand nez," &c. Jam satis.†

The mock quotations, explanatory of the *Promontory of Noses*, in Slawkenbergius's tale, are merely designed to cover the use made of Rabelais's proverb; "il fut a la foire des nez." Sterne has diverted himself sometimes with references to some parts of this author, that appeared ænigmatical enough. For instance; "Who "was Tickletoby's Mare?"‡ I believe many of Rabelais's readers would be puzzled to answer. Sterne alludes to the story of poor Tappecoue§, who fell a sacrifice to the resentment of the devils of Poictiers.

---

* The first is entitled, *Premier Prelude, en forme de Galimatias, pour l' ouverture du Theatre.* Several others are said to be *en forme de Galimatias*, but the specification was needless.

† Pensees Facetieuses de Bruscambille. P. 48.

‡ Chap. 36. vol. ii. Tr. Shandy.

§ Rabelais. Liv. IV. Chap. XIII. That strange fellow Sir Thomas Urquhart, the Romancer of Crichton, translates this word, Tickletoby.

At other times, Sterne indulges in all the Gallimatias of the old Frenchman. —— "Bon jour! good morrow!—so you have got "your cloak on betimes! but 'tis a cold morning, and you judge the "matter rightly—'tis better to be well mounted than go o' foot— "and obstructions in the glands are dangerous—and how goes it "with thy concubine—thy wife—and thy little ones o' both sides? "and when did you hear from the old gentleman and lady," &c*.

I believe this brilliant passage is founded on the Prologue to Rabelais's fourth book. Some of Sterne's other imitations do him more credit; but in the eighth volume of Tristram he was not very nice in taking assistance. "Gens de Bien," says Rabelais, "Dieu "vous sauve et gard. Ou estes vous? je ne peux vous voir. At- "tendez que je chausse mes lunettes. Ha, ha, bien et beau s'en "va Quaresme, je vous voy. Et doncques? Vous avez eu bonne "vinee, a ce que l'on m'a dit.——Vous, vos femmes, enfans, pa- "rens et familles estes en sante desiree. Cela va bien, cela est bon, "cela meplaist—" &c. Certainly this trash must be one of those passages, escaped, as Rabelais declares that he wrote 'en mangeant et buvant,' after he had taken a cup too much.

Perhaps it would do violence to the analogy, to say that the exquisite dialogues, scattered through Tristram Shandy, took any colour from those delivered by Rabelais.—At least, it would appear to be refining too far. Yet the contrast and contention of characters and professions so striking in both romances; the strong ridicule thrown upon the love of hypothesis; and the art with which absurdities in every walk of science are exposed, have always impressed me with a general idea of resemblance; and have recalled Pantagruel, Panurge and Epistemon, in many of the Shandean conversations. If there be any degree of imitation in this respect, it is greatly to Sterne's honour. A higher polish was never given to rugged materials. But there can be no doubt respecting Sterne's obligations to another Author, once the favourite of the learned and witty, though now unaccountably neglected. I have often wondered at the pains bestowed by Sterne, in ridiculing opinions not fashionable in his day, and have thought it singular, that he should produce the portrait of his Sophist, Mr. Shandy, with all the stains and mouldiness of the last century about him. For the love of scarce and whimsical books, was no vice of the time when Tristram Shandy appeared. But I am now convinced, that all the singularities of that character were drawn from the perusal of *Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy;* not without reference †, however, to the peculiarities of Burton's life, who is alledged to have fallen a victim to his astrological studies. We are told, accordingly, that Mr. Shandy had faith in astrology ‡.

* Vol. viii. Chap. 3.

† Even the name of Democritus junior, affected by Burton, may have led to Sterne's assumption of the title of Yorick. Burton too was a clergyman.

‡ Vol iii. Chap. 23. Vol. v. Chap. 28.

[*To be Continued.*]

DR. JOHN HUNTER,

THE LATE JUSTLY CELEBRATED ANATOMIST.

THIS excellent man is now no more. He died on Wednesday the *16th* inst. to the infinite grief of his relatives and friends, and the general loss of mankind. These expirations have more than common solemnity when the Great Physician orders even those away whom he has gifted to restore from the confines of the grave.

But Hunter must be regarded in a variety of lights as an irreparable loss. He did not merely uphold the honour of his art—the integrity of private life—the character of a Briton—but he gave to his Country the fame of the best Anatomist in the Nations of Europe.

Of the original strength of mind surmounting the petty obstacles of fortune and situation, Hunter was an admirable example. He was, as he never sought to disguise, once a carpenter by profession, and, upon particular occasions, was fond to display that he had not forgotten his craft.

When his brother with such rapid strides advanced to fame and fortune, the excitement operated effectually upon John Hunter—he came up to town, and assisted him in those lectures upon Anatomy, which most people recollect to have been given in Windmill-street.

Nature had done her part in framing him for the fatigues he courted—His strength of body was correspondent to the vigour of his mind—His search was incessant, and he was easy under the pressure of business that weaker mortals would term insupportable toil.

Inspired by a thorough conviction of the dignity and importance of his art, he loved it with distinguishing preference—What he read, was either directly or collaterally allied to it—As a Naturalist, he applied all his discoveries to anatomical use. His collections have taken away the bulk of his fortune.—Yet he lived with hospitable splendour, and had a country house at Earl's Court.

His domestic life was exemplary—he married the daughter of Home, the Physician; she has given him a son and daughter, who with her now have to mourn the deepest of calamities.

Of honours he was not solicitous, but such as his profession usually leads to be enjoyed:—He was Doctor of Physic, and F. R. S. Assistant Surgeon to the King, and he was appointed to St. George's Hospital, where his care was incessant.

For some time back his health had suffered—most probably from the contamination of disorders around him perpetually; yet he desisted not from practice—he devoted himself to healing others, and died a Martyr to Mankind—for he attended on his last day a consultation upon a difficult case, was seized at the Hospital with a spasmodic affection in the stomach, went home, and expired in a few hours after the attack.

The Doctor, about six years ago, told a gentleman, that he felt himself subject to spasms of the heart, and that he was then apprehensive of death, which, happen when it would, he expected to be immediate.

He also informed him, that he had described his own case nearly as the parts would be found on his dissolution.

Whether the body has been opened, or the state of the disordered parts were exactly as the Doctor represented, we have not yet learned; but it is undoubtedly a case which deserves the investigation of the curious in the physical science.

This, however, is not a singular instance. The late justly celebrated Dr. Munro, the anatomist, in the college of Edinburgh, who lived to a pretty advanced age, used to say, when he found himself decaying, that, in the course of nature, he might have survived a longer period—unless his good mother, from an over-kindness, had unfortunately let blood of him, when a child, every spring and fall. This custom so impoverished his blood as to affect him through life with alarming diseases.

Dr. Munro also gave an account of the state in which his body would be found on dissection.

By a careful inspection of the parts after his death, the case of this wonderful Anatomist was found to have been very accurately felt and given. For the benefit of mankind, we are happy to find that this system of bleeding is now almost totally abolished.

When we hear of the demise of one living solely to administer to agonizing mortality, who has voluntarily and cheerfully, from a sense of duty, suffered perils to "surround him as a Sea," and passed the greater share of life amid putrefaction and decay, the dying and the dead, it is reasonable to expect that remuneration, as far at least as fortune goes, has been had, and that his survivors are by his skill placed in affluence.

We fear nothing of this sort is here the case—we cannot venture to say, that John Hunter was even entirely disembarrassed—we wish most sincerely it may have been otherways;—if, however, it has not, there will be an opportunity for public spirit to be grateful to departed worth.

Who are likely to inherit the healing powers of this excellent man is easily prognosticated—Who can they be but Cruikshank and Home? They mingled minds in his lifetime; and in his death, so far as mind can unite, they will not be divided.

The general grief will naturally on such occasions be great; but when it is recollected that ages may pass before a man shall arise with equal powers, they who have real philanthropy will not check the sigh

That heaves alas! though impotent to save,
The general Saviour from the general grave.

Dr. Hunter, from his very extensive and respectable practice, might have amassed a very considerable fortune; but his views

were not of that sordid nature; his heart beat with philanthropy; and the good of mankind was the point to which his most ardent wishes, and all his laborious and arduous researches, were directed.

Whilst he was occasionally obliged to take up money at five per cent. for the support of the establishment of his household, he was laying out upwards of six thousand pounds every year, in experiments and enquiries, which had the comfort and happiness of afflicted human nature for their sole object: Could he be but eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, John Hunter's soul was gratified to the full.

We must not omit his very candid and liberal behaviour to an ingenious Clergyman, totally unknown to him and unrecommended, who had discovered a solvent for the Stone, and applied to him for his patronage, assuring him, in the most solemn manner, that the menstruum was not only efficacious as a solvent, but highly beneficial to the general health. Dr. Hunter told him, that in a case of such magnitude, it was necessary he should proceed with great caution; but that, however, he would furnish him with more *Calculi*, to continue his experiments; and promised to turn over to him a patient, whom he himself had previously examined, provided the event were uniformly the same.

He kept his word; and success to his great satisfaction was the consequence. He was so well convinced by this case, and another equally strong, which immediately followed, that he recommended the Clergyman to all his patients who applied to him for the Stone and other similar complaints; nay, he did more, for he declared, in confidence, to a Gentleman of probity and honour, that though he should lose a valuable yearly income, yet he would deposit a considerable sum, if the Solvent proved invariably efficacious.

These are Traits in the character of the late justly celebrated Anatomist, that add lustre to his great and well earned reputation; and prove that Dr. Hunter, though in exterior he might appear somewhat rough, possessed a heart, which was a jewel of infinite price. SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

TRAITS IN THE LIFE OF THE LATE UNFORTUNATE *QUEEN OF FRANCE.*

THIS unhappy Princess terminated her life on the public Scaffold, on Wednesday the 16th. Her firmness in the hour of trial, and her dignified deportment at the block, were truly characteristic of her magnanimous soul.

Whatever may have been said by moralists, relative to the uncertainty of fortune, the precariousness of power, and the instability of human greatness, has been fully exemplified in the life of this unfortunate princess.

The sun that ushered in the morning of her birth, shone with unrivalled brilliancy and splendour, but his rays were soon intercepted, and obscured by portentous clouds, and he has at length set in *blood*!

MARIE ANTOINETTA JOSEPH JEAN of Lorraine, Archduchess of Austria, was born Nov. 2, 1755.

On the 16th of May, 1770, she was married to the Dauphin of France, who on the death of his grandfather succeeded to the throne, and reigned for several years by the name of Louis XVI.

When the young Dauphiness arrived in France, she was but in her 16th year. The fame of her beauty had gone before her, and her appearance at Versailles justified all the expectations formed of those charms that had irradiated the Court of Vienna.

It is thus that one of our most elegant writers describes his sensations, on recollecting the person and accomplishments of this princess:

"It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the Dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate without emotion that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream that, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she should ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against disgrace concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should have lived to see such disasters fallen upon her in a nation of gallant men, in a nation of men of honour and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her with insult.—But the age of chivalry is gone.——That of sophisters, œconomists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more, shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom. The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprize is gone! It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage whilst it mitigated ferocity, which enobled whatever it touched, and under which vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness."

One of the first acts of the Queen, after her elevation to the throne, was the forming and completing a treaty of alliance between the family from whence she sprung, and that with which she was now connected. This alliance was deemed as prejudicial to France, as it was advantageous to the House of Austria, and is said to have been the first action of her life that gave disgust to her new subjects.

A great and uncommon event, however, restored her to their esteem, for in a few years after, Her Majesty warmly espoused the cause of the Americans, and is said to have induced her Royal Consort to enter into a war in their defence.—The birth of a Dauphin too delighted the people, and their tears at his death being speedily dried up by another prince, the Consort of Louis XVI. seemed to have acquired and merited the love, affection, and esteem of the people.

But France was now on the eve of a Revolution, dissimilar to all others, that had hitherto occurred, and fraught with events equally fatal to empires and to monarchs.

Unfortunately for the Queen, she had about this time rendered herself odious to the Nation; in addition to the murmurs occasioned by the relief administered to the necessitous Treasury of her brother the Emperor Joseph, an *equivocal* transaction relative to the famous diamond necklace, in which the Cardinal de Rohan first figured away as a dupe, had made her a number of enemies.

The report too of some *female frailties*, and the writings of Madame de la Motte, who pretended to have been the witness, and even the *pandar* of her pleasures, rendered the Queen of France obnoxious to the censures not only of the French, but of all Europe.

We leave the invidious task of recording the particulars on which these reports were founded, to the future Historian.

Such an atonement has been made, during three years of uninterrupted persecution, that the "Recording Angel" must have long since blotted out every venial fault with "a tear!"

That relentless Faction, which had put an end to the life of her Consort, and had vowed revenge upon herself, were not long in putting their threats in execution. Her Majesty was brought to trial, and, after a summary process, executed by the Guillotine, on Wednesday the 16th of October, 1793.

Thus died in the 38th year of her age, by the hands of the common executioner, and in consequence of the verdict of her late subjects, the daughter of an Emperor, the wife of a King, and the mother of a Prince, who was called the Dauphin at his birth, nominated the Prince Royal by the Constituent Assembly, and looked upon for several years as the heir to the greatest and most splendid Throne in Europe.

Such has been the useless cruelty exercised against this beautiful and unhappy princess, that her errors have been forgotten in the magnitude of her sufferings, and all men unite in accusing the perpetrators of a deed, who were instigated to it by no marked necessity, and who basely attempt to veil the workings of personal hatred under the name of public justice.

Her late Majesty had four children: Louis Joseph Xavier Francis, Dauphin of France, born October 27, 1781, and who died in 1788; Louis Charles, born March 27, 1785, now a close prisoner in the Temple; Marie Theresa Charlotte, born December 19, 1778; and Sophia Helena Beatrix, born July 9, 1786.

STRICTURES
ON
PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAYMARKET.
OCTOBER 1.

A NEW Musical Piece, in two Acts, was presented at the Haymarket Theatre, under the title of "THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD."

Sir Oliver Alford, - - - - - -	Mr. BARRYMORE;
Lord Alford, - - - - - - -	Mr. DIGNUM;
Apathy, - - - - - - - - -	Mr. SUETT;
Gabriel, - - - - - - - - -	Mr. BENSON;
Walter, - - - - - - - - -	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
Lady Alford, - - - - - - -	Miss DE CAMP;
Josephine, - - - - - - - -	Mrs. BLAND;
Walter's Mother, - - - - -	Mrs. BOOTH.

SKETCH OF THE FABLE.

This Piece, as its title shews, is founded on the old familiar English story of "THE CHILDREN IN THE WOOD," with such deviations from the narrative as serve to render it dramatic and fit for the Stage. We believe the subject has already been given to the Theatre in Paris, but do not immediately remember the writer who prepared it for representation, although we shrewdly suspect this *petit piece*, if not a version from the French, to be chiefly borrowed from our continental neighbours. Come it from whence it may, it was made as heartily welcome as any stranger could desire, the audience honouring it with repeated plaudits, many of which did infinite credit to their hearts and feelings.

The story is told upon our stage in an interesting way, and the serious and the comic are so happily blended, that he must be a dull and splenetic spectator and hearer, who does not find his humanity aroused, or his risibility excited, by the different incidents that make up the action of the Piece.

The children are saved, which is a circumstance highly gratifying to sensibility; but it borders on the improbable, and their discovery by their father and mother rather too violently shocks the feeling, the minds of the audience being led to believe that the infants are past hope of recovery.

The Music does Dr. Arnold credit, particularly the Overture, in which the air of the old ballad of "Three Children sliding on the Ice," was very happily introduced.

Mr. Rose, author of *The Prisoner, Family Compact,* and *Caernarvon Castle,* is the author of the present Piece.

Oct. 9. At Covent Garden Theatre Shakspere's *Tragedy* of HAMLET was exhibited in as tyle altogether new, but with a degree of attention and splendour that reflected the highest credit on the Manager. The characters were all dressed in rich and appropriate fashion, and in a manner suited to the custom of the country where the action of the play is laid. The scenery also was selected with taste, and so adapted as to give the whole representation an air of great propriety and magnificence.

The play was got up in order to introduce Miss POOLE (a Lady whose vocal powers have been for some time known to the Public), to the stage, in the character of Ophelia, which her figure, as well as vocal talents, rendered extremely proper to make the subject her *entre*. Considering her as a theatrical novice, she played the scenes antecedent to her madness in a promising manner. She must correct a little redundancy of action with her hands, and, with practice, she may soon become a very respectable performer. In the scenes in which she is under the influence of a deranged mind, her singing had a powerful effect, especially in the old song of *Mad Bess*, which, though somewhat too long for the stage, during the progress of a play, was listened to not only with patience, but pleasure. She sung it admirably.

Among the novelties of the night was an alteration of the manner of introducing and exhibiting the two portraits alluded to so finely by Hamlet, in his remonstrance scene with his mother. The figure of the poisoned Prince, the former King of Denmark, and precedent Lord of Gertrude, was presented in a half-length painting, as large as life, hung over the chimney of the Queen's chamber or closet, and she wore a large sized miniature of her existing husband, as a bracelet, on her arm. This certainly was an improvement, and much more natural and affecting than the old method of Hamlet's drawing two portraits in small out of his waistcoat pocket, which gave the whole the appearance of a studied device on the part of Hamlet, and by no means conveyed the beautiful and interesting effect of his being provoked to the comparison by an accidental sight of the two portraits in the same room.

Another addition to the representation was a solemn dirge, finely composed by Mr. Shields, and introduced in the fifth act.

We repeat that the exhibition of the play was such as did infinite credit to the Theatre, and we hope we shall be treated with some more of Shakspere's plays got up with as much care, and produced with equal elegance and improvement in the state of their representation.

October 24. A new Comic Opera of two acts, called the WARD OF THE CASTLE, was performed for the first time at Covent Garden Theatre.

Duke of Alberossa, - - - - - Mr. JOHNSTONE;
Sir Bertram, (a Knight), - - - Mr. INCLEDON;
Geoffry, ('Squire to Sir Bertram), - Mr. MUNDEN.
Matilda, (Countess of Vergy, - - Mrs. CLENDINING;
Jacquenetta, (her Maid), - - - - Mrs. MARTYR.

This little piece, like most of the same species, has a simple fable, and is rather to be considered as a vehicle for song and scenery, than a regular dramatic composition. Some of the music is extremely pretty, and the whole was received with great satisfaction and applause.

It is said that this Opera has been imported, with the music adapted to the airs, duetts, &c. from Ireland, and that the author is a Lady. If so, whether a translation or an original, it has enough of promise about it to give hopes of something better from the same hand, when improved by practice.

The main incident of the plot is the use made of a subterraneous passage known only to Sir Bertram and his 'Squire Geoffry. The Knight is in love with Matilda, The Ward of the Castle, who is kept locked up (with her maid Jaquenetta), in an interior apartment; she equally regards Sir Bertram, but is pestered with the addresses of the Duke, her Guardian under her father's will, which ordains that "she shall not marry any man to whom the Duke does not give her hand."—To deceive him into this measure, the Knight visits the Lady at will through the subterraneous passage, receives her ring, shews it the Duke, and raises his jealousy, which provokes him instantly to return to Matilda to enquire into it; but during his visit it is handed to her, undiscovered, through the trap-door of the private passage. A bolder scheme is next practised; Matilda herself is produced to him as Selima, a Persian Lady. His senses revolt at the sight, and he again returns to her apartment, but finds her on the sofa. Thus convinced, he gives the hand of the pretended Selima to Sir Bertram, is then undeceived, and bitterly laments the act he has been induced to perform, so contrary to his intention. The lovers ultimately set sail in a bark prepared for the occasion, and the Opera ends with a Glee and Chorus, sung by those on board and on shore.

The Music is a selection made with taste, and productive of effect, in consequence of the justice done to the Songs, &c. by Mrs. Clendining, Incledon, Johnstone, Munden, and Mrs. Martyr. Mrs. Clendining was encored in a sweet air from Giardini.

The dresses are new, and remarkably handsome and shewy. The scenery also is well fancied, and does great credit to the respective artists; especially the last scene, which, presenting to view a light-house, a sea near the shore, with a bark, which hoists its sail and gets under weigh on a fine moon-light evening, is extremely picturesque.

POETRY.

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

A Gentleman being requested by a Lady to write on the subject of Flowers, presented the following Copy of Verses.

ON FLOWERS.

FULL of my theme with doubtful feet,
I sought the Muses' bow'r,
Half hoping, half afraid to meet
Some kind inspiring pow'r.

When, fleet before the rising gale,
The Queen fair Fancy pass'd,
And from her rainbow-tinged veil
A glance benignant cast.

Then, pointing to a fragrant glade,
"Come see (she cried) the train,
"Who own in this secluded shade
"My visionary reign."

Proud to obey the glad command,
With silent awe I took my stand;
Mean time in many a varied vest
Of mystic texture aptly dress'd,
Ideal Myriads seem'd to rove
Promiscuous through the cultur'd grove.
And each, as inbred Fancy led,
From ev'ry flow'r-embroider'd bed
Some certain Plant, whose blossom rose
Significantly pleasing, chose.

I.

With frank, firm look, and light though steady tread
Came COURAGE first and cropp'd the dew-charg'd Rose,
For in the tender Rose might best be read
Her very Essence---Bloom, that gently glows
Impell'd by gentle breath, prone to dispense
To all all Sweetness, yet alert to show,
If rash Invasion ruder deeds commence,
That warm Resentment points the Thorn below.

II.

Retiring from the public eye,
The maiden-meek HUMILITY
Was seen to turn with mildest grace
To Heaven her thoughts to Earth her face;
And all unconscious what fair fame
Merit, like her's, might well assume,
Preferr'd, to ev'ry juster claim,
The lowly DAISY'S simple bloom.

III.

Some bauble each moment arranging,
Admiring, exploding, or changing,
The Coquette AFFECTATION skimm'd wantonly by;
On her breast a Narcissus she wore,
As if with Narcissus of yore,
For a form like her own she could languish, or die.

IV.

Heedless of the Scorner's joke,
Smiling beneath the Ruffian's stroke,
Persevering PATIENCE stood
Conquering Evil still with Good;
Binding for her brows the while
Artless wreaths of Camomile,
Hardy Flow'r, whose vigorous shoot
Springs beneath the Trampler's foot.

V.

Tiptoe o'er the level plain
Ardent HOPE all panting flew;
Prompt her eager Eye to strain
Far beyond the present view,
Quick from hint to hint to stray,
She the Primrose held most dear,
First-born of returning May,
Promise of the future year.

VI.

SUPERSTITION came telling her steps and her beads,
Like Jack-in-a bush hung all over with green,
Agnus castus by wholesale she brought from the meads,
And stuck with due care Holy Thistle between.
A chaplet of Monkshood she wrought for her head,
And Rosemary sprigs for the graves of the dead.

VII.

Pure CONSTANCY, whose hallow'd fires
Time dignifies and Truth inspires,
In spite of Absence, Grief, or Pain,
Approv'd the faithful Marygold;
Whose leaves their saffron blaze unfold,
When first the Sun asserts his reign,
Hail his glad progress through the Day,
Close gradual with his parting ray,
Nor open till he shines again.

VIII.

ILL-NATURE to a corner stole,
And taught her blood-shot Eyes to roll,
As if she meant to blight
Each Flow'r of happier scent or hue,
For none she chose of all that grew
Save pois'nous Aconite.

IX.

Hand in hand, for they never asunder are seen,
All graceful their footsteps, all easy their mien,
CONTENTMENT and INNOCENCE tripp'd it along,
By the delicate Snow-drop was Innocence known,
Contentment chose Heart's-ease, and call'd it her own;
Nor envied the gay nor the great in the throng.
The Throng-just hint to wild Conceit, like mine---
Why what a wreath had I begun to twine!
Indulgent as she was, methinks I hear
E'en FANCY's self now whisper in my ear,
"Quit ere 'tis tedious, quit this flow'ry road,
"Nor, what was meant a Nosegay, make a Load."

M.

THE

FORSAKEN FAIR.

AN ELEGIAC DITTY.

WHEN Thomas was present how swift pass'd the hours,
When Thomas was absent how slow!
In yonder gay vallies we crop'd Pleasure's flow'rs,
Those vallies re-echo my woe.

The rose that incrimson'd my once-blooming cheek,
(Now pluck'd by the hand of Despair,)
Or those moments of Happiness, where shall I seek?
Those moments supplanted by care.

'Neath that tree where we oft have enjoy'd the cool shade,
I oft have believ'd his fond strain;
By his smiles I 'm deceiv'd, by his tongue I 'm betray'd,
His pleasure encreases my pain.

But the time is approaching, when downward I 'll sink
To somnific Lethe's dark shore;
At Oblivion's fountain I 'll strive not to think
Of Thomas or perjury more.

W. D. G.

TO THE
PRINTER OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IT is Forty-Six Years since the following Lines were written by a Gentleman the Morning after he was passed to the Second Degree in Masonry.

OF all the Orders founded by the great,
The wise, the good, of old or modern date;
None like the CRAFT of Masonry can claim
The glorious summons of immortal Fame:
Fix'd on her principles Creation stands,
Form'd by the first Almighty Master's hands,
Who by thy rules, O Geometry! display'd
His Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty, thro' the Worlds he made.
The soul of man, with knowledge he imprest,
And taught him Masonry to make him blest;
But soon frail man forgot the pointed road,
And lost his knowledge when he left his GOD.
Long did he wander, sore with woe opprest,
And dire Remorse stung home his conscious breast;
At length he pray'd---and Heav'n receiv'd his pray'r,
Pleas'd to behold with pity, and to spare,
Taught him a way the Science to regain,
By arduous study, and laborious pain,
Not as before, by intuition giv'n
To the whole race of man, by bount'ous heav'n;
Now 'tis forbad the Secret to declare,
That all may equally the labor share,
And thus the Art from other eyes conceal'd,
Remain as secret as if ne'er reveal'd.
Let Cowans therefore, and the upstart Fry
Of modern wits, our well-earn'd praise deny;
Our Secrets let them as they will deride,
For thus the fabled Fox the grapes decry'd;
While we superior to their folly shine,
Knowing the myst'ries to be all divine.

FITZ GEORGE.

The following Definition of BEAUTY *is the original production of a Miller at Thetford in Norfolk, who, upon being asked, what was Beauty, produced these Lines extempore.*

WHAT is Beauty? who can show?
Eyes that sparkle, cheeks that glow,
Form, proportion, mien, and air,
Aid, but not essentials are.
'Tis the Soul's diviner grace,
Beaming o'er the enlighten'd face;
'Tis all these Perfections join'd,
Fanny's Form, and Fanny's Mind.

THE QUEEN OF FRANCE's LAMENTATION, BEFORE HER EXECUTION.

WRITTEN BY

DR. MILLER,

Master of St. George's Lodge of Freemasons', Doncaster.

RECITATIVE.

AH me! what dismal Sound strikes thro' my trembling frame,
Hark! I 'm summon'd hence, that doleful Knell calls me to Death.
I come - - - I come - - - I come.

AIR.

O, murder'd King, from yon bright Sky
Look down, and see my wretched state;
No Friend to help, no Husband nigh,
Expos'd, expos'd to savage Tygers hate.
To God, I cry in deep despair
O deign, O deign, Omnipotent to hear
A helpless Queen------a helpless Queen.



Can princely birth, or beauty's charm,
Avail me in this awful hour;
Can Pity's cry the Wolf disarm,
Who holds the Victim in his power.
O, God, who hear'st my mournful cries,
Give me that help, which Man denies
A wretched Queen.

My bleeding heart------sweet Babes farewell,
All earthly joys, I now resign,
May Angels guard your gloomy Cell,
And blast the murd'rers dark design.
To God I cry in deep despair,
O deign, Omnipotent, to hear
A helpless Queen.

My Knell is rung----I come, I come,
Life's last, distressful scene to prove;
Though ruffians drag me to my doom
Angel's shall waft me to my Love:
For God will hear my mournful cries
And give that peace, which Man denies
A helpless Queen.

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

WARSAW, *October* 5.

FINDING the ineffecacy of all attempts to oppose the most atrocious violation, which perhaps the merciless irruption of the northern savages into the Roman Empire may equal but cannot surpass, the Diet of Grodno were forced to submit to the harsh and cruel commands imposed upon them by Prussia.

But dignified even in submission, they added to the injunction by which they ordered the Treaty with Prussia to be signed, the following declaration---it is an

APPEAL TO POSTERITY.

"The Diet of Poland, hemmed in by foreign troops, and threatened with an irruption from the Prussian army---informed too that this irruption shall be attended with universal desolation and dstruction---finally, insulted by a thousand outrages, have been forced to accede to the signing of the Treaty with Prussia.

"They did endeavour to add to the Treaty some conditions to which they conceived that the lamentable situation of their country would have extorted a consent even from the heart of Power. But the Diet were deceived. They found that Power was unaccompanied by pity, and that Prussia, having thrown her victim to the ground, would not refrain from enjoying the miserable satisfaction of tramplinp upon it. Fresh insults have been heaped upon their heads, and new conditions have been imposed upon them. To prevent all deliberations upon these conditions, the Diet have not only been surrounded by foreign troops, and insulted by menacing notes; but they have been violated by the arrest of their members, who have been dragged ignominiously from the midst of them, while those who were suffered still to possess a personal freedom, have been held in mental oppression and slavery.

"I, therefore, the King of Poland, enervated by age, and sinking under the accumulated weight of so many vexations and such multiplied oppressions; and we also, the Members of the Diet, declare, that being unable, even by the sacrifice of our lives, to relieve our country from the yoke of it's oppressors, consign it to posterity, trusting that means may then be found to rescue it from oppression and slavery---such means are unhappily not in our power. Other countries neglect us. While they reprobate the violations which one country is alledged to have committed against liberty, they can see not only with apathy, but with approbation, the outrages which have been committed against Poland. ---We have done.---We accede for the reasons above-mentioned, to the Treaty laid before us, though it is contrary to our wishes, to our sentiments, and to our rights."

This appeal, as well as a detail of the events of the 23d of September, and the following days, have been transmitted to all the foreign Ministers.

October 12. His Polish Majesty is to receive, at the beginning of every month, the sum of 250,000 florins out of the Public Treasury.

The Deputation appointed for planning a new Form of Government, has been charged to present to the Diet a plan for fixing a certain Military Establishment in Poland and Luthania.

The Army is in general to consist of at least 12,000 men or more, as soon as the requisite funds can be found, without raising new taxes.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

LONDON GAZETTE, October 26th. 1793.

Admiralty-Office, October 25.

Copy of a Letter from Captain James Saumarez, of His Majesty's Ship Crescent, to Mr. Stephens, dated off Cherbourg, the 20th of October, 1793.

I HAVE the honour to acquaint you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that this morning, being off Cape Barfleur, in His Majesty's ship Crescent, under my command, I fell in with a French frigate, which, after a close action of two hours and ten minutes, struck to His Majesty's Colours. She proved to be the Re-Union, mounting 36 guns, and manned with 320 men.

I am singularly happy in being able to inform their Lordships, that she has been obtained without the loss of a single man, or even any wounded; although her's has been very considerable indeed, having (as the prisoners inform me) 120 killed and wounded.

I must beg leave to tender the most ample justice to the Officers and ship's company of the Crescent for their cool and steady behaviour during the action; and I take this opportunity to recommend to their Lordships notice the three Lieutenants, Mess. Parker, Otter, and Rye; their conduct has afforded me the utmost satisfaction.

La Re-Union was accompanied by a cutter, which did not attempt to come into action, but made sail for Cherbourg.

London, *October 29, 1793.*

Whitehall, October 29.

The following DECLARATION has been sent, by His Majesty's Command, to the Commanders of His Majesty's Fleets and Armies employed against France, and to His Majesty's Ministers residing at Foreign Courts.

The circumstances in consequence of which his Majesty has found himself engaged in a Defensive War against France, are known already to all Europe. The objects which his Majesty has proposed to himself from the commencement of the War, are of equal notoriety. To repel an unprovoked aggression, to contribute to the immediate defence of his allies, to obtain for them and for himself a just indemnification, and to provide, as far as circumstances will allow, for the future security of his own subjects, and of all other nations of Europe; these are the points for which his Majesty has felt it incumbent on him to employ all the means which he derives from the resources of his dominions, from the zeal and affection of his people, and from the unquestionable justice of his cause.

But it has become daily more and more evident how much the internal situation of France obstructs the conclusion of a solid and permanent Treaty, which can alone fulfil his Majesty's just and salutary views for the accomplishment of these important objects, and for restoring the general tranquillity of Europe. His Majesty sees, therefore, with the utmost satisfaction, the prospect which the present circumstances afford him, of accelerating the return of Peace, by making to the well-disposed part of the people of France, a more particular declaration of the principles which animate him, of the objects to which his views are directed, and of the conduct which it is his intention to pursue. With respect to the present situation of affairs, the events of the War, the confidence reposed in him by one of the most considerable cities of France, and, above all, the wish which is manifested almost universally in that country, to find a refuge from the tyranny by which it is now overwhelmed, render this explanation on his Ma-

jesty's part a pressing and indispensable duty: and his Majesty feels additional satisfaction in making such a declaration, from the hope of finding, in the other Powers engaged with him in the common cause, sentiments and views perfectly conformable to his own.

From the first period when his Most Christian Majesty Louis the XVIth had called his people around him, to join in concerting measures for their common happiness, the King has uniformly shewn by his conduct, the sincerity of his wishes for the success of so difficult, but, at the same time, so interesting an undertaking. His Majesty was deeply afflicted with all the misfortunes which ensued, but particularly when he perceived more and more evidently that measures, the consequences of which he could not disguise from himself, must finally compel him to relinquish the friendly and pacific system which he had adopted. The moment at length arrived when his Majesty saw that it was necessary for him, not only to defend his own rights and those of his allies, not only to repel the unjust aggression which he had recently experienced, but that all the dearest interests of his people imposed upon him a duty still more important, that of exerting his efforts for the preservation of civil society itself, as happily established among the nations of Europe.

The designs which had been professed of reforming the abuses of the Government of France, of establishing personal liberty and the rights of property on a solid foundation, of securing to and extensive an populous country the benefit of a wise legislation, and an equitable and mild administration of it's laws, all these salutary views have unfortunately vanished. In their place has succeeded a system destructive of all public order, maintained by proscriptions, exiles and confiscations without number, by arbitrary imprisonments, by massacres which cannot even be remembered without horror, and at length by the execrable murder of a just and beneficent Sovereign, and of the illustrious Princess who, with an unshaken firmness, has shared all the misfortunes of her royal consort, his protracted sufferings, his cruel captivity, his ignominious death. The inhabitants of that unfortunate country, so long flattered by promises of happiness, renewed at the period of every fresh crime, have found themselves plunged into an abyss of unexampled calamities; and neighbouring nations, instead of deriving a new security for the maintenance of general tranquillity from the establishment of a wise and moderate government, have been exposed to the repeated attacks of a ferocious anarchy, the natural and necessary enemy of all public order: they have had to encounter acts of aggression without pretext, open violations of all Treaties, unprovoked declarations of War; in a word, whatever corruption, intrigue or violence could effect for the purpose so openly avowed, of subverting all the institutions of society, and of extending over all the nations of Europe that confusion which has produced the misery of France.

This state of things cannot exist in France, without involving all the surrounding Powers in one common danger, without giving them the right, without imposing it upon them as a duty, to stop the progress of an evil which exists only by the successive violation of all law and all property, and which attacks the fundamental principles by which mankind is united in the bonds of civil society. His Majesty by no means disputes the right of France to reform its laws. It never would have been his wish to employ the influence of external force with respect to the particular forms of government to be established in an independent country. Neither has he now that wish, except in so far as such interference is become essential to the security and repose of other Powers. Under these circumstances, he demands from France, and he demands with justice, the termination of a system of Anarchy, which has no force but for the purposes of mischief, unable to discharge the primary duty of all government, to repress the disorders or to punish the crimes which are daily increasing in the interior of the country, but disposing arbitrarily of the property and blood of the inhabitants of France, in order to disturb the tranquillity of other nations, and to render all Europe the theatre of the same crimes and of the same misfortunes. The King demands, that some legitimate and stable government should be established, founded on the acknowledged principles of universal justice, and capable of

maintaining with other Powers the accustomed relations of Union and of Peace. His Majesty wishes ardently to be enabled to treat for the re-establishment of general tranquillity with such a government, exercising a legal and permanent authority, animated with the wish for general tranquillity, and possessing power to enforce the observance of it's engagements. The King would propose none other than equitable and moderate conditions, not such as the expences, the risques and the sacrifices of the War might justify, but such as his Majesty thinks himself under the indispensable necessity of requiring with a view to these considerations, and still more to that of his own security, and of the future tranquillity of Europe. His Majesty desires nothing more sincerely than thus to terminate a War which he in vain endeavoured to avoid, and all the calamities of which, as now experienced by France, are to be attributed only to the ambition, the perfidy and the violence of those whose crimes have involved their own country in misery, and disgraced all civilized nations.

As his Majesty has hitherto been compelled to carry on War against the people of France collectively, to treat as enemies *all* those who suffer their property and blood to be lavished in support of an unjust aggression, his Majesty would see with infinite satisfaction the opportunity of making exceptions in favour of the well-disposed inhabitants of other parts of France, as he has already done with respect to those of Toulon. The King promises, on his part, the suspension of hostilities, friendship, and (as far as the course of events will allow, of which the will of man cannot dispose) security and protection to all those who, by declaring for a Monarchical Government, shall shake off the yoke of a sanguinary Anarchy, of that Anarchy which has broken all the most sacred bonds of society, dissolved all the relations of civil life, violated every right, confounded every duty, which uses the name of Liberty to exercise the most cruel tyranny, to annihilate all property, to seize on all possessions, which founds its power on the pretended consent of the people, and itself carries fire and sword through extensive provinces, for having demanded their laws, their religion, and their lawful Sovereign.

It is then in order to deliver themselves from this unheard-of oppression, to put an end to a system of unparalleled crimes, and to restore at length tranquillity to France and security to all Europe, that his Majesty invites the co-operation of the people of France. It is for these objects that he calls upon them to join the Standard of an Hereditary Monarchy, not for the purpose of deciding, in this moment of disorder, calamity, and public danger, on all the modifications of which this form of government may hereafter be susceptible, but in order to unite themselves once more under the Empire of Law, of Morality, and of Religion; and to secure at length to their own country, external Peace, domestic Tranquillity, a real and genuine Liberty, a wise, moderate and beneficent Government, and the uninterrupted enjoyment of all the advantages which can contribute to the happiness and prosperity of a great and powerful nation.

EXECUTION OF THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

ON Wednesday the 16th, Marie Antoinette was conducted from the prison of the Conciergerie, to the Place de la Revolution, beyond the garden of the Thuilleries, where Louis had suffered before her.

All the National Guards in the several sections of Paris were under arms, and Henriot the Commandant in Chief attended the Queen, in a private coach, with a guard of cavalry, to the place of execution.

Nothing like sorrow or pity for the Queen's fate was shown by the people, who lined the streets through which she had to pass. On her arrival at the Place de la Revolution, she was helped out of the carriage, and ascended the scaffold with seeming composure. She was accompanied by a Priest, who discharged the office of Confessor, and gave her absolution before she was fixed to the fatal machine. She was in a half-mourning dress, evidently not adjusted with much attention. Her hands were tied behind her back, she looked around, apparently

without much terror; her body being then bent forward by the machine, the axe was let down, and at once separated the head from the body. After the head was displayed by the executioner, three young women were observed dipping their handkerchiefs in the streaming blood of the deceased Queen. They were taken into Custody.

Fronson de Coudray, and Chaveau de la Gards, the pleaders for Marie Antoinette, had been put in a state of arrest before her sentence was pronounced, by order of the Committee of General Safety. The order says, that this is a measure of general safety---that the arrest shall last only 24 hours, and that every attention shall be paid to those prisoners.

An Effectual Method to prevent Mice from eating the Grain in Stacks or Mows, or Cheese, or other articles usually injured by those Vermin.

Mr. Macdonald, of Scalpa, in the Hebrides, having suffered considerably by Mice, put three or four stalks, with the leaves on, of wild Mint, gathered in the field near a brook, at the bottom, near the centre, and at the top of each stack, or mow, as it was raised, and never after had any of his grain consumed. He then tried the same experiment with his cheese, and other articles usually kept in store, and often injured by Mice, with equal effect, by laying a few leaves, green or dry, on the article to be preserved. The experiment is easy to be tried, and, if it prove generally effectual, is a valuable preventative.

An Infallible Cure for the Rheumatism---if we may trust to the natives of the Coast of Guinea. Rub the part affected with a mixture of kyan-pepper and strong spirits.

Benevolence.----A little institution has lately been established at Leicester, which is equally worthy of imitation and of praise. Adjoining this town a gentleman has erected on his paternal estate an elegant but modest structure in the Gothic style, to be occupied always by his own relations, who may stand in need of such an asylum. It is therefore not unaptly denominated a *Consanguinitarium.*---The several occupants are allowed coals, &c. and 5*s.* per week during life; and the estate is charged with these provisions.---The internal management of it is so arranged, that while they are bound to administer to the joint comforts of their little peaceful Society, they are also carefully prevented from interrupting them.

The person who has the private merit of so humane an institution cannot be offended if he be made known, for the benefit of public example----it is JOHN JOHNSON, Esq. Banker, in Bond-street.

Dr. Katterfelto, "*Natural and Moral Philosopher* to his Prussian Majesty, M. D. and F. R. S." is committed to the House of Correction in Shrewsbury, as a rogue and a vagabond.

An Apothecary in Durham had these words written in his window----"*Dying* stuffs sold here."

Halifax. We hear with pleasure that many fine seams of coals, consisting of several acres, have lately been discovered near this place, in the township of Northowram: what is of singular advantage, the water can be carried off by drains without the use of fire-engines.

Sheffield. On Monday last a dreadful fire happened at Weston on the Welland, whereby the house and premises of Mr. King and five small tenements were entirely consumed. This melancholy accident was occasioned by a burning coal having fallen upon a cat; the animal smarting from the heat, took shelter in a hay-loft, and the cinder adhering to her back, set fire to the hay. Seven large families are by the circumstance deprived of their little property.

Leicester. A young man who had been unsuccessful in his addresses to a young woman at Buckminster, a few days since shot himself in her presence. The coroner's verdict has been given lunacy. A number of witnesses attended to prove his being in love; a circumstance which the coroner observed was full ground for his verdict.

[*The extreme length of the Gazette obliges us to postpone Births, Deaths, &c. till our next.*]

THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

OR,

GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY.

For NOVEMBER 1793.

ILLUSTRATED WITH
TWO BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

If all the social Virtues of the Mind,
If an extensive Love to all Mankind,
If hospitable Welcome to a Guest,
And speedy Charity to the Distrest,
If due regard to Liberty and Laws,
Zeal for our King and for our Country's cause,
If these are Principles deserving Fame,
Let MASONS *then enjoy the Praise they claim.*

CONTENTS.

	Page
A Vindication of Masonry, and its Excellency demonstrated, by the Rev. Charles Leslie, M. A.	443
A General Charge to Masonry, by Charles Brockwell, M. A.	448
A Charge, delivered at the Roman Eagle Lodge, Edinburgh, by Edw. Collis, M. M.	452
On Fashion	459
Anecdote of Philip I. King of Spain	461
Comments on Sterne, by J. Ferriar, M. D.	462
On the Antiquity of Drinking Healths	469
Anecdotes of Dr. Goldsmith	472
Character of Sir Anthony Brown	479
Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson, &c.	480
Private Anecdotes of Illustrious French characters	487
Hope. With an Engraving	493
Sketch of the Life of James Heseltine, Esq. Grand Treasurer	495
An Address from the Free Masons of Lincolnshire	497
Of Man's Happiness	498
A Tale. Founded on Fact	499
On the Study of the Arts and Sciences	503
The Cruelty of a Father. A True Story	504
A View of the Progress of Navigation	508
The Choice of Abdala. An Oriental Apologue	513
Public Amusements	518
Poetry	521
Foreign Intelligence	525
London Gazettee	526
Monthly Chronicle	527
Births, Deaths, &c.	528

LONDON:

Printed and Published by J. W. BUNNEY, No. 7, NEWCASTLE-STREET *Strand*; and sold by all the Booksellers in Town and Country.

[*Entered at Stationers-Hall.*]

THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

OR,

GENERAL and COMPLETE LIBRARY.

FOR NOVEMBER 1793.

A VINDICATION OF MASONRY

AND ITS

EXCELLENCY DEMONSTRATED.

In a Discourse at the Consecration of the Lodge of VERNON KILWINNING, *on May* 15, 1741.

BY CHARLES LESLIE, M. A.

IF a man was placed in a beautiful garden, on a calm survey of its rich collection, would not his mind be affected with the most exquisite delight? The groves, the grottos, the artful wilds, the whole variegated scene, would sensibly strike him; the flowery parterres, the opening vistos, the big cascades, or the softer murmurs of the falling streams, all would inspire his soul with ideas grand and great; but especially, when he observed the order, the nice symmetry, and beautiful disposition of the whole; when he saw how every part, though seemingly complete in itself, yet reflected surprising and new beauties on the other, so that nothing could be wanting to make one beautiful *whole*. A view of this would naturally lead him to admire the design, though human, and raise something more than common veneration to the happy genius of him who contrived it.

The wise man finds it exactly after this manner, on a calm survey of nature; complacency and the best delight attend his searches; delights which can never cloy, and are ever new. Nature is an inexhausted scene, in every part of which divinity and wisdom appears. The scenes which she displays are indeed too large for a

mean mortal to grasp; yet he can easily comprehend so much as will lead him to that true source of happiness, the grand Architect of all, the one perfect and unsullied beauty! For besides all the gaieties with which our senses are every moment presented, and the symmetry, good order, and proportion that appear in the whole, there is something further that will affect the considering mind, something of a turn nearer to divinity, yea, almost the divinity itself; that is, the well adapted ties to the present circumstance of things, which link men and societies together. These are the sure cements of the rational world, and 'tis these alone by which the rational world subsists; and could we think that it was possible for them to be dissolved, nature too, and man the chief work of God, would soon return to *Chaos*, and one universal ruin take place.

If we look around us, we shall find, that in the whole scale of beings, from the most inconsiderable insect, to the seraph that adores and burns, all, according to their proportion in the scale of existence, have more or less this principle of uniting with others of the same species with themselves, implanted by wise nature; and cannot we discern some of these minute animals forming themselves into societies? Need I name the careful ant, or the industrious bee? insects, which the wisest of men has recommended as a pattern of industry and prudent foresight: But, let us raise our ideas higher, and we shall still find that this innate principle of friendship arises in proportion as they themselves seem to advance nearer to the degree of rational, and there can be no better way of judging of the superiority of one part of the animal brute creation above the other, than by observing what degrees of kindness, friendship, and seeming good nature they enjoy. But that is a disquisition fitter for the philosopher's chair, than that wherein I have now the honour to be.

It is sufficient for us to consider ourselves, to think on those benevolent dispositions, and on that good temper of soul, which indulgent and wise nature has so kindly bestowed upon us. As human nature rises in the scale of things, so do the social affections arise likewise. Do we not feel in our breasts a strong propensity to friendship? Feel we not a pleasure when it is cemented and firm, and a pain when it is on the decline and dead? What sweetens life but friendship? What diverts the cares of time but friendship? What alleviates pain, and makes sorrow smile, but friendship, sacred holy *friendship?*

But as this is either more universal, extending to the whole human race, whom, as partners of the same common nature with ourselves, we love, and are strongly inclined to favour; or it is more confined, and exerts itself the more vehemently as the objects about which it is versant are nearer or more remote. Thus, the love of one's country fires the soul, and makes it kindle into a noble patriot flame, creates the best and most disinterested virtue, inspires public spirit, and that heroic ardor which engages men to throw life itself away in such a generous and noble cause. No kind of friendship

is more commendable than this; it dignifies its happy possessor with true unfading laurels, casts a lustre on his actions, and consecrates his name to latest ages. The warrior's worth consists in murder, and the rude ravage of the desolating sword, but the blood of thousands stains not the hands of his country's friend: his virtues are open, and of the noblest kind; if he bleeds by tyrant-hands, he dies with that calm satisfaction which a martyr for liberty must surely feel. Should I name the first *Brutus*, the self-devoted *Decii*, or the self-condemned, but unconquerable *Cato!*

But friendship not only appears divine, when employed to befriend the liberties of one's country, but likewise makes its heavenly extraction appear in the more calm hours of life; before we saw it mount into a noble flame, aiming destruction at the heads of tyrants, thundering for liberty and exposing life itself in the good cause; now, we shall see it calm and moderate, burning with an even glow, improving the soft hours of life, and heightening that relish which we have for virtue. Thus it is, that private societies are formed, and from this principle they meet, and with a cheerful innocence employ each vacant hour of life with agreeable friends.

And now, we can trace from reason itself, and the very nature of things, one of the main designs of MASONRY, which is to improve friendship, and teach men to become good members of society. Vain then is each idle surmise, which our enemies meanly scatter round! They little think, that by decrying MASONRY, they reflect upon human nature itself, and on the wise constitution of things, which by a secret and sweet attractive force, disposes the human heart to social virtue; they little think, that by such a conduct they reflect on that good order by which the wise Architect of nature supports the moral system. Can friendship and social delights be the object of reproach? Can that wisdom which hoary time has sanctified be the object of ridicule? How mean and contemptible must those men be, who pretend to censure what they do not know? The generous heart will pity ignorance so abandoned.

I shall now proceed, and consider in what shapes MASONRY is of universal advantage to mankind, how it is reconcileable to the best policy, why it deserves the general esteem, and why all men are bound to promote it.

Now abstracting from the particular pleasures which arise from a friendship so well contrived to last, and which 'tis scarce possible entirely to eraze, let us consider, that it is a science confined to no particular part of the globe, but diffused over the whole; wherever arts flourish, there MASONRY flourishes too; and add to this, that by those secret and inviolable signs which we preserve amongst ourselves, and which are one and the same throughout the world, MASONRY becomes an universal language. By this means, how many advantages are gained? We unite men of all religion, and of all nations. Thus, the distant *Chinese* can embrace a brother *Briton;* thus they come to know, that besides the common ties of humanity, there is a stronger still to engage them to friendly and kind

actions; thus the spirit of the *damning Priests* may be tamed, and a moral brother, though of a different religion, engage his friendship; thus all those disputes, which imbitter life and sour the tempers of men, are avoided, and every face is clade in smiles, while they pursue the general design of the CRAFT, which is the common good of all. Is it not then evident, that MASONRY is an universal advantage to mankind? For sure, except discord and harmony be the same, it must be so. Is it not likewise reconcileable to the best policy? For it prevents that heat, and those animosities which different interests but too oft create. Does not MASONRY teach us to be faithful to our king and to our country, to avoid sour politics, and to submit to the decisions of the legislative power? And sure it is no mean advantage to any community or state to have such a body of men within itself, whose passions ought to be divested of that sourness and ill-nature, which too often attends the best of men. Therefore, does not MASONRY of itself command the highest regard? Does it not claim the greatest esteem? Without doubt, if aught that is good and amiable, useful to mankind or society, be worth a wise man's attention, then MASONRY claims it in the highest degree. What lovely ideas does it inspire? How does it open and enlarge the mind? And how does it create a noble fund of satisfaction? How does it recommend universal benevolence, and every virtue which can endear one man to another? How particularly is it adapted to create in the mind the most disinterested and generous notions? *Masons* are brethren, and amongst brothers there is no inequality. Thus a king is put in mind, that although a crown adorns his head, yet the blood in his veins is derived from the common parent of mankind, and is no better than the meanest of his subjects. Thus men in inferior stations are taught to love their superiors, when they see them divested of their grandeur, and condescending to trace wisdom's paths, and follow virtue, assisted by those of a rank below them. *Virtue is true nobility*, and *Wisdom* is the channel by which it is directed and conveyed; and Wisdom and Virtue, amongst *Masons*, are the sole distinctions.

Masonry, not only teaches universal love and benevolence, but likewise disposes the heart to particular goodness, when a brother claims it: For this end they create funds, and endeavour to make their charities last as long as the science itself. When a brother is in distress, what heart does not ake? 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? Thereby we shew that the name of Brother is not merely nominal.

Now, if these are not sufficient to recommend so generous a plan, such a wise and good society, so happy in themselves, and in the possession of every social virtue; *nothing* which is truly *virtuous* can prevail, and a man who resists arguments that are drawn from such topics, must himself be lost to all sense of virtue.

Nevertheless, though the fairest and the best ideas may be thus imprinted in the mind, there are brethren (*hinc illæ lacrymæ*) who,

disregarding the beauty of the science, and all that virtue which it is designed to teach, give themselves up to loose lives, and by this means disgrace themselves, and reflect dishonour upon MASONRY in general. It is the stupid wickedness of such has occasioned those severe reflections upon the CRAFT, which is now in the mouth of almost every old woman: But let such brethren know, if I may call them by the name, that they are unworthy of their trust, and that they are in reality no Masons. MASONRY consists in virtuous actions, in cheerful innocent hours; not in lewd debauchery or excess.

Now, though unhappy brethren may thus transgress, 'tis no objection against the CRAFT, nor can a wise man draw any argument from it against our Society; for if the wicked lives of men was an argument against the religion which they profess, Christianity itself, with all its divine beauties, could not be true; therefore, let us endeavour to reform ourselves, to reform these abuses which have crept in amongst us, and then MASONRY shall again shine out in its primitive lustre, and discover itself to be of a truly divine original.

Bear with me, *my worthy and dear brethren*, while I insist upon this, which can alone retrieve the ancient glory of the CRAFT. Let your generous and good actions distinguish you as much from the rest of mankind, as the beauties of the principles from whence they flow; avoid whatever can give offence. If the world admire your sanctity of manners, it will effectually reconcile it to true MASONRY. As our order is founded upon harmony, and subsists by proportion, so let every passion be smoothed and subservient to reason: Let the soft pleasures of friendship harmonize your minds, banish sourness and ill-nature; live like brethren, and let good humour prevail; let no little party-jars divert your attention from brotherly love, or spirit you up against one another; mark such as create divisions; they are unfit members of society; all good order and all good laws oblige you to expel them: You are to cultivate your minds and store them with useful true knowledge: How beautiful are the ways of wisdom, and what pleasure attends the pursuit! You ought to search into nature, the advantage you will reap will soon recompense the pain; knowledge must be attained by degrees, nor is it every where to be found: Wisdom seeks the secret shade, the lonely cell designed for contemplation, there inthroned she sits, and there delivers her oracles; seek her, pursue the real bliss, though the passage be difficult, the further we trace it, the easier it will become. You ought particularly to study that first and noblest of the sciences, I mean GEOMETRY; by this we shall improve ourselves indeed; by this we curiously trace nature through her various windings, and to her most latent recesses; by this we can discover the power, wisdom, and the goodness of the Grand Parent of the universe, and see the beautiful proportions which connect and grace this vast machine; by this we see how the planets roll, and why they move round the sun, their centre; by

this we find the reason of the beautiful return of spring, and of the varied scenes in summer, autumn, and winter. Numberless worlds are around us, all framed by the same divine artist, which roll through the vast expanse, and are conducted by the same unerring laws of nature. What grand ideas then must such knowledge fill our minds with, and how worthy is it of the attention of all, but especially of such as profess themselves promoters of such a valuable science? it was a survey of nature, and observing its beautiful proportions, that first determined man to imitate the divine plan, and reduce things into 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, being still improved, produced some of those excellent works which will be the admiration of future ages. I might here trace the history of the CRAFT, and shew, that since ever order began, or harmony was admired, it too behoved to have had a being; but as this is so well known, I judge it to be altogether needless.

Then, let us unite our hearts, and our Society must flourish; let us promote the useful arts, and by that means distinguish ourselves; let us cultivate the social virtues, and improve in all that is good and valuable; let the genius of MASONRY preside, and let us endeavour to act with that dignity which becomes Men as well as Masons.

Now, is MASONRY so good, so valuable a science? Does it tend to cultivate 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 devotees to charity, good will, and sacred friendship? Is it calculated to promote the truest freedom? Does it teach men to lead quiet lives? In short, are 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 sets such fair copies of virtue! WELCOME, ye delightful mansions, where its happy sons enjoy a life almost divine! WELCOME, ye blest retreats, where smiling friendship sits enthroned! WELCOME, sacred habitations, where innocence and peace for ever dwell!

A
GENERAL CHARGE TO MASONRY.

Delivered at CHRIST-CHURCH *in* Boston, *on Dec.* 27, 1749.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BROCKWELL, A.M.

His Majesty's Chaplain at Boston in New England.

THE principal intention in forming Societies is undoubtedly the uniting men in the stricter bands of love; for men, considered as social creatures, must derive their happiness from each

other: every man being designed by Providence to promote the good of others, as he tenders his own advantage; and by that intercourse to secure their good offices, by being, as occasion may offer, serviceable unto them.

Christianity in general (for I now enter not upon the melancholy divisions so rife among us) never circumscribes our benevolence within the narrow confines of nature, fortune, profit, or personal obligation. What I would advance is this: That we restrain not our love to our next neighbour only, this being merely a point of conveniency,—nor to our acquaintance solely, this being the effect of inclination purely to gratify ourselves—We are not to caress our friends, because gratitude and common justice require even that at our hands—Nor yet those especially from whom we expect to receive benefit, for this interest and policy will prompt us to—Nor our relations only, for this the ties of blood and mere nature dictate —Nor is our love and charity limited to them particularly who are of the same church or opinion with us: for by the very same reason that we are induced to believe ourselves in the right, they may imagine themselves so too; and what we may judge to be a perfection among ourselves, they may condemn as a blemish. Be it so then, that in some points, or rather modes of worship, we may differ or dissent from each other, yet still the LODGE reconciles even these —There we all meet amicably, and converse sociably together— There we harmonize in principles, though we vary in punctilios— There we join in conversation, and intermingle interests—There we discover no estrangement of behaviour, nor alienation of affection—We serve one another most readily in all the kind offices of a cordial friendship. Thus are we united, though distinguished, united in the same *grand Christian fundamentals*, though distinguished by some *circumstantials*; united in one important band of *brotherly love*, though distinguished by some *peculiarities of sentiment*.

Freedom of opinion thus indulged, but its points never discussed, is the happy influence under which the unity of this truly *ancient* and *honourable society* has been preserved from time immemorial. And whoever is an *upright Mason*, can neither be an Atheist, Deist, or Libertine. For he is under the strictest obligation to be a good man, a true Christian, and to act with honour and honesty, however distinguished by different opinions in the circumstantials of religion. Upon which account MASONRY is become the centre of union, and the means of conciliating friendship among men that might have otherwise remained at perpetual distance; causing them to love as brethren, as heirs of the same hope, partakers of the same promises, children of the same God, and candidates for the same heaven.

We read, that, when *Tertullus* pleaded against St. *Paul*, the chief accusation whereon he founded his plea, was, *his being ring-leader of the Sect of the Nazarenes—and this sect* (said the Jews) *we know that every where it is spoken against.* And wherefore was this sect so spoken against? Was it from any evil they knew of its profes-

sors? Or from mere ignorance or blind prejudice? We find nothing of the former, but undoubted proof of the latter. And this I take to be pretty much our case, in respect to MASONRY—as flowing from the same corrupted principles. I have had the honour of being a member of this ancient and honourable SOCIETY many years, have sustained many of its offices, and can, and do aver, in this *sacred place*, and before the *grand* ARCHITECT *of the world*, that I never could observe ought therein, but what was justifiable and commendable according to the strictest rules of society; this being founded on the rules of the gospel, the doing the will of GOD, and the *subduing the passions*, and highly conducing to every sacred and social virtue. But not to insist on my own inexperience, the very *antiquity* of our *constitution* furnishes a sufficient argument to confute all gainsayers. For no combination of wicked men, for a wicked purpose, ever lasted long. The want of virtue, on which mutual trust and confidence is founded, soon divides and breaks them to pieces. Nor would men of unquestionable wisdom, known integrity, strict honour, undoubted veracity, and good sense, (though they might be trepanned into a foolish or ridiculous society, which could pretend to nothing valuable), ever continue in it, (as all the world may see they have done, and now do), or contribute toward supporting and propagating it to posterity.——

As to any objections that have been raised against this society, they are as ridiculous as they are groundless:—For what can discover more egregious folly in any man, than to attempt to vilify what he knows nothing of? At that rate, he may with equal justice abuse or calumniate any thing else that he is unacquainted with.—But there are some peculiar customs among us; surely these can be liable to no censure: hath not every society some peculiarities which are not to be revealed to men of different communities?—But some among us behave not so well as might be expected: We fear this to be too true, and are heartily sorry for it; let us therefore every one try to mend one another. But even this objection is of no weight with a man of ingenuousness and candour. For if the unworthiness of a professor casts a reflection upon the profession, it may be inferred, by parity of reason, that the misconduct of a Christian is an argument against Christianity. But this is a conclusion which I presume no man will allow; and yet is no more than what he must subscribe to, who is so unreasonable as to insist on the other.

Upon the whole, then, it appears that the rules of this society have a direct tendency to render conversation agreeable, as well as innocent; and so to influence our practice, as to be useful to others, and profitable to ourselves; for to continue in amity, and maintain a fair correspondence, to be disposed reciprocally to all offices of humanity, and to act upon mutual terms of benevolence, which are the characteristics of Christianity, are likewise the cement of this society. And how good it is to assist, comfort, and relieve the oppressed, I need not now observe. Nor is it less obvious, how plea-

sant it is to contribute to the innocent delight, and promote the lawful advantage of one another; and always to converse with security without any the least suspicion of fraudulent, injurious, or malicious practices.

Now, in order to cherish and promote this harmony within doors and without, let us first lay hold on the surest means to stop the mouth of Detraction, by endeavouring to lead a pure and unblemished life. Let us consider, my brethren, that not the reputation of one only, but that of the whole society is affected by a brother's misbehaviour. Invested as we are with that distinguishing Badge, which at this day is the glory of the greatest Potentates upon earth, we should scorn to act beneath the dignity of our profession. Let us then walk worthy of our vocation, and do honour to our profession.

Let us rejoice in every opportunity of serving and obliging each other; for then, and only then are we answering the great end of our institution. *Brotherly love, relief, and truth,* oblige us not only to be compassionate and benevolent, but to administer that relief and comfort which the condition of any member requires, and we can bestow, without manifest inconvenience to ourselves. No artful dissimulation of affection can ever be allowed among those who are upon a level; nor can persons who live within compass, act otherwise than upon the square, consistently with the golden rule of *doing as they would be done by.* For among us, every one is, or should be, another self: so that he that hates another, must necessarily abhor himself also; he that prejudices another, injures his own nature; and he that doth not relieve a distressed brother, starves a member of his own body. But then this relief is not to be bestowed upon the idle, indolent, and extravagant; but upon the unfortunate, industrious, successless brother.

Let us next remember that the regulations of this society are calculated, not only for the prevention of enmity, wrath, and dissension, but for the promotion of love, peace, and friendship; then here surely conversation must be attended with mutual confidence, freedom, and complacency. He who neither contrives mischief against others, nor suspects any against himself, has his mind always serene, and his affections composed. All the human faculties rejoice in order, harmony, and proportion; by this our society subsists, and upon this depends its wisdom, strength, and beauty. Let therefore no narrow distinctions discompose this goodly frame, or disturb its symmetry; but when good and worthy men offer themselves, let them ever have the first place in our esteem; but as for the abettors of atheism, irreligion, libertinism, infidelity---let us, in the words of the prophet, *shake our hands from them,* just as a person would do, who happens to have burning coals or some venemous creature fastening upon his flesh. In such a case none would stand a moment to consider; none would debate with himself the expediency of the thing; but instantly fling off the pernicious incumbrance; instantly endeavour to disengage himself from the clinging

mischief: so should every *upright Mason* from such perilous false brethren.

There is one essential property which belongs to our Craft, which had like to have slipped me, and which, however condemned, is highly worthy of applause; and that is, *Secresy*. All that should be disclosed of a Lodge, is this, that, in our meetings we are all good-natured, loving, and cheerful, one with another. But what are these Secrets? Why, if a brother in necessity seeks relief, it is an inviolable secret, because true *Charity vaunteth not itself*. If an overtaken brother be admonished, it is in secret; because *Charity is kind*. If possibly little differences, feuds, or animosities, should invade our peaceful walls, they are still kept secret; for *Charity suffereth long, is not easy provoked, thinketh no evil*.---These and many more (would time permit), which I could name, are the embellishments that emblazon the Masons' escutcheon. And as a further ornament, let us add that aromatic sprig of cassia, of *letting our light so shine before men, that they may see our good works; and that whereas they speak against us as evil doers, they may by our good works, which they shall behold, glorify God.*

A CHARGE

DELIVERED AT A MASTERS MEETING OF THE

ROMAN EAGLE LODGE,

EDINBURGH,

ON MONDAY, APRIL 22, M D CC XCIII.

BY EDWARD COLLIS, M. M.

CONCORDIA PARVÆ RES CRESCUNT; DISCORDIA MAXUMÆ DILABUNTUR.
Sal.

My Brethren,

BEFORE we enter into the cause or motive of the first institution of Free Masonry, it is necessary, in some measure, to shew the excellency of *Secrecy*, and with what great care it is to be kept.

One of the principal parts that makes a man accounted wise, is his intelligent strength and ability to cover and conceal such honest secrets as are committed to him, as well as his own serious affairs. And whoever peruses sacred and profane history, will find a great number of virtuous attempts (in peace and war), that never reached their designed ends, but were defeated, only through defect of secret concealment; and yet, besides such unhappy prevention, infinite evils have thereby ensued.

We read that *Cato*, the *Censor*, often said to his friends, that of three things he had good reason to repent, if ever he neglected the due performance of them; the *first*, if he divulged any Secret; the *second*, if he ventured on the water, when he might stay on dry land; and *thirdly*, if he should let any day neglected escape him, without doing some good action. The latter two are well worthy of observation; but the first concerns our present undertaking.

Alexander having received divers letters of importance from his mother; after he had read them, in presence of none but his friend *Hephestion*, he drew forth the signet with which he sealed his most private letters, and, without speaking, set it upon his lips, intimating thereby, that he in whose bosom a man buries his secrets, should have his lips locked up from revealing them.

The Senators of Rome, at their usual sitting in the Senate-house, had constituted a custom among themselves, that each Senator who had a son, should be admitted with his father to abide in the Senate-house during their sitting, or depart if occasion required; nor was this favour general, but extended only to Noblemen's sons, who were tutored in such a manner as enabled them to become wise Governors, and capable of keeping their own secrets. About this time it happened that the Senators sat in consultation on a very important cause, so that they stayed much longer than usual, and the conclusion was referred to the following day, with express charge of secresy in the mean time. Among the other Noblemen's sons who had been at this weighty business, was the son of the grave *Papyrus*, whose family was one of the most noble and illustrious in Rome.

The young lad being come home, his mother entreated him to tell her what strange case had been debated that day in the Senate, that had power to detain them so long beyond their usual hours. The virtuous and noble youth, courteously told her, that it was a business not in his power to reveal, he being in a solemn manner commanded to silence. Upon hearing this answer, her desire became more earnest, and nothing but intelligence thereof could any way content her. So that first by *fair speeches and entreaties* she endeavoured to obtain the secret; but finding these efforts in vain, to stripes and violent threats was her next flight; because force may compel, where lenity cannot.

The youth finding a mother's threats very harsh, and her stripes still worse, besides comparing his love to her as his mother, with the duty he owed to his father, the one mighty, but the other impulsive; he lays her and her fond conceit in one scale, his father, his own honour, and the solemn injunction to secresy in the other, and finding her intrinsic weight as being his mother, but lighter than wind, he, in order to appease her, and preserve his own honour by remaining faithful, thus resolved her:

"Madam, and dear mother, you may well blame the Senate for their long sitting, at least for calling in question a case so impertinent; for except the wives of the senators be admitted to consult

thereon, there can be no hope of a conclusion; I speak this but out of my young apprehension, for I know their gravity may easily confound me; and yet whether nature or duty so instruct me, I cannot tell. But to them it seems necessary, for the increase of people, and for the public good, that every senator should be allowed two wives; or otherwise, their wives two husbands. I shall hardly, under one roof, call two men by the name of father, I would rather call two women by the name of mother. This is the question, and to-morrow it must have determination."

The mother hearing this, and his seeming unwilling to reveal it, took it for truth, and immediately sent to the other ladies and matrons of Rome, to acquaint them with this weighty affair, wherein the peace and welfare of their future lives was so nearly concerned. This melancholy news blew up such a brain-sick passion, that the ladies immediately assembled; and though (as some say) a parliament of women are very seldom governed by one speaker, yet this affair being so urgent, the haste as pertinent, and the case (in their behalf) merely indulgent, the revealing woman must speak for herself and the rest. And, on the next morning, such a din was at the Senate-door, for admission to sit with their husbands in this wondrous consultation, as if all Rome had been in an uproar. Their minds must not be known before they have audience, which (though against all order) being granted, the female speaker began with requesting, that women might have two husbands, rather than men two wives, &c. Upon the riddle's solution, the noble youth was highly commended for his fidelity, and the ladies greatly confounded. To avoid the like inconvenience in future, it was determined, that thence forward they should bring their sons no more into the Senate, only young *Papyrus* who was freely accepted, and his secresy and discreet policy not only applauded, but he, with titles of honour, dignified and rewarded.

The wise King Solomon says, in his Proverbs, that a king ought not to drink wine, because drunkenness is an enemy to secrecy; and, in his opinion, he is not worthy to reign, that cannot keep his own secrets; he furthermore says, that he that discovers secrets is a traitor, and he that conceals them is a faithful Brother. He likewise observes, that he that refraineth his tongue is wise; and again, he that keeps his tongue, keeps his soul. I could mention many other circumstances of the excellency of secresy, and I dare venture to say, that the greatest honour, justice, truth, and fidelity, has been always found amongst those who could keep their own, and other's secrets.

Therefore, I am of opinion, that, if secresy and silence be duly considered, they will be found most necessary to qualify a man for any business of importance. If this be granted, I am confident, that no man will dispute that Free Masons are superior to all other men, in concealing their secrets from times immemorial; as neither the power of gold, that often has betrayed Kings and Princes, and sometimes overturned whole empires, nor the most cruel

punishments, could ever extort the secret (even) from the weakest member of the whole Fraternity.

Therefore, I humbly presume, it will, of consequence, be granted, that the welfare and good of mankind was the cause or motive of so grand an institution as FREE MASONRY (no Art yet being so extensively useful), which not only tends to protect its members from external injuries, but to polish the rusty dispositions of iniquitous minds, and also to retain them within the pleasant bounds of true religion, morality, and virtue; for such are the precepts of this Royal Art, that if those who have the honour of being members thereof would but live according to the true principles of the Ancient Craft, every man that is endowed with the least spark of honour or honesty must, of course, approve their actions, and, consequently, endeavour to follow their steps.

A Mason is obliged, by his tenure, to believe firmly in the true worship of the Eternal God, as well as in all those sacred records which the dignitaries and fathers of the church have compiled and published for the use of all good men. So that no one who rightly understands the Art, can possibly tread in the irreligious paths of the unhappy Libertine, or be induced to follow the arrogant professors of Atheism or Deism; neither is he to be stained with the gross errors of blind superstition, but may have the liberty of embracing what faith he shall think proper, provided at all times he pays a due reverence to his Creator, and by the world deals with honour and honesty, ever making that golden precept the standard rule of his actions, which engages, "To do unto all men as he would they should do unto him." For the Craft, instead of entering into idle and unnecessary disputes concerning the different opinions and persuasions of men, admits into the Fraternity all that are good and true; whereby it hath brought about the means of reconciliation amongst persons, who, without that assistance, would have remained at perpetual variance.

A Mason is a lover of quiet; is always subject to the civil powers, provided they do not infringe upon the limited bounds of religion and reason; and it was never yet known, that a real Craftsman was concerned in any dark plot, designs, or contrivances against the State, because the welfare of the nation is his peculiar care; so that from the highest to the lowest step of magistracy, due regard and deference is paid by him.

But as MASONRY hath, at several times, felt the injurious effects of war, bloodshed, and devastation, it was a stronger engagement to the Craftsmen to act agreeable to the rules of peace and loyalty, the many proofs of which behaviour hath occasioned the ancient kings and powers to protect and defend them. But if a Brother should be so far unhappy as to rebel against the State, he would meet with no countenance from his fellows; nor would they keep any private converse with him, whereby the government might have cause to be jealous, or take the least umbrage.

A Mason, in regard to himself, is carefully to avoid all manner of intemperance or excess, which might obstruct him in the performance of the necessary duties of his laudable profession, or lead him into any crimes which would reflect dishonour upon the Ancient Fraternity.

He is to treat his inferiors as he would have his superiors deal with him, wisely considering, that the original of mankind is the same; and though MASONRY divests no man of his honour, yet does the Craft admit, that strictly to pursue the paths of virtue, whereby a clear conscience may be preserved, is the only method to make any man noble.

A Mason is so far benevolent, as never to shut his ear unkindly to the complaints of wretched poverty; but when a Brother is oppressed by want, he is in a peculiar manner to listen to his sufferings with attention; in consequence of which, pity must flow from his breast, and relief, without prejudice, according to his capacity.

A Mason is to pay due obedience to the authority of his Master and presiding Officers, and to behave himself meekly amongst his Brethren, neither neglecting his usual occupation for the sake of company, in running from one Lodge to another; nor quarrel with the ignorant multitude, for their ridiculous aspersions concerning it: but at his leisure hours, he is required to study the arts and sciences with a diligent mind, that he may not only perform his duty to his Creator, but also to his neighbour and himself; for to walk humbly in the sight of God, to do justice, and love mercy, are the certain characteristics of a real Free and Accepted Mason: which qualifications, I humbly hope, they will possess to the end of time; and, I dare venture to say, that every true Brother will join me in, Amen.

The benefits arising from a strict observance of the principles of the Craft, are so apparent, that I must believe every good man will be fond to profess and practice the same; because those principles tend to promote the happiness of life, as they are founded on the basis of wisdom and virtue.

In the *first* place, our privileges and instructions, when rightly made use of, are not only productive of our welfare on this side of the grave, but even our eternal happiness hereafter.

For the Craft is founded on so solid a basis, that it will never admit blaspliemy, lewdness, swearing, evil plotting, or controversy; and though they are not all of the same opinion in matters of faith, yet they are ever in one mind in matters of MASONRY; that is, to labour justly, not to eat any mans' bread for nought, but to the utmost of our capacity, to love and serve each other, as Brethren of the same household ought to do; wisely judging, that it is as great an absurdity in one man to quarrel with another, because he will not believe as he does, as it would be in him to be angry, because he was not of the same size and countenance, &c.

Therefore, to afford succour to the distressed, to divide our bread with the industrious poor, and to put the misguided traveller into his way, are qualifications inherent in the Craft, and suitable to its dignity, and such as the worthy Members of that great Body have at all times strove with indefatigable pains to accomplish.

These and such like benefits, arising from a strict observance of the principles of the Craft, (as numbers of Brethren have lately experienced) if duly considered, will be found not only to equal, but exceed any Society in being.

If so, the worthy Members of this great and useful Society, can never be too careful in the election of Members; I mean a thorough knowledge of the character and circumstances of a candidate that begs to be initiated into the mystery of FREE MASONRY.

Upon this depends the welfare or destruction of the Craft; for as regularity, virtue, and concord, are the only ornaments of human nature (which is often too prone to act in different capacities), so the happiness of life depends, in a great measure, on our own election, and a prudent choice of those steps.

For human society cannot subsist without concord, and the maintenance of mutual good offices; for, like the working of an arch of stone, it would fall to the ground, provided one piece did not properly support another.

In former times, every man (at his request) was not admitted into the Craft, (though perhaps of a good and moral reputation), nor allowed to share the benefits of our Ancient and Noble Institution, unless he was endued with such skill in MASONRY, as he might thereby be able to prove the Art, either in plan or workmanship; or had such an affluence of fortune as should enable him to employ, honour, and protect the Craftsmen.

I would not be understood, by this, to mean that no reputable tradesmen should receive any of our benefits; but, on the contrary, am of opinion, that they are valuable members of the commonwealth, and often have proved themselves real ornaments to the Lodges.

Those whom I aim at are the miserable wretches of low life (often introduced by excluded men), some of whom can neither read nor write; and when (by the assistance of MASONRY) they are admitted into the company of their betters, they too often act beyond their capacities; and under pretence of searching for knowledge, they fall into scenes of gluttony and drunkenness, and thereby neglect their necessary occupations, and injure their poor families, who imagine they have a just cause to pour out all their exclamations and invectives against the whole body of FREE MASONRY, without considering or knowing that our constitutions and principles are quite opposite to such base proceedings.

The next thing to be considered, is the choice of officers to rule and govern the Lodge, according to the ancient and wholesome laws of our constitution; and this is a matter of great concern; for

the officers of a Lodge are not only bound to advance and promote the welfare of their own particular Lodge, but also whatsoever may tend to the good of the Fraternity in general.

Therefore no man ought to be nominated or put in such election, but such as by his known zeal and merit is deemed worthy of performance, viz. he must be well acquainted with all the private and public rules and orders of the Craft; he ought to be strictly honest, humane of nature, patient in injuries, modest in conversation, grave in counsel and advice, and, above all, constant in amity, and faithful in secrecy.

Such candidates well deserve to be chosen the Rulers and Governors of their respective Lodges, to whom the Members are to be courteous and obedient, and, by their wise and ancient dictates, may learn to despise the over-covetous, impatient, contentious, presumptuous, arrogant, and conceited prattlers, the bane of human society.

Here I cannot forbear saying, that I have known men whose intentions were very honest, and, without any evil design, commit great errors, and sometimes have been the destruction of good Lodges; and this occasioned by their Brethren hurrying them indiscreetly into offices, wherein their slender knowledge of Masonry, rendered them incapable of executing the business committed to their charge, to the great detriment of the Craft, and their own dishonour.

Amongst the qualities and principles of the Craft, I have given a hint concerning the behaviour of a Mason in the Lodge, to which I beg he may add the following, viz. he is to pay due respect, and be obedient (in all reasonable matters), to the Master and presiding Officers; he must not curse, swear, nor offer to lay wagers; nor use any lewd or unbecoming language in derogation of GOD'S name, and corruption of good manners, nor behave himself ludicrously, nor jestingly, while the Lodge is engaged in what is serious and solemn; neither is he to introduce, support, nor mention any dispute or controversy about religion or politics; nor force any Brother to eat, drink, or stay against his inclination; nor do or say any thing that may be offensive, or hinder a free and innocent conversation; lest he should break the good harmony, and defeat the laudable designs and purposes, of the Ancient and Honourable Fraternity.

Having attempted to point out what manner of man a Mason ought to be, it would be needless to say any thing with regard to his conduct while out of the Lodge; as a good Mason is always a worthy Member of Society, and respected by the rest of mankind: Let us then recollect, that although the paths of Virtue may at first appear rough and thorny, yet in the end lies our reward:

> "The storms of wintry time will soon be past,
> "And one unbounded spring encircle all!"

ON

FASHION.

TO THE

PRINTER OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IT has been more frequently asserted than demonstrated, that the depravity of morals in the present age exceeds that of the preceding, and that the world grows still more corrupt in proportion as it grows older.

This postulate is, indeed, so generally received, that it appears an act of presumption to attempt to combat the idea. But unless some one be found to enter the lists, the matter may be subtilized, and so instilled into the minds of those who will not be at the trouble of thinking for themselves, that it would be no wonder to me, if in the course of another century, it should, by representing the matter of moral amendment as a desperate case, deaden all sense of shame in mankind, and gradually undermine what yet remains of Morality.

It would better become the moralist to administer instruction of a stimulative kind, to set before the eyes of men the fairer side of the picture, and thus encourage an ardour of emulation worthy of the age.—Yes, I repeat it, worthy of the age; for, very far am I from believing that at any time there has been less vice in the aggregate of men than is found at present. Between Vice and Folly (though they are too often confounded in our ideas) there is a very eminent distinction: the one is of a fatal tendency, is punished here, and, we believe, will be hereafter; the other is seldom worse than ridiculous, and commonly induces its own punishment.

Folly, Sir, is the Fashion, and Fashion (which, as I understand the word, means no more than that slavish obedience which men pay to the opinions and habits of their fellow-creatures, without concerning themselves about the propriety of them), I will allow was perhaps at no time more prevalent than it is at present. Men at an earlier period might, and did more than now, think for themselves; but perhaps not to a better purpose, nor always to purposes so harmless as those to which our tyrant Fashion conduces.

It is into Fashion, then, that we must look for the source of the evil which it is our wish to see exterminated.

It appears that these complaints of degeneracy chiefly originate with peevish and debilitated mortals, who, if they ever possessed the faculty of pleasing, have with old age contracted a rigidity, that forbids the proffer of sympathetic Friendship, that shuns those delightful moments of social intercourse and generous communication in which the human heart expands to receive every sensation, by

whatever subject excited, which ennobles and exalts humanity, and will cheerfully contribute its quota to the improvement and happiness of all around it.

Speaking of this depravity, will any one say, that the inhabitants of the most barbarous climes have not been improved in moral and civil, in religious and political principles, within the last three centuries? With the knowledge which, by the blessing of heaven, has enlightened Europe, Europe has imbibed a generous desire of communicating the benefits of that knowledge to the most remote parts of the earth. The list of European Navigators, and Missionaries, is a list of Worthies, whose names well deserve to be enrolled in the records of Time, and ought never to be forgotten in the computation of the progress of religious and moral improvement.

The Moors of Barbary, for an instance, are now almost strangers to that indiscriminate cruelty which a century or two ago was the destruction of thousands; and sovereigns, whose predecessors were accustomed to make sport of the wanton slaughter of their subjects, have at length adopted a form approaching to a regular judicial proceeding.

Having thus hazarded an argument to prove that the world grows better as it is more enlightened, I shall take another position, and endeavour to prove, that *Fashion*, if it be not the identical thing complained of under another name, is at least the cause of the imputed degeneracy.

In this giddy reign of Folly and Fashion, it is an enormous crime to be either conspicuously moral, or stedfastly religious. If a man's disposition be of the former cast, he is by the votaries of Fashion ridiculed as one who vainly and unadvisedly attempts to revive, in an enlightened age, the contemptible character of a Cynic, or one totally insensible to all that is cordial or pleasurable in our bitter draught of life. On the other hand, if he be constant in his attendance on the duties of Divine Worship, it is concluded that he makes a show of Religion to serve his worldly interests, and Devotion a mask to conceal the designs of his heart. So that Piety and Morality are laughed at only as *unfashionable* habits.

How praise-worthy were it then if the whole body of Clergy would seriously set themselves to the task of persuasion, and the Nobility, with every superior rank of men, would join in the attempt to make Piety and Morality, equally at least with the Graces, objects of Fashion.

I have sometimes wished it were possible to institute in kingdoms moral laws and ordinances upon the same plan with the political. We might then hear of a law which should enact, "That if any "person or persons do, singly or conjunctively, ridicule another "for any action pointed out by, or consistent with, the Moral Law, "or do attempt to call a blush into the cheek of modest merit; he, "she, or they, being duly convicted of the same, upon the oaths of "two or more good and lawful witnesses (or, being *Quakers*, upon "their affirmations) shall for the first offence be proscribed from

"society for the full end and term of Three Calendar Months, then "next ensuing; and on a repetition of the offence, it shall be penal "for any person or persons to associate with the same, unless the "penalty shall be afterwards remitted by the Judges upon good "and sufficient signs of amendment in the Party offending."

At present, such as have not resolution enough publicly to break the shackles of this tyrant Fashion, must, if their inclinations tend to doing good, seek a bye-path wherein to exercise their virtue, that they may not be seen in the practice of it by those who are misled by the Shaftesbureian maxim, that "*Ridicule is the test of truth.*"

I am, Sir,

Your Friend and Brother,

S. J.

ANECDOTE

OF

PHILIP I. KING OF SPAIN.

PHILIP I. of Spain took a particular delight in the plainness of his equipage and entertainments; a nobleman being entertained by him at dinner, took occasion to inform his Majesty of the magnificence with which his courtiers treated one another, and told him, that in the evening a grand banquet was to be given by the Archbishop of Toledo, where his Majesty might be an eye-witness of the truth.

The king got himself introduced incognito to the banquet-room, and observed the vastness of the preparations, the grandeur of the entertainment, and withal heard their discourse, wherein they boasted of their great estates, and the pensions they held from the king. Next morning he gave out that he was much indisposed, and was about to make his will; whereupon all the lords of his council repaired to court. At noon he came into the council-chamber, and directing his discourse to the Archbishop, asked him how many kings of Spain he had known in his time? He answered, four. What, no more! cries the king; how can that be, when in the short space of my own life I have known twenty. The lords present looked at one another, and could not think what he meant; when his majesty proceeding, "Why, you are all kings (said he), you feast like kings, and you boast of the wealth of kings, and therefore it is but just you should bear part of the burthen of the war like kings; and accordingly a moiety of your revenues must be converted to the payment of the army."

COMMENTS ON STERNE.

BY JOHN FERRIAR, M. D.

[*Continued from Page* 420.]

THE *Anatomy of Melancholy*, though written on a regular plan, is so crowded with quotations, that the reader is apt to mistake it for a book of common-places. The opinions of a multitude of Authors are collected, under every division, without arrangement, and without much nicety of selection, to undergo a general sentence; for the bulk of the materials enforces brevity on the writer. In the course of a moderate folio, Burton has contrived to treat a great variety of topics, that seem very loosely connected with his subject; and, like Bayle, when he starts a train of quotations, he does not scruple to let the digression outrun the principal question. Thus, from the doctrines of Religion, to Military Discipline; from inland Navigation, to the Morality of Dancing-Schools, every thing is discussed and determined. The quaintness of many of his divisions seems to have given Sterne the hint of his ludicrous titles to several Chapters*; and the risible effect resulting from Burton's grave endeavours, to prove indisputable facts by weighty quotations, he has happily caught, and sometimes well burlesqued. This was the consequence of an opinion, prevalent in the last age, which a late writer has attempted to re-establish respecting History; that authorities are facts.

But where the force of the subject opens Burton's own vein of Prose, we discover valuable sense and brilliant expression. The proof of this will appear in those passages which Sterne has borrowed from him without variation. Burton was likewise a Poet; a copy of verses in Latin, and another in English, prefixed to his book, afford no mean proofs of his genius.† The Anatomy of Me-

* The Tale of a Tub, and the Memoirs of Scriblerus, must come in for a share of this influence.

† The late Mr. Warton, in his edition of Milton's Smaller Poems, has noticed the Analogy between these English verses, and the Allegro il Penseroso. Burton alternates them thus:

When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things fore-known,
When I build Castles in the air,
Void of Sorrow, void of Fear.

Pleasing myself with phantoms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

lancholy has always been a source of surreptitious learning; Anthony a-Wood speaks of it as a compilation highly useful to Gentlemen who were negligent at College; and Archbishop Herring alledged that the wits who flourished under Queen Anne and George the First, were under great obligations to it *. In literature, the springs are commonly more copious than their derived streams, and are therefore more highly honoured. But though this applies to Burton, and most of his imitators, it fails in respect of Tristram Shandy, where, though much is directly drawn from our Author, there are many delightful windings, widely distant from his influence. I would therefore beware of imitating the rashness of a Traveller, who should fancy he had discovered the secret head of a mighty river, while, deceived by perfect intelligence, he had only explored the source of an auxiliary stream.

The first four chapters of Tristram Shandy are founded on some passsages in Burton, which I shall transcribe. Sterne's improvements I shall leave to your recollection.

" Filii ex senibus nati raro sunt firmi temperamenti, &c. Nam " spiritus cerebri si tum malé afficiantur, tales procreant, & quales " fuerint affectus, tales filiorum, ex tristibus tristes, ex jucundis " jucundi nascuntur." [Cardan.] " If she" (the mother) " be " over dull, heavy, angry, peevish, discontented and melancholy, " not only at the time of conception, but even all the while she " carries the child in her womb (saith Fernelius) her son will be " so likewise, and worse, as Lemnius adds, &c. ----- So many " ways are we plagued and punished for our father's defaults†; " insomuch that as Fernelius truly saith, it is the greatest part of " our felicity to be well-born, and it were happy for human kind‡, " if only such parents as are sound of body and mind, should be " suffered to marry. Quanto id diligentius in procreandis liberis " observandum ||." I cannot help thinking, that the first chapter or two of the Memoirs of Scriblerus whetted Sterne's invention,

---

When I go walking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannize,
Fear and sorrow me surprize;
Whether I tarry still or go
Methinks the time moves very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so sad as melancholy, &c.

There is a direct imitation of these verses in Voltaire's
' Jean qui pleure, et Jean qui rit.'

* Biographia Dict. Art. Burton (Rob.)
The story of Dr. Parnell's beautiful allegory on Man, is taken from Burton. p. 646.

† This idea runs through Tristram Shandy.

‡ See Tristram Shandy, Vol. viii. Chap. 33.

|| Anat. of Melanch. p. 37. Edit. 1676.
Quanto id diligentius in liberis procreandis cavendum, sayeth Cardan.
Tris. Shandy, Vol. vi. Chap. 33.

in this, as well as in other instances of Mr. Shandy's peculiarities.

The forced introduction of the sneer at the term non-naturals*, used in medicine, leads us back to Burton, who has insisted largely and repeatedly, on the abuse of the functions so denominated.

It is very singular, that in the introduction to the Fragment on Whiskers, which contains an evident Copy, Sterne should take occasion to abuse Plagiarists. "Shall we for ever make new books, as "Apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one "vessel into another?" Ex ore tuo—"Shall we be destined to "the days of eternity, on holidays, as well as working-days, to be "shewing the relics of learning, as monks do the relics of their "saints—without working one—one single miracle with them?"—Here we must acquit Sterne: he has certainly done wonders, wherever he has imitated or borrowed.

"One denier, cried the Order of Mercy—one single denier, in be-"half of a thousand patient captives, whose eyes look towards "Heaven and you for their redemption.

"——The Lady Baussiere rode on.

"Pity the unhappy, said a devout, venerable, hoary-headed "man, meekly holding up a box begirt with iron, in his wither'd "hands—I beg for the unfortunate—good, my lady, 'tis for a prison "—for an hospital—'tis for an old man—a poor man undone by "shipwreck, by suretyship, by fire—I call God and all his angels to "witness—'tis to clothe the naked—to feed the hungry—'tis to "comfort the sick and the broken-hearted.

"——The Lady Baussiere rode on.

"A decayed kinsman bowed himself to the ground.

"——The Lady Baussiere rode on.

"He ran begging bare-headed on one side of her palfrey, con-"juring her by the former bonds of friendship, alliance, consan-"guinity, &c.—cousin, aunt, sister, mother—for virtue's sake, for "your own, for mine, for Christ's sake, remember me—pity me.

"——The Lady Baussiere rode on†.

The citation of the original passage from Burton will confirm all I have said of his stile.

"*A poor decay'd kinsman of his sets upon him by the way in all his "jollity, and runs begging bare-headed by him, conjuring him by those "former bonds of friendship, alliance, consanguinity, &c. uncle, cousin, "brother, father, - - - - shew some pity for Christ's sake, pity a sick "man, an old man, &c. he cares not, ride on: pretend sickness, inevi-"table loss of limbs, plead suretyship, or shipwreck, fires, common cala-"mities, shew thy wants and imperfections, - - - - swear, protest, take "God and all his angels to witness, quære peregrinum, thou art a coun-*

* Tr. Sh. Vol. 1. Chap 23.—"Why the most natural actions of a Man's life should be called his non-naturals, is another question."—See Burton, p. 39. The solution might be easily given, if it were worth repeating.

† Tristram Shandy, Vol. v. Chap 1.

" *terfeit crank, a cheater, he is not touched with it, pauper ubique jacet,* " *ride on, he takes no notice of it. Put up a supplication to him in the* " *name of a thousand orphans, an hospital, a spittle, a prison as he goes* " *by, they cry out to him for aid: ride on - - - - Shew him a decay'd* " *haven, a bridge, a school, a fortification, &c. or some public work;* " *ride on. Good your worship, your honour, for God's sake, your Coun-* " *try's sake: ride on*.*"

This curious copy is followed up in Tristram Shandy by a Chapter, and that a long one, written almost entirely from Burton. It is the Consolation of Mr. Shandy on the death of Brother Bobby.

" When Agrippina was told of her son's death, Tacitus informs " us, that not being able to moderate the violence of her passions, " she abruptly broke off her work." This quotation did not come to Sterne from Tacitus. " *Mezentius would not live after his son - - - - And Pompey's wife cry'd out at the news of her husband's death, Turpe mori post te, &c.—as Tacitus of Agrippina, not able to moderate her passions. So when she heard her Son was slain, she abruptly broke off her work, changed countenance and colour, tore her hair, and fell a roaring downright.*"†

" 'Tis either Plato," says Sterne, " or Plutarch, or Seneca, or " Xenephon, or Epictetus, or Theophrastus, or Lucian—or some " one, perhaps of later date—either Cardan, or Budæus, or Pe- " trarch, or Stella—or possibly it may be some divine or father of " the Church, St. Austin, or St. Cyprian, or Bernard, who affirms, " that it is an irresistible and natural passion, to weep for the loss " of our friends or children—and Seneca, (I'm positive) tells us " somewhere, that such griefs evacuate themselves best by that par- " ticular channel. And accordingly, we find that David wept for " his son Absalom—Adrian for his Antinous‡—Niobe for her chil- " dren—and that Apollodorus and Crito both shed tears for Socrates " before his death."—This is well rallied, as the following passage will evince; but Sterne should have considered how much he owed to poor old Burton.

" *Death and departure of friends are things generally grievous; Om-* " *nium quæ in vita humana contingunt, luctus atque mors sunt acerbis-* " *sima,* [Cardan. de Consol. lib. 2.] *the most austere and bitter acci-* " *dents that can happen to a man in this life, in æternum valedicire, to* " *part for ever, to forsake the world and all our friends, 'tis ultimum* " *terribilium, the last and the greatest terrour, most irksome and trou-* " *blesome unto us, &c.—Nay many generous spirits, and grave staid* " *men otherwise, are so tender in this, that at the loss of a dear friend* " *they will cry out, roar, and tear their hair, lamenting some months* " *after, howling O hone, as those Irish women, and Greeks at their*

* Anat. of Melanch. p. 269.

† Anat. of Melanch. p. 213.

‡ The time has been, when this conjunction with the King of Israel would have smelt a little of the faggot.

"*Graves, commit many indecent actions,*" &c.* All this is corroborated by quotations from Ortelius, Catullus, Virgil, Lucan, and Tacitus. I take them in the order assigned them by Burton. For he says with great probability of himself, that he commonly wrote as fast as possible, and poured out his quotations just as they happened to occur to his memory. But to proceed with Mr. Shandy's consolation.

"'Tis an inevitable chance—the first statute in Magna Charta—"it is an everlasting Act of Parliament, my dear brother—all "must die†."

"*'Tis an inevitable chance, the first statute in Magna Charta, an ever-*"*lasting Act of Parliament, all must die*‡.

"When Tully was bereft of his dear daughter Tullia, at first he "laid it to his heart—he listened to the voice of Nature, and modulated his own unto it, &c.—But as soon as he began to look into "the stores of Philosophy, and consider how many excellent things "might be said upon the occasion—nobody upon earth can conceive, says the great orator, how joyful, how happy it made "me§."

"*Tully was much grieved for his daughter Tulliola's death at first,*"*until such time that he had confirmed his mind with some philosophical*"*precepts, then he began to triumph over fortune and grief, and for her*"*reception into heaven to be much more joyed than before he was trou-*"*bled for her loss*||."

Sterne is uncharitable here to poor Cicero.—

"Kingdoms and provinces, and towns and cities, have they not "their periods? Where is Troy, and Mycene, and Thebes, and "Delos, and Persepolis, and Agrigentum. - - - - What is become, "brother Toby, of Nineveh, and Babylon, of Cyzicum and Mytilene; the fairest towns that ever the sun rose upon, are now no "more¶."

"*Kingdoms, Provinces, Towns, and Cities,*" says Burton, "*have their*"*periods, and are consumed. In those flourishing times of Troy, Mycene*"*was the fairest city in Greece, - - - - but it, alas! and that Assyrian*"*Ninive are quite overthrown. The like fate hath that Egyptian and*"*Bœotian Thebes, Delos, the common Council-house of Greece, and*"*Babylon, the greatest City that ever the Sun shone on, hath now no-*"*thing but walls and rubbish left.*" - - - - *And where is Troy itself now, Persepolis, Carthage, Cizicum, Sparta, Argos, and all those Grecian Cities?*

Syracuse and Agrigentum, the fairest towns in Sicily, which had sometimes seven hundred thousand inhabitants, are now decayed. Let us

---

* Anat. of Melanch. p. 213.
† Tristram Shandy, Vol. v. Chap. 3.
‡ Anat. of Melanch. p. 215.
§ Sterne.
|| Burton.
¶ Sterne.

follow Sterne again. "Returning out of Asia, when I sailed for "Ægina towards Megara, I began to view the Country round "about. Ægina was behind me, Megara was before, Pyræus on "the right hand, Corinth on the left. What flourishing towns now "prostrate on the earth! Alas! alas! said I to myself, that a "man should disturb his soul for the loss of a Child, when so much "as this lies awfully buried in his presence. Remember, said I "to myself again—remember that thou art a Man."

This is, with some slight variations, Burton's translation of Servius's letter. Sterne alters just enough, to shew that he had not attended to the original. Burton's version follows.

"Returning out of Asia, when I sailed from Ægina towards Megara, I began to view the Country round about. Ægina was behind me, Megara before. Pyræus on the right hand, Corinth on the left; what flourishing towns heretofore, now prostrate and overwhelmed before mine eyes? Alas, why are we men so much disquieted with the departure of a friend, whose life is much shorter, when so many goodly Cities lie buried before us? Remember, O Servius, thou art a Man; and with that I was much confirm'd, and corrected myself."

"My son is dead," says Mr. Shandy, "so much the better*, 'tis "a shame, in such a tempest, to have but one Anchor."

I—but he was a most dear and loving friend, quoth Burton, *my sole friend—Thou maist be ashamed, I say with Seneca, to confess it, in such a tempest as this, to have but one anchor.*

"But," continues Mr. Shandy, "he is gone for ever from us! "be it so. He is got from under the hands of his barber before he "was bald. He is but risen from a feast before he was surfeited— "from a banquet before he had got drunken. The Thracians wept "when a child was born, and feasted and made merry when a man "went out of the world, and with reason. Is it not better not to "hunger at all, than to eat? not to thirst, than to take physic to "cure it? Is it not better to be freed from cares and agues, love "and melancholy, and the other hot and cold fits of life†, than, "like a galled traveller, who comes weary to his inn, to be bound "to begin his journey afresh?"

I shall follow Burton's collections as they stand in his own order.‡

"Thou dost him great injury to desire his longer life. Wilt thou have him crazed and sickly still, like a tired traveller that comes weary to his Inn, begin his journey afresh? - - - - he is now gone to eternity - - - - as if he had risen, saith Plutarch, from the midst of a feast, before he was drunk - - - - Is it not much better not to hunger at all, than to

* This is an awkward member of the sentence.

† This approaches to one of Shakespeare's happy expressions:

Duncan is in his grave:
After Life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

‡ Sterne has commonly reversed the arrangement, which produces a strong effect in the comparison.

eat: not to thirst, than to drink to satisfy thirst; not to be cold, than to put on clothes to drive away cold? You had more need rejoice that I am freed from diseases, agues, &c. The Thracians wept still when a child was born, feasted and made mirth when any man was buried: and so should we rather be glad for such as die well, that they are so happily freed from the miseries of this life."*

Again—"Consider, brother Toby,—when we are, death is not, and when death is, we are not"—So Burton translates a passage in Seneca: *When we are, death is not; but when death is, then we are not*†. The original words are, *quam nos sumus, mors non adest; cum vero mors adest, tum nos non sumus.*

"For this reason, continued my father, 'tis worthy to recollect "how little alteration in great men the approaches of death have "made. Vespasian died in a jest - - - - - - - Calba with a sen- "tence—Septimius Severus in a dispatch; Tiberius in dissimula- "tion, and Cæsar Augustus in a compliment." This conclusion of so remarkable a Chapter is copied, omitting some quotations, almost verbatim, from Lord Verulam's Essay on Death.

We must have recourse to Burton again, for part of the Tristra-Pædia. "O blessed health! cried my father, making an exclama- "tion, as he turned over to the leaves to the next Chapter,—thou "art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou who enlargest the soul, "—and openest all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish "virtue.—He that has thee, has little more to wish for;—and "he that is so wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with "thee.‡"

O blessed health! says Burton, *thou art above all gold and treasure;* [Ecclesiast.] *the poor man's riches, the rich man's bliss, without thee there can be no happiness* §.

O beata sanitas, te presente, amœnum
Ver floret gratiis, absque te nemo beatus.

But I should, in order, have noticed first an exclamation at the end of Chapter ix. in the spirit of which nobody could expect Sterne to be original. "Now I love you for this—and 'tis this de- "licious mixture within you, which makes you dear Creatures "what you are—and he who hates you for it—all I can say of the "matter is, That he has a pumpkin for his head, or a pippin for his "heart,—and whenever he is dissected 'twill be found so."—Burton's Quotation is: *Qui vim non sensit amoris, aut lapis est, aut bellua:* which he translates thus: *He is not a man, a block, a very stone, aut Numen aut Nebuchadnezzar, he hath a gourd for his head, a pippin for his heart, that hath not felt the power of it.*

* Anat. of Melanch. p. 216.
† Seneca, p. 213.
‡ Chap. 33, vol. v.
§ Page 104. ibid. Page 276.

[*To be Continued.*]

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

THE ANTIQUITY OF DRINKING HEALTHS.

THIS was a custom among the Greeks, and from them derived, like many others, especially of the religious kind, among the Romans, to make libations, to pour out wine, and even to drink wine in honour of the gods. Sometimes this ceremony was introductory to their meals, but, in their more solemn entertainments, it was performed in the interval preceding the *mensæ secundæ*, which answers to our second course, or the dessert.

This manner of venerating the gods often occurs in the Classics, and consequently is too well known to want any further enlargement; yet I will not dismiss it without referring you to the first book of the Æneid, where Virgil describes the feast with which the Queen of Carthage entertains his and her hero; or, to save you that trouble, shall here set it down, as translated by Dryden.

A golden bowl, that shone with gems divine,
The Queen commanded to be fill'd with wine;
Then, silence through the hall proclaim'd, she spoke:
O hospitable Jove, we thus invoke,
With solemn rites, thy sacred name and power,
Bless to both nations this auspicious hour.
Thou Bacchus, God of joy and friendly cheer,
And gracious Jove, both you be present here;
And you, my Lords of Tyre, your vows address
To heav'n, with mine, to ratify the peace.
The goblet then she took with nectar crown'd,
Sprinkling the first libation on the ground;
And rais'd it to her mouth with sober grace,
Then sipping offer'd it the next in place.

The grateful custom of drinking to the health of our benefactors, or of our acquaintance, is of a more obscure origin, though numberless instances of it are to be seen in the Grecian poets and historians, no less than in the Roman writers. Ovid, that easy luxuriant genius, that happy proficient in all the literature his age afforded, introduces this usage in his Metamorphoses, as of a very ancient date among the Greeks. The Athenians, on the arrival of Theseus from killing the Minotaurs, according to him, made public rejoicings, attended with a pompous entertainment, in which they congratulated his safe arrival, and enlarged on his unparalleled exploits, which entitled him to a divine immortality, concluding their panegyric with

Pro te, fortissime, vota,
Publica suscipimus: Bacchi tibi sumimus haustus;

which is just what every good Mason now-a-days does for the King,

it being, in plain English, "We pray for you, valiant Sir, and drink your health."

Here then is the custom of drinking to the health and prosperity of superiors by whom we have been benefited, or of our equals with whom we live in reciprocal friendship, in vogue among the Grecians so early as Theseus, in those remote ages which are distinguished in history by the splendid appellation of the heroic ages; that is, many centuries before the commencement of the Christian æra. Neither, like us, were they wanting to pay this regard to strangers or foreigners of eminent rank and merit.

Asconius, explaining the meaning of *more Græco bibere*, drinking after the manner of the Greeks, says, that it was their custom, in their libations, first to pay their devotions to the gods, and then mention their friends in terms of esteem and affection, and wishes for their prosperity. Every time they venerated the gods, or wished health to their friends, it was in *neat* wine; nay, it was indispensable to this religious ceremony, for such it was accounted, to drink *merum*, that is, wine not only undiluted with water, but without any other of the mixtures then used, as saffron, honey, &c.

I am apt to think that from this ancient practice is derived that modern ceremony of never drinking to any one, when they drink water, or mix water with their wine, which an ever-to-be-lamented sally of youth gave me too long an opportunity of observing formerly among the French, especially the *beau monde*. I was often complimented with, "Sir, I cannot presume to do myself the honour of drinking to you, as I drink only water, or more water than wine;" and not a few have I seen, among that jocular people, who wantonly affected to take no notice of a person drinking to them in a dilution. Nothing is more common at their free entertainments, than this exhortation, "Come, let us drink *neat*, here's a choice toast to worthy Mr. ——, or to the enchanting Miss ——;" which always went round with an hilarity, which more phlegmatic nations may admire, but cannot come up to. Though temperance was their general character, yet, among their country Esquires, there were very hard drinkers, and so obstinately tenacious of these ancient customs, that they would not admit of any mitigation. Poland is not the only country where it may be a Gentleman's misfortune to fall in with such an overbearing bottle-man as the Palatine, who, observing a Frenchman to pass his glass, said, in a great heat, to Cardinal de Polignac, the divine author of Anti-Lucretius, then in Poland, "Why does not that Frenchman drink?" The Cardinal mildly answered, "He is sick, my Lord;" "Let him instantly die or drink, replied the Palatine." This sot would have met with his match in the German mentioned by Count Oxenstiern, who, in a compotation at Venice, called for a glass of so unmerciful a size, that it would have laid half a dozen Italians on the floor, and, naming a certain Potentate, drank it off to a noble Venetian; and then, ordering it to be filled again, offered it to him; but he, half frightened, said that he was not used to such achievements, and that there

was more wine in that glass, than he drank in six months; so kissing the foot of the glass, and naming the health, was for returning it, at which the German furiously insisted on being pledged; however, the Italian calmly set it down, saying, *Odsfish, Sir, I honour the Emperor, but must be excused from bursting myself for him.*

Excuse this digression into which my narrative has drawn me. Horace plainly alludes to this custom of honouring the deities and remembering our friends over our cups, in Book III. Ode 19.

> Haste, my boy, the flask I claim:
> Here's to Luna's virgin light!
> Here's to our new Augur's name!
> ---

BOSCAWEN's Translation, just published.

Silius Italicus has these remarkable words concerning Q. Fabius Cunctator:

> *Nec prius aut epulas, aut munera grata Lyæi,*
> *Fas cuiquam tetigisse fuit, quam multa precatus*
> *In mensam Fabio sacrum libavit honorem.*

The subtance of which is, that at a feast nobody could eat or drink, before making a libation in honour of Fabius; and the like honour was paid to Marius, upon his defeating the Cimbri, who had struck the Romans with such a terror that they were little disposed to feasting. Augustus also was honoured with libations by an act of the Senate, and they were cheerfully paid him, as appears from Horace:

> To thee our prayers and wines do flow,
> To thee the author of our peace;
> As much as grateful Greece can show
> To Castor or great Hercules.
> Long may you live, your days be fair,
> Bestow long feasts and long delight;
> This is our sober morning prayer,
> And these our drunken vows at night.

Libations were esteemed more respectful than drinking to the honour of the gods, or welfare of friends; and possibly from this distinction may be derived the omission of drinking to the healths of illustrious personages, especially where the Nobility are not so near a level with the commonalty, as they are in our well constituted country.

The Roman Gallants used to take off as many glasses to their mistresses, as there were letters in her name, according to Martial, who says,

> Let six cups to Nævia's health go round,
> And fair Tustina's be with seven crown'd.

S. J.

ANECDOTES

OF

DR. GOLDSMITH.

[*Concluded from page* 375.]

ON the death of Goldsmith, which happened on the 4th of April 1774, his friends suggested to have him buried in Westminster Abbey, and his pall was to have been supported by the present Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Louth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, The Hon. Topham Beauclerc, Mr. Edmund Burke, and Mr. Garrick; but though poets are often caressed during their life-time, it is not uncommon for them to be neglected at their deaths. Like the invited guests in scripture, most of these gentlemen sent excuses, and a few coffee-house acquaintances of the Doctor's rather suddenly collected together, attended his remains to the Temple burial-ground, where they were deposited on Saturday evening the 9th of the same month.

The remains of poor Foote, three years afterwards, experienced the like neglect. Many noble mourners were announced, and a pompous funeral was intended, but on the night of burial, *excuses came from all*; light and frivolous enough; but in particular, a verbal one sent by Garrick, "that it was cursed unlucky the funeral should be of a Monday, when they ought to know he never came to town on that day."

It was singular enough that Kelly, the Doctor's early friend, but late literary rival, should be amongst the number of his mourners. In the hasty muster of the funeral Kelly volunteered it, and we believe with pure good will; for he was, at bottom, a very good natured man, and the grave having buried all animosities, his former affections revived, and he paid a plentiful tribute of tears over the *manes* of his departed friend.

Some *wicked wits*, however, doubted his sincerity, and one in particular has thus ridiculed the circumstance:

Hence K-----y, who years thro' *sans* honour or shame
Had been sticking his *bodkin* in Oliver's * fame,
Who thought, like the Tartar, by this to inherit
His genius, his learning, simplicity, spirit;
Now *sets every feature* to weep o'er his fate,
And acts as a mourner to blubber in state:
Yet thus much I'll say for this good-natured elf,
(And I dare say by this he has thought so himself)

* Dr. Oliver Goldsmith.

Had he known what a *posthumous rod* † was in store,
He ne'er would have ventured to make his eyes sore,
But sav'd those dear drops for some future surprise,
Perhaps to dissolve at -------- ‡ *A Word to the Wise.*"

Having now conducted our author to the grave, we shall close this account with some *detached anecdotes* of him, which, though we could not regularly weave into his history, will perhaps best elucidate his character.

Though Goldsmith had justly established his fame as a *good prose writer* as well as poet, yet it was well known to those who lived with him, that in *conversation* he was much under the par of his general abilities. In writing he collected the full force of his mind, and it bore him triumphantly through in most of his designs. But this effort spent, he seemed to relax in the reverse proportion. He expressed himself upon common subjects with a plainness bordering upon rusticity, and often in words very ill chosen. He rather cultivated (than endeavoured to get rid of) his brogue, and was so very simple in his manners, and so totally free from what is commonly called *the knowledge of the world*, that he would have been a constant object of cullibility, was he not protected in a great degree by the fame and lustre of his authorship. Garrick, who knew him well, has given us this part of his character in the following little epitaph, which he wrote one night, *impromptu*, at the club, after the Doctor had finished one of his rhodomontade stories:

" Here rests in this mold, the remains of dear Noll,
" Who wrote like an angel, but spoke like *poor Poll.*"

Goldsmith was stung to the heart at the laugh which this little *jeu d' esprit* occasioned; and this gave him the first hint of "Retaliation," when the poet paid back the player in his own coin and with full interest.

When Goldsmith grew into notice as an author, his levees were every morning crowded with people of all descriptions; some from interest; some from friendship and a congeniality of taste; and others from the vanity of attaching themselves to men of fame, conscious that they have no sources of notoriety in themselves. In this group there was seldom wanting some distressed brother-authors; and amongst those who distinguished themselves for a constancy, were, a man of the name of Purdon, Jack Pilkington the son of the celebrated Letitia Pilkington, and Dr. Paul Hiffernan, men neither destitute of genius nor scholarship, but, seduced by the love of indolence and pleasure, chose rather to pay the forfeit of those vices (living by meannesses and upon charity) than turn their talents to that account which would have ensured them some degree of fame and a certain independence. Pilkington had been a pensioner of

† Retaliation, a poem of Goldsmith's, published after his death, wherein Kelly is mentioned, not much to the credit of his literary character.

‡ The title of one of Kelly's plays.

Goldsmith's from the latter's first taking root in London. He was a fellow of whim and humour, and gained upon the Doctor's mind by providing for it occasional relaxation from the pursuits of study. He had, however, done something to disoblige the Doctor, and had absented himself for some months; when, one morning, he was much surprised at Pilkington bursting into his room in the most extravagant extasies of joy. After enquiring into the cause of all this, Pilkington told him the following story:

"My dear Doctor, you 'll excuse the liberty I have taken at thus coming so abruptly into your apartments, particularly after what has happened, wherein I confess I was much to blame; but my joy is too great to be shared by a common acquaintance, and I could not resist running to the man who has been my best and earliest friend and benefactor." Goldsmith, softened by this exordium, begged him to proceed.

"You must know then," continues Pilkington, "that amongst the many whims of the D——ss of M—— she has got a particular attachment to *white mice;* she has procured two already, and has been several years looking for two more, and offering large sums of money for them, but without any effect. Hearing of this penchant of her Grace, I requested of a friend who went out to India some years ago, if possible, to procure two for me; he has been diligent in his commission, and they are now in the River, on board the Earl of Chatham Indiaman, just arrived.

This story was so very gross, that even Goldsmith's credulity could not be at first imposed upon. But Pilkington was prepared for the worst; he instantly produced his friend's letter, advising of the shipping of the white mice, their size, qualities, &c. which so entirely convinced the Doctor of the fact, that he wished him joy of it, "and hoped that he would avail himself of this lucky circumstance, as the means of securing a future independence."

"Ah!" but said Pilkington, fetching a deep sigh, "here my cruel stars again set in against me; for though I have got the mice, I want a cage to put them in (for you know there is no presenting such things to a Dutchess but in a proper manner); and where to raise so much money, I know no more than how to pay off the national debt." "How much will the cage cost?" said Goldsmith, "About *two guineas,*" replied Pilkington. "In truth, Jack, then you are out of luck, for I have but half-a-guinea in the world." "Aye, but my dear Doctor," continues Pilkington, "you have got a watch, and though I would rather die than propose such an indelicacy upon any other occasion than the present, if you could let me have that, I could pawn it across the way for two guineas, and be able to repay you with heart-felt gratitude in a few days."

This last bait took poor Goldsmith fully on the hook; he confidently gave him his watch, which he was some months after obliged to take up himself, without hearing any more of his friend or the success of his white mice.

The Doctor used to tell this story with some humour, and never without an eulogium on the ingenuity of Pilkington, who could take him in after so many years experience of his shifts and contrivances; "But how do ye think the fellow served me at last? why, Sir, after staying away two years, he came one evening into my chambers, half drunk, as I was taking a glass of wine with Topham Beauclerc and General Oglethorpe; and, sitting himself down, with the most intolerable assurance enquired after my health and literary pursuits, as if we were upon the most friendly footing. I was at first, said Goldsmith, so much ashamed of ever having known such a fellow, that I stifled my resentment, and drew him into a conversation on such topics as I knew he could talk upon, and in which, to do him justice, he acquitted himself very reputably; when all of a sudden, as if he recollected something, he pulled two papers out of his pocket, which he presented to me with great ceremony, saying, 'Here, my dear friend, is a quarter of a pound of tea and a half pound of sugar I have brought you, for though it is not in my power at present to pay you the two guineas you so generously lent me, you nor any man else shall ever have it to say that I want gratitude.' This was too much, said the Doctor, I could no longer keep in my feelings, but desired him to turn out of my chambers directly, which he very coolly did, taking up his tea and sugar, and I never saw him afterwards."

Another instance of his extreme credulity happened one night at the Globe tavern, in Fleet-street; a house at that time much frequented by Goldsmith, Kelly, Dr. Kenrick, Glover, and many others of the literati.—The Doctor coming into the club-room, much fatigued from a shooting party, ordered some mutton chops for supper. The wags, finding out he had eat no dinner, and knowing their man, wanted to play some tricks with him, and the moment the chops appeared, turned up their noses and drew off their chairs from the table. This alarming Goldsmith, he asked them whether any thing was the matter with the chops? they at first evaded answering the question, but being earnestly pressed, they one and all announced them to stink, and wondered how the waiter dared serve up such to any of their friends. This was enough for Goldsmith; he rang the bell for the waiter, and after abusing him in the most violent terms, insisted, by way of retaliation (which by the bye was hinted to him by the company), that he should sit down and eat them himself. The waiter, who by this time saw through the fun, with seeming reluctance complied; which appeasing the Doctor's mighty wrath, he ordered a fresh supper for himself, and "a dram for the poor devil of a waiter, who might otherwise get sick from so nauseating a meal."

Among the company who frequented the Globe, was an eminent *Pig-Butcher*, a good sort of man, who piqued himself not a little on his familiarity with Goldsmith. His constant manner of drinking to him was, "Come, Noll, here's my service to you, old boy." Repeating this one night in a larger company than usual, Glover

whispered Goldsmith, and asked him how he could permit B——y to take such a liberty with him. "Let him alone," says the Doctor, "and you 'll see how civilly I 'll let him down." Accordingly, some time after, taking advantage of a pause in conversation, he called out aloud, "Mr. B——y, I have the honour of drinking your good health." On which the other, instead of feeling any reproof, briskly answered, after first taking the pipe out of his mouth, "Thankee, thankee, Noll." "Well, where is the advantage of your reproof now?" said Glover. "In truth," said the Doctor, very good-humouredly, "I give it up; I ought to have known before now, there is no putting a pig in the right way."

The Doctor was at times very absent, and shewed such an inconsistency of mind, that if a person was to judge of his literary knowledge from some particular instances, they must think very meanly of his information or talents. He was once engaged in a violent dispute with George Bellas, the Proctor (at the very time he was writing his History of Animated Nature), about the *motion* of the upper jaw; and when Bellas laughed at him on the absurdity of his assertion, the Doctor very seriously, but warmly, desired him to put his finger in his mouth, and he 'd convince him. Being soon after desired by a friend to recollect what he had asserted, he paused for some time, and said, "In truth I had forgot myself, but any way I ought not to have given up the victory to such an antagonist."

A vanity of occasionally thinking he was able to do any thing as well as another man, was amongst the other peculiarities of this whimsical character. Johnson, who was no stranger to Goldsmith's oddities, used to say, "Poor Goldy, rather than hold his tongue, will often talk of what he knows himself to be ignorant of, and which can only end in exposing himself. If he was in company with two founders, he would begin talking with them on the construction of cannon, though both of them would soon see he did not know what metal a cannon was made of."

As an instance of the above, he was one night at the club, at St. James's-street, when the company were praising a speech which Mr. Burke had made that day in the House of Commons. This was enough to set Goldsmith agoing, who said *speechifying* was all a knack, and that he would venture to make as good a speech in either Latin, Greek, or English. The company took him at his word, but to spare him the difficulties of the dead languages would be content with a trial in English. The Doctor instantly mounted a chair, but could not get on above a sentence without the most evident embarrassment. "Well," says he, after a time, "I find this won't do, therefore I 'll write my speech." No, Doctor, said the company, we do n't question your talents for writing, it was speaking you engaged for. "Well, well," says the Doctor, "I 'm out of luck now, but you may depend on it, as I said before, that oratory is a mere knack, which any man of education may practise with success in a very little time."

Another time, being in company with a great number of ladies,

and a ballad-singer happening to sing his favourite air of "Sally Salisbury" under the window, he exclaimed with some passion, "How miserably this woman sings!" "Pray, Doctor," says he lady of the house, "could you do it better?" "Yes, madam," said he, "and the company shall be judges." He instantly began; when singing with some ear and no inconsiderable degree of pathos, he obtained the universal suffrages of the company.

Such were the peculiarities of Goldsmith, which only served as little foils to his talents and moral character. Of the former the public has long since judged; and of the latter, those who knew him best can best speak in his praise. He was so humane in his disposition, that his last guinea was the general boundary of his munificence. He had two or three poor authors always as pensioners, beside several widows and poor housekeepers; and when he had no money to give the latter, he always sent them away with shirts or old clothes, and sometimes with the whole contents of the breakfast-table; saying, with a smile of satisfaction after they were gone, "Now let me only suppose I have eat a much heartier breakfast than usual, and I'm nothing out of pocket."

He was always ready to do services to his friends and acquaintance by recommendations, &c. and as he lived latterly much with the great world, and was much respected, he very often succeeded, and felt his best reward in the gratification of doing well.

Dr. Johnson knew him early and whilst he was struggling with his poverty, and always spoke as respectfully of his heart as of his talents. Goldsmith in some respects conciliated this good opinion by almost never contradicting him, and Johnson in return laughed at his oddities. Goldsmith in excuse for this used to say, "There's no chance in arguing with such a man; for, like the Tartar horse, if he does not conquer you in front, his kick from behind is sure to be fatal." In his pleasantries before Johnson, however, he had less restraint, and used to say and do many things *cum privilegio*.

As an instance of this, whilst they were at supper one night *tete-a-tete* at the King's Head, Holborn, on rumps and kidneys, Johnson observed, "Sir, these rumps are pretty little things, but then a man must eat a great many of them before he fills his belly." "Aye, but," says Goldsmith, "how many of these would reach to the moon?" "To the moon! aye, Goldy, I fear that exceeds your calculation." "Not at all, Sir," says Goldsmith, "I think I could tell." "Pray then, Sir, let us hear." "Why *one* if it was long enough." Johnson growled at this reply for some time, but at last recollecting himself, "Well, Sir, I have deserved it; I should not have provoked so foolish an answer by so foolish a question."

In summing up the whole of our Poet's character, we cannot better accomplish it than in the two following portraits of him (one in verse and the other in prose), written by an intimate friend immediately after his decease, and which were both esteemed faithful likenesses:—

"Here rests, from the cares of the world and his pen,
A Poet whose like we shall scarce meet again;
Who though form'd in an age when *corruption ran high*,
And Folly alone seem'd with Folly to vie;
When Genius with traffic too commonly train'd,
Recounted her merits by what she had *gain'd*,
Yet spurn'd at those walks of debasement and pelf,
And in Poverty's spite dar'd think for himself.
Thus freed from those fetters the Muses oft bind,
He wrote from the heart to the hearts of mankind;
And such was the prevalent force of his song,
Sex, ages, and parties, he drew in a throng.
The Lovers---'twas theirs to esteem and commend,
For his *Hermit* had proved him their tutor and friend.
The Statesman, his politic passions on fire,
Acknowledg'd repose from the charms of his lyre.
The Moralist too had a feel for his rhymes,
For his *Essays* were curbs on the rage of the times.
Nay, the Critic, all school'd in grammatical sense,
Who look'd in the glow of description for tense,
Reform'd as he read, fell a dupe to his art,
And confess'd by his eyes what he felt at his heart.
Yet bless'd with original powers like these,
His principal forte was on paper to please;
Like a fleet-footed hunter, tho' first in the chace,
On the road of plain sense he oft slacken'd his pace,
Whilst *Dulness* and *Cunning*, by whipping and goring,
Their hard-footed hackneys paraded before him.
Compounded likewise of such primitive parts,
That his manners alone would have gain'd him our hearts.
So simple in truth, so ingenuously kind,
So ready to feel for the wants of mankind;
Yet praise but an author of popular quill,
This flux of Philanthropy quickly stood still;
Transform'd from himself, he grew meanly severe,
And rail'd at those talents he ought not to fear.
Such then were his foibles; but though they were such,
As shadow'd the picture a little too much,
The style was all graceful, expressive, and grand,
And the whole the result of a masterly hand.
Then hear me, blest Spirit! now seated above,
Where all is beatitude, concord and love,
If e'er thy regards were bestow'd on mankind,
THY MUSE AS A LEGACY LEAVE US BEHIND.
I ask it by proxy for Letters and Fame,
As the pride of our heart and the old English name,
I demand it as such for Virtue and Truth,
As the solace of Age, and the guide of our Youth.
Consider what Poets surround us---how dull!
From *Minstrelsy* B------ to Rosamond H---ll.
Consider what K------ys *enervate* the stage;
Consider what K------cks may *poison* the age;
O! protect us from such, nor let it be said,
That in GOLDSMITH the last British poet lies dead.

The following was written *impromptu* on the evening of his death:

"In an age where genius and learning are too generally sacrificed to the purposes of ambition and avarice, it is the consolation of Virtue, as

well as of its friends, that they can commemorate the name of Goldsmith as a shining example to the contrary.

"Early compelled (like many of our greatest men) into the service of the Muses he never once permitted his necessities to have the least improper influence on his conduct, but knowing and respecting the honourable line of his profession, he made no farther use of Fiction than to set off the dignity of Truth; and in this he succeeded so happily, that his writings stamp him no less the man of genius than the universal friend of mankind.

"Such is the short outline of his public character, which, perhaps, will be remembered whilst the first-rate Poets of this country have any monuments left them. But, alas! his nobler and immortal part, the good man, is only consigned to the short-lived memory of those who are left to lament his death.

"Having naturally a powerful bias on his mind to the cause of Virtue, he was cheerful and indefatigable in every pursuit of it. Warm in his friendships, gentle in his manners, and in every act of Charity and Benevolence, 'the very milk of human Nature.' Nay, even his foibles and little weaknesses of temper, may be said rather to simplify than degrade his understanding; for though there may be many instances adduced to prove he was 'no man of the world,' most of those instances would attest the unadulterated purity of his heart."

One who esteemed the kindness and friendship of such a man, as forming the principal part of the happiness of his life, pays this last, sincere, and grateful tribute to his memory.

April 4, 1774.

CHARACTER OF SIR ANTHONY BROWN.

IT is a pleasure to stand on the shore, and to see the ships toss'd about on the sea. An even temper begets awe and reverence, whilst the wide extremes create either on the one hand contempt and insolence, or on the other discontent and murmuring.—Haughty and violent courts never bless the chiefs with a settled peace. Time and method (said he) are my masters. There are three parts in Business—preparation, debate, and perfection—opinion governs the world. Princes surrounded with pomp and state may be oft envied and hated; without it they are always scorned and despised. Outward esteem to a great person is like the rind to fruit, which though but a thin cover preserves it. Fortune is like a market, where many times if you can stay a little, the price will fall—the circumstances of an occasion must be well weigh'd; watch the beginning of an action and then speed. Two things make a complete politician—secresy in counsel, and celerity in execution—his excellency consisted more in choosing his officers and followers, than in acting himself; the deserving and the brave were often seen at his gate, but not in crowds, to avoid popularity; his favor was equal to all, that none might be insolent or discontented, yet so discreetly dispensed as made the preferred faithful, and the expectant officious.—Patience and time facilitates all things; with prudence and reflection a man will subdue his own passions, and those of others.

ANECDOTES

OF

DR. JOHNSON, &c.

[FROM THE ADDITIONS TO BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON.]

HE had an abhorrence of affectation. Talking of old Mr. Langton, of whom he said, "Sir, you will seldom see such a gentleman, such are his stores of literature, such his knowledge in divinity, and such his exemplary life;" he added, "and, Sir, he has no grimace, no gesticulation, no bursts of admiration on trivial occasions; he never embraces you with an overacted cordiality."

Being in company with a gentleman who thought fit to maintain Dr. Berkeley's ingenious Philosophy—that nothing exists but as perceived by some mind; when the gentleman was going away Johnson said to him, "Pray, Sir, don't leave us; for we may perhaps forget to think of you, and then you will cease to exist."

Goldsmith, upon being visited by Johnson one day in the Temple, said to him with a little jealousy of the appearance of his accommodation, "I shall soon be in better chambers than these." Johnson at the same time checked him, and paid him a handsome compliment, implying that a man of his talents should be above attention to such distinctions—"Nay, Sir, never mind that. *Nil te quæsiveris extra.*"

At the time when his pension was granted him, he said, with a noble literary ambition, "Had this happened twenty years ago, I should have gone to Constantinople to learn Arabick, as Pococks did."

When Mr. Vesey was proposed as a Member of the Literary Club, Mr. Burke began by saying that he was a man of gentle manners. "Sir," said Johnson, "you need say no more. When you have said a man of gentle manners, you have said enough."

The late Mr. Fitzherbert told Mr. Langton, that Johnson said to him, "Sir, a man has no more right to *say* an uncivil thing, than to *act* one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down."

"My dear friend Dr. Bathurst (said he with a warmth of approbation) declared that he was glad his father, who was a West-India Planter, had left his affairs in total ruin, because having no estate, he was not under the temptation of having slaves."

Richardson had little conversation except about his own works, of which Sir Joshua Reynolds said he was always willing to talk, and glad to have them introduced. Johnson, when he carried Mr. Langton to see him, professed that he could bring him out into conversation, and used this allusive expression, "Sir, I can make him *rear*." But he failed; for in that interview Richardson said

little else than that there lay in the room a translation into German of his Clarissa*."

Once when somebody produced a newspaper in which there was a letter of stupid abuse of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in which Johnson himself came in for a share, "Pray," said he, "let us have it read aloud from beginning to end;" which being done, he with a ludicrous earnestness, and not directing his look to any particular person, called out, "Are we alive after all this satire!"

Of a certain Noble Lord he said, "Respect him you could not; for he had no mind of his own—Love him you could not, for that which you could do with him, every one else could."

Of Dr. Goldsmith he said, "No man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had one."

He told in his lively manner the following literary anecdote—"Green and Guthrie, an Irishman and a Scotchman, undertook a translation of Duhalde's History of China. Green said of Guthrie, that he knew no English, and Guthrie of Green, that he knew no French; and these two undertook to translate Duhalde's History of China. In this translation there was found, 'the twenty-sixth day of the new moon.' Now as the whole age of the moon is but twenty-eight days, the moon, instead of being new, was nearly as old as it could be. The blunder arose from their mistaking the word *newvieme*, ninth, for *nouvelle* or *neuve*, new."

On occasion of Dr. Johnson's publishing his pamphlet of "The False Alarm," there came out a very angry answer (by many supposed to be by Mr. Wilkes); Dr. Johnson determined on not answering it, but, in conversation with Mr. Langton, mentioned a particular or two, that if he *had* replied to it, he might perhaps have inserted.—In the Answerer's pamphlet it had been said with solemnity, "Do you consider, Sir, that a House of Commons is to the People as a Creature is to its Creator." "To this question," said Johnson, "I could have replied, that, In the first place, the idea of a CREATOR must be such as that he has a power to unmake or annihilate his creature: Then, it cannot be conceived that a creature can make laws for its CREATOR."

---

* A literary lady has favoured me with a characteristic anecdote of Richardson:—One day at his country-house at North-end, where a large company was assembled at dinner, a gentleman who was just returned from Paris, willing to please Mr. Richardson, mentioned to him a very flattering circumstance, that he had seen his Clarissa lying on the King's brother's table. Richardson, observing that part of the company were engaged in talking to each other, affected then not to attend to it. But by and by, when there was a general silence, and he thought that the flattery might be fully heard, he addressed himself to the gentleman, "*I think, Sir, you were saying something about*"—pausing in a high flutter of expectation. The gentleman provoked at his inordinate vanity, resolved not to indulge it, and with an exquisitely sly air of indifference, answered, "A mere trifle, Sir, not worth repeating." The mortification of Richardson was visible, and he did not speak ten words more the whole day.

"Depend upon it," said he, "that if a man *talks* of his misfortunes, there is something in them that is not disagreeable to him, for where there is nothing but pure misery, there never is any recourse to the mention of it."

"Many a man is mad in certain instances, and goes through life without having it perceived; for example, a madness has seized a person of supposing himself obliged literally to pray continually; had the madness turned the opposite way, and the person thought it a crime ever to pray, it might not improbably have continued unobserved."

"Supposing," said he, "a wife to be of a studious or argumentative turn, it would be very troublesome; for instance, if a woman should continually dwell upon the subject of the Arian Heresy."

"No man speaks concerning another, even suppose it be in his praise, if he thinks he does not hear him, exactly as he would if he thought he was within hearing."

"The applause of a single human being is of great consequence."—This he said to me with great earnestness of manner, very near the time of his decease, on occasion of having it desired me to read a letter addressed to him from some person in the North of England; which when I had done, and he asked me what the contents were; as I thought being particular upon it might fatigue him, it being of great length, I only told him in general that it was highly in his praise, and then he expressed himself as above.

He mentioned with an air of satisfaction what Baretti had told him; that meeting, in the course of his studying English, with an excellent paper in the Spectator, one of four that were written by the respectable Dissenting Minister Mr. Grove, of Taunton, and observing the genius and energy of mind that it exhibits, it greatly quickened his curiosity to visit our country; as he thought if such were the lighter periodical essays of our authors, their productions on more weighty occasions must be wonderful indeed!

He observed once, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, that a beggar in the street will more readily ask alms from a *man*, though there should be *no marks of wealth in his appearance, than from* even a well-dressed *woman**; which he accounted for from the greater degree of carefulness as to money that is to be found in women; saying farther upon it, that the opportunities in general that they possess of improving their condition are much fewer then men have; and adding, as he looked round the company, which consisted of men only, "there is not one of us who does not think he might be richer if he would use his endeavour."

An observation of Bathurst's may be mentioned, which Johnson repeated, appearing to acknowledge it to be well-founded, namely, It was somewhat remarkable how seldom, on occasion of coming

* Sterne is of a direct contrary opinion. See his "Sentimental Journey," Article 'The Mystery.'

into the company of any new person, one felt any wish or inclination to see him again.

Johnson thought the poems published as translations from Ossian, had so little merit, that he said, "Sir, a man might write such stuff for ever, if he would *abandon* his mind to it."

He said, "A man should pass a part of his time with the laughers, by which means any thing ridiculous or particular about him might be presented to his view, and corrected." I observed, "He must have been a bold laugher who would have ventured to tell Dr. Johnson of any of his particularities*."

Dr. Goldsmith said once to Dr. Johnson, "that he wished for some additional members to the Literary Club, to give it an agreeable variety; for," said he, "there can now be nothing new among us; we have travelled over one another's minds. Johnson seemed a little angry, and said, "Sir, you have not travelled over my mind, I promise you." Sir Joshua, however, thought Goldsmith right; observing that "when people have lived a great deal together, they know what each of them will say on every subject. A new understanding, therefore, is desirable, because though it may only furnish the same sense upon a question which would have been furnished by those with whom we are accustomed to live, yet this sense will have a different colouring; and colouring is of much effect in every thing else as well as in painting."

Johnson used to say, "that he made it a constant rule to talk as well as he could both as to sentiment and expression, by which means, what had been originally effort became familiar and easy." "The consequence of this," Sir Joshua observes, "was, that his common conversation in all companies was such as to secure him universal attention, as something above the usual colloquial style was expected."

Yet though Johnson had this habit in company, when another mode was necessary, in order to investigate truth, he could descend to a language intelligible to the meanest capacity. An instance of this was witnessed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, when they were present at an examination of a little blackguard boy, by Mr. Saunders Welch, the late Westminster Justice. Welch, who imagined that he was exalting himself in Dr. Johnson's eyes by using big words, spoke in a manner that was utterly unintelligible to the boy; Dr. Johnson, perceiving it, addressed himself to the boy, and changed the pompous phraseology into colloquial language. Sir Joshua

* I am happy, however, to mention a pleasing instance of his enduring with great gentleness to hear one of his most striking particularities pointed out: Miss Hunter, a niece of his friend Christopher Smart, when a very young girl, struck by his extraordinary motions, said to him, "Pray, Dr. Johnson, why do you make such strange gestures?"---"From bad habit," he replied; "do you, my dear, take care to guard against bad habits." This I was told by the young lady's brother at Margate.

Reynolds, who was much amused by this procedure, which seemed a kind of reversing of what might have been expected from the two men, took notice of it to Dr. Johnson as they walked away by themselves. Johnson said, that "it was continually the case; and that he was always obliged to *translate* the justice's swelling diction (smiling), so has that his meaning might be understood by the vulgar, from whom information was to be obtained."

Sir Joshua once observed to him, "that he talked above the capacity of some people with whom they had been in company together." "No matter, Sir," said Johnson, "they consider it as a compliment to be talked to as if they were wiser than they are. So true is this, Sir, that Baxter made it a rule in every sermon that he preached, to say something that was above the capacity of his audience *."

Johnson's dexterity in retort, when he seemed to be driven to an extremity by his adversary, was very remarkable. Of his power in this respect, our common friend, Mr. Windham, of Norfolk, has been pleased to furnish me with an eminent instance. However unfavourable to Scotland, he uniformly gave liberal praise to George Buchanan as a writer. In a conversation concerning the literary merits of the two countries, in which Buchanan was introduced, a Scotchman, imagining that on this ground he should have an undoubted triumph over him, exclaimed, "Ah, Dr. Johnson, what would you have said of Buchanan, had he been an Englishman?" "Why, Sir," said Johnson, after a little pause, "I should *not* have said of Buchanan had he been an *Englishman*, what I will now say of him as a *Scotchman*—that he was the only man of genius his country ever produced."

Though his usual term for conversation was *talk*, yet he made a distinction; for when he once told me that he dined the day before at a friend's house with "a very pretty company;" and I asked him if there was good conversation, he answered, "No, Sir, we had *talk* enough, but no *conversation*; there was nothing *discussed*."

Talking of the success of the Scotch in London, he imputed it in a considerable degree to their spirit of nationality. "You know, Sir," said he, "that no Scotchman publishes a book, or has a play brought upon the stage, but there are five hundred people ready to applaud him."

He said to Sir William Scott, "The age is running mad after innovation; all the business of the world is to be done in the new way; men are to be hanged in a new way; Tyburn itself is not safe from the fury of innovation." It having been argued that this was an improvement.—"No, Sir," said he eagerly, "it is *not* an

* The justness of this remark is confirmed by the following story, for which I am indebted to Lord Eliot:—A country parson, who was remarkable for quoting scraps of Latin in his sermons, having died, one of his parishioners was asked how he liked his successor: "He is a very good preacher," was his answer, "but NO LATINER."

improvement: they object that the old method drew together a number of spectators;——Sir, executions are intended to draw spectators. If they do not draw spectators, they don't answer their purpose. The old method was most satisfactory to all parties: the publick was gratified by a procession, the criminal was supported by it. Why is all this to be swept away?" I perfectly agree with Dr. Johnson upon this head, and am persuaded that executions now, the solemn procession being discontinued, have not nearly the effect which they formerly had. Magistrates both in London, and elsewhere, have, I am afraid, in this, had too much regard to their own ease.

Johnson's attention to precision and clearness of expression was very remarkable. He disapproved of parentheses; and I believe in all his voluminous writings, not half a dozen of them will be found. He never used the phrases *the former* and *the latter*, having observed that they often occasioned obscurity; he therefore contrived to construct his sentences so as not to have occasion for them, and would even rather repeat the same words, in order to avoid them. Nothing is more common than to mistake sirnames when we hear them carelessly uttered for the first time. To prevent this, he used not only to pronounce them slowly and distinctly, but to take the trouble of spelling them; a practice which I have often followed, and which I wish were general.

The heterogeneous composition of human nature was remarkably exemplified in Johnson. His liberality in giving his money to persons in distress was extraordinary. Yet there lurked about him a propensity to paltry saving. One day I owned to him that "I was occasionally troubled with a fit of *narrowness*."——"Why, Sir," said he, "so am I; *but I do not tell it.*" He has now and then borrowed a shilling of me; and when I asked it again, seemed to be rather out of humour. A droll little circumstance once occurred; as if he meant to reprimand my minute exactness as a creditor, he thus addressed me: "Boswell, *lend* me sixpence—*not to be repaid.*"

Though a stern *true-born Englishman*, and fully prejudiced against all other nations, he had discernment enough to see, and candour enough to censure, the cold reserve too common among Englishmen towards strangers: "Sir," said he, "two men of any other nation who are shewn into a room together, at a house where they are both visitors, will immediately find some conversation. But two Englishmen will probably go each to a different window, and remain in obstinate silence. Sir, we as yet do not enough understand the common rights of humanity."

Once when checking my boasting too frequently of myself in company, he said to me, "Boswell, you often vaunt so much as to provoke ridicule. You put me in mind of a man who was standing in the kitchen of an inn with his back to the fire, and thus accosted the person next to him, "Do you know, Sir, who I am?" "No, Sir," said the other, "I have not that advantage." "Sir," said he, "I am the *great Twalmley*, who invented the New Floodgate

Iron*." The Bishop of Killaloe, on my repeating the story to his Lordship, defended Twalmley, by observing, that he was entitled to the epithet of *great*; for Virgil in his group of worthies in the Elysian Fields—

Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi, &c.

Mentions

Inventus aut qui vitam excoluere per artes.

He would not allow Mr. David Hume any credit for his political principles, though similar to his own; saying to him, "Sir, he was a Tory by chance."

His acute observation of human life made him remark, "Sir, there is nothing by which man exasperates most people more, than by displaying a superior ability, or brilliancy in conversation. They seem pleased at the time, but their envy makes them curse him at their hearts."

Johnson was wont often to exercise both his pleasantry and ingenuity in talking Jacobitism. My much-respected friend Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury, has favoured me with the following admirable instance from his Lordship's own recollection:

One day when dining at old Mr. Langton's, where Miss Roberts, his niece, was one of the company, Johnson, with his usual complacent attention to the fair sex, took her by the hand, and said, "My dear, I hope you are a Jacobite." Old Mr. Langton, who, though a high and steady Tory, was attached to the present Royal Family, seemed offended, and asked Johnson with great warmth, "What he could mean by putting such a question to his niece?" "Why, Sir," said Johnson, "I mean no offence to your niece, I meant her a great compliment. A Jacobite, Sir, believes in the divine right of kings. He that believes in the divine right of kings believes in a Divinity. A Jacobite believes in the divine right of bishops. He that believes in the divine right of bishops believes in the divine authority of the Christian Religion. Therefore, Sir, a Jacobite is neither an Atheist nor a Deist. That cannot be said of a whig, *for whiggism is a negation of all principle.*" He used to tell, with great humour, from my relation to him, the following little story of my early years, which was literally true: "Boswell, in the year 1745, was a fine boy, wore a white cockade, and prayed for King James, till one of his uncles (General Cochran) gave him a shilling on condition that he should pray for King George, which he accordingly did. So you see (says Boswell) that *Whigs of all nations are made the same way.*"

---

*What the great *Twalmley* was so proud of having invented, was neither more nor less than a kind of box-iron for smoothing clothes.

[" As the Characters in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. are now exhausted, the Printer is requested to accept in future the following remarkable Characters or Anecdotes of later times.

M. R."]

PRIVATE ANECDOTES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS FRENCH CHARACTERS.

JACQUES AUGUST DE THOU.

[Born at Paris 1553, died in 1617.]

IN a journey to Languedoc in company with the M—— de Schomberg I went to see the Bishop of Mende at his country seat of Chanac. We were entertained with magnificence—we took notice that among the different sorts of game served to his table, some wanted the head, a leg, a wing, or some other part of the body, and which gave occasion to the Bishop to say in a very pleasant manner, that some allowances were to be made to the gluttony of his purveyors, who had always been in the practice of tasting every thing beforehand: we were a good deal surprised at this intelligence, but were not allowed to remain long ignorant of what we thought a riddle.—When the Bishop had informed us that these his purveyors were Eagles, we were desirous of examining things nearer hand; we found as we had been told that the eagles build their nests on the tops of inaccessible rocks. As soon as the shepherds perceive where the nests are built, they construct a small hut at the foot of the rock, where they watch unseen the eagles carrying of game to their young; when the old ones are flown away in search of more they quickly clamber up to the top of the rock, and carry away what they have brought, and in the stead leave the entrails of some beasts; all this cannot be done so expeditiously but that the young eagle has already devoured a part, which is the reason the game comes mutilated to the table, but of a flavour far superior to any thing of that kind ever bought in the market. When the young eagle becomes strong enough to fly, which happens but very slowly, because he has been deprived of his usual food, the shepherd chains him to the nest, that the old ones may continue to bring him food. This they do for some time, till at last wearied out, they fly away, and are never seen again; the shepherds then remove the young eagle and destroy the nest, for the mother will never hatch in an old one.

There happened to M. de Thou a very singular adventure in the year 1598:—there was at Saumur a mad-woman, whom this gentle-

man had never seen or heard of—this poor creature, as she was not mischievous, was allowed to run about wherever she pleased, affording great entertainment to the mob; her method at night was to creep into the first place she found open, and sleep very quietly if not disturbed. One evening she entered M. de Thou's apartment, who was sound asleep in his bed, his servants who lay in the next room having neglected to bolt his door. The mad-woman, who was well acquainted with the house, entered the apartment without the least noise, and began to undress herself by the fire; she placed her clothes on several chairs round the chimney to dry them, some wicked boys having thrown water on her; when she was undress'd to her shift, she went and lay down at the foot of the bed, and soon fell into a profound sleep; the President sometime after awaking, and feeling a heavy load on his feet, and supposing it a favourite dog he had, suddenly gave a kick, and the mad-woman fell to the ground, moaning sadly—he then found it was no dog, and could not for a long time believe that he was awake; at last, hearing the tread of feet, he drew the curtains of his bed, and as his window-shutters were not closed, he, by the light of the moon, saw a white figure walking to and fro in the apartment, but when looking toward the chimney, he perceived the ragged clothes hanging there, thought certainly some thieves had broke into the house, in order to rob him. He ask'd the woman who she was, she made answer, that "She was the queen of Heaven, that she had come from thence the evening before, and that she was to return thither again immediately:" He then by her voice knew her to be a woman, and calling his servants, ordered her to be turned out; locking his door, he returned to bed, and immediately fell asleep. The next morning he related the adventure to M—— de Schomberg, who, though exceedingly brave, frankly confessed, he would have been greatly terrified. Schomberg told the king of it, who said the same thing.

Monsieur de Thou, son to the President, being sent as ambassador to King James the First of England, the king said to him, "What, are you the son of that pedant, who in his history, has taken such liberties with the character of my mother*, and have you the boldness to present yourself to me?——"

CARDINAL DU PERRON.

THIS Cardinal had so great an ascendant on the mind of Pope Paul the Vth, that his Holiness used to say, let us pray to God, that he may inspire Cardinal du Perron, for he will persuade us whatever he pleases.—The Cardinal was a great speaker; when he began a subject there was no end; when his valet-de-chambre heard him open, he took his cloak, and said to his fellow-servants *andiamo ab - - -* meaning that they might go and solace for three or four hours, for he was certain, they would not be wanted sooner.

* Mary queen of Scots.

The Cardinal's house, belonging to the parish of St. Paul, at Paris, he sent one of his gentlemen to the Curate of that parish, with orders to come to him on affairs of consequence—the Curate answered "Very well," but did not go. The Cardinal waited a long time, sent to him again—the Curate answered as before; Du Perron, greatly irritated at the unpoliteness of the Curate, sent him a third messenger, who had orders to say that the Cardinal was much offended at his want of respect, and desired he would come without delay, or else he would have reason to repent it.—The Curate coldly answered the messenger, "Tell my Lord Cardinal, that he is Curate at Rome, as I am in Paris; that I am not in his parish, but he is in mine." The Cardinal hearing this bold answer, said, "He is right, I am his parishioner, 'tis my duty to wait on him;" and immediately he set out. As soon as the Curate perceived him from his window he ran into the street to meet him—the Cardinal embraced him, and gave him his esteem and friendship.

One day in dispute with Servin, advocate-general, he accused him of ignorance and stupidity "It is true, my lord," answered Servin, "I have not eloquence or wisdom sufficient to prove that there is no God;"—the Cardinal was struck dumb, and appeared greatly confused. That the reader may understand the meaning of this answer, it is necessary to relate, that the Cardinal at a certain time, in conference with Henry III. had the boldness to tell him that he had now convinced him there is a God, but to-morrow, if your Majesty will please to give me audience, I will prove that there is none at all—which speech inspired the king with such horror against the audacious wretch, that he banished him his presence for ever.

FRANCOIS MALHERBE.

HENRY IV. asked the Cardinal Du Perron, one day, how it came he had given over making verses—"Nobody, an't please your Majesty, after Malherbe, should attempt any such thing; that gentleman has brought poetry to the highest pitch of perfection. On the Cardinal's recommendation Malherbe came to Paris, where he remained during his whole life without once returning to the country again; he would have been the delight of town and court had his conversation been more agreeable: he spoke but little it is true, but every word was a stab. One of his nephews came to see him on his return from college, Malherbe put an Ovid into his hand; the young man was much at a loss, and did nothing but stammer; the uncle said, "I would advise you to go into the army; be valiant; you will never be good for any thing else." His son being killed in a duel by Despilas, he sent him a challenge, and upon his friends representing the ridicule of a man of 73 fighting another of 25—"On that very account," replied he, "have I challenged him. Do n't you see, that I only venture a sixpence to a louis d'or?"

A provincial poet entreated him to correct an Ode he had made for the king, and left it with him for that purpose—when he came again to demand it, Malherbe told him that there were but two words wanting; the poet begged he would do him the honour to insert them himself: he took his pen and wrote under the title—

ODE AU ROI,

Pour torcher *.

He then folded the paper, and returned it to the poet, who gave him a million of thanks, and took his leave without knowing what he had writ.

One of his friends complained to him, that all rewards and pensions were for those who served the king at court, and in his armies—and that men of letters were entirely neglected; he answered, that he thought government acted very prudently, for that a good poet was of as little use to the state as a good skittle player.

His manner of correcting his servant for a fault was very pleasant, —he allowed him ten sous † a day for his diet, which in those times was a great deal, and twenty ecus § annual wages.—He remonstrated in these terms—"My friend, when you offend your master, you offend God; and when you offend God, an absolution for the sin is necessary, which is by fasting and giving charity; for which reason I will deduct five sous of your allowance, and give it to the poor in your name." Never man spoke his thoughts in a more free manner.

The Archbishop of Rouen had asked him to be present at a sermon he was to give them in the afternoon; Malherbe fell asleep; when the company rose from table, the Bishop waked him, and told him it was time to go to church—Malherbe begg'd he would excuse him, he could sleep as well without it. One evening as he was returning late to his bed, he met with a gentleman, who had been waiting for him a considerable time in his apartment, to acquaint him with some news of very little consequence—he cut him short with these words, good night, sir, "Good night, you put me to the expence of two pence for light, and all you have been saying is not worth a farthing." Going to visit a counsellor of the parliament, he found him in tears, and asked the cause of his affliction—"Cause enough," answered the magistrate, "we have lost two Princes of the Blood by the miscarriage of the mother."—"Sir," replied Malherbe, "that ought not to afflict you in France you will never want for masters."—Malherbe had a great contempt for men in general—reading one day in Genesis, of Cain and Abel—"A very pretty story truly," says he, "there were but four people in the world, and one of them goes and kills his brother." There were several odd circum-

* Fit paper for the Temple of Cloacina.

† Five pence English.----§ Two pounds ten shillings.

stances remarkable in the behaviour of Malherbe, and which were forgiven him on account of his great merit.—He was but indifferently lodged, and had but seven or eight matted chairs; was much visited by persons of the first distinction: when the chairs were all filled he bolted his door in the inside, and if any body knock'd, cried out, to them, "Stay, stay, the chairs are all taken up." The circumstances of his death have shewn that he had very little, or no religion at all; it was with difficulty they could prevail on him to confess, he said "He was never accustomed to it, except at Easter."—The person who determined him to it at last was Yvrand his pupil; to persuade him he told him, that as he had made profession of living like other men, it was his duty to die like them."—"Malherbe answered, I believe you are in the right," and immediately ordered the vicar of his parish to be sent for; it is said, that an hour before his death, after having been at least two in mortal agonies, he suddenly wakened and reprimanded the woman of the house, who served him as a nurse, for making use of a word that was not good French, his confessor reproved him for it; he said he could not help it, and that he was determined to the last moment of his life to defend the purity of the French language; they also say, that his confessor representing to him the happiness of the next world, in low mean expressions, asked him, "Whether he did not feel a very great desire to enjoy that felicity"—Malherbe answered, "Don't talk to me about it, your bad stile gives me a disgust against it."

THEODORE AGRIPPA D'AUBIGNE.

D'AUBIGNE was son to an Officer, who commanded the army of the Calvinists, during the religious wars at Orleans; on his return from Guienne (where he had been obliged to remain a considerable time on account of settling affairs for the party he had embraced), he found his son had led a very disorderly and licentious life; in order to punish him for his misdeeds, and to correct him for the future, he sent him a very coarse suit of clothes, such as the peasants wear in the country, and had him conducted through all the shops in towns, that he might choose whatever trade he liked best;—the young man took this affront so much to heart, that he was attacked by a violent and dangerous fever, of which it was thought he would have died. He was no sooner recovered, and able to leave his apartment, than he went to his father and begged his pardon in so moving a manner, that he drew tears from the eyes of every one present, his father not excepted, who immediately embraced and forgave him; about a year after his father died, and his guardian finding him determined to study no longer, but to embrace a military life, put him in prison; for fear of an escape the young gentleman's clothes were taken away every night when he went to bed. Some of his military friends acquainted him, they were going to set out for the army; on hearing this, it being the height of summer, he made a shift to fasten the sheets of his bed to an iron

bolt in the window, and in that condition, nothing on but his shirt, slipped down and joined them on the road. Their company having met some of the catholic party, attacked and defeated them in a few minutes; Daubigné was slightly wounded, but refused the offer of a coat, and arrived in that manner at the place of rendezvous;—the commanding officer on hearing his story was much pleased, and ordered him clothes, arms, and money. D'Aubigné was too proud to accept an obligation from any man without an acknowledgement, therefore gave the commandant a receipt for what he had received, with the following words at the bottom, "On condition that I shall not accuse the war as the cause of my being stripped, not being able to retire from it in a worse condition than when I entered."

One day as D'Aubigné was relating to M. de Taley the many misfortunes he had undergone, this gentleman interrupted him, saying, "You are in possession of many valuable papers relating to the Chancellor de l'Hopital, who lives at present very retired at his country seat, near d'Estampes, having quitted all public business; if you please I will dispatch a messenger to him, to acquaint him that those papers are in your hands; I will engage you shall receive ten thousand ecus* for them, either from him, or from others, who would be glad of that opportunity to ruin the Chancellor." D'Aubigné, on hearing this, ran on the instant to fetch the papers, and in the presence of M. de Taley threw them into the fire, saying, "*I might* possibly some day or other have yielded to the temptation, therefore I burned them, for fear they might in the end have burned me." M. de Taley was lost in wonder at the generous action, said nothing, and retired; the next day he returned, and took D'Aubigné by the hand, saying, "Though you have disguised your sentiments from me, yet I am not altogether so short-sighted, but that I can easily see your inclinations to my daughter—you must know that she has many lovers, far superior to you in riches (though not in merit) but those papers you burned yesterday, for fear they should burn you, have determined me to accept of you for my son-in-law, and my daughter has given her consent;"—this declaration was entirely unexpected by D'Aubigné, and received with the greatest transports of joy; the match was soon after concluded.

Henry IV. having employ'd D'Aubigné in several provinces, in matters relating to the crown, gave him no other reward for his abour than his picture; at the bottom he pasted the following lines wrote on a slip of paper:

Ce prince est d'etrange nature,
Je ne sai qui diable la fait;
Il recompense in peinture,
Cena qui le servent en effet†.

* About twelve hundred, and fifty pounds.

† To put these in English verse might easily be done, but as they would lose much of their original beauty, I will therefore set down their meaning in prose: "This prince is of a strange humour, I know not who the devil has made him: he rewards in painting those who serve him in reality."



Lacey Sculpt.

Printed & Published by I. M. Burney, Newcastle Street, Strand Dec.r 1793.

D' Aubigne, on this account and many others, was not at all pleased with the king, and thereupon retired from court. The king, persuaded that he had lost a faithful servant, wrote him several letters to recall him, all which he burned without taking the least notice of their contents; but when he heard that the king (on a false report of his having been made prisoner in an enterprize against Limoges) had laid aside some diamond rings belonging to the queen, in order to pay his ransom, he was so touched with this act of generosity, that he immediately returned to court, and threw himself at the king's feet, imploring his pardon.

HOPE.

[WITH AN ELEGANT ENGRAVING.]

HOPE, of all ills that Men endure
The only cheap and universal cure!
Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's health!
Thou loser's victory, and thou beggar's wealth! COWLEY.

IT is astonishing that man, the most noble being of the Creation, should have so many imperfections as we find him surrounded with. It seems that there is always something that he wants, since no moment in life passes without some desires. Every thing he sees, every thing he hears, and every thing he thinks of, excites in his heart so many passions as nothing can extinguish, and which it is almost impossible for him to gratify; his weakness cannot answer to the vivacity of his imagination, nor can his imagination furnish the means of satisfying itself; an eternal uneasiness devours him, which nothing but HOPE can satisfy.

Though frequently unhappy in his projects, yet man is very eagerly bent upon them; and even the misfortune of having failed therein does for the most part serve him as a fresh motive to prosecute them. This thirst, which he cannot quench, and which incessantly burns within him; these desires always insatiable, and which he is never sure of satisfying, would be to him, no doubt, a terrible punishment, without the hope of success, with which he flatters himself, and which at least renders him happy by the idea he forms to himself, that he cannot fail of being so.

In fact, HOPE never leads him but through agreeable roads, even to the farther end, where it is forced to leave him; it alone has the power of taking from him the sense of the present, when it is unpleasing, and of anticipating as present the happy time to come, where it proposes to arrive. How distant soever the pleasing object be, HOPE brings it nigh; so that we enjoy a happiness while we hope for it: if we miss it, we still hope for it; if we come to possess it, we promise ourselves we shall always do so.

Happy or unhappy, HOPE supports and animates us; and such is the instability of human affairs, that even HOPE itself justifies projects the most adventurous, since, by continual vicissitudes of good and bad fortune, we have no more reason to fear what we hate, than to hope for what we desire.

May not we say truly, that HOPE is to us like a second life, which sweetens the bitterness of that which we enjoy from the hands of our Creator? But farther it is the soul of the universe, and a spring the most powerful to maintain the harmony thereof.

It is by HOPE that the whole world governs itself. Would laws be enacted, if mankind did not hope a wise policy from them? Should we see obedient subjects, if each individual did not by his submission flatter himself to contribute to the happiness of his country? What should become of the arts, and how useless would they be reckoned, without the hopes of the good effects the world must reap from them? Would not the sciences be neglected? Would not talents be uncultivated, and the most happy genius's sink to a brutal rudeness, without the flattering hopes of a surer and a more refined taste in every thing that it concerns us to know?

If you ask the soldier, what makes him expose himself so often to the hazards of days, which he might render less perilous, or more easy? He will tell you, that it is the hope of glory, which he prefers to the melancholy softness of a life spent in an obscure languor. The merchant traverses the seas, but he hopes to indemnify himself by his riches for the fears which he has undergone amidst the storms and the rocks. The husbandman, bent down upon his plough, waters the ground with his sweat; but this very ground is to feed him; and he would give himself no trouble to cultivate it, if he did not certainly expect the reward of his labours.

Whatever be our undertaking, HOPE is the motive to them; it is the fore-taste of our success, and is, at least, for some time, a real blessing in default of that which escapes us. It is an anticipated joy, which is sometimes delusive; but which, while it lasts, affords a pleasure that is no ways inferior to the enjoyment of that which we promise ourselves, and which often effaces the memory of all the sweets we have already tasted in the most happy situation.

And how could we quietly enjoy life, if we did not live from one day to another in hopes of prolonging it? There are none, down to sick persons, even in the most desperate cases, that are not shocked at the approach of death, and who have not hopes of recovery almost in the very moment they are expiring. We even carry our hopes beyond the grave; and at the time when we are endeavouring to render ourselves immortal among mankind, full of this flattering idea, we are the more disposed to lose ourselves irrecoverably in the abyss of eternity.



Lemey, Sculp.

James Heseltine Esqr.

Gr. Treasurer and P. S. G. W.

From an Original Painting.

Printed & Published by J. H. Bunney, Newcastle Street, Strand, Dec.r 1793.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

JAMES HESELTINE, ESQ. G.T.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

BIOGRAPHY is applied to its best use, when it is employed in recording characters distinguished by merits of the moral as well as intellectual kind. Upon this principle, there are few persons of the present time equally entitled to the attention of the impartial Biographer with the subject of our immediate notice, though others naturally attract more curiosity, because they perform higher parts on the theatre of public life.

JAMES HESELTINE, Esq. as we are informed by several of his friends, for, as he is really to be ranked among those who

"Do good by stealth and *blush* to find it *fame*,"

it was vain to expect any information from himself, was born about the year 1745, at WINSLEYDALE, in the county of York. His family has long been distinguished for worth and independence in the middle walks of life. His ancestors for a considerable time have been known as a manly race of yeomanry, possessing good property in Yorkshire.

Mr. HESELTINE laid the basis of a good education at a respectable academy in the neighbourhood, and made a tolerable proficiency in the classics, but being early destined for the profession in which he has so worthily distinguished himself, he did not, as far as we can learn, take any University degree; a circumstance indeed wholly unnecessary in the province for which his friends designed him.

Mr. HESELTINE obtained his professional knowledge in the office of PHILIP CHAMPION CRESPIGNY, Esq. late KING'S PROCTOR, and Member for Sudbury. Upon the resignation of Mr. Crespigny, in May 1783, Mr. HESELTINE'S merit was so conspicuous in his profession, that he had the honour to be appointed successor to that respectable office. In the line of his employment Mr. HESELTINE is universally esteemed for dispatch, ability, and rectitude. Independent of the professional rank he possesses, no one is more respected, and in that rank, no one, we believe, is equally successful. By the fair efforts of his own talents, industry, and prudence, he has raised a considerable fortune, which he enjoys with as much spirit and hospitality as he acquired it by diligence and integrity.

In private life, his placid temper, courteous deportment, manly sense, and general knowledge, have enabled him to form connections with persons of the highest rank, who appear to think him as

much entitled to regard by the dignity of his character, as by the independence of his condition.

In a work of the present kind, Mr. HESELTINE comes chiefly under our notice in his Masonic capacity, but we could not deny ourselves the pleasure of doing justice to private worth, particularly as what we have stated is merely a record of that testimony which all who know him readily deliver in his favour whenever his name is mentioned.

Mr. HESELTINE, we understand, married about the year 1776, Frances, one of the daughters and co-heiresses of ROGER ALTHAM, Esq. of Islington, deceased. Mrs. HESELTINE, according to report, is possessed of such domestic virtues as give her a full claim to so valuable a husband. By this lady Mr. HESELTINE has had a son and a daughter, whose merits afford an ample recompence for the parental tenderness and attention which they have experienced. The son, Mr. James Altham Heseltine has, we are informed, just entered into University College, Oxford.

We sincerely hope that Mr. HESELTINE will long enjoy the affluence his abilities have obtained, and long gratify the numerous friends whom his merits have so deservedly procured, and that when he pays the last aweful debt, he may be cheered by the conviction that he leaves his offspring the inheritors of his virtues as well as his possessions.

It now remains that we notice Mr. HESELTINE in his MASONIC CHARACTER. He was, we find, first acquainted with the mysteries of Masonry in July 1764, by dispensation from the GRAND MASTER, being then only in the nineteenth year of his age. He served the office of GRAND STEWARD 1767, and was made GRAND SECRETARY 1769. In 1780, Mr. WHITE was joined with him in the office of Secretary. Mr. HESELTINE resigned the Secretaryship in 1784, and was in 1785 appointed SENIOR GRAND WARDEN; and in 1786 was made GRAND TREASURER, which office he at present holds, and which he has exercised in a manner highly honourable to himself and advantageous to the Society. Mr. HESELTINE has been Master of the *Lodge of Antiquity*, No. I. Of the *Somerset House Lodge*, No. II. He has served all the principal offices in the degree of *Royal Arch Masons*, and has in every situation distinguished himself by affability, good sense and zeal for the honor of the Fraternity.

There are few gentlemen who have more numerous connections than Mr. HESELTINE, and whether we view him in his professional capacity, in the province of Masonry, or in the wide sphere of moral action, honor, humanity, and judgment seem to be the essential features of his character.

It may not be improper to add, in order to obviate that malignity to which the best characters are exposed, that the author of this article is not personally acquainted with the meritorious individual to whom it relates.

HATTON GARDEN, T.
Nov. 28.

TO THE

PRINTER OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

OBSERVING in your valuable Miscellany that you very properly preserve the Addresses from our FRATERNITY, to the Sovereign, and Prince of Wales (our beloved Grand Master), has induced me to send you the enclosed, from the Freemasons in the County of LINCOLN, as presented to the Prince by the Reverend WILLIAM PETERS, Provincial Grand Master, over the Lodges in Lincolnshire, and Deputy Provincial Grand Master for Nottinghamshire, and Leicestershire in a COLUMN OF HEART OF OAK, of the Doric Order.

I am, Sir,

GAINSBOROUGH, Nov. 21, 1793.

A well-wisher of your Plan, and a Brother.



TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES, &c.

GRAND MASTER *of* MASONS.

THE HUMBLE ADDRESS OF THE MOST ANTIENT AND HONOURABLE SOCIETY OF

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS,

RESIDENT IN THE COUNTY OF LINCOLN.

In GRAND LODGE assembled.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,

WE, the Provincial Grand Master, Deputy Grand Master, Grand Wardens, and Brethren of the most antient and honourable Society of Free and Accepted Masons, in the County of Lincoln, in Grand Lodge assembled, Do humbly beg leave to approach your Royal Highness with our unfeigned thanks for the great honour you have done the CRAFT, by graciously condescending to accept the Chair as GRAND MASTER. It is an Æra which will ever be recorded in the future annals of MASONRY with exultation and gratitude; and we embrace with joy this opportunity of

our first meeting together in Grand Lodge to express our unshaken Loyalty to our King, Duty to your Royal Highness, and firm Attachment to that Constitution and form of Government, by which we are enabled through every part of the Globe, to meet each other free and uninterrupted, and in the fullest extent to pursue the great objects of MASONRY, in promoting and diffusing among men, Universal Charity, Brotherly Love, and Peace. These are the leading principles of our hearts, and will ever be the great rule of our actions —and by a due submission, and ready obedience to the Laws of our country, to testify to the world, that we are men, neither insensible of, nor ungrateful for the invaluable blessing of Liberty, so essential to MASONRY, which we Britons at this moment enjoy, in a far more enviable degree, than is known to any other of our fellow-creatures under the canopy of Heaven.

That our Almighty Creator the Great Architect of the Universe may ever preserve you in his holy keeping, is the heartfelt prayer of us, and of all true Masons.

GRANTHAM,
June 21, 1792.

Signed, in the Name of, and by desire of the
Provincial Grand Lodge,

WILLIAM PETERS, *P. G. M.*
(Chaplain to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.)
JOHN DODDWORTH, M.D. & *D.P.G.M.*
MATTHEW BARNETT, *S. G. W.*
GERVAS PARNELL, *J. G. W.*

OF MAN's HAPPINESS.

GOOD and bad, affluence and want, felicity and misfortune, are great or little, just as we suit ourselves to them. He is the richest man who desires no superfluity, and wants for no necessary. The discontented rich are poor, and an opulent miser may live worse than a beggar. Fortune, in itself, is neither good nor bad, but as we comport with it; and in this sense, every man makes his own fortune.—Misfortunes touch not him whose mind is superior to them. It is always a comfort and an honour to meet misfortunes bravely, for no man can prove his courage but by trial. Contentment is as often to be found in the cottage as in the palace. To check and restrain all such inclinations as tend to impair and destroy the body, wound the mind, and bring misery upon man, is a duty indispensible to our happiness; in other respects it is best to follow nature. If Diogenes lived content in his tub, he was as happy as Alexander. Equal content will render men equally happy in the different situations of life.

A TALE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

OF all the afflictions of Heaven, said Maria, the loss of our senses is the greatest: I should not wish to survive my reason. What a noble charity is that in Moorfields! But God forbid, replied I, that either of us, or any of our friends, should be one of its inhabitants.

We were deeply engaged on the subject, and the melancholy scene, with which my curiosity had been gratified in town, seemed actually before me, when, on a sudden, I heard the shrill voice of an old man, followed by a mob of children, who seemed no less diverted with his figure and gestures, than his uncommon expressions. "O! my poor Ass! my dear dear Job is taken from me! Wasn't it a shame, Sir, (approaching to the window, as he saw us, with a modest bow to me, and kissing his hand several times to Maria; with such an inexpressible look of tenderness and gratitude, as instantly made my heart listen to his tale) wasn't it a shame (repeating his words) to rob a poor man of his only ass, which I brought up from the very hour it was foaled, and fed with my own hand; and it would follow me, and fawn upon me, and love me; and do all, but speak—was'nt it a shame to steal it? Alas! poor Job (fetching a deep sigh, as if from the very bottom of his soul), many's the day, Sir, we have travelled together, and he would carry poor George safe in the heat of summer, and the cold of winter; and when we came home, tired and fatigued with our journey, he would eat of my bread, and drink of my cup, and play with us, and sleep under the same roof, and be as one of my children: but now, alas! (wringing his hands like one in despair) my poor Job is gone and lost for ever! I hope not, friend. O yes, Sir, and poor George would have gone too, if it had not been for that dear lady, God bless her (at this instant he again kissed his hand to Maria, with a look that spoke more than ten thousand tongues could utter, and lifting up his eyes seemed for a moment lost in prayer, and then added). But she will have her reward in Heaven."

At these words I observed Maria melted with tenderness, and endeavouring to conceal a tear. My heart too sunk within me, and I was almost lost in sympathy; when the old man recovering from his apostrophe, modestly begged pardon for his intrusion, and retired, as he had advanced, with a bow to me, smiling, and kissing his hand to Maria.

There was something wonderfully interesting in his manner. Surely, said I to myself, following Cracky with my eye, which seemed to dwell, with I know not what kind of melancholy pleasure, on his figure, mien, and gestures——

He was a short man, of good features, well made, of a mild, simple countenance, that betrayed a simplicity and innocence, to which silver locks, with a head half bald, gave a tender respectability, calculated to thaw a stoic's indifference into pity, and melt the feeling heart into all the gentle afflictions of nature——

Surely there must be truth in this extraordinary tale, for truth may exist even in madness. He calls Maria to witness, added I loud enough to be heard—Heaven be his witness! (cried she instantly with some warmth)—and you, Maria, his friend—you, it seems, can unfold this tale. In the name of goodness let me hear it!

Maria was too polite to be importuned, and, perceiving that I did not mean to ask an impertinent question, told me the whole story with the most unaffected simplicity.

The story of George, commonly called Cracky, and his Ass.—This poor man, Sir, is an object truly worthy of compassion, from the infirmities both of nature and condition, which have made him an easy prey to the arts of wicked men, practised upon the weakness of his understanding, and the helplessness of poverty. These defects, however, were supplied by honesty and industry, that gained him a livelihood by means of this favourite ass, whom he now laments; which, with a wife and family that loved him, was all the riches poor George possessed—except one good friend (said I, looking at Maria) that inestimable pearl, of which, alas! too frequently, we must be deprived to know its real value. Himself (resumed Maria) has told you the value of his ass, and sorry indeed am I that I have nothing to add but the loss of it. It was stolen from him one night by some unfeeling villains, whilst poor Cracky mourned, as a mother for the loss of her child. It affected him so much, that it quite broke his heart, so that he became insensible to every other object, and will now often burst into tears, and in a kind of delirium cry, "Pray give me my ass—he is the only friend poor George has in the world—pray give me my ass;" whilst his children flock about their aged father, and lisp out, Don't cry daddy—Job was good—God will take care of Job—perhaps he'll send him back again; No, my dears, never, waving his hand, as if, like Rachel, he would not be comforted for his beast, because to him—he was not.

He was weeping in this manner one day, and his children were tenderly administering the flattering comfort of Job's return, when a collier came to the door of his cottage, and amongst the rest of his beasts was an ass very heavy laden—it was the very ass George had lost. The instant Cracky saw it, like the father on the sight of his prodigal son, he fell on his neck and kissed it; he knew it to be the friend of his bosom, whilst the poor dumb creature's sensibility seemed to rejoice at finding himself once more in the embraces of his old master.

The man's mad, said the collier—"I should like to be thus mad (cried I) on the unexpected return of a * long-lost brother. Have

* This is actually fact. The Author has lost a brother abroad, who has not been heard of for many years.

you then lost a brother? (replied Maria, starting with a surprize that intimated a tender degree of sympathy); I hope not, Maria, alive or dead God bless him! perhaps he yet lives to bless a mother's arms before she dies—but go on with your story."

The man is mad (said the collier) while poor George was lost in the embraces of his ass, which followed him, of its own accord, into his well-known cot, where his children were climbing up for joy, as if on their father's 'knees the envied kiss to share,' and crying out, I told you, daddy, God would send poor Job back again safe. By the interference of his wife, claiming their affectionate animal, it was agreed, that the ass should be let loose in the middle of the market place, and, if he went to Cracky's house, should be given up to him, as the owner. The ass was accordingly let loose, and instantly went, as if by instinct, where he had so often been before, to Cracky's humble shed.

If ever there was a heartfelt joy, * unalloyed for the moment, 'twas then—poor George fancied himself in Heaven; but his joy was only the fleeting shadow of a moment—it was soon to be turned into sorrow. The avaricious collier, with a surly look, again forced away the ass, and not content with rapine and oppression, sought the means of injustice. A warrant is actually obtained against this poor helpless wretch, for decoying the collier's ass with an intent to defraud him of his property. Good God (exclaimed I) is it possible? is this the spirit of the law of England? No, replied Maria, don't let the warmth of your feelings betray your judgement; 'tis only bad men are for a moment suffered to pervert the letter of the law, to be openly condemned by the spirit. The warrant was issued, and the servile wretch of a bailiff, who was Cracky's enemy, was seeking this poor object of distress, who was then happily in a place of security, to carry him to prison. And where was the generous retreat? In the lawn of Charity (replied Maria) where I happened to be when this fellow demanded of me the person of George, to take him to gaol for stealing an ass. He shall not go, said I, hastily, and from I know not what sudden impulse, snatched the fatal paper out of his hand: "By Heavens he sha'n't go—it is his own ass—why must he go? He has no money, answered the bailiff. Then I'll be poor, before George shall go to prison—there's † your fees—get along about your business—he sha'n't go," (Cracky is right, said I to myself, Maria shall have her reward in Heaven) and so by the help of the good lady of the lawn, we saved poor George from the horrors of a gaol, and the oppression of this tyrannical collier. But the ass was irretrievably lost, though we endeavoured to comfort poor George as well as we could, but all in vain;

* I prefer this way of spelling to *allayed*, for many reasons.

† I am aware of the false concord, but in speaking hastily, as was the fact told me by Maria herself, we are not apt to think of propriety of speech; and every word here was taken from her own mouth, as herself uttered them in the haste of the moment.

he did nothing but cry like a child. And who is this lady of the lawn, who lives in this paradise of charity? Her name (said Maria) is better recorded by her actions than the splendor of her family, though the * name of Falconberg is lisped by every child in all the neighbouring villages; but if you will take a walk with me on the lawn, I will there shew you some few of the objects of her's and her lord's charity.

Maria was as good as her word, and presented to my enraptured view a scene, which fancy is more equal to than description: a set of invalids and cripples mowing, or rather attempting to mow, the lawn, evidently employed only on the purest motives of charity. The cheerfulness of their looks, and the smile on their countenances, bespoke at once content and gratitude. Their happiness and security in this garden of Eden, said my fair conductress, gives no less pleasure to themselves, than the most heart-felt satisfaction to their generous benefactor and patron, the Earl of Falconberg, whose goodness supplies their necessities, and administers to their comfort, whilst his modesty blushes to find it fame. But where is Cracky, said I to one of the old men, as he was whetting his scythe against his left arm, which was broken, like a Chelsea pensioner shouldering his musquet: O, Sir, his wife has just fetched him home to dinner. Ay, your honor, she's a good wife: poor Cracky can't take care of himself ever since he lost his ass, though my lady there (pointing and bowing respectfully to Maria) bought him another, and gave him new panniers, and every thing (she will certainly, thought I, as Cracky said, be rewarded hereafter), but George shakes his head, and says, "*it isn't his own ass, 'tisn't like my Job,*" and when he thinks of it, your honor, he will burst into tears, and then his wife takes him home, and comforts him, and kisses the tears off her husband's cheek: I could love Cracky's wife myself; O! but that must not be, said Maria, gravely: but I may pray for her, cried the old man, smiling; certainly, replied I; and what blessing will you pray for? that Cracky may recover his senses, your honour. Ay, neighbour, cried a cripple who stood next to him, so say I—*God save the King!* †

Maria and I felt the whole force of the old man's prayer, and at the same instant both of us answered—Amen. And immediately, without taking leave of each other, for there are moments when Dame Nature turns Ceremony out of door, we retired separately to converse with reflection in the secret chambers of the heart.

---

* I see no reason for concealing the name of the author of any good action, but, Mr. Printer, you may use your pleasure.

† This was written just after his Majesty's happy recovery.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS,
November 20.

EDWIN.

FOR THE FREEMASON's MAGAZINE.

ON THE

STUDY OF THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Content of spirit must from science flow;
For 'tis a godlike attribute to know. PRIOR.

THE desire of knowledge is planted in every human breast, it is as natural to us as reason; it exerts itself with force and vivacity through every stage of life, and the mind seizes, with a peculiar eagerness, on every object presented to it. And were the mind employed upon subjects equally qualified to fill it with pleasure and instructive ideas, we might receive all the benefits this happy disposition is able to produce.

This double advantage is to be attained in full perfection by the study of the sciences; they are fully qualified to please and instruct, because they abound with harmony and contrivance. They effectually exercise, not vainly delude, nor vexatiously torment the mind with obscure subtilties, perplexed difficulties, or contentious disquisitions; but conquer without opposition, triumph without pomp, compel without force, and rule absolutely without the loss of liberty. The sciences being founded on unshaken principles, and agreeable to experience, are the fruitful parents of all arts, and the inexhaustible fountain of advantage to human affairs. Hence it is that we derive the principal delights of life, securities of health, increase of fortune, and conveniencies of labour: That we dwell elegantly and commodiously, build decent houses for ourselves, erect stately temples to God, and leave wonderful monuments to posterity: That we are protected by ramparts from the incursions of the enemy, rightly use arms, artfully manage war, and skilfully range an army: That we have safe traffic through the deceitful billows, pass in a direct road through the pathless ocean, and arrive at the desired ports, by the uncertain impulse of the wind: That we rightly cast up our accounts, do business expeditiously, calculate scattered ranks of numbers, and easily compute them, though expressive of hills of sand, nay immense mountains of atoms: That we make pacific separations of the boundaries of lands, examine the momentums of weight in an equal balance, and distribute to every one his own by a just measure: That with a light touch we thrust forward bodies, and stop huge resistances with a very small force: That we accurately delineate the face of this earthly orb, and subject the oeconomy of the universe to our sight: That we aptly digest the flowing series of time, distinguish what is acted by due in-

tervals, rightly account and discern the various returns of the seasons, the stated periods of the years and months, the alternate augmentations of days and nights, the doubtful limits of light and shadow, and the exact difference of hours and minutes: That we derive the virtue of the sun's rays to our uses, infinitely extend the sphere of sight, enlarge the real appearances of things, bring remote objects near, discover hidden causes, trace Nature through her obscure labyrinths, and display her secret mysteries: That we delight our eyes with beautiful images, delineate the works of nature, and even form to ourselves things not in being: That we approach and examine the inaccessible seats of the clouds, distant tracts of land, unfrequented paths of the sea, aspiring tops of the mountains, profound bottoms of vallies, and deep gulphs of the ocean: That we scale the etherial towers, freely range among the celestial fields, measure the magnitudes, and determine the interstices of the stars, prescribe inviolable laws to the spheres themselves, and contain the wandering circuit of the stars within certain limits: Lastly, that we comprehend the huge fabric of the universe, admire and contemplate the wonderful beauty of the divine workmanship, and so learn the incredible force and sagacity of our own minds by certain experiments, as to acknowledge the blessings of heaven with a warm and pious affection.

Such are the general advantages which result from a knowledge of the arts and sciences.

THE

CRUELTY OF A FATHER.

A TRUE STORY.

FROM THE ARABIC OF ADJAAIB MOUASER, AN EASTERN HISTORIAN.

A Merchant, by name Kebal, had married a young, rich, and amiable wife. Though the Mohammedan law authorises polygamy, this imperious wife would divide neither the heart nor bed of her husband. Kebal, of few aspiring views, having subjected himself to the matrimonial yoke, contracted an habitual dread of his wife, to whom he was indebted for his fortune; and his timidity induced him even to renounce, in her favour, the privilege allowed him by the law, having sworn to her an inviolable fidelity. At a distance from his wife, he soon forgot the oath and protestations he had made to her.

The business of his traffic having obliged him to take a journey, he was smitten with the charms of a young slave, whom he purchased for five hundred sequins. At nine months end the slave

brought forth a child, whose birth, far from giving joy to the father, filled him with terrible apprehensions.

Kebal, who wanted to keep peace at home, made no difficulty of securing it by a crime. His wife, whom he had forgot in the heat of tumultuous passion, then occurred to his mind, and the fear of a jealous woman made him divest himself of every sentiment of humanity. He began by sacrificing to his quiet the unfortunate object of his amours. After destroying the mother, the same intention was resolved for the son; but the voice of Nature made itself to be heard within him, in spite of his horrid purpose, and stopped short his arm. To keep himself from shedding his own blood, he at length thought it adviseable, to take the child with him into a desart, persuaded that the innocent victim would soon perish in it. But Providence, that watched over the preservation of his life, conducted a shepherd to the place where he was exposed. His beauty, his cries, his forlorn state, moved the heart of the poor shepherd to pity his distress, and he carried him to his hut. His wife, as compassionate as himself, very willingly took upon her the care of the child, and assigned him a she-goat for his wet-nurse. He was already four years old, when Kebal on a journey halted in the village where this shepherd lived, and took up his lodging with him. He took notice of his son, whom he was far from knowing; but whether he was struck with the child's beauty, or whether Nature spoke to him in his favour, he felt strong emotions at sight of him, and asked the shepherd if he was his father.

How great was Kebal's surprise, when the shepherd related to him how he had found the child! it was his own son; he could not help knowing him to be such by the circumstances of time and place; but to the sympathy that first affected him soon succeeded sentiments of violent hatred: Yet, dissembling, he pretended that the child's charms were very engaging to him, and pressed the shepherd to sell him, offering fifty sequins for him.

The shepherd's poverty, his friendship for the child, and the certainty of his being more happy in the hands of a rich man, than his own, induced him to consent to the proposal. He was far from suspecting the design that had been already meditated against him.

Kebal had him no sooner at his disposal, than he hurried away and took him to the sea shore. There the beauty of this young child, his innocence, his tender endearments, his cries, his tears, nothing could bend the atrocious soul of Kebal. He seizes his son, sews him up in a bag of leather, and casts him into the sea, sure that now he would not escape death. But propitious Heaven had otherwise ordered it. The bag gave immediately into the nets of a fisherman, who fortunately hauled him out that very instant.

The astonished fisherman opens the bag, and, seeing in it a child, who still could breathe a little, suspended it by the feet, and, after bringing it to life, carried it to his cottage. Kebal's son was

destined to find every where sensible hearts, except that of his barbarous father.

The fisherman brought him up in his profession, and the lad distinguished himself in it by equal dexterity and intrepidity. He was already arrived at the age of fifteen years, when Kebal, who took frequent journeys to promote the concerns of his commerce, passed through the town where the young man lived. He met him with the fisherman that had saved his life, and both were loaded with baskets of fish, which they sold about the streets. The young man's pleasing aspect attracted Kebal's attention, and to have an opportunity of knowing who he was, he bought some of the fisherman's fish. Afterwards asking him, if he that followed was his son, the fisherman answered that he was not his father, and related to him in what manner he found him in his nets sown up in a bag.

Kebal, knowing him to be his son, could not imagine how he had escaped a death which he thought to be inevitable. Enraged at seeing the ill success of so many crimes, he resolved to concert better his measures. He offered five hundred sequins to the fisherman, as purchase-money for his servant; and the bargain was soon concluded.

Kebal, without making himself known to his son, kept him to do business for him as his slave. His sweet temper, his fidelity, nothing could touch that cruel father, who was still more and more bent on his destruction.

Two years had now elapsed since his son had served him with an unexampled zeal, when he put into his hands a sealed up letter. "Set out, said he to him, for Bagdad; you will there find my daughter, and deliver to her this letter; I recommend you to her care. *Remain with her till my return; I shall soon follow you.*"

The young man obeyed Kebal, and immediately went on his way. Arrived at Bagdad, he enquired after his master's house, and knocked at the door of that which was shewn him to be his. Kebal's daughter chanced to open it, and saw a young man, more beautiful than love itself, that delivered to her a letter on the part of her father. Impatient, she opens it; but how great was the horror she was seized with in reading these words: "The bearer of this letter is my greatest enemy; I send him to you that you may procure him to be assassinated; I require from you this proof of your tenderness."

Kebal's daughter, far from resembling her father, was remarkable for singleness of heart, and a very humane disposition. Considering more attentively the letter-carrier, she could not help loving him; and love suggested to her a means of saving the life of him, who in a moment was become so dear to her; and of seeking with him an union that was to last for life. Having ordered the young man to wait for a short while, she wrote, counterfeiting her father's hand-writing, another letter conceived in these words: "He, who shall deliver to you this letter is dearer to me

than my own son could be; consider him as myself; confide to him the management of all my business, and see him married directly to my daughter Melahie."

Having wrote this letter, she sealed it. Stepping afterwards into the room where she had left the young man: "You are mistaken, said she, the letter you gave me was for my mother; I will shew you to her apartment." Young Kebal presented the letter to the mother, who having read it, and not doubting it was from her husband, executed the orders he had given her, and had the young man married to her daughter.

In the mean time, Kebal, having settled all the business he had to transact, set out on his return to Bagdad. Nothing could equal his astonishment, when, coming home, he found his son quite alive and joyous. His surprise was still greater when he learned that he was become his son-in-law. All these events appeared to him incredible; but the fear of discovering his iniquities made him loth to have the affair cleared up to him; he therefore thought it best to dissemble, and disguise, under the appearances of friendship, the mortal hatred he still bore his innocent son. Melahie, his daughter, was not the dupe of this deceitful tranquility. Her tenderness, alarmed for the safety of a dear husband, made her pry into every device and design of her father.

Kebal, some time after his arrival, gave a sheep to his domestics, with several pitchers of wine. "Make merry, said he, this night, and celebrate my happy return into my country; but I require of you the doing me a good piece of service. A secret enemy has a design on my life; this night I will inveigle him into my house; about the fourth hour of the night he will go down the stairs leading from my apartment; as soon as ye hear him, stab him to death in the dark."

At the fixed hour, Kebal desired his son to go into the yard where his domestics were, and to bring one of them to him. He was just going to step down the fatal stairs, when his wife, who had strong suspicion of something intended against him, stopped and beseeched him not to execute a commission in which she perceived some mystery; and, so saying, pulled him along with her.

In the mean time Kebal was agitated by a diversity of passions. Half an hour was gone without his having any intelligence of the success of his perfidy; and, impatient to know in person if his domestics had gratified his revenge, as he passed down quickly, those who were charged to execute his orders, and who till then had heard no one stir, not doubting but it was their victim, fell upon and massacred him in the dark. Such was the well-merited end of this barbarous father. He, to whom he had given life, and from whom he had several times attempted to rob life, inherited all his substance. As his birth was a mystery to himself, he lived composed and tranquil with his wife, and never knew that she was his sister.

The eastern historian concludes this narrative by an Arabian proverb: "He that a pit digs for his brother, falls himself into it."

A VIEW

OF THE

PROGRESS OF NAVIGATION.

IN SEVERAL ESSAYS.

[*Continued from Page* 404.]

ESSAY I.—*Of the Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Assyrian Navigators.*

OF the Assyrian Navigation we have a curious fragment preserved by Herodotus, Clio 194: "Of all that I saw in this country (Assyria), what appeared to me the greatest curiosity were the boats; these were made of skins. They are constructed in Armenia, where the sides of the vessel being formed of willow, are covered externally with skins, and having no distinction of head or stern, are modelled into the shape of a shield. Lining the bottom of these boats with reeds, they take on board their merchandize, and thus commit themselves to the stream. They have two oars, and one man to each; the one pulls, the other pushes from him. These boats are of different sizes, and have one or more asses on board. When they arrive at Babylon, they sell their cargo, and every thing belonging to the boat but the skins; these they lay on their asses to carry back, the rapidity of the stream being so great, as to render their return by water impracticable."

ESSAY II.—*Of the Greeks and Romans.*

Until the expedition of the Argonauts, about 1253 years before Christ, the Greeks were extremely ignorant in the art of navigation. Minos, of whose naval powers many of their writers have boasted, had only a fleet of boats, and was utterly unacquainted with the use of sails, which Dedalus is said to have invented, and by that means to have passed with impunity through the squadron of the Cretan monarch, who beheld him with astonishment, flying as it were on the waves.

Of the many writers who have endeavoured to develope the Argonautic expedition, none has been so successful as Eustathius. He drew his information from an ancient historian, one Charax. The voyage of the Argonauts, according to that author, was both military and mercantile. Their object was to open the commerce of the Euxine sea, and by making settlements at convenient distances to secure it to themselves. In order to effect this purpose, a fleet and troops were necessary.

The armament of the Argonauts was, in effect, composed of several vessels, and they planted colonies in several parts of Colchis. This fact is attested by Homer, and other writers. The poets, it is true, speak in general only of the ship Argo, because, being

admiral of the fleet, the princes that assisted in the enterprize were embarked in her. The other objects of the expedition not equally interesting to the muse, were left unsung.

It cannot be doubted, however, that the Greeks at a very early period were well acquainted with the nations bordering on the Palus Meotides. Of this fact, the colonies which they planted there, not to mention the fable of Ephigenia, Pylades and Orestes, are an indubitable proof. Theodosia, for instance, an ancient colony of the Milesians, deserted in the time of Adrian, afterwards re-established, long possessed under the name of Cafa by the Genoese, who under the Greek emperors carried on there a great trade, and at present in the hands of the Turks. Tanais, founded by the Greeks, on the Cimmerian Bosphorus, a most commercial city, known at present by the name of Asaf, formerly possessed by the Genoese, and at present by the Turks. Olbia, and Boristhenes, Greek cities, both on the banks of the Borysthenes, near its mouth. Panticapium, also Capi Phanagoria, and Hermonassa, situated on the Bosphorus, are all Greek Colonies.

From the time of the Argonautic expedition, the Greeks seem to have paid a more particular attention to the sea. About thirty-five years after, they assembled against Troy a fleet of 1200 vessels. The construction of these vessels was undoubtedly extremely rude. Their workmen had no other guide than a blind practice. Their vessels had but one mast, which in port they laid along the board, and this mast was traversed by one yard only; but whether the yard carried one sail or many, it is difficult to determine: these sails were made of long leaved shrubs, of skins, or of mats*. It would appear, however, that the sails of the Greeks were generally made of cotton†. Their cables were likewise formed of various articles. Cables of jonc, or marine osier, seem in heroic ages to have had the preference among the Greeks, which they brought from Egypt, where that plant grows in great abundance‡. Homer does not tell us whether they had any preparations to fortify their cordage against the injuries of the weather.

They also, like the Phœnicians, had two several constructions of ships; the first were extremely broad, and large bellied§; the second, on the contrary, were very long and sharp. But whatever may have been the form of their vessels, they were certainly not very considerable in size. The largest, mentioned by Homer, are those of the Beotians, which held, he says, an hundred and twenty men.

With regard to their manner of conducting them, every thing tends to prove the ignorance of the Greeks at that period in the art of navigation. They sailed as much as possible in sight of land;

* Scheffer, l. ii. c. 5. p. 151.

† Odyss. l. v. v. 258, & l. ii. v. 426.

‡ Odyss. l. xxi. v. 390 & 391,

§ Idem. l. v. v. 259. &c.

but when forced, as they must often have been, into the open sea, how they have directed their course is unknown. They were ignorant of any method of taking the meridian altitude of the sun. In the night, indeed, they were accustomed to observe the stars, and particularly the Great Bear, the principal guide of the Grecian navigators. The uncertainty, and the dangers of steering their course by a constellation, which indicates with so little precision the north pole, were augmented by the defective manner in which they made their observations. They were taken with the naked eye only.

Still less were they acquainted with sea-charts. How then could they steer with any certainty to their intended port? how avoid the rocks and shoals that lay in their way? What must have been their embarrassment, when overtaken by a tempest, especially in dark and hazy weather, when the stars were clouded from their view! Hence we find, that Homer always brings his subtle hero to land, absolutely ignorant of the very name of the coast on which he finds himself arrived *.

They were also ignorant, at the period of which I now speak, of several machines that appear, to us indispensibly necessary to navigation. In the time of the Argonauts they were unacquainted with the anchor †. It is even extremely doubtful whether it was known in the age of Homer; at least the Greek word properly signifying an anchor never once occurs in his poems, nor is there a single allusion to its use. The Greeks, it would appear, made use at that time of large stones instead of anchors. When Ulysses arrived at the road of the Lestrigons, he attached his bark to a rock with cables ‡.

There is also every reason to believe that they were utterly unacquainted with the practice of founding. Homer at least never mentions it; we find nothing elsewhere to contradict the conclusions drawn from his silence. Hence we may easily conceive the dangers to which, in the heroic times, the Grecian navigators were exposed.

With so slender a stock of naval skill, it was impossible they could extend their navigation to any considerable distance. In fact, it was not till six hundred years after the Argonautic expedition, that the Greeks dared to enter into the ocean §, which they had long regarded as a sea to which there was no access. As to the Red Sea, and the Arabian and Persian Gulphs, there they were not seen till the days of Alexander the Great.

The inhabitants of the island of Egina may be regarded as the first of the European Greeks who distinguished themselves by their skill in maritime affairs. By their attention to their marine forces,

* Idem. l. vi. v. 119, &c. l. ix. v. 174, &c. Arrian. Peripl. Pont. Eux. p. 121.

† Plin. l. xxxvi. sect. 23. p. 741.

‡ Odyss. l. x. v. 96.

§ See Herodot. l. iv. n. 152. l. xii. 10.---Euzeb. Chron. l. ii. n. 1514, p. 129, n. 18, t. 5, p. 19.---Strabo, l. xiv. p. 964.

they rendered in a short time their island the centre of the commerce of all Greece. They have even been reckoned in the number of those nations who held for some time the empire of the sea *. But the character they sustained was as short as it was brilliant. Chased from their island by the Athenians, in the time of Pericles, they never afterwards recovered from the blow. Their marine power was annihilated, and their commerce almost extinguished.

After the natives of Egina, we may place the inhabitants of Corinth. Situated between two seas, at the entrance of the Peloponnesus, and in the midst of Greece, the city of Corinth seemed destined by nature to be the emporium of the several nations that inhabited that country. The Corinthians did not neglect to profit by the advantages of their local situation. Shortly after the destruction of Troy, they fitted out a fleet to extirpate the pirates, who molested their commerce. They are said to have been the first that changed the ancient form of the Grecian vessels. Instead of galleys with one tier only, they constructed ships of three tier of oars; an invention, that ought to have procured them for some time the superiority at sea.

It does not appear, however, that the Corinthians were ever reckoned in the number of those nations that held for a time the empire of that element. The genius of the Corinthians led them rather to commerce than to military enterprize. They neglected nothing to render their city the seat of magnificence and wealth; and Corinth was, beyond doubt, the richest and most voluptuous city of all Greece.

The Rhodians merited by their code of maritime laws, the honourable title of legislators of the sea. They were the first who thought of submitting to established regulations the customs of maritime commerce, and the interests of navigation. Those regulations were dictated with so much prudence, that they were adopted by most nations; and the naval laws of the Rhodians were ultimately appealed to in every difference that arose between mariners and merchants. In what age those laws were established is unknown; that they were of high antiquity is certain †.

But of all the nations of Greece, the Massilians, a Phœcian colony, appear to have cultivated most successfully by the science of navigation, and to have enlarged, by their discoveries the bounds of geographic knowledge. Desirous of participating with the Carthagenians those immense riches which they derived from a most extensive commerce, the Massilians sent to Euthymenes, with orders to follow the track which Hanno held when he made his voyage of discovery in the south. Pytheas, a man profoundedly versed in Astronomy and Navigation, was at the same time appointed to trace the course of

* Strabo, l. viii. p, 576.---Ælian. Var. Hist.

† Cicero pro lege Manil.

Hamilca to the North. Euthymenes advanced to the southward of the line, and published, on his return, a relation of the curiosities, and of the singular manners and customs of the nations he had met with in the course of his discoveries. Pytheas sailed along the coast of Portugal, Spain, Gaul, and Britain, to the most northern extremity; and from thence continuing his course, arrived in six days at Thule, where, in the summer solstice, the sun did not set for twenty-four hours. This some suppose to have been Iceland, others the Shetland islands. The first, however, is the most probable opinion; for though at the Shetland islands (in 60 degrees of latitude) the refraction of the atmosphere is so luminous, as to enable a person to read, write, or transact any other business by day-light for that space of time; yet it is only in the arctic circle, or in 66 and a half deg. that the sun, during the summer solstice, *does not set*, (as Pytheas asserts) for twenty-four hours.

Pytheas penetrated also to the very farthermost part of the Baltic, and explored, with great accuracy, those regions whence the Phœnicians fetched their amber, a commodity from which they derived great wealth, and which passed to other nations through their hands alone. From the fragments of Pytheas, preserved in the latter geographers, we are convinced that he had explored with great accuracy the shores of the Baltic, and that he had even made himself acquainted with the neighbouring nations and rivers adjacent.*

Judging of others by their own propensity to fable, the Greeks regarded as mere fiction the relations of Pytheas and Euthymenes. They had formerly treated in the same manner the discoveries of Hanno and Hamilca. But time and philosophic investigation have done justice to those celebrated Massilian navigators, and confirmed the veracity of their relations.

But the Greeks even in the most flourishing state of their affairs, were never equal to the Phœnicians, either in the extensiveness of their commerce, the number and opulence of their colonies and settlements, or in their skill of Navigation. The Phœnicians conducted their course with much subtility of observation by the Little Bear, while the Great Bear was the inaccurate guide of Navigation to the uncurious Greeks. There existed in the manners and prejudices of the Grecian people an insuperable obstacle to the progress of commerce and naval improvement.

After the Phœnicians and Greeks, the Romans became sovereigns of the sea, yet not at once, but after a hard struggle with the Carthagenians, then in the height of their power. These people having, by their naval force, made themselves masters of the greatest part of Spain, the coast of Africa, and many ports in the Mediterranean, were intent upon the conquest of Sicily, when the

* Forster's Hist. of Voyages, &c. p. 30, &c.

Romans and they first tried their forces, on pretence of protecting their respective allies, but in reality out of a desire for sovereignty. The former, when they made this bold attempt, were unacquainted with naval affairs, and knew not how to build a galley,—until one of the Carthagenians, cruising on the coast, fell by accident into their hands, and by that model they built a navy. While the galleys were building, they exercised the seamen in rowing on the dry shore. When this fleet was launched, the ships, as might be supposed, proved unwieldy. The fleets of those two powers became afterwards very formidable. Anno Romæ 497, the Roman fleet had 140,000 men on board, and that of Carthage 150,000. The Roman power at sea rose on the destruction of that of their enemies, and continued as long as their empire subsisted. We do not find that they applied themselves to new discoveries, or ever exceeded the bounds of which the Phœnicians had before known. Germanicus, in the year 17, went by sea as far north as the Weser and Elbe; and the Roman fleet, under Agricola, circumnavigated Britain, and subdued the Orkneys.

When the Romans became weakened and enervated by their riches and luxury, the barbarians of the north dispossessed them of their territories, and seated themselves in their room. In the third century of the Christian æra we find the Anglo-Saxons making predatory incursions into Britain. The Vandals ravaged the Roman dominions in 407, sailed as far as Spain, and even passed the sea to Africa.

To the Romans is to be ascribed the invention of the engine called *corvus*, which consisted of a large piece of timber set upright on the prow of the ship, to which was secured a stage of boards, at the end of which were two massive irons, sharp pointed, the whole to be hoisted or lowered by a pulley; at the top of the upright timbers, this engine, when the ships come close together in fight, was let down suddenly, and with its sharp irons grappled the enemy's ship, by which the men obtained a firm stage, on which they could board the ship to which they were opposed.

Of the distinction of the species of galleys called *triremens*, *quadraremes*, and *quinqueremes*, much has been written, but little satisfactory.

[*To be continued.*]

THE

CHOICE OF ABDALA:

AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

WHERE the Sun begins his diurnal course, lived the youthful Abdala, whose uncommon virtues endeared him to all the subjects of the sultan Almanzor, his father.

But the sultan was a tyrant, who little regarded the virtues of his son. Conscious of his own cruelty, he was incessantly a prey to suspicions, which infused poison into his cup at the voluptuous banquet, and scattered thorns on the downy couch.

Almanzor beheld his son with a malignant eye, that darted rancour whenever he recollected the popularity his virtues had acquired. He even conceived a design to destroy him, because, in the visions of the night, he had seen him seated on the throne. But the mutes who were destined to perpetrate the horrid deed, gave the prince an intimation of his danger, and advised him to retire.

There was a magnanimity in Abdala, the noble result of conscious innocence, which would not permit him to adopt this advice: on the contrary, he determined to repair to the presence of his father, and remonstrate with him on the cruel purpose of his soul.

"My father," said he, "I am come to shew the implicit obedience of a son. Thou hast ordered me into thy presence; I am acquainted with thy design; and if thou continue unjust and inexorable, I must await the stern decree with the submission of thy meanest subject. But filial duty impels me to warn thee of the awful consequences. The angel of death will convey *me* to the blissful regions of paradise; but *thou* wilt be incessantly haunted by the demon of remorse. And, in the moment of *thy* dissolution, which must one day arrive, what anguish and horror will overwhelm thee!"

These words sunk into the tyrant's heart. Dismayed by reflections on the past, and the prospect of the future, he gave the signal to the mutes, to permit the destined victim to retire.

The young prince repaired to an adjacent grove, to muse, in secret anguish, on the miseries of the people. He laid himself down at the foot of a stately palm; and, absorbed in these reflections, insensibly dropped asleep. But his repose was short and disturbed; his waking thoughts haunted him in his dreams. When he awoke, he looked around for the ministers of death, who had appeared, in his sleep, just ready to execute the tyrant's inhuman command. Instantly, a celestial form stood before him, and, awhile gales of ambrosial sweetness breathed around, addressed him in these words: "Abdala! be not oppressed with grief. Awake to the pleasures of hope. Be prepared for happy events. Thy genius will meet thee again."—He instantly vanished in a trail of light.

Abdala fancied he was still asleep. He rose from his grassy couch; and, convinced, at last, that he was awake, wandering through the gsove, musing intently on the vision he had seen.

On a sudden, he perceived three female forms approaching. The smiles and graces sported on the rosy cheeks of the youngest; and the sprightly thought beamed from her speaking eyes.

The deportment of the eldest was solemn: her cheeks were pallid; she appeared in the sable stole of sorrow; and the tear trickled oft from her dejected eye.

The third was grave, but not gloomy: her attire simple, but not inelegant; her roseate hue was the charming flush of health; and

her fine eyes seemed rather to beam with complacency and content, *than to sparkle with hilarity and joy.*

When they had approached near the wandering prince, they stopped: and presently the eldest thus addressed him: "Unhappy Abdala! art thou retired to this grove to give vent to thy tears? The phophet, who knows the rectitude of thy soul, will not permit thy cruel parent to accomplish his design. But vain will be thy pursuit after the phantom Happiness, which has no real existence among the sons of men. *My* life has been one continued scene of woe. With *me* the effusion of tears has been incessant. Spring has no beauties, Summer no radiance, nor Autumn any charms for me: for Spring, and Summer, and Autumn rapidly fade; and Pleasure; whenever caught, will perish in the very moment of enjoyment.—Take then, virtuous Prince, the advice of a friend. Whenever the course of succession shall call thee to the empire of thy ancestors, seat not thyself on the fatal throne; for those ancestors have passed away like fleeting shadows, and dominion and glory are momentary possessions. Trust not the caprice of fate by seeking unsubstantial joys. *Taste not the luxurious banquet*; for the banquet will satiate.

Turn thine ear from the sounds of harmony; for its sweet sounds fatigue. Nor court the roses of beauty; for the roses of beauty fade. Be wise, and take up thy abode in the lonely forest; for in the gloom of solitude, where Despondence will lull every hope with her sighs, Misfortune and Disappointment can never enter."

She ceased: then waving a sable wand, the cell of a dervise rose to view, amid savage wilds and projecting rocks.

At this instant, the laughter-loving nymph, with sportive air, caught Abdala's arm: 'Prince,' said she, 'what a scene is this for the rapturous pleasures of youth! Can you listen a moment to the dismal lessons of that melancholy dame? To reject the pleasures of life is ingratitude to Heaven: to enjoy them, in all their exquisite variety, is to be truly happy. Let music and love then wing each moment with delight. How wretched the youth who is not awake to love and joy! How insensible, how inanimate his soul! But Abdala is neither insensible nor inanimate. A thousand bright-eyed *beauties shall bless thee with unfading charms.* Thou shalt rove from fair to fair; and each moment shall teem with ecstacy and bliss. Take my advice. Ascend the throne of thy ancestors; but ascend it only for its pleasures; and leave to some hoary vizier its perplexities and cares.'

These very opposite representations perplexed the prince; but neither won the attention of his soul. Life appeared a burden as described by the first; a fantastic dream as painted by the last.

He turned, in this perplexity, to the sedate but cheerful sister. 'Prince,' said she, anticipating the meaning of his speaking eye, 'thy suspence is natural. When extremes only are proposed, Reason will necessarily pause! Reject what each advise; and attend to my counsel.—Thy father will soon terminate his wretched life. Go, and succeed to his throne. By thy wisdom and virtues obliter-

rate the memory of his crimes. If thou refuse to reign over thy people, how great will be *their* loss! If thou reign but for voluptuous pleasures, how great will be *thine!* Be attentive to the felicity of thy people, and thou wilt secure thy own. Be not insensible, however, to the voice of pleasure. Listen not to that desponding mourner. It is unwise to refrain from temperate enjoyment, because intemperance is productive of satiety and disgust, or to abstain from the pleasures which virtue approves, because those pleasures are not immortal. If man be doomed to mourn for ever, and to look with disdain on all terrestial pleasure, to what end were the faculities of enjoyment bestowed? Or if levity and sensuality only are productive of happiness, of what value is the reflecting soul? As for yon nymph, the sprightly votary of pleasure, with what allurements can she charm the wise?—Go: thou art born for empire. Perform all the duties of thy exalted station, and thou wilt receive its glorious rewards. Deviate not from the paths of rectitude, nor ever forget the dictates of virtue and benevolence. The good sovereign will enjoy pleasures, which the splendour of dominion only can never give. His name will be immortal on earth, and the blessings of his people will waft it to heaven.'

The dews of instruction refreshed the soul of Abdala. He embraced the happy system, which distinguished the dictates of wisdom from the suggestions of despair, and displayed the difference between voluptuous pleasure and the true happiness of man.

He would have instantly declared his choice, but, on a sudden, the three females vanished.

The sun was retiring from the mountain-tops; and while Abdala, whose mind was agitated by what had passed, was repairing, with pensive step, to the palace of his father, his feet were bewildered in the tangled thicket, and the darkness of the night overtook him.

In this gloomy situation a sudden blaze of splendour was diffused around him. The cottage of the dervise appeared transformed into a magnificent palace, at one of the doors of which stood the genius, inviting him to enter.

Abdala obeyed, and followed his guide. He would have spoken, but his voice was restrained by amazement and fear.—'Mortal,' said the genius, before he opened the door of the interior apartment, 'this is the palace of the genius Orasmundo, who is ever propitious to the desires of the wise and good. Thy worth and wisdom are known; and the period is arrived, when thou shalt be happy.'

Then opening the door, Abdala perceived three beautiful virgins at the loom. They instantly rose to welcome the stranger.

'Behold,' said the genius, 'and choose a partner for life. Which is the object of thy choice? The name of the eldest is Tristina, the grave; Serena, the placid, is the second; and Hilarana, the gay, is the third.'

Abdala was dazzled by the splendour of their charms. But in Serena he recollected the features of the nymph to whose lessons he

had attended in the grove; and approaching her with a respectful air, he declared his choice, and took her unreluctant hand.

At this instant, the palace vanished, and he found himself in a humble cottage, where his eye was struck by a beautiful female form. Her dress was simple as that of the village maid; her person graceful as the stately palm. But notwithstanding her humble attire, Abdala soon recollected, with delight, the charming countenance which had so lately captivated his soul.

'Fortunate Abdala,' said a voice from above, which he perceived to be that of Orasmundo, 'thy wisdom is conspicuous in thy choice, and thy happiness is now complete. If Tristina had been thy choice, thou wouldst have been doomed to irrevocable woe; if Hilarana had been thine, to incessant remorse. But in Serena, the lowly shepherdess as she seems, thou hast not only chosen a beautiful form, but a virgin whose sentiments are congenial to thy own, whose heart is the favourite abode of the virtues, and whose soul is susceptible of all the rational pleasures that can render life desirable. Thy father is no more. Go then, Abdala, and fill the throne of thy ancestors. Go, and discharge the duties of a patriot king, and forget not the visions of this night.'

The opening dawn found Abdala absorbed in reflection on these parting words of the genius. But soon recollecting himself, he lost not a moment to conduct Serena to the imperial palace. He had scarcely left the cottage, when the messengers appeared, with the awful intelligence that his father was no more. They conducted him in triumph to the expecting city, with the charming sultana of his choice by his side. The universal acclamations, and the eagerness of all ranks to behold their new sovereign and his consort, evinced at once the exultation and the affection of the people.

The last duties to his father, Abdala performed with all the respect and decorum of filial piety. He began his reign by removing the grievances which the people had so long endured; and an unceasing attention to whatever could promote the welfare of his subjects, evinced that he had not forgotten the visions of the grove. In fine, during a long series of prosperous years, all confessed the excellence of an illustrious example, that inculcated virtue, and the wisdom of a reign that diffused universal happiness.

STRICTURES
ON
PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

NOVEMBER 5, a Damatic Sketch, called "GUY FAWKES," was represented, of which the following were the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Captain Tryfor't,	Mr. BARRYMORE;
Major Knapsack,	Mr. SUETT;
Pickpin,	Mr. WEWITZER;
Irish Chairman,	Mr. PARSONS;
Device,	Mr. BENSON;
Guzzle,	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
Mrs. Knapsack,	*Mrs.* HOPKINS;
Fanny Fitfall,	Mrs. GIBBS.

The plot of *Guy Fawkes* is extremely simple and easily discovered. As a tribute of loyalty to the spirit of the times, it merits commendation. The incidents have very little claim to novelty; the return of the letter is hacknied and trite, and was last made use of in *The Irishman in London.* The trick of *Guy Fawkes* is entirely pantomimical, and was originally played off in the popular Pantomime of *Omai.* The attempt to burn the representative of *Guy Fawkes* is new; and the boxing-match may certainly be deemed a *striking* improvement of the original idea.

The dialogue of this dramatic sketch, however, bespeaks the hand of a master; and the loyal sentiments entrusted to Major Knapsack were highly relished by the audience, particularly where he defends his whim for keeping Red Letter Days, by asserting that Loyalty is the whim of the whole Nation.

The Transparency, representing the Portrait of the King, was both brilliant and appropriate, and the piece was properly begun and ended with "God Save the King!"

Nov. 13. A Tragedy called "The SIEGE OF BERWICK," was performed, for the first time, at *Covent Garden,* the characters of which were thus represented:

Sir Alex. Seaton, Governor of Berwick,	Mr. POPE;
Archibald Seaton, his Sons,	Mr. MIDDLETON;
Valentine Seaton, his Sons,	Mr. HOLMAN;
Anselm,	Mr. HARLEY;
Donaldson,	Mr. MACREADY.
Ethelberta, Wife of the Governor,	Mrs. POPE;
——, her Companion,	Mrs. FAWCETT.

This Tragedy is the production of Mr. JERNINGHAM the Poet, and although it comes from his pen, is written in a style very like prose. The audience received many parts of it with great approbation, and appeared to be satisfied with the whole of the play, although there was too much of blood in the business.

In this play there are traces of Douglas, and other tragic productions; and several improbabilities. The drama is extremely short, but somewhat too full of horror. The language is uncommonly mixed and unequal. Occasionally we meet with noble sentiments adequately expressed, apt and strong images neatly and elegantly described, and bold allusions well introduced and happily turned, and rendered appropriate; but in general the diction is too *familiar and colloquial for* the dignity of the Tragic Muse.

The Prologue was, as usual, of the supplicatory cast. The galleries were well described—

"*Who ride the clouds, and are yourselves the storm.*"

The Epilogue was more to the *Order of the day*.—It complimented the heroic spirit of the present *times as rivalling those of yore, as well as those* gallant youths, who, fighting in the cause of humanity, "add to their country's wreath another flower."

After a well-turned compliment to the maternal feelings of the Queen, on her

"---------- illustrious and undaunted sons,
"Who in early youth the race of glory run,"

it concluded by drawing an affecting picture of the situation of France, and our present endeavour to restore her to tranqillity, and "LIFT her to her own esteem."

This play was performed the next evening with many judicious curtailments, and a material alteration in the catastrophe. *Ethelberta*—no longer numbered with the dead—is prevented from exercising her fatal purpose by the timely interference of the Friar, who, following the example of Hamlet, exclaims to the desperate widow—

"Go to a Nunnery, go."

The forlorn fair-one, with pious resignation, follows the advice of her ghostly comforter, and Mrs. Pope comes forward with new LIFE, to charm the audience with her Epilogue.

Nov. 13. "The WORLD IN A VILLAGE" is the title of a new Comedy brought forward at this Theatre on Saturday last, and

which general report, as well as internal evidence, points to the prolific pen of Mr. O'KEEFE.

CHARACTERS.

Dr. Grigsby,	Mr. LEWIS;
Capt. Maulinahack,	Mr. JOHNSTONE;
Mr. Willows,	Mr. HULL;
Jollyboy,	Mr. MUNDEN;
Jacky,	Mr. FAWCET;
William,	Mr. MIDDLETON;
Allbut,	Mr. QUICK;
Charles Willows,	Mr. HOLMAN.
Mrs. Allbut,	Mrs. MATTOCKS;
Louisa,	Mrs. ESTEN;
Mrs. Bellvue,	Mrs. FAWCET;
Maria,	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.

This Comedy, like most of Mr. O'KEEFE's, is extravagant and improbable, but composed of such pleasant materials, that the compound is, on the whole, not only very palatable, but capable of affording an high relish, except to the perverse taste of a fastidious Critic. The Dialogue is neat and pleasant. The Characters are well drawn, and are placed in proper contrast. The sentiments are natural, and many are of a very generous and loyal kind. There is a due mixture of laughable and interesting scenes; and as the piece is much too long at present, we have no doubt that by judicious curtailment it may be rendered very popular, and an established favorite. Some disapprobation was heard, but it was directed merely against unessential parts, and the general reception was highly favourable.

The acting is entitled to our warmest praise. Lewis was never more diverting. Holman was, as usual, manly, spirited and interesting. Quick, Munden, Fawcet, Middleton, Johnstone, Mrs. Mattocks, Mrs. Mountain, Mrs. Esten, and Mrs. Fawcet, gave adequate support to their several characters.

The Prologue, which is from the pen of Mr. TAYLOR, contrasted the happy state of this Country compared with others, and placed the *British Constitution* in an *allegorical* shape, was most ably recited by Holman, who, however, was most scandalously interrupted in the middle by the clamorous prattle of one of the stage-boxes.

The Epilogue, which contained some pleasant hits at the fashionable follies of the times, was well spoken by Mrs. Esten, who, however, sometimes run the lines so into each other as to destroy all idea of *rhyme*. This is too common a practice on the stage, but is very improper, as the Author might as well write *blank-verse* if the *rhyme* is disregarded.

POETRY.

A
MASONIC SONG.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY

BROTHER WILLIAM PRESTON*,

P. M. of the Lodge of Antiquity, No. I.

NOT the fictions of Greece, nor the dreams of old Rome,
Shall with visions mislead, or with meteors consume:
No Pegasus' wings my short soarings misguide;
Nor raptures detain me on Helicon's side.
All clouds now dissolve; from the East beams the day- -
Truth rises in glory and wakens the lay.
The Eagle-ey'd Muse---sees the light---fills the grove
With the song of Free Masons, of Friendship and Love!

Inspir'd with the theme, the Divinity flies;
And thron'd on a rainbow---before her arise
PAST, PRESENT, and FUTURE---with splendid array,
In Masonic succession, their treasures display.
She views murder'd Merit by ruffian-hand fall,
And the grave gives its dead up, at fellowship's call!
While the Craft, by their badges, their innocence prove;
And the song of Free Masons is Friendship and Love!

From those ages remote, see the Muse speeds her way,
To join in the glories, the PRESENT display.
In freedom and friendship, she sees the true band,
With their splendor and virtues illumine the land.
Religion's pure beam breaks the vapours of night,
And from darkness mysterious, the Word gives the light!
While the Lodge here below, as the choirs from above,
Join the song of Free Masons in Friendship and Love.

That the FUTURE might keep what the Present bestows
In rapture prophetic the goddess arose,
At she sung through the skies, angels echo'd the sound,
And the winds bore the notes to the regions around!
The kind proclamation our song shall retain:
'Twas---'That Masonry long may its lustre maintain:
'And till Time be no more, our Fraternity prove,
'That the objects we aim at, are Friendship and Love!'

* If the Printer is mistaken in this conjecture, he will thank any Brother who may possess better information to communicate it.

TO

ARNO.

WHEN the bleak blast of Winter howls o'er the blue hill,
And the Valley is stripp'd of its verdant array;
When the Moon faintly gleams on the frost-silver'd spray,
And the yellow leaves flit o'er the ice-mantled till;

The poor simple offspring of Labour and Care,
By his turf-lighted hearth, sits resign'd to his lot;
While the flame of affection illumines his cot,
And the often-told tale cheers the gloom of Despair:

For him, the blest beam of the soul-speaking eye,
The smile of pure Love, has its raptures in store;
And though the wild storm round his threshold shall roar,
He sinks to soft slumber, and dreams but of Joy.

No hopeless, fond passion corrodes in his breast,
His rude rushy pillow invites to repose;
No couch of light down and rich fragrance he knows,
But he knows, what is sweeter---a pallet of rest!

For what are the pleasures the World can bestow,
The gay mirthful scene, or the banquet profuse?
What the laurel of Fame, or the song of the Muse,
When the heart bleeds in silence the victim of woe?

O'er each vision of bliss that fond Fancy assumes,
See the fix'd brow of Prudence frown sadly severe;
While my cheek, warm with blushes, is chill'd with Love's tear,
And the sigh of Regret fans the flame that consumes.

For, perish the thought, that can meanly desire
The cold balm of Pity to sooth its despair;
My passion shall scorn the dear object to share,
And, exulting in silence, shall proudly expire!

Yes; in Silence, proud Silence, I'll muse o'er his worth,
Though reflection shall steal the faint rose from my cheek;
Though my eye's faded lustre its poison shall speak,
And my heart-bursting sighs bend my frame to the earth.

Then rest, my fond bosom; henceforth be at peace;
Thy hopes, and thy anguish, will shortly be o'er;
Stern Prudence will frown on thy frailty no more,
When in Death's cold embrace all thy sorrows shall cease.

Yet, each praise that to Taste and to Genius belong,
Blest Bard! kind Consoler! for ever be thine!
Still for Friendship the wreath of attention entwine,
And the Muse shall with rapture repay my sweet song!

LAURA.

STANZAS

By MRS. MARY ROBINSON.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN NEAR A TREE OVER THE GRAVE OF COLONEL BOSVILLE.

AH! pensive traveller, if thy tear
E'er fell on Valour's early grave,
Arrest thy wand'ring steps, and here
Lament the lot that wants the brave!

Here, gallant moralist, descry
The proudest boast that man can claim,
The glorious privilege to die
Exulting in his country's fame!

Here bind the laurel steep'd in tears,
Tears that in glowing youth he died,
Blest with each charm that most endears,
His kindred's hope---his nation's pride?

Nor shall the pensive MUSE forbear
To mingle sainted names with thine;
Thy gallant comrades oft shall share
The tender sigh, the mournful line!

Oh! hallow'd turf! lone silent spot,
Adorn'd with feeling's gem sublime,
E'en when the MUSE shall be forgot,
Thy fame shall brave the blasts of time.

And thou, rude BARK, preserve his name,
Carv'd by a just recording hand,
And proudly conscious of THAT FAME,
Thy guardian branches wide expand.

Keep from this sod the pattering rain,
The wintry wind, the drifted snow;
And when blithe summer paints the plain,
Here let the sweetest flowrets blow.

No trophied column twin'd with bays,
No gilded tablet bears his name;
A SOLDIER boasts superior praise,
A GRATEFUL COUNTRY guards his FAME!

PROLOGUE

TO

THE WORLD IN A VILLAGE.

BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

OCULIST TO THE KING.

IN these dread times, when war's unsated rage
Crowds with disasters, life's eventful stage;
When the fell Trumpet and embattled Ire,
Drown the soft warblings of the slighted Lyre;
The MUSES lonely haunts no more display
Among their withring blooms, the POET'S Bay:
The partial Soil the Laurel only rears
For martial wreaths that vegetate in tears.
At such a time, superfluous seems the art
To melt with fabled woes the sadden'd heart;
The SORROWING MUSES need themselves relief,
And FANCY droops in sympathetic grief.
The TRAGIC MAID, indeed, may sooth her care,
And future scenes from passing ills prepare.
But for the LAUGHING NYMPH, alas! can she
At ease presume with her untimely glee?
Is there a place amidst a World's alarms
In safety still to heed her frolic charms?
Yes---in the shades of BRITAIN'S happy Isle,
Still may the COMIC MUSE securely smile;
Still with her tuneful Sisters shelter here,
Nor savage ANARCHY'S vain menace fear.
Here, no dire Ruffians, dead to gen'rous joy,
All that endears and brightens life destroy;
Or, drench'd in blood, with impious rage combine,
Trampling on Thrones to crush the hallow'd shrine;
No Despot here exacts a slavish awe,
The casual impulse of his passion's LAW.
Here on a rock, secure amid the storm,
Dwells LIBERTY in fair Monarchic form;
Around her fane, with venerable grace,
Three matchless columns fortify the place;
Enthron'd within, pre-eminently great,
Sits awful justice in majestic state,
Of EQUAL LAWS the animating soul,
And station'd highest to preserve the whole;
Her sword by MERCY check'd, as urg'd by might,
Her CROWN the SANCTION of a PEOPLE'S RIGHT.

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

PETERSBURGH, *October 11, 1793.*

ON Wednesday last was celebrated the nuptials of his Imperial Highness the great Duke Alexander Paulovich, and her Imperial Highness the great Duchess Elizabeth Alexievna. At ten o'clock the four first classes of the nobility and the foreign ministers assembled at the Palace, on the signal of five guns from the fortress, and soon after eleven the Empress, with the Great Duke Alexander Paulovich, and the Great Duchess Alexievna, proceeded to the chapel, when the marriage ceremony was performed by her Imperial Majesty's Confessor. The Great Duke Constantine held the crown over the head of the Great Duke his brother, and Count Besborokod over that of the Great Duchess.

On account of the length and fatigue of the preceding ceremony, the Empress did not receive the compliments of congratulation of the nobility and foreign ministers, as was intended. Her Imperial Majesty dined on the throne with the Imperial family. Tables were spread in the same saloon for the four first classes, and decorated in a very beautiful manner with orange-trees, contrived to pass from underneath the tables.

In the evening there was a ball at court, and the festivities of the day were concluded by very magnificent illuminations.

Yesterday morning the nobility and foreign ministers had the honour of complimenting their Imperial Highnesses in their apartments, and in the evening there was a ball at court, and a supper for the four first classes, and the foreign ministers.

VIENNA, *Nov. 2.*

THE first afflicting news of the dreadful murder of the Queen of France arrived here from Brussels on the 26th of October, and the confirmation of it three days afterwards.

Imagination cannot paint the hears-felt affliction of the Court, as well as of this city, most of whose inhabitants remember still the heart-breaking farewell of the Arch-duchess Marie Antoinette, from the arms of the immortal Maria Theresa, in the year 1770.

This infamous deed towards a Queen of France, which can have no other motive, than to increase the hatred of all Germany, has had the desired effect, and 40,000 Hungarian Hussars are ready to fly and revenge this execrable crime, in a manner unprecedented in the annals of nations.

The following is an abstract of the Court Gazette of this day respecting the Queen:

Yesterday, agreeably to a determination of our Ministry, the Court went into mourning for her Majesty, the deceased Queen of France, Archduchess of Austria, and Princess Royal of Hungaria and Bohemia: out of 46 days, 32 shall be deep mourning.

It still remains quite fresh in our memory, that Marie Antoinette, at her departure from Vienna, was almost drowned in tears. Arrived at Lintz in her way to Paris, she still insisted to return to Vienna; and even at Augsburg, she repeatedly cried out, 'Any where but to France!' The Imperial Resident there had much to do to persuade the favourite daughter of Maria Theresa, to continue her journey to that unfortunate capital.

EXECUTION OF BRISSOT AND TWENTY OTHER DEPUTIES.

PARIS, *Nov.* 2.

ON the 31st of October, Brissot, and 20 other deputies suffered under the axe of the guillotine. The following is the official report published by order of the *Revolutionary Tribunal* on this head:

The Tribunal, on the declaration of the Jury, stating "that Brissot, Vergniaud, Gensonne, Duprat, Valaze, Lehardi, Ducos, Boyer, Fonfrede, Boileau, Gardien, Duchatel, Sillery, Fauchet, Duperret, La Source, Carra, Beauvau, Mainvelle, Antiboul, Viget, and Lacaze, are the authors or accomplices in a conspiracy which has existed against the unity and indivisibility of the Republic---against the liberty and safety of the French people: condemns the abovementioned persons to death; declares their effects confiscated for the use of the Republic, and orders that the sentence be executed in the *Place de la Revolution, and that it be printed, and distributed throughout the Republic.*"

Valaze, one of the condemned, stabbed himself after he had heard his sentence. The Tribunal has ordered, that the carcase of the suicide be brought to the *Place de la Revolution*, that it may be buried with the other condemned Deputies at the same place.

The execution, took place between eleven and twelve o'clock on Friday noon last.

These men, even while under the axe, cried out "*Vive la Republique!*" Duchatel, Ducos, Boye, Fonfrede, and Lehardi, were particularly distinguished by their firm and intrepid behaviour.---Brissot was silent. Sillery bowed low to the people, and had a confessor. The prelate Fauchet discoursed very seriously with his confessor. Carra appeared indifferent, said little, and looked contemptuously. La Source was formerly a minister of the Protestant church, expresed much penitence. Of the conduct of the rest no particulars are mentioned. In short, all the whole time required to cut off the heads of these criminals was 37 minutes!

Thus perished, through the influence of that Convention which abolished Royalty, the very men who stood the foremost in the work of establishing Republicanism on its ruins, and who were at the time, the most inveterate enemies of the King, whom they have so soon followed to the scaffold.

In the history of nations this event will form an epoch without a parallel; it will appear to the cool investigator of facts as the effect of absolute madness having possessed a whole people; at the same time the religionist will be led to reflect on the awful justice of the Divinity, in giving up to the punishment of each other, those who dared openly, and as it were by a national act, dispute even his right to reign.

PARIS, *Nov.* 7.

EXECUTION OF THE CI-DEVANT DUKE OF ORLEANS.

THE Monster EGALITE has at last paid the forfeit of his crimes.---Yesterday morning he was put to the Bar of the Revolutionary Tribunal. The process was summary---and, three hours after sentence was pronounced, he was conducted to the scaffold. His conduct was becoming his past life---that of a Coward, and a man oppressed with the stings of conscience. He had lived detested and despised---he died unpitied by all mankind!

All the estates of this criminal and unfortunate Prince will go to swell the income of the new Republic. His Rental, before the corruption he was obliged to practise during the revolution plunged him deeply in debt, must have amounted to near 150,000l. per annum. On the composition made with his creditors, his allowance was 25,000l. annually.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

LONDON, *November 1st*, 1793.

SAINT Maloe, against which an expedition is undertaken, under the command of Lieutenant General Earl of MOIRA, is a small but populous town of Britanny, on a rocky Island, in the English Channel, joined to the main land by a causeway, at the beginning of which is a strong castle. The harbour is large, and one of the best on the coast, but of difficult entrance, being sorrounded with several sharp-pointed rocks, and at tide of ebb almost left dry, so that it will not admit large vessels.

On the neighbouring rocks are ten different forts. In the war with England, during the reign of King William, they fitted out several privateers, which brought a bombardment on the town, but it did little damage.

YELLOW FEVER.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 16, 1793.

Mrs. PARKINSON, who appears to have been the first patient in this disorder, was seized on the 3d of August, and died on the 7th. It is not reduced to any certainty, whether the disease originated in the city, or was imported from the West Indies. Dr. RUSH is of the former opinion.---Several other gentlemen of the faculty believe, that it has been brought from the West Indies.

From the first appearance, till towards the close of August, the dangerous enemy we had in the city was hardly known; the deaths of several persons were successively announced in the Papers, and read with the unconcern usual on such occasions.

At length, the alarm spread through the city. The destructive nature of the disease was generally known, and many persons, aware of the danger, removed with their families to different parts of the country. Numbers of our most useful and respectable citizens who remained in the city, were hurried into eternity.

The terror now became universal. The emigrations to the country were very great---and about the middle of September, it is supposed, that 12 or 15,000 of the inhabitants of Philadelphia had deserted the city.

But it is time our fellow citizens throughout the United States, should know as nearly as possible the real state of our city. The mortality which has raged, has carried off to this day about 3000 persons. About 23,000 people have left the city, and above 30,000 remain behind. These, notwithstanding the terror of the country people, find plentiful markets. Beef is sold 7d.---mutton 5d.---veal 7d.---butter 1s. 6d. 1s. 8d. and 2s. per pound; and in general all other articles in proportion. Business is not entirely at a stand. Many stores are still open, and even now, not many more than half our houses are deserted. The Banks have not ceased discounting a single day since the commencement of this disorder.

Among the most revolting circumstances attending this scourge, is the cruelty exercised against some who are, and many who were only supposed to be, infected. Two or three persons, travelling in the stages to New-York, being taken sick, were compelled by their fellow passengers to leave the stages, with their baggage, when on the road, wearied and distressed, they could procure no relief, nor shelter---but absolutely perished with sickness and hunger. On the Lancaster road, a similar instance occurred. There have been very many instances, in which as soon as a person was seized with the fever, he was immediately abandoned by friends and relations, and resigned to the care of perhaps a single negro. This has been the case with persons of great affluence.

And there are not wanting cases of persons so totally deserted, as to be without a human being to hand them a drink of water. Parents have deserted their children---children their parents---husbands their wives---and wives their husbands. It is probably not exaggeration to suppose that a fourth or a fifth of the whole of the persons who have died, have been sacrificed through the consternation of those who ought to have taken care of them. Since the early terrors have been dispelled, these desertions have become rare.

Unfortunately we have had, for a continuance of time, a series of weather uncommonly favourable to this disorder. For above two months we have hardly had any rain; and during that time, there have not been above ten or twelve cool days. It is worthy of particular attention, that the degree of mortality has depended greatly on the degree of heat. On very sultry days, the number of deaths has been much greater than on cool days. A fall of rain last night, accompanied with cold weather, which continues this day, has made a most flattering change in the prospects of this city. The discordant opinions and practices of the gentlemen of the faculty have been a great means of destroying the confidence of the public in their prescriptions. Dr. Rush and some other Physicians, have strongly advised bleeding, and purges of calomel and jalap. They have been very successful. Others have rested their hopes principally on the cold bath, bark, generous living, and a few occasional glasses of old Madeira.

To NATURALISTS.

WHAT cause can be assigned, why the river *Isis* (as far as it is so called,) should, in *hard frost, freeze at the bottom first? it evidently appearing*, in a thaw, that large pieces of ice rise from the bottom, and bring whatever adheres, *stones, sticks*, mud, &c.

Why shall every seventh wave, at sea, (supposing it to be a little ruffled,) be in general larger, and break more than the rest?

When a hare is near dying, towards the end of a chace, why shall her scent lay less strong than at the beginning?

Lately were committed to Norwich Castle by Sir John Fenn, of East Dereham, Kent, three persons who have been travelling about the country tendering and uttering in payment counterfeit money, resembling the half-crown pieces of King William, all having the date of 1697: a large quantity of these was found in their possession, neatly folded up in small paper parcels.

General Murray was a few nights ago stopped on the road between Grantham and Greetham, by a single footpad: on his opening the door of the carriage, the General made a lunge at him with a large knife, which knocked the pistol from his hand; the villain then ran off, and the General leaping from his carriage pursued him, but owing to the darkness of the night, without success.

Nov. 13. This day, about a quarter before nine o'clock, the following malefactors were brought out of Newgate, and executed on the platform facing the Debtors'-door, in the Old-Bailey, according to their sentence, viz. James Randal, John Saville Wright, and Samuel Young; the two first behaved very penitently, but Young denied the fact he was about to suffer for, till the very moment of his execution.

EXTRAORDINARY FOECUNDITY.

A farmer at Empingham, in Rutlandshire, has now a sow, 10 years and a quarter old, which at 19 litters has brought forth 323 pigs; she has several times had 19 at a litter, and once 21: the sow has now a lot of young pigs in good condition.

KING's BENCH AND FLEET PRISONS.

IT is a pleasing and singular fact, that, notwithstanding the late numberless heavy commercial failures which we apprehended would have involved thousands into gaol, the number of debtors in the King's Bench prison have been reduced upwards of three hundred within a few months. In June last, there were nearly 750 prisoners immured within those walls; at present, we rejoice to say, there are not more than 400.

Discharges from the Fleet prison, although not so numerous as those from the Bench, have been such as must gratify the benevolent mind.

NEW FRENCH CALENDAR.

FOR THE PRESENT YEAR, COMMENCING 22d SEPTEMBER.

New French Names of the Months	*English.*	*Term.*	*Duration.*
	AUTUMN.		*days.*
VINDEMAIRE	Vintage Month	from Sept. 22 to Oct. 21 incl.	30
BRUMAIRE	Fog Month	--- Oct. 22 to Nov. 20	30
FRIMAIRE	Sleet Month	--- Nov. 21 to Dec. 20	30
	WINTER.		
NIVOS	Snow Month	--- Dec. 21 to Jan. 19	30
PLUVIOUS	Rain Month	--- Jan. 20 to Feb. 18	30
VENTOS	Wind Month	--- Feb. 19 to Mar. 20	30
	SPRING.		
GERMINAL	Sprouts Month	--- Mar. 21 to April 19	30
FLOREAL	Flowers Month	--- April 20 to May 19	30
PRIAREAL	Pasture Month	--- May 20 to June 18	30
	SUMMER.		
MESSIDOR	Harvest Month	--- June 19 to July 18	30
FERVIDOR	*Hot Month*	--- July 19 to Aug. 87	30
FRUCTIDOR	Fruit Month	--- Aug. 18 to Sept. 16	30
	SANS CULLOTIDES, as Feasts dedicated to		
LES VERTUS	The Virtues	Sept. 17 - - -	1
LE CENIE	Genius	Sept. 18 - - -	1
LE TRAVAIL	Labour	Sept. 19 - - -	1
L'OPINION	Opinion	Sept. 20 - - -	1
LES RECOMPENSES	Rewards	Sept. 21 - - -	1
			365

The intercalary day of every fourth year is to be called

LA SANS CULLOTIDE,

On which there is to be a national renovation of their oath, *To live Free or Die.*

The month is divided into three DECADES, the days of which are called, from the Latin numerals,

1. Primi
2. *Duodi*
3. Tridi
4. Quartidi
5. *Quintidi*
6. Sextidi
7. Septidi
8. Octodi
9. Nonodi, and
10. Decadi, which is to be the day of rest.

N. B. A corresponding Calendar for all the days of the year may be made on the above sketch.

BIRTHS.

LADY of Henry Robinson, Esq. of Henrietia-street, Covent-garden, Banker, of a son. At Islington, the Lady of Captain Augustus Montgomery, of the Royal Navy, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Andrew's, Holborn, George Clarke, Esq. of Sevenoaks, to Miss Ann Stevens, of Castle-street, Holborn. Peter Vere, Esq. of Knightsbridge, to Miss Elizabeth Egginton, daughter of the late John Egginton, of Nottingham. Glynn Wynn, Esq. to Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, daughter of the late Hon. and Rev. George Hamilton. At Exeter, in the Cathedral of that city, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop, the Rev. William Woollcombe, one of the Prebendaries of that Church, and Rector of East Worlington, to Miss Ann Louis, of the same place.

DEATHS.

At Alton, James Rodney, Esq. brother to the late, and uncle to the present Lord Rodney. At Mansfield, James Walker, Esq. late Master of the Ceremonies at Margate. Dr. Robert Hamilton, many years an eminent Physician at Lynn. Mrs. Pleasant Barr, of Hatton-garden, widow of the late Joseph Barr, Esq. In the Poor-house at Tenderden, in Kent, Henry Smallwood, aged 104 years. He could read without spectacles to the day of his death; and two days before he died, he walked ten miles. On the passage from Africa to the West-Indies, Captain James Kidd, of the Abigail, belonging to Liverpool. At his house at Cheshunt, Nathaniel Sedgwicke, Esq. of the Inner Temple. Gilbert Slater, Esq. a considerable owner of East India shipping, and one of the Directors of the London Assurance Office. At his house at Peckham, Robert Dodwell, Esq. of Doctors Commons, Principal Register of the Court of Arches, one of the Deputy Registers of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, Deputy Register of the Faculty Office, and Principal Register of the Archdeaconry of Berks. Rachel Huddy, of Hutch-Beauchamp. She was 100 years old, and had been eleven years blind; but, notwithstanding her great age, and visual infirmity, she practised midwifery to the satisfaction of her employers, the last of whom she delivered about seven weeks before she expired. At the age of 70, Robert Hamilton, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, and a Member of several other learned Societies, at Lynn Regis, in Norfolk, where he had practised upwards of 30 years. At the seat of her uncle, the Right Hon. the Earl of Gainsborough, where she was on a visit, Miss Sophia Edwards.

THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

OR,

GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY,

For DECEMBER 1793.

ILLUSTRATED WITH
TWO BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

If all the social Virtues of the Mind,
If an extensive Love to all Mankind,
If hospitable Welcome to a Guest,
And speedy Charity to the Distrest,
If due regard to Liberty and Laws,
Zeal for our King and for our Country's cause,
If these are Principles deserving Fame,
Let MASONS then enjoy the Praise they claim.

CONTENTS.

	Page
An Address delivered at the Steward's Lodge, held at the Horn-Tavern, Fleet-street, Nov. 16.	535
The Charge delivered to the Right Hon. and Right Worshipful Lord Blaney.	549
Narrative of the extraordinary Proceedings of the Inquisition of Portugal against the Free-masons.	553
Anecdotes of the late Hugh Kelly, Esq.	566
A View of the Progress of Navigation.	571
Anecdote of Lord Bolingbroke.	575
Sketch of the Life of the Chevalier Ruspini, G. S. T.	576
Charity, with an Engraving.	578
Noble Example of Fidelity in a Free-mason of Vienna.	580
On Detraction.	581
On Moderation.	582
Private Anecdotes.	583
Shocking Death of Santeuil.	587
Selfishness & Benevolence compared.	588
An Address to Youth.	590
A Prayer, by M. De Voltaire.	594
On Christmas.	ib.
Battle between a Buffalo and Serpent.	596
Doge's marrying the Sea at Venice.	597
Essay on Contentment.	598
Address to the Printer.	599
Avarice providentially punished.	601
A Dog's wonderful Sagacity and Affection.	ib.
Vanity of a peculiar kind	602
Contemplations of a Philosopher.	603
New Thoughts on Civility.	604
Public Amusements.	606
Masonic Intelligence.	607
Poetry.	609
Foreign Occurrences.	615
Monthly Chronicle.	617
Index.	619

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietor, and sold by SCRATCHERD and WHITAKER, *Ave Maria Lane*; and all Booksellers and Newscarriers in Town and Country.

[*Entered at Stationers'-Hall.*]

BIRTHS.

LADY of Henry Robinson, Esq. of Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, Banker, of a son. At Islington, the Lady of Captain Augustus Montgomery, of the Royal Navy, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Andrew's, Holborn, George Clarke, Esq. of Sevenoaks, to Miss Ann Stevens, of Castle-street, Holborn. Peter Vere, Esq. of Knightsbridge, to Miss Elizabeth Egginton, daughter of the late John Egginton, of Nottingham. Glynn Wynn, Esq. to Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, daughter of the late Hon. and Rev. George Hamilton. At Exeter, in the Cathedral of that city, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop, the Rev. William Woollcombe, one of the Prebendaries of that Church, and Rector of East Worlington, to Miss Ann Louis, of the same place.

DEATHS.

At Alton, James Rodney, Esq. brother to the late, and uncle to the present Lord Rodney. At Mansfield, James Walker, Esq. late Master of the Ceremonies at Margate. Dr. Robert Hamilton, many years an eminent Physician at Lynn. Mrs. Pleasant Barr, of Hatton-garden, widow of the late Joseph Barr, Esq. In the Poor-house at Tenderden, in Kent, Henry Smallwood, aged 104 years. He could read without spectacles to the day of his death; and two days before he died, he walked ten miles. On the passage from Africa to the West-Indies, Captain James Kidd, of the Abigail, belonging to Liverpool. At his house at Cheshunt, Nathaniel Sedgwicke, Esq. of the Inner Temple. Gilbert Slater, Esq. a considerable owner of East India shipping, and one of the Directors of the London Assurance Office. At his house at Peckham, Robert Dodwell, Esq. of Doctors Commons, Principal Register of the Court of Arches, one of the Deputy Registers of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, Deputy Register of the Faculty Office, and Principal Register of the Archdeaconry of Berks. Rachel Huddy, of Hutch-Beauchamp. She was 100 years old, and had been eleven years blind; but, notwithstanding her great age, and visual infirmity, she practised midwifery to the satisfaction of her employers, the last of whom she delivered about seven weeks before she expired. At the age of 70, Robert Hamilton, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, and a Member of several other learned Societies, at Lynn Regis, in Norfolk, where he had practised upwards of 30 years. At the seat of her uncle, the Right Hon. the Earl of Gainsborough, where she was on a visit, Miss Sophia Edwards.

THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

OR,

GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY,

For DECEMBER 1793.

ILLUSTRATED WITH
TWO BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

If all the social Virtues of the Mind,
If an extensive Love to all Mankind,
If hospitable Welcome to a Guest,
And speedy Charity to the Distrest,
If due regard to Liberty and Laws,
Zeal for our King and for our Country's cause,
If these are Principles deserving Fame,
Let MASONS then enjoy the Praise they claim.

CONTENTS.

	Page
An Address delivered at the Steward's Lodge, held at the Horn-Tavern, Fleet-street, Nov. 16.	535
The Charge delivered to the Right Hon. and Right Worshipful Lord Blaney.	549
Narrative of the extraordinary Proceedings of the Inquisition of Portugal against the Free-masons.	553
Anecdotes of the late Hugh Kelly, Esq.	566
A View of the Progress of Navigation.	571
Anecdote of Lord Bolingbroke.	575
Sketch of the Life of the Chevalier Ruspini, G. S. T.	576
Charity, with an Engraving.	578
Noble Example of Fidelity in a Free-mason of Vienna.	580
On Detraction.	581
On Moderation.	582
Private Anecdotes.	583
Shocking Death of *Santeuil.*	587
Selfishness & Benevolence compared.	588
An Address to Youth.	590
A Prayer, by M. De Voltaire.	594
On Christmas.	ib.
Battle between a Buffalo and Serpent.	596
Doge's marrying the Sea at Venice.	597
Essay on Contentment.	598
Address to the Printer.	599
Avarice providentially punished.	601
A Dog's wonderful Sagacity and Affection.	ib.
Vanity of a peculiar kind	602
Contemplations of a Philosopher.	603
New Thoughts on Civility.	604
Public Amusements.	606
Masonic Intelligence.	607
Poetry.	609
Foreign Occurrences.	615
Monthly Chronicle.	617
Index.	619

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietor, and sold by SCRATCHERD and WHITAKER, *Ave Maria Lane*; and all Booksellers and Newscarriers in Town and Country.

[*Entered at Stationers'-Hall.*]

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Property of this Magazine has been purchased at Public Sale by one who has the honour to be a Mason.

From the short period between the purchase of the work and the publication of the present number, it is impossible to state the precise PLAN upon which it will in future be conducted, further than to give the strongest assurance that it will be pursued with the utmost CIRCUMSPECTION as to MASONRY, and with such spirit in every other Department, as he hopes will entitle HIM to the encouragement of his Brethren, and the Public in general.

Until a proper arrangement is made, Letters and Communications, on account of the Proprietor, will be received and thankfully acknowledged, addressed to the British Letter Foundry, Bream's Buildings, Chancery-Lane, London.

P. S. The Proprietor of this Magazine is desired, by the Assignees under Mr. Bunney's Commission, to state, That the "Address to the Masonic Body, &c." and published in the VIth Number, was so published, not merely without their authority, but contrary to their positive injunctions, as falsehood is the basis of every paragraph.

THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

OR,

GENERAL and COMPLETE LIBRARY.

FOR DECEMBER 1793.

AN

ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE

STEWARDS LODGE, *held at the* Horn Tavern, *Fleet-Street, London,*

NOVEMBER 16, MDCCLXIII.

[BEING INSTALLATION NIGHT.]

BY THOMAS EDMONDES, Esq. G. W.

[The Right Worshipful Earl FERRERS then Grand-Master.]

To which is added his CHARGE to the Right Honourable and Right Worshipful Lord BLANEY, afterwards Grand Master, on his being appointed Master of the New Lodge, at the Horn-Tavern, Westminster, constituted in due Form, by THOMAS EDMONDES, who then acted as Deputy Grand Master.

BRETHREN,

AN attempt to illustrate the stupendous and mysterious attributes of the Royal Craft, by a Mason of little more than one year's standing, may seem to many an arduous undertaking. I am conscious of it myself; yet several of my worthy friends have rather flattered me into the faint resolution.

Animated by brotherly good will and official duty, twined in my heart, and so nobly supported by the honor of a proposal which I have to make from the right honourable and right worshipful Earl Ferrers, our Grand Master, for the establishing an everlasting pillar to Masonry, I made choice of this eligible opportunity, where I have the pleasure to meet with so many *dignified* brothers, most humbly to offer my thoughts on so important an occasion. Should I meet with your approbation, I shall be more than happy to be in

your esteem, and see my labour terminate in the general good of this most excellent Society.

When I was made a Free and an Accepted Mason, I had a very confused idea of the science; and, on the first impression, I looked upon it (as I presume too many do) to be a meeting rather of mirth and jollity, supported by acts of mutual adherence and friendship one to another.

Though even such a constitution might be in itself intentionally well founded, yet I thought there must be something more consequentially mysterious in a society that seemed so inexplicable, so antient, and so impenetrable, which excited my enquiry. I thereupon took all the pains I could to study the truth and accuracy of its tradition, and found, on vigilant researches, there were the greatest pleasures, and the purest satisfaction to be found in the true knowledge of the Royal Craft, and soon began to think the benefit I have had in becoming a Mason, to be inestimable.

I shall therefore attempt to explain the characteristics of a perfect and a good Mason.

I am thoroughly convinced, it is not a red, or a blue apron; a ribbon, with an impending jewel, or any thing superficially striking, that entitles a brother to be called so; nor do ornaments of any kind *merely* denominate the society to be more intrinsically estimable; but at the same time, whatever appears meritoriously respectable, for the honour and emulation of the Craft, is highly commendable, and ought properly to be aspired after, *as* a distinction to worth and merit.

From the accounts I have received of Masonry, as instituted at Berlin under the *great King* of *Prussia*, our royal brother, at France, and other countries, their grand lodges are hung with the richest velvets, tapestries, embroideries, and gold lace; together with all other costly lustres, lights, and suitable decorations. The illuminated brilliancy these make, with the polite order and harmony of the members, strike a most grateful and pleasing concord: they fill the mind of every brother with the idea of a heavenly mansion, and an angelic association.---He may well call the ground he stands on, *holy ground*; for, as an eminent author says:

> "All that we can guess the blessed do above,
> "Is, that they shine, unite, rejoice, and love."

If British lodges are deficient in the like decorations, I hope the defects are supplied with the beauties of the mind, and the most glorious illustration of that great light, *Charity*, which truly encircles the orb of *Great Britain*, and disperses its rays around the world, to the mature comfort and happy relief of the distressed.

Neither is it he who can answer by rotation and ready fluency, the catechetical questions that occur in a lodge, who merits the title of a perfect and good Mason from that qualification only; nor yet would I withdraw the least merit from any brother that is retentively versed in oral tradition, as it must be acquired by very

subtle attention, and is a necessary accomplishment for the chair, properly understood; when adorned with other more essential requisites, which I shall endeavour to explain.

As Geometry is, beyond all doubt, the basis of Masonry, I must make it the fundamental topic of what I am going upon, and therefore take the liberty to define it, though, I dare say, unnecessarily to most of you.

Geometry, so denominated, is classically derived from the Greek, γῆς the earth, and μετρέω to measure. It originally signified the art of measuring the earth, or any distance on, or within it; but was since extended to quantity and magnitude, to demonstrate the properties of lines, surfaces, solids, and figures, such as *Euclid*'s *Elements*, and *Apollonius*'s *Sections*. Under this science are contained the *liberal arts*; arts, that consist more in speculation than operation, and depend more on the head and mind, than the hand. These are chiefly the province or study of gentlemen and scholars; such as grammar, rhetoric, optics, logic, fortifications, and military arts, astronomy, music, and so forth.

It is very immaterial, whether we may, from supposition, antiquate our mystery, or make it coeval with mankind, by insisting that the first man, Adam, had some knowledge of geometry: yet I think I may venture to assert, that Adam, from his expulsion from paradise, must have employed himself in some preservative invention, as coincident with his existence, and contrived for his dear associate, the fair delicate Eve, some covering, with curtains of safety around her mossy sofa, from the inclemency of the weather, as well as from the danger of being devoured by the brute creation. Whatever those curtains or covering might be, they must admit of some intentional form, therefore may be considered as a faint light or beginning of Masonry, under an indigested comprehension. From hence we may derive the innate affections, peculiar regard, and social attachment that Masons, (whose tenets in this respect are highly commendable) independent of nature and improved politeness, have ever preserved for the fair sex.

We may, however, safely lay indisputable stress, so far back, on the reference in Scripture which Moses, Grand Master of the lodge in Israel, transmitted to us, that Tubal-Cain, so called by the Hebrews, the eighth man from Adam, had so improved himself in Geometry, that he became the first inventor, as well as instructor, of curious smith work. The most learned expositors agree, that the Egyptians and Grecians called him by the name of Hephaistos, and held him to be the first inventor of metallic operations by fire. The Romans ascribed to him the same art, by the name of Vulcan. This Tubal-Cain is the same we commemorate, as the first who made instruments for hewing of stones, and contrived the ingenious and very material use of the square, level, and plumb, without which no upright building could, nor can be constructed, even to this day.

As profane history makes Tubal-Cain, otherwise Vulcan, the

first king and founder of Egypt, and of its famous capital *Memphis*, he consequently was the first *practical builder*, and *master* of *work*, and the first that carried into operation the speculative use of Geometry. From his time, Geometry and Masonry were so incorporated, as to become necessary dependents on one another.

The learned Egyptian priests were so tenacious of their new mystery, that, under similar cautions, I may instance, viz. the parole in the military science, whereby the officers and soldiers are to know their friends from their enemies, and which it is by the martial law, at least in time of danger, death to discover:—the secrets of the mint, particularly the milling of money:—the Ponty-pool japan, which (though elegantly imitated at Birmingham and other places) still remains a secret, and is known there but to one family*:—the royal glass manufactory in France, where they have the art of running plate-glass to any size; a science unknown to any other part of the kingdom, and all the world.—I might mention many other liberal as well as mechanical sciences and foundries, where the persons concerned are under the most solemn ties of obligation to conceal; but what I have mentioned will undoubtedly convey the idea of solemn restraint, with its necessary appendages. I say the Egyptian priests, with most circumspect and assiduous care, kept the secrets of Masonry from all strangers; and I have met with a very remarkable story incident thereto, which I shall relate:

The great Pythagoras, who took a journey to Egypt, to study the Egyptian learning, notwithstanding he had a letter of recommendation from Polycrates, the tyrant of Samos, to king Amasis his particular friend, found such difficulties to be introduced to the priests of Memphis, as he could get over by no other means, than by his submission to be circumcised:—so cautious were these sage liberal students likewise, that they wrapped up their mysteries in all disguises, allusions, enigmas, fables, and allegories, calculated from their most intricate literature, which required the greatest sagacity, knowledge, study and penetration to understand; and were then, as they are much more so now, above the reach of common capacities.

From *thence* arose originally the signs, tokens, obscure questions and answers among Masons, which have been imperfectly handed down to us by oral tradition only; the true sense and meaning of which, though practised by thousands, are understood but by few. These were kept undiscovered and unexplained to the craftsmen, apprentices, and labourers of those times, 'till they became, after long service and attendance, proficients, and qualified for masters or undertakers of work, by discovering some extraordinary genius and excellencies. Were we so prudently cautious of raising Master Masons, (except in particular instances)

* The Reader must keep in mind, that this Address was delivered in 1763.

the desire of knowledge in the mysteries would be much more powerfully inviting, and the principles and qualifications of persons in the craft would be better known, to be approved as worthy and able of doing honour and service to the society.

I cannot help thinking, but that it is an apparent degradation to the Craft, that some hundreds have been so precipitately raised, who become thereupon, as they themselves think, complete Masons, without attending to, or understanding, hardly one real circumstance of the order; from whence, and the overgrowth of inferior lodges, unguarded consequential mischiefs have arisen, and the Craft treated rather contemptibly. It is, brethren, a sphere of liberal education, closely pursued, that regularly initiates and qualifies a Mason rightly to understand the several mysterious and copious expositions of the craft and sciences; his mind must be enriched with the knowledge of the most abstruse parts of solid learning. In this excellency alone consists the exalted qualification of a perfect Mason. It is from the almost insuperable difficulty of attaining this perfection, that the true mystic secrets of Masonry have been so impenetrably preserved from popular conception and discoveries, and have escaped the perfidious attempts of Cowans and faithless scribblers. This high degree of knowledge cannot be *transmitted*, it must be attained by long personal application and hard study. It is the employment of half one's age to become orthodox, and qualified either to receive or form judicious distinctions in mysterious problems. Such as *these* are too *great*, and too sensible, ever to betray their faith and understanding. It is the base ignorant sort, who would aim to make a show of knowledge which they don't possess, that impose on the world, under the pretensions of discovering the secrets of Masonry; frail instances of which have appeared in some paltry pamphlets, encouraged by the presumptive and eager curiosity of mankind, to know our secrets at sight.

I should not take notice of these worthless authors, nor would I think it worth my while to dispute with men who deny principles; who, under the unjust ridicule of so antient and noble a society, impose on the public for an ill-gotten, scandalous, temporary support. —The man pays dear for a bare loaf of bread, who pawns his soul for it. The Great Searcher of hearts, however, is not to be imposed upon, and he will undoubtedly take his own time to punish the wrong doer. I shall then only say, that such inquisitors always refute their own doings by ignorance, falsehood, and incongruity, and have neither knowledge nor capacity ever to do material harm to the secrets of a society, which neither the bull of Phalaris, nor the scourges of princes could break into. These poor insane wretches make an attack rather on all mutual faith, religious and moral duties wherever assembled, and would aim to affect every law and bond of society, without which no society can exist;—as such, I pity and condemn them: they must be bad members of the community, desperately acting under the infernal promoter of confusion, and

ought to be guarded against. Should any attempt to intrude into, or violate the rules of any society, under the advice of such impostors, they must be as bad, and as much dreaded.

What I have remarked further from these sort of writers, induces me only to observe, that, as they call themselves visitors of some shining lodges, to prevent the least pretensions to the probability even of any intrusion or local discoveries in matters of form (the least consequential parts of Masonry), I would most humbly request all masters of lodges in general, to ordain a bye-law, as some lodges already have, that no visitor be admitted, unless proposed and introduced by a member who knows him, and can certify his being a lawful brother. I hope what I say will not be looked upon as improper, for I have the honour to copy the advice of the great Sir Christopher Wren on a similar occasion, in whose time, and long before, these sorts of impositions had been offered to the public.

I shall now beg your further indulgence to go on with my subject, and show, that besides the requisites of a perfect Mason, in being well read, having clear judgment, and ease of elocution, to explain sympathetically the mystic gate to the illuminated mansion of Masonry, through its dark intricate avenues and passages, together with the wisdom, strength, order, beauty, and harmony of all the arts and sciences, co-operating with one another, and in being able to explain the true technical meaning of signs and tokens; the singular use of the various symbolical hieroglyphics, and other various disguised obscurities in the Royal Craft, which are the magnified perspectives to light and truth; yet there be other essentials necessary, without which the greatest and most learned man cannot be a good Mason, and those are within the reach of every capacity, which I may assign to be the qualification of a good Mason.

A good Mason then is an *honest man*, and as Pope said, "one of the noblest works of God;" *one* who duly pays his duty to his great Creator, and his allegiance to his king; *one* who subdues his inordinate passions, and natural perverse will, in proper subjection to all superior degrees and orders of men, and all civil constitutional policy: *one* who strives, by honest industry, to excel in that profession, trade, or science he is called to; *one* who is just in all his dealings and dependencies; temperate, faithful, and steady, cultivating his mind and behaviour with social adepts, and brotherly benignity in all the duties of life; *one* who would willingly do to all men, as he would have them do to him; nay, *one* who studies excellency in all moral duty; to which laudable end, he particularly avoids all *party*, or partial tale-bearing, which generally, out of a frail ill-judged design of entertaining or pleasing, animates incorrect sensations, leads people into irrecoverable difficulties, and generally proves a bane to society. He avoids with equal care, censoriousness, perverse contradiction, or captiousness, which often produce discord, or, at least, uneasiness. He would not be seen in the throng of the vicious, nor intemperately sip the cup of ebriety. A good Mason is like a rock washed whiter, but not shaken with

the storms and waves of life.—He carries that erect, even deportment and disposition of mind, that never inclines to give or exaggerate offence, but strives to facilitate conviction by argument, in the gentlest manner and softest language, not by a haughty overbearingness, or an inflamed debate;—considering that amity and social harmony ought to flourish and abound in all human societies, but particularly among the fraternity, whose names are enrolled in the books of everlasting scientific records, to maintain and ever kindle that mysterious zeal, which enlightens us to see, with feeling compassion, the turbulent disquietudes, and vitiated principles of most of the unselected and uncivilized part of mankind.

These are, brethren, the united qualifications of a perfect and good Mason, which, in short, are a fund of universal knowledge and literature, adorned with the practice of all social and religious virtues.

But, Brethren, let none be disheartened at so seemingly great an accomplishment to be a perfect Mason: it is not necessary that every one should attain to it; there are, and ought to be, degrees of dignity and subordination. Our particular callings are appointed to each of us by the great God, wherein we are obliged to act as far as our power reaches; God requires no more. Some are entrusted with ten talents, some with five, and some only with one: the greater are the advantages, the greater the trust; every brother of us may be a good Mason, and a good citizen of the world; there is no man without his talent, and he has it in his own power to make himself a very valuable and useful member, by setting his heart wholly and industriously upon that lot which Providence has assigned him; not wanting he knows not what, looking for it he knows not where; and if he had it, would not know what to do with it. We may be all candidates in different perfections for honour and advantages, and in our several callings may respectively contribute to the well-doing of the whole. The mechanical science can be no more spared than the intellectual: the *prince* cannot say to the *merchant*, or the merchant to the sailor, we have no need of thee; nor can the architect, or master of work, say to the craftsman and apprentice, nor the craftsman to the labourer, we have no need of thee. We then may certainly, in our different stations, study the proper apparatus to *divine utility*, *society*, and *converse*.

Then pray permit me here, brethren, to take a short retrospect into the surprising creation of the world. God said, "Let there be light, and there was light."—The heavens immediately opened, and declared the glory of the Grand Architect of the World, and the firmament spangled with his handy work. Oh! what an amazing all-powerful scene was this! It must fill every heart with glowing adoration to the almighty King of kings, who commanded the primary light, and thus manifested to us, by his own works, social subordination in the heavenly bodies, with their dependencies, on the assistance they received from one another. The sun, who rules the day, gives light to the moon; the moon, who rules the night, tells to the listening earth the surprising story of her birth; "so

that there is one glory of the sun, another glory of the moon; and one star differs from another star in glory," and all, by most wondrous signs and tokens, without voice, sound, or language, solemnly proclaim divine mysteries.

Astronomy, without doubt, immediately attended the first principles of geometry: the view of heaven, and the lighted firmament, must have struck the enterprizing faculties of man with amazement and admiration: so must the motions of the sun and moon, together with the regularity of the heavenly luminaries, dividing time into day and night, demonstrate to him periodical observations of days, nights, and seasons, for his use and natural preservation. Sciences, therefore, in some degree, begun from man's existence, under the variable state of improvements to this day.

As the Royal Craft was recognized under these discoveries, oh! how divinely pleasing must this heavenly order, which is the unerring rule by which we work the grand building of Masonry, be conceived in the breast of every Mason, when considered mysteriously, as well as numerically, formed alike in many instances, which when God beheld, he proclaimed it good.

Emulative in his station, let every one of us show the light that glows in his heart, and breathe it out on every intercourse with mankind, that they may see the brightness of our minds, and glorify our Father which is in heaven. Are we not taught to consider ourselves, as we certainly are, the successors of Moses, grand master of the lodge of Israel, who hewed the two tables of stone, whereon were engraven the ten commandments of God, and whose holy history commencing from the creation of the world, when both time and things began, is the illuminated rule both of our conduct and faith? As such then we ought to show good works in obedience to those commandments; and in conformity to his rules, practise virtue.

To prove that learning and exemplary virtues were qualifications in the primitive times, to make a perfect and good Mason, I shall, to justify my argument, offer a few instances of such as undoubtedly possessed them.

I shall begin with Moses, who was not only an inspired writer, but he was likewise an entire master of the Egyptian learning; and was the first who, by a chymical operation, powdered gold, and made it miscible with water. Shem, Ham, and Japhet, who alone were divinely preserved from the *watery desart*, were grand officers, and learned geometricians; they brought up their descendants to study geometry, and improve the sciences.

Those who had the greatest genius, formed a design among themselves not to separate, and assembling into a society, built that vast tower called Babel, upon the summit of which, there was an astronomical observatory, from whence they made great and skilful advances in that science: but the almighty God being provoked at their resolution to counter-act his wise purpose of establishing universal knowledge, habitation, and population over the whole earth,

he was pleased to confound their language, and thereby caused their dispersion. This consternation did not interfere with their skill in building, as they had practised conversing without speech, by signs and tokens. The progress that was made after this migration in the Royal Art, under the patronage of kings and great men, is inconceivable: the numerous Athenian cities, the walls of Babylon, the Pyramids, the temple of Diana, the Colossus, and other vast structures that were built, abundantly testify; nay, the distinct palaces, temples, obelisks, and statues they finished, proved even their early and refined taste in operative Masonry.

We read in history many successive progresses in Masonry by the Israelites, Sidonians, Phœnicians, and others, which are almost endless to particularize; but I must take notice of the famous temple of Dagon, at Gaza, as a parallel to a modern building I shall hereafter mention, which would contain four thousand people, supported by two pillars only, which were of so delicate and elegant a taste, that Sampson grasping his arms about them, pulled the whole down, and killed three thousand Philistines, sharing himself the same fate in the ruins.

I now come to the glorious Temple of King Solomon, where I might entertain you with a volume in aiming to describe its magnificence and enriched beauties. I shall then only say, that it was built under that divine faculty, *wisdom*, which the Almighty Architect of the world blessed King Solomon with; from the amazing executive parts of which, King Hiram of Tyre, who had been grand master in King David's reign, proclaimed King Solomon grand master of the world.

It is needless to expatiate on this immense structure, or upon the compact settled between king Hiram and king Solomon, therefore shall only add, that the learned and most renowned antiquarian Hiram-abiff, was employed by king Solomon, on the recommendation of king Hiram, as deputy grand-master in this building. I might here take an opportunity of explaining some obscurities, did I not think I should take up too much of your time.

As I propose drawing to a conclusion as fast as possible, I shall not enumerate the increase of lodges in Israel under king Solomon, to the honour of the Craft; but upon his death, I must observe, many of his master Masons travelled into all parts of the world. In places where they found employment, they became well received, and obtaining special privileges, they constituted lodges, but would teach the liberal arts to none but gentlemen and their sons who were free-born, from whence they took the name of *Free*-Masons.

The great men and nobles, under this prudent distinction and regulation, became members, and were, from *merit* only, made masters and wardens. They cultivated, with great emulation, the Royal Craft, and various cities and buildings were carried on under the direction of various lodges, constituted in all parts, who strove to excel each other, and to surpass the magnificence of their designs by the exalted spirit of the execution. 'Tis enough I think to say,

that now it was Masonry was in full beauty, and the Five Orders in Architecture became complete.

Greece at this time abounded with the most famous geometricians, sculptors, statuaries, painters and philosophers, as Master-Masons, under whose abilities the fellow-crafts under them became the best operative Masons on earth.

I must beg to intrude on your further patience, to name some of the great men who were in those days at the head of the Craft, and briefly trace them down to the present time. I shall lay my root in the immortal Euclid, who was grand-warden to Ptolemy, one of the greatest proficients of those days in the oriental languages. He built the two grand museums in Alexandria, wherein were reposed nine hundred thousand manuscript volumes, which were burnt by the Saracens, and the most valuable oriental histories lost in the blast.

The great Pythagoras, whom I before mentioned, after staying in Egypt twenty years and upwards, returned very learned, and being made grand-master, he introduced great improvements in the Craft, as well as in that system which goes by his name.

The famous Agrippa, who built the Roman Pantheon, was deputy-grand to the great emperor Augustus. I might instance many more, but I shall not trouble you with biography, or recapitulating history, and only add some few of the British princes and nobility who have honoured the craft.

It is very probable that the first inhabitants of this island were the immediate descendants of the patriarchs, as the *magicians* and *Druids* held their respective assemblies in woods and groves (to which many words in the Welch language have the greatest affinity), where their counsels were secret and mysterious; they certainly must have been skilled in the knowledge of arts and sciences, particularly in the building of ships, and the art of navigation, which were ever particularly adapted to this island, now become, under our most illustrious king, George the Third, the most formidable maritime power in the world.

We have no certain account of any thing locally remarkable, 'till the Trojan race of Britons built many towns and temples under the direction of Ebrank and Bladud, masters of work; by the latter of these, the city of Bath, so famous for its salutary hot waters, and universal resort, was built, as appears by an inscription in the place.

The Romans introduced the exercise of arts and sciences, but wars and confusion following, the craft was neglected, till the reign of Caurasins, who shook off, in some measure the Roman yoke.

In his reign St. Alban, steward of the household, and ruler of the realm, was grand master; he got a charter for the Free-Masons, constituted a grand lodge, attended himself to make Masons, and gave most instructive charges.

Constantine the Great, who put a total end to *Roman vassalage*,

encouraged the Craft, and founded that great seminary of learning, the university of Oxford.

Ethelward, brother to kind Edward, at the head of the Craft, founded the other great seminary, the university of Cambridge. Prince Edwin, brother to king Athelstan, to whom the Free-Masons are much indebted, held a grand lodge in York, where he brought oriental records of the mysteries, and formed the constitution of the English lodge.

Roger de Montgomery, Earl of Shrewsbury and Arundel, and Gundulph, bishop of Rochester, were grand officers, who, amongst many other noted buildings, built Westminster-hall, the largest single room in the world, which was afterwards rebuilt by William of Wickham, bishop of Winchester, as grand master of Masons, in the state it now stands, who also endowed the foundation of the present famous Winchester school.

In the reign of James the First, the ever-memorable Inigo Jones was grand master of Masons, who, among other buildings, built the fine structure at Whitehall.

The great Elias Ashmole, who founded the much-admired Musæum at Oxford, was a Mason.

In the reign of King Charles the Second, Sir Christopher Wren was deputy-grand to the Earl of St. Alban's, Earl Rivers, Villers Duke of Buckingham, and Lenox Duke of Richmond, and for many years was grand master himself. It was he, with his wardens and craft, built the Royal Exchange, St. Paul's cathedral, the Monument, St. Mary-le-bone, and St. Stephen's in Wallbrook, whose admirable cupola, fine-proportioned pillars, and elegance, may be compared to the famous temple of Dagon I before mentioned, and hangs so light and unincumbered, that one might think the arms even of a modern Sampson could pull it down. He also built the College of Physicians, and the Middle Temple gate, which, for order and taste, are not to be excelled by any pieces of architecture in Europe.

In his time King William was made a Mason. From Sir Christopher's decline, the Craft made no great figure, 'till the auspicious government of George the First, when the Arts and Sciences began to flourish again, and such a noble succession of grand masters appeared at the head of the Craft, as no age or nation can boast of*.

In the time of these great men, Charity seemed to be the chief object of their design, and the contributions have been so greatly encouraged, as to have now 1200l. in bank stock, over and above the many sums disposed of from time to time, to the seasonable relief of distressed brothers.

I have selected this short historical abridgment, in order to show, that most of the mystical perfections in the Royal Craft were

* Here followed an enumeration of all the Grand Masters, from the Duke of Montague to Earl Ferrers; but as these may be easily traced in the Book of Constitutions, we omit them in this place.

founded upon principles of architecture, for the use of population, and edification in the knowledge and improvement of arts and sciences, as well as upon the principles of religious and moral duties.

I may venture to say, there is no society on earth yet established so nobly patronized; yet I cannot help drooping with the strongest impulse of affliction, to see the Grand Society of Masons, under the disgraceful necessity of hiring of an inferior body, every year, rooms for entertaining, on St. John's day, the grand Convocation of Masons, led by their grand master, generally attended by several personages of the first rank, and three or four hundred of the brotherhood. I am also grieved to see the committees of charity, quarterly communications, and grand lodges held in taverns, where they have been disrespectfully treated, and drove from one to another. What contempt must this reflect on Great Britain, the grand local standard of Masonry?—Is it not our fault?—Are we not remiss then in our honor and dignity, not to perpetuate that standard, by a proper structure for that purpose?

This, brethren, was what I first opened to you, as my chief justification, in giving you this trouble, and was an observation which our ever-memorable grand master, Earl Ferrers, watchful of the good and honour of the Craft, now more immediately under his care, had taken into his consideration; and from the greatness of his mind, which is ever inseparable from a heart truly ennobled, and the dignity of his trust, harmonized with the blazing light of true Masonry, proposes to set on foot the best-approved plan to erect a proper building for the accommodation of the grand convocation, and grand lodges aforesaid, together with spacious rooms for a growing library, and school, for the qualifying and finishing twelve boys, sons of poor Masons, in the knowledge of some of the arts and sciences best adapted to their respective geniuses, in order to be put out in the world; or otherwise to be regulated and founded, as it should seem best to a committee of Masons delegated for that purpose.

"That the sum for this building be raised by a general subscription, to be made all the world over, amongst kings, princes, and potentates that are royal brothers, and all lodges and Masons, to be paid into different bankers hands.

"That every brother, skilful in drawing, or in contriving a plan for such a building, would be so kind as to deliver his proposals to the grand master to be examined and considered; so that the best-approved plan might be attended to, the expences calculated, and a sum notified adequate to the undertaking."

As such a collection will take up some time, the sooner the better a scheme for the purpose is settled. Many a foundation now flourishing, has begun with a much less prospect of succeeding; and I have the honour to inform you, that our most worthy grand master, Earl Ferrers, proposes to endow the scholastic part of the foundation with an annual perpetuity of 50l. as a beginning, to defray the ex-

pence of the school; and that as soon as a freehold spot of ground, or convenient building can be bought for the purpose, he will, at his own expence, use his utmost endeavours to get a charter, to make us a body corporate, and fix the foundation of the building, with its appurtenances, for ever in the grand officers for the time being, appropriated to the sole use and benefit of the Free and Accepted Masons, until this, with all the gorgeous palaces on earth, nay, the globe itself, be dissolved in the general crush.

Could I presume to offer my opinion on the affair, I should make no doubt but such a building, as other public buildings do, must meet with undoubted encouragement even from Masons themselves, and consequently produce an annual revenue, much greater than double the interest of the sum expended; which will be a considerable increase of income, added to that arising from the bank stock, and quarterly communications to support the foundation, and charitable contributions to the distressed brotherhood.

It is therefore my hopes that this noble scheme will be received with great ardour, and that particularly every past grand master, all grand officers, stewards, masters of lodges, wardens, and Masons in general will heartily contribute, and extend their best influence to promote this inexpressibly good design:—I may well say inexpressible, for there is no knowing the greatness of its progress or utility. It will be a certain foundation for liberalities and benevolent bounties, and the further emulating endowments from the great and good; in which laudable spirit the nobility of Great Britain excel the whole world. Here, access will be always open and free for the cries of distressed innocence, to the honour of Masonry, and the glory of Charity. What greater honour can any one of us ever propose to himself, than to have his name immortalized, in being an active encourager of such a temple? Or what greater comfort can he possibly wish for? What happier companion to his conscience, than to be a dispenser of blessings to mankind, and consider himself, in the opinion of the world, as an instrument of doing good. It will even add dignity to title, and loveliness to humanity.

"Oh! let us then (as Job elegantly expresses it) sing together like the morning stars, and as the sons of God, shout for joy."

Brethren, don't let this noble opportunity slip, or the scheme become abortive, or even disputable; let us consider how happy we are in having so noble and bountiful a proposer, who has had long experience in the most refined taste of drawings, designs, and buildings; who, withal, is so affable and attentive to all brotherly love, cheerful benignity, and the interest of the Craft, that we cannot even doubt, but that, under his direction and assistance, the scheme will be effected.

That we are great, that we are powerful, if we would act agreeably, who can doubt?

Let us regard ourselves, then, as a body of people the most considerable in the world, selected into different departments, for promoting all the good we can, in proportion to our abilities and op-

portunities, not only to one another, but to all our fellow-creatures, in public obedience to the laws of God, and the manifestation of the social duties we profess. Let each man, then, in every such department, study his usefulness; not to recline himself, in a round of selfish pleasures, or associate for the purpose of eating and drinking, without first paying a peculiar regard to the greater business of mankind, and to the use of our faculties as reasonable beings.

There is not a more evident duty incumbent upon us, than to return the kindness we receive, and to be intent in furthering the interest of those, who have been employed in promoting ours. Our claim, as well as our dependency, on one another is mutual. There is none so low, as not to be in a capacity to assist the highest; nor any so high, as not to want the assistance of the lowest in the chain of life by which we are linked together. We should be always desirous of entertaining each other with social, virtuous, and cheerful sentiments, showing gladness when we meet, and ever meet united. Our conversation should be, the true knowledge and improvement of our respective sciences, secrets, and mysteries, for in knowledge we shall find heavenly truths. None of us should bring with him any seed of party-contention, or immature *dull prepossession*.—We should preserve a modest and subordinate respect to those endowed with higher abilities, and superior knowledge in the business of life. No man should then attempt to betray his judgment beyond his capacity, of whatever rank he may be in appearance; and let him that accompanies his superior, think himself honoured, without assuming. Should he be carried among the brightness of the stars, let him carefully keep the milky path; the humiliation of the one requires the subjection of the other, which, when thus mutually practised, will establish the golden mean to that unerring state of tranquillity, a contented and peaceable mind.

Happiness is every man's own acquisition; it cannot be purchased or assigned, and, without a proper stimulus in the breast, there's no pursuing or attaining it: It flows from the heart only, where virtue and a good conscience inhabit; and when formed there, it is productive of social uprightness and rectitude.

Let us call on the great God, the divine author of this and every perfect gift, and the wise disposer of all events, to adorn us respectively with this jewel, and all other materials, if he thinks it right and meet so to do, to incorporate our hearts with unity, love, strength, and wisdom, to conduct, contrive, and support the establishing of the Free-Masons' Temple of Charity, and let it be adorned with this frontispiece:

"CHARITY, sitting in her ivory chair, with a crown of brilliants on her head, extending her hands over the globe, with Britannia by her, as her maid of honour.

"The Globe presented to her by our illustrious King George the Third; with Earl Ferrers supporting it, holding a compass upon it, as emblems of British universal Charity, of the greatest king, and of the first grand master of Masons in the world."

THE CHARGE

DELIVERED TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE AND RIGHT WORSHIPFUL

LORD BLANEY,

When he was appointed MASTER *of the* NEW LODGE, *at the* Horn Tavern, *Westminster.*

BY THOMAS EDMONDES, Esq.

Acting as Deputy Grand-Master for that Purpose.

RIGHT HON. AND RIGHT WOR. BROTHER,

THE first and most essential requisite towards a right conduct in the great trust you are under, is to study the utility, as well as to enforce the practice of all religious, moral, and social duties.

Happy it is for you, sir, and for those selected into this lodge under your care, that you are possessed with that personal greatness and firmness of spirit, so appurtenant to official duty, authoritative exercises, and that idio-pathetical knowledge in the mysterious problems of the Craft, so necessary to support the dignity of the chair, and illustrate the judicious decisions and necessary regulations in this our new constitution.

Permit me, sir, to observe and admire, among those qualifications, the justice, equality, and sweetness of temper, which have long ornamented your conduct in life, and endeared you to your friends and acquaintance both in this and our sister kingdom, particularly to your brethren of this lodge.

Such lustre, like the *sun rising in the East*, never fails of encircling around it true rays of glory, serenity, and harmony. Another very useful requisite to a right conduct, is to know what particularly relates to yourself under this trust; and by the influence of that knowledge, to rectify your consequent actions. This precept was wrote in letters of gold over the porch of the temple of Apollo, and professed as a principal maxim by all the sages of old. It is the true philosophical and practical wisdom, which settles all matters right, *within*. It teaches us to regulate unguarded passions, delineates the true scope and system of human life, and is the only apparatus for becoming a pattern and a guardian to society. Power is most wisely and properly lodged in such hands. In you, sir, every brother may have an able friend and counsellor (as the visitors of Apollo had from his oracles) not only to point out his errors, but to be informed how they are to be corrected and reformed.

Could every constitution be thus wisely delegated, it would be the most implicit guidance to certain honour and happiness; for by you, sir, thus founded and enlightened, order, politeness, fortitude, wisdom, affability, friendship, benevolence, faith, hope, charity,

and every thing amiable in society, will be administered; and, by your example, and occasional precepts from the chair you will so worthily fill, be kindled in the breast of every Mason. Be assured, sir, the application of the many valuable maxims you abound with, will be enforced with less trouble and difficulty, than they are commonly received, as they will be made familiar by your own practice; and I don't doubt but we shall soon see this lodge beam out in radiant brightness, and disperse light and truth among all Masons.

I have gone so far herein, as shows clearly to the public, that knowledge and goodness of mind are the coercive principles of Masonry: what follows here in the charge being rather mystical, must be omitted. The good and sensible man will excuse it; for such would not wish to arrive at the least information of a mystery, ever sacredly preserved, in an unjustifiably loose manner. He would have no opinion of it, till he becomes honourably admitted into the society, where he may safely tread in the lighted paths to truth and scientific *eclaircissements*: yet, for the farther satisfaction of the public, and honour of Masonry, I shall proceed in that part of the charge, which also shows that *scriptural faith* is the fundamental principle of a *true* Mason. I add the epithet true, because I must allow that some are not so; and therein is a very material distinction to be made between Masons.

The Bible, sir, which is that sacred history called the Holy Scriptures, delivered to us by Moses, the inspired writer of God's commands, and grand master of the lodge of Israel, together with the writings of the prophets and apostles, is the grand archive of Masonry, and all the most eminent virtues, moral and divine, relative thereto; it is the body of our duty to him who made us, by whom we live, move, and have our being.

From our belief therein, springs our love and fear of God, which is the beginning of all wisdom. Such, sir, who can atheistically, or any wise deny him, and reject these his laws, under the enjoyment of his blessings, will, and must, own him, when they go hence, with fear and trembling, and would be glad the mountains would cover them, or the rocky cliffs rend and open, to receive them from his wrathful indignation.

Our love and fear of God, founded in the belief of the gospel, inspires us with *spiritual* discernment, illuminates our faith, will enable us to *square* our principles, *level* our desires, and *plumb* our actions.

Our hopes, our fears, and our whole conduct become regulated thereby: they give to virtue its sweetest comforts; to habituated vice, its greatest fears.

This is the book we should diligently read and make use of, to direct our lives, so as to obtain the blessing of a peaceful mind here, and celestial bliss in the world to come. But alas! we dedicate so little of our time to think of futurity, that we seldom think we shall die, as often as we see mortalities about us, and even pay our last doleful services with many a friend to the grave, from whence no traveller e'er returns again.

This languid mortal body is but a dead husk, which will moulder and drop off at last, or, like a bubble, burst; while the soul, in a flutter, expatiates for eternal life the vast abyss of incomprehension. We use it too much as a machine for pleasure, and often wear it out, neglected, before its natural period: yet there is hardly a man living, but would gladly exchange it, in a state of decay, for another new earthly body, and renew his life to another grand climacterick; so loath, so unreclaimed, and irreconciled are we to part with this contemptible mud. Yet, fond, foolish man! it is in vain to deceive ourselves; no man, however great, not even Solomon, with his faculty of wisdom, and in all his glory, could procure the desirable exchange.

It is indisputably evident that *princes*, as well as peasants, must equally submit to the common dissolution of matter, and when the hour of our death approaches, none dare to ask from whence, nor why, it comes; it is God's decree that every one shall die; death is *his messenger*, to enforce his law; nor will he let any of us carry from hence any mark of human pride, treasures, or honours, or any proof of our earthly consequence, but a good conscience, obtained from a well-spent life;—from whence reflects the most brilliant legacy we can leave our friends in this world, a good name.

None but the actions of the great and just
Can shine, when mingled are, with common dust;
Then we, in life, should pay respect to fame,
And leave behind us an unspotted name. E.

But oh! when we go from hence into eternity, and are called upon at the dreadful tribunal of heaven, to give an account each of his talent, whether it be good, or whether it be evil, what a striking difference will there be between *those*, who can, when examined, give the blessed *pass-word*, and with joy behold the gates of everlasting life opened for them, to be welcomed into heavenly lodges by the grand master of heaven, with bands of seraphic music, composed of seraphims, cherubims, and the whole order of angels; *and the miserable such*, who have not studied in this holy book the mysteries of heaven; that, when they knock, the gates shall not be opened, but shall be excluded from celestial light, and the joy of the father, like faithless *cowans*. Does not this recoil back with concussive emotion (as when a rampart cannon is discharged) on our minds and reflections? If so, let us be timely warned, and incessantly keep in the tracks of virtue, and, by holy perseverance, become worthy of knowing the heavenly pass-word, before the Almighty Grand Master handles his *Hiram*, the thunder-bolt of heaven, and strikes the dreadful stroke of summons.

Let us also inwardly digest the holy bible; let its doctrines and precepts ever accompany our conditions in life, that we may, like true Masons, dwell even here in the house of the Lord our God, and admire the beauties of his holy temple. Let us have a lively faith in Christ our Saviour, be in perfect charity with all the world, and as brethren with one another. Let us strive heartily to do good

to all men, particularly the Craft, and call for the assistance of God, by fervent prayer, to strengthen us with his grace, so that we may be ever prepared to die the death of the righteous, and that our latter ends may be like his. Hereby we shall become partakers of holy mysteries, and be made free and accepted in the heavenly lodges, among the society of hosts and angels.

THO. EDMONDES.

I shall beg leave here to offer an annotation, for the serious consideration of the public.

The enemies, or the seeming betrayers of this society, assert, that the Free Masons obligations, which they have formed in very strong terms indeed, are made by laying their fingers on the holy bible (in the same manner as it is done in all civil testimonies, even where life, death, liberty and property are depending), calling upon God to help and attest the declaration they then make. I would suppose, should that—even be allowed to be true, would not the violation of such an obligation make one shudder with horror? Can any good man, nay, any reasonable person, think it possible a brother, endued with any feeling, can be such a presumptive miscreant, even to break through any part of the solemn secrets of Masonry, required to be kept undiscovered, so strictly witnessed by the solemn attestation of God himself, as if he presumptively renewed the eating of the forbidden fruit, in disobedience to the laws, he allows himself to be founded on the laws of God, and wickedly attempt to reduce this society to a fallen state.

What end can it answer? Faith and honour, when broke, is the dissolution of every social compact. This would be villany for the sake of villany only. None can surely believe it: how can they trust a person (so seemingly perjuring himself, and betraying his friends, from no other motive, than a little catch-penny work), that he does not deceive and impose upon them, as he has seemed to have done his lodges? This argument alone should, I think, entirely disappoint these little pamphleteers, and totally put an end to a false curiosity: but from what I have observed in the foregoing address, that as these sort of pretended Masons, or visiting impostors, have it not in their power to discover the mystic secrets of the Royal Craft, the dignity, as well as the faith, of this society, will be ever preserved to one another.

When King Henry the Third granted the Magna Charta, which is the sum of English liberty, and swore to the observation of it, the bishops, holding lighted candles in their hands, each extinguished at the same time the flame, then threw them on the ground, every one saying, "Thus let him be extinguished, and stink in hell, who violates this charter."

So will true Masons even say of him that *vainly* attempts unlawfully to violate the bond of a society that has existed, and honourably been kept sacred from the very beginning of time; and will endure, in spite of all base infringements which have, and now and then will be offered, by the fallen sons of Satan, 'till time is no more

TO THE PRINTER OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

RESPECTED BROTHER,

CONSIDERING your new publication in the favourable light, in which I think every Brother will place it, and which, if continued with the spirit it has begun with, it will ensure to itself; I with pleasure take up the pen, to add my mite to the general stock. It is not in my power to urge more forcible incentives to every *true Brother*, for FIDELITY to the trust reposed in him, than will naturally flow from the dictates of his own conscience; but we cannot too frequently place before us, examples of the FORTITUDE, with which others have resisted every attempt to extort the secrets of FREEMASONRY from them; since by often admiring, we at length may learn firmly to imitate them.

Impressed with the truth of this remark, I think I cannot do a more acceptable service to the *Fraternity*, than by laying before them the translation of part of a book, which I believe to be a very scarce one, relative to the Proceedings of the Inquisition at *Lisbon* against the FREEMASONS. It consists of two divisions besides the above, viz. "The Origin of the Inquisition," and "History of several Cases of Oppression." But, as these have no connection with my present object, I shall confine myself to what relates to the proceedings against the FREEMASONS only, and I shall do this in nearly the language of the Narrator, giving also the Preface by which the account is preceded.

I am, Yours, &c.

Cornwall, December 14, 1793. G.

NARRATIVE OF THE EXTRAORDINARY PROCEEDINGS OF THE *INQUISITION OF PORTUGAL*, AGAINST THE FREEMASONS.

[PUBLISHED IN THE YEAR MDCCXLIII.]

BY BROTHER JOAO COUSTOS,

OF BERN IN SWITZERLAND, WHO WAS RELEASED FROM THE INQUISITION.

PREFACE.

To all FREE *and* ACCEPTED MASONS *dispersed over the World.*

WORSHIPFUL BRETHREN,

EVERY skilful Mason, before he erects his edifice, should carefully examine the spot on which he means to build; and after being well assured of its solidity, should lay the foundation, according to those received rules which have been approved by complete Masters of the Art. It is necessary also, in order to guard against the ravages of time, or the attacks of storm and tempest, that as the fabric advances, and the elevation proceeds, he should be equally careful to protect the work from all injuries, which may destroy its beauty.

My design, Brethren, in this Narrative, is to point out to the uninitiated, to what lengths every true Mason will carry his regard for the distinguishing Virtue of Secrecy:---a Virtue, which is the characteristic of

the Society, and the basis or foundation of all others. You will here see three others of our worthy and honourable Brethren resisting with me the atrocious cruelties of a tribunal, that has long abjured every feeling of humanity, and bearing up against the most insupportable, and horrible torments, that could be exercised against us, without being driven thereby to satisfy the detestable curiosity of our executioners, who were at the same time also our judges.

You will here obtain not only some general information respecting this infernal tribunal, but be apprized of the means to avoid becoming a prey to it: The antichristian proceedings of its established judges will be laid open, and you will there see men, who, under the cloak of Religion, and masque of Hypocrisy, conceal the most unbounded luxury, insatiable avarice, and cruel revenge; deaf to the common principles of Humanity, and still more so, to the divine calls of Charity and Benevolence.

Such are the men, and such the institution which should be exposed in proper colours to all mankind, who are interested in being put on their guard against their dangerous machinations: It is rendering an essential service to Society to lay them open in the fair face of day.

Masonry has been vilified, as well as its professors persecuted, and the press has teemed with absurdities, answering well to those who have written, for, in fact, all must live, and the public are now promised a Work, which is to give a mortal stab to the Society, by proving that its sole end is, "to abolish Subordination, and to re-establish in the world "the pretended primitive Equality of all Mankind." This foolish assertion, refuted and destroyed by an experience of 3000 years, is in itself a complete proof how little those who mean to aim this threatened blow, know of the Regulations of our Lodges, the true spirit of Masonry, and the benign influence of its inimitable Laws. But, Brethren, this though a new species of persecution raised against us, is far more easy to be overcome, than the barbarities of an Inquisition. We have only to follow the *counsel of Gamaliel*; we cannot better refute the impertinence of garretteers, than by sovereign contempt, and adhering on all occasions to the practice of our rules and laws, which so fully and comprehensively teach us our DUTY TO GOD, to our NEIGHBOURS, and to OURSELVES. To this, Brethren, I exhort you, as the only means of being gloriously distinguished from other men, even in those realms to which we may arrive when the Lodge of Life is closed.

In this narrative you will find a true and exact account of the prison in which I was immured, and of the proceedings against me, nearly similar to which in almost every respect were the proceedings against Brothers, Alexander Jaques Mouton, and Joao Thomas Brusle, who were condemned to be banished from the Patriarchate of Lisbon for five years; a sentence which they would willingly have pronounced against themselves, *to avoid again falling into the fangs of so merciless and diabolical* a tribunal, or its satellites. My own sentence was to be chained to the oar for four years in the gallies, from which, however, I was fortunately relieved.---There was a fourth sufferer among us, but he succeeded in making his escape from this hell; and, that Heaven may preserve all true Masons from this tyrannical tribunal, is the sincere prayer of

Honourable and worthy Brethren,

Your affectionate Brother,

J. COUSTOS.

Valley of Jehosophat,
Year of the Foundation of the
Temple of Solomon,
MM DCCC III.

NARRATIVE.

I WAS born at Bern, in Switzerland, and am by profession a Lapidary. I accompanied my father at a very early age into a country far distant from my native place; the desire of attaining perfection in his profession, which was Surgery, and the hopes of thereby advancing his family, determined him to go to France, where he had powerful patrons; but there, however, his stay was but short. The rigorous edict of Louis XIV. which obliged all persons but those professing the Roman Catholic Religion, to quit the kingdom in a very short and prescribed time, obliged my father to become a refugee, though, in truth, not without concern and reluctance, as he was then in a situation of supporting himself in credit and respect: it was however necessary to determine on some place of retreat, and he, as many others did, preferred England, and repaired with his whole family to London, where soon after his arrival he got naturalized and settled.

As to myself, after a constant residence of two and twenty years in that capital, under the eyes of my parent, I went to Paris at the solicitation of one of my friends, to work in the gallery of the Louvre. I remained there five years, and passed my time most agreeably: would to Heaven I had staid there all my life! but my unhappy lot drove me elsewhere, in spite of myself. I formed the design of trying my fortune at the Brazils; and as this country was under the dominion of the King of Portugal, whose permission was necessary to be obtained, I made a voyage to Lisbon for that purpose; but this monarch having received information of my skill and knowledge in precious stones, by the advice of his council, refused to grant my request, perhaps thinking me too skilful to be permitted to visit a country, where policy required the natives should be kept in complete ignorance of the treasures which every where surrounded them.

While I was thus waiting the determination of government as to my departure, I formed an acquaintance with several merchants and jewellers, as well as with others in high credit and reputation, who offered me considerable advantages to induce me to remain at Lisbon; but finding there was no prospect of my being able to succeed in the plan I had formed for settling at the Brazils, I accepted these offers, and there fixed my quarters, where for a time Fortune showered her smiles upon me, with equal satisfaction and success to myself, both as to business and friends. But how fickle and inconstant is this goddess! at the moment she appeared profuse in her favours, and heaping her benefits upon me, she at once precipitated me into an abyss of misery. Can there be a more unfortunate situation, than that of falling within the grip of the merciless Inquisition, since the least of its fatal consequences is total ruin.

It is too well known this horrid tribunal exercises despotic power in Spain, but in Portugal it excels in tyranny: even kings are but

subordinate powers, and tamely submit to its controul; for the predecessors of royalty in these kingdoms have had the weakness to divest themselves of part of their authority, in order to clothe with it the ecclesiastical judges who compose this tribunal, but which, still not content with (and seconding the ambitious designs of the court of Rome) they are daily adding to; and without the least scruple they perpetually encroach on the most sacred rights and privileges of the monarch; defying the laws, to which they consider themselves as superior, seizing to their own use the public treasures, and by their own authority taking possession of all papers and letters, where they have the slightest suspicion of the individuals to whom they belong.

Such was the conduct they invariably pursued with respect to me, for a twelvemonth previous to my imprisonment. My private letters were stopped at the public office, and carefully examined by them, in hopes, by this means, of discovering if among my correspondents mention was made of Free-masonry, for of this society they suspected me to be a zealous member. They had long determined to persecute its professors, as their future conduct too plainly evinced, and as a pretence for this, they affected to consider the society as a monstrous assemblage of the most enormous crimes.

Although, in the letters wrote by me, either to my friends or in the way of business, or those letters which were written to me, the inquisitors could trace nothing warranting a suspicion that Free-masonry in the slightest degree attacked the Roman Catholic religion, or had the least tendency to disturb the public tranquility; they did not stop here,—their grand aim was to discover, at any rate, the mysteries and secrets of Free-masonry; but as this could not be done without imprisoning some of its principal members, they selected me as one of their objects, being master of a lodge; and fixed also on one of my intimate friends, Alexander Jacques Mouton, a Parisian by birth, of the Roman Catholic religion, and by trade a diamond cutter, who was one of the wardens: he had been six years at Lisbon, in full employ, and possessed of the approbation and esteem of all who knew him.

The inquisition made use of a French woman who had resided at Lisbon near ten years, of the name of Le Rude, to watch us narrowly, and to be a spy over our actions, and it was on her depositions we were at length arrested. Her husband was a jeweller and goldsmith, and this woman, as infamous in reputation as well known for her vile tongue, took a sudden resolution to banish from Portugal every foreigner exercising the same trade as her husband's, in any of its branches. Jealousy, avarice, and a certain innate wickedness, with which her character was marked, led her to form this detestable resolution, and aided by Donna Rose, a woman of her own stamp, they contrived the dark plot of denouncing us both to the Inquisition, before which tribunal they appeared and informed against us, as Free-masons who held frequent meetings. This was

exactly what the Inquisition were in want of, and they did not fail to make use of such instruments.

But from the imprudence of the wife of brother Mouton must in a great measure be traced the source of our misfortune; and one might almost be induced to say, that she had travelled from Paris to Lisbon for the sole purpose of becoming the instrument of ruin to her husband, as well as many others: for scarcely was she arrived at Lisbon, when she was indiscreet enough to disclose to Madame le Rude, who she scarce knew, that her husband was a Free-mason.

Let it not be imputed to me as a crime, that I thus accuse the wife of a Brother Mason, one of my most intimate friends. The indiscretion was involuntary, and her known affection, as well as honourable principles, demand the respect of all who know her, and secure her from guilty blame; nor should I have made mention of the circumstance, but to caution others of the sisterhood (among whom there *may be* some possessed of the itch of talking for talking sake), how cautious they ought to be of such a discovery, and particularly of the profound secrecy they should ever preserve on such a subject in those countries where the inquisition is established, unless they wish to see their husbands surrounded by the familiars of the holy office, as was the case with us soon after Madame le Rude's denunciation. My friend Mouton was its first victim.

The stratagem to which they had recourse to get him into their possession, shows there is no meanness or treachery to which the Portuguese do not think themselves bound to submit, when the object is to second the views, or support the authority of the inquisition; and the prejudices of their religion keep alive this implicit submission to their abominable conduct, and blind their eyes to all its unjust proceedings.

One of the familiars of the office, a jeweller, sent for Brother Mouton by a friend of his, who was also a Free-mason, under pretence that he wanted him in order to re-set a diamond which had been left for that purpose, weighing four carats, and valued at 100 pieces of gold: but as this was only a feint, and done merely with a view to acquire a knowledge of the person of Brother Mouton, he did not long detain him when he called, but having agreed on the expence, desired he would call again the day after the morrow, and if the owner of the diamond had no objection to the price fixed upon, he would then deliver it him.

I chanced to accompany my friend to the jeweller's, and we both of us remarked an extraordinary appearance of satisfaction in the countenance of this perfidious man, but were then ignorant of the real cause. His infamous subsequent conduct, however, left us no room to doubt of the occasion of it, and convinced us too plainly that it arose from the double satisfaction, of foreseeing it was not unlikely, by our being together, he should soon have the opportunity at one instant of delivering up the two unfortunate victims, that were first destined the sacrifice on account of Free-masonry.

[*To be continued.*]

COMMENTS ON STERNE.

BY JOHN FERRIAR, M. D.

[*Continued from Page* 468.]

IN Chap. 36, Vol. vi. Sterne has picked out a few quotations from Burton's Essay on Love-Melancholy*, which afford nothing very remarkable except Sterne's boldness in quoting quotations.

By help of another extract † from Burton, Sterne makes a great figure as a curious Reader: "I hate to make mysteries of nothing;—"'tis the cold cautiousness of one of those little souls from which Les-"sius (lib. 13. de moribus divinis, ch. 24.) has made his estimate, "wherein he setteth forth, That one Dutch mile, cubically mul-"tiplied, will allow room enough, and to spare, for eight hundred "thousand millions, which he supposes to be as great a number of "souls (counting from the fall of Adam) as can possibly be damn'd "to the end of the world. - - - - I am much more at a loss to know "what could be in Franciscus Ribera's head, who pretends that no "less a space than one of two hundred Italian miles, multiplied into "itself, will be sufficient to hold the like number—he certainly "must have gone upon some of the old Roman souls," &c.

The succeeding raillery is very well, but unfair with respect to the mathematical Theologist, as the original passage will prove. "*Franciscus Ribera, in cap.* 14. *Apocalyps. will have Hell a material and local fire in the centre of the earth,* 200 *Italian miles in diameter, as he defines it out of those words, Exivit sanguis de terra—per Stadia mille sexcenta, &c. But Lessius, lib.* 13. *de moribus divinis, cap.* 24. *will have this local hell far less, one Dutch mile in diameter, all filled with fire and brimstone; because, as he there demonstrates, that space cubically multiplied will make a sphere able to hold eight hundred thousand millions of damned bodies (allowing each body six foot square) which will abundantly suffice.*" [I believe the damn'd, upon Lessius's scheme, would be less crouded, than the victims of the African Slave-trade have often been, on the middle passage.] "*Cum certum sit, inquit, facta subductione, non futuros centies mille milliones damnandorum*‡.

Again, at the end of the same Chapter in Tristram Shandy; "but where am I? and into what a delicious riot of things am I "*rushing?* I—I who must be cut short in the midst of my days," &c. Burton concludes his Chapter "on Maids', Nunns', and Wi-"dows' Melancholy," in the same manner. "*But where am I? into* "*what subject have I rushed? What have I to do?*" § *&c.*

* See Burton, page 310, & seq.

† Trist. Shandy, vol. vii. c. 13.

‡ Anat. of Melanch. p. 156.

§ Page 124.

I shall just observe by the way, that a pretty passage in the *Story of the King of Bohemia and his seven castles*;—"MODESTY scarce "touches with a finger what LIBERALITY offers her with both hands "open"—alludes to a picture of Guido's, the design of which it describes tolerably well.

Retournons a nos moutons, as Rabelais would say; in matters of painting, it is dangerous for a man to trust his own eyes, till he has taken his degree of Connoisseur.

It confirms me strongly in the belief that the character of Mr. Shandy is a personification of the authorship of Burton, when I find such a passage as the following in Sterne. "There is a Philippic "in verse on somebody's eye or other, that for two or three nights "together had put him by his rest; which, in his first transport of "resentment against it, he begins thus:

"A Devil 'tis---and mischief such doth work
"As never yet did Pagan, Jew, or Turk."

This choice couplet is quoted by Burton * from some bad Poet, now unknown, of whose name he only gives the initials.

"Hilarion the hermit, in speaking of his abstinence, his watch-"ings, flagellations, and other instrumental parts of his religion,—"would say—tho' with more facetiousness than became an hermit—"That they were the means he used, to make his ass (meaning "his body) leave off kicking †."

"*By this means Hilarion made his Ass, as he call'd his own body, leave kicking (so Hierome relates of him in his life) when the Devil tempted him to any foul offence* ‡."

"I wish, Yorick, said my father, you had read Plato; for there "you would have learned that there are two LOVES— - - - of these "Loves, according to Ficinus's comment upon Velasius, the one "is rational—the other is natural—the first ancient—without mother "—where Venus has nothing to do: the second, begotten of Jupi-"ter and Dione—||"

§ *One Venus is ancient, without a Mother, and descended from Heaven, whom we call coelestial. The younger begotten of Jupiter and Dione, whom commonly we call Venus. Ficinus, in his comment upon this place, cap. 8. following Plato, called these two loves, two Devils, or good and bad Angels according to us, which are still hovering about our souls* ¶.

That part of the letter to Uncle Toby, which consists of obsolete medical practices, is taken from one of the Chapters on the Cure of Love-Melancholy **. Many curious quotations might be added.

---

* Page 331. † Tr. Shandy, vol. viii, chap. 31.
‡ Burton, p. 333.
|| Tr. Shandy, vol. viii. chap. 33.
§ Velasius is quoted thro' all the preceding passages in Burton.
¶ P. 260. ** P. 333 to 335.

to what Sterne knew, out of Dr. Ferrand's Erōtomania; but this Essay is already long enough.

There is another writer, whose pathetic manner Sterne seems to have caught; it is Marivaux,—the father of the sentimental style. A careful perusal of his writings, and of those of the younger Crebillon, might perhaps elucidate the serious parts of Tristram Shandy, and the Sentimental Journey. But I must leave this undertaking to those who have sufficient time to sacrifice to the task. From these Authors, I think, Sterne learnt to practice what Quintilian had made a precept: Minus est TOTUM dicere quam OMNIA. With genius enough for the attempt, one has frequently failed in producing pleasure by the length of his digressions, and the other by affecting an excessive refinement and ambiguity in his language. *Les bons ecrivains du siecle de Louis XIV.* says Voltaire, *ont eu de la force, aujour-d'hui on cherche de Contorsions.* Our own writers are not free from this error; and it would not be unworthy their consideration, that a sentence, which is so much refined as to admit of several different senses, may perhaps have no direct claim to any sense*. Sterne has seldom indulged these lapses, for which he was probably indebted to the buoyant force of Burton's firm Old-English sinews.

Whoever will take the trouble of comparing Sterne's Dialogue with his own feelings, in the Sentimental Journey†, to that of Jacob with his Avarice and his Honour, in the first part of the Paysan Parvenu, will perceive a near resemblance. It would be cruel to insert the French declamation. A shorter passage from the same work will show that the Shandean manner is very similar to that of Marivaux.

Le Directeur avoit laisse parler l'ainee sans l'interrompre, & sembloit meme un peu pique de l'obstination de l'autre.

Prenant pourtant un air tranquille et benin: ma chere Demoiselle, ecoutez moi, dit il a cette cadette; vous savez avec quelle affection particuliere je vous donne mes conseils a toutes deux.

Ces derniers paroles, a toutes deux, furent partagees, de facon que la Cadette en avoit pour le moins les trois quarts & demi pour

---

* Maynard puts this very well:

Mon ami, chasse bien loin
Cette noire Rhétorique,
Tes ouvrages ont besoin
D'un devin qui les explique.
Si ton esprit veut cacher
Les belles choses qu'il pense,
Di-moi, qui peut t'empecher
De te servir du silence?

† Compare also the first Conversation with Me. Freval, in the Paysan Parvenu, with a scene in the Sentimental Journey. Wherever Sterne picked up his Fragment, as he calls it, in the Sentimental Journey, on the power of Love, it is evidently ill-copied from the exordium of Lucian's admirable essay on the method of writing History.

elle, et ce ne fut meme que par reflexion subite, qu'il en donna le reste a l'ainne*.

The curious hypothesis respecting Christian names, contains a just satire on what was once a popular superstition, and even cherished by the learned.

Pasquier, in his *Recherches*, has a Chapter on the fortune of some Christian names. In the present state of knowledge, it would be unpardonable to omit a remark, with which an author like Sterne would make himself very merry. It relates to the passage, in which Mr. Shandy treats the name of TRISTRAM with such indignity, and demands of his supposed Adversary, "Whether he had ever remembered,—whether he had ever read,—or whether he ever heard tell of a man, call'd Tristram, performing any thing great or worth recording?—No,—he would say,—TRISTRAM!—The thing is impossible!" A Student of the fashionable black-letter erudition would have triumphed in proclaiming the redoubted Sir Tristram, Knight of the Round-table, and one of the most famous knights-errant upon record. Sterne might have replied;

Non scribit, cujus Carmina nemo legit†;

and indeed his pleasant hero has no resemblance to the *preux Chevalier*.

I am sorry to deprive Sterne of the following pretty figure, but justice must be done to every one.

"In short, my father ------ advanced so very slowly with his work, and I began to live and get forward at such a rate, that if *an event had not happened* -- &c. I verily believe I had put by my father, and left him drawing a sun-dial, for no better purpose than to be buried under ground‡."

Donne concludes his poem entitled The Will, with this very thought:

And all your Graces no more use shall have
Than a Sun-dial in a Grave.

There is a strange coincidence between Sterne and a mystic writer, in the insertion of a black page in each of their works. I cannot consider it as an imitation, for it must appear by this time, that Sterne possessed no great store of curious reading.

Every one knows the black pages in Tristram Shandy; that of prior date is to be found in Dr. Fludd's *Utriusque cosmi Historia*‖, and is emblematic of the Chaos. Fludd was a man of extensive erudition, and considerable observation, but his fancy, naturally vigorous, was fermented and depraved, by astrological and Cabbalistic researches. It will afford a proof of his strange fancies, and at the same time do away all suspicion of Sterne in this instance, to quote the ludicrous coincidence mentioned by Morhoff, between himself and this Author. "Cogitandi modum in nobis et speculationes illas rationum, mirifice quodam in loco, videlicet in libro *de mystica cere-*

* Paysan Parvenu, Partie, 2me.

† Martial, Lib. 2. ‡ Tr. Shandy, vol. v. chap. 16. ‖ Page 26.

bri anatome [Fluddius] ob oculos ponit. Solent ab anatomicis illic delineari genitalia membra, utriusque sexus, quod processus quidam et sinus, eum in modum figurati sunt. Hic Fluddius invenit, non quod pueri in faba, illic dicit generari cogitationes; quod mihi mirum visum est, cum ego aliquando joculare carmen *de Ente rationis* scriberem, et, ferente ita genio carminis, joci gratia finxissem, illic generari Entia rationis, postea cum incidi in istud Fluddii, quod ne somniando quidem cogita eram, invenisse me, serio hæc asseri a Fluddio*."

I am not acquainted with the foundation of the curious passages respecting the possibility of baptizing infants *in utero*†, but I find that Mauriceau adverts to the circumstance, in his attack on the Cæsarian operation: "il n'y a pas d'occasions ou on ne puisse bien "donner le Bapteme a l'enfant, durant qu'il est encore au ventre de "la mere, estant facile de porter de l'eau nette par le moyen du "Canon d'une seringue jusques sur quelque partie de son Corps"— He then obviates a difficulty unthought of by Sterne's Doctors; which persuades me that this passage of Mauriceau had not occurred to him—"et il seroit inutile d'alleguer que l'eau n'y peut pas etre "conduite, a cause que l'enfant est envelope de ses membranes, qui "en empechent; car ne scait-onpas qu'on les peut rompre tres aise-"ment, en cas qu'elles ne le fussent pas, apres quo on peut toucher "effectivement son Corps‡."

This writer has also mentioned the mischievous effect of strong pressure applied to the heads of very young Children; which is connected with another theory that Sterne has diverted himself with. I have not met with the original of it in my reading, but will give a passage from Bulwer's Anthropo-metamorphosis, analogous to Mauriceau's‖.

The North-west passage to Learning, obscurely mentioned in the Tristra-Pædia, is described by Dr. Warton, in his excellent observations on the Genius and Writings of Pope, and was well burlesqued by Swift, in the Voyage to Laputa §.

The best Commentary on Chap. 5, vol. 8th, is Montague's essay on the subject.

There is one passage in the 7th volume, which the circumstances of Sterne's death render pathetic. A believer in the doctrine of

---

* Morhoff. Polyhist. Philos. lib. ii. p. i. cap. 15.

† Tristram Shandy, vol. i. chap. xx.

‡ Mauric. Maladies des Femmes Grosses, p. 347 (edit. 3me. 4to. 1681.)

‖ I knew a Gentleman who had divers sons, and the Mid-wives and Nurses had with headbands and strokings, so alter'd the natural mould of their heads, that they proved children of a very weak understanding. His last son only, upon advice given him, had no restraint imposed upon the natural growth of his head, but was left free from the coercive power of headbands and other artificial violence, whose head, although it were bigger, yet he had more wit and understanding than them all. Artificial Changeling, p. 42.

§ See the Description and Print of the literary turning Machine.

Pre-sentiment would think it a prop to his theory. It is as striking as Swift's Digression on Madness, in the Tale of a Tub.

"Was I *in a condition to stipulate* with Death - - - - I should "certainly declare against submitting to it before my friends; and "*therefore I never seriously think upon the mode and manner of* "this great catastrophe, which generally takes up and torments my "thoughts as much as the catastrophe itself, but I constantly draw "*the curtain across it with this wish*, that the Disposer of all things "may so order it, that it happen not to me in my own house—but "rather in some decent *inn— - - - - in an inn, the few cold offices* I "wanted, would be purchased with a few guineas, and paid me with "an undisturbed but punctual attention." It is known that Sterne died in hired lodgings, and I have been told, that his attendants robbed him even of his gold sleeve-buttons, while he was expiring.

I have seen, not very long ago, a charge of plagiarism brought against Sterne, respecting his Sermons.

From what Author the passages were said to be borrowed, I do not remember; but it has long been my opinion, that the manner, the style, and the selection of subjects for those Sermons, were derived from the excellent *Contemplations* of Bishop Hall. There is a delicacy of thought, and tenderness of expression in the good Bishop's compositions, from the transfusion of which Sterne looked for immortality.

Let us compare that singular Sermon, entitled THE LEVITE AND HIS CONCUBINE, with part of the Bishop's Contemplation of the LEVITE'S CONCUBINE. I shall follow Sterne's order.

"— Then shame and grief go with her, and wherever she seeks "a shelter, may the hand of justice shut the door against her*."

What husband would not have said—She is gone, let shame and grief go with her; I shall find one no less pleasing, and more faithful †.

"Our annotators tell us, that in Jewish *œconomicks*, these (con-"cubines) differed little from the wife, except in some outward "ceremonies and stipulations, but agreed with her in all the true "essences of marriage ‡."

The Law of God, says the Bishop, *allowed the Levite a wife; human connivance a concubine; neither did the Jewish concubine differ from a wife, but in some outward compliments; both might challenge all the true essence of marriage.*

I shall omit the greater part of the Levite's soliloquy, in Sterne, and only take the last sentences.

"Mercy well becomes the heart of all thy creatures, but most of "thy servant, a Levite, who offers up so many daily sacrifices to "thee, for the transgressions of thy people."

— "But to little purpose," he would add, "have I served at thy "altar, where my business was to sue for mercy, had I not learn'd "to practise it.

---

* Sterne, *Sermon xviii.* † *Bp. Hall's Works, p. 1017.*

‡ Sterne loc. citat.

Mercy, says Bp. Hall, *becomes well the heart of any man, but most of a Levite. He that had helped to offer so many sacrifices to God for the multitude of every Israelite's sins, saw how proportionable it was, that man should not hold one sin unpardonable. He had served at the altar to no purpose, if he (whose trade was to sue for mercy) had not at all learned to practise it.*

It were needless to pursue the parallel.

Sterne's twelfth Sermon, on the Forgiveness of Injuries, is merely a dilated Commentary on the beautiful conclusion of the *Contemplation* of Joseph.'

The sixteenth Sermon contains a more striking imitation. "There "is no small degree of malicious craft in fixing upon a Season to "give a mark of enmity and ill-will;—a word, a look, which, at "one time, would make no impression,—at another time, wounds "the heart; and, like a shaft flying with the wind, pierces deep, "which, with its own natural force, would scarce have reached the "object aimed at."

This is little varied from the original: *There is no small cruelty in the picking out of a time for mischief; that word would scarce gall at one season, which at another killeth. The same shaft flying with the wind pierces deep, which against it, can hardly find strength to stick upright* *.

In Sterne's fifth Sermon, the *Contemplation* of Elijah with the Sareptan, is closely followed. Witness this passage out of others: "The Prophet follows the call of his God:—the same hand which "brought him to the gate of the city, had led also the poor widow "out of her doors, oppressed with sorrow †."

The Prophet follows the call of his God; the same hand that brought him to the gate of Sarepta, led also this poor widow out of her doors‡.

The succeeding passages which correspond are too long for insertion.

Sterne has acknowledged his acquaintance with this book, by the disingenuity of two ludicrous quotations in Tristram Shandy||.

What assistance the writings of Voltaire and Rousseau afforded Sterne, I omit to enquire. The former was the first author of this age, who introduced the terms and operations of the modern art of war into works of entertainment; but Sterne's military ardour seems to have been inspired by the prolix details of honest Tindal. Voltaire himself reviewed the first volumes of Tristram Shandy, in one of the foreign Journals, and did not charge their author with the imitation of any persons but Rabelais and Swift. He was probably not very jealous of the reputation of a modern English writer.

Such are the casual notes, with the collection of which I have sometimes diverted a vacant half-hour. They leave Sterne in possession of every praise but that of curious erudition, to which he had

---

* Hall's Shimei Cursing. † Sterne.

‡ Bp. Hall, P. 1323. || Vol. 1. Chap. 22. and Vol. 7. Chap. 13.

no great pretence, and of unparellelled originality, which ignorance only can ascribe to any polished writer. It would be enjoining an impossible task, to exact much knowledge on subjects frequently treated, and yet to prohibit the use of thoughts and expressions rendered familiar by study, merely because they had been occupied by former Authors. There is a kind of imitation which the Ancients encouraged, and which even our Gothic Criticism admits, when acknowledged. But justice cannot permit the Polygraphic Copy to be celebrated at the expence of the Original.

Voltaire has compared the merits of Rabelais and Sterne, as Satirist of the Abuse of Learning, and, I think, has done neither of them justice. This great distinction is obvious; that Rabelais derided absurdities then existing in full force, and intermingled much sterling sense with the grossest parts of his book; Sterne, on the contrary, laughs at many exploded opinions, and abandoned fooleries, and contrives to degrade some of his most solemn passages by a vicious levity. Rabelais flew a higher pitch, too, than Sterne. Great part of the voyage to the *Pays de Lanternois**, which so severely stigmatizes the vices of the Romish Clergy of that age, was performed in more hazard of fire than water.

The follies of the Learned may as justly be corrected, as the vices of Hypocrites; but for the former Ridicule is a sufficient punishment. Ridicule is even more effectual to this purpose, as well as more agreeable than scurrility, which is generally preferred, notwithstanding, by the learned themselves in their contests, because Anger seizes the readiest weapons;

Jamque faces et saxa volant; furor arma ministrat:

And where a little extraordinary Power has accidentally been lodged in the hands of disputants, they have not scrupled to employ the most cogent methods of convincing their adversaries. Dionysius the Younger sent those Critics who disliked his verses, to work in the Quarries†; and there was a pleasant Tyrant, mentioned by Horace, who obliged his deficient debtors to hear him read his own Compositions, *amaras historias*, by way of commutation. I say nothing of the "holy faith of pike and gun," nor of the strong cudgel with which Luther terminated a theological dispute, as I desire to avoid Religious Controversy. But it is impossible, on this subject, to forget the once-celebrated Dempster, the last of the formidable sect of Hoplomachists, who fought every day, at his School in Paris, either with sword or fist, in defence of his doctrines in omni scibili‡. The imprisonment of Galileo, and the example of Jordano Bruno, burnt alive for asserting the Plurality of Worlds ||, among other

* I do not recollect to have seen it observed by Rabelais's Commentators, that this name, as well as the plan of the Satire, is imitated from Lucian's *True History*. Lucian's town is called Lychnopolis.

† Plutarch. ‡ Jan. Nic. Erythræ. Pinacothie:

|| Brucker. Hist. Critic. Philosoph. Tom. v. P. 28, 29.
The famous Scioppius published a shocking letter of exultation on this execution,

disgraceful instances, show that Laughter is the best crisis of an ardent disputation.

The talents for so delicate an office as that of a literary Censor, are too great and numerous to be often assembled in one person. *Rabelais* wanted decency. Sterne learning, and Voltaire fidelity. Lucian alone supported the character properly, in those pieces which appear to be justly ascribed to him. As the narrowness of Party yet infests Philosophy, a writer with his qualifications would still do good service in the Cause of Truth. For wit and good sense united, as in him they eminently were, can attack nothing successfully which ought not to be demolished.

ANECDOTES

OF THE LATE

HUGH KELLY, Esq.

IF genius owes a considerable part of its estimation to the difficulties it has to encounter, we think the object of this sketch deserves a niche in our Biography. He had not only his *education* to establish, but his *independence* at the same time; pursuits which too frequently traverse each other, and stint both in their approach to perfection.

However Kelly's family may be well-descended, the fortunes of his house fell into such decay at the time of his birth (1739), that his Father was under the necessity of keeping a tavern in Dublin. Here it was our Author saw his first birth-day; and here it was, from the constant influx of *players* who frequented the house, that he caught *the first idea of the stage*, which afterwards turned out so profitable to himself, and creditable to his talents.

"Such are the accidents which sometimes remembered, and, perhaps, sometimes forgotten, produce that particular designation of mind, and propensity for some certain science or employment, which is commonly called genius*."

The business of his Father, encumbered as he was with other children, and perhaps still retaining a smack of that *Irish gentility* which but ill brooks to a change of inferior condition, disabled him from giving his son a first-rate education—it was not, however, wholly neglected. He was taught reading and writing, both of which he rather excelled in; he likewise went through the Latin *Grammar*; "a circumstance," as Doctor Johnson justly observes, "which forms so considerable a part of education, that independent of any thing else, a man who learns that is the better for it as long as he lives."

* Dr. Johnson's Life of Cowley.

From school he was taken at an early age, and bound an apprentice to a *Stay-maker*, a profession which he was often twitted with in his better days, but which he frequently anticipated by a voluntary confession, that at once flattered his talents and his industry. Here he served out his time with fidelity and diligence, giving up all his leisure hours to the Theatre, and the reading of Plays; the former of which he was enabled to frequent *gratuitously*, through the favour of his pot-companions—the Performers.

What could have induced a man of this description, unfriended, unaided by a liberal profession, and almost without any education, to settle in London, would be difficult now to account for, had not he often declared the motives to his private friends.

During his apprenticeship he had often tried his pen at an Essay—a Theatrical criticism—a Song—an Epigram, and such kind of desultory writing, which were much flattered by his friends, and in particular by some English Players who occasionally made the Summer trip to Dublin. Some of these told him "what a pity it was a man of his *genius* should be confined to the paltry situation of a Stay-maker, when he could figure away in much higher lines of life: that London was the great hot-bed for such talents, where he could earn much more by his *pen* than his *bodkin*, be received in the character of a gentleman, and enjoy the comforts, the pleasures, and improvements of a great metropolis."

"These discourses, Sir," says Kelly, "like the earldom of Hereford and all its moveables," to Buckingham, "never let my brains at rest," till I saw London. Therefore scraping a few guineas together (all *the produce of my Stay-making*), and packing up my wardrobe *in a sheet of brown paper*, I set forward, and arrived at the Swan with Two Necks, Lad-Lane, in the spring of the year 1760."

Being unwilling, however, to enter himself as a *naked son of the Muses*, in a strange country, Kelly announced himself first as a *Stay-maker*, and being recommended to the Black Lyon public-house, Russel-street, Covent-Garden, he there met with some of his old Theatrical acquaintance, who cordially recognized their pleasant Irish companion, and immediately recommended him, in his profession, to their wives and mistresses.

It was however soon discovered, that his Stays were not so neatly executed as those made by Englishmen, and that they were likewise so *soiled* that they appeared like second-hand work; hence he soon lost a considerable part of that business which at first flowed in upon him. To the truth of these charges, Kelly frankly enough acceded, particularly the *last*, which arose from the natural *moistness of his hands*, and which, unlike the genius of his friend Goldsmith,

"*Quod tetigit* non *ornavit*."

He felt this loss of custom with no regret; he said, "he was secretly glad of it, as it gave him a proper excuse to himself for leaving a business which never had more of his choice than as necessity prompted."

He still, however, stuck to the *Black Lyon*, and as he made himself always agreeable in company by a happy facility at narration, and no inconsiderable turn for humour, he soon attached himself to an attorney who frequented the house, who engaged him as a copying Clerk in his Office.

The manner of his engagement with this attorney, Kelly used often to tell with some pleasantry: "I was sitting one evening at the Black Lyon, rather a little out of spirits at the gloomy prospect before me, when I was observed by my friend, who asked me what was the matter? We were alone, and I ingenuously told him; adding, I was willing to do any thing within the reach of my abilities for an honest livelihood." "Can you write a good hand?" says the Attorney.—"I believe pretty tolerable, Sir," says Kelly.—"Well, come, let's see. Here (calling for pen and ink, and a slip of paper), write me down the word TRANSUBSTANTIATION." Kelly instantly complied;—when the other taking it to the light, and looking at it, exclaimed, "Very well indeed, well written and well spelled: come, my Lad, don't despond, I'll give you a place in my office directly, till something better turns out, and here's a guinea earnest."

Our hero waited on his benefactor next morning, and was put on as a copying Clerk, at the rate of *fifteen shillings* per week. It has been said he earned by copying and transcribing in this Office, about *three guineas* per week; but the fact is—and we speak upon his own authority—he never received more from his Principal than *fifteen shillings*; though he added to his income otherwise by occasional Essays and Paragraphs in the Newspapers. He has likewise been often heard to say, in dwelling upon this part of his History, that he was now tolerably happy; he had enough for his reasonable wants, lived out of the sphere of higher seductions, and felt no small gratification at seeing his writings occasionally in print, and himself frequently appealed to as a judge of Theatrical criticism.

The only abatement of his happiness was the daily *drudgery of the Desk*. A Poet copying his own works, finds it the most unpleasant part of his profession: how much more irksome then must it be to copy the daily History of *John Doe* and *Richard Roe*? He therefore, after some months, entirely quitted his profession, and getting engaged as a Paragraph-Writer to one of the Daily Papers, commenced author at large, unconnected with Stay-making, Law, or any other avocation whatever.

Kelly, when he made his engagement with the printer, who was likewise the Editor of his own Paper, had it in his choice to have either a settled salary of a guinea per week, or so much for every paragraph; but our young author knew the fertility and perseverance of his own talents too well to accept the former; he therefore took the *quantum meruit*, and in the capacity of a Paragraph-writer supplied the Paper so plentifully, and with such variety of matter, that he has often acknowledged to earn from *thirty-six Shillings* to *two Guineas* per week.

His Principal, who was a good honest Tradesman of the old stamp, so far from grudging this expence, gave every degree of encouragement to his industry, often asked him to dinner, and in the joyousness of his

heart used to tell him, "he was the *civillest* man, and the most *humoursome* fellow * he ever had to deal with."

The habit of writing—the reading of periodical works—and frequent *conversation, which he much delighted in, mended our Author's pen* apace: he tried his hand at several Essays, and was successful. The Booksellers, too, found out his use, and offered him engagements in the *Ladies Museum*, and *Court Magazine*, which he accepted; and giving up his employment as Paragraph-writer, he now commenced Author upon a more liberal and enlarged scale.

His industry at this period was equal to his facility in writing: beside the care of these two Magazines, he wrote several occasional Pamphlets for one Pottinger, a Bookseller in Paternoster-Row, upon subjects too temporary to be rembered now, if we except one, which was "*A Vindication* of Mr. Pitt's (afterwards Lord Chatham) Administration." This Pamphlet attracted the notice of the late Lord Chesterfield, who makes respectable mention of it in the Second Volume of his Letters, p. 505.

Of Pottinger, Kelly used to tell some pleasant Anecdotes: he said he was a man who dashed at any thing in the temporary way, and was at one time getting a good deal of money, though he afterwards fell into great indigence. "He had a good back hand in me," says Kelly, "for he no sooner furnished me with a hint, than I sketched it out on paper, and in this employment went through a great variety of subjects. He was the first man too that taught me to write a *receipt for money*, the form of which I was till then as ignorant of as writing an Essay on Algebra."

About this period, with no other fortune than this precarious mode of subsistence, and not above two-and-twenty years of age, our Author married—to mend the matter he married *merely for love*, the Lady having no other fortune than her industry at needle-work, with which she supported herself in a very decent and respectable line.

However the motives to this match may be considered by the *voice of ignorance*, and the *dissipated manners of the times*, as ridiculous and imprudent, it cannot be too often repeated (because it is so repeatedly combated by the practice of the World), that nothing is so likely to substantiate the happiness of a young couple as MUTUAL AFFECTION;—it smooths and blesses industry, it propagates and sweetens comforts, and has an *arm of resistance* against the unavoidable ills of life, which fortune

---

* What gave rise to *this particular eulogium* from his Principal was, that Kelly often in a dearth of News, amused the public with little details of *poetical prose*, amongst which the following gave great satisfaction;

"On Saturday last, a wager was determined in Newgate-market to a considerable amount, who should eat most hot Tripe in the course of one hour, a Butcher's Apprentice in the last year of his time, or a young Bull-Dog nine months old. The *heat* of the Tripe at first repressed the appetite of the Bull-Dog, which turned the odds greatly in favour of his Antagonist, but being a little cooled by the breezes of the open air, Hector fell to with such voraciousness, as to distance his rival by several mouthfuls."

and high connections cannot simply give, because the former issues from the heart, and is invigorated in the confidence of that Providence which strengthens and confirms *virtue*.

Mrs. Kelly proved the truth of this assertion. With no other dowry than her *affection* she succeeded in "The Way to Keep Him," at least, as well as any woman we ever knew; she studied and watched all the little weaknesses of his temper, met them with the most perfect good humour, and rendered his home so pleasing to him, that she converted into a domestic man one, who, in the hands of most other women, would, from the temptations of very pleasurable tendencies, and the opportunities of his profession, perhaps have been led into much dissipation.

Doctor Goldsmith, who visited Kelly some years after, confessed this, and was so struck with the comforts and conveniencies of Matrimony, that he proposed for the other sister; but Kelly resisted this upon very honourable grounds; he knew his sister-in-law to be the very reverse of his wife in *temper* and *œconomy*; he likewise knew Goldsmith to be very thoughtless in respect to worldly affairs, and not very industrious; he therefore remonstrated with him on the great impropriety of such a match, 'till with some difficulty and address he weaned him from the pursuit.

What Kelly thought of his wife himself was best evidenced by his conduct, which always gave the impression of a very attentive domestic husband. He likewise gave a written proof of his affection, by addressing to her a Sonnet, under the name of *Myra*, some years after their marriage, which, perhaps, considering the general habits of husbands, excels more in *novelty* of *principle* than ideas.

Our Author now having got what is called *settled* in the world, changed his habitation (which, as he himself used to say, was that which by reversing the house would form the *first floor*) and took apartments in Middle Temple Lane, which he furnished very genteelly, and occasionally gave his leg of mutton and bottle to his friends, with a frankness, a conversation and hospitality that was very acceptable, and threw the cold civilities of higher tables at a distance.

To enable him to do all this, he spurred both the side of his ambition and his industry: he commenced a series of Essays in Owen's Weekly Chronicle, which he afterwards collected, and bound up in two pocket volumes, called "The Babbler." He likewise wrote a Novel called "Louisa Mildmay, or the History of a Magdalen," which was much read and esteemed, and which he dedicated to the late Duchess of Northumberland.

The merit of both these works must be judged by referring to the *education*, the *time of life*, and *opportunities* of the Author, and, considering them in this view, place him much above the ranks of ordinary men. His Babblers, though they exhibit characters of *particular manners* more than *general nature*, yet discover some quickness of observation, a fertility of invention, and no inconsiderable degree of humour. 'Tis true, they possess none of the deep recesses of knowledge and morality which are to be found in the Spectator, Rambler, and many other perodical publica-

tions; yet being written with a vivacity of imagination, a smoothness of style, and above all a continual reference to petty habits and local amusements; they pleased the greater part of the public, *(the middle-sized in understanding)* and in the course of their publication we have more than once heard this question asked with some impatience at the Coffee-houses, "Well, what does the Babbler say to-day?"

The Novel of "Louisa Mildmay" is, in general, prettily and pathetically told, particularly in that part which describes her sorrow and repentance; but in detailing the circumstances of her *seduction* he has painted them in such *glowing colours*, and with such a *minuteness of description*, as we fear might have sometimes defeated the *moral* he meant to inculcate.

[*To be continued.*]

A VIEW

OF THE

PROGRESS OF NAVIGATION.

IN SEVERAL ESSAYS.

[*Continued from Page* 513.]

Essay III.—*Of the Navigation of the Middle Ages, and of the Discovery of the Mariner's Compass.*

As long as the Roman empire continued in splendor, it supported what it had found of navigation, but added little or nothing to it, that people being altogether intent upon making new conquests, and finding still more work than they were able to compass upon dry land, without venturing far out at sea. But when the barbarous nations began to dismember that monarchy, this art, instead of improving, doubtless declined, as did all others. The first of these barbarians were the Goths and Vandals, of whom no great actions appear on the sea, their farthest expeditions on this element being in the Mediterranean, bewixt Italy and Africa, Spain and the Islands, where nothing occurs worth mentioning. The Saracens were next to them as to order of time, though much superior in naval power, yet contained within the same bounds, and consequently did nothing more memorable. After the Saracens may be reckoned the Normans, who for several years infested the coasts of Britain and France with their fleets from Norway, till having settled themselves in Normandy, they ran out plundering all the coasts of Spain, and entering

the Straits conquered a great part of the kingdom of Naples, and the whole island of Sicilly. Still these, though they undertook longer voyages, were but coasters, and, satisfied with what they found, did not endeavour to add any thing to the art of navigation, especially for that they were as then but rude and barbarous, war and rapine being their only profession. Other nations famous at sea were the Genoese and Venetians, betwixt whom there were bloody wars for several years; and the latter, till the Portuguese discovered the way by sea to the East-Indies, had all the trade of those parts in their own hands, either brought up the Red Sea into Egypt, or by caravans to the sea-port towns of Asia. We might here mention the expeditions of English, French, Danes, Dutch, and other nations, but should find nothing new in them all. They all in their turns were powerful at sea, they all ventured sometimes far from home, either to rob, conquer, or trade, but all in the same manner creeping along the shores, without daring to venture far out to sea, having no guides out of sight of land but the stars, which in cloudy nights must fail them. It is therefore time to leave these blind sailors, and come to the magnet or load-stone, and to the compass or magnetical needle, which has opened ways in the unknown ocean, and made them as plain and easy in the blackest night as in the brightest day. To come then to the point.

The loadstone, or magnet, so called from the Latin word *magnes*, had this name given it because found in the country of Magnesia, which is a part of Lydia in Asia; or because the Magnesians first discovered its virtue of attracting iron: for both these reasons are given by the learned Bochartus Geogr. Sacr. p. 717. What other virtues and qualities it has, does not belong to this place. But it is certain the magnet has two poles answering to the two poles of the world, and to which they naturally incline (if nothing obstructs) to lie parallel. This property is not confined to itself, but communicative, as daily experience shews us in the nautical needles, which by the touch of this stone partake so much of its nature, that the point so touched, unless otherwise hindered, will always look towards the north pole. Let the learned naturalist plunge himself into the inscrutable abyss of nature to find out reasons for this sympathy; it shall suffice here to shew the benefits and advantages navigation, and in it mankind, has reaped by the discovery of this most wonderful secret. The Magnesians, as was said above, were counted the first discoverers of the loadstone's virtue of attracting iron; but this greater virtue of pointing out the north pole, was never found till about the year 1300, if we will believe all the best modern enquirers into antiquity, who upon diligent search unanimously agree they cannot find the least ground to believe it was known before, rather than give credit to some few writers, who rather suppose such a thing to have been used by the Phenicians than pretend to prove it, having nothing but their own fancies, raised upon weak and groundless surmises, to build upon. The great advocate I find for this opinion in Bochart. Geog, Sac. p. 716. and in Purchas's Pilgrims, p. 26. is Fuller in his Miscellanies, l. 4. c. 19. yet neither of them mentions any proof or strong argument he brings to cor-

roborate his opinion, and therefore they both with reason reject him. These two authors, and Pancirol. l. 2. tit. 11, do not forget the verse often urged out of Plautus in Mercat.

Hic secundus ventus nunc est, cape modo Versoriam.

Which Versoria some will have to be the compass. But there is nothing solid in this argument, it is only catching at straws, when all history and practice of former ages make against it. History, because it could not but have made some mention of a thing so universally useful and necessary; and practice, because it is well known no such voyages were then performed, as are now daily by the help of the compass. It has sufficiently been proved, before that in all former ages they were but coasters, scarce daring to venture out of sight of land; that if out at night they had no other rule to go by but the stars: and what is still more, it is manifest they scarce ventured at all to sea in the winter months. That this is so, appears by Vegetius, lib. 4. where speaking of the months, he says, the seas are shut from the third of the Ides of November, to the sixth of the Ides of March, and from that time till the Ides of May it is dangerous venturing to sea. Thus much may suffice to show the compass was not known to antiquity, let us see when it first appeared in the world.

Its ancient use being rejected by general consent, there have still been some who have endeavoured to rob the discoverer of this honour: among them Goropius, quoted by Morisotus, will have this invention attributed to the Cimbrians, Teutonicks or Germans, for this weak reason, because the names of the 32 winds about it are Teutonick, and used by almost all Europeans. Others will not allow this to be the product of any part of Europe, and therefore go as far as China for it, alledging that M. Paulus Venetus brought it from thence about the year 1260: but this is asserted without any the least authority, only because Paulus Venetus travelled into China, and when afterwards the Portuguese came thither, they found the use of the needle common among all those eastern nations, which they affirmed they had enjoyed for many ages. Not to dwell upon groundless suppositions, the general consent of the best authors on this subject is, that the magnetical needle or compass was first found out in Europe by one John Gioia, whom other call Flavio Gioia, of the city of Amalsi, on the coast of that part of the kingdom of Naples called Terra di Lavoro. This happened about the year of our Lord 1300, and though the thing be of such stupendous advantage to the world, yet it did not prove so greatly profitable to the first finder, whose bare name is all that remains to posterity, without the least knowledge of his profession, or after what manner he made this wonderful discovery. So wonderful that it seems to contradict the opinion of Solomon, who so many ages since said there was nothing new under the sun; whereas this certainly appears, though so long after him, to be altogether new, and never so much as thought of before, which cannot so plainly be made out of any other of those we look upon as modern inventions or improvements. For to instance in a few things, we find the use of fireships among the Tyrians in the time of Alexander the Great, as was mentioned before out of Curtius, lib. 4. and therefore not repeated

here. Our sea-charts, on which later times have so much valued themselves, are of such ancient date, that we cannot find their original; yet Morisotus, p. 12. says, that Eolus gave Ulysses a sea chart drawn on a ram's skin, that is, a parchment. Again, p. 14. the same author out of Trogus observes, that Democedes the Cratonian, employed by Darius Hystaspes to view the coasts of Greece, sent him charts of them all, with the ports, roads, and strong-holds, exactly marked down. Then p. 215, he shows out of Elianus and Aristophanes, that there were maps of the world in Socrates' time. This he says was about the 80th Olympiad, and then quotes Strabo, who from Eratosthenes affirms, Anaximander the Milesian was the first that made geographical tables, about the 50th Olympiad. Sheathing of ships is a thing in appearance so absolutely new, that scarce any will doubt to assert it altogether a modern invention; yet how vain this notion is, will soon appear in two instances.—Leo Baptista Alberti in his book of architecture, lib. 5. cap. 12. has these words: "But Trajan's ship weighed out of the lake of Ricoia at this time, while I was compiling this work, where it had lain sunk and neglected for above 1300 years; I observed that the pine and cypress of it had lasted most remarkably. On the outside it was built with double planks, daubed over with Greek pitch, caulked with linen rags, and over all a sheet of lead fastened on with little copper nails." Raphael Volaterranus in his geography says, this ship was weighed by the order of Cardinal Prospero Colonna. Here we have caulking and sheathing together above 1600 years ago; for I suppose no man can doubt that the sheet of lead nailed over the outside with copper nails was sheathing, and that in great perfection, the copper nails being used rather than iron, which when once rusted in the water with the working of the ship, soon lose their hold and drop out. The other instance we find in Purchas's Pilgrims, vol. 1. lib. 4. in Captain Saris's voyage to the Court of Japan, p. 371, where the Captain giving an account of his voyage, says, that rowing betwixt Firando and Fuccate, about eight or ten leagues on this side Xeminasque, he found a great town where there lay in a dock a junck of 800 or 1000 ton burden, sheathed all with iron. This was in the year 1613, about which time the English came first acquainted with Japan; and it is evident that nation had not learned the way of sheathing of them, or the Portuguese, who were there before, but were themselves ignorant of the art of sheathing.

Now to return to the magnetical needle, or sea-compass; its discoverer, as has been said, appears to be Flavius, or John Gioia of Amalsi, and the time of its discovery about the year 1300. The reason of its tending to, or pointing out the north, is what many natural philosophers have in vain laboured to find; and all their study has brought them only to be sensible of the imperfection of human knowledge, which when plunged into the enquiry after the secrets of nature, finds no other way to come off but by calling them occult qualities, which is no other than owning our ignorance, and granting they are things altogether unknown to us. Yet these are not all the wonders of this magnetic virtue. The variation of it is another as inscrutable a secret. This variation is when the needle

does not point out the true pole, but inclines more or less either to the east or west; and is not certain, but differs according to places, yet holding always the same in the same place, and is found by observing the sun or stars. The cause of this variation some philosophers ascribe to magnetical mountains, some to the pole itself, some to the heavens, and some to the magnetical power even beyond the heavens; but these are all blind guesses, and fond ostentations of learning without any thing in them to convince ones reason. There is nothing of it certain but the variation itself. Nor is this variation alone, there is a variation of the variation, a subject to be handled by none but such as have made it a peculiar study. But let us leave these mysteries, and come to the historical part, as the principal scope of this discourse; where we shall find, that though the use of the needle was so long since found out, yet either through its being kept private by some few persons at first as a secret of great value, or through the dullness of sailors, at first not comprehending this wonderful phænomena; or through fear of venturing too far out from the known shores; or lastly, out of a conceit that there could not be more habitable worlds to discover: whether for these, or any other cause, we do not find any considerable advantage made of this wonderful discovery for above an age after it: nay, what is more, it does not appear how the world received it, who first used it upon the sea, and how it spread abroad into other parts.

[*To be continued.*]

LORD BOLINGBROKE.

CONCERNING this celebrated statesman and infidel, I find two curious Anecdotes in the posthumous works of Mr. Toplady. The first is, that his Lordship was one day reading *Calvin's Institutions*, when he was visited by Mr. Thomas Church, Vicar of Battersea, to whom Lord Bolingbroke said, "You have caught me reading John Calvin. He was indeed a man of great parts, profound sense, and vast learning. He handles the Doctrines of Grace in a very masterly manner."—"*Doctrines of Grace!*" exclaimed Church; the Doctrines of Grace have set all mankind together by the ears." "I am surprised to hear *you* say so," answered the other; "you who profess to believe and to preach Christianity. Those Doctrines are certainly the Doctrines of the Bible; and if I believed the Bible, I must believe them. And let me seriously tell you, that the greatest miracle in the world is the subsistence of Christianity, and its continued preservation as a religion, when the preaching of it is committed to the care of such unchristian wretches as *you*." Taking this story for true, upon the authority of Mr. Toplady, or of Lady Huntingdon, from whom he had it, I cannot but remark that his Lordship's behaviour was inconsistent with the rules of good breeding towards a person in the character of a Clergyman; though, in fact, Church deserved severe chastisement for speaking of the Doctrines of Grace in such an irreverent manner. W.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

THE CHEVALIER RUSPINI, G. S. B.

IT is the province of BIOGRAPHY to record the memory of those who have attracted general notice by superiority of talents; but it is a part of moral duty, to keep alive the remembrance of those who have distinguished themselves, by improving the happiness, or lessening the evils of mankind. Upon the latter principle, the subject of our present notice is eminently entitled to the attention of biography, since he has passed the greater part of a long life in administring relief to his fellow creatures, and has made some discoveries of considerable importance to society. There is another reason which renders it more immediately proper that he should find a place in this work, because he is the founder of a new Institution in FREE MASONRY, which not only displays benevolence in the individual, but tends to increase, if possible, that veneration and esteem, in which the MASONIC ORDER has always been held by those who were really acquainted with its principles.

BARTHOLOMEW RUSPINI was born about the year 1730 at Romacoto, near Bergamo in Italy. He descends from a very ancient and honourable family, and is allied to many persons of distinction in the country from which his birth was derived. In the early part of life, he studied surgery at the great hospital in Bergamo, where he stood an examination in the year 1748. In the diploma which followed that examination, honourable mention is made of his attention, abilities, and knowledge. As the general profession of surgery was practised all over Europe, Mr. RUSPINI thought that fortune and fame would be more easily attainable, if he attached himself only to one branch of his art; and therefore he devoted himself peculiarly to the province of the dentist. In pursuit of this object he went to Paris, and placed himself under the tuition of the celebrated Mons. CAPRAU, at that time dentist to the King of France. Having profited as much as possible under the direction of that celebrated professor, Mr. RUSPINI came to England about the year 1750, and practised with great success, occasionally visiting Scotland and Ireland, where his renown had preceded him. In the year 1766 he fixed his residence in London, under the patronage of the late Princess Dowager of Wales, and several of the most distinguished persons of this country. At this period he married Miss ORDE, eldest daughter of Thomas Orde, Esq. of Langriage Hall, near Berwick-upon-Tweed, by whom he has had a very numerous progeny; eight of whom are still living.

This gentleman may be considered as the first in his profession who gave respectability to the employment of a dentist, having made such discoveries in the art of preserving the teeth, that he has rendered it a distinct branch, and conferred on it a degree of regularity, which it must always secure, while the professors pursue his track. The faculty have



Tomkins sculp.t

Chevalier Ruspini. G.S.B.

From an Original Painting.

Publish'd by Scatcherd & Whitaker. Ave Maria Lane. Jun.1.1794.

always treated him as one of themselves, a distinction indeed which the original form of his studies intitled him to expect, but which is generally lost when the practitioner deserts the general course of his profession, and devotes himself to a particular line. Having always entertained a grateful remembrance of the seminary where his early years were passed, he some years ago presented a complete set of chirurgical instruments to the hospital at Bergamo; and these instruments were selected for the purpose, by his late friend Mr. BROMFIELD. The records of the hospital mention this testimony of respect and gratitude in very handsome terms. It should be said to the honour of Mr. RUSPINI, that it was not the impulse of gratitude only, honourable as that virtue is to the human character, that induced him to shew this tribute of respect to the scene of his juvenile studies, but a conviction also, that the patients of that hospital would derive greater benefit, while it possessed a more complete set of instruments than it had ever before obtained, particularly as they were sent from a country in which the art of surgery is admitted to have been carried into more successful practice than in any other part of the world.

The general benevolence of Mr. RUSPINI's character, and his particular attention and hospitality to foreigners, at length excited the notice of THE POPE, who, without solicitation, made him a Knight of the Order of the Golden Spur, with the title of CHEVALIER.

It is not our business to speak of the remedies which the Chevalier RUSPINI uses in his profession; but, as they are generally adopted and recommended by the faculty, it is to be inferred, that they are considered as preferable to all rival compositions. There is, however, one preparation he has introduced into practice, which demands a peculiar notice, because it is likely to be of the utmost service in the healing art; what we allude to now, is the BALSAMIC STYPTIC; which is found to be a specific in all cases of external and internal hemorrhage, and which, after the fullest test of experience, is pronounced adequate to all its purposes. Such a medicine as this, besides administering relief in all the casualties to which the human frame is exposed, may be of the most important uses in mitigating the horror of war. It was not till after constant experiments, during the progress of two years, that the Chevalier ventured to bring it forward to public notice, and these experiments were made at his desire by the most eminent surgeons as well as himself.

In domestic life, the Chevalier is remarkable for the beneficence of his disposition and the suavity of his manners. The zeal with which he contributes to all benevolent institutions, is a sufficient proof of the first, and the latter is abundantly evinced in a wide circle of friends, and the general respect of society.

We come now to mention the particular reason that induced us to give the memoirs of this gentleman a place in the present work. To the benevolent merit of the Chevalier RUSPINI, is MASONRY, as we have said, indebted for a new institution, which must of course raise the value of that ancient and philanthropic order. To him is to be attributed the foundation of a SCHOOL for the maintenance and education of the FEMALE ORPHANS of indigent brethren, under the title of the ROYAL CUM-

BERLAND FREE MASONS SCHOOL. This school takes one part of its name in gratitude to the present DUCHESS OF CUMBERLAND, who has condescended to stand forth as its patroness, and who by her munificence and zeal has considerably promoted its success.

It is with pleasure we learn, that this school proceeds with the most promising auspices, already affording shelter to about thirty children, and having a grant of land from the City of London, for the purpose of building a house, intended for the reception of a much larger number, under the government of the most respectable trustees, and conducted upon a laudable and well-digested plan. The Chevalier served the office of Grand Steward in the year 1772; was made Master of the Royal Lodge 1778, served the principal offices of the degree of *Royal Arch Masons*; established the Lodge of the Nine Muses, and has been Master of several other Lodges. At present he holds the office of Grand Sword Bearer, which, though changed annually, yet, by the express order of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, our Grand Master, has been conferred upon the Chevalier RUSPINI until such time as he pleases to resign it.

It is generally after death that the memoirs of meritorious individuals are published; but we are happy to observe that the Chevalier RUSPINI is likely to enjoy for many years the pleasure arising from his well-earned fame.

CHARITY.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

Each other gift which God on Man bestows
proper bound and due restriction knows;
But lasting CHARITY's more ample sway,
Nor bound by time, nor subject to decay,
In happy triumph shall for ever live,
And endless Good diffuse, and endless Praise receive.
* * * * * * * * * *
Constant FAITH, and holy HOPE shall die,
One lost in certainty and one in joy:
Whilst thou, more happy Pow'r, fair CHARITY,
Triumphant Sister, greatest of the three,
Thy office and thy nature still the same,
Lasting thy lamp, and unconsum'd thy flame,
Shalt still survive——
Shalt stand before the host of Heav'n confess'd,
For ever blessing and for ever bless'd.

PRIOR.

IT is difficult for a Mason to discourse upon CHARITY without having present to his mind the noble institution founded a few years since for the benefit of the unfortunate offspring of distresse or indigent brethren, under the denomination of

THE CUMBERLAND FREE MASONS' SCHOOL.



Long del. et sculp.

Published by Scatcherd & Whitaker Ave Maria Lane Jan. 1794.

No circumstance in the annals of our art can reflect more honour on the fraternity, than does this generous, this Godlike work of CHARITY. The people of England are justly famed throughout the world for benevolence of sentiment; but among us it is an indispensable duty, and of all our duties the most cheerfully *performed*. The motives which at first operated to establish this School, will, there is no reason to doubt, derive increased influence from the lately-conceived idea of widely extending its benefits by enlarging the building on the noble, yet œconomical scale, now projected in St. George's Fields. Objects, it will be remembered, are continually presenting their humble claims, the same necessities will always have existence while the moral of our *Mosaic Pavement* continues true to its emblem, that is, so long as this habitable globe shall be holden together in the firm grasp of Omnipotence.

I know not how other men may be affected, but, for my own part, I never pay a visit to these interesting subjects of Fraternal Benevolence, that I do not let fall a tear of extasy on contemplating the feelings of Gratitude which they so artlessly yet so forcibly express; their speaking eyes most eloquently thank us, their pious prayers to Heaven reward us, for sheltering their houseless heads from the inclemency of the weather, preserving their persons from temptation, and their immortal souls from destruction; pointing to the Great Giver of all Good, and directing their steps in the unerring path, which leads thro' temporal welfare to eternal bliss.

I could here willingly indulge myself in apostrophising the worthy Father of this Institution; but the name of RUSPINI is engraven on our hearts; to spare his feelings, therefore, I will sacrifice my own, and proceed to a few general observations on *Charity*—that *last step that lifts us up to God*.

Charity is a virtue so amiable in itself and so acceptable in the sight of Heaven, that it has been truly said to cancel a number of sins. It is implanted indeed in our very nature, but has been greatly refined by the principles of Christianity operating upon the human mind. It is an epitome of all the religious duties—a duty, the fulfilling of which is absolutely necessary to the support, to the very existence of Society. The practice of it is entitled to higher praise than the practice of most other duties, inasmuch as those are directly or indirectly enforced and insisted upon by human laws and ordinances, while Charity, the noblest duty of all, is left to the candour, gratitude, or humanity of individuals; and thus a full scope is given to exercise generosity, and display the native dignity and lustre of Virtue.

Endowed with the bounties of Heaven we should consider ourselves as charged to do good to all around us; we are indeed but stewards of God's blessings, and must render a strict account to Him from whom our comforts flow, and by whose peculiar favour (certainly unmerited by any possible services of our's to Him) we have been placed in a happier station than those who implore relief at our hands.

To conclude, the mental enjoyments of the charitable man far exceed in degree whatever can result from any other source. Every increase of happiness to others, to which he is sensible of having contributed, is an addition to his own; he feels the supreme delight of being "eyes to the blind, feet to the lame," a father to the orphan, and a husband to the widowed mother.

S. J.

NOBLE EXAMPLE OF FIDELITY

IN A

FREE MASON OF VIENNA.

TO THE

PRINTER OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

TOWARD the latter end of the year 1785, some of the States of Germany conceived unaccountable prejudices against the FREE MASONS; and the Emperor himself was induced to subject the society to some very particular restrictions, by a rescript, which, as worthy of preservation, I shall here translate from the Vienna Gazette of that time:

"Whereas in all well-regulated states, nothing should, within a certain description, be permitted to subsist, without being confined to some particular rule and order, I have thought it necessary to enjoin what follows: The assemblies of men called Free Masons, of whose secret I am as completely ignorant, as I have at all times been averse from enquiring into their mysteries, are daily increasing even in the smallest towns:—Such meetings, left entirely to the discretion of their members, and subject to no kind of direction, may occasion many excesses, equally injurious to religion and good morals; as also induce the superiors, in consequence of a fanatical fellowship, to deviate from the strict path of rectitude, in regard to those who are their dependants, but not initiated into the mysteries of their order, and, in fine, occasion great and needless expences. Already have other powers forbid all such assemblies; already have the members been brought to exemplary punishments, because their secrets were not universally known. Although I myself am very imperfectly in their confidence, it is enough for me to know that some good and benevolent acts have been performed by the masonic lodges, to provide in their favour better than has been done in other countries; therefore, although I am a stranger to their constitution, and to what is transacted at their meetings, these shall, nevertheless, be countenanced under the patronage of the State, as long as they shall do good; therefore the assemblies of Free Masons shall enjoy a formal toleration, upon their submitting to such regulations as shall be prescribed by me."

Under such circumstances, with the example of some other states before him, who had zeal without knowledge, the conduct of the emperor

appears not to have been altogether uncandid; but mark the over-acted attention of the courtly Academy of Sciences at Munich. To gratify his Sovereign, whom he conceived to be bent upon *exterminating* Free Masonry from his dominions, the president called upon all the members of the Academy to declare within eight days, whether they would withdraw themselves from the pernicious mysteries of Free Masonry. The celebrated M. de BORN of Vienna, one of the first literary characters in Germany, who was a member of the Academy, addressed a letter to the President, in which he told him, "That so far from relinquishing the principles, he should ever glory in the name of Free Mason; a name that should mark every man that bears it with superior probity; for that its principles enjoined a more vigilant discharge of the duties we owe to our Creator, a more strict fidelity to our Sovereign, and a more enlarged and active benevolence to our fellow-creatures, in squaring our conduct thereby. However (added he), to free myself at once from your jurisdiction I herewith return you all my diplomas, and desire you will strike out my name from the list of your academicians."

S. J.

ON DETRACTION.

SLANDER is a vice made up of falshood against the reputation of our neighbour: it is an aspic constantly endeavouring to wound the most noble part of man: falsehood is so much the more insupportable, that its root is fixed in the will, and its seat in the tongue: the two chief counsellors of detraction are presumption and envy; the one proceeding from the good opinion one entertains of one's self, and the other from the regret we feel at the splendour of our fellow creature.—*Placides* said, that the Egyptian Hieroglyphic for a slanderer was a saw with many sharp teeth, constantly gnawing and tearing to pieces the reputation of another—*Philip*, king of *Macedon*, was informed by some of his friends, that, notwithstanding his clemency and goodness towards the Greeks, they had slandered him very grossly, and that he certainly ought to chastise them for their crime—Philip replied, If this be the reward for the benefits which I have bestowed on them, what would they not do if I oppressed them—It shall therefore be my constant care, to proceed as I have begun; they will in the end see their error, and grant me their esteem.—The same king was informed, that *Nicanor* slandered him in public, and his majesty's counsellors were of opinion he should suffer death—I believe, replied the king, he is a man of probity; it would be much better to enquire whether the fault does not proceed from us: being informed that *Nicanor* was very poor, and that he had complained that the king neglected him in his necessity, he sent him a very rich present; hearing afterwards that *Nicanor* went through the streets praising the king up to the skies, he said to his counsellors, "I hope you are now convinced, that I am a better physician, for the cure of detraction, than you are, and that I have the art of causing people to

speak ill or well of me as I please."—Another time the friends of the same king advised him to punish with death, or banish a certain Macedonian, who was constantly reviling him: the king would not hear of it, saying that the fact was not sufficient to merit death, and, as to banishment, it was much better to keep him at home, where he was known for a liar, than to send him among strangers, where his falsehood might gain credit to the prejudice of the king's reputation.—A private soldier, in the army of *Darius* against *Alexander*, and commanded by the renowned *Memnon*, presented himself one day before their chief, and spoke some very injurious words against the reputation of the Macedonian king: the governor struck him over the head with a lance he had in his hand, saying, "I pay you for fighting, and not for speaking ill of *Alexander*."—Two soldiers, wandering a little too near the pavilion of king *Antigonus*, were slandering the king in a very bold manner: the monarch overhearing the whole, without the least emotion of anger, came to his tent door, saying, Go farther off, without you choose to be punished for your insolence—*Philip* the second, king of Spain, would never hear any body ill-spoken of in his presence, because, said he, there is no man, however good, but who may in time become better, and none so wicked, but what may be worse; that good men deserved to be rewarded on account of their virtues, and the wicked suffered to speak in regard to the frailty of human nature. A subject of the same king, who had never spoken to his majesty, and who had never incurred his displeasure, had, notwithstanding, the boldness to speak ill of him publicly; he was imprisoned, and his majesty was no sooner informed of his crime, than he ordered him to be set at liberty, without any other punishment, than the judgement he gave of him, saying, "Any other than a fool would never have spoken in that manner of one whom he did not know, and without having received the least offence." He then added, "There are no *sovereigns* whose subjects speak less disadvantageously of them, than those who give them full liberty so to do."—*Tasso*, the famous poet, was told, that a certain person, who had declared himself his mortal enemy, reviled him in all places: "Let him alone, replied *Tasso*, it is much better that he speak ill of me to all the world, than all the world of me to him."

M.R.

ON MODERATION.

PLATO said to one of his slaves who had committed a fault, I would certainly punish you, would my anger permit me. An insolent fellow meeting *Diogenes*, spit in his face; a bye-stander said to him, Now I am certain you are angry. No, replied he, I was only considering whether I ought to be so.—*Adolphus*, count of Nassau, newly raised to the empire, sent a very injurious letter to Philip, the handsome king of France—the king who was remarkable for his moderation, sent no other answer by the messenger, on a sheet of paper in the form of a letter, than those few words, "Too much in the German stile."—Don Lopes de *Acuna* arming

himself in haste to go to battle, told two of his servants, who were dressing him for the occasion, To fix his burgauet * in a better manner, for that it greatly pained his ear; they answered him, They could not fix it better: and as he was in a hurry to depart, in order to share the glory of the combat, which was bloody, he set off without farther altercation: on his return, he took off the *burgauet*, and shewed his ear hanging by a string, which the helmet had cut, and spoke to them in the following mild manner: Did I not tell you that you had not fixed it right?

PRIVATE ANECDOTES.

[FROM MANUSCRIPTS.]

OF SORTES VIRGILIANÆ.

IN the time of the late Civil War, King Charles the First was sometimes at leisure for a little diversion; a motion was made to consult the Sortes Virgilianæ; that is, to take a Virgil, and either with the finger, or sticking a pin through the leaves, to hit upon certain verses, and the verses touched upon were to explain his destiny; a kind of divination, which sometimes makes sport, and is insignificant, or not significant, as the spectators please to apply it. The king marked the place towards the latter end of the 4th Æneid, which contains Dido's Curse to Æneas. This made the sport end in vexation, as much as it began in merriment. The king read his fate, which followed him in too many particulars, and which aftertimes discovered. He was then, and afterwards, afflicted with the conquering arms of his subjects; he was divided from his children; he was witness to the deaths of many of his friends; when he would have made peace at the Isle of Wight on hard terms, he was refused, and did not long enjoy his crown nor life; but beheaded on a scaffold before his own door; and buried, God knows where.

Mr. Cowley rendered the verses into English on request, not knowing that it was the king who had drawn his lot upon them; they are as follow:—

By a bold people's stubborn arms oppress'd,
Forc'd to forsake the land which he posses'd;
Torn from his dearest son, and left in vain
To beg help, and see his friends cruelly slain.

* A Spanish Helmet or Head-piece.

Let him to base unequal terms submit,
In hopes to save his Crown; yet lose both it *
And life at once; untimely let him dye,
And on an open stage unburied lie—

ANECDOTE OF O. CROMWEL AND MR. GUNNING.

MR. GUNNING constantly had meetings at Exeter-house, reading the common prayer, and drew great crowds of the gentry, and citizens disposed to hear him—The protector sent for him—he came in a terrible panick, for fear of being sent to prison—Oliver asked him, If he was a minister of Jesus Christ?—He answered, Yes—How can you prove it, said the protector?—He said, He was made a priest by such a bishop, and he by another, up to Cranmer, and so in course up to St. Augustine and Peter the Apostle, who was made by Jesus himself—Dare you take your oath of this? said Cromwell; was there no vacancy, no interruption to this succession? or have you any authentic records of all this?—He answered he would not take his oath of it, neither could it be expected records should last so long—So it seems, said Cromwell, your faith proceeds from uncertain tradition, and your own credulity—I'll tell you, added he, how you may make proof of it, a much nearer and surer way—Do you get qualified as St. Paul requires in Timothy and Titus; let the good people call you to the work; begin it with fasting and praying, and the approbation of judicious ministers; then you may call yourself their minister, and the minister of Jesus Christ—In regard to your meetings, it is against my principle to persecute any on account of their religion; but if they be still affronting the government under which they receive protection, I must and will endeavour a reform—This from Mr. Stewart at Maidstone, who heard the discourse.

ANECDOTES OF THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

THE true reason for calling the long Parliament was this: At the dissolution of the former short Parliament, May 5th, the members, both Lords and Commons, had a great opinion, that the King's affairs ere long would oblige him to call them together again; therefore such as resided near London met together frequently, and gave intelligence by Mr. Samuel Hartlib and Mr. Frost to those in the country how things went. Before long, they gave them a general summons to come up; they not only came, but brought with them such gentlemen as they could confide in, amongst the rest Mr. St. John brought along with him Mr. O. Cromwel, which was the first public meeting Oliver ever ap-

* The Lord Falkland, and some others, were with him.—This from Dr. How, and transcribed from his Virgil.

peared at. They agreed to send down a petition to the King at York, subscribed by 20 Lords and above 40 Commons, to pray him to call a Parliament, that 2 Lords and 4 Commons of their number should carry it down. The Lords pitched upon the *Earl of Essex* and the *Lord Howard*; the names of the Commons I have forgot, but I am sure that Cromwel was one of the 4. Essex plainly refused to go. When these messengers came to York, they sounded some about the King—how they were to get admission, intimating what their business was. This came to the King's ear, who thereupon advised with his Cabinet Council, that the King should clap them all up, proceed against them as traitors (for which they never wanted advocates nor witnesses), to curb men in such audacious proceedings. They left the King, with a resolution to proceed accordingly that night: but the Marquis of Hamilton (esteemed a wiser and more moderate person, though perhaps no Lion), hearing of this intention, came to the King late at night, and talked with him, told him the danger of it; he set before him how the Scotch had now entered the kingdom with a powerful army; that they were unanimous, and under experienced commanders; that his own army was no way to be trusted; their leaders more likely to betray him than serve him; that these six persons came from sixty of the principal members, who would all look upon themselves as concerned; and your Majesty, said he, will be looked on as betraying the whole body with these six. Besides these, and their principals, are all popular men: they will raise the prejudice of the country against you.—What shall I do then? said the King—Speak favourably to them, said the Marquis, receive their petition, and call a Parliament.—This was done, and the sequel shewed that the Marquis advised right.—*This account from my Lord Chief Justice's own mouth.*

ON RICHES.

JUPITER, the chief of the gods, metamorphosed himself into a shower of gold to possess his Danaë, knowing the power of that metal to soften the hardest heart, melting the heart of snow, and severely wounding the heart of flesh. Terrestrial souls are ravished with its charms; such was *Croesus*, and an infinite number of others. Riches have an absolute power over our will; our hearts are the needles, which continually turn to that pole. Antipater purchased hearts at the expence of kingdoms and cities; for, in order to prove agreeable to *Lilia*, he made her a present of a crown and sceptre. *Mark Anthony* offered the empire of the world to *Cleopatra* in exchange for her love. *Pilophas* triumphed over the chastity of *Hermione*, with a pearl-necklace, which made him say, after the victory, That the greatest beauty, and the most chaste, ran a risk of perishing on the Ocean of Riches. *Darius* not being able to vanquish the chastity of *Lucia*, attacked her for the last time with the golden arms of an inestimable treasure, and triumphed over her virtue. *Josephus* writes, that no king, whether Hebrew, or of any other nation,

ever left such great wealth to his successor as King David did to his son Solomon; for the building of the Temple alone, he dedicated ten thousand talents of gold, and a hundred thousand talents of silver, besides other materials of infinite value, which he had prepared. The magnificence of this temple was admirable; it was not finished in less than forty-seven years: eighty-four thousand working masons were employed, superintended by three thousand two hundred masters; thirty thousand Hebrews were employed in cutting of wood, and seventy thousand more were burthen bearers, for stoves and other materials proper for the work. *Augustus Cæser* was so immenfely rich, that he generally kept in pay forty-four legions, the expence of which amounted yearly to twelve millions of gold. But then we are to consider, that the Roman Empire was at that time at the height of its grandeur, having for its limits to the east, the river Euphrates; to the west, the Ocean; to the south, the fertile region of Africa; to the north, the Rhine and the Danube. Riches are the source of all misfortunes; and there is no wickedness, however great, which the insatiable thirst of gold will not drive men to commit. What treacheries, violences, and murders, has it not occasioned since the beginning of the world! *Lycurgus* forbade the *Lacedemonians* the use of gold and silver, which are the cause of all evil, and are by wise nature concealed in the bowels of the earth, as not intended for the use of man; yet they have found means to draw them from their dark abode, in order to prove a mutual plague to each other. The Egyptians were averse from the laying up of treasure, in order to prevent their kings from rearing magnificent buildings, to which they seemed much inclined, and at the same time to avoid all contention and war with their neighbours. *Philip* of Macedon made war through all the territories of Greece, because, by the plunder of some little towns, he was firmly of opinion, they possessed great riches. The *Scythians* made a very proper answer to the the Ambassadors of *Vexores*, King of Egypt, who came by orders of their master to declare war against them; they said, The King of Egypt was badly advised in declaring war against a nation so poor as themselves; that as the King of *Egypt* was rich, he had much more reason to fear an attack; they were therefore resolved to prevent him, and seize the treasure which he held out to them. *Marcus Curtius*, the Roman Consul, and the first of men in his time, who had three times received the honours of a triumph for his victories, placed so little value on riches, that he had nothing but a small farm-house in the country, to which he retired, when his affairs would permit, cultivating with his own hands the little garden he possessed. One day certain ambassadors came to visit him; they found him sitting by his fire, busily employed in roasting turnips for his supper; they offered him from their community large sums of money; he told them, that the person who contented himself with such a meal as they saw, had no occasion for money, and that he esteemed it much more honourable to command over those who had gold, than to be in possession of it himself. *Anacreon*, having received from *Polycertus* a gift of five talents, could not sleep for the space of two nights, distressed with the care of preserving them from thieves, and

in laying them out to the best advantage. When he had wearied himself out with thinking, he carried them back to their first owner, saying, They were not worth the thoughts he had bestowed on them. *Phocion* the Athenian, being visited by the Ambassadors of *Alexander*, they presented him a hundred talents *, from their master. *Phocion* asked them the reason, seeing there were so many other Athenians more worthy than himself; they answered, It was, because their master esteemed him the most virtuous among men. To keep him still in that thought, said *Phocion*, take back your present to him, I have no use for it. *Philophæmen*, General of the Athenians, joined in alliance the City of *Sparta* with his own. The *Lacedemonians* sent him a present of one hundred and twenty talents †, which he refused, and told the Council of *Sparta*, that they should not attempt to corrupt with money honest men, and their friends, as they were sure of their fidelity without it, but employ their treasures in gaining over evil-doers and mutineers in their councils, and such as might disturb the order of their government. Socrates being sent for by King *Archelaus*, with a promise to bestow great riches on him, answered, that the measure of flower cost only a farthing at *Athens*, and that water was every body's property for the fetching.

A certain Persian Lord, having quitted his country to live at *Athens*, and finding he would stand in great need of the favour and support of *Cimon*, one of the first men there, sent him as a present two silver cups, one full of pieces of gold, the other of silver. *Cimon* smiled, and asked the Persian, Which of the two he would wish him to be—a mercenary wretch, or his real friend? The *Persian* replied, He would rather have him as a friend. Take back then your money, said Cimon, for if I am your friend, I can always command it, when I have use for it. *Xenocrates* refused to receive a gift of thirty talents, which Alexander had sent him, saying, He had no use for money. How, said *Alexander*, has he no friend?-for, as to me, the riches of *Darius* are not sufficient to share amongst my friends. *Bias*, fearing that the town in which he resided was to be besieged, was determined to quit it without embarrassing himself with his riches, as others did; being asked the reason, he replied, All the wealth I prize I shall carry with me, meaning the gifts and the invisible riches of the understanding. King Ptolemy used to say, It was much better for a man to enrich another than himself.

SHOCKING DEATH OF SANTEUIL.

SANTEUIL, Canon regular of St. Victoire, has been very celebrated in the Republic of Letters; he was the greatest Latin poet of his time, likewise a man of great genius and facetious manners; which rendered

* Eight thousand pounds. † 950 pounds.

him most excellent company: he was a bon vivant, and lover of wine, but not of depravity; and though he possessed a genius and talent unfit for a cloister, he supported with credit the character of his profession.

The Duke of Burgoigne invited him to all his parties, and he was honoured with the friendship of the House of Condé, who esteemed him much; he frequently furnished them with his sallies replete with wit and pleasantry; and this intimacy, though with the great, was of long duration.

The Duke pressed Mons. Santeuil to go with him to Dijon: he excused himself, and alledged his reasons; however, he was compelled by solicitations, and S. attended there as a constant guest in every company with him. One night at supper they diverted themselves in pressing forward the champagne to Santeuil; and being all gay, they emptied a box of Spanish tobacco into a large glass of wine, with an intent to make him drink it, at the same time to know what effect it would have on him; they were soon informed of the consequences by a continued vomiting and fever which seized him: in forty-eight hours the unfortunate Santeuil died in horrid agonies, but with the most pious sentiments, which served as a lesson to those about him, and to his inconsiderate companions, who bewailed his loss.

SELFISHNESS AND BENEVOLENCE COMPARED.

THE restlessness of man has been a topic of frequent declamation; 'That, after much thought and labour in the pursuit of any good, the acquisition bestows but a momentary pleasure; that the person becomes as restless as before in the pursuit of some new object; and in short, that most men pass life in toil and anxiety, without ever resting contented with what they possess.' Writers who have a just sense of religion, account for this disposition from the following principle: 'That this life is to us a time of trial, to prepare for a better; and that happiness in it, besides being inconsistent with such a trial, would divert our thoughts from a better life.' Other writers, who have no thought but of our present state, hold this disposition to be a gross imperfection in human beings, made, as it would appear, not for their own happiness, but for some latent purpose.

As the tracing of the ways of Providence has always been to me a favourite study, I cheerfully enter the lists against the writers last mentioned.

There may be animals which have no enjoyment beyond rest and food: but man is not so made; his constitution fits him for action; and he takes pleasure in it. Did he take delight in rest, he would be an absurd being, considering that this earth produces little for him but what requires preparation; that raw materials are furnished in plenty; but that much labour is requisite to convert them into food, cloathing, habitation. I observe further, that though the seeds of all valuable knowledge are originally in us, yet that persevering culture is necessary to make them

productive. What then would man be in his present state, were rest his delight, his *summum bonum*?

Thus upon the activity of man depend all his comforts internal and external. 'Admitted (say my antagonists) man is not blamed for his activity in procuring the comforts of life, but for his restlessness in never being satisfied with his present comforts.' These writers certainly will not condemn restlessness in the lump: they will approve restlessness in doing good; which undoubtedly is one of the noblest properties that belong to human nature. Restlessness then, as far as reprehensible, must be confined to the selfish passions: nor can all these be comprehended; for surely there is no vice in restlessness to acquire fame, or the good-will of others. Restlessness, with regard to corporeal enjoyments, I acknowledge to be hurtful: nor is it even there a defect in the nature of man, but one of the pernicious consequences of indulging such enjoyments to excess. As they are the lowest enjoyments of our nature, intemperance in them soon produces satiety and disgust; from which the luxurious have no relief but by frequent change of objects. This miserable restlessness, the fruit of intemperence in grovelling pleasures, will not find a single votary. Consider, on the other hand, a social disposition. A man of benevolence, whose happiness chiefly consists in serving others, can never rest satisfied in his present state: opportunities of doing good daily occur, and employ him without end: the more opulent he is, the more restless he will be; because opulence multiplies his opportunities of doing good.

Activity is essential to a social being: to a selfish being it is of no use, after procuring the means of living. A selfish man, who, by his opulence, has all the luxuries of life at command, and dependants without number, has no occasion for activity. Hence it may fairly be inferred, that were man destined by Providence to be entirely selfish, he would be disposed by his constitution to rest, and never would be active when he could avoid it. The natural activity of man, therefore, is to me evidence, that his Maker did not intend him to be purely a selfish being.

This leads me to compare selfishness with benevolence. Selfishness in one instance is not only innocent, but laudable: which is, in coveting fame or good-will. These appetites, however, prevail but in few, compared with the appetite for corporeal pleasures. It would be too extensive for the present essay, to shew all the advantages of benevolence over corporeal pleasures; that no corporeal pleasure contributes so much to happiness as the exercise of benevolence; that the latter raises a man in his own esteem, and in that of others; whereas the former lessens him in both. I shall therefore confine myself to one particular: which is, the superior advantage of benevolence from its permanency. Corporeal pleasures, however sweet at first, soon lose their relish; nor is there any way to prevent satiety but change of objects. This is strongly exemplified in that low commerce between the sexes, founded on the carnal appetite merely; which requires new objects daily, because the pleasure of the same object is soon at an end. Nor can novelty long support this grovelling appetite: frequent repetition without waiting the calls of

Nature, blunts the charm of novelty: every new object appears less and less new; and that charm vanishes long before middle age. This suggests a second inference, that were man intended to be entirely a selfish being, his life would be made much shorter than it is. Benevolence, on the contrary, acquires vigour by exercise; and the more good we do, the more we are inclined to do. The satisfaction it affords is not blunted even by old age, which blunts every other enjoyment. The body may decay; but the pleasure of doing good, when habitual, continues the same, even to the last moment of existence*.

Listen to this doctrine, ye parents and tutors; and hasten to inspire those under your care with affection to their fellow creatures. Let them know that, even for their own sake, benevolence is greatly preferable to selfishness. This lesson, it is true, may be gathered in the commerce of the world; but if the mind be left without instruction, it is very apt to acquire a selfish bias; and then the lesson comes too late. Teach your pupils submission to superiors, and civility and complaisance to inferiors; let acts of benevolence be their daily exercise; give them money for charity, and accustom them to account how it has been laid out; let them visit the sick, and carry to them what is proper for their relief. Exhort them to be kindly to their companions, and to be ready to assist them in distress: convince them, that in such conduct they will find much more gratification than in yielding to selfish appetites. Benevolence thus cultivated in children, becomes, in time, their ruling passion: they will be the delight of their parents, a blessing to their relations, and the objects of universal good-will and esteem.

K.

AN

ADDRESS TO YOUTH.

YOUTH is the season of activity of body, and vivacity of mind, either of which are liable to precipitate a young person into dangerous indiscretions before reason is matured into circumspection. Moderation, vigilance, and self-government, are duties incumbent on all; but especially on such as are beginning the journey of life. St. Paul advises Titus to exhort young men to be sober-minded; but the whole course of youthful views and passions is adverse to sobriety of mind. The scenes which present themselves to our view on entering the world, are com-

* With respect to those who are in constant pursuit of pleasure, which as constantly escapes their grasp, a writer exclaims as follows: 'At that rate poverty is the greatest blessing of life. By delaying gratification of the appetites, it makes gratification a pleasure; it keeps the soul awake with expectation, and enlivens it with hope. In a word, the reputed wretch, who begs from door to door, is really happier than the rich man, who has every pleasure in his power, and yet, from the easiness of attainment, feels no gratification.'

monly flattering; the lively spirits of the young gild every prospect, and pleasure seems to put forth blossoms on every side. Impelled by desire, they rush forward with inconsiderate ardour: prompt to decide, averse to iniquity or hesitation; credulous, because untaught by experience; rash, because unacquainted with danger; headstrong, because unsubdued by disappointment; hence arise the perils against which the design of the present address is to warn them.

Having then advanced beyond childhood, so as to look forward to such a plan of life as your circumstances have suggested, and your friends proposed, you cannot hesitate to acknowledge, that, in order to adopt it with any prospect of success, some previous discipline is necessary. Be assured that whatever is to be your profession, no education is more necessary to insure success, than the acquirement of virtuous dispositions and habits. Bad as the world is, respect is always paid to virtue. Whether science, business, or public life be your aim, virtue still enters for a principal ingredient into all those departments of society. It is connected with eminence in every liberal art; with reputation in every branch of fair, and useful business; and with distinction in every public station. The vigour which it imparts to the mind, the weight which it adds to the character, the generous sentiments which it breathes, the fortitude which it inspires, the diligence which it quickens, are the sure foundations of all that is great and valuable in life.

Having thus shewn the importance of beginning early to give serious attention to conduct; the next step is to point out those virtues most necessary to be cultivated in youth, and the first of these is piety to God.

Piety is the foundation of good morals, and is a disposition peculiarly graceful and becoming in youth. To be void of it argues a cold heart, destitute of some of the best affections found in early life. Youth is the season of warm and generous emotions, it is then we glow with love and affection: and where can any object be found so proper to kindle love and gratitude, as the Father of the Universe, and the Author of all felicity? But though piety springs from the heart, the aid of the understanding is required, to give a proper direction to the devout affections. You must therefore endeavour to acquire just views both of the great principles of natural religion, and of the peculiar doctrines of the gospel. At the same time you are not to apprehend that an exhortation to be religious includes an obligation of becoming more formal and solemn in your manners than others of the same age, or of erecting yourselves into supercilious reprovers of those around you. The spirit of true religion breathes gentleness and affability; it is social, kind, and chearful; far removed from that gloomy illiberal superstition and bigotry which clouds the brow, sours the temper, dejects the spirit, and impresses moroseness on the manners. Let your religion, on the contrary, prepare you for Heaven by a sincere, honourable, open discharge of the duties of active life: of such religion discover, on every proper occasion, that you are not ashamed, without making any unnecessary ostentatious display of it before the world.

If you are truly pious, you will, from principle, become exemplary in the discharge of every moral duty; you will reverence your parents, be submissive to those who are your superiors in years, station, and knowledge. Modesty is one of the chief ornaments of youth, and has ever been esteemed a presage of rising merit. On entering the career of life, commit yourselves to the guidance of those who are more experienced, and learn wisdom from those who have already acquired it. Of all the follies incident to youth, there are none which either deform its present appearance, or blast the prospect of its future prosperity, more than self-conceit, presumption, and obstinacy. Positive as you may now be in your own hasty, premature opinions, be assured that a few years will confute them; when both men and things will appear to you in a very different light, and you will often be ashamed of your former precipitation and temerity. By patient and gradual progression in improvement, you may in due time acquire lasting esteem; but by assuming a tone of confidence and superiority to which you can produce no title, you will disgust those whose approbation it is of the utmost importance to gain. Forward vivacity may be acceptable among the companions of idle hours; but more solid qualities must recommend you to the wise.

To modesty sincerity and truth are indispensable; for the want of which no other qualification can atone. That darkness of character where we can see no heart; those foldings of art, through which no native affection is allowed to penetrate; present an object unamiable in any season of life, but particularly odious in youth. Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age: its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity, which will degrade every other accomplishment and sink you into deserved contempt.

A serious adherence to veracity in language requires to be supported by a strict observance of justice in dealings; which is the foundation of all the social qualities. In your most early intercourse with the world, and even in your youthful amusements, let no unfairness be found. Engrave on your mind that sacred rule of doing to others according as you wish that they should do unto you: and to this end impress yourselves with a deep sense of the original and natural equality of mankind. Think how little you know as yet of the vicissitudes of the world; those whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once looked down on with scorn, have often risen to be their superiors.

Justice leads to compassion, an emotion of which no man ought ever to be ashamed: the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe, are grateful in youth. Let not care and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in selfish enjoyment; accustom yourselves to think of the distresses of human life; never sport with poverty, pain, or distress; nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

Youth is the season when friendships are formed by similarity of dispositions, which not only continue through life, but glow to the last with a tenderness unknown to the connections begun in cooler years. This propensity therefore is not to be discouraged, though it requires to be regulated with much circumspection. Too many of the pretended friend-

ships of youth are mere combinations in pleasure, founded in sudden caprice, and as suddenly dissolved. Reflect that your own character will probably be stamped by the characters of those whom you chuse for your friends. Be cautious therefore in contracting intimacies; but when a virtuous friendship is once established, consider it as a sacred engagement. Reveal none of the secrets of a friend; be faithful to his interests; forsake him not in danger; abhor the thought of acquiring any selfish advantage to his prejudice. Finally on this head, let courtesy distinguish your demeanor to every one; follow the customs of the world in matters indifferent; but be sure to stop, whenever they tend to the injury of yourself or others.

Temperance in pleasure is a duty peculiarly incumbent on the young, who may thereby escape a rock that has proved fatal to thousands in every generation. The love of pleasure, natural to man in every period of his life, glows in the early part with excessive ardor; and novelty as yet adds fresh charms to every gratification. The world appears to offer a continual feast; and health, vigour, and high spirits invite you to a free indulgence. Religion is accused of cruel severity in prohibiting enjoyments; and the aged, when they offer their admonitions, are upbraided with the forgetfulness of their having been once young themselves: and yet what do the dictates of religion and the counsels of age amount to? The sum total is—not to hurt yourselves, and not to injure others by the pursuit of pleasure. Within these bounds pleasure is lawful; beyond them it is criminal, because it is ruinous. The boundaries above stated are calculated solely to secure the possession, and to prolong the duration of the transitory enjoyments of a frail existence.

Diligence, industry, and the proper improvement of time, are the best securities against the seductions of pleasure. Abilities are dangerous, if you want activity for exerting them, and judgment for the proper direction of them. Habits of industry are to be acquired in youth, when the incentives of emulation and ambition, from the prospects before you, are the strongest. Industry is not only the instrument of improvement but also the foundation of rational pleasure; for what is so opposite to the true enjoyment of life as the feeble state of an indolent mind? Fly therefore from idleness, as the certain parent of guilt and ruin; and under idleness may be included not mere inaction only, but all that circle of trifling occupations, in which too many loiter away the prime season of life. Redeeming your time from such dangerous waste, seek to fill it with employments which you may review in old age with satisfaction. Whether your future course is destined to be long or short, after this manner it should commence; and if it is thus conducted, its conclusion, whenever it arrives, will not be inglorious or unhappy.

A PRAYER,

BY M. DE VOLTAIRE.

NOT unto men, but unto thee, the God of all beings, of all ages, and of all worlds, do I address myself: If feeble creatures, lost in the immensity, and imperceptible to the rest, of the universe, may presume to ask of thee any thing; of thee, who hast given all; of thee, whose decrees are unchangeable as they are eternal; condescend to look in pity on the errors which are inseparable from our nature, and let them not be to us the ground of calamity: thou hast not given us hearts to hate one another, nor hands to cut one another's throats; grant that we may mutually assist one another to support the burthen of a painful and transitory existence; let not the little differences between the vestments that cover our feeble bodies, between our defective language, between our ridiculous customs, between our many imperfect laws, between our many foolish opinions, between our several conditions, so unequal in our eyes, and so equal in thine, let not the many little distinctions that denote the several classes of atoms called men, be signals of hatred and persecution; may those who light up wax tapers at noon day to celebrate thee, bear with those who are content with the light of the sun, which thou hast placed in the firmament; let not those who to tell us we must love thee, cover their robe with white linen and hold in detestation those who tell us the same thing in a cloak of black woollen; may it be the same to adore thee in a jargon formed from an ancient language, or in a jargon more modern; may those whose vesture is dyed with red or with purple, who rule over a small parcel of a small heap of the mud of this earth, and who are possessed of some rounded bit of a certain metal, enjoy without pride what they call grandeur and riches; and may others behold them without envy; for thou knowest that in these vanities there is nothing to be envied, nothing to be proud of; may all men remember that they are brethren; may they abhor the tyranny that is exercised over the mind, as they execrate the violence that takes away by force the fruits of labour and peaceful industry: if the scourge of war be necessary, let us not hate, let us not devour one another in the midst of peace; but let us employ our momentary existence in blessing equally in a thousand different languages, from Siam to California, thy goodness, which has given us this momentary existence.

ON CHRISTMAS-DAY.

HAPPY, under the light of the gospel, and the dispensation of a new covenant, as infinitely superior to that first covenant of works given under Moses as substance to shadow, it must surely become a very plea-

sing duty to every partaker of its benefits, frequently, and with attention, to reflect on the immensity of their obligations to the Almighty Creator and Governor of the universe; diligently to contemplate every circumstance in the divine œconomy of man's redemption, that their minds may be suitably impressed with grateful sentiments for the inestimable privileges bestowed thereby; a thankful remembrance of which is at all times due from us, and in a particular manner at the season of the year now approaching, in which our church calls upon us to celebrate the first advent of our Redeemer, the ground-work and foundation of all our joyful hopes. What amazing condescension! What unutterable love? but still more amazing the ingratitude! more astonishing the impiety of those perverse men, who reject the offers of redeeming grace, merely for that condescension! "a Deity incarnate?" (cries the cavilling moralist) "absurd! where is my reason when I acknowledge God in the appearance of a man; and that too in the lowest order of the human race, mean and obscure in birth, without the least token of regal dignity and magnificence, to claim my reverence or gain my assent!"

Stop a moment, O ye vain objectors! betray not your own inattention to his life, by rejecting the Messiah for the meanness of the character he assumed in the world: search and examine, you will soon perceive, added to all the poverty and meanness of the man, all the power and majesty of the God; of both which natures it was necessary for the reconciling Mediator, the Restorer of a fallen, degenerate world to partake. Man had sinned: God was offended. The harmony of the divine attributes can never be violated; justice must be satisfied before mercy could be offered. Transgression required an atoning sacrifice. Human nature was become corrupt, and, consequently, incapable of atoning for corruption. The divine nature could not suffer. A deity incarnate only could effect both; such the Saviour appeared, God manifest in the flesh; God and man in one Christ. One, not by conversation of the Godhead into flesh, but by taking the manhood into God. For us men, and for our salvation, he came down from heaven, and, to give an undeniable proof of his humanity, submitted to be born of a woman; and indeed, from the external circumstances of his birth, little respect seems due to him from the rich and mighty. No train of courtiers, no stately edifice received this royal babe; on the contrary, void of every necessary requisite, a stable was his birth-place, and his cradle a manger! But how is all worldly pomp and grandeur sunk into nothing, when compared with honours paid him by the choir of angels and archangels, who with hymns of praise celebrate his nativity! How insignificant the temporal ensigns of royalty, while a glorious and uncommon star shone resplendent in the firmament, to declare he was a god!

View him advanced in life. We find his outward circumstances no ways improved; a wanderer, destitute of a place where to lay his head, subject to hunger, cold, and every innocent infirmity of human nature to prove himself a very man: but he was, at the same time, dispensing blessings all around him, healing all manner of diseases, giving eyes to

the blind, and feet to the lame; but, above all, forgiving of sins, casting out devils, and raising the dead to prove himself a God.

Attend him to the close of life, and in the view of human pride we see him even still more abased; arraigned before a perishable creature whom his own hand had formed, mocked, buffeted, and spit upon, *scourged with rods, and crowned with thorns; and to close the dismal* agonizing scene, exposed as a malefactor on the shameful cross, when he gave up the ghost to prove himself a man; but, in the same moment we hear him disposing of paradise, to prove himself a God.

Thus, in every part of his life, from his first to his last hour, we see the mean appearance of his despised human nature in the glory and splendor of the divine. In every particular stage of his life did he manifest to the world his own inherent and divine perfections.

In his infancy he disputed with, and surprised by his wisdom, the most learned doctors of the Jewish law. In his public character he sufficiently evinced, that the elements were at his absolute sway; he displayed his uncontroulable power over earth, and seas, and air, making even winds and waves to obey his irresistable commands. And, when his appointed hour was come, how fully did he prove the voluntary sacrifice he made of himself for the sins of a guilty world, when, by a word, he threw backward to the ground an armed host that came to seize his person. O most blessed Jesu! most holy, most mighty, most merciful Saviour, thine was, indeed, inconceivable unutterable love!

What motives shall we offer! What arguments shall we use, ye vain and foolish, to win you to a due sense of his mercy and goodness to the children of men? Consider at how inestimable a price your immortal souls were purchased from that eternal misery they naturally deserved; this was to be obtained for us by nothing less than the blood of Jesus Christ, who, for our sakes, left the glories of his celestial kingdom, with the adoration of myriads of the heavenly host, to dwell in humble clay. Cease to revile, ye scoffers, and join the universal chorus in the celebration of his birth, which was, in fact, the birth-day of the world: may it at last prove the birth-day of every immortal being, that all nations under Heaven may acknowledge Jesus the Redeemer, and sing praises to the Lord our righteousness; that every inhabitant of the earth may fall down and worship him,—as wonderful Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of peace.

BATTLE BETWEEN A BUFFALO AND SERPENT.

AT Batavia and other colonies in the East Indies, there are serpents that measure upwards of 25 feet in length: though their throats may seem too narrow to swallow animals of a certain bigness, we have notwithstanding, frequent proofs that this is the case, and among those which

I have bought of our hunters, a stag of a moderate size was found quite entire, with the skin and all the members of it in the belly of one of them. In another was found a wild he-goat, with his great horns, and no part of his body was wanting; and in a third an hedge-hog armed with all its prickles. In the island of Amboyna a woman with child was destroyed by one of these serpents. Thus they swallow up whole animals, which they compass in the manner following:

When hunger presses them, they lie in ambush, and endeavour to surprise some animal, and when they have seized it, they twine and twist about its body so closely, that they break its bones by squeezing it. If the animal is strong, and makes great resistance, and the serpent cannot stifle him in the first position of laying hold of him, he tries to grapple with some trunk of a tree, which he surrounds with his tail, and thereby gains an additional strength, and redoubles his efforts, till he has stifled him. At the same time he seizes him by the nostrils with his teeth, and so not only intercepts his respiration, but the deep wounds that he gives with his bites, occasions a great effusion of blood, and at last kills the largest animals. Persons of credit assured me of having seen in the kingdom of Arachan, on the frontiers of that of Bengal, a combat between an enormous Serpent of this kind and a Buffalo (a prodigious large animal in those parts, and at least as large as an Ox when wild, which was killed and devoured by the Serpent. His bones made so great a noise while the Serpent was breaking them, by twining about his belly and breaking them, that it was heard within cannon shot by some, who were witnesses of this spectacle; it seems astonishing that those serpents whose throat is so very narrow, in proportion to the rest of their body, can swallow so large an animal entire, and without tearing it in pieces as dogs and lions, but they succeed effectually, and the way is this:

When these serpents, whose throat is very narrow, but susceptible of great dilation, have killed some animal and shattered his bones, so as that nothing appears but a shapeless mass, they begin by stretching him with the tongue as much as possible, and by licking to smooth and polish him as well as they can, down the hair. They afterwards besmear the whole skin with a glutinous mucosity, so that the animal appears glistening as if varnished over, and when he is sufficiently prepared, and in a condition of being devoured by the serpent, which lays hold of him by the head, and at last swallows him by strong reiterated suctions; but he sometimes takes two days and even more to go through his work, according to the bigness of the animal.

DOGE'S MARRYING THE SEA AT VENICE.

DURING the government of Ziani, one of the Doges, that singular ceremony of espousing the sea was instituted.

Pope Alexander III. to avoid the resentment of the Emperor Frederic

Barbarossa, had taken refuge at Venice, and was protected by the State. The Emperor sent a powerful fleet against it, under the command of his son Otho. Ziani met him with the fleet of Venice; a very obstinate engagement ensued, in which the Venetians were victorious.

The Doge returned in triumph with thirty of the enemies vessels, in one of which was their commander Otho; all the inhabitants of Venice rushed to the sea-shore to meet their victorious Doge. The Pope himself came, attended by the senate and clergy. After embracing Ziani, his holiness presents him with a ring, saying with a loud voice, "Take this ring, use it as a chain to retain the sea henceforth in subjection to the Venetian empire; espouse the sea with this ring, and let it be solemnized annually, by you and your successors to the end of time, that the latest posterity may know that Venice has preserved the empire of the waves, and that the sea is subjected to you as a wife to her husband.

TO THE

PRINTER OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

ALL mankind who reason, unite in one general conclusion, *we should be contented*: but I never found that man yet, who was really so. Nor is this astonishing, when we reflect upon the imperfection of all worldly felicity. The soul, which is an immortal being, cannot find real contentment in mutable and transient objects; and, in a religious light, it would be improper that man should be completely satisfied with terrestrial honours, riches, glory and renown, as he would then entertain no desire for eternal felicity. To carry this thought a little farther; when I reflect upon contentment, and find no one in possession of this treasure upon earth, methinks it should strengthen our belief with respect to futurity; for as every thing hath its contrasts—as fire and water, black and white, great and small, strength and weakness, &c. &c. by a parity of reasoning, the discontentment of human nature should also somewhere have its opposite contentment: and as it is not to be met with under the sun, we must conclude that it is to be found in another world: for in this, as the poet happily expresses it,

> That something ever unpossess'd,
> Corrodes and leavens all the rest;
> That something, could we but obtain,
> Would be the cause of future pain.

There is, indeed, a great deal of affectation played off in the world concerning contentment. There are many men whose pride and vanity will not allow them to let their neighbours know their wants; and pretend to enjoyments they never taste. These *splendid miserables* are all

gaiety and mirth in public; in private, melancholy and wretched. On the other hand, it is a mark of a very narrow way of thinking, for a man whose possessions scarce allow him the conveniences of life, to pretend that he is satisfied. This is false philosophy, which will never supply his wants; and like that of the other, who boasts of possessions he does not enjoy, may afford him a temporary external gratification with the world, but will never furnish him with real internal satisfaction.

I recollect when I was at Vienna seeing an inscription upon a stone to this effect: "This house was erected by Count D. to be given to the first man who could prove that he was really contented." I required an explanation of an Austrian gentleman, who told me this inscription was placed upon a magnificent house constructed by the Count; and that one day a stranger knocked at the gate, and desired to speak with the master, when being introduced to him, he asked the visitor his business? "I am come," said he, "to take possession of this house, as I find you have built it in order to bestow it on the man who is really contented. Now as I am in that state, of which I am willing to make oath, you will please, Sir, to put me in immmediate possession." The Count did not interrupt him till he had finished his speech, when he replied, "You are very right, Sir, with respect to my intention, but as I do not discover the least pretence you have to the title of a contented man, I beg you will retire—for if you were quite contented, you would not crave my house,"

This anecdote requires no comment, and I shall therefore only add, am your constant reader, and humble servant,

T. W.

TO THE

PRINTER OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR, and BROTHER,

AS there are extant many very valuable treatises (under different forms) on the subject of Masonry, which, though scarce, and hardly to be purchased at any price, are yet to be met with in the collections of the curious in literature, I would recommend to you to invite communications from such Brethren as may be possessed of any works of the above description, and that you should reprint them complete in your excellent Repository, where your readers are certainly entitled to expect a complete body of information on that subject, from which it has assumed its title. Many Charges and Addresses, which derive, perhaps, no claim to favour from their style as compositions, will be well received as Masonic articles, for allusions which they may contain, and instructions that they may afford. Many a Brother who is very imperfectly qualified to express his thoughts on paper, may be able, from his deep disquisitions in the science of Masonry, to throw much light on the subject, and afford great assistance to the researches of those who are less skilled in our mysteries.

In short, my idea extends to the admitting every essay or treatise on Freemasonry that can be collected; as from the whole, though some may be unpolished and some imperfect, your readers must necessarily gain information, and in many cases qualify themselves for administering instruction with increased effect to others. Always, however, remembering to act under the same prudence and caution which has hitherto marked the progress of your publication.

I should, perhaps, have left the foregoing advice to have been administered by others, if I had not found it within my own power to assist you by the free use of a collection of books, which are neither few nor (as I have been told) ill chosen. To these you shall at any time have access, on the very easy condition of using them with care, and returning them with punctuality.

You, no doubt, pursue such a plan with respect to the selection of matter, as to you seems most likely to please in general; but I only suggest, as a hint either to be adopted or rejected, the assigning a greater number of pages monthly to *Masonic* articles.

If it were not considered improper (of which I will not presume to judge), it would certainly be of great service to your country readers particularly, if you could obtain permission of the Grand Lodge to publish regularly, under the inspection of their respectable Secretary, the proceedings of the Quarterly Communications and Committees of Charity, so far at least as they are not peculiar to our mysteries, but matters of general information.—This also is only a hint.

Before I conclude my letter, I cannot help pointing out to you what appears to me somewhat like an attempt at imposition on the patrons of the Free-masons' Magazine, surely inconsistent with the general tenor of your conduct. Nay, be not startled, for it is plain that you have been misled by some other person, to publish in your last number "*a Charge delivered by Edward Cellis, in the Roman Eagle Lodge at Edinburgh, April* 22, 1793." Now, sir, this same Charge, it is true, has considerable merit in the matter of it, though not much in the manner, and is very properly admitted into your Magazine; but why Mr. E. C. should have been so uncandid as to have put his name (or suffered it to have been put) to an article, of which he is not the author of a single line from beginning to end, is beyond my capacity to conceive. *I am willing to hope that it has been so communicated to you without his knowledge or intention.* Be that as it may, I have now before me a book printed in London 1778; and another edition printed in Ireland 1782, with the name of "Laurence Dermott, D. G. M. [of Ancient Masons]," as the author, in which every line of the above Charge is printed *verbatim* as a Lecture on Secrecy; the title of the book is "AHIMAN REZON:" surely, sir, this is not "*rendering unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's.*"

I am, Sir,

Your Friend and Brother,

J.

AVARICE PROVIDENTIALLY PUNISHED.

MONSIEUR Foscue, one of the farmers general of the province of Languedoc in France, who had amassed considerable wealth by grinding the poor within his province, and every means, however low, base or cruel, by which he rendered himself universally hated, was one day ordered by the government to raise a considerable sum. Upon which, as an excuse for not complying with his demands, he pleaded extreme poverty; but fearing lest the inhabitants of Languedoc should give information to the contrary, and his house should be searched, he resolved to hide his treasure in such a manner as to escape the strictest examination. He dug a kind of cave in his wine-cellar, which he made so large, and deep, that he used to go down by a ladder. At the entrance was a door, with a spring-lock on it, which on shutting would fasten of itself. Very lately Mr. Foscue was missing; diligent search was made for him in every place; the ponds were drawn, and every method, which human nature could suggest, was taken for finding him, but in vain. In a short time after his house was sold, and the purchaser beginning to rebuild it, the workmen discovered a door in the cellar, with a key to it, which he ordered to be opened, and going down they found Mr. Foscue lying dead on the ground, with a candlestick near him, but no candle (having eat it); on going farther they found the vast wealth he had amassed. It is supposed that when Mr. Foscue went into his cave, the door by some accident shut upon him, and being out of the call of any one, he perished for want of food. He had gnawed the flesh off both his arms, as is supposed, for subsistence.

Thus did this miser die in the midst of his treasure, to the scandal of himself and the prejudice of the state.

A DOG's WONDERFUL SAGACITY AND AFFECTION.

IN the reign of Charles V. king of France, a gentleman by the name of Aubri de Montdidier, passing along the forest of Bondi, was assassinated and buried at the foot of a tree. His dog remained several days on his grave, and did not quit it, till pressed by hunger. He came to Paris, to the house of an intimate friend of the unfortunate Aubri, and by his mournful howlings, seemed to inform of the loss they had both sustained. After having eaten, he renews his cries, goes to the door, to see if any one follows, turns his head, returns to this friend of his master, and pulls him by the coat, as it were to desire him to come along with him. With the singularity of all the dog's motions, his coming without his master, whom he never quitted, the master who never appeared, and lastly the distribution of justice and events, which seldom permits crimes to pass long unpunished; all these particulars were inducements for following the dog. As soon as the dog came to the foot of the tree, he redoubled his howlings, scratching up the earth, as

a sign for seeking in that place. They digged up the body of the unhappy Aubri. Some time after the dog sees by chance the assassin, whom all historians call chevalier Macaire; he jumps at his throat, and is made to let go his hold. Every time he meets him, he attacks him with the same fury. The inveterate hatred of the dog against this man only, seems extraordinary. Several call to mind the affection he had shown for his master, and at the same time the many occasions in which he had given proofs of his envy and hatred against de Montdidier. Some other circumstances corroborate these suspicions. The king informed of all these things, ordered the dog to be brought to him, who seemed quite easy and placable till seeing Macaire in the midst of twenty courtiers, he turned, barked, and endeavoured to dart upon him. In those times a combat was ordered between the accuser and the accused, when the proof of the crime was not sufficiently convincing. These sort of combats were called judgments of God, because it was believed, heaven would sooner work a miracle, than let innocence be oppressed. The king judged from the appearance of Macaire's guilt, that he was under an obligation to fight the dog. The field was marked out in the Isle of Notre Dame, which was then an empty uninhabited piece of ground. Macaire was armed with a long stick; the dog had an hogshead with one end knocked out, for his retreat, and to gain some respite during the intermissions of fighting. Being let loose he runs, and turns immediately upon his adversary, avoids his blows, threatens him sometimes on one side and sometimes on another; tires him, and at last darting, seizes him by the throat, throws him down, and obliges him to confess his crime. A monument still remains over the chimney-piece in the castle of Montargis.

[For the Free Masons' Magazine.]

VANITY OF A PECULIAR KIND.

VANITY is, in some degree, the portion of every man; but every man has not an equal share of it. Vanity, however, is never so ridiculously displayed, as when a man exhibits his performances to excite the admiration of those whom he knows to be incompetent judges, or perhaps totally ignorant of the perfections or defects of the performances so exhibited. Mr. Contour, a celebrated painter, is never so completely happy as when he can procure, to view his pictures, a set of pretended connoisseurs, whose judgment he despises, though he greedily swallows their encomiums. I lately visited Mr. Contour, and saw him in the height of his ambition, amongst a group of would-be antiquarians, exhibiting an antique vase. Never did I behold so intolerable a group! the whole debate amongst them was, whether the lower end of an antique vase, which he produced, was not the upper end, and the upper end the lower? C.

CONTEMPLATIONS OF A PHILOSOPHER.

IN establishing rules for my conduct in life, I pursue my own method: I deduce them not from the sublime principles of philosophy; but find them written in indelible characters on my heart. I have only to consult myself concerning what I ought to do; all that I feel to be right is right; whatever I feel to be wrong is wrong: conscience is the ablest of all casuists; and it is only when we are trafficking with her, that we have recourse to the subtilties of logical ratiocination: conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body. Reason deceives us often; conscience, never: conscience is in the soul what instinct is in the body. Whoever puts himself under the conduct of this guide, pursues the direct path of nature, and need not fear to be misled. If moral goodness be agreeable to our nature, a man cannot be sound of mind, or perfectly constituted, unless he be good. On the contrary, if it be not so, and man is naturally wicked, he cannot become good without a corruption of his nature; goodness being evidently contrary to his constitution. Formed for the destruction of his fellow-creatures, as the wolf to devour its prey; an humane and compassionate man would be as depraved an animal as a meek and lamb-like wolf, while virtue only would leave behind it the stings of remorse.

Let us examine ourselves, and see which way our inclinations tend. It has been said, that every thing is indifferent to us in which we are not interested; the contrary, however, is certain, as the soothing endearments of friendship console us under affliction: and even in our pleasures we should be too solitary, too miserable, if we had nobody to partake them with us. If there be nothing moral in the heart of man, whence arise those transports of admiration and esteem we entertain for heroic actions and great minds? What has this virtuous enthusiasm to do with our private interest? Wherefore do I rather wish to be an expiring *Cato* than a triumphant *Cæsar?* Deprive our hearts of a natural affection for the sublime and beautiful, and you deprive us of all the pleasures of life. The man whose meaner passions have stifled in his narrow soul such delightful sentiments; he who, by dint of concentrating all his affections within himself, hath arrived at the pitch of having no regard for any one else, is no longer capable of such transports; his frozen heart never flutters with joy; no sympathetic tenderness brings tears into his eyes; he is incapable of enjoyment; the unhappy wretch is void of sensibility; he is already dead.

We know that nothing is more agreeable than the testimony of a good conscience. The wicked man is afraid of, and shuns himself; he turns his eyes on every side in search of objects to amuse him; without an opportunity for satire and raillery he would be always sad; his only pleasure lies in mockery and insult. On the contrary, the serenity of the just is internal; his smiles are not those of malignity, but joy: the source of them is found in himself; and he is as cheerful when alone, as in the midst of an assembly: he derives not contentment from those who approach him; but communicates it to them.

There evidently exists, therefore, in the soul of man, an innate principle of justice and goodness; by which, in spite of our own maxims, we approve or condemn the actions of ourselves and others: to this principle it is that I give the appellation of conscience.

To account for virtuous actions, we need only to distinguish between our acquired ideas and our natural sentiments; for we are sensible before we are intelligent; and, as we do not learn to avoid what is evil, but possess this desire immediately from nature, so the love of virtue, and hatred of vice, are as natural as the love of ourselves.

I see in myself nothing more than the work and instrument of a superior Being, desirous of, and doing good; desirous also of effecting mine, by the concurrence of my will to his own, and by making a right use of my liberty. If I do a good action in secret, I know that it is nevertheless seen, and make the consideration of another life the rule of my conduct in this. If I am ever dealt with unjustly, I say to myself, that just Being, who governs all things, knows how to indemnify me. My corporeal necessities, and the miseries inseparable from this mortal life, make the apprehensions of death more supportable. I have hence so many chains the less to break, when I am obliged to quit this mortal scene.

I exercise my mind in sublime contemplations. I meditate on the order of the universe, and adore its all-wise Creator, whose features I trace in his workmanship. With him I am thus enabled to converse, and to exert my faculties in the contemplation of his divine essence; I am affected by his beneficence; I praise him for his mercies, but never so far forget myself as to pray. For what should I ask of him? That he should for my sake pervert the order of things, and work miracles in my favour? Shall I, who ought to love and admire, above all things, that order which is established by his wisdom, and maintained by his providence, desire that such order should be broken for me? No; such a rash petition would rather merit punishment than acceptance. Nor can I pray to him for the power of acting aright: for why should I petition for what he hath already given me? Has he not given me conscience to love virtue, reason to know what it is, and liberty to make it my choice? If I do evil, I have no excuse: I do it because I will; to desire him to change my will, is to require that of him which he requires of me: this would be to desire him to do my work, while I receive the reward. Not to be content with my situation in the order of things, is to desire to be no longer a man; it is to wish things were otherwise constituted than they are: to wish for evil and disorder. No, thou source of justice and truth! God! merciful and just! placing my confidence in thee, the chief desire of my heart is, that thy will be done. By rendering my will conformable to thine, I acquiesce in thy goodness, and conceive myself already a partaker of that supreme felicity which is its reward.

NEW THOUGHTS ON CIVILITY.

CIVILITY may be defined, a ceremonious compact entered into by men, who are thereby engaged to reciprocal demonstrations of

friendship, esteem, and consideration. These outward tokens differ according to different degrees of civilization, but are allowed to obtain among all nations: from the practice being universal, it may reasonably be presumed, it has its foundation in nature, and is consequently a duty enjoined by reason. It is with respect to men, what external homage is towards the Supreme Being, a public testimony of our internal feelings.

The form is in itself indifferent: the mode of saluting persons of various ranks, the language in which they are to be addressed personally, and the style proper to be chosen in writing to them, have been originally arbitrary, and must have been regulated by custom. It is therefore evident that men, by conforming to one or other of the different customs of expressing civility, act conformably to sense and reason.—The best method, and the least liable to suspicion, of expressing our regard for each other, would be a reciprocity of kind offices; but opportunities of doing such not occurring at all times, have given rise to the civilities practised by all nations, which are supposed to imply a will to serve the person who is the object of them. Every people in doing so, act in a manner suitable to its inclinations, and peculiar to itself.

Were men pure spirits, capable of communicating their thoughts without the intervention of signs, those ceremonies were superfluous—but until we can know each other's sentiments by intuition, they must be accounted necessary; and to little purpose shall the clown or the cynic declaim against civility, branding it with the name of deception, and meant but to disguise real sentiments. It is true, in our intercourse with the world, we meet with more who are civil than observant of the duties of society; but even their civility, though counterfeit, is a testimony they are forced to bear to the social virtues, since affecting a virtuous exterior is acknowledging that their hearts ought to be stored with virtuous dispositions. Nor will they who are the readiest to turn civility into ridicule, call it a weakness to be susceptible of friendship and benevolence; what an absurdity must it be then, to expect that a man would act as if he were ashamed of his entertaining sentiments so just and so indispensible!

Such, nevertheless, is the character of old *Tremble*. You may live for ten years in the habit of seeing him, and, my life for it, during that period he does not honour you with a salute, or an obliging word. Yet mention an occasion in which he might do you a service, and the generosity of the man will astonish you. The obligation conferred, he slides back to his former indifference; your heart overflows with gratitude—the warmest professions of attachment cannot do justice to your feelings. A mere waste of words! But you may pour forth your soul in all the energy of language—not a syllable from him shall interrupt the torrent of your acknowledgements. Have you any thing else to do? do it if you are wise—this benefactor of yours neither sees, nor hears you—'twere a miracle if he recollected you—Nature has dispensed to him a large portion of beneficence, else he were a downright misanthrope.

STRICTURES
ON
PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Nov. 23. An alteration from "THE COQUET" of Molloy, first performed in 1718, was presented at the *Haymarket*, under the title of "WIVES IN PLENTY; OR, THE MORE THE MERRIER." Its success was by no means such as to promise a frequent repetition.

Dec. 2. The beauties of Mitchell and Aaron Hill were brought forward, under the title of "THE PRODIGAL."

CHARACTERS.

Bellmour, - - -	Mr. BARRYMORE;
Courtney, - -	Mr. AICKIN;
Bargrave, - - -	Mr. BENSON; and
Mrs. Bellmour, - -	Mrs. POWELL.

All that the Gamester has so finely done in five acts is here attempted in one; and surely the fatal effects resulting from the dice cannot be too often or too forcibly impressed on the public.

The fable of this tragic piece is evidently taken from a tragedy in real life, where it appears on record, that an unfortunate pair of Prodigals took the horrid resolution to destroy their children and themselves, which they too fatally effected.

This piece (of which the original may be seen in the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, one of the seven plays falsely attributed to Shakespeare) has considerable merit, and has been many times repeated since its appearance, with much applause. Mr. Waldron is reported to be the author of the alterations.

Dec. 6. *Mrs. Henley*, lately one of Astley's performers, made her entrée at *Covent Garden* Theatre, in the character of *Di Clackit* in *The Woodman*, hitherto performed by Mrs. Webb, and met with great approbation.

Dec. 18. In the *Dramatist*, a *Mrs. Chambers* performed the character of Lady *Waitfor't*. She has a full, and so far suitable person; deportment exceedingly genteel; and indeed is the best adapted of the numerous Candidates to the *Malaprop* cast—vacated by Mrs. Webb, lately deceased.

This Lady is a daughter of Thespis; her father was the late G. Dyer, long a performer at this Theatre. She will deserve herself a "station in the file, and in the best rank of Actresses."

Dec. 19. At *Covent Garden*, agreeable to annual custom, a new Pantomime was produced, under the title of *Harlequin and Faustus; or, The Devil will Have His Own*; which well deserved the great applause it received, for few pieces have come forward with stronger claims to approbation.

The new music is by Shields, and in his happiest manner; and the Selections are pleasing and appropriate.

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

EDINBURGH, Nov. 30, 1793.

THIS being St. Andrew's Day, the tutelar Saint of the nation, at two o'clock, P. M. the Grand Lodge of Scotland, with the Lodges in Edinburgh, and Proxies, met in the New Church Ayle, and in absence of the Marquis of Huntly, Thomas Hay, Esq. his Substitute, being in the chair, the following noblemen and gentlemen were *re-elected* Grand Office-bearers for the ensuing year:

The Most Worshipful and Most Noble George Marquis of Huntly, Grand Master.
William, Earl of Ancrum, Deputy Grand Master.
Thomas Hay, Esq. Substitute Grand Master.
William Douglas Macleane Clephane, Esq. of Carslogie, Senior Grand Warden.
Lord Viscount Down, Junior Grand Warden.
John Hay, Esq. Grand Treasurer.
Rev. Dr. John Touch, Grand Chaplain.
Mr. William Mason, Grand Secretary.
Mr. William Meikle, Grand Clerk.

After the election the different Lodges adjourned to their several Lodge-rooms, where the evening was spent with that order and harmony so peculiarly characteristic of the Fraternity.

The Grand Lodge of Scotland, hearing with concern, that of late some Lodges have been let for the purposes of political associations, whose avowed principles, and consequent resolutions, lead to the subversion of domestic peace, good government, and public tranquillity; the Grand Lodge, therefore, having been convened this evening for the special purpose of considering the conduct of the Office-bearers or Brethren of such Lodges, express their highest displeasure at the same, as converting the primary use of Lodge-rooms to ends unworthy of those for which they were originally intended.

The universality of Free Masonry proves its principles to be friendly to the interests of human society—and while those principles eminently tend to promote peace, charity, and brotherly love among the brethren, they equally inspire the votaries of Masonry with loyalty to the Sovereign, obedience to the Laws, and respect to the authority of the Civil Magistrate, in whatever country Providence may cast their lot.

In consistency, therefore, with those principles, and with a determined resolution to preserve the purity of their order, the Grand Lodge hereby intimate to all Lodges holding Charter of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, that if any Lodge or Lodges shall be found prostituting their lodge-rooms to purposes as above mentioned, such Lodge or Lodges shall

be struck off the roll of the Grand Lodge, and be considered as unworthy of any longer holding charter under that sanction.

The Grand Lodge also unanimously express their entire approbation of the conduct of the Lord Provost and Magistrates of this city, under whose protection the Grand Lodge have always met, for their late exertions in checking the spirit above reprobated.—They also most sincerely thank Thomas Hay, Esq. Substitute Grand Master, for his anxious concern in preserving good order among the Lodges, and fully empower him to keep an equal watchfulness in guarding the Lodges against such trespasses in time coming. WILL. MASON, G. Sec.

Edinburgh, Thursday Evening, 12 *Dec.* 1793.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE FREE-MASONS' MAGAZINE.

"Sir,

"I SHOULD not have obtruded myself to notice on so trifling a subject, but that an appearance of neglect might be imputed to me by some who know the business. The song, "NOT THE FICTIONS OF GREECE," inserted in your last magazine, was written by me at Hull, in the year 1786. It was first sung at the festival of St. John, in that town, and a copy transmitted to the Universal Magazine, where it was inserted, in the January or February following. There are a few alterations—perhaps for the better—in the three or four last lines; the rest is as originally written. He must be a Stoic indeed, who did not feel a degree of pleasure at having written any thing that could be supposed, for a moment, the composition of such a character as Mr. PRESTON.

I am, Sir, your faithful Brother,

J. F. STANFIELD, S. W. Phœnix Lodge, Sunderland."

N. B. The Favours of this respectable Correspondent will at all times be received with pleasure, and acknowleged with gratitude. EDIT.

ANECDOTE OF GRAVINA,

A CELEBRATED WRITER.

GRAVINA, who was the preceptor and friend of the great Metastasio, read very instructive lectures upon the civil law at Rome. He was much admired for his skill in poetry, and esteemed a very excellent philosopher. The singularity of his temper was as remarkable as his great knowledge: "Come, (said he to his pupils, when he went with them one day to mass) let us go to the vulgar error." As he walked the streets of Rome, he would often take off his hat, and bow to the horses in a nobleman's or prince's carriage, saying, at the same time, "Thank you, gentlemen; for if it were not for you, we philosophers should be obliged to put on harness, and drag those lazy fellows wherever they please."

POETRY.

CALL TO REFRESHMENT.

Tune: *Contented I am, &c.* *The Words by Brother* STANFIELD.

GRAVE bus'ness being clos'd—and a call from the south—
The bowl of refreshment we drain:
Yet e'en o'er our wine we reject servile sloth,
And our rites 'midst our glasses retain.
My brave boys, &c.

With loyalty brighten'd, we first toast the KING—
May his splendour and virtues entwine!—
And, to honour his name, how we make the Lodge ring,
When the KING AND THE CRAFT we combine.

May the SON's polish'd graces improve on the Sire—
May the arts flourish fair from his smile—
And long our GRAND MASTER, with wisdom and fire,
Give beauty and strength to the pile!

As the ruby-lip'd wine its soft spirit imparts,
Louder strains and fresh ardours abound:
What a glow of true pleasure enlivens our hearts,
When our honour'd PROVINCIAL goes round.

The ABSENT we claim, tho' DISPERS'D round the ball—
The SILENT AND SECRET, our friends—
And one HONOUR'D GUEST, at our magical call,
From the grave of concealment ascends.

Immortal the strain, and thrice-awful the hand,
That our rites and libations controuls;
Like the sons of Olympus, 'midst thunders we stand,
And with mysteries ennoble our bowls.

What a circle appears, when the border entwines—
How grapple the links to each soul!
'Tis the Zodiac of friendship embellish'd with SIGNS,
And illum'd by the STAR in the pole.

Thus cemented by laws, unseen and unknown,
The universe hangs out its frame:
And, thus secretly bound, shall *our* structure be shewn,
Till Creation shall be but a name.

AMINTA.

BY THE REV. MR. GERRARD.

AN o'ergrown wood my wandering steps invade,
With surface mantled in untrodden snow;
Dire haunt, for none but savage monsters made,
Where frosts descend, and howling tempests blow.

Here, from the search of busy mortals stray'd,
My woe-worn soul shall hug her galling chain:
For sure, no forest boasts too deep a shade,
No haunt too wild for misery to remain.

O my Aminta! dear distracting name!
Late all my comfort, all my fond delight;
Still writhes my soul beneath its torturing flame,
Still thy pale image fills my aching sight!

When shall vain memory slumber o'er her woes?
When to oblivion be her tale resign'd?
When shall this fatal form in death repose,
Like thine, fair victim, to the dust consign'd?

Again the accents faulter on my tongue;
Again to tear the conscious tear succeeds;
From sharp reflection is the dagger sprung,
And Nature, wounded to the centre, bleeds.

Ye bitter skies! upon the tale descend—
Ye blasts, though rude your visits, lend an ear——
Around, ye gentler oaks, your branches bend,
And, as ye listen, drop an icy tear.

'Twas when the step with conscious pleasure roves,
Where round the shades the circling woodbines throng;
When Flora wantons o'er th' enamel'd groves.
And feather'd choirs indulge the amorous song.

Inspir'd by duteous love, I fondly stray'd,
Two milk-white doves officious to ensnare;
Beneath a silent thicket as they play'd,
A grateful present for my softer fair.

But, ah! in smiles no more they met my sight,
Their ruffled heads lay gasping on the ground:
Where (my dire emblem) a rapacious Kite
Tore their soft limbs, and strew'd their plumes around.

The tear of pity stole into my eye;
While ruder passions in their turn succeed:
Forbid the victims unreveng'd to die,
And doom the author of their wrongs to bleed.

With hasty step, enrag'd, I homewards ran,
(Curse on my speed) th' unerring tube I brought:
That fatal hour my date of woe began,
Too sharp to tell—too horrible for thought—

Disast'rous deed!—irrevocable ill!—
How shall I tell the anguish of my Fate!
Teach me, remorseless monsters, not to feel,
Instruct me, fiends and furies, to relate!

Wrathful behind the guilty shade I stole,
I rais'd the tube—the clamorous woods resound—
Too late I saw the idol of my soul,
Struck by my aim, fall shrieking to the ground!

No other bliss her soul allow'd but me;
(Hapless the pair that thus indulgent prove)
She sought concealment from a shady tree,
In amorous silence to observe her love.

I ran—but O! too soon I found it true!—
From her stain'd breast life's crimson stream'd apace—
From her wan eyes the sparkling lustres flew—
The short-liv'd roses faded from her face!

Gods!—could I bear that fond reproachful look,
That strove her peerless innocence to plead!—
But partial death awhile her tongue forsook,
To save a wretch that doom'd himself to bleed.

While I distracted press'd her in my arms,
And fondly strove t'imbibe her latest breath;
"O spare, rash love, she cry'd, thy fatal charms,
Nor seek cold shelter in the arms of death.

"Content beneath thy erring hand I die.
Our fates grew envious of a bliss so true;
Then urge not thy distress when low I lie,
But in this breath receive my last adieu!"—

No more she spake, but droop'd her lily head!
In death she sicken'd—breathless—haggard—pale—
While all my inmost soul with horror bled,
And ask'd kind vengeance from the passing gale.

Where slept your bolts, ye lingering lightnings, say?
Why riv'd ye not this self-condemned breast?
Or why, too passive Earth, didst thou delay,
To stretch thy jaws, and crush me into rest?——

Low in the dust the beauteous corse I plac'd,
Bedew'd and soft with many a falling tear;
With sable yew the rising turf I grac'd,
And bade the cypress mourn in silence near.

Oft as bright morn's all-searching eye returns,
Full to my view the fatal spot is brought;
Through sleepless night my haunted spirit mourns,
No gloom can hide me from distracting thought.

When, spotless victim, shall my form decay?
This guilty load, say, when shall I resign?
When shall my spirit wing her cheerless way,
And my cold corse lie treasur'd up with thine?

INJUR'D INNOCENCE.

HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO THE E—— OF R——.

BY T. P.

HOW I hate to exist in a world
Where Virtue's depriv'd of her crown,
Where praise on the worthless is hurl'd,
And abuse on the great of renown!
Where the sweet smiling nymph of the North
Is abus'd by each ignorant elf,
And not one to display her vast worth,
In all the wide world, but myself!

Good Heaven! how shocking to see
An Howard* parading around,
From Death's friendly clutches to free
The captive whom sorrows surround;
And full gales of praises attend,
Whilst to her e'en a puff is not given,
Who, standing the wretch's good friend,
Packs thousands a day off to Heaven!

O! how can they say that a maid,
Possess'd of such virtues and charms,
Is a lewd, cruel, covetous jade,
That fills the whole world with alarms!
Don't I know thou art mild as the clime
O'er which thy Siberians rove?
Can't I prove that thou own'st at this time
Religion, philosophy, love?

Religion declares that this ball
Is a region of sorrow and woe—
And how hast thou pitied all
That were destin'd to sojourn below!
But thou ne'er couldst endure that thy mate,
Whom thou lov'd'st with affection so soft,
Should partake of the general fate,
So wafted him kindly aloft!

* This little poem was begun so long ago as the year 1789.

Is a boor with a wife's tender arms
  Surrounded? by children carest?
Has he got a turf fire that warms?
  With a little snug cot is he blest?
Philosophy teaches that ease
  Has made the brains fibres less stout;—
Is it hard then to give up his peace
  In order to get them—knock'd out?

Ye, ye, can conceive how she lov'd,
  Who have fond and affectionate souls!
How her bowels of mercy were mov'd
  To receive the unfortunate Poles!
E'en now how they yearn over France!
  How she pities that poor injur'd race!
How ardently longs to advance,
  And give them the Russian embrace!

The praise of thy gentleness, Kate,
  Should echo from one pole to t'other!
Should live on the tongues of the great,
  And employ the mad crowd's idle pother!
So merciful, humble, and chaste—
  O! how does each single act tell,
With what matchless applause thou hadst grac'd
  The throne and the sceptre—of H—.

SONG.

A MASON's life's the life for me,
  With joy we meet each other,
We pass our time with mirth and glee,
  And hail each friendly Brother:
In Lodge no party feuds are seen,
But careful we in this agree,
  To banish care or spleen.
The Master's call, we one and all,
  With pleasure soon obey;
With heart and hand we ready stand,
  Our duty still to pay.
    But when the glass goes round,
    Then mirth and glee abound,
      We're all happy to a man;
    We laugh a little, we drink a little,
    We work a little, we play a little,
CHO. We laugh, &c.
    We sing a little, are merry a little,
      And swig the flowing can.
      And swig, &c.

See in the east the Master stands,
  The Wardens south and west, sir,
Both ready to obey command,
  Find work or give us rest, sir.

The signal given, we all prepare,
With one accord obey the word,
To work by rule or square:
Or if they please, the ladder raise,
Or plumb the level line;
Thus we employ our time with joy,
Attending every sign.
But when the glass goes round,
Then mirth and glee abound,
We're all happy to a man;
We laugh a little, and drink a little,
We work a little, and play a little,
We sing a little, are merry a little,
And swig the flowing can.

Th' Almighty said, "Let there be light,"
Effulgent rays appearing,
Dispell'd the gloom, the glory bright
To this new world was cheering:
But unto Masonry alone,
Another light, so clear and bright,
In mystic rays then shone;
From east to west it spread so fast,
And Faith and Hope unfurl'd,
And brought us thee, sweet Charity,
Thou darling of the world.
Then while the toast goes round,
Let mirth and glee abound,
Let's be happy to a man;
We'll laugh a little, and drink a little,
We'll work a little, and play a little,
We'll sing a little, be merry a little.
And swig the flowing can.

J. BISSET, Steward of St. Alban's Lodge, and Provincial G. S. for the County of Warwick.

BIRMINGHAM, Dec. 23d, 1793.

MYRA.

BY MRS. ROBINSON.

WHEN MYRA bloom'd at gay fifteen,
Mankind proclaim'd her Beauty's Queen,
And every heart ador'd her!
Now MYRA trembles at threescore,
The barb'rous sex, alas! no more
A single glance afford her!

Now Slander occupies her hours,
And Spleen her wither'd form devours,
Of envious fate complaining!
'Tis THUS we see a ROSE decay,
And all its beauties fade away,
The THORN alone remaining!

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

GENOA, *Nov.* 30, 1793.

"ALL our citizens are now under arms, and mount guard in defence of the city and harbour; although the English have blockaded the latter, ships are daily seen to come in and go out of it.

"By one of those ships arrived from Toulon, we learn that 7000 Portuguese are just arrived there, and that the Allies are now sufficiently numerous to commence their operations against the French, who, on their part, threaten to oppose them in the most vigorous manner."

VIENNA, *Dec.* 6.

"The Emperor's intended journey to the Netherlands is postponed, at least till the New Year. The Arch Duke Palatine of Hungary went in consequence to Offen, in Hungary, on very urgent business, which required his presence there. He will return by New-year's-day, to learn the farther progress of the intended journey of his brother, on which he will accompany him.

"We are assured that the Empress of Russia has refused the stipulated Subsidies to Sweden on account of her high dissatisfaction with the conduct of the Duke Regent.

"A Letter from Constantinople states, that the Empress of Russia has finally obtained leave of the Divan, under the guarantee of Austria and England, to pass with a fleet carrying 30,000 Russians, through the Dardanelles to Toulon.

"The Emperor has suppressed, by a Letter in his own hand-writing, all private Clubs, Meetings, and even Select Assemblies and Reading Clubs.

"Last Sunday the Marquis de Lucchesini, Ambassador Extraordinary from Prussia to our Court arrived here.

"Yesterday died here the Duchess of Polignac, the bosom friend and confidante of the late Queen of France."

BERLIN, *Dec.* 7.

"The King, who is returned from Potzdam to this Capital, granted, on th 4th instant, an Audience to the Count de Lebrach, the Imperial Minister, who presented his Credentials at the same time to His Majesty.

"At eight o'clock last evening arrived here, preceded by 24 postillions blowing their horns, Lieutenant de Ziethen, Aid-de-camp of General Kalkreuth, dispatched by his Serene Highness the Reigning Duke of Brunswick, to carry to His Majesty the news of the victory gained over the enemy, on the 29th and 30th November, near to Kaiserslautern. The King was then with the Queen at Monthijou; whither the Courier went to make a report to His Majesty. He was followed by an immense crowd of people."

FLORENCE, *Dec.* 7.

"The last letters from Rome state, that the Pope is intirely recovered of his late violent and severe illness.

"It is currently reported, that a considerable corps of Papal troops will shortly set out to join the Allies at Toulon."

PARIS, *Dec.* 10.

"M. Van den Yver, the famous banker, has been executed, with two of his sons. They were found guilty of endeavouring to ruin the credit of France, having advanced large sums of money to Madame du Barre, who sent them to Great Britain to be placed in the British Funds; of having lent 200,000 livres to the Bishop of Rochefoucault, and the same sum to M. Rohan Chabot; and, finally, of having been found at the Louvre with the Knights of the Poignard, to whose corps they belonged.

"The Ex-minister of Finance, Clavicre, has stabbed himself in prison.

"M. Emmery, the former Mayor of Dunkirk, has been executed."

Dec. 19. "The Revolutionary Tribunal has just condemned to death the following persons, viz. Anthony Machi, Grocer, and James Louis Tonnelier, Mercer, both Commissaries of Equipment; Bernard Lemonnier, and John Baptist Giblin, Taylors: all convicted of delapidation of the Funds of the Republic by fraudulent purchases.

John James Claudius Risson, of Dieppe, Inspector of Sale in the Fish-markets, convicted of incivic expressions, is condemned to transportation, and his property is confiscated for the behefit of the Republic.

The wood has been fixed as an object of the first necessity; but the carts and waggons have not been fixed according to the *Maximum;* for which reason the Carriers demand six or seven livres for their trouble, and for the food of their horses.

MANHEIM, *Dec.* 12.

"The French renewed their attacks on the 9th inst. with great rage at Woerth, attempting to break through the right wing of the Allies at Buzendorf and Douendorf, defended by the corps de Conde; but they were repulsed with great slaughter.

"The people of Frankfort are constantly employed in preparing for the defence of that city and its environs, as they are afraid of a visit from the Republicans should the rivers happen to freeze.

"It is now resolved to form a cordon of between 10 and 12,000 German peasants."

BRUSSELS, *Dec.* 19.

"A great number of suspicious foreigners have just been taken up in this city and its environs, being suspected as French emissaries, or as fomenters of civil discord and anarchy.

"The British Army which had lately its head quarters at Ghent, is expected to move to those parts of our frontiers which are the moss defenceless.

"The French continue their incursions as usual, and have ravaged and deseroyed the whole country about Furnes and Nieuport. In other districts the cottagers are so much afraid of their appraoch, that they pack up all their effects and property, and retire to the inland country."

HAMBURGH, *Dec.* 19.

"By a ship which is just arrived here from Nantz, we have received intelilgence that 133 of the most respectable inhabitants had presented a petition to the Commandant, intreating him to surrender the city to the Royalists, rather than suffer it to be converted into a heap of ruins by a bombardment.

"The petitioners were afterwards denounced at Paris, and the Committee of Public Safety sent orders to put them all under arrest. These orders were immediately executed, and they were linked together by a chain, three and three, and escorted to Paris."

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

Dec. 1.

LAST week Mr. Thomas Muir and the Rev. Fyche Palmer arrived in the River from Leith, on board a revenue cutter. Orders were sent down for delivering them into the custody of Duncan Campbell, the Contractor for the Hulks at Woolwich; and on Saturday they were put on board one of the Hulks. On Sunday a second order was sent down to separate them; and they were put into different Hulks among the felons, and ironed.

The Rev. Fyche Palmer was a Senior Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge.

4. The Society for the Encouragement of Arts and Manufactures, and Commerce, adjudged their gold medal to Captain William Bligh, of his Majesty's ship Providence, being the premium offered to the person who should first convey from the Islands in the South Sea to the Islands in the West Indies subject to Great Britain, the Bread-fruit Tree. This valuable tree will now probably be secured to the inhabitants of the West Indies, Captain Bligh having left at St. Vincent's and Jamaica 680 plants in a healthy and growing state.

5. Came on in the Court of Exchequer, before the Chief Baron, a cause, at the suit of the Attorney General. The defendants were distillers at Bristol, and had by a most ingenious contrivance, whilst the still was at work, by means of a private valve, and an aperture at the bottom of the receiver, to which was affixed a pipe, conveyed the greater part of the raw spirit under ground to an adjecent cellar. This practice continued many years. Suspicions were continually entertained, on account of the small quantity of the spirit produced. At last a confidential servant betrayed the secret, and the utensils, spirit, &c. were all seized and condemned. Perfect models of the whole distillery were produced in Court; and a greater curiosity was scarcely ever seen. The information went for 12,000l. but the Lord Chief Baron instructed the Special Jury to moderate their verdict down to 4000l. The Jury retired, and in about half an hour returned with a verdict of 1000l.

Upon the above trial a witness for the Crown, who was personally in Court, upon being called, immediately took to his heels and ran off; the Officers ran after him; and each got into boats at the stairs. When the Officers overtook him, the man, with horrid imprecations, swore that he would throw both them and himself overboard if they attempted to seize him; and the Officers of the Court returned as they went. The Court ordered the recognizances to be estreated.

7. The Naval List laid before the King by the Earl of Chatham, in his Majesty's closet, on Wednesday last, makes the total number of ships of the British Navy now in commission 289, which are rated as follow:

Of the Line, from 110 guns to 64	88
Fifty-gun ships — —	10
Frigates from 38 to 24 guns —	110
Sloops and Cutters of all descriptions	81
	289

The Ordinary of the Navy also is fifty-five ships of the line, nine of fifty guns, twenty-two frigates, and twenty-four sloops.

9. *The British Convention.* After the signal and decisive triumph which the Friends of Good Order obtained at the end of last year, when Associations of Loyal Citizens every where stood forward *to testify their zeal for the Constitution* as at present established, their confidence in those who are now in the Administration of Public Affairs, and their abhorrence of the wild Revolutionary Projects of persons styling themselves *Friends of the People*, it was scarcely to be imagined that men could be found mad or wicked enough to revive a conduct which had thus called forth the energy of the Nation. A set of men, however, have lately assembled at Edinburgh, styling themselves *The British Convention.*—In imitation of that assemblage of Regicides and Ruffians, in France calling themselves *The National Convention*, they divided themselves into Sections; they gave to one another the epithet of *Citizen*, formed Committees of Organization, and in short so framed themselves on their detested model, as to infer their approbation, in every instance, of those scenes which all Europe has viewed with astonishment and abhorrence.

Every one will naturally conclude, that such proceedings could not long evade either the vigilance or the just resentment of the Law. By a Correspondent at Edinburgh we are enabled to lay the following intelligence before the Public, which we have no doubt will prove highly satisfactory.

EDINBURGH, *Dec.* 5. "You will not be surprized, after reading the Debates in *The British Convention* lately assembled at this place, and published in the *Edinburgh Gazetteer* of the 26th of November and 3d instant, that the most distinguished Leaders of these *Friends of the People* should have merited the particular notice of the *Friends of the Constitution.* The Sheriff of the County issued his warrant this morning, for apprehending and bringing before him the following *respectable* personages, who, to the great joy and satisfaction of all descriptions of people, are at this moment under examination in the Sheriff Clerk's Office, viz. Messrs. Gerald, Margarot, Sinclair, and Calander, *Delegates* from the *Corresponding* and *Constitutional* Societies in London; Messrs Scott and two Rosses, Publishers and Conductors of the *Edinburgh Gazetteer;* Skirving, *Secretary General* to the *British Convention;* and Brown, a *Delegate* from Sheffield. All these *Worthies* wers surprized in their beds at an early hour this morning, and all their papers secured."

16. The Coroner's Inquest sat on the body of a Mr. Slaughter, of Clifford's Inn, who was found murdered in his apartments on Saturday last. When the door of his chambers was broke open by his friends, he was found stretched on the floor with his brains beat out, and the apartments plundered. The Jury brought in their verdict "Wilful Murder," by some person or persons unknown.

It is said that Mr. Pitt will not find it necessary to impose any new tax the ensuing Session of Parliament; but that making the war-taxes imposed for the Spanish armament permanent, and revising some of the old ones, so as to make them more productive, will be sufficient.

Fifty-four thousand pounds per annum have fallen into the Exchequer during the present year, consisting of old grants and annuities which have expired.

10. Sir James Marriot, Judge Advocate of the High Court of Admiralty, delivered the provisionary decision of the Court respecting the St. Jago Spanish Register-ship, which was re-captured by the subjects of this country.

"That the ship and cargo should be restored to his Catholic Majesty, and his subjects the claimants—agreeable to their prayer; and that one eighth of the value, (after deducting the expence on both sides) be paid for salvage: provided, that within six months it shall be declared by his Catholic Majesty by some public act, that all ships and cargoes that are or shall be captured by the King of Spain, together with private ships to be fitted out, belonging to this country, be restored upon the like terms to his Britannic Majesty; otherwise, the said ship St. Jago shall be considered as a good and lawful prize to the British recaptors."

INDEX.

A.

Addison, Mr. anecdote of, 323.
Addresses, masonic, 5, 17, 19, 324, 497, 535.
Affectation, essay on, 327.
Affection, filial, instance of, 64.
Age and dress considered, 157.
Air, nature and properties of, 111.
Amusements, public, strictures on, 160, 253, 344, 426, 518.
Ancients, on the respect due to their opinions, 336.
Anecdotes, 12, 30, 33, 52, 105, 121, 136, 137, 149, 150, 162, 192, 223, 232, 238, 282, 301, 315, 323, 325, 331, 337, 369, 382, 421, 461, 472, 480, 488, 489, 491, 495.
Animals, living, found in solid bodies, 134, 228.
Arno, verses addressed to, 522.
Arts, fine, 70, 159.
Arts and sciences, on the study of, 503.
Ashhurst, judge, his speech in passing sentence on Mr. Frost, 85.
Asiatics, comparison between the French and them, 141.
Athenians, their constitution, 57.
Aubigné, M. de, anecdotes of, 491.

B.

Baker, Miss, her speech to her judges, 147.
Beauty, definition of, 432.
Benevolence, example of, 438.
Bosville, Colonel, stanzas to his memory, 523.
Bravery, French, singular instance of, 335.
Browne, Sir Anthony, his character, 479.
Buckebourg, count de, life of, 33.
Buckingham, duke of, his character, 226.
Buildings, increase of, no proof of the riches of a kingdom, 156.
Burnet, bishop, anecdote of, 149.

C.

Calendar, new French one, 529.
Characters, 65, 226, 227, 245, 249, 332, 333.
Charges, masonic, 195, 271, 275, 359, 364, 443, 448, 452, 535, 549.
Charity, essay on, 95.
Charles II. anecdote of, 325.
Charnace, M. singular story of, 52.
Charters, ancient, 411.
Chelsea pensioner, a poem, 348.
China, history of, 25, 101, 214, 404.
Choler, essay on, 54.
Chronicle of events, &c. 79, 173, 257, 357, 434, 525.
Chrysippus, curious account of, 248.
Cornwall, verses written among the ruins of a nobleman's seat in, 346.
Contentment, verses on, 171.
Courage, an essay, 189.
——— and cowardice in the same persons, instance of, 303.
Coustos, a Free Mason, his sufferings in the inquisition, 553.
Cumberland Free Masons' school, account of, 241.
——— earnestly recommended, 243.
Curate, a fragment, 170.
Cure for the rheumatism, 438.

D.

Debtor, a poem, 74.
Deception, singular species of, 63.
Declaration of the king of Great Britain on the affairs of France, 435.
Delia's kitten, verses to, 169.
Deserters, a tale, 261.
Dodd, Dr. the late unfortunate divine, anecdote of, 136.
Drama, British, historical deduction of, 217.
Dramatical representations, essay on, 288.
Dress and age considered, 157.

Drinking healths, antiquity of that custom, 469.
Dunckerley, Mr. memoirs of, 377.
Dunkirk, account of, 255.

E.

Earth, on the theory of, by Dr. Franklin, 294.
Education, essays on, 123, 338.
Egalite, M. de, executed, 526.
Epitaphs, remarks on, 133.
Esquire, essay on that title, 308.
Essays on different subjects, 48, 53, 54, 67, 95, 119, 123, 127, 189, 207, 235, 249, 288, 308, 327, 338, 367, 387, 400, 413, 493, 498, 508.
Exhortation, masonic, 185.
Expectancy, a poem, 350.

F.

Fable, an oriental one, 312.
Faith, an essay, 387.
Farinelli, memoirs of, 150.
Fashion, its influence on morals, 459.
Father, cruelty of one, 504.
Fayette, M. de la, his conduct stated, 333.
Fear, an essay, 189.
Fine arts, 70, 159.
Fineux, Sir John, character of, 332.
Florio, or the abuse of riches, 306.
Flowers, verses on, 429.
Fluid, an universal one, 297.
Forsaken fair, 431.
Fortitude, an essay on, 189.
France, history of, 20, 97.
———Queen of, particulars relating to, 145, 423, 438.
———————her lamentation, 433.
Franklin, Dr. two original essays of, 294, 297.
French comedian, stratagem of one, 71.
———bravery, 335.
———-emigrants, inscription of gratitude by, 72.
———calendar, a new one, 529.
———comparison between them and the Asiatics, 141.
———nation, declaration of, 61.
Friendship, an essay, 413.
———-sweets of, 262.
Friedship, influence of power over, 48.
Frost, sentenced for treasonable expressions, 85.

G.

Goldsmith, Dr. anecdotes of, 315, 369, 472.
Gyges' ring, history of, 166.

H.

Happiness, essays on, 119, 249, 367, 498.
Harodrim, order of, its design and effects considered, 137.
Healths, on the antiquity of the custom of drinking, 49.
Heseltine, Mr. sketch of the life of, 495.
Homer, strictures on the Iliad of, 343.
Hope, essay on, 493.
Hunter, Mr. John, account of, 421.

I.

Iliad of Homer, strictures on, 343.
Initiation of a son by his father *into masonry*, with the speech of the latter on that occasion, 220.
Inscriptions, 72, 415.
Intelligence, masonic, 68, 256.
Johnson, Dr. anecdotes of, 480.
Julian, the Roman emperor, events in the reign of, 41.

K.

Kelly, Hugh, anecdotes of, 566.
King, the, his speech on proroguing *the parliament*, 86.
Knights Templars, some effigies of, discovered and described, 339.
Koningstein the bastille of Saxony, described, 239.

L.

Largorysky, count, memoirs of, 223.
Law, brief observations on, 139.
Literature, on the benefits of, 398.
London, picture of, and its inhabitants, 164.
Lunar observations, 352.

INDEX.

M.

Magazine, a poem on the Free Masons', 73.
Malherbe, M. anecdotes of, 489.
Marat, assassinated, 175.
Marriage, thoughts on, 235.
Masonic intelligence, 68, 256.
———songs, &c. 68, 165, 167, 168.
Masonry, charges, essays, letters, &c. on, 9, 93, 137, 186, 187, 195, 200, 220, 271, 275, 359, 364, 432, 443, 448, 452, 521, 535, 549.
Masons, memoirs of those of Naples, 12, 105, 192.
———address of the grand lodge to the king, 17.
———to the Prince of Wales, 19, 324, 497.
Melesichton, account of, 121.
Mermaids, authentic proofs of their having existed, 388.
Mice, method of preserving corn, &c. against, 438.
Mirabeau, count de, life of, 30.
Misanthrope of Moliere, strictures on, 343.
Moira, earl of, memoirs of him, 232, 301.
Moliere, strictures on his Misanthrope, 343.
Molineux, sir William, his character, 227.
Monks, account of, 129.
Monro, Mr. his unfortunate destruction by a tyger, 146.
Montesquieu, anecdote of, 382.
Moral sketch, 349.
Moss-rose bud, verses on, 350.

N.

Naples, memoirs of the free masons of, 12, 105, 192.
Narrative of the extraordinary sufferings of lieut. Spearing, 282.
Navigation, essays on the progress of, 400, 508, 571.
News, 79, 173, 257, 351, 434, 525.
Norfolk, an extraordinary phænomenon there, 353.
Novels, eastern, 36, 107, 209, 513.
Numidian chief, a tale, 326.

O.

Ode, performed at the grand chapter of Harodim, 165.
——at a grand provincial meeting at Feversham, 167.
Oeconomy, picture of, 409.
Oration on masonry, 200.
Oratory, remarks on, 222.
Orleans, duke of, executed, 526.

P.

Parker, sir Peter, genuine memoirs of him requested, 376.
Partridges, a poem, 345.
Pastoral stanzas, 77.
Patience, essay on, 53.
Penal laws, instance of the severity of, at the beginning of the present century, 396.
Persian, letters from one in London to his friend in Bengal, 113.
Philip of Macedon, anecdote of, 337.
Philip I. of Spain, anecdote of, 461.
Philadelphia, dreadful effects of a yellow fever there, 527.
Philosophical papers, two by Dr. Franklin, 294.
Philosophy of masons, letter to the author of a pamphlet under that title, 383.
Piercefield walks, a poem, 76.
Plagiarisms of Sterne detected, 416, 462, 558.
Poetic composition, remarks on, 342.
Poland, appeals on the affairs of, 45, 434.
Pompey's pillar described, 131.
Preacher, a polite one, 26.
Prisons, thoughts on, 299.
Prologue to The World in a Village, 524.
Prophecies remarkable, 223.
Putnam, general, remarkable anecdote of, 238.
Phenomenon, an extraordinary one in Norfolk, 353.
Perron, cardinal du, anecdotes of, 488.
Philosophical spirit defined, 341.
Poetry.—On the Free Masons' Magazine, 73.—Piercefield walks, 76.

—Pastoral stanzas, 77.—Ode for the grand chapter of Harodim; 165.—Delia's kitten, 169.—On contentment, 171.—Ode for the birth day of the Duke of York, 259.—Sympathy, 260.—Sweets of friendship, 262.—The Partridges, 345.—Verses written among the ruins of a seat in Cornwall, 346.—Chelsea pensioner, 348.—Expectancy, 350.—Moss rose bud, 350.—On flowers, 429.—Forsaken fair, 431.—Definition of beauty, 432.—Lamentation of the queen of France, 433.—Verses addressed to Arno, 522.—To the memory of colonel Bosville, 523.—Prologue to The World in a Village. The debtor, 74.

Q.

Queen of France, particulars relating to, 145, 423, 433, 438.

R.

Retirement, essay on, 127.
Rheumatism, cure for, 438.
Riches, on the abuse of, 306.
Robertson, Dr. the historian, character of, 65.
Rupert, prince, memoirs of, 162.

S.

Sabbath-breaking, a law case on, 56.
Saladine, sultan of Egypt, character of, 245.
Ships, thoughts on the foundering of, 375.
Songs, &c. masonic, 68, 165, 167, 168.
Soul, essay on the immortality of, 67.
Spearing, lieut. extraordinary narrative of his sufferings, 282.
Spider, sagacity of, 116.
State papers, 155.
Sterne, plagiarisms detected in his works, 416, 462, 558.
Storms, remarkable, 329.
Strife, essay on, 207.
Sympathy, lines on, 260.
Speech of miss Baker to her judges, 147.
——of judge Ashhurst to Frost the attorney. 85.
——of the king on proroguing the parliament, 86.
——of count T. at the initiation of his son into masonry, 220.

T.

Tales, 36, 107, 209, 261, 312, 321, 326, 504, 513.
Theatre, 160, 253, 344, 426, 518.
Thou, M. de, anecdotes of, 488.
Thunder storms, remarkable, 329.
Tyger, destruction of Mr. Monro, by one, 146.

U.

University, on the discipline of the, 394.
Vossius, anecdote of, 325.

W.

War, the evils of, 152.
Warehouses, deceptive, 154.
Wooden leg, a tale, 321.
World in a Village, prologue to, 524.
Wyatt, sir Thomas, his character, 331.

Y.

Yellow fever at Philadelphia described, 527.

