

THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,

OR,

GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY.

For SEPTEMBER 1795.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ELEGANT PORTRAIT OF
WILLIAM PERFECT, M. D.

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TO OUR READERS, CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

The obliging Communication of our worthy Brother *Stanfield* is unavoidably postponed for want of the book to extract from, which we have not been able to procure.

It is with pain that we decline inserting the lucubrations of our zealous and indefatigable Correspondent *E. W.* but a peculiarity of phraseology pervades the whole that we think would not be generally acceptable to our Readers. We have no doubt that this Gentleman can with great ease adopt a more correct style as a vehicle of humour, and hope that he will receive this hint with candour, and oblige us by a continuance of his favours.

Brethren presiding over or meeting in Country Lodges are requested to transmit for insertion in this Magazine such Intelligence, having relation to Freemasonry, as they may deem interesting to the Fraternity, and proper for Publication.

C. D.'s Curious ORIGINAL Verses of Lord Capel, written in the Tower, have appeared in almost every periodical collection for these thirty or forty years past: as has also the ORIGINAL Letter from Lord Lansdown to his Nephew on his taking Orders. Scarcely any Articles have been more hackneyed.

As it is our intention to give a Series of *Portraits of Provincial Grand Masters,* we shall be obliged to any Brethren who will make use of their influence to procure us the loan of *Original Paintings,* and furnish us with *Biographical Sketches* to accompany the Engravings.

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

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Seney sculp^t

*William Perfect M.D.
Provincial Grand Master
for the County of Kent.*

Published by J. Parsons, at Paternoster Row, Oct. 1796.

THE
FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

O R,
GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY.

FOR SEPTEMBER 1795.

MEMOIRS OF
WILLIAM PERFECT, M. D.

MEMBER OF THE LONDON MEDICAL SOCIETY, AND PROVINCIAL
GRAND-MASTER OF MASONS FOR THE COUNTY OF KENT.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

THE Gentleman who is now the subject of our pen was born at Oxford about the year 1740, but was not educated at that celebrated seat of the muses: a circumstance which he laments in his epistolary correspondence to the late Rev. T. Austen, of Rochester, in the following couplet:

“ I foremost rate among my earliest woes,
“ That *born*, not bred, where learned Isis flows,” &c. &c.

His father, the Rev. William Perfect, vicar of East Malling in Kent, died about the year 1758, and was interred near the pulpit of the church of which he was minister, and is remembered by the surviving inhabitants with a respect bordering on adoration. Such was the gracefulness of the person of this missionary, that he might truly be called, “*The Beauty of Holiness.*” Indeed the graces of his form were but types of his intellectual endowments; the melody of his voice, the fire and animation of his delivery, and, above all, his inspired choice of argument and language, always engaged a crowded auditory, who never departed without improvement: the magic rhetoric of his manner roused the *guilty* to a sense of their offences, and cheered the *guiltless* with the glorious certainty of everlasting happiness. His life was exemplary, pure, and simple; his manners gentle, affable, and courteous; his condescension evinced his good sense; he admired great and loved good men of all persuasions; his family ever experienced his affection, his friends his benevolence. His departure from this life was distinguished by that firmness of soul, that internal calmness, that conscious rectitude, which marks and characterises

the Christian. A small marble entablature appears on a pillar contiguous to the spot where his remains are deposited, which was erected by his son, as the last filial tribute he could pay to so revered a parent. The inscription is in Latin; the purport, that he was vicar of that church, with his age, and the time of his decease, concluding with this line:

“Plura dici noluit Vir Optimo.”

Dr. Perfect, in the cultivation of his genius, has not escaped the shafts of criticism; but, considering that censure is a tax which every man pays for being eminent, we shall pass over that circumstance without farther animadversion. The eminence he has obtained in the line of his profession is a criterion of the excellence of his talents, while the number of publications of which he is the author, and the success with which they have appeared, evince the scope of his abilities.

The *Medical Museum* owed much of its reputation to the communications of this Gentleman. “*An Attempt to improve Medical Prognostication*,” “*The Case of a Catalepsy*,” “*The Appearances on dissecting a Woman, who died from eating too great a Quantity of Cucumbers*,” among many other articles of his information to the proprietors of that work, form prominent features not only of his wish, but of his ability to impart medical knowledge. About the year 1787 he first published, with remarks, quotations, and observations, his “*Cases of Midwifery*,” in two volumes octavo, founded on the literary correspondence of the late learned and ingenious Dr. Colin Mackenzie, which are rendered of superior value, as containing the only traits of that respectable Gentleman’s practice which have hitherto been submitted to the public eye. From the practical and scientific tendency of these volumes, it is but justice to aver, that they have not been equalled since the publication of Cases on the same subject by Monsieur La Motte, a celebrated French accoucheur. A second edition of these Cases appeared in the year 1790; and soon after he published, in one volume octavo, “*Select Cases of Insanity*,” dedicated to Dr. John Coakley Lettson: and if the merit of this work be to be ascertained by the rapidity of the sale, too much cannot be said in its praise, upwards of a thousand copies having been sold since its first appearance, and we understand a second edition is at this time preparing for the press.

In the year 1791 Dr. P. published “*A Remarkable Case of Madness*,” with the medicines used in the cure, dedicated to Dr. Wm. Rowley, of Saville Row: so singular an instance of insanity, at the early period of eleven years, is not to be found in the records of medicine; and the cure is an additional proof of the judgment, skill, and experience of the author, in the treatment of confirmed mania.

His “*Address to the Public on the Subject of Insanity*,” in quarto, decorated with an elegant engraving suitable to the occasion, is humane, open, and manly, and highly interesting to all who can feel for the sufferings of their fellow-creatures, when so deplorable a circumstance occurs as a derangement of the mental system.

His "*Symptomatology*," a work of the most extensive utility, and an "*Essay on the Epilepsy*," containing eight cases successfully treated, with practical remarks and observations, are, we understand, in great forwardness for the press; and will, no doubt, add to the well-earned fame and reputation already obtained by this deserving author.

The following extract is literally drawn from Seymour's New Survey of Kent, where we find it arranged under the article Malling (West): "Dr. Perfect, a skilful and experienced practitioner of this town, has fitted up divers convenient apartments for the reception of all persons insane, or immersed in the desponding abyss of melancholy; they are attended at his house with the affection of a parent, and the abilities of a man who has from study and observation reduced into a practical science the method of restoring the most wild and eccentric ideas, to cool sense and rational judgment; this Gentleman, actuated by a noble principle of universal philanthropy, and a tender concern for the mental infirmities of his fellow-creatures, has so far succeeded in the arduous task of curing dementated individuals, as to deserve a singular favour and countenance from the legislature." And, in *The Kentish Traveller's Companion*, published last year, we find the following observation: "In this burial ground (Dartford) is a monument to the memory of Elizabeth, first wife of William Perfect, M. D. of West Malling, who has rendered his name famous to this and succeeding ages, by his great skill and unparalleled success in the cure of insane persons, and for his tenderness in the treatment of those unfortunate maniacs who have claimed his care and attention."

The public opinion concurring with such testimonies of merit, our eulogy would be superfluous in commendation of abilities of such superior brilliancy in every branch of his profession as those which have distinguished him, whose whole life has been devoted to the art of medicine, and in contributing to the relief of his fellow-creatures. This Gentleman's skill in his profession, and acute observations on it, in every department, are acknowledged in the "*Memoirs of the Medical Society*," and several productions of a similar nature.

Worth of every description, and merit however indigent, humble, and unfortunate, have ever found in him a friend and protector, and in the most liberal manner has his hand been extended to assist those whose misfortunes have rendered them objects of compassion and benevolence.

The medical productions which do him so much honour we have before enumerated, and it is but common justice to his literary merit to acknowledge, that his works in prose, especially his literary correspondence, possess a rotundity of period, a neatness of construction, and an elegance of expression, that are extremely pleasing.

As his abilities are great and various, so his manners are amiable and inviting; nor should we omit to mention the moral, religious, and instructive letters which he has written and published with considerable success, nor the specimens of his poetry, which are very numerous, and are generally distinguished by an elegance of style, and a pathos so delicately affecting, as are calculated alike to charm the ear of harmony and the heart of sensibility.

The "*Pastoral Sketches*," which obtained a succession of *silver medals*, and appeared in the *Sentimental Magazine*, possess a strain of rural elegance and taste, and are not among the least happy imitations of Shenstone and Cunningham. These juvenile efforts of merit have been since revised, corrected, and reprinted in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and several Odes, Sonnets, Elegies, &c. &c. have occasionally likewise been inserted in the *European*, *Universal*, *Freemasons*, and several other periodical prints, and breathe that pure spirit of poetry, good taste, and delicate sentiment, which will always command attention, and not unfrequently excite admiration.

Among his earliest performances we recollect a "*Bavin of Bays*," in one volume 12mo, "*The Laurel Wreath*," in two volumes 12mo, both printed by subscription, and honoured with a numerous list of respectable names; next to these we find "*An Elegy on the Great Storm in 1773*," which had an uncommonly rapid sale; indeed it contained a most beautiful description of that awful and memorable war of the elements: the intense heat which preceded it is emphatically expressed in the following beautiful line:

"When nature panted from her inmost seat."

The "*Snowy Day*," a pastoral sketch, has been esteemed a faithful copy of that picturesque scene, and his other fugitive pieces possess very considerable merit. He is also the author of "*Emmavilla, an Elegy*"—" *The Deserted Rookery*"—" *The Peasant of the Cliff*"—" *The Crisis*," and many other pieces which have never yet been published, but which, from the specimens he has already given in this line of writing, we hope he will be induced to make better known.

It is but justice to Dr. Perfect to remark, that he is particularly interesting and graceful in the delivery of his orations; his wit and vivacity render him a most agreeable companion, and his convivial powers occasion his company to be courted by the first characters of the age. No traits, however, are more conspicuous than his hospitality and good nature, and if his feelings are sometimes roused to a momentary warmth candour will attribute it to a nice sense of honour, and a strict adherence to propriety. A rich vein of humour pervades his conversation, and when inclined to be satirical his remarks neither proceed from ill-temper or malignity, but are always directed by liberality, which will never prostitute the mirth of the moment to mean reflection or personal invective. The same adherence to rectitude is conspicuous in all his literary productions, where servility has never directed his pen to false panegyric or fulsome adulation. He has acquired an independency by the most laudable industry, and his innocent hilarity well display that native goodness of heart which is exemplified in the exercise of benevolence, and humane attention to meliorate the sufferings of the unfortunate persons who become the immediate objects of his peculiar care and compassion.

Dr. Perfect is, in the relations of private life, a kind Master, an affectionate Parent, a steady Friend, and lives as much beloved by his acquaintance as perhaps any Gentleman in the kingdom, and as much respected by *all those who know him best*. He unites the qualifications of the Scholar with those of the Gentleman; he has long distinguish-

ed himself amongst the fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, and is deservedly considered as one of their strongest pillars and brightest ornaments. As a proof of the high estimation in which he is held by the *Royal Craft*, on the resignation of Colonel Jacob Sawbridge as Provincial Grand Master for the county of Kent, at a provincial Grand Lodge of Emergency held at Maidstone on the 7th of July 1794, he was unanimously nominated and returned to the Grand Lodge, who confirmed the choice of the Brethren, and, by permission of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, he was invested with full powers by patent for that important office; the patent is dated December 21st, 1794, and signed by the Right Honourable the Earl of Moira, A. G. M. and Sir Peter Parker, D. G. M. and all that need be added to this circumstance is, that titles of honour add not to his worth who is an honour to his title.

We have given a Portrait of this Gentleman, who has deservedly engrossed so much of our praise, and who, though he never suffers the whispers of vanity to approach his ear, we hope will not be offended with our just comments on his private, public, literary, medical, and masonic character. The biographer can never do any person justice while he acts with timidity and a fear to displease; nor is that page deserving of perusal which, in defiance of the best information, under-rates abilities that should command general respect, and virtues that are entitled to universal esteem.

SKETCH OF HIGH LIFE.

From MR. JERNINGHAM'S * *Comedy of "THE WELCH HEIRESS."*

SIR PEPPER PLINLIMMON, LORD MELCOURT, and LADY BELLAIR.

Sir P. Plin. YOU don't appear, Lord Melcourt, to be struck with the artless manner of my girl!

Lord Mel. I ask your pardon, I am exceedingly struck!

Sir P. Plin. She has a few rusticities adhering to her, all which will drop from her, like dross from gold.

Lord Mel. In the crucible of Lady Bellair's refining conversation.

Sir P. Plin. Very true. I am certain Lady Bellair would perform miracles on my daughter—if she pleased.

Lady B. But why, Sir Pepper, do you doubt my inclination?

Sir P. Plin. Because you fine ladies dislike trouble. I will be bold to say, that, in the course of the winter, you never do any thing that your inclination, that is to say your vanity, does not prompt you to do.

Lady B. I ask your pardon, Sir Pepper.

Sir P. Plin. Indulge for once an old man's curiosity, and edify me by recording some instances where you act in opposition to the dictates of your inclination.

Lord Mel. This is a perfect challenge.

* See Memoirs and a Portrait of this Gentleman in our last Number.

Lady B. Well, let me recollect. I go every other Sunday, in the early part of the evening, to an old aunt, who lives at the antipodes of the fashionable part of the town, and there I retail to her the historic scandal of the fortnight; and then she reads to me, through her green spectacles, out of a folio, a sermon of the last century.

Lord Mel. I hope, Sir Pepper, you will give Lady Bellair some credit for that.

Lady B. Then I go once in the winter to the Ancient Music.

Sir P. Plin. That, I suppose, is a concert performed by the decayed musicians.

Lady B. Not exactly so; it is, however, a very edifying concert, and composed of those hoary, venerable notes, that in days of yore delighted the ears of Harry the Eighth and Anne Bullen, and is now a very suitable recreation for old bachelors, old maids, and emigrant nuns! But to continue the narrative of my mortified inclination: my carriage every morning makes one of the long procession of coaches that besiege the circulating library in Bond-street.

Sir P. Plin. That denotes your ladyship's fondness for literature.

Lady B. I beg your pardon, Sir Pepper, literature is my aversion: I never look into a book, but I cannot avoid calling every morning at the library; it is a kind of literary tavern, where the waiters are in perpetual demand. A dish of elegant sonnets for Miss Simper; satires with a poignant sauce for Mrs. Grumble; a sirloin of history for lady Sleepless; a broil'd devil of private anecdote, highly peppered with scandal, for Lady Angelica Worthless. It would amuse you, Sir Pepper, to see these female Academics enter the porch of Hookham college, their cheeks, paled by study, a little relieved by a thin stratum of morning rouge. Then you would wonder at the method the learned professors adopt of supplying the impatience of their pupils; for example—one lady receives the first volume of an author, of which she will never enquire for the second; at the same time she receives the second volume of another author, of which she has not yet an idea of the first.

Sir P. Plin. Give me leave to observe, this vague method of reading must create a kind of chaos, without consistency.

Lady B. Consistency is a vulgar word we do not admit into our vocabulary; and as for the chaos you disapprove of, I really think there is to be found the whole merit; for this miscellaneous, variegated, unconnected reading, forms the beautiful dove-tailed, mosaic literature of the female mind.

Sir P. Plin. I hope you will allow Lady Plinlimmon to be a brilliant exception to your general description.

Lady B. Most undoubtedly; I have a long list of exceptions.—But not to interrupt the narrative of my own memoirs—I am sometimes obliged to mingle with the elegant mob at a sale of pictures.

Sir P. Plin. A sale of pictures must be very improving. You there frequently meet with works of old masters.

Lady B. The ladies of fashion do not go to auctions for the sake of the old masters; do they, lord Melcourt?

Lord Mel. No, indeed! A bow from Lord Gauze, a smile from Lord Flimsy, or a compliment from Sir Gossamer Bagatelle, effaces the names of Rembrandt, Corregio, and Vandyke!

Lady B. However, we play with the catalogue, and we stare at the pictures. And I have heard it observed, that in the two late celebrated sales, the love of *vertù* made the ladies gaze at some pictures from which their grand-mamas would have turned away.

Sir P. Plin. Indeed!

Lady B. But then, I will say for the ladies, that they stole a glance at these pictures through the medium of their long veils, which you know transmits a kind of drapery to the paintings! But to proceed, I am under the obligation, sometimes, of getting up in the middle of the night, to be in readiness to go to a new play, and, with all my precaution, I never can get there before the middle of the second act.

Sir P. Plin. That is very unlucky.

Lady B. Not in the least; for I never listen to the play.

Sir P. Plin. But does not your talking loud in the first row disturb the audience?

Lady B. I never occupy the first row; I place the old ladies in the first and second row, they having nothing to do (poor things) but to listen to the play; and then I sit snug on the last form, which we call among ourselves, Tattle-row, and then, perhaps, I am seated between Sir Voluble Prattle, and Colonel Easy, and we three converse and titter *à la sourdine*, the whole evening: but I'm afraid I grow dull.

Sir P. Plin. Quite the reverse, I assure you; I presume your ladyship pays more attention to the opera; the softness of the Italian language has something enchanting to a delicate ear.

Lady B. I know nothing of the Italian language, there is no attaining the knowledge of it without passing through the perplexing, jumbling, cross-roads of a grammar; that would shake my intellects to pieces.

Sir P. Plin. Still the music may flatter the ear, though you do not comprehend the words.

Lady B. I comprehend the music as little as I do the words.

Sir P. Plin. It is, then, the dancing I conclude delights you—

Lady B. No; the dancing does not particularly interest me; indeed I cannot see the dancing in my box, for I generally sit with my back to the stage.

Sir P. Plin. As neither the music, nor the dancing, has any allurements, I suppose your ladyship seldom or never goes to the opera.

Lady B. I ask your pardon, Sir Pepper, I never omit an opera.

Sir P. Plin. What then can be the attraction? I really see nothing to entice you.

Lady B. Is it nothing, Sir Pepper, to lean half out of one's box; with the head inclined to give the easy feather a more graceful play? which looks a meteor waving in the air; and which, as the poet says,

“Allures attention from the tuneful scene;
“Gives fops the flutter, and old maids the spleen.”

Is 't nothing, Sir Pepper, to have all the opera glasses levelled at one ? To sit in my box, as on a throne, the unrivalled queen of Fopland ?

Lord Mel. I must confess, *Lady Bellair*, you have an extensive dominion ; Fopland is a populous country.

Lady B. So it is, and what is still better, there is not an old man to be found in it.

Sir P. Plin. I am sorry I am excluded from being one of your majesty's subjects ?

Lady B. Out of regard to your gallantry, I will, introduce a bill to naturalise you, *Sir Pepper* ; but, not to lose the thread of my narrative, I must inform you, that I go once in the winter to an assembly, given by the wife of my physician ; there all his pale convalescents stalk about like ghosts :

Lord Mel. And to conclude the description ; the lemonade is intentionally made so acid that the doctor is obliged to return all the visits of his company the next day.

Sir P. Plin. Very good indeed.

Lady B. You perceive what a mortified life I am obliged to lead.

Sir P. Plin. If your historic pencil has drawn a true resemblance, I must confess a fashionable lady is to me an incomprehensible being.

(*Exeunt.*)

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IN turning over a late volume of the *Archæologia*, a work calculated to illustrate local history, and to furnish amusing information to inquisitive minds, I was much surprised to find a gentleman, whose extensive knowledge and penetration I have frequently admired, descend so low as to throw out invectives against a whole society of men, many of them of the highest rank and estimation, in whose favour he is nevertheless obliged to admit a saving clause that will indeed, on due consideration, securely shelter them from his wanton obloquy.

Governor Pownal, in his *Observations on Gothic Architecture*, fond of the idea of having discovered the origin of Freemasonry in the corporations of artists employed by the Roman pontiff in the 12th century, in various countries, to restore decayed churches, censures the grant of exclusive privileges to them as an instance of ecclesiastical usurpation and tyranny ; when, if he had considered the matter with unbiassed coolness and circumspection, he might have recollected, that in ages of feudal turbulence and barbarism, no mechanical arts could ever have been exercised, if they had not been protected from lawless violence, and been nursed with that tenderness which their first efforts required. About the time referred to, was, indeed, the æra of municipal establishments for the promotion of trade, and for the association of those brotherhoods and fellowships that cultivated the

several mysteries now enumerated in the list of companies in the city of London and other commercial towns. If no other tyrannical assumptions could be charged upon the Church of Rome, than granting protection to Masons while employed professionally in the service of religion, the complaints against that corrupted see would have given place to the warm praise of policy and humanity. But whether these privileges were properly or improperly conferred, they were not bestowed to train up novices in a new art or mystery; but for the encouragement of able and experienced masters: for the buildings then erected still remain, and not only so, but remain the admiration even of this improved age! so that Governor Pownall is not justified in dating the *origin* of Freemasonry from papal encouragements to architects, who *must* evidently have been formed in *other* schools: they were necessary, indeed, on account of the barbarity and ignorance of the times, not of the professors of the masonic art, who have left such splendid monuments of skill to justify the protection they obtained. We ought to patch them up as long as we can make them stand; for whenever our august cathedrals and other collegiate structures yield to the inevitable decays of time, neither the piety nor the liberality of our times afford any assurance that they will ever be restored in a suitable style. He has as little authority beyond conjecture for supporting his censure of the privileges granted to *Italian* architects in the twelfth century, by an *English* statute enacted in the fifteenth century; or to infer that because in the troublesome reign of our Henry VI. occasion was taken to condemn the private congregations of English Masons, that therefore those of Italy were exorbitant in their claims 300 years before that time!

The Governor is not more happy in his injurious character of the present race of Freemasons, than in the inferences he has drawn to the prejudice of their operative ancestors: his motive in either case, being beyond my conception, I leave wholly to himself. He says, that by degrees their clubs or lodges sunk into a *foolish harmless mummery*. If Freemasons do in reality possess the art of refining *folly* into *goodness*, the world may justly credit any other pretensions to which they may lay claim; for so far as their actions come under public notice, they have been peculiarly distinguished by their benevolence and philanthropy. It is worthy of remark, that the same pen that fixes the stigma of *folly* on their lodge meetings, should affirm them also to be a *brotherhood of charity*! We may hence syllogistically infer, that, in this gentleman's opinion, *charity and folly* are synonymous terms! Either the Governor is a *Freemason* himself, or he is not: if he is one of the fraternity, I regret that I cannot hail a man of his abilities as a worthy brother, for his endeavours to expose to public contempt an institution that he is nevertheless reluctantly obliged to commend: if he is not a *Freemason*, which is most probably the case, for that disposition must be obdurate indeed that is not somewhat mended by masonical *mummery*, he appears, if possible, in a still more disadvantageous point of view, in officiously meddling with what he knows nothing about. I am, Sir, your's, &c.

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

THOUGHTS ON CALUMNY.

CALUMNY may be defined a false, injurious detraction from the character of any person, either in speech or writing. The most abandoned and sordid minds have the least abhorrence of Calumny. He who is but moderately wicked, durst not venture upon it; he who has but a spark of ingenuity in his temper, disdains it. One asked a Spartan whether his sword was sharp? He answered, "Sharper than Calumny."

The Calumniator is a general Misanthropist, he spares no age, order, nor sex. He is a general calamity, and wants power, not will, to be the Phaeton of the world. He wishes the destruction of the human race, but the best and most useful men are his principal objects; for he that aims at the overthrow of a building, will bend his strength against the pillars.

United measures for the public good give the Calumniator nothing but torment, and he will stick at nothing to break the connection—he cannot bear to see individuals happy; and, if he knows two of kindred souls, he is restless, until, by secret arts and insinuations, he breaks the sacred bands, and separates Lælius from Scipio, Pylades from Orestes.

Calumny is one of those evils, which, for reasons infinitely wise, God has permitted in every age of the world, and the greatest, the wisest, the best of men, have suffered by Calumny.

Moses, though meek to a proverb, was calumniated by his own brother and sister.

Socrates, among the Greeks, lost his life by Calumny.

Calumny banished Rutilius from Old Rome, and Calumny deposed Lord Somers, the greatest, the best Chancellor that had ever been in England.

If Calumny, then, be so pernicious to human society, if it be a vice in its nature so detestable, why is it not every where ranked in the first class, and an adequate punishment provided by all legislatures? It has been seen in different lights by different states, and in different ages. Among the Athenians, the Calumniator was only subject to a pecuniary mulct.

The Romans branded him on the forehead.

In some of the present governments in Europe, Calumny is a capital offence. A delicate sense of honour had made duelling as frequent as libelling and Calumny; and the only way to prevent the former, was effectually to suppress the latter.

In some other governments and their dependencies, Calumny seems to be tolerated. Is it because it prevails like a torrent, and that it would break through all banks made to stop it? or, are the people less sensible of its stings, or have they more virtue to bear them? Possibly false notions of liberty may be the true cause.

In such a government, how shall Calumny be avoided? Where shall protection be found? Where shall the injured seek redress? If Calumny may sometimes lose its force by being neglected, the Calumniator generally discovers his malicious wicked intention, by innuendoes and words which need an interpreter. Avoid, therefore, applying the Calumny to yourself, although you are sure it was designed for you.

For protection, innocence, one would think, should prove a complete coat of mail to resist the darts of Calumny. I remember a saying of Cicero, "as fire cast into water is forthwith extinguished, so is calumny when cast upon a good life." I wish this had been as truly as it was elegantly said.

Innocence oftentimes provokes Envy, the parent of Calumny; and the most perfect character is liable to wounds, the scars of which are never wholly effaced: even innocence will not wholly free a tender mind from a sense of Calumny. Patience must accompany Innocence, and that which is inevitable must be borne with tranquillity and fortitude.

H.

ANECDOTE OF
SHENSTONE.

SHENSTONE was one day walking through his romantic retreats, in company with his Delia (her real name was Wilmot); they were going towards the bower which he made sacred to the ashes of Thomson, our harmonious countryman. "Would to heaven (said Shenstone, pointing to the trees), that Delia could be happy in the midst of these rustic avenues!"—He would have gone on, but was interrupted. A person rushed out of a thicket, and presenting a pistol to his breast, demanded his money. Shenstone was surprised, and Delia fainted. "Money (says he) is not worth struggling for.—You cannot be poorer than I am.—Unhappy man (says he, throwing him his purse) take it, and fly as quick as possible." The man did so. He threw his pistol into the water, and in a moment disappeared. Shenstone ordered the footboy, who followed behind them, to pursue the robber at a distance, and observe whither he went. In two hours time the boy returned, and informed his master, that he followed him to Hales-Owen, where he lived: that he went to the very door of his house, and peeped through the key-hole; that as soon as the man entered, he threw the purse on the ground, and addressing himself to his wife, "Take (says he) the dear-bought price of my honesty;"—then, taking two of his children, one on each knee, he said to them, "I have ruined my soul, to keep you from starving;" and immediately burst into a flood of tears. You know how this tale of distress would affect Shenstone. He enquired after the man's character, and found that he was a labourer, honest and industrious, but oppressed by want and a numerous family. He went

to his house, where the man kneeled down at his feet, and implored mercy. Shenstone carried him home, to assist at the buildings and other improvements which made himself so poor; and, I am told, when Shenstone died, that this labourer wet his grave with the true tears of gratitude.

See by this, how easily an evil action may come from a good principle. I am persuaded there are many honest men who suffer death without deserving it; and so, probably, would this man too, had he robbed any other than the benevolent Shenstone.

—Immortal benevolence! the richest gem that adorns the human soul! Without thee, kings are poor; and, in thy possession, the beggar is immensely rich!

In vain we crown the conqueror with laurels, and the slayer of thousands with immortality. The *real* hero is seldom found in the field; he lives peaceful and retired, in the calm walks of private life.

J. S.

ESSAY ON FRIENDSHIP.

WRITTEN BY THE LATE DOCTOR GOLDSMITH.

[NEVER PUBLISHED IN HIS WORKS.]

THERE are few subjects which have been more written upon, and less understood, than that of Friendship; to follow the dictates of some, this virtue, instead of being the assuager of pain, becomes the source of every inconvenience. Such speculatists, by expecting too much from Friendship, dissolve the connection, and by drawing the bands too closely, at length break them. Almost all our romance and novel writers are of this kind; they persuade us to Friendship, which we find impossible to sustain to the last; so that this sweetener of life under proper regulations, is by their means rendered inaccessible or uneasy. It is certain, the best method to cultivate this virtue is by letting it, in some measure, make itself; a similitude of minds, or studies, and even sometimes a diversity of pursuits, will produce all the pleasures that arise from it. The current of tenderness widens as it proceeds; and two men imperceptibly find their hearts warm with good nature for each other, when they were at first only in pursuit of mirth or relaxation.

Friendship is like a debt of honour; the moment it is talked of, it loses its real name, and assumes the more ungrateful form of obligation. From hence we find, that those who regularly undertake to cultivate Friendship find ingratitude generally repays their endeavours. That circle of beings which dependance gathers round us is almost ever unfriendly; they secretly wish the term of their connections more nearly equal; and, where they even have the most virtue, are prepared to reserve all their affections for their patron, only in the hour of his decline. Increasing the obligations which are laid upon such minds only increases their burthen; they feel them-

selves unable to pay the immensity of their debt, and their bankrupt hearts are taught a latent resentment at the hand that is stretched out with offers of service and relief.

Plautinus was a man who thought that every good was to be bought from riches; and as he was possessed of great wealth, and had a mind naturally formed for virtue, he resolved to gather a circle of the best men round him. Among the number of his dependants was Musidorus, with a mind just as fond of virtue, yet not less proud than his patron. His circumstances, however, were such as forced him to stoop to the good offices of his superior, and he saw himself daily among a number of others loaded with benefits and protestations of friendship. These, in the usual course of the world, he thought it prudent to accept; but, while he gave his esteem, he could not give his heart. A want of affection breaks out in the most trifling instances, and Plautinus had skill enough to observe the minutest actions of the man he wished to make his friend. In these he ever found his aim disappointed; for Musidorus claimed an exchange of hearts, which Plautinus, solicited by a variety of other claims, could never think of bestowing.

It may be easily supposed, that the reserve of our poor proud man was soon construed into ingratitude; and such indeed in the common acceptance of the world it was. Wherever Musidorus appeared, he was remarked as the ungrateful man; he had accepted favours, it was said, and still had the insolence to pretend to independence. The event, however, justified his conduct. Plautinus, by misplaced liberality, at length became poor, and it was then that Musidorus first thought of making a friend of him. He flew to the man of fallen fortune, with an offer of all he had; wrought under his direction with assiduity; and, by uniting their talents, both were at length placed in that state of life from which one of them had formerly fallen.

To this story, taken from modern life, I shall add one more, taken from a Greek writer of antiquity:—"Two Jewish soldiers, in the time of Vespasian, had made many campaigns together, and a participation of danger at length bred an union of hearts. They were remarked throughout the whole army, as the two friendly brothers: they felt and fought for each other. Their friendship might have continued without interruption till death, had not the good fortune of the one alarmed the pride of the other, which was in his promotion to be a Centurion under the famous John, who headed a particular party of the Jewish malecontents. From this moment their former love was converted into the most inveterate enmity. They attached themselves to opposite factions, and sought each other's lives in the conflict of adverse party. In this manner they continued for more than two years, vowing mutual revenge, and animated with an unconquerable spirit of aversion. At length, however, that party of the Jews to which the mean soldier belonged joined with the Romans, it became victorious, and drove John, with all his adherents, into the Temple. History has given us more than one picture of the dreadful conflagration of that superb edifice. The Roman soldiers were gathered round it; the whole temple was in flames, and thousands were

seen amidst them, within its sacred circuit. It was in this situation of things that the now successful soldier saw his former friend, upon the battlements of the highest tower, looking round with horror, and just ready to be consumed with flames. All his former tenderness now returned; he saw the man of his bosom just going to perish; and, unable to withstand the impulse, he ran spreading his arms, and crying out to his friend, to leap down from the top, and find safety with him. The Centurion (from above) heard and obeyed, and, casting himself from the top of the tower into his fellow-soldier's arms, both fell a sacrifice on the spot; one being crushed to death by the weight of his companion, and the other dashed to pieces by the greatness of his fall."

SPIRITED CONDUCT OF
A MAYOR OF ARUNDEL.

A FEW months before the abdication of James II. Lord Chancellor Jeffries, of detested memory, went to Arundel in Sussex, in order to influence an election. He took his residence at the castle, and went the day fixed for the election to the town-hall, where Mr. Peckham, who was then Mayor of Arundel, held his court. Jeffries had the impudence to shew his detested face there: the Mayor ordered him to withdraw immediately; and, in case of refusal, threatened to have him committed. "You," said he, "who ought to be the guardian of our laws, and of our sacred constitution, shall not so audaciously violate them. This is my court, and my jurisdiction here is above your's." Jeffries, who was not willing to perplex still more the King's affairs, and to enrage the populace, retired immediately. The next morning he invited Peckham to breakfast with him, which he accepted; but he had the courage to scorn to take a place, which the merciless executioner offered him. [*Taken from the Records of the Town of ARUNDEL.*]

ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM THE THIRD.

LORD Molesworth, who had been Ambassador at the Court of Copenhagen, published, at the end of the last century, an esteemed work, entitled, "*An Account of Denmark.*" This writer spoke of the arbitrary government of that kingdom, with that freedom which the liberty of England inspired. The king of Denmark then reigning was offended at some reflections of the author, and ordered his minister to complain of them to William III. king of England. "What would you have me do?" said William. "Sire," replied the Danish minister, "if you had complained to the king, my master, of such an offence, he would have sent you the head of the author." "That is what I neither will nor can do," replied the king; "but if you desire it, the author shall put what you have told me into the second edition of his work."

HISTORY OF MASONRY.

[Continued from Page 84.]

[Year of the Flood 1374, **T**HE division of Solomon's dominions before Christ 974.] into the kingdoms of Israel and Judah, did not much affect the Fraternity, or disturb their lodges: for Jeroboam ordered them to build him two palaces, the one at Sichem, and the other at Penuel; and also to erect two statues of the golden calves, with temples for their worship, the one in Bethel, and the other in Dan, which were worshipped by the Israelites, till they were carried away by Shalmaneser and Tiglath-Pileser. King Baasha built Tirzah for his palace; and King Omri built Samaria for his capital; where his son, King Ahab, built a sumptuous temple for his idol Baal, afterward destroyed by King Jehu; and a palace of ivory, beside many castles and fenced cities.

Solomon's successors on the throne of Judah succeeded him also in the Grand Master's chair, or deputed the high-priest to preserve the royal art. Their care of the temple, with the many buildings they raised, are mentioned in holy writ down to Josiah the last good king of Judah. The masons formed in his school, and who traveled, improved the Gentiles beyond expression: thus the Syrians adorned Damascus with a lofty temple and a royal palace. Those of Lesser Asia became excellent workmen; particularly at Sardis; in Lydia, and along the sea coasts in the mercantile cities, as at Ephesus.

There the old temple of Diana, built by some Japhetites, about the days of Moses, being burnt down about 34 years after Solomon's death; the kings of Lesser Asia refounded and adorned it with 127 columns of the best marble, each 60 feet high, of which 36 were of the most noble sculpture; under the direction of Oresiphon and Archiphron, the disciples of Solomon's travellers: but it was not finished till after 220 years, in the seventh year of Hezekiah king of Judah, under the direction of the grand Ephesian masters in this royal craft, Demetrius and Polonius. [A. M. 3283.]

This temple was of the Ionic order, in length 425 feet, and in breadth 220 feet, with a duly proportioned height; so magnificent, so admirable a fabric, that it became the third of the seven wonders of art; the charming mistress of Lesser Asia, which even Xerxes, the avowed enemy of image worship, left standing, while he burnt all the other temples in his way to Greece. [A. M. 3680.] At last it was burnt down by a vile fellow merely for the infamous ambition of being talked of in after-ages (whose name, therefore, shall not be mentioned here), on the birth-day of Alexander the Great; after it had stood 365 years: when it was jocosely said, the goddess was so deeply engaged at the birth of her hero in Pella of Macedonia, that she had no leisure to save her temple at Ephesus! It was rebuilt

by the architect Denocrates, at the expence of the neighbouring princes and states.

The Assyrians, ever since Nimrod and Ninus, had cultivated the royal art, especially at their great Nineveh, down to King Pul, to whom Jonah preached; and his son Sardan Pul, the mean and effeminate Sardanapalus, who was besieged by his brother Tiglath Pul Eser, and his general Nabonassar; till he burnt himself with his concubines and treasure in old Nimrod's palace, in the twelfth year of Jotham king of Judah. [A. M. 3257.] The empire was then partitioned between Tiglath Pul Eser, who succeeded in Nineveh, and Nabonassar who established himself in Chaldæa.

Nabonassar, called also Belesis or Baladan, an excellent astronomer and architect, built his new metropolis upon the ruins of a part of old Nimrod's works, near the great old Tower of Babel, then standing; and called it Babylou; which was founded in the first year of the Nabonassarian, or famous astronomical æra: for this city is not noticed by any author before Isaiah, who both mentions its rise, and foretells its ruin.

The science and the art did not only flourish long in eastern Asia to the farthest East Indies; but also before the days of Nebuchadnezzar the Great, we find that Masonry took a western course: for the disciples of Solomon's travellers, by the encouragements of princes and states west of the Assyrian bounds, built, enlarged, and adorned a great number of cities and towns; such as Boristhenes and Sinope in Pontus; Nicomedia, Prusias, and Chalcedon in Bithynia; Bizantium, now Constantinople, Cizicus also, and Lampascus in the Helespont; Abdara in Thrace: also in Greece, Tarentum, Regium, Rome, Ravenna, Grotona, Florence; and many more in Italy; Granada, Malaga, Gades, &c. in Spain; Massilia, and others on the coast of Gaul; Britain being then unknown.

[Before Christ 740.] The Syrians adorned Damascus, by the assistance of Solomon's masons, with a lofty temple, a royal palace, and a public altar of most admirable workmanship; which last so ravished Ahaz, king of Judah, that he caused a model of it to be taken, and sent it to Urijah, the high-priest of Jerusalem; and, upon his return, having removed the altar of the Lord out of its place in the temple, ordered this new altar to be set up in its stead.

After the good Josiah, king of Judah, fighting for his superior Nabopolassar, was slain in the battle of Hadah Kimmon, by Pharaoh Necho, all things went wrong in Judah; for the grand monarch Nebuchadnezzar, first his father's partner, having defeated Necho, made Josiah's son Jehoiakim his vassal; and, for his revolting, he ruined him. At length he captivated all the remaining royal family of Judah, with the flower of the nobles, especially of the more ingenious craftsmen; laid waste the whole land of Israel, burnt and demolished all the fine edifices, and also the inimitable temple of Solomon, after it had been finished and consecrated 416 years. For, on the seventh day of the fifth month, answering to the end of our July, came Nebuzaradan, captain of the guards to the king of Babylon, to Jerusalem, and after having taken out all the sacred vessels, the

two famous pillars that were in the temple, and all the riches that could be found in the king's palace, and the city; he did, pursuant to the command of his master, set both the temple and city on fire, overthrew all the walls and towers belonging thereto, wholly razing it to the ground, till he had effected a thorough desolation!

[Year of the Flood 1778, before Christ 570.] Nebuchadnezzar being now at rest from all his wars, and in full peace at home, applied himself with great industry to the grand design of finishing his buildings at Babylon; and employed therein all the able artists of Judea, and other captives, beside his own Chaldean masons; who, by their joint labour, made it the fourth of the seven wonders of art. *The most famous works therein were the walls of the city, the temple of Belus, in which were placed the brazen sea, the pillars, &c. brought from Jerusalem, the palace and hanging gardens, the river and the artificial lake and canals, made for draining that river. In the magnificence and expence of which works, he much exceeded whatsoever had been done by any king before him; and, excepting the amazing wall of China, nothing has been since attempted that can be placed in competition with them. This splendid grand master also caused to be erected, in the plains of Dura, a golden image of their god Baal, sixty cubits high, and six broad; containing 7000 Attic drachmas of gold, according to Diodorus; which amount to three millions and a half of our money.*

The Medes and Persians had rivalled the Assyrians and Chaldeans in Masonry at Ecbatana, Susiana, Persepolis, and many other fine cities, before they conquered them in war; though they had nothing so large as Nineveh and Babylon, nor so accurate as the temple, and other edifices of Solomon.

The Jewish captives, after Nebuchadnezzar's death, kept themselves at work, and consoled themselves by brotherly communion in regular lodges, until the appointed time of their deliverance. They were thus the more capable at the rebuilding the holy temple and city of Salem upon the old foundations; which was ordered upon the decree of Cyrus, according to God's word, which had foretold his exaltation and that decree. For, Belshazzar being slain, Cyrus, the Persian, soon after removed the imperial seat to Susiana in Persia, and thereby put an end to the Babylonian empire, after it had stood 209 years; and he promised the Israelites great favour, and a speedy restoration to their own land. [A. M. 3468, before Christ 538.]

[Before Christ 707.] The Medes and Persians had much improved in the royal art, and had even out-done the Assyrians in Masonry at Ecbatana; which, being repaired, beautified, and vastly enlarged by Deioces king of the Medes, who reigned there with great wisdom, honour, and prosperity for above fifty years; during which time he constantly employed the Fraternity; and it becoming a great city, he is, for this reason, by the Greeks, esteemed as the founder of it: also Susiana and Persepolis, with many more fine cities, were built before the Persians had overcome the Assyrians and Babylonians in war, where they had shewn admirable skill; but yet

none of these masonical works came up to the accuracy of the temple, and other structures of King Solomon.

[Before Christ 536.] Cyrus, who had been fore-ordained to restore the children of Israel, and to re-build the holy temple at Jerusalem, having founded the Persian empire, issued out his decree for those welcome purposes. He constituted Zerubbabel, the son of Salathiel, his provincial grand master in the land of Judea, the lineal heir of David's royal race, and prince of the reduction, with the high-priest Jeshuah his deputy; under the title of Tirshatha, by immediate commission from him. All the vessels of gold and silver brought to Babylon from Jerusalem, were by this decree ordered to be delivered to Zerubbabel, who carried them back to Jerusalem. The vessels at this time restored, amounted to 5,400: the remainder was brought back by Ezra, in the reign of Artaxerxes Longimanus, many years after: but, before the temple was half finished, Cyrus died, which put a stop to the work.

Cambyses, the successor of Cyrus, neglected the temple; being wholly intent upon the conquest of Egypt, that had revolted under Amasis, the last of Mizraim's race; a learned grand master, for whom the fellow-crafts cut out of a rock an house, all of one stone, 21 cubits long, 12 broad, and 8 deep, the labour of 2000 masons for three years, and brought it safe to Memphis. He built many costly structures, contributed largely to restoring Apollo's temple at Delphi in Greece, and died much lamented, just as Cambyses had reached to Egypt. [A. M. 3478.]

Cambyses conquered the land, and destroyed many temples, palaces, obelisks, and other glorious monuments of the antient Egyptian Masonry, and died on his way home. [A. M. 2482.] The false Smerdis, the Magian, taking advantage of this event, usurped the throne by the name of Artaxerxes, according to Ezra, and stopped the building of the temple; but was soon dethroned, and succeeded by Darius Hystaspes, one of the seven princes that conspired to cut him off. Darius married Artistona the daughter of Cyrus, and confirmed his decree.

[Before Christ 520.] Darius was a prince of wisdom, clemency, and justice; and has the honour to have his name recorded in holy writ for a favourer of God's people, a restorer of his temple, and a promoter of his worship therein. He was blessed with a numerous issue, a long reign, and great prosperity. [A. M. 3489, before Christ 515.] In his sixth year, just twenty years after the founding of the temple, Zerubbabel finished it, and celebrated the cape-stone; and next year its consecration or dedication was solemnized: and though it came far short of Solomon's temple, in extent and decorations, nor had the cloud of glory or divine Shechinah, and the holy reliques of Moses; yet, being reared in the Solomonian style, it was the finest building upon earth.

The Sidonians were as frank and liberal toward this work, as in the days of Hiram; bringing down cedar-planks in abundance from Libanus to the sea-shore, and from thence to the port of Joppa, as they had been ordered first by Cyrus, and after him by Darius.

Here, also, the curious craftsmen held stated and regular lodges, as in the days of Solomon; associated with the master masons, giving lectures, and strictly adhering to good old usages.

In this reign Zoroaster flourished, the Archimagus or grand master of the Magians, who worshipped the sun and fire made by his rays; who became famous every where, called by the Greeks, The Teacher of all human and divine Knowledge: and his disciples were great improvers of the liberal arts, erecting many palaces and temples throughout the empire, and long flourished in eastern Asia, even till the Mahometans prevailed. A remnant of them are scattered in those parts to this day, who retain many of the old usages of the Freemasons, for which they are here mentioned, and not for their religious rites, which we do not interfere with. We leave every brother to liberty of conscience; but strictly charge him carefully to maintain the cement of the lodge, and the three articles of Noah.

Zoroaster was slain by Argasp the Scythian, A. M. 3517; and Darius Hystaspes died in the following year.

Xerxes his son succeeded, who encouraged the Magian Masons, and destroyed all the image temples, except that of Diana at Ephesus, in his way to Greece; with an army of five millions, and ships innumerable.

[Before Christ 510.] Ahasuerus, called Artaxerxes Longimanus, having married the beautiful Jewess, Queen Esther, became a favourer of the Jews. In the third year of his reign, he made a great feast in his palace of Suza; *And the drinking was according to the law, none did compel; for so the king had appointed to all the officers of his house, that they should do according to every man's pleasure* *. He appointed Ezra, the learned scribe, to succeed Zerubbabel in the direction of the craft; who built many synagogues, as well in Jerusalem as in other cities of Judea; and next to him Nehemiah, who built the strong walls of Jerusalem. [Before Christ 455.] He, for that purpose, divided his workmen into classes, or more properly lodges, and assigned to each of them the quarter where they were to work, and their places of refreshment; but reserved to himself the reviewal and direction of the whole, in which he laboured so effectually as to complete the work, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of his enemies, both within and without the walls, to retard his design. While part of the craft were carrying on the building, the other stood to their arms to defend them against any sudden attack: all had their arms at hand, even while they worked, to be ready, at a signal given, to draw together to any part, where the enemy should be discovered approaching to molest them.

[Before Christ 408.] Darius Nothus gave leave to Sanballat, the Horonite, the friend and advocate of the Samaritans, to build a temple upon Mount Gerizim, near Samaria, and so far insinuated himself into the favour of Darius, as to procure the high-priesthood for Manasses, his son-in-law, and brother to Jaddua the high-priest of Jerusalem. This temple stood in splendour, till demolished by John

* Esther i. 8.

Hyrchanus, who levelled the city and temple with the ground; and compelled all the Idumæans to conform to the law of Moses. After Nehemiah, the high-priest of Jerusalem was usually the provincial grand-master of Judea, as well under the Persians as the Greeks and Romans.

Under Darius Ochus, Mausolus king of Caria, in Lesser Asia, died; which accident was rendered famous by the great grief which Artemisia, who was both his sister and his wife, expressed at his loss. [Before Christ 353.] Before she died, she took care for the erecting that famous monument for him at Halicarnassus, which was reckoned the fifth of the seven wonders of the world; and from whence all monuments, of more than ordinary magnificence, are called *mausoleums*. It was in length, from north to south, sixty-three cubits, in circuit 411 feet, and in height 140 feet, surrounded with 136 columns of most admirable sculpture: and the fronts, east and west, had arches seventy-three feet wide, with a pyramid on the side wall, ending in a pointed broach, on which was a coach with four horses of one marble stone. All was performed by the four best masons of the age, Scopas, Leochares, Timotheus, and Briax.

(To be continued.)

DISSERTATIONS ON THE POLITE ARTS.

No. IV.

OF TASTE.

NATURE, having provided for all mankind, has distributed to every man in particular a portion of taste which determines him principally to certain objects. This she has done, by forming the organs in such a manner, as to be attracted by one part of nature rather than by all. Well-formed souls have a general taste for all that is natural, and at the same time have usually a master affection which attaches them to certain objects in particular.

Let it be conceded to us then, that every one has his taste, provided it be for some part of nature. Some may admire the cheerful, others the serious; these love a conceit, and those what is grand and majestic, &c. Such objects are in nature, and increase each others beauties by the contrast. There are some happy geniuses capable of embracing all: they admire the serious in a grave subject, and the comic in a facetious one; they are equally prone to weep at a tragedy as to laugh at a comedy.

There is an *ideal perfection* in Poetry, in Painting, and in all other arts. The mind may conceive a work of nature quite perfect, entirely without a fault, in the same manner as *Plato* has conceived his *Republic*, *Xenophon* his *Monarchy*, and *Cicero* his *Orator*. As this idea might be the fixt point of perfection, the value of all works might be judged by their degree of similitude or unlikeness to this point.

“ *This work has faults:*” such a judgment is in the power of most people to make. But, “ *This work has not all the beauties it is capable of,*” is another, which is reserved only for judges of the first order. We may easily perceive the reason both of the one and the other. To give the first judgment, it suffices to compare the performance with the ordinary ideas which are always with us when we would judge of arts; and which offer us plans, or sketches at least, by which we may find out the principal faults in the execution. But for the second, we must have taken in all the possible extent of art in the subject chosen by the author; a gift scarcely granted to the greatest geniuses.

You have the idea of a perfect tragedy. You have felt the emotions increase at each scene; the stile is noble and elevated. You are attached to the fate of unhappy *Romeo*, you weep for him, you are fond of your grief, and you enjoy your grief. Remember what kind and degree of feeling you have experienced; and it shall for the future be your rule to go by. If another author is happy enough still to add to it, your taste becomes more elevated and more exquisite: and it must be by that degree of perfection that you judge of other tragedies.

Let us try to reach this *ideal beauty*, which must be our supreme law. Let us read the most excellent works of the same kind. We are ravished with the enthusiasm and ecstacy of *Homer*, and with the wisdom and neatness of *Virgil*. *Shakspeare* elevates us with his grandeur, and *Otway* charms us with his sweetness. Let us make a happy mixture of the single qualities of these great Men: thence we shall form an *ideal model* much superior to any one that exists; and this model shall be the sovereign and infallible rule of all our decisions. It was thus the Stoics judged of wisdom by the ideal sage they created; and that *Juvenal* found the greatest poets beneath the idea he had conceived of poetry, by a sentiment which his words could not express:

Qualem nequeo monstrare & sentio tantum.

OF PAINTING.

HAVING in the forgoing Dissertations spoken of all the *Polite Arts* taken together, we shall now treat of them separately. And first of Painting.

Poetry and Painting have so exact a resemblance to one another, that to treat of them both at the same time, we should have nothing to do but to put poetry, fable, and versification, in the room of painting, design, and colouring. It is the same genius that creates in one and the other: the same taste that directs the Artists in the choice, disposition, and assortment of the great and little parts: that makes the groups and contrast; that lays on and adapts the colours: in a word; that regulates the composition, design, and colouring. We shall afterwards speak more largely of poetry: so that we shall here say only a word or two concerning the methods painting takes, in imitating and expressing nature.

Supposing the ideal painting has been conceived according to rules in the painter's imagination: his first operation to express and pro-

duce it, is the *Sketch*: this is what begins to give a real being, and independent of the mind, to the object he is about to paint; and this gives him the bounds he is to observe: it is called the *Design*.

The second operation is, to place the lights and shades, to give objects their proper jutting, roundness, and relieve; to connect, detach them from the plan, to draw them near, or to lengthen them from the spectators. This is the *Clair-Obscure*. The third, is to lay on the colours, such colours as those objects have in nature, to blend, to shade, and weaken them as there is occasion, in order to make them appear natural: this is called *Colouring*. These are the three Rules of picturesque expression:

OF MUSIC AND DANCING.

MUSIC had formerly a much greater compass than it has at present. It gave graces to all kinds of sounds and gestures: it took in singing, dancing, versification and declamation: *ars decōris in vocibus & motibus*. But since versification and dancing have formed two separate arts, and declamation, abandoned to itself, is no longer an art, music properly speaking is reduced simply to what we call tune; that is, the science of sounds.

This distinction nevertheless coming rather from the artists than from the arts themselves, which have been always closely connected with one another, we will here speak of music and dancing without separating them. The mutual comparison we shall make of one with the other, will help to make us the better acquainted with them: they will bestow light upon each other in this account, as they give beauty to each other on the stage.

Men have three ways of expressing their ideas and sentiments; words, tone of voice, and gesture. We understand by gesture, the exterior motions and attitudes of the body: *Gestus*, says *Cicero*, est *conformatio quædam & figura totius oris & corporis*.

I have named words first, because they are in possession of the first rank; and that men commonly give most attention to them. Nevertheless, the tone of voice and gesture have several advantages over them: their use is much more natural: we have recourse to them when words fail us; they are also more extended: they are universal interpreters which follow us to every part of the world, they make us intelligible to the most barbarous nations, and even to animals. In short, they are consecrated in an especial manner to our sentiments. Speech *instructs* and *convince*s us; it is the organ of reason; but the tone and gesture are those of the heart; they *move*, *win*, and *persuade*. Speech expresses passion only by means of ideas, to which sentiments are affixed, and as if by reflection. The tone and gesture go directly to the heart. Speech expresses passions by naming them: if we say, I love you or I hate you, and do not join some gesture and tone to the words, we rather express an idea than a sentiment.

The finest speech in the character of *Juliet* would have but little effect on our passions, without Mrs. *Merry's* gesture joined to her elegant and moving tone of voice. *Affectus omnes, languescant necesse, nisi voce, vultu, totius propè habitu corporis inardescant.*

In a word, speech is a language of institution, which men have made more distinctly to communicate their ideas: tones and gestures are the dictionary of simple nature; they contain a language which is born with us, and which we make use of to express every thing that relates to the wants and to the preservation of our being; it is short; lively, and emphatical. What a foundation for arts, whose design is to move the soul, is this language; the expressions of which are rather those of human nature itself than of mankind!

Speech, gesture, and tone of voice, have degrees, or they answer to the three kinds of arts mentioned in the first chapter. In the first degree, they express simple nature, for want alone: this is the genuine picture of our thoughts and sentiments: such is, or ought to be, our conversation. In the second degree, nature is polished by the help of art to add pleasure to utility: they chuse with some care, but with restraint and modesty, the most proper and agreeable words, tones, and gestures: this is oratory. In the third, they have nothing but pleasure in view: these three expressions have not only all their natural grace and force, but also all the perfection that art can add to them, we mean measure, motion, modulation, and harmony; and this is versification, music, and dancing, which are the greatest possible perfection of words, tones of voice, and gestures.

DESIGN AND RULES OF MUSIC.

If I were to own that I could not be pleased at a discourse I did not understand, my confession would have nothing singular in it. But were I to say the same thing of a piece of music, a Musician might ask me, if I thought myself connoisseur enough to enter into the merit of a piece of music that has been worked up with the greatest care? and I would venture to reply; Yes, for the business of music is to *move*. I do not pretend to calculate sounds: I speak not of vibration of cords, nor of mathematical proportion. I abandon to *theorists* these speculations, which are only like the nice grammatical or dialectical parts of a discourse, whose merits I can feel without entering into the discussion. Music speaks to me in tones: the language is natural to me; if I don't understand it, art has corrupted nature, rather than mended it. Music should be judged in the same manner as a picture. I see strokes and colours in it whose meaning I understand; it strikes, it touches me. What would be said of a painter, who should content himself with laying on his canvas a parcel of bold strokes and a heap of the most lively colours, without any sort of resemblance to any known object. The application is very naturally made to music. There is no sort of disparity, or if there is, it strengthens my proof. The ear, say they, is much more delicate than the eye. Then I am more capable to judge of a piece of music than of a picture.

I appeal to the composer himself, which are the parts he approves of most, which he is most fond of, and to which he is continually recurring with a sort of secret pleasure? Are they not those where his music (if we may so say) is speaking, where it has a clear meaning, without obscurity, and without equivocation?

Let then the profound musician applaud himself, if he will, for having, by a mathematical concord, conciliated sounds that seemed to have the utmost antipathy to each other; if they signify nothing, I shall compare them with those gestures of our *British* orators, which are only signs of life; or to those artificial verses, which are only *metred noise*.

It is true, I cannot tell why I am pleased with a fine piece of music, but what signifies that? If I feel, it matters not whether I express my sensation by words or otherwise:

Causa latet, vis est notissima.

The heart has its understanding independent of words; and when it is once touched it has comprehended all. Moreover, as there are great things which words cannot reach, there are also delicate ones which words are as little capable of expressing. This is very manifest, in what we are speaking of.

Let us declare then that music, the best calculated in all its tones, the most geometric in its concords, if it should happen that, with these qualities, it had no signification or meaning, we could compare to nothing but a prism, which presents the most beautiful colours and forms no sort of picture.

The first merit of music, dancing, and eloquence, is to be conspicuous. *Prima virtus perspicuius*. What does it signify to me, that there is a beautiful edifice in that pleasant valley, if it is obscured with night and darkness. We do not expect a meaning from each of them in particular: but they ought each of them to contribute towards one. If it is not a period, let it be a limb, a word, a syllable. Every tone, every modulation, every step, ought to lead to a sentiment, or to give us one.

2d, The expressions ought to be *just*. It is the same in sentiments as in colours: a *demi-tint* degrades them, makes them change their nature, or renders them equivocal.

3d, They ought to be *lively, fine, and delicate*. Every body is acquainted with the passions to a certain degree. When a man paints them no farther than that, he has only the merit of an historian, of a servile imitator. We must go farther if we would seek for beautiful nature. There are for music and dancing, as well as for painting, beauties which artists call light and transitory; fine strokes that fall in the ecstasy of passion, sighs, tender accents, and inclinations of the head. These are the touches that warm, awaken, and animate the mind.

4th, They ought to be *easy and simple*, all that looks like constraint, gives pain, and fatigues us. Whoever looks on or hears, is the unison of him that speaks or acts: and it is not with impunity that we are spectators of his pain or trouble.

5th, Lastly, the expressions ought to be *new*, especially in music. *Est natura hominum novitatis avida*. There is no art where the taste is more greedy and more haughty: *judiciam auriam superbissimum*. The reason of this, no doubt, is our facility in taking the impression of sounds; *naturâ ad numeros ducimur*. As the ear carries the sentiment to the heart, in all its force, a second impression is almost use-

less, and leaves our souls inactive and indifferent. From thence seems the necessity of continually varying the modes, the motions, and the passions.

(To be continued.)

LETTERS FROM
BARON BIELFELD.

[Continued from our last, Page 131.]

To Baron Von St. *** at Hamburg.

LETTER I.

PREPARATORY TO THE INITIATION OF THE LATE KING OF PRUSSIA
INTO MASONRY.

From my Domicil, July 20, 1738.

MOST VENERABLE MASTER,

YOU behave toward me, not as a brother, but as a father mason. You are desirous that I should participate of the glory of receiving the Prince Royal of Prussia into our order. I am fully sensible of the high value of this favour, and am ready to accompany you to Brunswick, and there to regulate the reception. It appears, by the letter of the count of Lippe Buckebourg, that the idea of becoming a Freemason struck that great prince in a manner very singular. You cannot but admire, most venerable, the concatenation of uncommon events. It was necessary that the king of Prussia should come with a numerous retinue to Loo, to visit the Prince of Orange; that he should be accompanied by the Prince Royal; that at table the conversation should turn on Freemasonry; that the king should speak of it disadvantageously; that Count Lippe should undertake its defence; that he should not be dazzled by the authority of majesty; but that with a noble freedom he should avow himself to be a Freemason; that, on going out from the entertainment, the Prince Royal should express to him in confidence, a desire of becoming a member of that Society, and that he should wish his reception to be at Brunswick, where the king his father had resolved to go, and where the concourse of strangers of every sort, during the approaching fair, would give less suspicion of the arrival of the brother masons who are invited to come there to form a lodge for that purpose; that Count Lippe should address himself, Sir, to you, to procure to our order this glorious acquisition, and that your friendship should induce you to remember me, that I also might be of the party. Behold, most venerable, a series of remarkable incidents, which make me prophecy a favourable issue to this enterprise. You know that my present station is displeasing, and my country irksome to me. I resemble one of those plants which are nothing worth if not transplanted. At Hamburg I shall, at most, run up to seed

and perish. Perhaps the Great Disposer of the universe will give me a better fortune, and will lay the foundations of it at Brunswick. I am preparing all things for my journey. For the rest I know perfectly well how necessary it is to observe a profound silence, with regard to an expedition of so much delicacy. Do me the justice to believe me to be, with all the zeal, and all the attachment of a mason, &c.

LETTER II.

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE INITIATION.

Brunswick, August 24, 1738.

YOUR villanous fever, my most dear brother, appears to me more insolent than that of the princess Urania. It has not only attacked you in the flower of your days, but has laid this snare for you at a period that might have influenced all the remainder of your life. It has deprived you of the glory and the advantage of having assisted at the reception of the Prince Rôyal of Prussia, and of there performing the office of overseer, to which you was appointed. How unfortunate! "Turn out then, whatever may be said of your rich apartment, this villanous fever," and be radically cured against our return. We do not expect to make any long stay at Brunswick, because there is here one crowned head too many, who might discover that we have received the prince his son into our order, and, in his ill-humour, might be wanting in respect to the most venerable.

In the mean time, my dear brother, I shall acquit myself of my promise, and here employ the first moments of my leisure, in giving you an exact account of our journey and success.

We left Hamburgh, Baron O——, Baron L——, and myself, the tenth of August, and arrived the next evening at the gates of Brunswick. The officers of the customs began to examine our baggage. This authoritative ceremony put us into a great consternation. Judge of our embarrassment. We had with us a large trunk, filled with the furniture, insignia, and instruments necessary for holding a lodge. All these might be deemed contraband, notwithstanding the privilege of the fair. We held a council instantly. If the officer should persist in opening the trunk, there was nothing to be done but to declare ourselves conjurers or mountebanks. But we were soon eased of our fears; for by virtue of a ducat which I slipt into the officer's hand, he declared that we were persons of quality, and incapable of defrauding the customs.

We took up our quarters at the *Hotel of Corn*: it is the principal inn of the town; any where else it would be reckoned a tolerable good alehouse. Count L——, Count K——, and Baron A—— of Hanover, arrived there almost at the same instant, and joined us the same night. Rabon, valet de chambre to M. O——, and a good mason, was appointed to do the duty of a tiler, and acquitted himself to a miracle.

The next morning the caunons of the rampart declared the arrival of the king of Prussia and his train. The presence of a crowned

head, and the affluence of all sorts of strangers, which the fair has brought to Brunswick, makes the town appear highly animated. We agreed that none of us should appear at court, except Count L—, whom we deputed to the Prince Royal to receive his orders, relative to the day, the hour, and place of his reception. H. R. H. appointed the night between the 14th and 15th, and chose it should be in our apartment, which was in fact very spacious, and quite convenient for the business. There was only one inconvenience, which was the vicinity of M. W—, who lived in the apartment adjoining to our anti-chamber, and was separated from it only by a thin partition. He might, therefore, have heard all, and told all. This reflexion alarmed us; but as our Hanoverian brethren knew the hour at which he was wont to drown, as the song says, his sorrowful reason in wine, we seized his foible; we attacked him, by turns, after dinner; and, being prepared to encounter with him at chinking of glasses, we left him toward night so fast, that he would have slept by the side of a battery; and the Thyrsus of Bacchus served us, on this occasion, as effectually as could have done the finger of the god Harpocrates.

On the 14th the whole day was spent in preparations for the lodge; and a little after midnight we saw arrive the Prince Royal, accompanied by Count W—, captain in the king's regiment at Potsdam. The prince presented this gentleman as a candidate whom he recommended; and whose reception he wished immediately to succeed his own. He desired us likewise to omit in his reception not any one rigorous ceremony, that was used in similar cases; to grant him no indulgence whatever; but gave us leave, on this occasion, to treat him merely as a private person. In a word, he was received with all the usual and requisite formalities. I admired his intrepidity, the serenity of his countenance, and his graceful deportment, even in the most critical moments. I had prepared a short address, of which he testified his approbation. After the two receptions, we proceeded to our work. He appeared highly delighted, and acquitted himself with as much dexterity as discernment.

I do assure you, my dear brother, that I have conceived very great expectations from this prince. He is not of a remarkable stature; and would not have been chosen to have ruled in the place of Saul; but when we consider the strength and beauty of his genius, we cannot but desire, for the prosperity of the people, to see him fill the throne of Prussia. His features are highly pleasing, with a sprightly look and a noble air; and it depends altogether on himself to appear perfectly engaging. A petit maitre of Paris would not perhaps admire his frizure; his hair, however, is of a bright brown carelessly curled, but well adapted to his countenance. His large blue eyes have at once something severe, soft and gracious. I was surprised to find in him so youthful an air*. His behaviour, in every respect, is that of a person of exalted rank, and he is the most polite man in all that kingdom over which he is born to rule. He

* The Prince was, at this time, in his twenty-seventh year.

He gave T. V. Master B. von O * * * the most delicate and flattering instances of regard. I say nothing of his moral qualities: it would be difficult to discern them at one interview; but I protest to you, that there was no part of his conversation which did not mark great dignity of mind, and the utmost benevolence of temper: and, for the truth of this, I appeal to the public voice.

All was finished soon after four in the morning: the prince returned to the duke's palace; and, in all appearance, as well satisfied with us, as we were charmed with him. I hastened to bed, completely fatigued with the business of this fair day*.

We shall send to day, to receive from our most illustrious brother orders relative to our return. To-night we shall go to the Italian Opera, which they say is a very fine one; and to-morrow, I believe, we shall set off for Hamburgh, where I hope for the pleasure of embracing you. I am, &c.

LETTER III.

AFTER THE PRINCE'S ACCESSION TO THE THRONE.

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Charlottenburg, June 20, 1740.

THE king has publicly declared himself a Freemason, and a few days since his Majesty held a very illustrious lodge. I made the necessary preparations and acted as principal overseer, the king himself being in the chair. The curiosity of all the court was very strongly excited. We received their highnesses prince William, the Margrave Charles, and the Duke of Holstein, who were all highly charmed with being admitted of our order.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.

1353. **T**O correct the abuses and degeneracy of the English inhabitants, who had migrated to Ireland, and settled there, was a favourite stroke of policy adopted by Edward III. For this purpose he deputed Sir Thomas Rokeley, an English Knight, to assume the reins of government in that kingdom, which he did with an equity and integrity unknown to many of his predecessors. By his own disinterested moderation, he set a noble example to those Lords who had been habituated to pillage and oppress their inferiors. "I am served (said the honest Englishman) without parade or splendour; but let my dishes be wooden, rather than my creditors unpaid."

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nothing more considerable for its immediate cause than the pride of O'Neal, who demanded that his enemy should recognize his authority by paying tribute. The laconic state with which the demand was made and rejected, would deserve to be admired in a nobler contest. "*Send me tribute, or else—*" was the message of O'Neal. The answer was expressed with the same Princely brevity. "*I owe you none—and if—*"

1563. The Earl of Desmond, a fierce and powerful Chieftain, made encroachments upon the possessions of the Earl of Ormond. Ormond collected his followers, and repelled his outrage. Their petty war ended in the defeat of Desmond, who was wounded and made a prisoner. As the Ormondians conveyed him from the field, stretched on a bier, his supporters exclaimed, with a natural triumph; "Where is now the great Lord of Desmond!"—"Where," replied Desmond, with an unyielding spirit, "but in his proper place?—still upon the necks of the Butlers."

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1642. In the insurrection which happened in Ireland at this time orders were given to the Earl of Ormond and Sir James Coote, who commanded the King's troops there, to pillage, burn, and destroy the countries of the rebels. Coote executed these orders rigorously; Ormond with more humanity and prudence, yet with a severity sufficient to afford the rebel leaders a pretence of complaint. Lord Gormanston (a rebel chief) remonstrated by letter against his proceedings: if continued, he threatened Ormond, that his wife and children should answer for it. The reply of Ormond to this threat is worthy to be recorded. He wrote to Gormanston, reproached him with his disloyalty, vindicated himself, and declared his resolution of prosecuting the rebels at the hazard of every thing dear to him, in pursuance of his King's command. "My wife and children (said he) are in your power. Should they receive any injury from men, I shall never revenge it on women and children. This would be not only base and unchristian, but infinitely beneath the value at which I rate my wife and children."

1671. The attempt of the infamous assassin, Blood, upon the life of the great Duke of Ormond, in the time of Charles the Second,

was suspected to have been contrived by the Duke of Buckingham. Ormond himself overlooked it; but his son, the young Earl of Ossory, who was warm, brave, and spirited, did not preserve so cool a temper upon the occasion. While Buckingham was standing behind the King, this young Earl advanced to him with a stern aspect, "My Lord (said he, in a low and sullen voice) I well know that you was at the bottom of the late attempt of Blood. Take notice: should my father come to an untimely or violent death, I shall consider you as the assassin: I shall pistol you, though you stood behind the King: I tell it you in his Majesty's presence, that you may be sure I shall keep my word."

Although the life of Ormond escaped, yet his enemies continued indefatigable in destroying his reputation; and though all the charges brought against him proved, on examination, to be frivolous, yet the King was obliged to treat him with a mortifying coldness. Such unworthy treatment could neither humble nor provoke the Duke. He took his part in council, he attended daily on the King, without concealing his sentiments on public affairs, or betraying his resentment, without intriguing, or flying to any faction for revenge. Even in the drawing-room his virtues and conciliating address attracted a little circle round him of those who were independent of the court. On such an occasion the King, not daring to shew him any civility, was abashed and confounded. On which the profligate Buckingham said to him, "Sir, I wish to know whether it be the Duke of Ormond that is out of favour with your Majesty, or your Majesty with the Duke of Ormond: for, of the two, you seem most out of countenance."

Yet in this state of disgrace Ormond still continued to speak his sentiments freely, nor was he mortified by opposition. He compared himself to an old clock cast into a corner: "and yet (said he) even this rusty machine points sometimes right."—When Col. Cary Dillon solicited his interest in some suit, declaring that he had no friends but God and his grace: "Alas, poor Cary! (replied the Duke) thou couldst not have named two friends of less interest, or less respected at Court."

When Lord Shaftesbury was declared Lord Chancellor, Charles asked the Duke of Ormond his opinion of this measure. "Your Majesty (answered the Duke) hath acted very prudently in committing the seals to Lord Shaftesbury, provided you know how to get them from him again."

After the loss of the battle of the Boyne, King James threw out some ungenerous reflections upon the conduct of his Irish troops on that occasion. This provoked the officers, and they retorted it upon him. They contended that their men, though not animated by a princely leader, had taken no inglorious part; and observed, that while William shared the danger of his army, encouraging them by his presence, by his voice, by his example, James stood at some distance a quiet spectator of the contest for his crown and dignity. They finished with a severe sarcasm: "Exchange Kings (said they) and we will once more fight the battle."

THE UNION OF
LOVE TO GOD AND LOVE TO MAN:
A MASONIC SERMON.

[Concluded from p. 113.]

III. **WE** cannot love God, unless we love our brethren also. The love of God and the love of our brethren do both proceed from the same principle, and the same state of the heart. As, therefore, a fountain cannot send forth both sweet waters and bitter, so, from the heart, there cannot possibly proceed both love to God and hatred to men. A religious principle cannot be divided by its being half good and half bad, or by its having quite opposite and contradictory objects. Our Saviour tells us, that we “cannot serve both God and Mammon;” that is, the bent of the mind cannot be directed to two perfectly opposite objects at the same time: so, he whose heart is false, and is bent on malice and injustice toward his brother, cannot love God. As both duties proceed from the same principle, the one cannot exist separately from the other.

Besides, it requires a less exertion of the spiritual or religious principle, to love our brethren whom we see, than to love God whom we have not seen. We see God, indeed, through the medium of faith, arising from the view of his works and dispensations, and especially from those discoveries which he has made of himself, in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ; and therefore he is altogether without excuse who does not love God: but we see men with our bodily eyes. But the impressions made on the mind, by the strongest acts of faith, are less lively and ardent than those which arise from immediate vision. Therefore, if the religious principle be not so strong as to make us love our fellow men, whom we daily see and converse with, it cannot possibly be in such a degree of strength as to make us love God, whom we see only by the eye of faith. The apostle reasons in this way in the verse immediately preceding the text:—“If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?”

This high authority of one who spoke by the immediate direction of the Spirit of God, may convince us, that the love of God, and the love of man, must always go together; and that he who is void of the one principle, will want the other also.—This declaration of the apostle serves to set the duty of love to our brethren before us in its true and important light. How great pains ought we to take to understand this duty in all its branches! and how careful ought we to be to practise it, since the God of truth hath laid so much stress upon it, in that revelation of the things necessary to salvation, with which he has been graciously pleased to favour us! We ought to consider it with the seriousness due to a matter upon which our salvation itself depends. For, be assured, O man! that without a benevolent and forbearing spirit toward your brother, you cannot love God. With-

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1585. The son of Sorleboy, an old Scottish Chieftain, had rebelled against the English government in Ireland, and was beheaded. An Englishman was found so mean and brutal as to insult the father on the misfortune of his son; and to point exultingly to his head, which was erected on a pole. The brave old Scot viewed the spectacle with a stern composure, and turning to his insulter, with a menacing and indignant aspect. "My son (said he) hath many heads."

1587. The Irish warmly opposed the admission of the English laws into their kingdom. Hence when sheriffs and other officers were proposed to be appointed in the respective counties, they combined against them. When the English deputy intimated to Mac Guire, the Chieftain of Fermanagh, that he intended to send a sheriff into his district, MacGuire answered, with a well-affected simplicity, "Your sheriff shall be welcome: but let me know his erick (value), that if my people should cut off his head, I may levy it upon the country."

1642. In the insurrection which happened in Ireland at this time orders were given to the Earl of Ormond and Sir James Coote, who commanded the King's troops there, to pillage, burn, and destroy the countries of the rebels. Coote executed these orders rigorously; Ormond with more humanity and prudence, yet with a severity sufficient to afford the rebel leaders a pretence of complaint. Lord Gormanston (a rebel chief) remonstrated by letter against his proceedings: if continued, he threatened Ormond, that his wife and children should answer for it. The reply of Ormond to this threat is worthy to be recorded. He wrote to Gormanston, reproached him with his disloyalty, vindicated himself, and declared his resolution of prosecuting the rebels at the hazard of every thing dear to him, in pursuance of his King's command. "My wife and children (said he) are in your power. Should they receive any injury from men, I shall never revenge it on women and children. This would be not only base and unchristian, but infinitely beneath the value at which I rate my wife and children."

1671. The attempt of the infamous assassin, Blood, upon the life of the great Duke of Ormond, in the time of Charles the Second,

was suspected to have been contrived by the Duke of Buckingham. Ormond himself overlooked it; but his son, the young Earl of Ossory, who was warm, brave, and spirited, did not preserve so cool a temper upon the occasion. While Buckingham was standing behind the King, this young Earl advanced to him with a stern aspect, "My Lord (said he, in a low and sullen voice) I well know that you was at the bottom of the late attempt of Blood. Take notice: should my father come to an untimely or violent death, I shall consider you as the assassin: I shall pistol you, though you stood behind the King: I tell it you in his Majesty's presence, that you may be sure I shall keep my word."

Although the life of Ormond escaped, yet his enemies continued indefatigable in destroying his reputation; and though all the charges brought against him proved, on examination, to be frivolous, yet the King was obliged to treat him with a mortifying coldness. Such unworthy treatment could neither humble nor provoke the Duke. He took his part in council, he attended daily on the King, without concealing his sentiments on public affairs, or betraying his resentment, without intriguing, or flying to any faction for revenge. Even in the drawing-room his virtues and conciliating address attracted a little circle round him of those who were independent of the court. On such an occasion the King, not daring to shew him any civility, was abashed and confounded. On which the profligate Buckingham said to him, "Sir, I wish to know whether it be the Duke of Ormond that is out of favour with your Majesty, or your Majesty with the Duke of Ormond: for, of the two, you seem most out of countenance."

Yet in this state of disgrace Ormond still continued to speak his sentiments freely, nor was he mortified by opposition. He compared himself to an old clock cast into a corner: "and yet (said he) even this rusty machine points sometimes right."—When Col. Cary Dillon solicited his interest in some suit, declaring that he had no friends but God and his grace: "Alas, poor Cary! (replied the Duke) thou couldst not have named two friends of less interest, or less respected at Court."

When Lord Shaftesbury was declared Lord Chancellor, Charles asked the Duke of Ormond his opinion of this measure. "Your Majesty (answered the Duke) hath acted very prudently in committing the seals to Lord Shaftesbury, provided you know how to get them from him again."

After the loss of the battle of the Boyne, King James threw out some ungenerous reflections upon the conduct of his Irish troops on that occasion. This provoked the officers, and they retorted it upon him. They contended that their men, though not animated by a princely leader, had taken no inglorious part; and observed, that while William shared the danger of his army, encouraging them by his presence, by his voice, by his example, James stood at some distance a quiet spectator of the contest for his crown and dignity. They finished with a severe sarcasm: "Exchange Kings (said they) and we will once more fight the battle."

THE UNION OF
LOVE TO GOD AND LOVE TO MAN:—
A MASONIC SERMON.

[Concluded from p. 113.]

III. **WE** cannot love God, unless we love our brethren also. The love of God and the love of our brethren do both proceed from the same principle, and the same state of the heart. As, therefore, a fountain cannot send forth both sweet waters and bitter, so, from the heart, there cannot possibly proceed both love to God and hatred to men. A religious principle cannot be divided by its being half good and half bad, or by its having quite opposite and contradictory objects. Our Saviour tells us, that we “cannot serve both God and Mammon;” that is, the bent of the mind cannot be directed to two perfectly opposite objects at the same time: so, he whose heart is false, and is bent on malice and injustice toward his brother, cannot love God. As both duties proceed from the same principle, the one cannot exist separately from the other.

Besides, it requires a less exertion of the spiritual or religious principle, to love our brethren whom we see, than to love God whom we have not seen. We see God, indeed, through the medium of faith, arising from the view of his works and dispensations, and especially from those discoveries which he has made of himself, in the person of our Lord Jesus Christ; and therefore he is altogether without excuse who does not love God: but we see men with our bodily eyes. But the impressions made on the mind, by the strongest acts of faith, are less lively and ardent than those which arise from immediate vision. Therefore, if the religious principle be not so strong as to make us love our fellow men, whom we daily see and converse with, it cannot possibly be in such a degree of strength as to make us love God, whom we see only by the eye of faith. The apostle reasons in this way in the verse immediately preceding the text:—“If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?”

This high authority of one who spoke by the immediate direction of the Spirit of God, may convince us, that the love of God, and the love of man, must always go together; and that he who is void of the one principle, will want the other also.—This declaration of the apostle serves to set the duty of love to our brethren before us in its true and important light. How great pains ought we to take to understand this duty in all its branches! and how careful ought we to be to practise it, since the God of truth hath laid so much stress upon it, in that revelation of the things necessary to salvation, with which he has been graciously pleased to favour us! We ought to consider it with the seriousness due to a matter upon which our salvation itself depends. For, be assured, O man! that without a benevolent and forbearing spirit toward your brother, you cannot love God. With-

out the uniform exercise of candour, and truth, and justice, you have yet to begin a religious life. If you think that you can serve God, and yet hate your brother, you do but deceive yourself. Without a benevolent and forgiving spirit, the love of God cannot dwell in you : and if you do not love God, you have no claim to the blessings of a covenant-relation to him, nor to the hope of eternal life. Therefore, beware of leaving out of your system of religion, that essential article of its true spirit and meaning, without which your pretensions to religion are vain, and without which you cannot be the followers of Christ, and the heirs of his everlasting kingdom.

IV. We shall now make a few practical reflections, with a view to guard you against a narrow selfish spirit, and those evil passions which are an hindrance to the exercise of love to your brethren.—The two great enemies to your salvation; in the case of disobedience to the divine precept to love your brother, without which you cannot love God, are either an interference of worldly interest and ambition, or the indulgence of some malevolent passion for its own sake. Without entering into the consideration of the hateful causes, and the dismal effects, of indulging the malevolent passions, consider seriously, that the season of hatred and discord among contemporary brethren will soon be over. “Brethren,” saith St. Paul, “the time is short. It remaineth that both they that have wives, be as though they had none; and they that weep, as though they wept not; and they that rejoice, as though they rejoiced not; and they that buy, as though they possessed not; and they that use this world, as not abusing it: for the fashion of this world passeth away.” That sable curtain will soon be dropt, which will for ever hide from us those trifles, which, by exciting ambition, covetousness, and malice, are the ground of our present unsocial and injurious treatment of one another.—How small a thing soweth discord among brethren! and they are soon to have no connection with those things about which they quarrel, and injure one another.

We should remember that we have but one short life, in which we can either do good to our brethren, or in which we can enjoy the fruits of our bad treatment of them. We shall not return from the grave, to perform neglected acts of friendship and of gratitude, or to atone for acts of malice and injustice. Neither can the living recall their departed brother, to make apologies to him, or to give him redress for the evil things which they had said of him, and done to him, while he lived. Many there are who would wish to call back the dead to life, that they might treat them better; and therefore, let this be a warning to brethren, to behave to one another with friendship and kindness, before that fast approaching period cometh, which seals up the characters of men, and finishes our probationary works.

As a preventative of your doing actions that are unjust and unmerciful, and of guarding you against all manner of strife and bitterness, keep in mind that state of mortality in which ye are placed, and that awful act of dissolution which ye are soon to undergo, and by which your relation to this world is annihilated. In death, there is no remembrance of feuds and animosities. In the grave, men shall

quarrel no more. There, neither rivals strive to supplant, nor do competitors struggle with one another. There, Cæsar and Pompey have laid aside their variance. There, the clamorous noise and the malignant bustle of contending parties, are hushed into a perfect calm. There, the injurious are locked up in the dark chamber of awful silence, where they shall disturb the peace of others no more. "There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest. There the prisoners rest together; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and great are there; and the servant is free from his master*."

Again, consider that whilst acts of malice and injustice render men like to the evil spirits, who take delight in doing mischief, and in destroying peace and happiness, the exercise of a humane and benevolent mind assimilates you to the glorious angels, who are God's messengers of grace and mercy; and to Jesus Christ, who was the visible pattern of perfect goodness and love; and to God, whose very name is Love, and whose supreme delight it is to communicate happiness to his creatures. Since, by benevolence of spirit, ye do thus become partakers of the divine nature, in the exercise of this amiable spirit must necessarily consist the excellence and the glory of every rational and intelligent being. Benevolence of heart is the very principle of eternal life; and therefore, your hope of the heavenly bliss doth essentially depend upon your feeling and expressing true love to your brethren. "We know," saith the apostle John, "that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren: He that loveth not his brother, abideth in death. Whosoever hateth his brother, is a murderer; and, ye know, that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him †." "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him ‡."

Moreover, consider that it is essential to that true greatness and nobility of soul, which is above the doing of what is inhumane and ungenerous, to think worthily of the dignity of our own nature, or to discern and feel the relation which redeemed creatures bear to the universe at large, and to the immortal spirits. Our designs and principles will be narrow or expanded, according as we view our existence and enjoyments as circumscribed to the uncertain term of a few years, or as consisting of an endless duration. It is not at all wonderful to see a man of deistical principles possessing a narrow and contracted soul, and guided wholly by principles of selfishness: but it is a surprising thing, to see one who professes to have the Christian faith and hopes, confining his views wholly to objects that are seen and mortal, and destitute of a generous and liberal mind.

Hence I contend, that the belief of the Christian doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and of a future state, is essentially necessary to liberality of sentiment and generous actions. What a mighty difference must it make upon men's generosity or narrowness of spirit, to believe that the soul shall perish at death, or that it shall live for

* Job iii. 17—19. † 1 John iii. 14. ‡ 1 John iv. 16.

ever! Could a narrow selfish spirit lodge within us, if we contemplated, with true faith, those distant, but real and great objects, with which we have a connection, and that state of true riches and everlasting glory which is prepared for us in the heavens? Did we consider where we are soon to take up our abode, and what sort of employments we are soon to be engaged in, and with what sort of beings we are soon to associate; how mean and contemptible would *malevolence and strife*, and the operations of a party spirit, appear to us! When the soul is elevated by the contemplation of those amazing scenes which we have yet to pass through, and of the great things of eternity, does it not look down with contempt on the avarice, and selfishness, and malevolence of worldly and little minds? Did we, by true faith and hope, realize our right of citizenship to heaven through grace, we should allow no worldly interest, or sinful passion, to interfere with our blessed hopes; and we should view our brethren of mankind as beings whom we ought to love, because they are designed to be our friends and companions when time shall be no more.

Therefore, cultivate that largeness and generosity of mind, which meditation opens, and which Christianity perfects. Always view your present life in its connection with eternity, that your treatment of one another may be such as becometh redeemed and immortal brethren. Love, and forbear, and assist one another, as it becometh those who are mutual heirs to an everlasting inheritance, and an incorruptible crown. How mean and dishonourable, and how inconsistent with your hopes, must every act of deceit, and injustice, and uncharitableness appear to you, who, by a work of God's heavenly grace, so great as fills with admiration even those glorious hosts who stand in his presence, are called to the hope of being soon associated with "the spirits of just men made perfect, and with Christ the Mediator, and with God the Judge of all."

The love of the brethren being thus a principle of great importance in religion, of importance so great, for the reasons shewn in the foregoing discourse, that there can be no true religion without it, every scheme or institution that can be devised by the wisdom and liberality of the human mind, to promote its influence, must be truly laudable. Commendation is justly due to every attempt to fasten the sweet tie of brotherly kindness and charity among men.

For that reason, a considerable degree of praise is due to the institution of FREEMASONRY, which is founded on principles the most liberal and the most virtuous. Whilst it is designed to be a check to a narrow and selfish spirit, and to lead us to view all men as our brethren, it is at the same time an advocate for that purity of manners, and for that propriety of behaviour in the brethren one towards another and toward all men, which is suitable to the original principle of the institution.

The best things may no doubt be abused in some instances; but the principles of MASONRY, considered in themselves, are so far from having the most distant tendency to hurt either public or private virtue, that, on the contrary, they have a direct and well-contrived tendency to promote both piety toward God, and friendship among

men; two things which, as I have shewn, cannot be separated. No evil design against either the church or the state, or against the peace and good order of families, or of society, ever did, or ever could, arise from the principles of MASONRY.

It is surprising, that an institution coeval with the first rise of society among the human kind, and which none of even its enemies has ever yet been able to shew that it hath a tendency to hurt the morals of mankind, or to disturb the peace and good order of society, should ever have been unpopular in any country, or have met with the public resentment. I can say, with great truth, that the prejudices entertained against it by some, are altogether the effect of their total ignorance of its nature and design.

That relief to distressed objects of every country, and of every religious persuasion, which cometh from the funds of this most ancient of all charitable institutions, ought to be considered as an argument in its favour by all the humane. The charitable funds of the MASONIC SOCIETY are, for the most part, managed with more care, and with a more strict attention to the characters and real necessities of those who apply to them for relief, than perhaps any other charitable funds whatever; which arises not from Masonic Brethren being superior in character and virtue to those gentlemen who manage other charitable funds, but from the mode of distribution and enquiry.

Many worthy noblemen and gentlemen, who have presided in the several degrees of office in the grand lodge of Scotland, can well attest, that a very large sum is disbursed annually and quarterly from their funds, and distributed among the poor of various classes. So great has been the attention of some of those worthy characters to the state of poor and distressed objects, that upon them will come the blessing of the widow and the fatherless, and "of him that was ready to perish!"

AN ADDRESS TO THE
MASON BRETHREN*.

Allow me to address myself, in particular, to you, the Brethren of the GRAND LODGE of SCOTLAND, and the Brethren of the other Lodges of this very ancient and respectable city of Edinburgh, and all those Brethren from the country who have this day assembled with you.

In reflecting upon your most ancient and noble Institution, ye cannot fail to be struck with the great singularity of its having descended, both in its principles and forms, pure and unadulterated, to you, even from the first age of the world. Amidst the successive revolutions of kingdoms, and the alterations of forms of government, and the many changes of laws and customs, MASONRY has always remained the same, except in the case of a few improvements made upon it by the great and the wise King SOLOMON. Its permanency hath arisen from its being built, not upon mutable and perishing circumstances of an exterior nature, but upon some of the best affections of

* This Address was also delivered in St. Andrew's Church, the Brethren all standing during the time it was spoken.

the human heart. Piety towards God, the glorious Master-Builder of the universe, and Love to Mankind, are the two grand immovable Pillars which support the Fabric of MASONRY.

Reflect upon, and imitate, the wisdom and the virtue of those many great and good men of all languages, and tribes, and nations, who gloried in being admitted to the knowledge of your noble Art, and who strove to transmit it pure from age to age. Kings and Nobles, and Priests and Generals, have boasted of being made acquainted with a science, whose object is to exercise and to improve some of the best affections of the human soul. Do ye vie with them in setting honour upon the Craft, and in transmitting it pure as ye have found it, by keeping back from the Door, as well as from the Hall, of Masonry, every thing that is repugnant to its principles.

There is great merit in your having hitherto taken good care that the High Offices in the Grand Lodge of Scotland should be held by none but Noblemen and Gentlemen of very great respectability and worth. It is well known, that the rules of every Society will be more or less strictly observed, and that good order will be better or worse preserved, according to the degree of dignity and virtue which he possesseth who presides over it. Every institution, for whatever purpose it is designed, takes its colour, in some measure, from the character of its Master or President; because it is a part of his office to give admonitions to others, as well as to exemplify the fixed rules and standing orders of the Society. The spirit of the Ruler, in all cases, is, in a certain degree, infused into those whom he directs.

The Office-bearers in every Lodge ought to take good heed to the characters of those whom they admit into the Society; because *an Accepted Mason is held by all Foreigners, as well as by us, to be a term which implies a man of honour and virtue; one who has a right to be admitted into the company of Gentlemen of every description, and of the highest rank.* By granting a man the privilege of being an Accepted Mason, ye do virtually give him a Letter of recommendation to the acquaintance and friendship, and confidence, of a certain number of the most respectable characters that are to be found, in every part of the world. Would it, therefore, be treating them well, to abuse that confidence which they are naturally led to repose in you, by introducing undeserving men to their acquaintance and friendship? I submit to you, whether such an ample and valuable Certificate ought to be granted to any, except those alone, who, upon enquiry, are found to be men of worth and virtue. Unless great attention be given to this particular, not only the Lodge of admission may itself come to suffer in point of character, but injustice may be done to the honour of the Craft in general, and a deceit imposed upon all those Brethren, both at home and abroad, who, trusting to your Attestation, give their hand of fellowship to persons who may be unworthy of their confidence and friendship, and even of being admitted into their company. This is one of the possible abuses of MASONRY, which ought to be carefully guarded against.

The younger part of my Brethren will, I hope, forgive me, while, in the spirit of sincere friendship, I wish to remind them, that they

ought not to consider their admission into a Mason Lodge as being designed to enlarge the circle of mere frolic and dissipation. Let them, on the contrary, view it as laying them under an additional obligation to submit to the rules of decency and propriety, and as a happy mean of forming in them a taste for the delicate and refined moral pleasures of the heart. For that reason, every species of riot and wanton levity, and opposition to the rules of good order and manly behaviour, are perfectly inconsistent with the spirit of Masonry. As that old age is the most agreeable in which we find a certain degree of the cheerfulness and gaiety of youth, so youth appears more amiable, by its having a certain and a well-timed proportion of the gravity and solidity of old age.

Above all, let young men begin early to reverence Truth, which is a qualification indispensably necessary to the existence of friendship among Brethren. Falsehood is inimical to good brotherhood, and to every thing joyous and beneficial to society. A deceitful man is incapable of being a true friend, or a good citizen. Falsehood implies double-mindedness, and hypocrisy, and treachery, and all those vices of the heart whose direct tendency is to mislead and deceive the Sincere and the Upright, and to sow strife and discord among Friends and Brethren. As candour is essential to true friendship, so the want of it implies every thing that is baneful to the pleasures and interests of social life. So long as truth guards the heart, it will be the seat of Virtue and of steady Friendship; but if that guard is once dismissed, the heart is at once laid open to every species of depravity. Accordingly, the first early symptom of a mean and worthless character, in which you can place no confidence, is always that of a want of regard to the sacred law of Truth. Let all men, therefore, and especially the young, as they regard their honour, and happiness, and usefulness in this life, and their hope of being admitted into the New Jerusalem, into which, saith the Holy Spirit, "nothing shall be admittd that maketh a lie:" let them, I say, beware of falsehood, and be always sincere in every thing that they both say and do. Then will all men honour and put trust in them.

Forms and ceremonies are necessary to the being and the preservation of every great institution; but forms are of no value, except in so far as they produce a regard to the spirit or principle of the institution itself. Therefore, use their forms as being only so many handmaids to your feeling the power of the moral and beneficial influence of the art. Strive to make your science subservient to the purpose of strengthening in you pious and charitable dispositions, that these may not only operate at Masonic Meetings, but may give a colour to your whole life. Unless the practice of your art shall produce in you a refined benevolence of soul, and improve the social and charitable dispositions of the heart, not only toward the Brethren of your respective Lodges, but toward all mankind, ye frustrate, with respect to yourselves at least, one main end of the Masonic Institution.

Although your Institution had no higher object than that of an ordinary Social Club, it would stand foremost even in that class of brotherly meetings. Even in that view, ye enjoy the pleasures

flowing from the exercise of the social and benevolent affections, in much greater perfection than other fraternal clubs; because, to conscious innocence, and correct propriety of manners, there is joined, in your case, such ceremonies as tend to promote a sense of the design of your meeting, being that of improving the Temper of Mutual Affection and Brotherly Love. In your case, there are several peculiar circumstances which serve to heighten the hilarity of your social intercourse. But how must it delight you to consider, that while many others are spending their vacant hours in scenes of riot and hurtful dissipation, or in the loose debasing haunts of gross vice, ye are cementing the sweet bonds of friendship to one another, and practising an Art which teaches you how to enliven the prosperity of your friends and neighbours, and how to make the parent's wounded heart to bleed more gently, and how to soften the distresses of the widow and the fatherless, and how to taste every moral pleasure with greater delicacy and sensibility of mind.

As some take offence at your meetings, from their ignorance of the design of them, take good heed to yourselves, that ye may give no just and real cause of being blamed. Walk according to the original and inherent principles of your Art; and then will ye observe that virtuous decency and propriety of manners, both within and out of the Lodge, which will prevent the prejudiced from having any "evil thing to say of you."

In a mixed assembly like yours, three things are more immediately necessary to the existence of true friendship; condescension to inferiors, becoming respect to superiors, and a power of secrecy. We have it declared by a great authority, that "*He who revealeth secrets, separateth chiefest friends.*"

I congratulate you upon your appointing a Sermon to be preached to you on the Anniversary of St. ANDREW, being the day of the Election of your Office-bearers. A discourse on any one of the great principles of Christianity, has always a good effect upon the hearts of the serious; and therefore it is a proper mean of pre-disposing you to discern and to feel the spirit and moral influence of an institution, which has for its immediate object, a reverence for the God of the Universe, and sincere good-will to all your Brethren of mankind.

I shall conclude this charge, which, in the spirit of a sincere concern for the honour and happiness of the Brethren, I have taken the freedom of giving you, in the words of two inspired men: "These six things doth the Lord hate, yea, seven are an abomination unto him: A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood; an heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief, a false witness that telleth lies, and him that soweth discord among brethren*."—"Let Love be without dissimulation: Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good. Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love in honour preferring one another; distributing to the necessity of the Saints, given to hospitality. Bless them who persecute you; bless, and curse not. Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. Be of the same mind one towards another †." AMEN.

* Prov. vi. 16.

† Rom. xii. 9—16.

THE STAGE.

BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

Continued from p. 100.

WITH ev'ry careless grace of sprightly ease,
 Secure, while nature can delight, to please,
 The sportive CARGILL revels o'er the scene,
 Love in her eye and frolic in her mien.
 By no ambitious impulse e'er betray'd,
 And scorning affectation's vain parade,
 She skims along where genius points the way,
 Simple at once and arch, correct and gay.

Where'er the bard a character supplies,
 Which no stiff airs of high-bred art disguise,
 Where the quick graces spring from feelings warm,
 That fire the eyes and animate the form,
 The lovely Syren soars beyond his art,
 And speaks the vivid language of the heart.

Though nature starts at that fantastic rage,
 The vile transform of sexes on the stage,
 Such varying excellence in her we meet,
 As almost sanctions the absurd conceit.

Yet CARGILL throw this dang'rous skill aside,
 And let thy sway o'er man content thy pride;
 Oh! turn not such delusive pow'rs to vex,
 With love's resistless snares, thy hapless sex.

FARREN, with talents that have rais'd her name
 High on the records of theatric fame,
 Of affectation fatally the slave,
 Too oft perverts what bounteous nature gave.
 E'en where a bard has this lov'd folly try'd
 With some *outré* resemblance to deride,
 Too oft her manners far transcend the part,
 And mock the feebler effort of his art.

Yet was she form'd each softer care to move,
 To image tender truth and gen'rous love,
 To bid the sympathizing sorrows flow
 With plaintive charm of mild domestic woe,
 Though from the serious muse she long has stray'd,
 And fondly revels with the comic maid.

'Tis hers to sport with airy ease along,
 And hold the glass to fashion's giddy throng,
 Reflect each foible of the flutt'ring race,
 And paint their virtues with an heighten'd grace.

(To be continued.)

AN IMPROPRIETY IN THE
 CHARACTER OF OTHELLO,
 MOOR OF VENICE.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

A MONG many advantages redounding to the Public from a well-conducted Magazine, that of its occasionally serving for a conveyance of such points of information as do not require the size of a pamphlet, is not, perhaps, the least. In this view, and at the desire of many, I offer here the solution of the question, "How came it that Shakespeare gave to Othello the hue of a downright Black-a-moor?"

Nothing, I presume, more obvious, nor more natural than the origin of this his discolouring that character: an origin, which it may be worth remarking, not only because nothing can well be indifferent that tends to clear up any point relative to that justly admired author, but as it adds one more instance to thousands of notable consequences, and sometimes very great ones both in church and state, from apparently so small a cause as the mistake of a single word.

Shakespeare taking, it seems, the fable of this play from an English translation of one of Cynthio's novels, has followed too implicitly the translator. The word *Mor*, or *Moro*, bears in many of the Southern Countries, Spain, Portugal, Italy, &c. two very different significations; that of a *Moor*, or that of *Chief*. Thus *Commandante Mon* or *Mono* should be rendered *Commandante in Chief*; *Sirviente Mor*, the *Serjeant Major*; *Mor* being in fact an abbreviation of *Major*. Othello was the *Commandant in Chief* at Cyprus, and certainly no *Moor*. Nor by any thing but a few passages in the play itself consequential to that error, is any such idea warranted. Of all the states in Europe, the Venetians were, for obvious reasons, the last that could be suspected of employing in their armies a *Black-a-moor* as a General, or in any quality above that of a Drummer or Trumpeter.

Not that I would here insinuate that such a character was so much out of the common order of nature as not to be endured on the stage. But, in such case, the main of this plot would naturally turn upon so extraordinary an event, as that of a *Moor* so raised, or so trusted. There was a play written expressly on a plan of this kind, by Andres de Claramonte, a Spanish writer, and entitled, *El Negro Valiente in Flandes*, which pleased so much, that he was encouraged to give a *second part*.

That however this solution of mine is not absolutely *new* I have some reason to suspect, not only from its being extremely obvious, but for that some actors, upon a time, hazarded an Othello in his historically proper colour, which was, however, for very good reasons, not well received by the public; as it was offering too great violence to the author's design, which they were bound to respect, even though they might have hit upon the same explanation as I have here attempted.

And to allow but the truth, there appears such a piquancy of singularity in the circumstance of Othello's being represented as a Black, that the public is happily far from being a loser, by a mistake which has been so advantageously repaired by the incomparable genius of a Shakespeare; he has, on this occasion, done by chance what great musicians sometimes do by choice, run into a discord on purpose to shew the power of their art to retrieve it into harmony.

Si non erasset fecerat ille minus.

OID.

AN ADMIRER OF SHAKESPEARE.

ORIENTAL APOLOGUES.

BY WILLIAM BELOE, F. S. A.

THE MAN AND THE GENIE.

A Certain fellow, who had the character of being very ignorant, had the fortune to be married to a wife extremely ugly in her person, and of a most wicked and malignant disposition. The poor man's patience, after a long series of sufferings, was finally exhausted; he often wished for her death, but this was to little purpose. He at length one day bethought himself that he would take her to the sea-shore, and get rid of her at once by throwing her into the ocean.—“Come, my dear,” said he to his wife, “let us go together where our river empties itself into the sea, where we may wash our cloaths.” He took their cloaths upon his back, and together lovingly they went, till they arrived at the beach; whilst she was employed in wetting the cloaths, he watched his opportunity, and with little ceremony tumbled her into the sea; having done this, he thought it but prudent to leave that country, and seek his fortune elsewhere.

As he was one day on his journey a genie appeared to him, of such enormous size, that whilst his feet were on earth, his head reached the clouds: the genie stretching out his arms, seized the poor fellow by the neck, and asked him what kind of death he chose to die. “Sirrah,” said he, “shall I dash you against the rocks, shall I cut you in pieces, or shall I plunge you into the ocean.” “Alas, my Lord,” replied the man, “what fault have I committed?” “What fault?” said the genie, “do you pretend not to know?” “No, Sir,” replied the man, “by your life I do not.” “What, Sir,” answered the genie, “was it not you that threw that vile devil, that abominable old sow, into the sea? did not you pollute the waters of the ocean with her carcase? did you not compel the spirits of the deep to abandon their habitations on account of her pestilential wickedness?” “What,” said the man, “and are you too a runaway from that detestable vixen and beast, my wife?” “I most undoubtedly have done this,” said the genie. “Is it then,” said the man, “just and right to punish me, when a being like you cannot support her presence? if you were unable to bear it, how could I?” “You are in the right,” replied the genie, “I will be your friend, and accompany you in your travels.”

The genie and the man proceeded in their journey together, till they came to a noble city, where a great and magnificent prince reigned, Upon entering the gates, the genie addressed himself to the man, and said, "Suppose I should make you vizier to this prince?" "The vizier!" said the man, "alas, how can that possibly be?" "Yes," said the genie, "I have it in my power, and it shall certainly come to pass; I will transform myself into an enormous serpent with two huge heads; I will then entwine myself round the body of the Sultan's daughter, and if the whole kingdom should rise against me in arms, it will not be in their power to dislodge me; now from personal terror, as well as from affection to his daughter, the sultan will undoubtedly proclaim by a public crier, that whoever will relieve his daughter from the serpent, shall have her for his wife; you then, my friend, shall present yourself disguised as a minister of the law, and offer to relieve the sultan's daughter from her distress: the moment you approach, I will dissolve as melted lead, and disappear."

The man followed the directions of the genie; it was proclaimed by a crier, that whoever would relieve the sultan's daughter from an enormous serpent with two heads, which had entwined itself round her body, should have the princess for his wife. The man disguised himself as a sheik, or minister of the law, went to the palace, presented himself to the sultan, and was introduced into the haram. On entering into the chamber, the first object which presented itself was the poor princess, beautiful as an houri, enclosed in the folds of an enormous serpent: the sultan and the vizier stood at a distance, impatiently expecting the event; in a moment the serpent dropped from the neck of the young woman, dissolved like melted lead, and disappeared. The princess rose, as it were, from the bosom of the grave; the man pronounced certain prayers upon her head; rejoicings began, and before the day was terminated he was betrothed to the princess, and the marriage was consummated. On the day which followed her marriage, the genie appeared to the man in the palace of his father-in-law; on seeing him, the man prostrated himself, and humbly kissed his hand: "Now," said he, my friend, "I have a certain favour in return to request of you." "What may that be?" said the man. "Why," returned the genie, "it is my intention to entwine myself round the vizier's daughter, with whom I am in love; now should you presume to come and relieve her, as you did the daughter of the sultan, depend upon it that I shall cause your death, and that of your new wife, in a moment." "I give you my word," said the man, "that I never will attempt it."

The next day there was a great noise and tumult in the palace and haram of the vizier, and when people enquired what was the matter, they were informed, that the serpent, which had before attacked the daughter of the sultan, had now attacked the daughter of the vizier: "Oh," said the sultan, on hearing this, "that matter may soon be made easy, I have only to direct my son-in-law, the sheik, to appear, and he will immediately relieve her from her affliction."—Messengers soon came to inform the man of what had happened, with the sultan's entreaty, that he would be so good as to go and re-

lieve the daughter of his vizier; and that he would esteem his compliance as a particular favour. "Not I," answered the man, "I wish I may be hanged if I stir an inch." "But for what reason?" exclaimed the messengers, "as this affair cannot possibly be finished without your assistance."

The sultan, being acquainted with what had happened, commanded the man to go without a moment's hesitation. The man again refused to leave his house; the sultan then sent a third messenger to this effect. "My son, if you do not go instantly, and relieve this unfortunate young woman, I will order your head to be brought me; what, is it the daughter of your prince alone that is to be the object of your kindness and generosity?" "Well," said the man, "I am in a fine perplexity truly; if I go to assist the vizier's daughter, I shall be devoured by the genie; if I do not go, I shall be put to death by the sultan." The man however went to the palace of the vizier, was introduced to the woman's apartment, and there beheld the genie, in the form of a serpent, twisted round the body of the miserable young woman. When the genie observed the man advancing towards him, he whispered him in a low voice, "Is this the return you make my friendship?" The man answered him in the same tone, "I am by no means come to oblige you to quit your present situation, but I am come to do you a singular kindness." "What kindness?" said the genie, in anger. "The woman," replied the man, "on whose account both you and I forsook our country, is got out of the sea; she already knows where we are, and is advancing in quest of us: I am only come in a friendly manner to give you notice." As soon as the genie heard this, he changed colour, and discovering great trepidation, whispered in a faltering accent, "where is she, my good fellow?" "She will be here in a moment," said the man. "If that be the case," said he, "brother, adieu, I take my leave of you, I am off." Saying this, he slept off from the vizier's daughter, and was gone in a moment.

THE SULTAN AND HIS VIZIER; OR, THE SULTAN WHO RECEIVED A BLOW.

A CERTAIN prince, who, attended by his vizier, was accustomed to take the rounds of his city, met one evening, at the entrance of a bazar, a person of respectable appearance: the prince politely saluted him. The stranger, who was near the door of his house, returned the salutation, and said, "I entreat you, and the person who is with you, to enter into my house; be so kind, Sir, to accept of a hearty invitation to my supper." The prince and his vizier entered without hesitation. The stranger behaved to them with great politeness, and shewed them particular attention. A table was plentifully covered, and supper was soon served up; it consisted of five hundred different dishes: the stranger requested his guests to sit and partake of his entertainment. The prince was struck with the splendour and profusion of the table, and observing that there were no persons to be present but himself, his vizier, and their host; "Sir," said the sultan, "you must doubtless have invited other guests?" "No," said the master of the house, "I have invited none." "Why then," said the prince, "this great profusion of victuals? is this consistent with the

appearance, of a person like you?" On which the stranger gave the sultan a violent blow with his fist; a blow bitterer than fire. "Sir," said he to the prince, "are you obliged to eat it all? eat what you please, and leave the rest."

The sultan whispered his vizier, "we are certainly in the wrong; I, by an impertinent question, have provoked this man to strike me, but by Alla if you do not find some means by which I may properly give him a blow for the one I have received, I will certainly put you to death." "Sir," answered the vizier, "you shall to-morrow night invite him to your apartments; you must give him an entertainment in all respects superior to this, in splendour and magnificence; if he shall presume to make any observation, you may then return the blow you have now received." The sultan accordingly followed the advice of his minister, and invited the stranger. The next night the man entered the sultan's apartments, with a countenance and manner somewhat confused and embarrassed; the sultan however encouraged him by the politeness and kindness of his behaviour: after a short interval, supper was called for, and the table was covered with a thousand dishes. The sultan sat down, and invited his guest to take his place; he did so, and in a cool and collected manner said, "God's will be done; this is indeed what it ought to be; may God for ever prosper the plenty of your table; here is a profusion of victuals, but profusion is an excellent thing; it delights the eye before it satisfies the stomach. He feasted heartily, and afterwards exclaimed, by way of grace, "Praise be to the omnipotent God of his people."

The sultan whispered his vizier, "This will not do, how can I possibly strike a man who expresses himself so wisely? but if you do not find out some just cause for my giving him a blow before we part, I certainly will kill you." "My Lord," said the vizier, "when he rises from the table to wash his hands, you shall officiously present yourself to pour out the water for him; if he shall say, "By no means, Sir, God forbid that you should thus demean yourself, indeed this must not be;"—for such an impertinent opposition you may certainly give him such a blow as you think proper; saying at the same time, "Pray, Sir, am I to be taught by you what I am to do? do you presume to contradict me?" The sultan promised to do so, and when the stranger rose to wash his hands, the prince eagerly pressed forwards, laid hold of the vessel, and prepared to pour water on the hands of his guest. "God bless you, Sir," said the stranger, "I am delighted by your kindness, may God prosper all your undertakings!" After this exclamation, the prince was obliged to pour the water upon the stranger's hands, but at the same time it evidently appeared that he was inwardly chagrined and angry.

Coffee was now introduced, and the prince again addressing his vizier, said, "I swear by Alla, if you do not speedily find a remedy for my disquietude, I will order you to be put to instant death; is it not enough that the man has struck me, but that I should also be degraded to the servile office of pouring out water for him to wash?" "Sir," answered the vizier, "he will soon be obliged to take his leave, do you be ready with a bamboo in your hand: call one of your

youngest slaves, and, as the stranger passes, exercise your cane severely upon the back of your slave; should he then say, For God's sake, Sir, and for my sake, pardon this poor boy, and do not beat him with such severity: you may then return the blow, and say, "Is not this my slave, Sir? is not chastisement a necessary part of education? do you presume to contradict me?" The sultan again followed the advice of his minister, and was beating the boy when the stranger passed. The stranger, as he went along, exclaimed; "Sir, you do very right, beat him by all means, chastisement is a very necessary part of education; if the young man should expire in consequence, God has certainly decreed it so." Upon this the vizier impatiently stepped forwards, "For heaven's sake, Sir," said he to the stranger, "have some compassion, and intercede for this unfortunate boy; surely you cannot be so hard-hearted." Upon this the stranger gave a blow to the vizier, ten times harder than that which he had given to the sultan. "How dare you," said he, "presume to interpose in a matter of this kind? Is not the boy a slave? is he not kindly educating him?" The sultan burst into a hearty laugh, "Now," said he, "I forgive you both, as my vizier has fared no better than myself."

THE CADI, AND THE MAN WHO HAD RECEIVED A BLOW.

A CERTAIN half-witted man one evening left his house in a melancholy mood, when a mischievous young fellow, who observed him muttering to himself, thinking him a proper subject for diversion, silently stole behind him, and gave him such a terrible blow on the neck, that he almost suspected his head was knocked off. The man suddenly turning about, observed the youth standing near him, in a violent fit of laughter. He immediately seized him, "You, Sir," said he, "what business had you to strike me? have you no fear of God, that you should dare to insult me without any provocation?" At this, calling out "Justice! justice!" he dragged the youth, who without any intermission had continued in one fit of laughter, before a judge. In this situation they arrived at the place of justice, where the cadi was sitting, who seeing the young man laugh so violently, asked the reason why he had been brought before him? "My Lord," replied the melancholy man, "I never saw this fellow before in my life; I neither spoke to him, nor provoked him by any means; notwithstanding which he came behind me, and struck me a very violent blow on the neck; I am now come before your lordship to demand the law of God against him."

"Why, my young friend," said the cadi, "did you strike this man?" "For the life and soul of me," replied the youth, "I could not help it;" at the same time shewing two sequins to his judge, the venerable cadi immediately made a parade of turning over the leaves of two or three immense folios, which lay by his side. "Why, my Lord," said the complainant, "surely you can have no occasion for such copious references to know the fine which our law imposes on a man who strikes another without provocation?" "Oh," said the cadi, "if you are competent to decide your own case, what necessity for the interference of a judge?" "My Lord," said the man,

"I beseech you be not offended; if there be occasion, by all means consult your books." The cadi, after having rummaged his folios or some time, knitting his brows with the appearance of unusual sagacity, "Young man," said he, "it is necessary that you pay this injured accuser twenty small coins." "Alas," replied the youth, "I have no small money." "Then, Sir, you must get change," returned the cadi. The young man making a bow, walked out of the room, but without any intention of returning. The cadi and the melancholy man remained together; when tired with the business of the day, after waiting for some time, the cadi dropped asleep. The patience of the complainant also being nearly exhausted, observing the situation of the cadi, he walked up to him, and gave him a blow on the cheek ten times harder than that which he had received.—Starting from his slumber, and rubbing his face, "Rascal," said he, "do you dare to strike me?" "Alas," said the man, "I have very particular business, which requires my immediate presence, and as you have decreed the price of a blow, be so good as to remain till the young man returns, and instead of giving the fine to me, pray keep it yourself."

THE PEDANT.

THERE were two brothers of dispositions and propensities as opposite to each other as it is possible to conceive; the one priding himself on his accuracy of language, his Arabic erudition, and acquaintance with oriental literature: the other despising the pomp of pedantry, and the affectation of grammarians. One day walking together, they perceived an inscription engraved upon a portal; the curiosity of the learned brother immediately directed him to decypher the sentence, when his anger was soon roused by the multiplicity of blunders, which appeared to have been compressed within so small a compass. He said nothing, but waiting till night, brought with him a ladder and a chisel, with the determination of correcting the inaccuracies.

After he had been working at it for some time, the master of the house hearing a noise, and naturally enough suspecting that thieves were breaking in upon his premises, sent two or three of his servants, who seized upon the poor fellow, and lugged him in; he was detained till the morning, and carried before the judge, who asked him what business he had at that time of night to endeavour to enter into the house of his accuser? "My Lord," said the culprit, "I am no thief, I am a scholar, and offended with the gross blunders of an inscription over this man's porch, was trying to correct them." "Well," said the judge, smiling at the accident, "this crime, to be sure, is scarcely deserving of death, you must be disgraced, as an example to others." He then ordered him to be mounted on an ass and led through the streets, by a man who was desired to proclaim the offence. Unfortunately the man was no grammarian, and, in proclaiming the offence, did not express himself with correctness.—"Wretch," said the pedant, "you have uttered an abominable solecism." At this moment his brother came up; "Well, my dear friend," said he, "how do you find yourself now?" "By heaven, brother," returned he, "the grossness and solecism of this fellow's

language, is ten times more tormenting to me than all my punishment."

RIDICULOUS CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS
IN DIFFERENT NATIONS.

WHEN the warriors of Congo advance towards an enemy, if they meet in their way a hare, a crow, or any other fearful animal, they say it is the genius of the enemy come to inform them of their fear, and then they fight with intrepidity; but if they hear the crowing of a cock at any other hour than is usual, they say it is a certain pre-
sage of defeat, and therefore always resolve not to expose themselves to it. If the crowing of a cock is at the same time heard by both armies, no courage can detain them; for, being equally frightened at the fatal omen, they instantly disband themselves, and both sides retire.

When the Savage of New Orleans marches against the enemy with the most intrepidity and resolution, a dream, or the barking of a dog, is sufficient to make him return home.

The Mahometans believe that a restive camel perceived Mahomet at a distance, and came to him, and fell on his knees before the prophet, who, stroking him, ordered him to amend his life, and that Mahomet afterwards fed 30,000 men with a sheep's liver; that he afterwards cut the moon in two, made the mountains dance, and a roasted shoulder of mutton speak. The Mussulmen assert, that the performance of such amazing prodigies, so much above all human strength and cunning, was absolutely necessary to convince stubborn minds.

The inhabitants of Madagascar believe there is a good and an evil spirit; before they eat they make an offering to God, and another to the Demon; they begin with the latter, and throwing a piece on the right side, say, "That for thee my Lord Devil;" they afterwards throw a piece on the left side, saying, "That for thee, my Lord God;" they make no prayers to either.

In the city of Bantam the inhabitants offer their first fruits to the evil spirit, and nothing to the Deity, who (they say) is great and glorious, and stands in no need of their offerings.

In the kingdom of Juida, in Africa, the people give no assistance to the sick; they cure themselves as well as they can, and when they are recovered, live in the same cordiality with those who had abandoned them.

The inhabitants of Congo kill those whom they imagine past recovery, to shorten their pains and agonies.

In the Isle of Formoso, when a man is dangerously ill, they put a slip knot about his neck and strangle him, to save him from a lingering illness.

The women of Mezurado are burnt with the bodies of their husbands; they themselves demand the honour of being led to the pile, but at the same time use all their endeavours to prevent it.

The women of the Gelons are obliged by the laws to do all the works that require strength, as building of houses and cultivating the

earth; but, to reward them for their pains, the same law grants them the privilege of being intimate with every warrior they like.

When the Laplanders want to go a voyage, they apply to their sorcerers, who sell them pieces of cord with knots tied at certain distances, which are to give them a favourable wind; and they make the fools who buy them pay very dear for them.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AS one of the principal designs of your publication evidently appears to be the commendation and encouragement of virtue and religion, by exhibiting them in their own amiable and attractive light, and of exposing vice in all its ugliness and deformity, in order to inspire your readers with a sincere love and esteem for the one, and a hearty hatred and aversion to the other, every true lover of virtue must approve of and applaud the generous scheme; and such as have time and talents cannot surely employ their leisure hours to better purpose than in contributing what lies in their power towards such a benevolent undertaking. But not to weary you, or myself, with a tedious and impertinent preamble, I shall come to the subject for which I principally intended this epistle, without any further delay.

There is a barbarous and inhuman practice exceedingly common in this age; and however lightly it may be regarded by the sons of levity and dissipation, the infidel and abandoned debauchee, it is nevertheless, in the judgment of all the wiser and better part of mankind, an evil of the most malignant nature in itself, while at the same time it is attended with the most direful and unhappy consequences; what I mean is the seduction of young, unsuspecting and innocent girls from the path of virtue, under the pretence of honest and honourable love, and the most sincere and inviolable attachment.

With what assiduity and perseverance do these libertine wretches prosecute their wicked purpose? what art and cunning, what dissimulation and falsehood do they not practise? what promises and engagements of eternal love and constancy do they not utter? and, to crown all, what solemn oaths and imprecations do they not bind themselves with to complete their mutual bliss, and secure the continuance of it, by lawful and honourable marriage?

Thus the wretch goes on, from one villanous step to another, till he finds that he has made a sufficient impression on the tender heart of the too credulous and unsuspecting fair; and then, like an insidious robber, watches and seizes the unguarded moment, and robs her of that which every virtuous woman esteems dearer to her than life, her virtue and honour. Not long has he enjoyed his inglorious triumph, till satiety and disgust succeed his unhallowed raptures, and then all his fondness and complacency are for ever gone, all

his vows and promises vanish into empty air, and the poor unhappy woman is abandoned, forsaken, and left a prey to the most excruciating and tormenting reflections of her own mind, and the upbraidings and stings of a guilty conscience.—Like the sweet blushing rose, which, plucked by some wanton hand, after being enjoyed for a little, is thrown regardless away, and suffered to wither and die in some obscure corner, or perhaps to rot on a dunghill. What tongue can express the atrociousness of such complicated villany? what language describe the deformity of it? Whether it be considered as an impudent insult against the divine laws of heaven, or as barbarous and cruel to the betrayed fair one; whether it be regarded as the source of present misery, or as attended with an almost endless train of the most distressing consequences, from the force of truth it must be confessed, that it has so much of the malignity of hell in it, as to fill every honest mind with horror and detestation at its disingenuous author.

What title can the man pretend to have to the character of a Christian, who can wantonly and deliberately violate the laws of his religion, and trample on the authority of its blessed Author? What right can he claim to the privileges of society, who by his conduct declares himself an enemy to it, by shewing the greatest contempt for its wise laws, and impudently breaking through its prudent regulations? Is he not a stranger to every noble and generous feeling of the human heart, who can behold with a savage indifference all the misery and wretchedness which his treachery and perfidy has brought upon the woman that doats upon him, and whom of all others he pretended most to admire and love? Robbed by him of her innocence, honour, and reputation, exposed to the resentment of her justly offended parents and friends, to the ungenerous insult of her enemies and rivals, and contempt and neglect of an uncharitable world, helpless and hopeless, without money and without friends, what can she do? Alas! mad with resentment, and hurried on by despair, is it matter of surprise if the consequence should prove *tragic and fatal*? This woman too was perhaps the daughter of his best friend, or the near relation of his kindest and most generous benefactor; and thus he wounds, in the most tender and sensible part, the man whom in duty and gratitude he ought to have obliged, honoured and loved. Ah, cruel and unfeeling, faithless and ungrateful man! fitter to be a companion to the savages of the desarts and of the woods, than a member of a rational, polite, and civilized society. Ah, defective, or ill-administered laws of our country! shall the poor pitiful pilferer, who only purloins a small portion of his neighbour's goods, be doomed to a painful and ignominious death? and shalt thou, loaden with all thy guilt and baseness, not only escape with impunity, but come off exulting in thy unmanly victory, and boasting of thy inglorious triumph.

But remember, O fool! that thy triumphing, like that of all other successful wickedness, is but for a moment, and though at present divine justice may seem to thee to be fast asleep, the time will come when thou wilt find it terribly awake; and then no mask or disguises,

no evasive excuses will avail thee, for the Judge of all the earth will certainly do right; and thy crimes will receive a sentence proportioned to their just demerits, if a timely repentance intervene not.

But the mischief does not end with the present time. The illegitimate offspring often inherit their father's vices, which, like scrophulous diseases, descend from father to son to many generations; and, through want of proper education and due care, in the regulation of their passions, and cultivation of their youthful minds, instead of being useful members of society, they become the plagues and scourges of it.

I have, Sir, only hinted at some few of the more obvious evils resulting from this wicked practice, in hopes that, if you are so good as to allow this a place in your useful miscellany, some one or other of your more learned and judicious correspondents will take up the pen in the cause of virtue and humanity, by exposing these sons of licentiousness in a just light, and by representing to the fair the dreadful and inevitable misery that attends the placing any confidence in their oaths and engagements. For the honour of human nature, I shall conclude with the following ANECDOTE:

When Marshal Tallard was confined a prisoner of war at Nottingham, he gave several balls to the ladies in the neighbourhood, and danced one evening with a young lady who was a parson's daughter. She was extremely amiable, and made a great impression upon the Marshal. His secretary, who was a man of easy morals, and had observed his master's agitation of mind, and the cause of it, thinking to recommend himself to the Marshal's favour, threw out several hints, that there would be no great difficulty of obtaining the young lady upon his own terms: but the Marshal replied, with a magnanimity of soul that did him the greatest honour, "Sir, if I were one-and-twenty, and of the same religion as the lady, I should think it no discredit to offer her my hand in an honourable manner; but to ruin a virtuous young woman, for a momentary gratification, I should think a far greater dishonour, than to be defeated and taken prisoner by the Duke of Marlborough."

I am yours, &c.

J. S.

REMARKS ON THE
DURATION OF LIFE
IN MEN AND ANIMALS.

NATURE has nearly marked the term to which all animals are to arrive, but for this we cannot assign any sufficient reasons.—Man, who lives long, lives naturally twice longer than the ox and the horse, and many men have lived frequently to a hundred

years, and some few to 150. Birds live longer than men, and fishes live longer than birds, because they have cartilages instead of bones, and grow continually.

The total duration of life may in some respects be measured by the duration of growth. A tree, or animal, that in a short time acquires its full growth, decays and perishes much sooner than another that requires more time to grow. In animals as well as vegetables, the growth in height is that which is first completed. An oak ceases to grow tall long before it ceases to become thick. Man grows in height till sixteen, eighteen, and sometimes upwards of twenty years, and yet the entire expansion of all the parts of the body in thickness is not over till he is 30. Dogs receive in less than a year their growth in length, but do not attain their just thickness till the second year. Man, who is thirty years in growing, lives ninety or a hundred years; the dog, which grows but two or three years, lives in proportion but ten or twelve. The same may be said of most other animals. Fishes, which do not cease growing for a great number of years, live for ages. This long duration of their life must depend on the particular constitution of the cartilaginous substance of their bones, which never acquire the solidity of the bones of terrestrial animals.

Animals that produce but a small number of young, acquire the greatest part of their growth, and even their full growth, before they are in a state of engendering; whereas animals that multiply greatly, engender before even their body has assumed the half or even the quarter of its growth. Man, the horse, ox, ass, goat, ram, are not capable of engendering till they have attained the greater part of their growth. It is so with pigeons, and other birds that produce but a small number of eggs; but such as produce a great number, as poultry and fish, engender much sooner. A cock is capable of procreation at three months old, and then he has not attained more than a third of his growth; a fish, which in twenty years time may weigh thirty pounds, is in a state of procreation from its first or second year, and yet it does not then weigh perhaps half a pound. But there are particular observations which may take place in regard to the growth and duration of the life of fishes. Their age is nearly known by examining with a microscope the annual strata or layers their scales are composed of; but we know not how far this may extend. Carps have been seen, whose age might be avouched for not less than 150 years, and yet they were as nimble and as lively as other carps several years younger. We must not therefore aver with Leuwenhoek, that fishes are immortal, or at least that they cannot die of age. Every thing must perish with time; every thing that has had an origin, a birth, a beginning, must arrive at a goal, a death, an end; but it is true, that fishes, by living in an uniform element, and being sheltered from the great vicissitudes and all injuries of the air, ought to preserve themselves longer in the same state than other animals; and if these vicissitudes of the air, as the great philosopher Sir Francis Bacon pretends, are the principal causes of the destruction of animate beings, it is certain that fishes, being of all animals those which are less exposed to them, ought to

have the longest duration. But what should contribute still more to the long duration of their life is, that their bones are of a softer substance than those of other animals, and that they do not harden, nor admit of hardly any change with age. The bones of fishes grow in length and thickness, but without assuming a greater degree of solidity, at least sensibility; whereas the bones of other animals, as well as all the other solid parts of their bodies, assume constantly more hardness and solidity; and at length, when they are absolutely filled and stopped up, motion ceases, and death ensues. In fish bones, on the contrary, this augmentation of solidity, this repletion, this obstruction, the cause of natural death, is not to be found, or at least is carried on by degrees much slower and more insensibly, and it is perhaps very long before fishes arrive at old age.

Death is therefore of an indispensable necessity, according to the laws of bodies that are known to us, though the different proportion of the force of the heart to the solid parts, the digestion of aliments, the character of the blood, the heat of the external air, may more or less amove the term. In consequence of these laws, the smaller vessels ought to be compressed by the larger, the gluten ought to thicken insensibly, the aqueous parts to evaporate, and consequently the filaments of the cellular texture to make nearer and nearer approaches. As to the rest, a quiet regimen of life, undisturbed by passions of the mind and violent motions of the body, vegetable food, temperance, and external coolness, may hinder the solids from becoming so soon stiff, and suspend the dryness and acrimony of the blood.

ANECDOTE OF
JAMES THE FIRST.

THERE was one Ferguson, an intimate of James the First's, who being about the same age, had been a play-fellow with him when they were young, came with him into England, and, extending the rights of friendship too far, frequently took the liberty of advising, and sometimes admonishing, or rather reproving his sovereign. He was a man truly honest; his counsels were disinterested with a view for himself, having a decent patrimony of his own. The King was however often vexed by his freedoms, and at length said to him, between jest and earnest, "You are perpetually censuring my conduct; I'll make you a King some time or other, and try." Accordingly one day, the court being very jovial, it came into his Majesty's head to execute this project; and so, calling Ferguson, he ordered him into the Chair of State, bidding him "there play the King," while for his part "he would personate Johnny Ferguson." This farce was in the beginning very agreeable to the whole company. The mock sovereign put on the airs of royalty, and talked to those about him in a strain like that of the real one, only with less

pedantry. They were infinitely pleased with the joke, and it was a perfect comedy, till the unlucky knave turned the tables, and came all of a sudden to moralize on the vanity of honour, wealth, and pleasure; to talk of the insincerity, venality, and corruption of courtiers and servants of the crown; how intirely they had their own interests at heart, and how generally their pretended zeal and assiduity were the disguise of falsehood and flattery. This discourse made a change in some of their countenances, and even the real monarch did not relish it altogether: he was afraid it might have some effect on his minions, and lessen the tribute of adulation they were used to offer with great profusion, when they found how this wag observed and animadverted on it. But the monitor did not stop here, he levelled a particular satire at the King, which put an end to the entertainment, and made his Majesty repent of his introducing it, some foreigners of distinction being present; for it painted him in his true colour, as one that never "loved a wise man, nor rewarded an honest one," unless they sacrificed to his vanity: while he loaded those, who prostituted themselves to his will, with wealth and honours. For the mimic pointing directly to James (who here was to personate Ferguson), raising his voice, "There, said he, stands a man whom I would have you imitate. The honest creature was the comrade of my childhood, and regards me with a most cordial affection to this very moment; he has testified his friendship by all the means in his power; studying my welfare, guarding me from evil counsellors, prompting me to princely actions, and warning me of every danger; for all which, however, he never asked me any thing: and by Jove, though I squander thousands upon thousands on several of you, yet in the whole course of my life I never gave him a farthing." The King, nettled by this sarcasm, cried out to Ferguson, "Augh! you pawky loun, what wad you be at? Away, off my thrane, and let's hae na' mair of your nainsense."

THE MAN OF GENIUS.

A MAN of Genius, whom we shall name TOM CYGNET, arrived in town in a stage coach. I myself saw him alight in Gray's-Inn Lane. The muse of Mitylene was not more tender than his own; the song of Musæus not more soft. His friends in the country assured him that the metropolis was the soil for Genius to flourish in; that every door would fly open to him; that every person would contend for him. They generously collected money for the expences of his journey, because they thought they would be the last expences he should ever trouble them with.

Tom, who was none of your over-bustling men, reposed that night at the Queen's Head; for as he had his choice of so many good patronages in the metropolis, it would have been idle not to have made his first application to the best—and this required some consideration. He imparted the matter to a plain honest tradesmen whom he sat with in the inn; and the tradesmen told him that his neighbour

Mr Pulley, the great *Mechanicman*, who had invented so many wonderful machines, was the greatest genius in the world himself, and would certainly favour every man of genius.

The next morning the Man of Genius waited on Mr Pulley.—“ I loves men of *Genus* with all my heart (says Pulley). Come hither, and give me your opinion of this leaver.” Here Cygnet shook his head, and disclaimed all knowledge of the leaver. Not know the leaver! D—me if ever I heard so impudent a thing in all my life.—Sir, your Sarvant. A Man of *Genus*! ha, ha, ha.”

The Man of Genius returned to the inn, and there found a Yorkshire Baronet, the greatest jockey on the turf. “ Hark ye me, my lad (said the latter to him), they tell me here that you're a Man of *Genius*. Glad of it, cross me! for if I have met with one Man of *Genius* since the death of Black Bob my groom, distance me! This nag here now, how d'ye like his goings?” I know nothing about horses, Sir, (answered Tom) for I never rode thrice in my life-time. “ Not rode thrice in your life-time; and yet set up for a Man of *Genius*! Spavy me! if I had you at home, but I would couple you with Scamp the Blood-hound, for being such a cheat.”

He judged it now to be time to enquire among the professed patrons of the Muses: he arrives at the Theatre Royal, and sees the Manager, who asks him if he knows any thing about Pantomimes. Yes (replied Tom), I can write concerning the ancient Pantomimes. “ Ay, said the Manager, but can you invent the modern?” No.—“ O then I have no business for you. I doubt not that you have learning enough, but here we have no use for learning.”

He was next directed to an eminent Bookseller's. “ So, Mr *Genius*, are you in the compilation, the translation, or the index way?” Sir (answered Tom) I would chuse my writings to be original.—“ Original! (rejoined the Bookseller) I have not touched an original these ten years, and I don't desire it, for they would not sell if we had them. No, no, my lad, I have no employment for you. I keep a man already, who does more work than I can well furnish. Cut and paste—cut and paste—there's nothing stands before him, he's such a dab.”

He next heard of a vacancy in one of the City Parish Schools, the master having died; and he was told that his only method of succeeding would be by applying to the Church-Warden, who was a man of great power. He went to this man, who kept a bacon-shop.—“ Sarvant, Sir,”—(said the Bacon-seller, thinking he had come to be a customer.) I am come (said Tom) concerning the vacant Schoolmaster-ship. “ O there again! (resumed the Church-Warden, with an air of high consequence). Why, this is the seven-teenth *feller* that has been here to-day plaguing me about this here *veccansy*. How do you read, Sirrah? You'll all come to a trial, and he who minds his hits best will be the *Dominy*. Mind, I likes your loud and *sonororous* voice best—mind that—loud and *sonororous*—that's your hit. Why don't you move along, Sir, and get out of the lady's way—Sarvant, Mawm!”

Flesh and Blood could bear it no longer. Tom had a few pence still chinking in his pocket, and he went into a poor woman's house to eat one of the sausages she sold at her door. "Alack! master (said the poor woman, while he was eating his sausage), why be ye so *molunchboly*?" Because my money's gone.—"Good heart! I'm very sorry for that; but I hopes you have enough to pay for my sausage. And have you no employment now, to get more money?"—"I'm a Man of *Genius*.—"La! are you indeed? Well, I'm sure I likes all Men of *Genus* for the sake of my poor dead boy, Sammy, who was the most surprisingst *Genus* in the world. He read the Testament at fourteen, and it was said if he had lived six years longer he would have been able to write. But that wonder of the world is gone!"

And so, I fear, is poor Tom Cygnet; for I traced him to this poor woman's house, and could trace him no farther. She tells me that he left her house immediately, and since that time he has not been heard of.

Let us all pray that none of our children be *Men of Genius*.

DESCRIPTION OF LONDON,

AS A COMMERCIAL CITY.

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 are sent: it is in London that most of the owners of this produce reside; it is in London that the profit arising from it is spent. The rest of the nation is but very indirectly concerned in it.

But London is the finest port in England. It is here that ships are built, and manufactures are carried on. London furnishes her seamen for navigation, and hands for commerce. It stands in a temperate, fruitful, and central country. Every thing has a free passage in and out of it. It may be truly said to be the heart of the body politic, from its local situation. Like all other capitals, it is rather too large; it is not a head of clay, that wants to domineer over a colossus of gold. That city is not filled with proud and idle men, who only encumber and oppress a laborious people. It is the resort of all the merchants; the seat of the national assembly. There the King's palace is neither vast nor empty. He reigns in it by his enlivening presence. There the senate dictates the laws, agreeably to the sense of the people it represents. It neither fears the eye of the monarch, nor the frowns of the ministry. London has not arrived to its present greatness by the influence of government, which strains and overrules all natural causes, but by the ordinary impulse of men and things, and by a kind of attraction of commerce. It is the sea, it is England, it is the world, which makes London rich and populous.

ANECDOTE OF THE CELEBRATED

DR. STUKELEY.

THE late Mr. Pine, the engraver and herald, who was a very sensible man, used to relate a fact which shewed Dr. Stukeley's character as an antiquary. As the Doctor and some other curious persons, among whom was Mr. Pine, were visiting certain antiquities in Herefordshire, they came to a place called Cæsar's Stile, situated on the brow of an eminence. No sooner was the place named, than the Doctor stopped all of a sudden, and after an attentive survey of the neighbouring ground, pronounced it to be directly the scite of a fortified pass, which Cæsar had left behind him in his march from Covey-stakes to Verulam. Some of the company demurring to this opinion, a debate arose, and an aged labouring man coming up, the Doctor asked him with great confidence, "Whether that was not called Cæsar's Stile?" "Aye, master (said the old man), that it is; I have good reason to know it, for many a day did I work upon it for old Bob Cæsar, rest his soul. He lived in yonder farm, and a sad road it was before he made this stile."

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE

ALDERMAN BECKFORD.

LORD E—, who went a volunteer in the Russian service, was a relation of this true patriot and excellent man. Being one day at dinner with him, at his house in Soho-square, Lord E— was a little more thoughtful than usual, which being observed by his kinsman, he asked him the cause of it. As the party only consisted of a few chosen friends, the other ingenuously confessed, that fitting himself out for his expedition, and discharging his tradesmen's bills, required 1000*l.* more than he could at that time possibly spare; "Poh, poh, my Lord (says Mr. Beckford), what signifies a thousand pounds! Apply to Lady E—, she has been perhaps a greater economist than you are aware of, and I dare say she can supply you." This reply was looked upon by Lord E— as sufficient to put an end to the subject, and the conversation immediately took another turn. About an hour afterwards the Lord Mayor seemed to recollect some public business which demanded his instant attendance, but previously insisted his Lordship should stay and spend the evening with him, as the business would soon be over. Having engaged his promise, he instantly drove to Lord E—'s house, and putting 2000*l.* in Bank-notes into Lady E—'s hands, "begged her acceptance of them, as it was probable his Lordship might have occasion for some ready money previous to his departure." Without waiting for Lady E—'s reply, who was surprised at such an eccentric act of generosity, he instantly drove back, resumed his company, and enjoyed himself with that heart-felt vivacity, that is the constant attendant on generous minds."

STRICTURES
ON
PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Sept. 2. **A**N Operatic Piece, in three acts, called "THREE AND THE DEUCE!" was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, written by Mr. PRINCE HOARE, author of *The Prize*, *My Grandmother*, &c.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Milford	- - -	MT. BENSON.
Justice Touchit	- - -	MR. SUETT.
Pertinax Single	- - -	MR. BANNISTER, JUN.
Peregrine Single	- - -	MR. BANNISTER, JUN.
Percival Single	- - -	MR. BANNISTER, JUN.
Mac Flogghan	- - -	MR. JOHNSTONE.
Humphrey Grizzle	- - -	MR. FAWCETT.
Frank	- - - - -	MR. WATREN.
Renard	- - - - -	MR. CAULFIELD.
Freeman	- - - - -	MR. BANNISTER.
Waiters, Peace-Officers, Servants, &c.		
Emily Milford	- - -	MRS. GIBBS.
Phebe	- - - - -	MISS LEAX.
Taffline	- - - - -	MRS. BLAND.

The surprises of *Shakspeare's Comedy of Errors*, of *Amphytrion*, &c. it has been observed, have greatly failed when represented in action. The mistakes being founded on personal resemblance, the fiction of the poet has been defeated, through the want of similitude between the actors. This defeat Mr. Hoare has made the new and bold attempt to cure.—His leading characters are *trins*: the three brothers, all of distinct character, are played, as the bill announces, by the same person. He has thus preserved the *vrai-semblance*, though certainly at the expence of probability.

Of this complex plot our account must necessarily be brief. Of the three *Singles*, the *first* is amiable, intelligent, and sensitive;—the *second* is a travelled *petit-maitre*;—and the *third* a mere idiot. He introduces them at the same time to an inn at Cheltenham, where they are lodged in different apartments, without the knowledge of each other. The *eldest* is come to conclude a match with Miss Milford; the *second* has just abandoned Miss Woodbine, whose affections he had engaged;—and the *third* is under the guidance of MacFlogghan, an Irish tutor. The mistakes which ensue are beyond the reach of detail. The Elder Single, in the character of the friend of her supposed husband, tries to sound the disposition of Miss Milford. A letter, addressed to his second brother, respecting the seduction of Miss Woodbine, occasions him to be rejected:—and he incurs a farther disgrace by the *gauche* attempts of the idiot Percival on the chastity of Taffline, a Welsh chambermaid. These mistakes are, in the end, fully explained by the inquisitive conduct of Justice Touchit. Pertinax marries Miss Milford, and Peregrine is united to Miss Woodbine.

Such is the outline of a piece, the idea of which is new, and the execution for the greater part happy. In the two first acts were some repetitions which weakened the effect of the scene, and in the third, the explanation was drawn out to an unnecessary length. The author, who had surmounted so many difficulties, found none in removing these objections after the first night. With the praise of peculiar neatness of dialogue, the judicious alterations have rendered it one of the most pleasant Farces on the stage.

The Music by Storace is worthy the composer. Of the performers, we can say with truth, that Bannister Junior literally "enacted more wonders than a

man." His personification of the *three* contrasted *Singles* was happy, distinct, and forcible. Fawcett, as his servant, claimed the next degree of praise—acting more natural, or humour more prominent, we have not lately witnessed.

Sept. 15. The entertainments of the Haymarket Theatre closed for the season, with the following Address from Mr. J. Bannister:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

"Our season expires this evening.—Its life has been a short but a merry one; we hope it has not been spent in vain.

"I am commissioned by the Manager to return you his warmest acknowledgements for the plentiful harvest which your liberality has enabled him to reap, and to assure you, that while he is so happy as to labour in the sun-shine of public approbation, he will never fail to bring New Hay to the Old Market.

"The Performers, Ladies and Gentlemen, are also anxious to express their deep sense of the obligations conferred on them, and to tender you their most unfeigned thanks for the distinguished and flattering favours they have received. Having said so much for ourselves, we respectfully take our leave."

14th. Covent-Garden Theatre opened with "Macbeth" and "The Farmer."

17th. Drury-Lane Theatre opened with "First Love" and "No Song No Supper."

POETRY.

A FAVOURITE MASONIC SONG.

WRITTEN BY BROTHER J. WILLIAMSON.

ADVANCE each true brother, my song now attend,
And assist in full chorus a brother and friend,
With good humour he calls you, then socially join,
That the cieling may ring with a theme that's divine.

Chorus. Then join, brother Masons, aloft raise the song,
All the virtues in life to true Masons belong.

The wisest of men was a Mason we know,
From him our chief honours and dignities flow;
He founded the temple, the pillars he rais'd,
And Solomon still in our songs shall be prais'd.

Cho. Then join, &c.

With square and with compass, with level and line,
We constantly work to complete our design;
By prudence we steer, and the passions subdue,
What we learn in our youth, in our age we renew.

Cho. Then join, &c.

On freedom and friendship our order began,
To deal squarely with all, is the chief of our plan;
The sneer then of fools we esteem as a feather,
Since Virtue's the cement that joins us together.

Cho. Then join, &c.

Till the ocean be dry, and hard rocks melt away,
Till the globe shall dissolve, and no sun cheer the day;
So long shall the Masons their Order maintain,
And the arrows of slander be shot forth in vain.

Cho. Then join, &c.

STANZAS ON MASONRY.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.]

SHALL Envy's tongue, with slander foul,
 My brothers, brand our race august,
 Incessant shall the fury howl,
 Licking black venom from the dust?
 No, tis too much these ranc'rous taints to bear:
 Rise, generous Muse! our spotless fame
 To the wide world aloud proclaim,
 And freely what a Mason is declare.

In virtue clear we court the light,
 Rever'd the more, the more we're known;
 And fain the Muse would here incite
 Each worthy man the name to own.
 Let the Freemason, then, to all appear:
 Behold the man each prince admires,
 Behold the friend each man desires,
 For ever loyal, zealous, and sincere.

Fair Liberty, with Order bland,
 And radiant Pleasure, lov'd so well,
 With Temp'rance sage, in seemly band,
 Within our walls for ever dwell.
 From vulgar eyes our pleasures tho' we screen,
 Yet rigorous laws our acts restrain:
 Remorse or anguish ne'er can pain
 The Mason's breast, nor cloud his mind serene.

The constant aim of all our plans
 Is to restore Astrea's reign;
 That awful Truth may guard our lands,
 While hateful Guile shall prowl in vain.
 Each lonely path with structures we adorn,
 And all the buildings which we raise
 Are temples that the Virtues grace,
 Or prisons close for the foul Vices form.

While thus to man our praise I sing,
 Let not the softer sex repine,
 Nor angry charge against us bring,
 That we their favours dare decline.
 If from their steps our sanctuaries we guard,
 When they the reason just shall know,
 Resentment they can never show,
 But rather with due praise our caution will reward.

Resplendent sex! in whom combine
 Each brilliant charm, each tender grace,
 With awe we bow before your shrine,
 But still we fear you while we praise;
 For in our earliest lesson is it said,
 If Adam had but once withstood
 From female charms what seem'd so good,
 Nature each man, most sure, a Mason would have made.

ON VIEWING A SKELETON,

TIME'S LECTURE TO MAN,

By MRS. STICKLAND, OF BLANDFORD.

WHY start you at that skeleton?
 'Tis your own picture which you shun:
 Alive it did resemble thee;
 And thou, when dead, like this shalt be.
 Converse with it, and you will say
 You cannot better spend the day;
 And very much you will admire
 The language of these bones and wire.
 The tongue is gone; but yet each joint
 Can lectures read, and speak to th' point:
 When all your moralists are read,
 You'll find no tutor like the dead.
 If in truth's paths these feet have trod,
 It matters not if bare or shod:
 If us'd to travel to the door
 Of the afflicted sick or poor,
 These feet now wing'd shall upward fly,
 And tread the palace of the sky:
 These hands, if ne'er in blood were stain'd,
 Nor fill'd with wealth unjustly gain'd,
 Nor greedily at honours grasp'd,
 But to the poor man's wants unclasp'd;
 It matters not if in the mine
 They delv'd, or did with rubies shine.
 There grew the lips, and in that place
 Where now appears a vacant space,
 Was fix'd the tongue, an organ shrill,
 Employ'd extremely well or ill;
 I know not if it could retort,
 Or speak the language of the court;
 But this I will presume t'aver,
 That, if it was no flatterer,
 If it traduc'd no man's repute,
If when it could not praise 'twas mute,
 'Twas a bless'd tongue, and shall prevail
 When wit and eloquence shall fail.
 Prime instances of nature's skill,
 The eyes did once these hollows fill.
 Were they quick-sighted, sparkling, clear,
 As those of hawks and eagles are;
 Or say, did they with moisture swim,
 Or were distorted, blear'd, or dim:
 Yet if they were from envy free,
 Nor lov'd to gaze on vanity;
 If none with scorn they did behold,
 Nor yet with spiteful glances roll'd,
 Those eyes more bright and piercing grown,
 Shall view the great Creator's throne.
 See, not the least remains appear
 To shew where nature plac'd the ear:
 Who knows if it were musical,
 Or could not judge of sounds at all?
 Yet if to worthy counsel bent,
 To caution and reproof attent,
 That ear shall with these sounds be blest,
 "Well done!" and, "Enter into rest."

E P I T A P H

In St. GEORGE'S (HANOVER SQUARE) BURYING GROUND.

NEAR this place lies the Body of
the Rev. LAURENCE STERNE, A. M.
Died September 13, 1768, aged 53 Years.

“ *Ab ! molliter ossa quiescant !* ”

If a sound head, warm heart, and breast humane,
Unsullied worth, and soul without a stain ;
If mental powers could ever justly claim
The well-won tribute of immortal fame ;
STERNE was the man, who, with gigantic stride,
Mow'd down luxuriant follies far and wide.
Yet what, tho' keenest knowledge of mankind
Unseal'd to him the springs that move the mind ;
What did it boot him ? Ridicul'd, abus'd,
By fools insulted, and by prudes accus'd !
In his, mild reader, view thy future fate ;
Let him despise what 'twere a sin to hate !

“ This monumental stone was erected to the memory of the deceased by two Brother Masons ; for although he did not live to be a member of their society, yet all his incomparable performances evidently prove him to have acted by rule and square : they rejoice in this opportunity of perpetuating his high and irreproachable character to after ages.”

Though we cannot but admire the benevolence which erected this tribute of respect to the memory of this facetious humourist, yet truth compels us to say, we wish that the character of the writer or his performances better deserved it.

E P I T A P H

On the Tombstone of ASA DUNBAR, Esq. MASTER of the RISING SUN
LODGE, NEW HAMPSHIRE, NORTH AMERICA, who died at the close
of 1787.

PEACE to these ashes !
May the green grass and flowers
Around this grave
Be as the memory of him beneath,
Flourishing and sweet.
Pass not the spot without heaving a sigh,
Ye men of benevolence,
For he was your Friend and your Companion.
Brethren of the Craft
Wet the *sprigs* on the turf
With your willing tears,
For he was your Master :
Imitate his life, emulate his virtues,
For doubtless now he lives
With our Grand Master in Heaven.

This worthy brother was an eminent practitioner in the Law, a man of great genius and literary talents, and a most excellent mason.

EPITAPH TO THE MEMORY OF

COLLINS THE POET.

A MONUMENT of most exquisite workmanship has been erected by public subscription at Chichester, to the memory of the poet Collins, a native of that place. He is finely represented as just recovered from a wild fit of phrenzy, to which he was unhappily subject, and in a calm and reclining posture, seeking refuge from his misfortunes in the divine consolations of the Gospel, while his lyre, and one of the first of his poems, lie neglected on the ground. Above are two beautiful figures of Love and Pity entwined in each other's arms. The whole was executed by the ingenious Flaxman, lately returned from Rome; and if any thing can equal the expressive sweetness of the sculpture, it is the following most excellent Epitaph,

WRITTEN BY MR HAYLEY.

YE who the merits of the dead revere,
 Who hold misfortune sacred, genius dear,
 Regard this tomb, where Collins' hapless name
 Solicits kindness with a double claim.
 Tho' Nature gave him, and tho' Science taught
 The fire of fancy, and the reach of thought,
 Severely doom'd to Penury's extreme,
 He pass'd, in madd'ning pain, life's feverish dream;
 While rays of Genius only serv'd to show
 The thick'ning horror, and exalt his woe.
 Ye walls that echo'd to his frantic moan,
 Guard the due records of this grateful stone;
 Strangers to him, enamour'd of his lays,
 This fond memorial to his talents raise.
 For this the ashes of a Bard require,
 Who touch'd the tenderest notes of Pity's lyre;
 Who join'd pure faith to strong poetic powers,
 Who, in reviving reason's lucid hours,
 Sought on one book his troubled mind to rest,
 And rightly deem'd the Book of God the best.

THE ENGLISH JUSTICE.

THE THOUGHT TAKEN FROM MONS. DE LA FONTAINE.

A Pot-belly'd Justice, who thought a good feast
 The best thing this world could afford,
 Commanded his cook, for that day's repast,
 A Sturgeon to send to his board.
 Three parts of the fish he dispatch'd with such speed
 That one scarcely can credit the tale;
 And had not a sickness prevented the deed,
 This Janas had eat up the whale.
 The Doctor arrives—and, with countenance sad,
 Assures him assistance is vain;
 And to tell him the truth, "his complaint was so bad,
 He would ne'er eat a sturgeon again."
 "If 'tis so," quoth the Justice, "what signifies care?
 "And now I have only one wish:
 "That as you're convinc'd I have no time to spare,
 "You will send me the rest of my fish!"

GRACCHUS.

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

SUNDERLAND, *September 10.*

THIS day the Bridge, the splendid commencement of which is recorded in our Magazine (Vol. II. p. 404), was brought so near perfection as to have the whole of its stupendous iron arch, a span of 236 feet, laid over the river WEAR from shore to shore; and, what is worthy of notice, all the latter process of laying the iron work, was begun and accomplished in the space of TEN days.

The highest praise and gratitude are due to our public-spirited Brother, ROWLAND BURDON, Esq. member for the county, and R. W. Master of the SEA CAPTAIN'S LODGE in this town, whose wisdom has projected, and whose munificence has supported, a design of such wonderful utility and magnitude. Nor should the merit of our Brother WILSON, artist and engineer, be overlooked, by whose assiduity and exertions the business has been so rapidly brought towards its final completion.

It being Lodge-night, the above intelligence was received by the Brethren with marks of the most grateful exultation, and it was moved, and resolved unanimously, that the R. W. Master be requested to sit to some eminent artist for his portrait, and also that an elegant painting of the Bridge be procured, both to be hung up in their hall, as a testimony of respect and admiration for such a personage and such a work.

The ROYAL CUMBERLAND FREEMASONS' SCHOOL being now completed, and its young inhabitants removed into it, we cannot omit to mention that two or three Lodges, as the Shakspeare, the Rural Friendship, &c. &c. and some benevolent individuals, have kindly contributed different articles of durable utility towards the furnishing of the house. As an example highly worthy of imitation we think it is only necessary to point it out to the notice of other Lodges of Masons, and of wealthy and well-disposed Brethren, in order to make it very generally followed.

To the Readers of our Publication in particular we confidently address ourselves, in the hope that they will not only encourage, as far as in their power lies, so laudable an Institution, but that they will likewise use all the influence they may have among their sundry connections, to procure contributions, either in goods or in specie, towards enabling the Committee to extend (as is their wish) the effects of the Charity; and as they have now a building capable of accommodating so many, to increase the number of Children to AN HUNDRED.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

June 12. **A** Dreadful fire broke out at the town of Montago Bay in Jamaica. One hundred and ten of the best houses in the town were destroyed. Two hundred hogsheads of sugar, one hundred puncheons of rum, besides great quantities of provisions, wine, soap, candles and other property, belonging to the merchants, were totally consumed. The loss is estimated at little less than 400,000l. The accident was occasioned by a gunsmith; while he was forging the spring of a gun, the sparks from the forge flew among the straw of a crate of earthen ware, which blazing up set fire to the house. This trivial accident caused this devastation in less than three hours.

Awful Phenomenon.—The village situated on the lake of the four towns belonging to Lucerne, in Swi'zeland, named Weggis, has disappeared. The following are the circumstances attending this strange event. A brook, which had

always flowed from the mountain of Regis to the village, suddenly changed its course; its new course was followed, and it was perceived that it flowed into a deep gulph of the mountain. At the same time it was perceived that in several places near the village the earth sunk, and that the steeple tottered. The inhabitants immediately carried away their effects. In a few hours the ground, on which the village was situated, gave way towards the lake, and at the same moment a part of the mountain fell and covered the village, not a vestige of which remains.

The island of Corsica is likely to become a prey to the violence of party. Several districts of the island have brought charges against Signor Colonna, adjutant to Gen. Elliot, and Signor Pozzodiborgo, president of the council of state. Improper administration of the public money, and neglect in other departments, are among the subjects of discontent. Some districts are in a state of insurrection. Paoli, the inveterate enemy of Colonna and Pozzodiborgo, is considered as the fomentor of the commotion.

BRUSSELS, Aug. 12.

The river Scheld, which has been blocked up for more than 200 years by the Dutch, in order that the trade of the Netherlands might be carried on through the ports of their Republic, is now declared by the French to be free from every obstruction to commerce.

VIENNA, Aug. 14.

The entire dismemberment of Poland is considered here as being finally settled. According to the agreement entered into between the dividing powers,

PRUSSIA is to have the town of Warsaw, and from thence to the confines of Sendomir; the Vistula is to become the boundary of its dominions.

AUSTRIA is to have the town and palatinate of Cracow, to commence at Sendomir; the right and left banks of the Vistula, together with Praga, the suburb of Warsaw, as far as the conflux of that river with the Bog; the Woywodships of Lublin and Chelm, and a part of Biere.

RUSSIA is to retain all Volhynia, Podolia, and Lithuania.

The dividing powers are to grant the King of Poland a reasonable yearly sum for his subsistence, and to contribute to it in proportion to the territory which has fallen to their share.

POTSDAM, Sept. 4.

A terrible fire has just reduced to ashes the church of St. Nicholas, situated in Palace-square, together with surrounding houses, towards which the wind directed the flames. The fire broke out yesterday at four in the afternoon, in the tower, which was repairing, through the negligence of a workman who was melting lead. The flames, fed by a high wind, consumed in the space of an hour this very lofty tower, the fall of which communicated the fire to the church and the adjacent houses. The atmosphere being inflamed by this immense mass of fire, it became very difficult and hazardous to make any efforts to extinguish the flames, His Majesty directed the operations in person. At eleven at night the fire was still burning, and there remained nothing of the beautiful church except the masonry and facade.

HAMBURGH, Sept. 11.

The French have at last effected the passage of the Rhine. The news of this important event reached us this morning by an express sent to the Imperial minister here. It appears that, in the night between the 5th and 6th instant, the French troops assembled at Cologne, crossed the Rhine near Dusseldorf, drove back the Austrians who defended the opposite banks, and pursued them for three hours. The town and citadel of Dusseldorf surrendered on the morning of the 6th. The alarm is great all along the right banks of the Rhine. Field Marshal Clairfayt, who arrived near Dusseldorf, sent couriers to Mentz for reinforcements, but we fear they will arrive too late. This event is likely to accelerate the peace.

PARIS, Sept. 19.

Although the final result of the votes of the Primary Assemblies be not yet declared, it is known that they have accepted the constitution almost unanimously, and by a very great majority the decrees for re-electing two-thirds of the members of the Convention. Many of them have already chosen their electors; and in the course of a few days the acceptance of the constitution will be declared, when all the Primary Assemblies that have completed their choice of electors, will be dissolved by the express provisions of the constitution. 877 Primary Assemblies have already voted in favour of the constitution, and 49 against it; 754 for, and 172 against the decree for re-election.

The following is an abstract of this Constitution :

THE LEGISLATIVE BODY.

It is composed of the Council of Ancients, composed of 250 citizens, who are or have been married, and must necessarily have completed their fortieth year at the time of their election ; and

The Council of Five Hundred, a number here invariable. The present members are eligible at twenty-five ; until the seventh year of the Republic, this will be allowed, then it will be necessary they should be thirty.

This Commons House cannot deliberate without 200 members being present. They alone propose bills, or, as they term them, resolutions, and decide at the third reading whether they shall be sent to the Upper House.

When the Council of Ancients approves of the resolution it becomes a law. Its assent is thus expressed—*The Council of Ancients approves* : its dissent thus—*The Constitution annuls*, when the decree is informal, or contrary to the constitution. When they cannot approve the principle of the law proposed, *The Council of Ancients cannot adopt*. This is understood of the whole, which cannot be again offered until a year shall elapse, though it may be broken into parts and presented at any time.

The Ancients can irrevocably change the place of sitting for both Houses, which must be in one commune; they can neither of them deliberate in the place they have abandoned afterwards.

The personal freedom of the members is guaranteed by the legislature, except when seized in *flagrante delicto*, and then notice must be given, and the House decide upon the arrest. Thirty days after the expiration of their mission their persons are inviolable.

THE EXECUTIVE POWER

Is a delegation from the Legislative Body to a Directory of five Members which it names. The Council of Five Hundred forms by secret scrutiny a list of members for the Directory, and the Ancients by the same method elect the five who are to fill the office. They must be forty all of them at least.

The Directory is partially renewed by the introduction of one new member every year : for the four first years it is decided by lot which member goes out, and he is not re-eligible until an interval of five years has elapsed. Relations in the right line cannot be in power at the same time, nor succeed each other without the same interval.

In cases of death the member is replaced in ten days, and the successor completes only the term of his predecessor's power. Each member presides three months alternately. He has then the signature and the custody of the seal.

Three members of the Directory must be present to deliberate ; they may do so without a secretary, and register their deliberations in a particular book.

The Directory, conformably to the laws, provides for the internal and external safety of the Republic. It disposes absolutely of the armed force without any intervention of the Legislature, or any of its members, even for two years after the expiration of its functions.

The Directory names the commanders in chief and ministers of state, and recalls those powers at pleasure.

But the Legislative Body determines the number and attributes of ministers—these are six at least, eight at most.

The Directory nominates the receivers of all taxes and contributions, and the administrators of the national property: it presents a yearly account of the finances of the state. It may suggest any object to the consideration of the Five Hundred, but not in the form of laws.

The Directory must reside in the same commune as the Legislative Bodies, and the salary of each member is fixed at the value of 10,222 quintals of wheat.

Such are the leading principles which it will be necessary for those to carry in their recollection who are deterred by any tedious plan, and have neither leisure nor inclination to peruse the whole constitution, now accepted so generally as to ensure its coming into operation.

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At Fieldalling, in Norfolk, a fire-ball fell down the chimney of one Thomas Carr, a labouring man of that parish, which split the chimney and balk of the house: the tea kettle, and the hake on which it was suspended, were both melted down. The poor woman had a looking glass on her lap, and was going to put on her cap, when she was struck blind: her husband was knocked down, and remained senseless for some time; and the looking-glass they have not been able to find, nor even the least remains of it: what is very remarkable, a child of a year old, sitting in the chair in the corner, received no hurt, but was covered all over with soot by the explosion.

A ball of fire passed through Braintree, in Essex, near midnight, which burnt three houses, together with all the furniture. It also struck the church steeple, and was shivered into an hundred pieces, melting the clock work, &c. &c.

A fire-ball (as it is termed) fell on a barn belonging to Mr. Blomfield, of Brightlingsea, in Essex, in which was about eight coombs of rye, the major part of which, with the barn, was destroyed. It is very singular, that, in the month of August, in the year 1768, a barn, standing exactly on the same spot, was destroyed in a similar manner.

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A boy tending birds at Coddington, near Newark, was struck dead by a violent flash of lightning. His hat was shattered into near a score pieces, and his other cloaths much torn.

At Huntley, in Gloucestershire, a large elm was struck by the lightning, which took three directions down the body of the tree, and made grooves in the bark four inches wide; the bark torn off was carried to the distance of more than 100 yards. At Norwood Green, in the parish of Westbury, a large tree was blasted by the lightning in such a manner that it continued burning on Friday morning. A person, riding from Newnham to Claxhill, had his horse struck down, and the beast for some time lay motionless; though it afterwards recovered. Several persons saw balls of electric fire descend from the clouds.

In the parish of Worthe, in Lewes, Sussex, five sheep belonging to Mr. Brooker were killed by it; a windmill, at Copthorne, in the occupation of

Mr. Locke, was shivered to pieces; the mill at Godstone caught fire, and was burnt down; a chimney of Mr. Chatfield's house, of Crawley, was much damaged; and a house at Hanfield, occupied by Mr. Bowel, was partly destroyed.

At Cuckfield, a fire-ball fell in the middle of the street, but providentially did no mischief.

At Woolwich, a house was set on fire by one of the flashes; and the flames having communicated to an adjoining dwelling, they were both consumed to the ground, together with the whole of the furniture.

The wife of a gentleman, who has an iron foundry at Deptford, was struck by the lightning, and fell down dead immediately. The body is said to have been much disfigured by the operation of such a vast body of the elemental fluid as appears to have surrounded her at the instant of the accident.

At Dover the storm was violent; and rain poured in torrents down the hills. As a cart and four horses, belonging to Mr. Coleman, of the Priory, were carrying a load of dung, a violent clap of thunder, attended with lightning, killed the four horses and the driver, Andrew Greaves.

A seafaring man was killed by it near Lulworth.

At Reading, the storm began about 9 o'clock, and lasted till after one in the morning. The lightning was unusually vivid, and several of the claps of thunder awfully tremendous. Two horses, out of four, the property of farmer Appleton, that were grazing in a field at Burgfield, were struck dead by the lightning; and a fine large oak, in the park of John Blagrove, Esq. of Calcot, was split, and entirely stripped of its bark.

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Two horses belonging to the Shrewsbury mail-coach were struck down on the road, while going in full speed, and lay stupid for a quarter of an hour, when they recovered; but were so perverse that they broke the splinter-bar, and the mail could not proceed.

A tremendous tempest passed over Sheffield and its neighbourhood; and, though the storm was of short duration, considerable mischief was done. A person labouring in a field near Birley common was struck dead by the lightning, and his two children were thrown upon the ground, but neither of them were hurt.

At Beighton, Derbyshire, Mr. John Needham, a respectable farmer, was killed by lightning as he was twitching in his land there. Three other persons were also with him, and were struck down, but received no injury; they were not able to see each other, for some minutes after, from smoke and sulphur. The lightning tore and shattered the deceased's cloaths all to pieces, melted several buttons, and tore his shoes from his feet, drove out every nail in the shoes, and one of his shoe-buckles was found broken a considerable distance from him.

At Felthorpe, a horse belonging to Mr. Springall was struck dead by the lightning. A cow, and some sheep and geese, were killed on Wymondham common. A large timber-tree, belonging to the Rev. Mr. Drake of Wymondham, was also shivered. A cottage was burnt down at Wood Dalling, and a barn at Wroxham.

At Lynn, and in its neighbourhood, the tempest continued nine hours incessantly, and did considerable damage. Many houses were unroofed, and stock perished. The rain descended in cataracts, and the bursts of thunder were awful beyond description, particularly that of 6 o'clock, the most tremendous ever remembered to have been heard there.

Considerable damage has been sustained in different parts of Suffolk, amongst which the following has come to our knowledge: Two cottages were burnt down at Great-Waldingfield, and an aged woman was with great difficulty preserved from the flame. A windmill at Whepstead was much damaged. The chimney of a cottage was thrown down, and a window broken to pieces, at Cavendish.

A horse belonging to Mr. Ely, grocer, of Bury, was so much frightened that he ran his head against a wall in the paddock, and was killed on the spot.

A granary and stable of Mr. Vipou at Southery, near Newmarket, were set on fire by the lightning, and all attempts to save them were ineffectual.

A girl about eighteen years of age, who was on a visit to some relations at Moulsoe, near Newport-Pagnell, being greatly alarmed, arose from bed with the rest of the family, and, standing near the chimney-piece, was struck dead by a flash of lightning. She expired without a groan, and there was not the least mark of violence discovered about her.

In Ireland, during the same storm, a ball of fire fell on a house a little above Dundrum. It struck a man and two women senseless for a considerable time, killed a mastiff dog that was at the door, and then forced its way through the roof, taking some slates and the ridge tiling off it, broke a pane of glass, and took some stones out of the wall. The man and two women were the only people in the house; they recovered together, and none of them could tell how long they were in a state of insensibility.

17. Their Majesties, and their Royal Highnesses the Princesses, set out from Windsor at a quarter before five o'clock, and arrived at Gloucester-lodge, Weymouth, at a quarter past five the same evening in perfect health.

SHEFFIELD, August 31.

On our last market-day flour was at the enormous price of 5s. 6d. the stone, which is much beyond what the oldest man living here remembers it to have been before; but in the space of two days it was down as low as 2s. 4d. and how do you think it was brought about?

Mr. Hartop, a farmer and miller at Attercliffe, a village about a mile from hence, brought a large quantity of flour into this town, which he sold at 2s. 4d. a stone, which obliged all the rest of the corn and flour sellers to lower the prices from 5s. 6d. to that sum; and even the committee, who had purchased corn to sell again to the poor at a more reasonable rate than the market price, were obliged to come down to 2s. 4d. So humane, so generous, so noble, an action, you may depend on it, did not escape the notice of the people; and accordingly on Thursday, the day following, a coach was hired, to which the people exultingly yoked themselves, and drew it to Attercliffe, for the purpose of bringing the worthy miller into Sheffield, and drawing him in triumph through every street in the town; but his modesty keeping equal pace with his merit, he declined the compliment, assuring them "that he had been most amply overpaid by the pleasure he had received in being the humble instrument of making so many of his fellow-creatures happy." The air was rent with the shouts of admiring thousands; but, determined that so excellent an act should not pass unnoticed, they requested that he would give his servants a holiday, and permit them to enter the coach as his representatives; which being complied with, and the servants seated in the coach, they were drawn, amidst continual acclamations of joy, to this town. As they approached the town the bells of all the churches began ringing, and the procession moved slowly and regularly up Waingate; and when the coach was arrived in the Bullstake, opposite to the Tontine inn, a person of the name of Stanley began with paying a handsome and appropriate compliment to the humane and beneficent mind of Hartop, who was the honourable cause of their being at that moment so joyfully collected together.

As soon as this oration was over the procession moved on, and went through all the principal streets. The coach was ornamented with ribbands and garlands of flowers, and the orator above-mentioned bore in his hand, by way of ensign, a bag of flour tied with ribbands. After parading through the principal streets, amidst the ringing of bells, bonfires, and firing of cannon, and bestowing thousands and millions of blessings on the name of Hartop, the patriotic miller, and the friend of the poor, the thousands assembled, like good and peaceable citizens, quietly retired to their respective homes to eat the cheap loaves with which this worthy man had furnished them.

Sept. 1. O'Connor and Griffin, two of the friends of the French Convention in Ireland, were found guilty of high-treason at Naas, in Ireland, and sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. After O'Connor had received his sentence, he addressed the court in a speech of considerable length, in which he censured the abuses of Government.

Thirteen apprentices and journeymen, of different trades, making in the whole thirty, have been apprehended in Dublin, charged with having sworn to the Defender's oath, and associating and conspiring, with several other persons of a similar description, in acts of high-treason.

DUBLIN, Sept. 13.

The 105th and 114th British Fencible regiments, which have lately marched into Cork, having been ordered to be drafted into other regiments, the men headed by the serjeant-major, dismissed themselves on parade, and continued in a mutinous state for some time, nevertheless asserting, they were ready to obey their officers, and proceed as a regiment to wherever they were ordered. The manner of their being subdued by General Massey, commanding the district, is thus related: "Upon the mutineers forming a hollow square, he ordered several bodies to march round to the different avenues of the parade, by which means he completely blocked them up. He then gave the signal for the cannon to advance, and the mutineers were made to ground their arms, which were taken up and sent off. General Massey then harangued them on the folly and rashness of their conduct. They were then marched prisoners to the barracks, and thus ended an affair that gave infinite uneasiness, and threatened the most serious consequences."

17. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the church of St. Paul, Covent-Garden, on the repairs of which near 10,000*l.* have within these few years been expended, was entirely destroyed by fire in the space of two hours.

The flames broke out in the cupola. The blaze having communicated to the timber, the whole soon exhibited a mighty and tremendous mass of fire, ascending awfully into the air to an incredible height. In about a quarter of an hour the dome, being bereft of its supporters, fell with a dreadful crash, and communicated the flames to the inside of the church, and the roof taking fire at the same time, the conflagration became general throughout the whole of the extensive and beautiful building. The scene by this time arrived to so terrific an extent, that well-founded apprehensions were universally entertained for the safety of the surrounding dwelling-houses, particularly those in King-street, the wind blowing rather fresh in a southerly direction. The attention of the firemen (whose exertions on the church were of no avail) was accordingly directed to that quarter; but, notwithstanding their utmost endeavours, two of the houses took fire, which, however, by their steady perseverance, were saved from destruction, with the loss only of the window-sashes.

At length the majestic and ingeniously-constructed roof of the church fell in, and the walls, being of an immense structure, effectually confined the flames within their limits; so that the mischief happily spread no farther.

The communion plate, the register-books, and all the other portable articles were saved; but every other article pertaining to the sacred edifice, including the valuable and celebrated organ, the clock, &c. &c. was devoured by the unconquerable fury of the destructive element.

The roof of the church was allowed to be a master-piece of architecture, it being entirely unsupported by any cross beams, the credit of which was due to the celebrated *Mr. Jones*. The building had stood from the days of Charles the Second, had formerly been insured at the Westminster Fire-Office for 10,000*l.* but the insurance has been out about a year, without being renewed; the loss therefore falls on the parish.

The next day several of the workmen who had been employed in repairing the building were examined before William Kinnaird, Esq. at the Public-Office, Bow Street, respecting the cause of the fire, when, from what transpired, there is every reason to think it originated from a charcoal fire made in an iron ladle in the cupola, for the plumbers (who were doing some repairs there) to heat their metal and irons; to effect which they were obliged to use a bellows, which causing a number of sparks to fly, it is conjectured that some must have fallen among the timbers of that part of the building, as the men were positive that they brought the ladle in which the fire had been made, and the ashes in it, down with them, when they left work.

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A tremendous tempest passed over Sheffield and its neighbourhood; and, though the storm was of short duration, considerable mischief was done. A person labouring in a field near Birley common was struck dead by the lightning, and his two children were thrown upon the ground, but neither of them were hurt.

At Beighton, Derbyshire, Mr. John Needham, a respectable farmer, was killed by lightning as he was twitching in his land there. Three other persons were also with him, and wore struck down, but received no injury; they were not able to see each other, for some minutes after, from smoke and sulphur. The lightning tore and shattered the deceased's cloaths all to pieces, melted several buttons, and tore his shoes from his feet, drove out every nail in the shoes, and one of his shoe-buckles was found broken a considerable distance from him.

At Felthorpe, a horse belonging to Mr. Springall was struck dead by the lightning. A cow, and some sheep and geese, were killed on Wymondham common. A large timber-tree, belonging to the Rev. Mr. Drake of Wymondham, was also shivered. A cottage was burnt down at Wood Dalling, and a barn at Wroxham.

At Lynn, and in its neighbourhood, the tempest continued nine hours incessantly, and did considerable damage. Many houses were unroofed, and stock perished. The rain descended in cataracts, and the bursts of thunder were awful beyond description, particularly that of 6 o'clock, the most tremendous ever remembered to have been heard there.

Considerable damage has been sustained in different parts of Suffolk, amongst which the following has come to our knowledge: Two cottages were burnt down at Great-Waldingfield, and an aged woman was with great difficulty preserved from the flame. A windmill at Whelpstead was much damaged. The chimney of a cottage was thrown down, and a window broken to pieces, at Cavendish.

A horse belonging to Mr. Ely, grocer, of Bury, was so much frightened that he ran his head against a wall in the paddock, and was killed on the spot.

A granary and stable of Mr. Vipon at Southery, near Newmarket, were set on fire by the lightning, and all attempts to save them were ineffectual.

A girl about eighteen years of age, who was on a visit to some relations at Moulsoe, near Newport-Pagnell, being greatly alarmed, arose from bed with the rest of the family, and, standing near the chimney-piece, was struck dead by a flash of lightning. She expired without a groan, and there was not the least mark of violence discovered about her.

In Ireland, during the same storm, a ball of fire fell on a house a little above Dundrum. It struck a man and two women senseless for a considerable time, killed a mastiff dog that was at the door, and then forced its way through the roof, taking some slates and the ridge tiling off it, broke a pane of glass, and took some stones out of the wall. The man and two women were the only people in the house; they recovered together, and none of them could tell how long they were in a state of insensibility.

17. Their Majesties, and their Royal Highnesses the Princesses, set out from Windsor at a quarter before five o'clock, and arrived at Gloucester-lodge, Weymouth, at a quarter past five the same evening in perfect health.

SHEFFIELD, August 31.

On our last market-day flour was at the enormous price of 5s. 6d. the stone, which is much beyond what the oldest man living here remembers it to have been before; but in the space of two days it was down as low as 2s. 4d. and how do you think it was brought about?

Mr. Hartop, a farmer and miller at Attercliffe, a village about a mile from hence, brought a large quantity of flour into this town, which he sold at 2s. 4d. a stone, which obliged all the rest of the corn and flour sellers to lower the prices from 5s. 6d. to that sum; and even the committee, who had purchased corn to sell again to the poor at a more reasonable rate than the market price, were obliged to come down to 2s. 4d. So humane, so generous, so noble, an action, you may depend on it, did not escape the notice of the people; and accordingly on Thursday, the day following, a coach was hired, to which the people exultingly yoked themselves, and drew it to Attercliffe, for the purpose of bringing the worthy miller into Sheffield, and drawing him in triumph through every street in the town; but his modesty keeping equal pace with his merit, he declined the compliment, assuring them "that he had been most amply overpaid by the pleasure he had received in being the humble instrument of making so many of his fellow-creatures happy." The air was rent with the shouts of admiring thousands; but, determined that so excellent an act should not pass unnoticed, they requested that he would give his servants a holiday, and permit them to enter the coach as his representatives; which being complied with, and the servants seated in the coach, they were drawn, amidst continual acclamations of joy, to this town. As they approached the town the bells of all the churches began ringing, and the procession moved slowly and regularly up Waingate; and when the coach was arrived in the Bullstake, opposite to the Tontine inn, a person of the name of Stanley began with paying a handsome and appropriate compliment to the humane and beneficent mind of Hartop, who was the honourable cause of their being at that moment so joyfully collected together.

As soon as this oration was over the procession moved on, and went through all the principal streets. The coach was ornamented with ribbands and garlands of flowers, and the orator above-mentioned bore in his hand, by way of ensign, a bag of flour tied with ribbands. After parading through the principal streets, amidst the ringing of bells, bonfires, and firing of cannon, and bestowing thousands and millions of blessings on the name of Hartop, the patriotic miller, and the friend of the poor, the thousands assembled, like good and peaceable citizens, quietly retired to their respective homes to eat the cheap loaves with which this worthy man had furnished them.

Sept. 1. O'Connor and Griffin, two of the friends of the French Convention in Ireland, were found guilty of high-treason at Naas, in Ireland, and sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. After O'Connor had received his sentence, he addressed the court in a speech of considerable length, in which he censured the abuses of Government.

Thirteen apprentices and journeymen, of different trades, making in the whole thirty, have been apprehended in Dublin, charged with having sworn to the Defender's oath, and associating and conspiring, with several other persons of a similar description, in acts of high-treason.

DUBLIN, Sept. 13.

The 105th and 114th British Fencible regiments, which have lately marched into Cork, having been ordered to be drafted into other regiments, the men headed by the serjeant-major, dismissed themselves on parade, and continued in a mutinous state for some time, nevertheless asserting, they were ready to obey their officers, and proceed as a regiment to wherever they were ordered. The manner of their being subdued by General Massey, commanding the district, is thus related: "Upon the mutineers forming a hollow square, he ordered several bodies to march round to the different avenues of the parade, by which means he completely blocked them up. He then gave the signal for the cannon to advance, and the mutineers were made to ground their arms, which were taken up and sent off. General Massey then harangued them on the folly and rashness of their conduct. They were then marched prisoners to the barracks, and thus ended an affair that gave infinite uneasiness, and threatened the most serious consequences."

17. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the church of St. Paul, Covent-Garden, on the repairs of which near 10,000*l.* have within these few years been expended, was entirely destroyed by fire in the space of two hours.

The flames broke out in the cupola. The blaze having communicated to the timber, the whole soon exhibited a mighty and tremendous mass of fire, ascending awfully into the air to an incredible height. In about a quarter of an hour the dome, being bereft of its supporters, fell with a dreadful crash, and communicated the flames to the inside of the church, and the roof taking fire at the same time, the conflagration became general throughout the whole of the extensive and beautiful building. The scene by this time arrived to so terrific an extent, that well-founded apprehensions were universally entertained for the safety of the surrounding dwelling-houses, particularly those in King-street, the wind blowing rather fresh in a southerly direction. The attention of the firemen (whose exertions on the church were of no avail) was accordingly directed to that quarter; but, notwithstanding their utmost endeavours, two of the houses took fire, which, however, by their steady perseverance, were saved from destruction, with the loss only of the window-sashes.

At length the majestic and ingeniously-constructed roof of the church fell in, and the walls, being of an immense structure, effectually confined the flames within their limits; so that the mischief happily spread no farther.

The communion plate, the register-books, and all the other portable articles were saved; but every other article pertaining to the sacred edifice, including the valuable and celebrated organ, the clock, &c. &c. was devoured by the unconquerable fury of the destructive element.

The roof of the church was allowed to be a master piece of architecture, it being entirely unsupported by any cross beams, the credit of which was due to the celebrated INIGO JONES. The building had stood from the days of Charles the Second, had formerly been insured at the Westminster Fire-Office for 10,000*l.* but the insurance has been out about a year, without being renewed; the loss therefore falls on the parish.

The next day several of the workmen who had been employed in repairing the building were examined before William Kinnaird, Esq. at the Public-Office, Bow Street, respecting the cause of the fire, when, from what transpired, there is every reason to think it originated from a charcoal fire made in an iron ladle in the cupola, for the plumbers (who were doing some repairs there) to heat their metal and irons; to effect which they were obliged to use a bellows, which causing a number of sparks to fly, it is conjectured that some must have fallen among the timbers of that part of the building, as the men were positive that they brought the ladle in which the fire had been made, and the ashes in it, down with them, when they left work.

MARRIAGES.

AT Orwell Park, near Ipswich, the seat of the Earl of Beverley, the Right Hon. Lord St. Asaph, to Lady Char. Percy, eldest daughter of the Earl of Beverley. The Most Honourable the Marquis of Titchfield, to Miss Scott, eldest daughter of the late General Scott. At Esher in Surrey, John Wright, Banker, of London, to Miss Mary Curtis. A few days ago, at Ilminster, Mr. Wyat, of Broadway, a blind gentleman, aged 82, to the blooming Miss Tucker, of Ilminster, aged 20. The Right Hon. Lord Chichester, son of the Marquis of Donegal, to Lady Harriet Stewart, daughter of the Earl of Galloway. Sir William Langham, Bart. to Miss Vane, only daughter of the Hon. Charles Vane.

DEATHS.

At Calais, the Hon. Henry Wallop, next brother to the Earl of Portsmouth, aged 52. At Barnet, John Goodall, Esq. of the South-Sea-House, aged 70. At Aldershot, Hants, Thomas Newenham, Esq. a Post-Captain in the Royal Navy. At Gibraltar, Andrew Sutherland, Esq. Captain in his Majesty's Navy, and Commissioner in that place. Rev. John Acland, Prebend of the Cathedral of St. Peter, Exeter, and Vicar of Broadclist, Devon. In Downing Street, Mr. William Graves, many years surgeon to the British Lying-in Hospital, Brownlow-street, Long Acre.

BANKRUPTS.

Michael Cutler (partner with Jonathan Bunting), of Bedford-street, Covent-Garden, Middlesex, woollen-draper. William Alatt Wright, of Leicestershire, woolcomber. John Rogers, of Chilland, Hants, horse-dealer. Edmund Thompson, of Eastoff, Lincolnshire, merchant. Benjamin Gifford, of Wiviliscombe, Somersetshire, clothier. David Sivwright, of Queen-street, Cheapside, merchant. Thomas Sirett, of Park Lane, victualler. John Fidler, of Littleton Pannell, in the parish of West Lavington, Wilts, mealman. James Harris, of Falmouth, in Cornwall, mercer. John Ridley, of Henrietta-street Covent Garden, cordwainer. Robert Osborne, of Banbury, Oxfordshire, factor. Peter Willans, of Leicester, manufacturer of hats. Thomas Bush of Kensington, Middlesex, builder. George Gregory of Newbury, Berks, chemist. George Robertson, Commander of the ship Marianne, mariner. John Parker, of Manchester, warehouseman. Thomas Saxby and James Key, of New Bond-street, Middlesex, tailors. Robert Peacock and George Purby, of Sittingbourn, Kent, upholsterer. James Fricker, of Bath, shoe-maker. William Meynell, of Long-lane, West Smithfield, baker. James Tucker, of Bristol, farrier. Christopher Thornhill, Camm, late of the Island of Antigua, but now of London, merchant. Richard Cue, of Newent, in Gloucestershire, linen and woollen-draper. Francis Young, of Bristol, house-carpenter. John Woodhead and Andrew Lane, of Manchester, merchants. James Christopher, of Hampton-Court, Middlesex, inn-keeper. Warren Jane, of Chepstow, in Monmouthshire, soap-maker. David Simpson, of Thayer-street, Manchester-square, plaisterer. John Brook Knight, of Cannon-street, London, cordwainer. James Bower, of Bristol, ironmonger. John Taylor the elder and John Taylor the younger, of Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, boot and shoe-makers. Josiah Lane, of Mill Pond Bridge, Bermondsey, Surrey, carrier. Robert Phillips, of Liverpool, bookseller. Mary Maddock, of Leek, Staffordshire, bookseller. John Cowley and Francis Field, of Basinghall-street, London, Blackwell-Hall-factors. John Mortimer, of Midgley, Yorkshire, and Joshua Mortimer, of Soircoate, in the same county, butchers. James Benstead and James Green, of Bethnal-Green, horse-dealers. William Dalton of Kingston upon Hull, liquor merchant. William Peacock, of Barrow, Suffolk, yarn-maker. Constantine Egan, of Finch-lane, London, merchant. William Thompson, of Red Lion street, Clerkenwell, watchmaker. Noah Meadows, of St. Martins-le-Grand, London, boot and shoemaker. Joseph Glover, John Hall, Samuel Haynes, and Walter Haynes, of Worcestershire, porter brewers. Thomas Wright, of Queen-street, Cheapside, wine merchant. James Hopping of the Borough of Southwark, hatter. Thomas Francis, of Red House, Battersca, Surrey, victualler. William Hird the younger, late chief mate of the Earl of Wycomb East Indiaman, of Argyle-street, Oxford street, Middlesex, mariner. Thomas Clayton, of Ardwick, Lancashire, ale brewer. William Alagar, of Leadenhall-street, London, haberdasher.