

THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,

OR,

GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY.

For OCTOBER 1795.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ELEGANT ENGRAVING OF THE
ROYAL CUMBERLAND FREEMASONS' SCHOOL.

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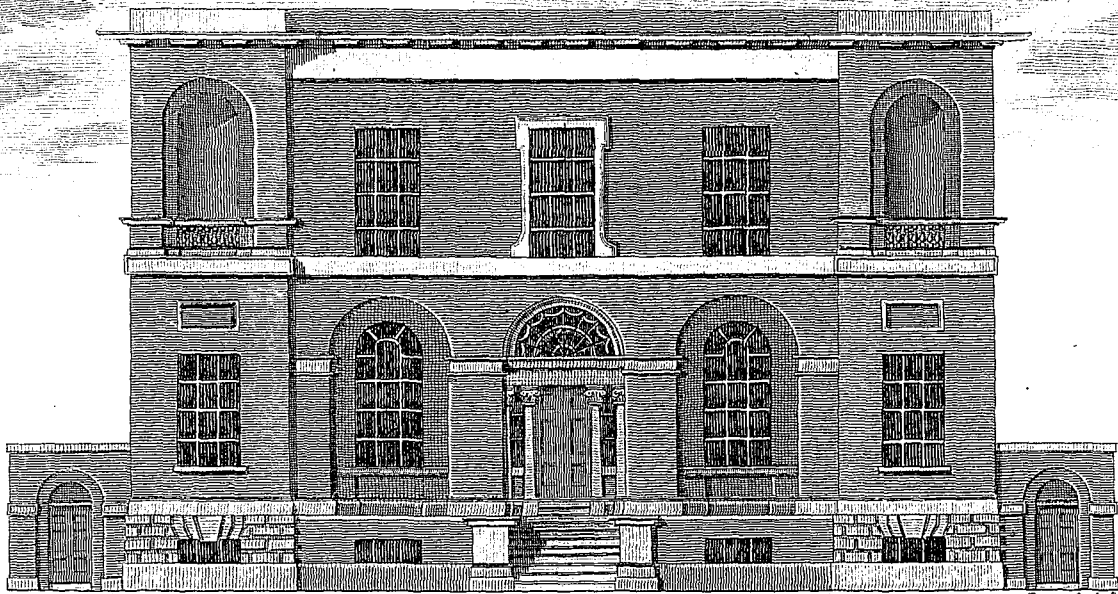
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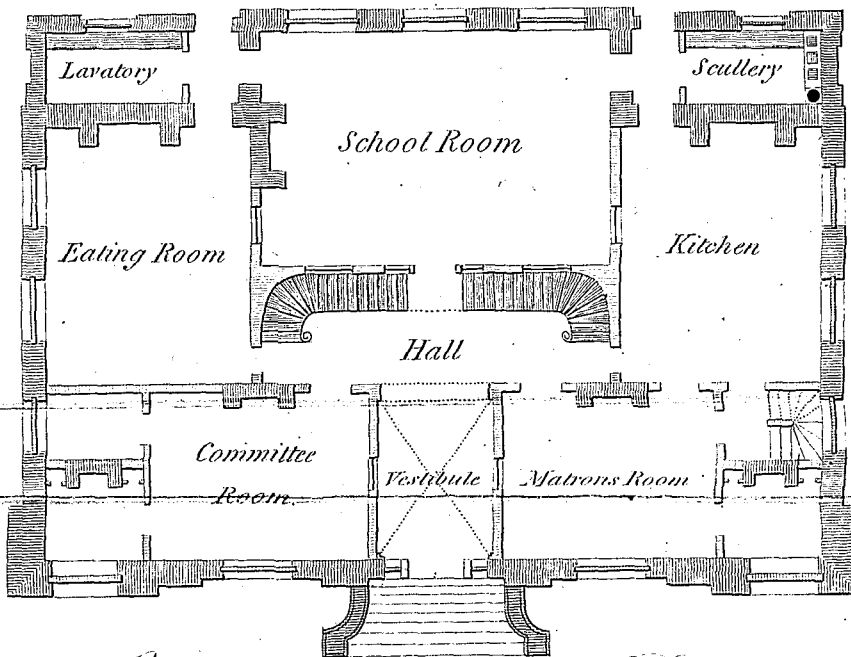
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FOR OCTOBER 1795.

SOME ACCOUNT OF
MR. BAKEWELL, OF DISHLEY.

ROBERT BAKEWELL, the most successful and celebrated experimental Farmer ever known in England, was born at Dishley, in Leicestershire, about the year 1725 or 6. His grandfather and father had resided on the same estate since the beginning of the present century; and his father, who died about the year 1760, had always the reputation of being one of the most ingenious and able farmers of his neighbourhood.

Mr. BAKEWELL, having conducted the Dishley Farm several years before the decease of his father, began about 40 years since that course of experiments which has procured him such extensive fame. He made excursions into different parts of England, to inspect the various breeds, and to ascertain those which were best adapted to his purposes, and the most valuable of their kinds. His next step was to select and purchase the best of all the sorts wherever they could be found; and this selection, the result of several years experience, was the original stock from which he afterwards propagated his own.

About the year 1760 Mr. BAKEWELL sold his sheep, by private contract, at not more than two or three guineas each. Some time afterwards he began to let some of his rams, and for a few seasons received only fifteen shillings and a guinea a-piece for them; but as the fame of his breed extended itself he advanced his prices, and, by the year 1770, was enabled to let some of his rams for the season for 25 guineas. Since that time the prices and credit of his stock have been progressively encreasing; and, of late years, single rams have been let for the season for the enormous prices of FOUR HUNDRED GUINEAS and upwards. It is a fact, which has no other former example, that one ram, called the *Two Pounder*, produced, in one season, the sum of 800 guineas, independent of ewes of Mr. BAKEWELL'S own stock, which, at the same rate, would have made a total, the produce of a single ram—of TWELVE HUNDRED Guineas!

The race of Dishley Sheep are known by the fineness of their bone and flesh, the lightness of the offal, the disposition to quietness, and consequently to mature and fatten with less food than other sheep of equal weight and value. Mr. BAKEWELL improved his Black Horses by an attention to the form which is best adapted to their use. His Stallions have been let for the season for 100 guineas and upwards. About ten years since he exhibited his famous Black Horse to the King, and many of the Nobility in the Court-yard at St. James's.

In this place it may be worth while to insert the following statement of the prices given, at an auction, for stock bred from Mr. BAKEWELL'S.

The sale to which we advert was that of Mr. FOWLER, of Roll-right, in Oxfordshire. After his death, one article of his live stock, the horned cattle, sold for a value equal to that of the fee-simple of his farm! Fifteen head alone of bulls and cows sold for 2,460*l.* or at the rate of 164*l.* each!

Among Mr. BAKEWELL'S curiosities are a rump and a surloin of a cow, more than 20 years old when killed, which is wonderfully fat. It is now more than four inches thick in fat, and would, without doubt, have been considerably thicker had she been killed at an earlier age. He had also two pieces of bacon, one from a hog with very large bone, and the other from one with very small bone. The latter was eleven inches through to the bone, and the former not half so deep.

It was his opinion, that the only way to improve the breed of cattle is to keep up the price; for if the price is low, people send any kind of cows, and if the produce fails the bull is blamed; but if the price is high, they are particular, and send none but the very best, which is the only method to improve the breed. The same argument, he says, holds good with all other kinds of cattle.

To shew the difference of judgment in respect to the value of cattle, Mr. BAKEWELL observed, that some years since he used to attend Loughborough Tup-Market, where he had a ram which he let for TWENTY-FIVE GUINEAS. Soon after the agreement, another farmer wanted to purchase this ram, and Mr. BAKEWELL (in joke) asked him *twenty-five shillings* for it. The farmer offered *eighteen*, and at last they parted for two shillings!—A heifer sold at Mr. PEARCE'S sale, near Northampton, for EIGHTY GUINEAS; and, a few days after, as she was driven through Leicester, a party of farmers standing together valued her at about *eight pounds*.

Mr. BAKEWELL had let a bull to a gentleman for fifty guineas for the season. The gentleman dying in the interim, and the executors not knowing any thing of this transaction, sold the bull by auction with the rest of the cattle. When the season was over, Mr. BAKEWELL sent for his bull, and, after investigating the matter, found, to his great surprize, that the bull had been sold to a butcher for about eight pounds, who had killed it, and sold it for two-pence-halfpenny per pound. Mr. BAKEWELL, in course, applied to the executors for the value, which was fifty guineas for the season (the stipulated agreement), and 200 guineas for the bull. The executors refused payment, thinking that, as the bull was sold by public auction, before a great number of farmers, and many of them thought to be men of judgment, for only eight pounds, it was an imposition. Mr. BAKEWELL was therefore obliged to bring an action for the amount; and people appearing as witnesses on the trial, who were acquainted with this breed, and making oath that Mr. B. had not overvalued his bull, a verdict was given in Mr. B.'s favour to the full amount, with costs of suit.

Mr. BAKEWELL, at the time of his death, was verging on his 70th year. In person he was tall, broad set, and, in his latter years, rather inclined to corpulency. His countenance bespoke intelligence, acti-

vity, and a high degree of benevolence. His manners were frank and pleasing, and well calculated to maintain the extensive popularity he had acquired. His domestic arrangements at Dishley were formed on a scale of hospitality to strangers, that gained him universal esteem. Of the numerous visitants, induced by curiosity to call at his house, none ever left it without having reason to extol the liberality of its owner. Many interesting anecdotes are related of his humanity towards the various orders of animals. He continually deprecated the atrocious barbarities practised by butchers and drovers; shewing, by examples on his own farm, the most pleasing instances of docility in the animals under his care.

He departed this life on Thursday, October 1, 1795, after a tedious illness, which he bore with the philosophical fortitude that ever distinguished his character.

ON THE
ERRORS OF COMMON OPINION.

Proh superi! quantum mortalia pectora cæcæ notis habent. SENECA.

IT is a general observation, that "*What every body says must be true;*" but perhaps there is not a more erroneous rule to judge by, in the whole moral world, than this extensive precept. This is one of the set of vulgarly received opinions, and is indeed the basis of all the rest, as it gives them their claim to credit, by settling that which is the judgment of the many as an infallible doctrine; and it is a very ill omen to all the rest, that this on which they all depend is false. We are apt to reverence what the multitude advance, and there seems this shew of reason for it, that among that multitude there must needs be some equally able, at least, to judge of things with ourselves; and when each is equal, a plurality of voices has a right to carry it against a single opinion. This is a very specious shew of reason; but it is indeed no more than a shew, and is equally delusive in its claim to our assent, and mischievous in its consequences.

It is easy to see, that if this was to be eternally allowed a law to us, the world could never improve in knowledge in any one branch; since no man ever yet started even the slightest hint for making us wiser than we used to be, but he first dared to think that what every body said might perhaps not be true; that is, that the received opinion of the world might be an erroneous one; and ventured to set his single judgment on a level with that of the whole world together; nay, of what may in some sort be called many worlds, that is, many series of men, who have all lived and died in the same opinions. He who advances any thing new, whether in science or practice, combats at once the judgment of the present and past ages. Yet we see, to our great happiness, that the single champion often proves successful; and it is evident, that an implicit belief in what every body says must for ever keep the world in the same degree of knowledge, that is, in the same degree of ignorance.

In thus reverencing common opinions, we reverence we know not what. Little do we conceive how easily and upon what slight foundations the *every body says it* is obtained for any opinion, and while we fear to combat the judgments of a number of people of equal talents with ourselves, we fear an opposition that exists not; for perhaps not one of all those people, whom we look upon as the countenancers of an opinion, ever concerned themselves in it, or asked their judgment the least question about it. Mankind are naturally lazy: some busy fool advances an absurdity; he pretends he has reason and argument on his side, and the world, even the great men of the world, take his word for it, and assent without ever examining the least article of what they assent to. Thus every body says what is foolish, absurd, or false; and thus we see how cheaply this grand testimonial of right, this *every body says*, is bought. What has thus passed through one age, has the double sanction of precedent and authority for the next; and thus the falsehood stands as an unquestionable truth, till some ill natured fellow rises up in a pet, cries, all the world is a fool, and shews himself in the opinion of the vulgar a wiser man than all that went before him; but this is only another common opinion, with no foundation in truth, since the whole matter is, he has happened to think upon a subject which no body considered it worth while to think upon before.

There is no guide so false, in all the paths of life, as common opinion; nothing in which a man shews himself so little of the rational creature, as the countenancing or being influenced by it; nothing in which he is so much himself, as in despising it. Common opinion declares, in all matters of uncertainty, "Ay, ay, we shall see by the event how wise the action was." This is received as a solid test of wisdom in the projectors of any new schemes, or the adventurer in any precarious scene of action. Blind and besotted as we are! why do we not consider that in human actions, in general, it is not so much as once in a thousand times, that the event is answerable in all respects to the means. We live in a stage of being so very uncertain in itself, and surrounded with so many accidents which it is wholly impossible to foresee, that no plan of acting can be secure of bringing us to any end just as we would have it: and, if we would judge like men, instead of applauding every thing that is successful, and condemning every thing that fails, we should congratulate the fortune, not the prudence, of the successful man, and pity, not condemn, him who has missed his end. This is not a peculiar opinion among us, the Romans had it long before; *Exitus acta probat*, *The event proves the wisdom or folly of the action*, was an old Latin proverb; and Ovid has justly saty- rized the cruelty and injustice of it in his character of *Dido*.

Common opinion condemns all manners, customs, and opinions, different from our own; and this not because they are worse than ours, for that it never enquires into, but because they are different.

When a man dies with us, nothing dies with him, he rots, and there is an end of his life: his son thanks heaven for taking him out of the way, and perhaps will not leave heaven the merit of it, but gives his nurse ten guineas to pull the pillow from under his head, when he has no more arms to resist, nor tongue to tell tales; while

the cruel medicine might have belied his hopes, and restored him to them all again. The savage Indians, on the other hand, when they lose their friend, lose all that he possessed while living; his axe, his gun, and kettle, the means of killing and of dressing food, are all buried with him, when he has no longer hands to shoot, or a mouth to feed with.

This has been the custom, time immemorial, with these unenlightened heathens. The late Mr. *Whitfield* once dared, in the confidence of our differing in opinion, to condemn this as absurd and criminal, before the prince of these honest people, and that at the head of his people and in his own country; but what was the event? the savage answered; and the world declared his people, and not ours, had right and justice in their customs. The priest in very scurvy terms accused the blindness of this savage herd, in supposing burial necessary to weapons made with human hands, because it was so to that body which was not only made by immortal fingers, but was also the express image of that immortal Maker; and itself entitled to immortality: Senseless and absurd, continued he, to think because a star has brightness, a mushroom must have lustre too; and because man has an immortal soul, that therefore his axe and hammer must have souls to serve him with in immortality!

An insolent contempt and elevated brow gave notice of the conclusion of his loud harangue, and gave the followers of this then new apostle their cue for shouts and acclamation. When the noise of this triumph was over, the Indian chief, who had sat with his eyes fixed upon the ground, to hear this insolent accusation, arose, and modestly beckoning to his friends for their attention, answered in this manner:

“ Our customs, brothers, delivered to us from the sacred mouths of our deceased old men, as they were received by them from theirs, and still remain, and shall remain for ever unaltered with us, need no defence, no praise to you; you know their worth, and you know the reverence you are to pay to them, not as the traditions or the thoughts of others, but as opinions worthy the approbation of reasoning creatures: these Christians, always hasty to condemn, argue on false principles, and forge the crimes or follies which they afterwards condemn us for. Their own accounts of their own conquests among our kindred nations are proofs enough of this. But, brothers, though you want no instruction, this young man needs much; and I demand your consent to give it to him.”

A general approbation on the one part, and as general an amazement on the other, ushered in the sequel of the speech of this generous savage, which was continued in these words: “ Most rash young man, you have convinced us you have much to learn; how dare you then attempt to teach? Why urge you against us, even to our faces, things which ourselves must and which you ought to know are false: we hope you rather ignorant than dishonest, and are willing to believe you know no better than your speech declares: but let me then inform you, that our principles are these; we hold that man shall live again when dead, and so do you, in this we differ not: but, young man it is not for this that we bury him. He who will give life to the dead can as well do it to their atoms scattered upon the face of the

whole world, as to their mouldering dust when kept together. It is not for this, it is not for him that is dead, but for ourselves, who remain alive, that we bury him; to bury our remembrance of the loss of what we loved: we bury with him his utensils of life, which he then wants no more. You say, we bury these, that they may live again and serve their master as before; but you accuse us falsely: these things shall live no more, their time of perishing shall come like ours; but they shall never be renewed again. Wouldst thou know why we bury them thus with their master, it is for love and charity. An axe, a gun, and a few other necessary implements, are all we want to make life happy to us, and they are all our riches; were these to descend to the relations of the dying man, who knows but the desire of possessing things so valuable might incite the heir to parricide: he might hasten the death of one whom he long had hated for possessing what was one day to be his, and might, instead of using means to save, himself destroy him. Our fathers have taught us to guard against this cruelty and wretchedness, by thus determining the loss of all possessions with the possessor's life, that even the wicked have no temptation to hope the death of those from whom no one can be a gainer."

The preacher went away confounded and ashamed, while the modest Indian returned the congratulations of his friends, with telling them, "It is not I that am better than this man, but our customs are better than his."

To conclude the triumph over sense and reason of this common enemy of the world, common opinion, with that unhappy error, which robs us of all solid happiness to give us a mere shadow of it, let us remember that every body says, there is more happiness in the expectation of pleasures, than in the possessing them. This is telling us, in other words, that all substantial happiness is out of our reach, and the imagination of it all we have to hope for. Precept too often hoodwinks our reason, nay and our very senses, and compels us to believe the dictates of neither: thus, in the case before us, we are dictated to till we think pleasure itself no pleasure, and the most uneasy of all sensations, *expectation*, a real blessing and true felicity.

"What are your uneasinesses," says a bosom friend; "and how shall I advise you to relieve them? Are you desirous of knowing that happiness which riches give; keep those riches in your coffers; pleasures pall upon the sense, and when purchased prove nothing; but while you have it in your power to purchase them, you may always feast on the idea of what you can command at pleasure. Do you not desire riches? there is but one other passion that can engross all your thought; that is love. Are you an adorer of the beauties and perfection of some female acquaintance, marry her, and the charm will cease!" Thus common opinion teaches the world to laugh at all but ideal happiness. What lessons of destruction are these to that being, whose true interest it is to know that the two great charms of life, riches and beauty, have no real value, but in the actual use and true possession. Money, in the relieving the necessities of others, or procuring pleasures for ourselves, that is, in the parting with, not in the possessing; and that the charms of a woman are only valuable, as they make the married life the happiest scene of action, and make the greatest pleasure of life as durable as life itself.

THE HAPPY WORLD.

A VISION.

IN a dream, I thought myself in a solitary temple; I saw a kind of phantom coming towards me, but as he drew near his form expanded and became more than human; his robe hung majestically down to his feet; six wings whiter than snow, whose extremities were edged with gold, covered a part of his body; then I saw him quit his material substance, which he had put on not to terrify me; his body was of all the colours in the rainbow. He took me by the hair, and I was sensible I was travelling in the ætherial plains, without any dread, with the rapidity of an arrow sent from a bow drawn by a supple and nervous arm.

A thousand glowing orbs rolled beneath me; but I could only cast a rapid glance on all those globes distinguished by the striking colours which infinitely diversified them.

I now suddenly perceived so beautiful, so flourishing, so fertile a country, that I conceived a strong desire to alight upon it. My wishes were instantly gratified; I felt myself gently landed on its surface, where I was surrounded by a balmy atmosphere. I found myself reposed at the dawn on the soft verdant grass. I stretched out my arms, in token of gratitude, to my celestial guide, who pointed towards a resplendent sun, towards which swiftly rising he disappeared in the luminous body.

I rose, and imagined myself to be transported into the garden of Eden. Every thing inspired my soul with soft tranquillity. The most profound peace covered this new globe; nature was ravishing and incorruptible here, and a delicious freshness expanded my sense to ecstasy; a sweet odour accompanied the air I breathed; my heart, which beat with an unusual power, was immersed in a sea of rapture; while pleasure, like a pure and immortal light, penetrated the inmost recesses of my soul.

The inhabitants of this happy country came to meet me; and after saluting me they took me by the hand. Their noble countenances inspired confidence and respect; innocence and happiness were depicted in their looks: they often lifted their eyes towards Heaven, and as often uttered a name which I afterwards knew to be that of the Eternal, while their cheeks were moistened with the tears of gratitude.

I experienced great emotion while I conversed with these sublime beings. They poured out their hearts with the most sincere tenderness; and the voice of reason, most majestic, and no less melting, was, at the same time, conveyed to my enraptured ear.

I soon perceived this abode was totally different from that which I had left. A divine impulse made me fly into their arms:—I bowed my knees to them; but being raised up in the most endearing manner, I was pressed to the bosoms that enclosed such excellent hearts,

and I conceived a presentiment of celestial amity, of that amity which united their souls and formed the greatest portion of their felicity.

The angel of darkness, with all his artifice, was never able to discover the entrance into this world;—notwithstanding his over-watchful malice, he never found out the means to spread his poison over this happy globe. Anger, envy, and pride, were there unknown; the happiness of one appeared the happiness of all; an extatic transport incessantly elevating their souls at the sight of the magnificent and prodigal hand that collected over their heads the most astonishing prodigies of the creation.

The lovely morning, with her humid saffron wings, distilled the pearly dew from the shrubs and flowers, and the rays of the rising sun multiplied the most enchanting colours, when I perceived a wood embellished by the opening dawn.

The youth of both sexes there sent forth hymns of adoration towards Heaven, and were filled at the same time with the grandeur and majesty of God, which rolled almost visibly over their heads; for in this world of innocence he vouchsafed to manifest himself by means unknown to our weak understandings.

All things announced his august presence; the serenity of the air, the dyes of the flowers, the brilliancy of the insects, a kind of universal sensibility, spread over all beings, and which vivified bodies that seemed the least susceptible of it; every thing bore the appearance of sentiment; and the birds stopped in the midst of their flight, as if attentive to the affecting modulations of their voice.

But no pencil can express the ravishing countenance of the young beauties, whose bosoms breathed love. Who can describe that love of which we have not any idea, that love for which we have no name, that love, the lot of pure intelligent beings, Divine Love, which they only can conceive and feel? The tongue of man, incapable, must be silent!—The remembrance of this enchanting place suspends at this moment all the faculties of my soul.

The sun was rising: the pencil falls from my hand.—Oli, Thomson, never did you view such a sun!—What a world, and what magnificent order! I trod with regret on the flowery plants, endued, like that which we call sensitive; with a quick and lively feeling; they bent under my foot, only to rise with more brilliancy: the fruit gently dropped, on the first touch, from the complying branch, and had scarcely gratified the palate when the delicious sensation of its juices were felt glowing in every vein; the eye, more piercing, sparkled with uncommon lustre, the ear was more lively; the heart, which expanded itself all over nature, seemed to possess and enjoy its fertile extent; the universal enjoyment did not disturb any individual, for union multiplied their delights, and they esteemed themselves less happy in their own fruition than in the happiness of others.

This sun did not resemble the comparative paleness and weakness which illumines our gloomy, terrestrial prison; yet the eye could bear to gaze on it, and, in a manner, plunge itself in a kind of ecstasy in its mild and pure light: it enlivened at once the sight and the understanding, and even penetrated the soul. The bodies of those

fortunate persons became, as it were, transparent; while each read in his brother's heart the sentiments of affability and tenderness with which himself was affected.

There darted from the leaves of all the shrubs that this planet enlightened, a luminous matter which resembled, at a distance, all the colours of the rainbow; its orb, which never was eclipsed, was crowned with sparkling rays that the daring prism of Newton could not divide. When this planet set, six brilliant moons floated in the atmosphere; their progression in different orbits, each night formed a new exhibition. The multitude of stars, which seem to us as if scattered by chance, were here seen in their true point of view, and the order of the universe appeared in all its pomp and splendour.

In this happy country, when a man gave way to sleep, his body, which had none of the properties of terrestrial elements, gave no opposition to the soul, but contemplated in a vision, bordering on reality, the lucid region, the throne of the Eternal, to which it was soon to be elevated. Men awaked from a light slumber without perturbation or uneasiness; enjoying futurity, by a forcible sentiment of immortality, being intoxicated with the image of an approaching felicity, exceeding that which they already enjoyed.

Grief, the fatal result of the imperfect sensibility of our rude frames, was unknown to these innocent men; a light sensation warned them of the objects that could hurt them, and nature removed them from the danger, as a tender mother would gently draw her child by the hand from a pitfall.

I breathed more freely in this habitation of joy and concord; my existence became most valuable to me: but in proportion as the charms which surrounded me were lively, the greater was my sorrow when my ideas returned to the globe I had quitted. All the calamities of the human race united as in one point to overwhelm my heart, and I exclaimed piteously,—“Alas! the world I inhabited formerly resembled yours: but peace, innocence, chaste pleasures, soon vanished.—Why was I not born among you? What a contrast! The earth that was my sorrowful abode is incessantly filled with tears and sighs: there the smaller number oppress the greater; the Dæmon of property infects what he touches, and what he covets. Gold is there a god, and they sacrifice on his altar, love, humanity, and the most valuable virtues.

We are moreover dependent on the seasons, the elements, and the meanest insects: all nature rebels against us; and even if we subdue her, she makes us pay dearly for the benefits our labour forces from her. The bread we eat is earned by our tears and the sweat of our brow; then greedy men come and plunder us, to squander it on their idle favourites.

Weep, weep with me, my brethren! hatred pursues us; revenge sharpens its poniard in the dark; calumny brands us, and even deprives us of the power of making our defence; the object of friendship betrays our confidence, and forces us to curse this otherwise consolatory sentiment. We must live in the midst of all the strokes of wickedness, error, pride, and folly.”

Whilst my heart gave a free course to my complaints, I saw a band of shining seraphs descending from Heaven, on which shouts of joy were immediately sent forth from the whole race of these fortunate beings. As I gazed with astonishment, I was accosted by an old man, who said, "Farewel, my friend! the moment of our death draws near, or, rather, that of a new life. The ministers of the God of clemency are come to take us from this earth; we are going to dwell in a world of still greater perfection."—"Why, father," said I, "are you, then, strangers to the agonies of death, the anguish, the pain, the dread, which accompany us in our last moments?"—

"Yes, my child," he replied, "these angels of the Highest come at stated periods, and carry us all away, opening to us the road to a new world, of which we have an idea by the undoubted conviction of the unlimited bounty and magnificence of the Creator."

A cheerful glow was immediately spread over their countenances; their brows already seemed crowned with immortal splendour; they sprang lightly from the earth in my sight; I pressed the sacred hand of each for the last time, while with a smile they held out the other to the seraph who had spread his wings to carry them to heaven.

They ascended all at once, like a flock of beautiful swans that taking flight raise themselves with majestic rapidity over the tops of our highest palaces. I gazed with sadness; my eyes followed them in the air, until their venerable heads were lost in the silver clouds, and I remained alone on this magnificent deserted land.

I perceived I was not yet fitted to dwell in it, and wished to return to this unfortunate world of expiation: thus the animal escaped from his keeper returns, following the track of his chain, with a mild aspect, and enters his prison. Awaking, the illusion was dispelled, which it is beyond the power of my weak tongue or pen to describe in its full splendour: but this illusion I shall for ever cherish; and, supported by the foundation of hope, I will preserve it until death in the inmost recesses of my soul.

LE M.—

TO THE
EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THERE cannot be a more pleasing reflection than on the general diffusion of knowledge over our island; it is almost incredible what a number of well-informed persons are now to be met with in every large town; there are very few of the middling rank of people who have not read a great deal, and there are many who can write on common topics with ease and elegance: this I take to be chiefly owing to a free press, and the general circulation of monthly publications conducted by persons of learning and abilities. Perhaps even the daily journals contribute not a little to this spreading of knowledge; independent of their political information, they catch the lighter effusions of genius, and arrest for a while the fugitives ere they glide into the pool of oblivion: but, Mr. Editor, out of this general good there has lately arisen a very great evil, which I am afraid will not easily be eradicated, I mean, that inundation of nonsense with

which the world is daily pestered by a set of young men, to whom I shall give the appellation of *Scribblers*. These gentlemen have commonly learned to read, write, and cast accounts, and are intended by their parents for some reputable calling, as a grocer, mercer, or a clerk in an office; when at the age of about fifteen or sixteen, when the mind most readily receives impressions, unfortunately for their own repose, and the interest of their masters or friends, some of the works of our best poets fall in their way. I have generally remarked that Thomson's *Seasons* is the first book that begins to derange these youngsters; this author is perhaps of all others the most agreeable to a young mind; he has contrived to give such a romantic cast to the simple scenes of nature, without having recourse to fiction, that the youthful imagination pants to behold those Arcadian scenes which it finds described, and which it is conscious may be realized, though adorned by all the magic of poetic imagery; henceforth every beauty of nature brings to the recollection some elegant description of the poet, and thereby gives a poetical bias to the mind, very difficult to counteract and which has very dangerous effects on a weak capacity; if then to this they should add Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, Pope's *Essay on Man*, and an odd volume of Shakspeare, they are irretrievably lost; from this time you observe a strange alteration in their behaviour, they no longer speak the language of conversation, but are forever filling up their periods with poetical rhapsodies; they seldom can give an opinion but they add, "as Thomson says," or "as Pope says," &c. Should any person express resentment against some one, a Scribbler will tell him, "You must really think no more on it, you know Pope says,

To err is human, to forgive divine."

If you mention the death of an acquaintance, "Ah!" replies a Scribbler, "he is gone to

That undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns."

Independent of the foppery of such quotations, they do a real harm to people of true poetical taste, who absolutely contract a dislike to some of the finest passages of our best authors, by hearing them so often buzzed in their ears by these Parnassian flies; it is just as if one were to hear one of the sublimest odes of Pindar or Horace repeated by an ape, which could never be read again without exciting our risible faculties at the remembrance of the performance. Yet it would be well if these gentry would only endeavour to amuse the world with their vocal performances; but, like many of our modern sons of Thespis, from being mere reciters they turn authors; adieu then to all rationality, from thenceforth their masters or friends can expect no good from them; if in a shop, they write verses in the day-book, scribble upon the waste paper, and are so entirely possessed by the poetical mania, that when asked for any article they deal in, they start from a profound reverie, and, inflated by their own vanity, bounce round the counter like a blown bladder, while the amazed customer either goes away unserved, or is in danger of having an ounce of snuff substituted for the same quantity of coffee. It is wonderful what a facility of making rhymes some of these Scribblers possess. I

know one of them who can make verses as fast as he can write them down, and who, through the medium of pocket-books, &c. has peppered the world with some thousands.

But it is not only in verse but also in prose that the Scribblers exert their talents. Among the various kinds of scribbled essays which I have seen I shall only notice one species, I mean such as pretend to imitate Sterne, whose manner of writing is exactly calculated for the meridian of their genius, if I may so prostitute the name; not being able to think clearly so as to comprehend their subject; and treat it with accuracy and precision, they find an admirable assistance in the broken and disjointed style which that whimsical author has chosen to touch some of the finest feelings of the heart: having then filled a page with a variety of affirmations, exclamations, questions, answers, notes of interrogation and admiration, blank lines, &c. &c. which may be perused either backward or forward with the same degree of pleasure and information, they prefix to the top, in large letters, "A Fragment, after the Manner of Sterne," and which bears pretty near the same resemblance to the more exquisite pages of Yorrick, as, pardon me the simile, his dead ass does to the beautiful and pensive Maria.

I hope, Mr. Editor, you will have the goodness to insert this in your elegant miscellany, as it will really be doing an essential service to the public,

"To check these heroes, and their laurels crop,
To bring them back to reason and their shop."

And I hope, if it should fall into the hands of any of those gentlemen it is intended for, that they will consider seriously what a difficult undertaking it is to write well, how few there are who succeed, and how many have incurred the censure and contempt of the world by their attempt at authorship, particularly in poetry.

"I had rather be a kitten, and cry Mew,
Than one of these same metre-ballad-mongers;
I had rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle tree,
And that would nothing set my teeth on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag."

Sunderland, Oct. 16, 1795.

I remain, Sir, &c. R.

DETACHED THOUGHTS ON BOOKS.

BOOKS, like friends, should be few and well chosen. Like friends, too, we should return to them again and again—for, like true friends, they will never fail us—never cease to instruct—never cloy.

Many books are read, but few attended to—fewer understood.

Books are bought from fashion, more than from judgment.

Books change their fashion, almost as much as apparel.

A fashionable writer makes a fashionable book, and creates a number of fashionable readers—readers, who pay more attention to the fashion of the writer, than to the fashion of the book.

Some books are the common topics of conversation for a month, or two, or three—but are never heard of after.

Wherefore should I encumber myself with twenty thousand, when a hundred will answer all my purposes, and be full as much as I can digest?

I do not know that even a hundred are necessary—if we exclude the endless writers of idle imagination and vain disputation of all ages and countries: but admit them, even with choice and deliberation, and twenty thousand were not sufficient.

The same things are said over and over—and there remains nothing new to be said, to the point of truth—though arguments and controversy, from given and supposititious premises, will last till the end of the world.

The different styles and manners of writers will always entitle some to a deserved preference—but the matter is the same, though diversely said.

The sentiment or sentence upon which we commonly build, is short—and may be comprised in the fewest words—some two, or three, or half a dozen, or half a score—twenty, at most:—From such simple foundations, we raise amazing superstructures!—But it is all flourish and exposition—save what is spent in wrangling and downright contradiction—or falsehood in the very teeth of Truth—which generally makes the greatest part of the book.

Is it good?—you may venture to conclude it common.

To call it such-a-one's saying, is childish.—

It is like a simpleton's repetition of something trite—and making his father, or his grandmother, a present of it.

Over shoes, over boots!—'as my father says.'

It never rains, but it pours!—'as my grandmother used to say.'

All truth, all science, is reducible to axioms—many labouring at the same point, will resolve it after the same manner, and, frequently, almost in the same words:—thence sentences and topics arose:—which soon became general, and were, in substance, in every one's mouth—the learned still regarding and preserving them in choice sentences—the unlearned, vulgarizing a great number of them into common proverbs.

Many common sayings with us, were no less common among the nations and people who lived two or three thousand years ago.

Can any man be so doltish, as to imagine that the wit of Solomon and the son of Sirach was all their own?

No, surely—the spirit of their writings was known several centuries before they were born:—they, indeed, had the merit of collecting and digesting the scattered truths of ages; and of putting them in a more elegant form.

They did well—and we are bound in gratitude to revere their memory, for the pains they bestowed.

The sentences of the wise and virtuous, were common to every sect of philosophy; and approved by all—

—It mattered not who spake them, nor from what school they came; so that the lesson was general, and the truth incontrovertible.

The Epicureans rejected not the apophthegms of the Stoics; nei-

ther the Stoics those of the Epicureans; but admitted them equally with their own—however they might entertain different sentiments concerning virtue and pleasure—which may be called rather a masterly distinction, than a material difference—the one accounting virtue the only pleasure; the other laying it down as a positive truth, that no pleasure could exist without virtue.

But the principal difference, which rendered them irreconcilable, was rather about the exercise, than the object of virtue—whether she should be active or passive—employed in public good, or enjoyed in listless ease:—this depends much upon temper and constitution—the good man will always find too many reasons for being an idle man.

They might follow the particular doctrine and mode of disputation of one master in preference to all others—but they followed Truth, wherever they found her, without regarding from what class she sprang.

If she condescended to appear in her own veilles and majestic simplicity—no matter to who—they knew they could not be deceived.

They were certain she came not to enlighten one sect above another, but for the sake of all mankind.

Not like the discordant squabble of modern schoolmen—Thomists and Scotists, who have cut out work for everlasting jar.

Still more unlike (if more unlike can be) the rancorous spirit of latter sectaries—who despise all sense and interpretation, together with the interpreters, which is foreign to their own—laying it down, as the choicest article of their creed, that no good can spring up but in their own body.

As soon condemn me to the mob of the world, as to the mob of books!—

Not but that libraries are useful to many good purposes—yet how few have learned the secret of making a good use of them?

The labours of the learned and ingenious of all ages should not be lost—

There is nothing from which humanity derives so much honour—

The greatest monument of men, are letters—they are not only the foundation of all, but they outlive all other.

Yet it were much to be wished, that reading was more confined, and writing less frequent—which would be the case, provided every writer had some laudable end in view.

For otherwise, it is but like wheeling rubbish to the mountain's foot, without adding to the height, and enlarging the prospect—or carrying stones to the vast pile, which only adds to the bulk, but increases not the strength and magnificence of the building.

Books to judicious compilers, are useful—to particular arts and professions, absolutely necessary—to men of real science, they are tools:—but more are tools to them.

Where one improves, a thousand corrupt—where one is sage, a thousand are impertinent—where one nourishes Virtue, a thousand endeavour to make Vice amiable.

Where one gives me peace, a thousand would rob me of it—where one directs me right, thousands mislead me.

HISTORY OF MASONRY.

[Continued from Page 166.]

AFTER the erection of Solomon's, or, as some think, the second temple, the royal art was brought into GREECE, where the Craft was encouraged to the utmost, and geometry every where cultivated with uncommon industry; many noble structures were erected, which to this day shew their former magnificence and grandeur; though many of those early performances of the Greeks in architecture have been lost in the ruins of time. Indeed, we read of Dedalus, and his sons, as imitators of the Egyptians and Phœnicians; of the little labyrinth in Crete, and the larger at Lemnos; of the arts and sciences early at Athens and Sicyon, Candia, and Sicily, before the Trojan war; of the temples of Jupiter Olympius, Esculapius, &c. of the Trojan horse, and other things: but we are all in darkness, fable, and uncertainty, till the Olympiads; which began in the 34th year of Uzziah king of Judah, when some of their bright men began to travel. [A. M. 3228, before the foundation of Rome 28 years, before Christ 776.] So that their most antient famous buildings, as the citadel of Athens, the court of Areopagus, the Parthenion, or temple of Minerva, the temples of Theseus and Apollo, their porticos and forums, theatres and gymnasiums, stately public halls, curious bridges, regular fortifications, ships of war, and magnificent palaces, with their best statues and sculpture; were all of them either at first erected, or else rebuilt, after the temple of Zerubbabel. [Before Christ 547.] For Thales Milesius, their first philosopher, who originally brought geometry, with great improvements, out of Egypt into Greece, died eleven years only before the decree of Cyrus; and the same year, Pythagoras, his scholar, travelled into Egypt; while Pisistratus, the tyrant of Athens, began to collect the first library in Greece.

[A. M. 3480.] Pythagoras lived twenty-two years among the Egyptian priests, till sent by Cambyses to Babylon and Persia, where he acquired great knowledge among the Chaldean Magians, and Babylonish Jews; and returned to Greece in the year that Zerubbabel's temple was finished. [A. M. 3489.] He became not only the founder of a new religion, but likewise of an academy, or lodge of good geometricians; to whom he communicated as a secret*, that invaluable proposition which is the foundation of all Masonry, of whatever materials or dimensions, called by masons his *Heureka*; because they think it was his own invention.

After Pythagoras, geometry became the darling study of the Greeks; and their learned men applied its principles to mechanical purposes in general, as well as to operations in stone or brick. And, as Masonry kept pace with geometry, so many lodges appeared, especially in the Grecian republics, where liberty, trade, and learning flourished;

* Euclid, lib. i. prop. 47.

as at Sicyon, Athens, Corinth, and the cities of Ionia, till they perfected their beautiful Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders.

From this time we date the strict union between the *Free* and the *Accepted* Masons, which has subsisted ever since in all regular lodges.

Greece now abounded with the best architects, sculptors, statuaries, painters, and other fine designers, most of them educated at the academies of Athens and Sicyon; who instructed many artists, and fellow crafts, to be the best operators upon earth: so that the nations of Asia and Africa, who had taught the Greeks, were now taught by them. No country but Greece could now boast of such men as Mycon, Phidias, Demon, Androcides, Meton, Anaxagoras, Dipænus and Scyllis, Glycon, Alcameñes, Praxiteles, Polycleus, Lysippus, Peneüs, Euphronor, Perseus, Philostratus, Zeuxis, Apollodorus, Parrhasius, Timanthes, Eupompus, Pamphilus, Apelles, Artemones, Socrates, Eudoxus, Metrodorus, who wrote of Masonry, and the excellent Theodorus Cyrenæus, who amplified geometry, and published the art analytic, the master of the divine Plato, from whose school came Zenocrates, and Aristotle the preceptor of Alexander the Great,

The Greeks rightly judging that the proportions in architecture should be taken from those of the human body, their painters and statuaries were esteemed architects: nor could they have been fine painters without being architects. Hence it is, that several of those excellent painters and philosophers are in the list of antient architects: nay, they all openly taught geometry, and many of them practised Masonry. They were generally at the head of the fraternity, highly useful to the fellow crafts, by their designs and drawings, and bred them up able artists: only, by a law in Greece, no slave was allowed to learn the seven liberal sciences, or those of the free-born; so that in Greece also they were called Free Masons, and, in their many lodges, the noble and learned were accepted as brothers.

[Before Christ 334.] Alexander, king of Macedon, having overcome Darius Codomanus at the Granicus, and in the battles of Issus and Arbela, taking Tyre and Gaza, soon overrun all Egypt; poor Darius fled into Bactria, and was murdered by Bessus, one of his own Generals. After a continuance of 207 years, in him ended the Persian, and in Alexander began the Grecian empire. In one of Alexander's drunken frolics, he burnt the rich and splendid city of Persepolis, which was truly a city of palaces in the best stile; but all its beauty and splendour could not preserve it from the licentious ravages of this insolent disturber and common enemy of the human race; who, however dignified by the epithet of *Great*, will not be allowed to rank in the list of true Masons.

[Before Christ 332.] Nevertheless his architect, the renowned Denocrates before-mentioned, prevailed with him to undertake some grand design, and to encourage the Fraternity: he proposed to him to dispose Mount Athos into the form of that prince's statue, with a city in one hand, and in the other a large lake to water that city; but this great design never took effect. The ambition of Alexander prompted him to build a new city in Egypt, in a very convenient place over-against the island of Pharos, which he called Alexandria, and which became the capital of that kingdom.

[Before Christ 323.] Denocrates was the architect of Alexandria, according to a plan drawn by himself, which Alexander commissioned him to execute, and which afforded ample employment for the Craft: but Alexander closed his mad career by dying drunk at Babylon soon after; and left his overgrown dominions to be contended for by his ambitious generals.

This city became the emporium of the world, and, by means of the Red Sea, afterwards furnished Europe, and a great part of Asia, with the rich commodities of India. It stood 40 miles west from the Nile, and 120 north-west from Cairo; and was rendered famous for the noble light-house erected on the opposite island of Pharos for the direction of mariners. Many of the materials of the old Alexandria were applied to building new Alexandria, now known by the name of Scanderoon: this by comparison is but a mean town; while the remaining ruins of the original city adjoining, still preserve an inexpressible air of majesty. Among the ruins in the neighbourhood of the present Alexandria stands a single detached column of granite, distinguished from all the rest by its size, and by the name of *Pompey's Pillar*; though Mr. Edward Wortley Montagu, who examined it with great attention, declares from circumstances, and in particular from a medal of Vespasian, which he assures us he dug out from a decayed part of the base, his belief that it must have been erected in honour of that emperor. By the measurements taken by that gentleman, the pedestal is 10 feet 5 inches high, the diameter of the shaft 9 feet 1 inch; and the whole height from the ground, 92 feet. There is an inscription on the west side of the base, but so injured, not only by time but by evident marks of violence, that though some Greek characters may be imperfectly traced, no one word can be even conjectured. Had it not been for the frolic of some English captains of vessels in the port of Alexandria, in the year 1780, we should not have known that there had been originally a statue upon this pillar. These jovial sons of Neptune, not satisfied with the liquor they had been drinking on board one of their ships, formed a sudden resolution to drink a bowl of punch on the top of Pompey's Pillar; and the astonished Turks thronged out of the city on the rumour of what was going forward, to see the result of this strange freak! By flying a paper-kite over the top of the pillar, and letting it fall on the other side, they lodged the string upon the capital; and thus drew over a two-inch rope, for a sailor to ascend by: and in less than an hour a kind of shroud was constructed, by which the whole company went up, and drank their punch amidst the shouts of the multitude assembled below. They found the capital of the pillar able to contain eight persons very conveniently; and in the middle, saw the remaining stump of the leg of some statue which had probably fallen down many ages ago.

Seleucus Nicanor, one of Alexander's generals, and who, after the death of that monarch, took Babylon, proved an excellent Grand Master; he founded the great Seleucia on the Euphrates for his deputy on the east, and in the west he built his stately capital city Antioch in old Syria, with the grove of Daphne, a sacred asylum: in the middle of which he reared the temple of Apollo and Diana,

though it became afterward the temple of Venus and Bacchus; and also the lesser cities of old Syria, as Apamia, Beræa, Seleucia, Laddicea, Edessa, Pella, &c.

[Before Christ 304.] But Masonry flourished most in EGYPT, where the Grecian architecture was highly admired, and where Ptolemy Soter, another of Alexander's generals, had set up his throne. Euclid, the famous geometer of Tyre, who had in his travels collected the scattered elements of geometry, came to the court of Ptolemy Soter, and was by him encouraged to teach that noble science; especially to the children of the great lords and estates of the realm, who, by continual wars and decay of the sciences in former reigns, were reduced to the want of means to get an honourable livelihood. For this purpose, says an old record of Masonry, "Euclid having received commission, he taught such as were committed to his charge the science of geometry in practice, to work in stone all manner of worthy work that belongeth to building of altars, temples, towers, and castles, and all other manner of buildings, and gave them a charge in this form:

"First, That they should be true to their king, and to the lord they serve, and to the fellowship whereof they are admitted: and that they should be true to, and love one another: and that they should call each other his Fellow or Brother; not servant, nor knave, nor any other foul name: and that they should truly deserve their pay of their lord, or the master of the work that they serve.

"Secondly, That they should ordain the wisest of them to be the master of the work; and neither for love nor lineage, riches nor favour, to set another that hath but little cunning to be master of the lord's work; whereby the lord should be evil served, and they ashamed: and also that they should call the governor of the work Master, in the time that they work with him."

'And many other charges he gave them that are too long to relate; and to all these charges he made them swear a great oath, that men used at that time.

'And he ordained for them a reasonable pay, whereby they might live honestly; and also that they should come and assemble together every year once, to consult how they might work best to serve the lord, for his profit, and to their own credit; and to correct, within themselves, him that had trespassed against the Craft.

'And thus was the Craft grounded there; and that worthy clerk Euclid gave it the name of Geometry, which now is called Masonry.'

He accordingly digested his elements of geometry into such order, improved and demonstrated them so accurately, as to have left no room for any others to exceed him in that science; for which his memory will ever be fragrant in the lodges. According to the old constitutions, Ptolemy, Grand Master, with his Wardens, Euclid the geometer, and Straton the philosopher, built his palace at Alexandria, and the curious Museum or college of the learned, with the library of Bruchium, near the palace, that was filled with 400,000 manuscripts, or valuable volumes, before it was burnt in the wars of Julius Cæsar.

Ptolemy Philadelphus succeeded his father in the throne, and in Solomon's chair: and in his second year he carried on the great tower of Pharos, founded by his father, the sixth of the seven-wonders of art, built on an island as a light-house for the port of Alexandria (whence light-houses in the Mediterranean are called *faros*), a piece of amazing architecture, by the care of his Grand Wardens Deriphanes and his son Sostratus: the father built the Heptastadium or mole, for joining the island to the continent, while the son reared the tower.

Philadelphus founded the city Myos Hormus on the Red Sea for the East-India trade, built the temple of the Zephyrian Venus in Crete, Ptolemais in Palestine, and rebuilt the old Rabbah of the Ammonites, calling it Philadelphia. Nay, he was so accurate an architect, that for a long time all fine Masonry was called *Philadelphiana*, or after the stile of Philadelphus.

[Before Christ 246.] Ptolemy, the son of Philadelphus, called Euergetes, succeeded, and was the last good old Grand Master in Egypt: his wardens were his two learned librarians, Eratosthenes of Cyrene, and Apollonius of Rhodes. The library of Bruchium being nearly full, he erected another at Seraphium, which in time contained 300,000 manuscripts; and Cleopatra afterward added 200,000 more from the library of Pergamos, given to her by Mark Anthony. But all this vast library was burnt by the ignorant, stupid, and bigoted Saracens, when they took the city of Alexandria, to the irreparable loss of the learned. It had often been rifled on the revolutions and commotions that happened in the Roman Empire; yet was as often repaired and replenished again with its full number of books, till this its final destruction; which happened as follows:

[A. D. 642.] When Alexandria was taken and plundered by the Saracens, Johannes Grammaticus, the famous Aristotelian philosopher, being then living at Alexandria, and having much ingratiated himself with Amrus Ebnol As, the general of the Saracen army, and, by reason of his great learning, made himself acceptable to him, he begged of him the royal library; to this Amrus replied, that it was not in his power, but was wholly at the disposal of the caliph, or emperor of the Saracens, to whom he would write about it. The caliph returned for answer, that if those books contained what was agreeable to the Koran, there was no need of them, for that alone was sufficient of itself for all truths; but if they contained what disagreed with the Koran, they were not to be endured: therefore he ordered, that whatsoever the contents of them were, they should all be destroyed. They were accordingly distributed among the public baths, and served as fuel for six months to heat all the baths of Alexandria; which shews how great the number of them was, and what an inestimable treasure of antient learning was devoted to destruction, for a contemptible quibble generated by barbarous zeal founded on ignorance!

When Egypt became a Roman province, the antient learning and peculiar genius of the natives sunk under the military power and manners of their conquerors; and was totally extinguished when the

furious narrow-minded followers of Mahomet overran the country: it therefore at present exhibits nothing but a depraved race of wretched inhabitants, living among the sad ruins of works too stupendous even for the ravages of time and conquerors to destroy; and which only exist to shew what the Egyptians once were, and how low human nature can degenerate! We shall therefore leave the melancholy scene, and sail over to the Hellespont, where, in the island of Cyzicus, there was once to be seen a superb temple, with threads of beaten gold in the joints of the marble stones, that cast a fine lustre on all the statues and images: and the curious echo of the seven towers at the Thracian gate of Cyzicus; with the large Boleutorion or town-house, without one pin or nail in the carpenters work; so that the beams and rafters could be taken off, and again put on, without laces or keys to bind them.

[Before Christ 300.] The Rhodians employed the famous architect Chares, of Lindus, to erect the great Colossus, at Rhodes, which employed him and his craftsmen for twelve years. It was esteemed *the last of the seven wonders of art*, and the greatest human statue under the sun, to which it was dedicated. It was 70 cubits high, and duly proportioned in every part and limb, striding over the mouth of the harbour which was 50 fathoms wide; and capable of receiving the largest ships under sail: in one hand it held a lighthouse for the direction of mariners, and the face of the Colossus was a representation of the sun. It was thrown down by an earthquake, after it had stood 66 years, and lay where it fell 894 years more; till at length, in the year of Christ 672, Moawias, the sixth caliph of the Saracens, having taken Rhodes, sold the brass to a Jew merchant, who loaded with it 900 camels: allowing therefore only 800 pounds weight to every camel's burden, the brass of this colossus, after the waste of so many years, by the corrosion of the metal, and occasional embezzlements, amounted to 720,000 pounds weight!

The Grecian islands, at present held in such a dispirited state of subjection under the haughty Turks, exhibit the most convincing evidences of antient prosperity and vigorous cultivation of the polite arts; by the multitude of magnificent ruins yet scattered about them. These remains strike the curious traveller with the most respectful ideas of the people capable of such rich and ornamental structures. The isle of Paros, in particular, one of the most considerable of those called the Cyclades, is abundant in such masonic relics; columns, statues, cornices, architraves of exquisite workmanship, are discernable in great abundance in the walls of modern buildings, where they are lavished without taste, and placed without any order or arrangement. There is an old castle in the island, built with no other materials than ruins of the most magnificent edifices. Paros was the native country of Archilochus, the Aretin of antient times; of Agoracrites, the disciple of Phidias; and of Polignotes, Arcesilas, and Nicanor, who carried the art of encaustic painting to a considerable degree of perfection. This island is also famous for having furnished the Arundel marbles, which comprehend the principal epochs of Grecian history, from Cecrops to Alexander; and which are justly

considered as one of the most noble literary ornaments of the University of Oxford.

While the Greeks were propagating the science and the art in the very best manner, founding new cities, repairing old ones, and erecting statues beyond number, the Africans imitated the Egyptians, southward in Ethiopia down to the Cape of Good Hope; and also westward to the Atlantic shore; though history fails, and no travellers have yet discovered the remains of those many powerful nations. Only we know that the Carthaginians formed a republican state long before the Romans; had built some stately cities and strong castles, and made their great capital Carthage the terror of Rome, and her rival for universal empire. They manifested their skill in geometry and Masonry of all sorts, in temples, statues, palaces, forts, and stout ships that carried on the chief trade of the known world: and therefore the emulous Romans long meditated its destruction, according to a current proverbial maxim among them—*Delenda est Carthago! Carthage must be demolished*; which, after long and strenuous efforts, they at length accomplished.

Thus Hannibal, their greatest general, who so long withstood the Roman arms, in his retreat from Carthage to Armenia shewed his great skill in drawing for King Artaxes the plan of the city Artaxata, and surveyed the palace, temples, and citadel thereof.

The learned Sicilians, descended from the Greeks, followed their instructions in architecture very early, at Agrigentum, Messina, Géla, &c. especially at Syracuse; for when that city was besieged by the Romans, as being an ally to the Carthaginians in the second Punic war, it was 22 miles round; and Marcellus could not storm it, because of the amazing devices of that skilful mechanic and engineer Archimedes*, who appeared to counteract the approaches of the assailants by supernatural powers. The relations transmitted down to us of his schemes to destroy their shipping, are almost incredible. He is said to have contrived a speculum, or reflecting mirror, of such power, and with the focus at such a distance, that he set the Roman galleys on fire by the rays of the sun. Against the vessels which came close under the walls, he prepared a formidable kind of lever or crow, with an iron grapple at the end, fastened to a strong chain: this being projected over the wall, and let down upon the prow of a vessel, fastened hold of it; and being then raised up by a counterpoise within the wall, lifted the vessel upright, endwise upon her poop; when letting it drop suddenly, the vessel, as if it fell from the wall, dashed down into the sea, and filled with water, to the inexpressible terror of the mariners! But though he thus defeated the efforts of the Romans by sea, they were more successful in their attacks by land; for, after a siege of three years, by seizing an ill-guarded tower, the city was taken by surprise on a festival day. Marcellus gave a strict charge to save Archimedes; but a common sol-

* He was nearly related to King Hiero, and was called by old Masons; the Noble and excellent Grand Master of Syracuse. He wrote many scientific treatises, of which some are still in being.

dier slew him, while, not conscious of the uproar, this learned man was abstracted in mechanical speculations on schemes to repulse the Romans and preserve Syracuse. [A. M. 3792. A. R. 546. Before Christ 212.] Marcellus generously shed tears for him as a public loss to the learned, gave him an honourable burial, and granted his protection to every one who could claim affinity to him.

Many of the Grecian, Carthaginian, and Sicilian Masons had travelled into the north and west of Europe, and propagated their useful skill, particularly in Italy, Spain, the Balearic islands, and the coast of Gaul; but history fails, till the Roman armies came there: nor have we certain accounts of the Chinese and other East-Indians, till the Europeans navigated thither in these latter times; only the wall of China makes a figure in the map, though we know not yet when it was built: but their great cities and splendid palaces, as described by travellers, evidently discover that those antient nations had long cultivated arts and sciences, especially geometry and Masonry.

(To be continued.)

TO THE
EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

SHOULD it be deemed worthy the attention of the contributors of valuable information to your Masonic Repository, I would beg to know from some skilful brother among them, concerning the custom of laying the foundation stone of public and stately edifices in the *North-east Corner*: from what circumstance that situation was preferred to the *South-east*, or any other *particular corner*?

I hope to be excused for observing, that I am not at a loss to account for that part of the custom which extends to placing the foundation stone in a *particular corner*: and that my enquiry is only meant to extend to the circumstance which introduced the *North-east* to the particular attention of Masons upon this occasion.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

Middle Temple.

A. B.

ANECDOTE.

A GENTLEMAN formerly well known in 'Change Alley, hearing that Foote had drawn his character in his comedy called "The Bankrupt," sent a friend to the Humourist, with a very intimidating message with respect to the disagreeable consequences that would ensue, if Mr. —'s conduct was ridiculed. "Assure your friend (says Foote to the messenger) that I never thought of him while I was drawing the character of *my Bankrupt*; and when you see the piece, you will be convinced of what I say, by finding I have made him an *honest man!*"

THE STAGE.

BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

Continued from p. 185.

NEXT POPE *, a vot'ry of the sportive maid,
From nature's source deriving potent aid,
Comes laughing forward, conscious of renown,
And sure of favour from a partial town.

For humour's sprightly province though design'd,
Her pow'rs to narrow limits are confin'd;
Unblest with requisites for polish'd scenes,
To lower life her genius chiefly leans.
Where city-pride with upstart pertness tries,
In sprightly ease, its coarseness to disguise,
All the mock elegance in POPE we meet
Of fine Cheapside, or solid Lombard-street.
Thus in *Miss Sterling*, she presents to view
A finish'd proof of what the author drew.

But when she fondly labours to appear
With the nice breeding of a higher sphere,
In HOADLEY's lively scenes aspires to please,
With all the polish'd grace of genuine ease,
Clarinda's manners lost, she seems no more
Than *Abigail* in what her mistress wore;
The vain attempt with pity we survey,
And grieve that pride should talents thus betray.

Here let the muse repress th' unfriendly aim,
Nor dwell on so much worth with churlish blame—
POPE copies life with truth, if not with grace,
And rears her fame on merit's solid base.

But where, alas! can gentle KEMBLE † stray,
Whose modest worth may well adorn the lay,
She who must critic spleen at once disarm,
With sweet simplicity's resistless charm?
Ah! why thus doom'd to wander from the place
That best can feel her soft and touching grace;
Why from that scene thus strangely forc'd to roam,
Where genius fondly seeks a fav'rite home?

Not form'd to wield the terrors of the stage,
To burn with proud *Alicia's* mad'ning rage,
Or with *Macbeth's* ambitious partner swell,
Invoking horrors from the pow'rs of hell;
Hers is the gentler empire o'er the mind,
The pensive, the pathetic, and the kind:

* Miss Pope.

† Mrs. Stephen Kemble.

'Tis hers with softest charms the breast to move
 In drooping anguish and in plaintive love ;
 Where sweet *Ophelia* meets with wild disdain,
 Or senseless wanders for a father slain ;
 Where *Desdemona* meekly would assuage
 The poor abus'd *Othello's* causeless rage ;
 Or *Juliet* fondly tempts her love to stay,
 And doubts the tuneful harbinger of day.

Ask we the spell by which she wakes the sigh,
 And calls the flowing sorrow to the eye ?—
 'Tis pow'ful nature's all-prevailing sway,
 And *KEMBLE* acts as feeling points the way :
 When, through the finer workings of the soul,
 A temper'd fervour animates the whole,
 We nature's strong presiding influence find,
 And trace the virtues of a kindred mind ;
 'Tis nature prompts her looks, her tones, her tears,
 And tells the heart, she is what she appears.

REMARKS ON GENERAL INVITATIONS.

THE first and most common of all invitations are general invitations : ' We shall be glad to see you, Mr.—, to take a dinner with us'—or—' When you pass this way, we shall be happy if you will step in, and eat a bit of mutton'—or—' Why do we never see you ? We are always at home, and shall be happy if you will spend a day with us'—or—' Well ! when am I to see you ? Will you dine with me soon ?'—or—' So ! you never will come and dine with us'—or—' Before you go out of town, I positively insist, that you come and dine with us'—or—' I am engaged to-morrow, but, any other time, I shall be very happy if you will take pot-luck with us'—or—' Now do come and dine with us, just in the family-way,' &c. With many other forms, which it were endless to mention. A man, who has but a dozen of such kinds of friends, has no occasion to keep a table of his own above once a fortnight—and yet, sir, somehow or other, I have met with various disappointments in accepting such invitations.

It was but the other day I walked four miles from my house to dine with a friend, who ' was always at home,' and who had asked me so often, that I began to be ashamed of my rudeness—but he had just dined, although I was at his house half an hour before the time which he told me he always kept. I concealed that I had not dined, and, making my bow precipitately, went to a neighbouring public house and dined on a beef-steak.

Those who ' are always at home,' I have found are very seldom in the humour of seeing company, and of those who are most ' glad to see one,' the greater part are engaged abroad. Some are ' very happy to see me,' but it happens very unfortunately, that the mistress of the

house is gone a little way out of town, and taken the keys of the cellar with her, and the master is to take a family-dinner with a friend.

After a variety of rebuffs and disappointments, I am come to this opinion, that general invitations are words of course, and rarely mean any thing. If it be said, and I will allow it, that they are not always so, yet how are we to know when this is the case? My rule, therefore, is never to accept of them; for, if my company is really wanted, it will be asked more particularly; if not, and repeated experience convinces me of it, I account all such invitations to be only 'a civil way of speaking.' Another kind of invitation I am nearly equally averse to accept—that which depends on accident. You step to a friend's house on business, near his dinner hour: he thinks that politeness obliges him to ask you, nay, perhaps he thinks that you come to be asked. The safest rule, in these cases, is to refuse the invitation, unless, which cannot always happen, the inviter be one with whom we live in habits of the closest friendship and intimacy. Of such friends, few men can boast of a very large list.

It is confessedly a great meanness to put one's self in the way of a man, on purpose to be asked to dine; but it is, in my humble opinion, a greater meanness to ask a man who is not welcome. Distress may prompt the former, but for the latter I know no excuse, unless a compliance with the hypocrisy of modern politeness be justifiable. Men of delicacy are the best of men, and cannot easily submit to be obliged by such a trifling favour as an invitation to dinner, and are consequently very much at a loss how to understand the common cant of invitations. He that complies with every verbal and general invitation, cannot fail to be often a very unwelcome guest; while he who accepts only that kind of invitation which cannot be misunderstood, a formal and written invitation, will rarely fail of being acceptable.—Politeness, or what is called politeness, may induce a man to invite any one to dinner whom he may meet with, in hopes of a refusal; but the man who sends for his friend generally wants to see him. J.

AMERICAN ANECDOTES.

GENERAL FORBES, who took possession of Fort Du Quesne, upon the French abandoning it the war before last, being informed that a large body of the enemy were preparing to attack him, ordered a Lieutenant and forty men to reconnoitre their number and situation, they being about three days march from the fort. The officer and his detachment proceeded with great cheerfulness and alacrity, without the least appearance of an enemy, until about six o'clock in the morning of the third day's march, when they were suddenly fired upon from the woods by a body of Indians, who killed nine of them upon the spot; upon which the officer, well knowing that he could not attack the enemy in their then situation but at the greatest disadvantage, very judiciously drew off the remains of his little detachment to a neighbouring plain, and there formed them in order of

battle, for the reception of the savages; but after remaining in that position for several hours; and finding that they did not advance, he prosecuted his march. He had not, however, proceeded many miles, before he found himself in a narrow pass between two high mountains, and at the same time perceived a large body of Indians (upwards of three hundred) pouring down upon him. He immediately formed his men in the most advantageous situation circumstances would admit of, determining to sell their lives at as dear a rate as possible. The conflict was now begun; the consequence of which was that the English were all cut to pieces, except seven men and their officer, who was wounded. The Indians had upwards of sixty of their number killed, besides many wounded. They tied the hands of the survivors of this brave little detachment behind their backs, and most unmercifully loaded them with their baggage. In this manner they were marched six days, when they arrived at the habitations of the savages, nearly famished for want of the necessaries of life. The next morning the unhappy prisoners were led forth by the wives of those Indians that fell in the action, who first proceeded, by way of prologue to the tragical scene which was to follow, by stripping them quite naked; and then tying one of them to a stake, and lighting a small and slow fire between his feet, they began to exercise the most excruciating tortures their ingenuity could possibly invent, by tearing the miserable wretch's flesh off his bones with red-hot pincers, boring his eyes out, and otherwise tormenting him by the most barbarous and unheard-of cruelty, to the great entertainment of the more than savage brutes who were the spectators. In this horrid manner did those infernal wretches continue to exercise their most savage natures, until they had put an end to the lives of the poor unhappy soldiers. Those Squaws (for such are the females called) who displayed the greatest barbarism as tormentors, received the greatest applause and approbation from all their companions during the exhibition of this tragical scene.

It now became the Officer's turn to fall a sacrifice to the manes of those departed savages. He told the squaws (having served long in America, he had acquired the Indian language) when they came to drag him to the stake, "that if they would spare his life he would communicate a secret, the knowledge of which would enable them to render their bodies invulnerable, so that neither ball nor sword could penetrate them; that he would admit of the first experiment to be made upon himself; and that he only desired to be allowed twenty-four hours for the preparation of a composition necessary for the undertaking." The savages, after having deliberated together for some time, acquiesced in compliance to the Officer's proposition; but at the same time denounced, that the most unheard-of vengeance should await him, if he deceived them by thus procrastinating his fate. The twenty-four hours being expired, the savage women led forth their victim, who had prepared a liquid composed of water, red clay (something like ochre) and wood ashes. With this he anointed his neck until it was of a brownish colour; he then informed them, that when it was a little dry, they might make an experiment, by applying a very

sharp hatchet with great force; and that if his preparation failed of its intention, he begged they might inflict upon him the most severe death which they could possibly devise. Having thus delivered himself to his savage auditors, he laid his head upon a block, when the chief squaw took a hatchet, and applied it to his neck to so good purpose, that she chopped off his head at one blow, to the great astonishment as well as disappointment of the whole tribe, who had assembled upon this important occasion.

SOME time in the year 1758, several French traders sailed up the river Mississippi in their barks, in order to trade with a tribe of Indians who inhabit the banks of that river, and who were then in the French interest. The French, on their arrival, found them on the eve of going to war with a neighbouring tribe, and that they would therefore be under the necessity of applying for a large quantity of gunpowder, in order to enable them to prosecute it with vigour. The French were not mistaken in their conjecture; the Indians made application for all the powder which they could spare, and to inform them of the manner of cultivating it. In lieu thereof, the Indians undertook to load their barks, with the choicest furs they were masters of. French finesse was immediately stretched to its utmost extremity; they agreed to give all the powder which could be spared for their immediate use, and likewise to instruct them in the cultivation of powder, by supplying them with a sufficient quantity of seed-powder. For this purpose they gave those deluded creatures some coarse cannon powder, with instructions for sowing it in the fields, telling them, that at the end of six weeks they would be able to reap a plentiful crop. The credulity of the poor Indians made them very careful in watching their powder for weeks, months, and even a twelve-month, without reaping any advantage from their indefatigable assiduity; they now, though too late, discovered the duplicity of the French, and therefore vowed revenge. It was not long before they had an opportunity of gratifying that passion. A large body of French traders having arrived amongst them, and even several of those who had contributed to render them such egregious dupes, the French proposed, as usual, to barter European merchandise for furs. The Indians, instead of acquiescing with their desire, made themselves masters of their barks, at the same time seizing their persons, and putting every one of them to death, by making them suffer the most exquisite tortures which their revengeful dispositions could invent. This tribe of Indians, soon after their having thus experienced French deceit and perfidy, abandoned their interest, and joined that of the English.

IN the year 1759, the Mikmak Indians, who inhabited the province of Nova Scotia and its neighbourhood, were excited by the Canadian Government, and principally Mons. St. Luc, the famous Indian partizan, to commit all possible barbarities upon the then recently settled colony of Chedebuctou. All the English residents whom they could lay hands on were tormented according to savage manners. Some of

the tribes, on a particular night, having defeated the militia party of Captain Pike (whom they scalped and tomahawked), assembled, with the prisoners they had made, on the Dartmouth shore, and there began their horrid rites in view of the opposite town of Halifax. The victims were successively stretched in their frames called squares, stuck full of lighted pine splinters, and thus miserably destroyed. One of the prisoners, however, whose name was Wheeler, had already suffered greatly by their cruelty, and was nearly half scalped. Whilst he waited his own turn of death, with the progress of his fellows execution before his eyes, he desired to draw on one side, avowing a cause of urgent necessity. This being a request that the savages never refuse, an Indian was appointed to guard him. The bleeding and almost naked sufferer, having concealed a knife, desired his attendant to look up, under pretence of observing some bird or other object above them, and he immediately plunged the knife into the bowels of his enemy. The feat being performed, he made into the adjoining woods, wildly flying through such thickets as in that country to any but Indians are scarcely penetrable. His escape soon dispersed his exasperated enemies and their dogs (as their manner is) in various directions after him. Exhausted as he was with pain and fatigue, he still contrived to keep them at a distance, being aided by the darkness of the night, and had persevered several leagues, until he came to the mouth of an inlet of the sea, now known by the name of Coleharbour. Over the entrance of this inlet runs a bar, with, at all times, a dangerous surf, which at this moment was increased by the commencement of an heavy gale; and the raging of the sea was prodigious. Here his pursuers gained upon him, and the fugitive was hemmed in. He threw himself into the surf, and most miraculously landed on the opposite shore. Some of his enemies perished in attempting to follow him. He lay for a time almost dead; but, reflexion giving him strength, he still persevered, by slow degrees, through the woods towards Lawrence-town fort, commanded by Mr. H. Newton, then Lieutenant of the 46th regiment. Daylight disclosed itself when Wheeler came up to the picketing of the Block-house, and some of his hunters likewise made their appearance at the same instant, having vainly taken a circuitous rout to intercept their intended victim, who thus critically saved himself, and probably may be alive at this day.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I Lately took a journey into the country to visit an old friend of my father's, who is a Grocer in a country town at some distance from London. While I was there, the Mayor gave a public entertainment, according to annual custom; to which he invited several of the neighbouring Gentlemen and Ladies, the Members of the Corporation, with their wives, sons, and daughters, and the principal inhabitants

of the town of both sexes; and as I was at my friend's house, who was one of the Corporation, the Mayor sent me an invitation also.

When the day was come, I found his wife and three daughters were dressed out in the most genteel and fashionable manner, and at a considerable expence; for as she was a woman of spirit, she was determined that none of the other shopkeepers wives and daughters should excel her and hers, either in the goodness of their clothes, or in the most fashionable taste; and to that purpose had consulted a great Milliner in Bond Street. I also learned that they had been for some hours that day under the hands of a friseur.

When they were dressed, their finery brought on another expence, as is often the case; for though it was a fine day, and the hall was not 300 yards from the house, my friend's wife observed, that it was most prudent to go in a post chaise, lest the wind or their walking should discompose their cloaths or their hair; and accordingly a post chaise carried them at twice. I walked on before, and with my hat under my arm I handed the mother out of the chaise, and led her to the upper end of the hall, where she took her seat, as being the wife of one of the Aldermen. The young Ladies placed themselves at some distance, and I seated myself opposite to them. Soon after the Mayor and Corporation entered the hall in their formalities, and the music immediately began to play.

We had two courses, which consisted of venison, fish, and game in plenty, besides a great number of other things of all sorts, well dressed, and placed in great form and order; and afterwards a large dessert of fine fruit, jellies, syllabubs, &c. with wine and beer in abundance.— There were near a hundred persons present, and the Ladies were dressed out as fine as they could be, some with caps of various sorts and sizes, and some in their hair without any caps at all. They made a gay and splendid appearanc; and the music, victuals, and good liquor made every, one chearful, and in good humour. In the evening there was dancing, and a cold collation, set out in the most polite and genteel manner; and a room with card tables for such as chose to play.

I staid at my friend's a week after, and every day (when his wife and daughters were present) the time was spent in repeated observations on the transactions of that day, the Ladies dresses, the magnificence and profusion of the feast, &c. But one of them, Miss Jenny (who pretended to a superior knowledge in these matters), remarked, that there was not a just choice made in placing some of the dishes, particularly that a goose was placed next to some ducks, and the like; and she hinted to us, that if she should ever be Mayoress, she would suffer no such absurdities and indiscretions; that she would have a greater show of plate, the sauces should be richer, and many other things altered for the better.

In short, I found their heads so filled with dress and show, with pride and vanity, that, though I had intended at first to have proposed a marriage with one of them, I relinquished my design, being fully persuaded, that, though I had a good trade, which brought me in above 300 pounds a year, yet I could never be happy with a wife, whose

taste and desires were so much above both our fortunes, and whose heart was set upon show, high life, and pleasure, which she could not gratify without ruining herself and me.

When I returned home to London, I could not but reflect upon the consequences of public assemblies, balls, concerts, and entertainments: I do not mean with regard to the great expence of them to the Mayor, though I am sure that many of the Corporation cannot spend so much money in one day, without sensibly feeling it; but my chief design is to consider the natural effects of them, on the minds of the wives and daughters of the tradesmen and shopkeepers of the town, as the greatest part of the assembly consisted of such; for daily experience shews us, that most women are struck with dress and show, are admirers and promoters of elegance, politeness, and magnificence, and have a strong taste for gaiety and pleasure.

By going to these public diversions, young women of small fortunes acquire such a relish for fine things, that a plain and neat dress, a house only decently and usefully furnished, and a plain and simple diet, will not satisfy them; but when they marry, they must have nice and polite dishes at their tables, must always drink foreign wines at their meals, their houses must be furnished with some degree of elegance and taste, and the Milliners shops must be frequently visited, that they may be acquainted with the newest fashions, and consequently alter their own dress as often as a new mode comes in. I have said nothing here of that pernicious spirit of gaming, which now prevails in every house that has the least pretension to politeness.

These extravagancies were formerly confined to Courts, and the houses of the rich and the nobles; but since trade and commerce have brought great riches into several cities, they have infected the citizens; and now they are spread into the country towns; nay, I am told, that they begin to make their appearance in some villages, where they have introduced private assemblies for cards and genteel suppers.

What must be the end of this immoderate love of pleasure, dress, and show, of this great increase of luxury, of this idleness and universal dissipation, of this spirit of continual rambling and gadding abroad in idle visits and trifling conversation, which now so generally prevail among the young women of small fortunes, who are early initiated in them, and are bred up from their childhood in these polite manners? what, I say, can they end in, but poverty and unhappiness?—This is one great cause of so many persons breaking; for the prices of even the necessaries of life are nearly doubled in many places within the space of thirty years, and what was then reckoned to be a handsome provision, is now but a scanty maintenance; and therefore temperance, moderation, and frugality, are the virtues that ought to be universally recommended to the youth of both sexes among us.

J. N.



ON THE
LOVE OF NOVELTY.

THERE is no passion more strongly ingrafted in our nature than the love of Novelty; which, from the beginning to the end of life, is that restless principle which keeps the mind in a continual gadding, and which, when not under the government of a sound judgment, is as much delighted with the newness of a trifling fashion, as with the most useful discovery in Nature.

In every stage of life, a certain degree of this passion is highly necessary; but in no other part is it so intense or requisite as in our infancy. The fickleness in young minds; the continual shifting from one thing to another; the ardent longings after new playthings, which no sooner attained but, grown familiar, are loathed and thrown aside; is all the effect of this passion, and stores the mind with that variety of ideas it so quickly acquires in the first years of life. These ideas would come in but slowly, were the likings of children steady, and were they not hurried by their curiosity from object to object.

I have often been amused in considering, how the necessities of one stage of life are frequently the vices of another; and have been pleased to see a child fall out with its coral, and cry for a new plaything, when I have blushed to see maturer years give indications of this giddiness of desires, which, however necessary in children to store the imagination, and to prevent too strong an attachment to particular things, yet at the age of manhood is the result of an untutored disposition. The acquisition of original ideas is the business of childhood; to compound and arrange them, the work of riper years; and that eagerness after Novelty, and consequently fickleness, which at first served to enrich the fancy, now only disturbs the judgment.

Hence the passion for Novelty, although never entirely destroyed, yet naturally decays; or if in due time it does not abate, it becomes a foible in the character, and should be brought under proper discipline.

Whenever this busy principle so outlives its occasions as to remain vigorous in old age, it is generally confined to a certain set of objects; and hence arise the various tribes of Novelty-hunters, with which society swarms; such as news-mongers, shell-gatherers, butterfly-catchers; in short, most of the busy enquirers into Nature, without the abilities to arrange, or invention to investigate her laws.

When mere curiosity is the motive of a person's enquiries into the productions of Nature, however he may be dignified by the specious name of a Naturalist, he is inquisitive to no purpose; his search is merely after novelty, not after improvement; for, not distinguishing the great and useful works of Nature from the play she affects in varying the colour of a butterfly or a tulip, every discovery is of equal importance to him; and though he may be acquainted with the external appearance of all Nature, he knows no one part of her intimately, he is like a traveller who rides post through a country.

The man who in this manner heaps up knowledge, if with the least degree of propriety it can be termed knowledge, is neither better nor

wiser than he who, to an extreme old age, spent a life in purchasing furniture, which; no sooner bought than packed up into garrets, served neither for use nor ornament. Indeed the heads of these "children of a larger growth" may justly be deemed lumber-rooms, where the refuse of understanding and knowledge are indiscriminately jumbled together, and where it soon loses its value even to the possessor, as it loses its novelty.

To consider the ardour, vehemence, and toil, that men employ in their pursuits, one would suppose their enquiries to be of the greatest importance; but if we turn to the objects of these pursuits, we see them as they are, serious trifles, an insect, a muscle-shell, a weed, or a flower.

It is not long since I met with an oration which, upon looking into, I imagined had been a panegyric upon Hercules, or Theseus, or some such monster-killers of antiquity. The hero's traversing the globe from east to west, from north to south, through heats and colds, and storms, was emphatically described, and the dangers he was exposed to worked up in the highest colours; sometimes scorched on the burning plains of Africa; sometimes almost perished with the piercing cold of Lapland; sometimes impending from the brow of a steep rock, which nodded horrid over the swelling ocean, the winds, and rains, and waves bursting upon him; sometimes in the deep caverns of the earth, dismal in gloom! From all this pomp I expected to hear of the Nemean lion, the Hydra, the Erymanthean boar, and the bringing Cerberus from hell. But nothing like that occurred: upon reading a little further, I found the Hero was a Botanist, and his toils Simpling*.

This Simpler, for aught I know, might be useful enough in his particular way, and stand the foremost amongst his own vegetative tribes; yet surely his Panegyrist could not have taken a more effectual way to render both himself and his friend ridiculous. The toils and labour of a Botanist or Butterfly-catcher will hardly admit of oratory or panegyric: so necessary it is in our actions, that the end should be of importance to render the means considerable; and where newness merely is the end of our pursuits, the labour of the means only heightens the ridicule.

What is more ridiculous than to see a Florist, at four every morning, hanging over a tulip with as much anxiety as an Alchymist waits the happy moment of projection? Why all this assiduity to catch the instant of its blowing, merely to observe whether it opens with a streak more or less than he had yet seen? He who thus grows over a flower, leads a life of very little higher vegetation than the flower itself.

The contemplation of the relation each part of the universe bears to the whole; how mere vegetation through various degrees rises almost to life, and seems of kindred to the lowest sensation; the gradation, again, of sensitive beings, from the Insect to Man himself, and regarding every thing as part of an infinite scale, is undoubtedly

* On a trial at the Old Bailey in the last Session, a witness declared that he had travelled more than 50,000 miles in search of plants.

worthy of a Philosopher. A flower, a worm, a butterfly, may afford matter of inquiry to the wisest man, if, enlarging his views, he does not rest there; and if from the curious structure of a gnat he is carried to the contemplation of a Supreme Being, and an admiration of that Almighty Wisdom which, stretching itself from the smallest atom through infinite variety, actuates, impels, and orders the whole system of things. In this light he will see the uniform operations of Nature, and that the cementing power which keeps the great planets in their orbs, likewise combines the smallest particles of matter. His enquiries in this view will render him the wiser and the better man; and from considering how each class of lower animals constantly operate in their proper sphere, he will learn, that to do good to his fellow-creatures, and to direct all his toil and study to the preservation of society, is the only way of answering the great end of Creation.

MELDRUM.

ON THE

DIFFERENT MODES OF REASONING

AMONG PERSONS WHO DIFFER IN THEIR PURSUITS.

WHAT has been often observed of the judgment of individuals, is equally true of particular societies: every society, like every individual, looks with esteem or contempt on other societies only in proportion to their agreement or disagreement with the ideas, passions, prejudices, rank and genius of the persons who compose that society.

Let a Quaker, for instance, appear in a circle of Beaux, will he not be surveyed with that kind of contemptuous pity which we generally bestow upon those who we think abandon a real for an imaginary good:—should a Conqueror enter a study of Philosophers, who can doubt that he would consider their most profound speculations as vain and frivolous; that he would view these Sages with that haughty disdain which a mind, filled with its own greatness, feels for those whom it despises, and with that exulting superiority with which power looks down upon weakness. But transport one of these Sages to the royal tent, and let the Conqueror treat him with that disrespect which he conceives him to merit:

“Proud mortal!” will the offended Philosopher reply, “who despises souls more lofty than thine own: learn, that the object of thy desires is our contempt; and that nothing appears great on earth, when surveyed by a truly elevated mind.—In an ancient forest sits a Traveller, at the foot of the cedar, which, to him, seems to touch the heavens; but above the clouds, where the eagle soars, the tallest cedars seem to creep upon the surface of the earth like the humble broom, and present to the eye of the king of birds only a verdant carpet spread over the plains.”

Let a beautiful woman, young, elegant, and full of gallantry, such as history represents the celebrated Cleopatra, who by the infinity of her charms, the magic of her wit, the voluptuousness of her caresses, makes her lover daily taste all the delights that could be found in variety—in whose arms, to use the emphatic language of Dryden, “desire springs from enjoyment;” let such a woman appear in an assembly of prudes, whose chastity is secured by age and ugliness, how will her beauties and talents be despised!—Sheltered from seduction, beneath the Medusean shield of deformity, these prudes have no idea of the pleasure arising from the flattering infatuation and fond solicitations of a lover; they cannot conceive the difficulty which a beautiful woman finds in resisting the importunity of the man she loves, and the vanity of making him the confidant of all her secret charms: they will therefore fall with fury upon this lovely woman, and place her weakness among crimes of the blackest dye.

But let a prude, in her turn, appear in a circle of coquettes, she will there meet with as little respect as superciliousness can shew to levity, and as much contempt as beauty can express for deformity. To be revenged on her prudery they will tell her, that the beauty who yields to love, and the ordinary woman who resists that passion, are both prompted by the same motive; the one seeks an admirer of her charms, the other to avoid the means of her disgrace; and consequently there is no difference, but what beauty makes, between the prude and the woman of gallantry.

Thus the different opinions, passions, and prejudices of mankind exult over each other. The ostentatious minister of State, who will not know merit in a mean condition, is despised in his turn by men of sense and learning,

“Foolish mortal!” cry they;—“on what dost thou pride thyself?—Art thou vain of the crowds that kneel before thee?—Know! whatever thy folly may suppose, this homage is not paid to thee, but to thy place. Thou, of thyself, art nobody: what lustre thou hast is reflected by the favour of thy Sovereign. Behold the vapours that arise from the mud of those marshes; sustained in the air, they are changed into gaudy clouds: they shine, like thee, with a splendor borrowed from the sun; but should that luminary for a moment withdraw his beams, their brightness is lost, and they sink into the mud whence they rose.”

As contrary passions excite reciprocal contempt, a different turn of mind produces nearly the same effect.

Necessitated to relish only such ideas as are analogous to our own, it is impossible for us to admire a turn of mind very different. For this reason the mathematician has commonly a greater esteem for the metaphysician than the poet, while the poet has a higher opinion of the orator than of either.

Thus, with the best intentions, illustrious men of different tastes set little value on each other. To be convinced of the reality of this contempt, which is always reciprocal, let us listen to the language of men of genius.

Like several mountebanks dispersed in a market-place, each calls admirers to himself, and thinks that he alone can deserve them.

The romance-writer is persuaded, that his labours require the highest degree of invention and delicacy of mind, though he allows that the Poet has some right to dispute it with him. The Metaphysician, by a very different merit, would snatch the palm from both: he fancies that he only is the source of evidence, and the confidant of nature.

"I alone," says he, "can generalize ideas, and discover the seeds of those events which daily unfold themselves in the physical and moral world; by me alone man is enlightened."

The Poet considers the Metaphysician as a solemn fool, who is busied about words, and rates him accordingly.

"You perplex the head," says he, "with endless distinctions, and employ many words without meaning; you may sometimes hit upon truth, but you cannot bring it home to the heart. It is not in the works of Aristotle, but in those of Homer, that conviction is to be found: man is influenced by motives, not by arguments. The discoveries of your art are doubtful, the effects of mine are certain."

By speeches like these do those three men shew their contempt for each other; and, in such a dispute, should they call in the politician as an arbitrator, he would shew an equal contempt for all of them.

"You know," he would say, "that the arts and sciences are only serious trifles and vain subtilities. We may apply ourselves to them in infancy, in order to exercise the mind; but it is only the knowledge of the public good, the interest of the community to which we belong, that ought to engage the minds of men of genius, arrived at the years of discretion. Every other object is little, when compared with the vast machine of policy:"—Whence he would conclude, that he alone is worthy of universal admiration.

But let us suppose a natural philosopher to have listened to this conclusion of the politician.

"You deceive yourself," he will immediately reply: "for if greatness of mind is to be measured by the greatness of the objects about which we are conversant, it is I alone who am truly worthy of esteem. A single discovery of mine changes the interest of nations. I rub a needle upon the loadstone, and enclose it within a box: America is discovered. The settlers dig mines: a thousand vessels, loaded with gold, divide the waves of the Atlantic, pour out their treasures in Europe, and the face of the political world is changed.

"Always occupied about great objects," continues he, "if I retire to solitude and silence, it is not to study the little revolutions of empires, but those of the universe; it is not to penetrate the trifling secrets of courts, but those of nature: I discover how the sea has formed mountains, and how it has encroached upon the earth; I measure both the force that moves the stars, and the extent of the luminous circles they describe in the azure vault of Heaven; I calculate their magnitude, compare it with that of the earth, and blush at the smallness of the spot I inhabit. If I am ashamed of the hive, judge what contempt I must feel for the insects who people it!—The greatest legislator, in my eye, is no more than the king of bees."

In this manner do all classes and all societies of men endeavour to

prove that they are superior to the rest, and deal out their contempt accordingly.

We may therefore venture to lay it down as a fixed position, that it is personal interest, differently modified, which produces such an astonishing diversity of human opinions, and which is the sole dispenser of praise and blame between particular societies as well as individuals.

THE CHARACTER OF WALLER, AS A MAN AND A POET.

BY MR. PERCIVAL STOCKDALE.

THE endowments of Waller's mind were recommended by the graces of his form. Mankind are so subject to the fascination of externals, that the effects of the most elevated genius and virtue are greatly obstructed by personal disadvantages. Worth, covered by deformity, gains upon us but by slow approaches, and must not expect to be generally well received till the world is convinced of its reality by repeated experience. But to him in whom nature hath united amiable qualities and great talents with personal elegance, we are immediately prepared to pay homage. While the eye surveys, the mind wishes to esteem and to admire.

Waller's person was handsome and graceful. That delicacy of soul which produces instinctive propriety gave him an easy manner, which was improved and finished by a polite education, and by a familiar intercourse with the great. The symmetry of his features was dignified with a manly aspect; and his eye was animated with sentiment and poetry.

His elocution, like his verse, was musical and flowing. In the senate, indeed, it often assumed a vigorous and majestic tone, which, it must be owned, is not a leading characteristic of his numbers.

He was so happily formed for society, that his company was sought for by those who detested his principles and his conduct. He must have had very engaging qualities who kept up an intimacy with people of two prejudiced and exasperated parties; and who had the countenance of kings of very different tempers and characters. He was a favourite with the persons of either sex of the times in which he lived, who were most distinguished for their rank and for their genius. The mention of a Morley, a St. Evremond, a Dorset, a Clarendon, and a Falkland, with whom he spent many of his social hours, excludes a formal eulogium on his companionable talents. Let it suffice, therefore, to observe, that his conversation was chastised by politeness, enriched by learning, and brightened by wit.

The warmth of his fancy, and the gaiety of his disposition, were strictly regulated by temperance and decorum. Like most men of a fine imagination, he was a devotee to the fair sex: but his gallantry was not vitiated with debauchery; nor were his hours of relaxation and mirth prostituted to profaneness and infidelity. Irreligion and

intemperance had not infected all ranks in Waller's time as they have now; but he had as much merit in avoiding the contagion of a profligate court, with which he had such familiar intercourse, as we can ascribe to an individual of the present age, who mixes much with the world, and yet continues proof against its licentiousness. He rebuked the impious wit of the libertine even before a King who was destitute of religion and principle; and who enjoyed a jest upon that sacred truth which it was his duty to defend and to maintain*.

But his virtue was more theoretic than practical. It was of a delicate and tender make; formed for the quiet of the poetic shade, and the ease of society; not hardy and confirmed enough for a conflict with popular commotions. His behaviour on his trial was hypocritical, unmanly, and abject: yet the alarming occasion of it, on which but few would have acquitted themselves with a determined fortitude, extenuates it in some measure to candour and humanity; though he who had effectually reduced the discipline of philosophy to practice, would rather have suffered death than purchased life with the ignominy which it cost Waller. But let us recollect that Providence is very rarely lavish of its extraordinary gifts to one man. Let us not condemn him with untempered severity, because he was not a prodigy which the world hath seldom seen; because his character comprised not the poet, the orator, and the hero.

That he greatly improved our language and versification, and that his works gave a new æra to English poetry, was allowed by his contemporaries, nor has it ever been disputed by good critics. Dryden tells us he had heard Waller say, that he owed the harmony of his numbers to Fairfax's translation of the *Godfrey of Bulloigne*. Whoever reads that translation, and compares it with our Author's poetry, will see in how rude a state English verse was when Waller began to write, and what advantage it received from him. Perhaps more elegant language, and more harmonious numbers than his, would be expected even from a middling poet in this age of refinement: but such a writer would be as much inferior to Waller in absolute merit, as it is more difficult to attain new, than to copy past excellence, as it is easier to imitate than to invent. A voyage to the West Indies, first achieved by Columbus, and the calculations of Newton, are now often made by the modern mariner and mathematician: but who refuses admiration to the inventor of Fluxions, and to the discoverer of America?

Ease, gallantry, and wit, are the principal constituents of his poetry; though he is frequently plaintive with tenderness, and serious with dignity. But impartiality must acknowledge that his muse seldom reaches the sublime. She is characterised by the softer graces, not by grandeur and majesty. *It is her province to draw sportive or*

* On his death-bed Waller told Dr. Birch, his son-in-law, that he was once at Court when the Duke of Buckingham spoke profanely before King Charles the Second, and that he told him, "My Lord, I am a great deal older than your Grace, and have, I believe, heard more arguments for atheism than ever your Grace did. But I have lived long enough to see that there is nothing in them, and I hope your Grace will." STEWARD'S ANECDOTES, 2d Edit. Vol. II. p. 94.

elegiac notes from the lyre; not to sound the trumpet, and inflame the soul.

Hitherto we have remarked our Author's beauties; we must now mention his faults. Undistinguished praise is as weak as it is unjust; it neither does credit to the encomiast, nor to the person commended. Grammatical inaccuracies are not unfrequent in Waller. The literary amusement of the gentleman was not sufficiently tempered with the care and circumspection of the Author. He sometimes prefers a point more brilliant than acute to a manly and forcible sentiment; and sometimes violates the simplicity of nature for the conceit of antithesis. In his fondness of simile he is apt to lose the merit of a good by the addition of a bad one; in which he sacrifices truth and propriety to sound and splendour. These faults, however, we must, in a great measure, impute to the rudeness of the age, with which greater poets than Waller complied; partly from negligence, or the immediate influence of example, and partly from necessity.

Waller's works will always hold a considerable rank in English poetry. His great abilities as a statesman and an orator are indisputable; and his moral character will be viewed with lenity by those whose minds are actuated by humanity, and who are properly acquainted with their own failings; who consider the violence of the times in which he lived, and who are accustomed to think before they decide.

A METHOD OF ENCREASING POTATOES,

BY MR. JOHN LOCKETT OF DONNINGTON, NEAR NEWBURY,

As recorded in the 13th Vol. of the Transactions of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, and for which the Society returned him their thanks.

SIR,

HAVING lately seen in the news-papers various methods proposed in order to increase and multiply Potatoes in the most effectual manner, I take the liberty of sending you an experiment which I have repeatedly made; also a method to procure plants in a very cheap and easy way; not after such as the present winter, but after a mild winter, when the frost has penetrated but a small distance below the surface of the ground.

First, as to the Experiment: I took three potatoes, the 17th of December 1793, and put them into a small cask, and placed the cask in a cellar; the 10th of March I took off 15 shoots from them, and planted them with a setting or dibbling stick, in the same manner as cabbage plants, about one foot square: the 16th of April, I took 21 more shoots, from the same three potatoes, and planted them as before: on the 22d of May I took 25 shoots more and planted them also, and then washed and boiled the said three potatoes, which proved very good to eat. I had, from the said 61 shoots, as many potatoes as weighed 92lbs. notwithstanding the rooks did me much damage.

My method of procuring plants, after a mild winter, is to go (about the month of May) over the fields where potatoes were planted the preceding year, and pull up from among the corn all the shoots produced by the potatoes left in the ground the preceding autumn which had escaped the digger, and plant these shoots in the same manner as above, viz. the same as cabbage plants.

I am, &c.

Donnington, March 1, 1795.

JOHN LOCKETT.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

OBSERVING in your Magazine for last month an extract from a letter giving some account of *Botany Bay*, I conceived the following additional particulars might not be deemed entirely uninteresting. I received the information from my brother, on his return from a voyage to the above place, where he stopped some weeks; and his account was corroborated by a very judicious acquaintance, who went, at the same time, as Mate on board one of the transports employed to carry over the convicts to the Settlement at *Port Jackson*.
September 1795. G.

IN this vast tract of country there seem to be scarce any regular returns of seasons, which must be a great impediment to cultivation. There are instances, at uncertain periods, of no rain for six months together; thunder and lightning are almost continual on the coast, but seldom attended with dangerous consequences. This country, the soil of which is light, abounds with wood and a wonderful and beautiful variety of *botanical* productions.

The natives, who do not appear to be numerous, have very unhandsome features, are savage, almost in the literal sense of the word; perfidious and revengeful, and, except a few who have had some intercourse with the settlers, go entirely naked: they seem to be almost altogether ignorant of the manner of constructing a hut or any kind of habitation, living in holes in the rocks, when not employed in procuring their food, &c. Huts were erected for several of them, but were soon abandoned.

Their subsistence is principally obtained from fishing, at which they are expert, though with wretched materials: they have a method of using a kind of spear to strike the fish with, very long, with several prongs, pointed with pieces of the bones of the *Kangaroo*, fastened on with a kind of black gum and sharpened with a shell, having no iron instruments. Most of them are usually armed with a club, or rather cudgel, of a hard heavy wood, sharp at one end; and many

with a sort of spear, or dart, extremely long (generally pointed in the same manner as the fishing instrument), and a kind of wooden sling to throw them with, which they use very dexterously, throwing with precision to a very considerable distance, as several of the convicts have fatally experienced. Some of these instruments are a little carved with shells, but in a rude manner. The writer of this has in his possession specimens of the different instruments, &c. similar ones to most of which are deposited in Parkinson's Museum.

It is said, these people worship the sun, and that their marriages are solemnized by the man's striking the woman on the head with a *womrab* (cudgel), and sucking the blood from the wound*.

The most conciliatory measures have all along been adopted, in order to their civilization, but generally speaking they are shy and unsocial. They learn the English language with facility: their own (if it deserves to be called one) seems very mean and nowise comprehensive.

On Governor Phillip's return to England, two of the natives came over, who appeared to be tolerably civilized. Several of the different kinds of animals, of which there is not a great variety of species, were brought over at the same time; and likewise specimens of the plants, &c. which are preserved in one of the Royal Gardens.

The animals in this country, the Kangaroo excepted, are not particularly interesting to the naturalist. Their dogs, called by the natives *Jungoos*, resemble both the wolf and fox, but the latter most. A dog and bitch were brought to England, which had a fierce aspect, but were both very tame, though the female had been caught wild. These animals are not kept domestically by the natives, but *eaten* by them, and are said to be good food, especially if properly fattened for the purpose: but the *Kangaroo* is the animal most useful to the natives, the bones of which, as well as the flesh and skin, are to them very valuable; and that and the dog are the only quadrupeds yet discovered of which the flesh is eatable. There are Opossums, Guanoes †, a wild cat, nearly of the form and size of a weazel, and spotted like a leopard; a flying squirrel; a rat, of the size and colour of the common Norway rat, resembling the Kangaroo, the hinder being much longer than the fore legs, and snakes of a great length. On the rocky shore, at low water mark, are abundance of oysters uncommonly large and fine.

Here is a great variety of birds, of the most beautiful plumage; those resembling ours very large, comparatively. Paroquets, extremely numerous; variety of pigeons; a magpie, nearly the same as ours, but rather blacker; a tall long-legged bird, of a cream colour, very large, called an *Hamoo*, somewhat like an ostrich; and (*rara avis*) a black swan, or at least a large aquatic fowl of that colour, having great resemblance to it.

* It is remarkable that amongst the ancient Medes, who likewise paid adoration to the Sun, the man and woman, on this occasion, made incisions in each other's arms and sucked the blood. See ROLLIN'S ANCIENT HISTORY.

† A harmless animal of the shape of a Lizard, but nearly of the size of a man's arm, having specks on the skin of a gold colour, not peculiar to that country.

A kind of black grape grows here wild, and a plant bearing a leaf resembling that of the bay-tree, of a sweet taste, which is used by the convicts as a substitute for tea, and called by them *sweet tea*: it is likewise brewed and kept in vessels for drinking, affording a pleasant beverage; and, when used medicinally, is found to be very salutary.

The noted *Barrington* was appointed Constable of a small fertile island belonging to the Settlement, called *Norfolk Island* (as was represented in the public papers), conducting himself with much propriety in, as he termed it, the *New Arcadia*.

A great number of convicts died at this expensive Settlement at one period, apparently, it is said, more from a scarcity of provisions than any other cause; but the colony is now in a more flourishing state, and it is hoped will continue to improve.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IN a book which lately fell into my hands, called "NATURE DISPLAYED," I met with the following speculations on the EARLY HISTORY of MASONRY; which, as they do not seem at all to interfere with the more regularly-arranged History of which you give us a portion in each Number, you may perhaps oblige others by inserting, as well as your occasional Correspondent,

S. J.

THE Society of Masons was first formed in Egypt, the mother and nurse of arts and sciences, where they all originated.

This seems no more than natural; for the probability is very great that Egypt was the first land which emerged from the ocean, and is consequently the oldest country in the world. Moses, who was by no means friendly to the Egyptians, yet ingenuously acknowledges that they were the wisest people on the earth.

From the earliest ages, the ascent to which it is impossible to reach, as men discovered any art, or improved any science (in a state of society), they felt the necessity of communicating them for their own sakes, that they might be supported and assisted. To promote their lucrative views, it was also necessary that such communications should be confined to as few in number as possible.

It was unavoidably requisite, that every member of the society should be laid under the most solemn obligation to preserve the various deposits intrusted to him from all those who were not entitled to similar emoluments.

As architecture was of the highest consequence to mankind, with respect to utility, convenience, and magnificence, the Masons were the only persons to be applied to on this account. No other persons were capable of planning or erecting edifices adapted to usefulness or splendour.

It is remarkable, that these philosophers, in every age and every nation, distinguished themselves by the appellation which in all ages signifies a *Mason*. It is true that every Fellow-craft, before he obtained the dignity of a Master-mason, must have made great proficiency in grammar, logic, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, music, and astronomy.

The Masons had long confined all the sciences within the limits of their own fraternity, till they admitted amongst them those travelling Greek philosophers who visited Egypt in search of knowledge.— They indeed were not very scrupulous in pursuing the means of obtaining science by any sacrifice, nor less nice or conscientious in divulging those secrets which were under the strongest obligation imparted to them.

Euclid first made public all he had learned of geometry; the higher part of the mathematics he had not acquired. The application of this science to the measurement of land, building, and various other arts, was so obvious, that many ingenious Greeks availed themselves of it, to the no small detriment of the Masons.

This, as it was the first, was the severest blow our society ever felt. Some of them to this day assert, and seriously too, that the extraordinary death of this apostate was a judgment on him for the breach of his obligation; an eagle, mistaking his bald head for a stone, having dropped a tortoise on it to crush the shell.

Pythagoras resided more years in Egypt than any other Grecian philosopher. On his return he enjoined a three years inviolable silence on all his pupils. He revealed to his countrymen several of the secrets of Masons, viz. the seven different tints of the colorific principle; the seven tones in music, and the true system of astronomy, which placed the sun in the centre; the eight revolving planets with their attendants; the advent of comets, from one system to another, of which each star is a central sun.

Not being furnished with instruments capable of discovering the two most distant planets beyond the orbit of Saturn, his astronomy was turned into ridicule, by a people whose natural frivolity gave them a disgust to strong thinking, and whose vanity precluded close and severe examination of imported erudition. His school fell into disrepute, and he himself into neglect, though one of the best informed, and perhaps the wisest, of all their philosophers.

Aristotle studied grammar, logic, rhetoric, natural philosophy, metaphysics, and some other sciences among the Egyptian Masons. He conveyed a fund of knowledge to mankind which he had no right to communicate. Much indeed of what he learned he has misplaced and disfigured in his writings. He has misrepresented some of their finest sentiments, not so much for want of judgment as taste; partly perhaps to amuse his readers, and partly from vanity.

Of all the Grecian philosophers who visited Egypt, and had the honour of being admitted among the Masons (which by the way they carefully concealed), the most disingenuous was Plato. The sciences of theology, ethics, and metaphysics, were his peculiar favourites.

Whether from some regard to the sacredness of his obligation, or whether it was to adapt his doctrines to the taste of a volatile people, he has so hashed and frittered those things which he learned, so disguised, mangled, and involved them, that it would almost puzzle a Mason to separate the grain from the chaff, in the confused mass of his various treatises. A few Masonic jewels sparkle among them.

The Masons did not suffer only from treacherous brethren; they felt the cruellest strokes from the iron hand of power, which ought to have been exerted for their protection and security. Cambyses, the Persian monarch, made a complete conquest of Egypt.

He sternly demanded an account of *their* masonic doctrines; but on refusal, without his submission to the usual ceremonies of obligation, this haughty prince, with his wonted temerity, resolved on the total extermination of the Masons.

Fierce and implacable, he destroyed all those that were assembled, burned their lodges, and sacrificed every individual of them that could be met with. A considerable number of our brethren had sufficient courage and conduct (what might not such men perform!) to emigrate to an oasis, about three hundred leagues distant from hence.

An oasis, of which there are several in Africa, is a sort of island in the midst of burning sands.

This is about fourscore leagues, or two hundred and forty miles in length, and sixty in breadth; abounding with every necessary and convenience of life; the rivers lose themselves in the sands, while every vegetable and animal is to be met with that can be found on the rest of the globe.

It was inhabited by a few innocent and simple people, who received the Masons with open arms. The arts and sciences are there still cultivated to the highest perfection. *There*, and there only, remains all the knowledge and learning of the ancient world of Masons.

Cambyses sent an army of seventy thousand men to pursue and destroy them. This army were all buried in a whirlwind of sand,

He sent a second more numerous, which shared the same fate.

It is said, that some Masons, disguised, were employed as guides, who knew when and where those violent gusts arise, and voluntarily sacrificed themselves for the preservation of their brethren.

Cambyses raised a third army for the same purpose, determined to lead it himself; his death defeated the project.

These facts are all well known and attested by Asiatic historians.— From that day to this no one has ever visited this oasis, except Alexander the Macedonian, and a few of his followers.

Alexander lost the greatest part of his people, and suffered incredible hardships himself before he reached this oasis. What was an Alexander not equal to? He was highly pleased with his entertainment *there*, and they taught their royal visitor to return in safety.— Though it is next to impossible to arrive there, it is seldom more than thirty or forty years that a few do not venture to visit Egypt, yet no one attempts (though he longs in vain) to return.

Of the scattered remains of the Masons, some emigrated to the East, and settled in China. Some wandered into Europe, particularly the northern parts, who assumed the name of Druids. These still retained their unalterable attachment to masonry and secrecy, and never committed any of their knowledge to writing. They have indeed left many astonishing instances of it behind them in the erection of their Stone Calendar*. The æra of *their* fabrication may be easily ascertained by calculating the precision of the equinoxes; their skill in perspective is displayed in them.

These are falsely and foolishly termed by Europeans, Druidical Temples; for nothing was more repugnant to their religious principles than to worship the Deity in any cheiropoitic image.

REMARKABLE INCIDENT IN THE
LIFE OF THE DUKE OF GUISE.

[From "SEWARD'S ANECDOTES."]

THE Duke was married to a Princess of Cleves, a woman of great beauty, and from living in a very gallant court, that of Catharine de Medicis, was supposed not to be insensible to the passion which a handsome young man of the name of St. Maigrin entertained for her. Catharine de Medicis having on some particular day invited the principal ladies at the court to a ball and supper, at which each of them was to be served by the young noblemen of the court, who were to be dressed in the liveries of their mistresses, the Duke very anxiously intreated the Duchess not to be present, telling her that he did not in the least mistrust her virtue, but that as the Public had talked pretty freely about her and St. Maigrin, it was much better that she should not go, and afford fresh matter for scandal. The Duchess pleaded in excuse, that as the Queen had invited her to go, she could not possibly refuse her. The Duchess went to the entertainment, which lasted till six o'clock in the morning. At that very late hour she returned home and went to bed. She had, however, scarcely lain herself down in it, when she saw the door open very slowly, and the Duke of Guise enter the room, followed by an aged servant, who carried a bason of broth in his hand. The Duke immediately locked the door, and coming up to the bed in a very deliberate manner, thus accosted her in a firm and determined tone of voice: "Madam, although you would not do last night what I desired you, you shall do it now. Your dancing of last night has most probably heated you a little; you must drink immediately this bason of broth." The Duchess, suspecting it to be poison, burst into a flood of tears, and begged hard that the Duke would permit her to send for her Confessor before she drank it. The Duke told her again that she must drink it; and the Duchess, finding all resistance to no purpose, swallowed the broth. As soon

* Stonehenge, Staunton Drew, &c.

as she had done this, he went out of the room, having locked the door after him. In three or four hours afterwards the Duke again paid her a visit, and, with an affected smile upon his countenance, said, "Madam, I am afraid that you have spent your time very unpleasantly since I left you; I fear too that I have been the cause of this: judge then, Madam, of all the time that you have made me pass as unpleasantly as this. Take comfort, however; you have, I assure you, nothing to fear. I am willing to believe, in my turn, that I have nothing to be apprehensive of. But however, in future, if you please, we will avoid playing these tricks with one another."

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF
FACILITY IN LITERARY COMPOSITION.

[From the Same.]

IT is said in the History of the Life of LOPE DE VEGA (a Spanish writer), that no less than 1800 comedies, the production of his pen, have been actually represented on the Spanish stage. His *Autos Sacramentales* (a kind of sacred drama) exceed 400; besides which there is a Collection of his Poems of various kinds in 21 vols. 4to.

There was no public success on which he did not compose a panegyric; no marriage of distinction without an epithalamium of his writing, or child whose nativity he did not celebrate; not a Prince died on whom he did not write an elegy; there was no Saint for whom he did not produce a hymn; no public holiday that he did not distinguish; no literary dispute at which he did not assist either as Secretary or President. He said of himself, that he wrote five sheets per day, which, reckoning by the time he lived, has been calculated to amount to 133,225 sheets. He sometimes composed a comedy in two days which it would have been difficult for another man to have even copied in the same time. At Toledo he once wrote five comedies in fifteen days, reading them as he proceeded in a private house to Joseph de Valdevieso.

Juan Perez de Montalvan relates, that a comedy being wanted for the Carnival at Madrid, Lope and he united to compose one as fast as they could. Lope took the first act and Montalvan the second, which they wrote in two days; and the third act they divided, taking eight sheets each. Montalvan, seeing that the other wrote faster than he could, says he rose at two in the morning, and having finished his part at eleven, he went to look for Lope, whom he found in the garden looking at an orange-tree that was frozen; and on enquiring what progress he had made in the verses, Lope replied, "At five I began to write, and finished the comedy an hour ago; since which I have breakfasted, written 150 other verses, and watered the garden, and am now pretty well tired." He then read to Montalvan the eight sheets and the 150 verses.

A SWEDISH ANECDOTE.

Of an Herb possessing the Power of taking away Speech, and of another by the Use of which it may be restored.

IN the year 1772, a Finlandman brought a ship-load of wood to sell in Stockholm. The soldiers who were upon guard at the time this ship arrived formed a plan amongst themselves to cheat the poor man of part of his small wood; and, to carry it effectually into execution, it was agreed that one of them should pick a quarrel with this harmless Finlandman, and from words should, as quick as possible, fall to blows with him. The plan thus concerted, one of the soldiers began to load the Finlandman with much abuse; but he, pretending not to understand the Swedish language, took no notice of the abuse, but, in his own country dialect, told the soldier to be silent, otherwise he would soon make him so. This answer of the Finlandman, though delivered in an unknown tongue, was accompanied with such expressive gesticulations, that the soldier was not at a loss to guess the meaning of it, which exasperated him the more, and accordingly he began afresh to curse and d—n the Finlandman with the bitterest execrations. The latter then pretended to be very sorry for having given the soldier any occasion to put himself into so terrible a passion, and with fair speech, and humble voice, soothed and coaxed the soldier till he got him within his reach; when slyly taking an herb out of his pouch, he rubbed it in a violent manner all over the jaws and mouth of the soldier, who, to the great astonishment and terror of his comrades, was instantly stricken dumb.— This event alarmed the whole garrison, and the head officer then on duty put the Finlandman and soldier both under an arrest. The affair came before a civil court of judicature, and the Finlandman declared, that, in his own defence, he had done nothing more than make use of an herb, which, on briskly chaffing the lips of any man with it, has the power of depriving the persons so chaffed of the use of speech. The Court deeming this violent, though *natural*, mode of doing one's self justice not strictly justifiable, were going to pass sentence upon him; but the Finlandman begged he might be heard a few words. This request being granted, the honest Finlandman replied, that had he totally deprived the Soldier of his use of speech he would not pretend to justify his own conduct; but as the herb which he had made use of occasioned only a temporary deprivation of speech, and the power of that herb might be counteracted in half a minute's time, by the application of another herb which he had then in his pocket, he hoped the Judges would release him, on condition of his restoring the Soldier to the use of his speech. This request being also granted, the Finlandman applied the antidotal herb to the Soldier's mouth, and the dumb man instantly recovered his speech. The Society of Arts and Sciences established at Stockholm, when they heard of the surprizing power of these two herbs, sent for the Finlandman, and offered him a reward of 250 dollars for the discovery of them; but the offer was not accepted.

ACCOUNT OF THOMAS TOPHAM,
THE STRONG MAN.

From "HUTTON'S HISTORY OF DERBY."

WE learnt from private accounts, well attested, that Thomas Topham, a man who kept a public-house at Islington, performed surprising feats of strength; as breaking a broomstick of the first magnitude, by striking it against his bare arm; lifting two hogsheds of water; heaving his horse over the turnpike-gate; carrying the beam of a house, as a soldier his firelock, &c.—But, however belief might stagger, she soon recovered herself when this second Sampson appeared at Derby, as a performer in public, at a shilling each. Upon application to Alderman Cooper for leave to exhibit, the magistrate was surprised at the feats he proposed; and, as his appearance was like that of other men, he requested him to strip, that he might examine whether he was made like them; but he was found to be extremely muscular. What were hollows under the arms and hams of others, were filled up with ligaments in him.

He appeared near five feet ten, turned of thirty, well made, but nothing singular; he walked with a small limp. He had formerly laid a wager, the usual decider of disputes, that three horses could not draw him from a post which he would clasp with his feet: but the driver giving them a sudden lash, turned them aside, and the unexpected jerk had broke his thigh.

The performances of this wonderful man, in whom were united the strength of twelve, were, rolling up a pewter dish of seven pounds as a man rolls up a sheet of paper—holding a pewter quart at arms length, and squeezing the sides together like an egg-shell—lifting two hundred weight with his little finger, and moving it gently over his head.—The bodies he touched seemed to have lost their powers of gravitation.—He also broke a rope, fastened to the floor, that would sustain twenty hundred weight—lifted an oak table six feet long with his teeth, though half a hundred weight was hung to the extremity; a piece of leather was fixed to one end for his teeth to hold, two of the feet stood upon his knees, and he raised the end with the weight higher than that in his mouth.—He took Mr. Chambers, vicar of All Saints, who weighed twenty-seven stone, and raised him with one hand—his head being laid on one chair, and his feet on another, Four people, fourteen stone each, sat upon his body, which he heaved at pleasure—he struck a round bar of iron, one inch diameter, against his naked arm, and at one stroke bent it like a bow. Weakness and feeling seemed fled together.

Being a master of music, he entertained the company with Mad Tom. I heard him sing a solo to the organ (then the only one in Derby) at St. Werburgh's church, but though he might perform with judgment, yet the voice, more terrible than sweet, scarcely seemed human.

Though of a pacific temper, and with the appearance of a gentleman, yet he was liable to the insult of the rude. The hostler at the Virgin's Inn, where he resided, having given him disgust, he took one of the kitchen spits from the mantle-piece, and bent it round his neck like a handkerchief; but as he did not chuse to tuck the end in the hostler's bosom, the cumbrous ornament excited the laugh of the company, till he condescended to untie his cravat. Had he not abounded with good nature, the men might have been in fear for the safety of their persons, and the women for that of their pewter shelves, as he could instantly roll up both. One blow from him would for ever have silenced those heroes of the fist, Johnson and Mendoza.

SPEECH OF QUEEN ELIZABETH, ON MONOPOLIES.

The following celebrated Speech was delivered by Queen Elizabeth, in answer to a Remonstrance made by the House of Commons, on the Subject of Monopolies; and it is not unseasonably introduced now, as Monopolies were never more complained of than at present.

GENTLEMEN, I owe you hearty thanks and commendations for your good-will towards me, not only in your hearts and thoughts, but which you have openly expressed and declared, whereby you have recalled me from an error, proceeding from my ignorance, not my will. I hear things had undeservedly turned to my disgrace (to whom nothing is more dear than the safety and love of my people), had not such harpies and horse-leeches as these been made known and discovered to me by you. I had rather my heart or hand should perish, than that either my heart or hand should allow such privilege to monopolists as may be prejudicial to my people. The splendour of regal Majesty hath not so blinded my eyes, that licentious power should prevail more with me than justice. The glory of the name of a King may deceive Princes that know not how to rule, as gilded pills may deceive a sick patient: but I am none of those Princes; for I know that the commonwealth is to be governed for the good and advantage of those that are committed to me, not of myself to whom it is intrusted, and that an account is one day to be given before another judgment seat. I think myself most happy, that by God's assistance I have hitherto so prosperously governed the commonwealth in all respects, and that I have such subjects as for their good I would willingly leave both kingdom and life also. I beseech you, that whatever misdemeanors or miscarriages others are guilty of by their false suggestions, may not be imputed to me. Let the testimony of a clear conscience entirely in all respects excuse me.—You are not ignorant that Princes servants are oftentimes too much set upon their own private advantage, that the truth is frequently concealed from Princes, and they cannot themselves look narrowly into all things; upon whose shoulders lieth continually the heavy weight of the greatest and most important affairs.

DIRECTIONS AND OBSERVATIONS
RELATIVE TO FOOD.

THE following Directions and Observations were drawn up a few years ago for the use of a person in an extremely weak state of health. A strict regard to them was followed by very salutary consequences to that person; it is therefore apprehended, that an attention to them will be beneficial to others.

A person of a moist habit ought, for the most part, to eat things of a dry nature.

A person of a dry habit ought, for the most part, to eat things of a moist nature.

A person of a disposition to grow fat ought, for the most part, to eat things of a lean nature.

A person of a disposition to grow lean ought, for the most part, to eat things of a fat nature.

A person of a cold habit ought to eat and drink things of a warmer nature, than would be proper for a person of warm habit.

Every thing which is eaten ought to be well chewed; because it is thereby reduced into smaller parts, and a greater quantity of saliva is mixed therewith; and consequently the first concoction is rendered more easy.

If one thing of a fat nature and another of a lean nature are to be eaten at the same meal, the former ought to be first eaten: because the fumes, which frequently arise in the concoction thereof, are not so likely to arise, when that is deposited at the bottom of the stomach, and the thing of a lean nature upon it; as if the latter had been deposited at the bottom of the stomach, and the thing of a fat nature thereupon.

It is wholesome to drink often at meals, and but little at a time; because that which is eaten is thereby more intimately mixed with that which is drunk, and consequently the first concoction is rendered more easy.

It is not wholesome to drink any strong liquor before the eating part of a meal is finished: in as much as nothing does so much conduce to the perfection of the first concoction, as that what is eaten should to a certain degree be mixed with small liquor, before any strong liquor is drunk.

Strong liquor ought to be drunk with some freedom by persons in years, after the eating part of a meal is finished; because, as the natural heat is in them become faint, the warmth thereof is necessary to the perfection of the first concoction: but the drinking of too much strong liquor, even by old men, is unwholesome; for, by stimulating the stomach too sharply, it does frequently occasion a discharge of the meal before it is perfectly concocted.

Young persons, to whom the warmth of strong liquor is not necessary to the perfection of the first concoction, the natural heat being

in them strong, ought to drink very little thereof after the eating part of a meal is finished.

The strong liquor, which is drunk after the eating part of a meal is finished, ought to be drunk soon after, that the first concoction may not be disturbed by a continuance of drinking.

It is not wholesome to make a meal before the desire of eating and drinking comes on; for the stomach is never discharged of the last meal until this does come on; and if the stomach be not discharged of the last meal, it is not ready for the concoction of a new meal. On the other hand, it is not proper to delay the making of a meal any considerable time after the desire of eating and drinking comes on, lest the stomach, whilst in a state of craving, should draw to itself noxious humours from the neighbouring parts.

If what has been said, namely, that it is the business of the first concoction to reduce all that has been eaten and drunk at a meal into one uniform mass, be true, it is evident that this business must be better and more speedily done, when only a few things than when a great variety have been eaten and drunk of at the same meal.

It is unwholesome to eat and drink too little at a meal; for if that which is eaten and drunk at a meal do not bear a due proportion to the size of the stomach, the stomach cannot be so contracted as that its concoctive power may be exerted with proper force: but it is vastly more unwholesome to eat and drink too much at a meal; for, besides that when the stomach is too much distended its concoctive power cannot be exerted with proper force, the tone of the stomach is in danger of being hurt by the too great distention. Another inconvenience frequently arises from eating and drinking too much at a meal; namely, that the fumes produced by the first concoction of a very large meal fly up to the head and bring on sleep, which is prejudicial.

The meal made at supper ought to be a moderate one; for as the time of sleeping, which usually commences soon after supper, is the proper time for the second concoction, if the concoctive faculty be diverted during sleep from the business of the second concoction, in order to do the business of the first concoction of a large meal, the second concoction cannot be so well performed.

A person in years ought to make more meals in a day than one who is younger; but he ought not to eat much at a meal: because as the natural heat, which is necessary to the perfection of the first concoction, is in him become faint, there would be danger from eating much at a meal of extinguishing it entirely; in the same manner as the faint flame of a lamp is sometimes extinguished by the putting of too much oil at one time into the lamp.

Such persons as labour much or use much exercise ought to eat more at a meal, and of things of a more nutritious nature, than persons who lead a sedentary life.

It is unwholesome to eat between two meals; for if this be done before the concoction of the former meal is finished, it obstructs this; and if it be done after, it lessens the appetite for the next meal.

A lesser quantity ought to be eaten, and a greater quantity ought to be drunk at a meal in the summer than in the winter.

That which is eaten in the summer ought to be easier of concoction than that which is eaten in the winter.

The flesh which is eaten in the summer ought in the general to be boiled; and that which is eaten in the winter ought in the general to be roasted: but it never ought to be over-boiled or over-roasted; because it would thereby be in some measure deprived of its more nutritious juices.

The liquor, which is drunk after the eating part of a meal is finished, ought not to be so strong in summer as in the winter.

In the spring and autumn a middle way, both as to the quantity and quality of what is eaten or drunk, between that which ought to be done in summer and that which ought to be done in winter, should be pursued.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THAT eminent philanthropist Mr. Jonas Hanway has not exchanged this world for a better long enough to be as yet out of the remembrance of those that knew and revered his virtues. To such as loved and esteemed him as highly as your present correspondent, nothing which serves as an additional illustration of his character will be looked upon with an eye of indifference. And from this persuasion I am induced to send you the following inscription, found, on the removal of his effects from his dwelling-house in Red-lion-square, on a large copper-plate, three feet eight inches by two feet seven inches, in a gilt frame. It was secreted behind a chest of drawers; and on a strip of paper was written,

“ To be delivered to one of my executors, if he thinks it worth his acceptance.”

His executor not only thought it worthy of his acceptance, but of a place in the room in which he generally lives; and very few days pass over his head wherein he does not look at it with a particular application of his mind to the character of his friend, who has caused himself to be represented under the three following descriptions: 1. An Infant weeping: 2. A Youth shipwrecked: 3. An old Man dead on his Pillow. Each of these pictures has a surrounding inscription.

The first:

“ Man is born to sorrow, as the sparks fly upwards.”

The second:

“ On my fleeting hours depends eternity.”

On this youth is an hour-glass, and, at his feet, a scroll, on which is inscribed the family-motto, “ Never despair.”

The third inscription is,

“ Dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return.”

The figure round which this last sentiment is inscribed is so exact a representation of the original when the soul had taken its flight from the body, that it is impossible to behold it without being sensibly affected at the sight.

The following monumental inscription is included in a space bounded on each side by a burning taper nearly extinguished. It is not presented to you, Mr. Editor, or to your readers, as a specimen of superior merit respecting its composition, but as the genuine effusion of that heart, out of the abundance of which not only his mouth spake, but which also gave energy to a life most honourable to himself, most consolatory to the afflicted, and most beneficial to his country :

“ I believe that my Redeemer liveth, and that I also shall rise again from the grave.

JONAS HANWAY, Esq.

who, trusting in that good Providence
which so visibly governs the world,
passed through variety of fortunes in patience.
Living the greatest part of his days in foreign lands,
ruled by arbitrary power,
he received the deeper impression of the happy
Constitution
of his own country ;
whilst the persuasive laws contained
in the New Testament,
and the consciousness of his own depravity,
softened his heart to a sense of the various wants
of his fellow-creatures.

Reader,

enquire no farther.

The Lord have mercy on his soul and thine !
Apprehensive of the too partial regard of his nearest
friends,
and esteeming plain truths above the proudest
trophies
of monumental flattery,
at the age of 51 he caused
this plate and inscription to be made.”

Having had occasion to mention Mr. Hanway's motto, “ Never despair,” I am tempted to trouble you with a circumstance which happened to fall within my own knowledge.

A young adventurer, who came to London, like many others, to seek for advancement in life by the exertion of those abilities for which sufficient scope was not found in a distant part of the kingdom, had been some time labouring against the stream ; and, though possessed of very considerable abilities, met not with that encouragement which he had reason to hope for.

He was reduced to his last guinea, and had determined to employ it in conveying him back to his own native country ; when, passing

by the Royal Exchange, he saw this good man's carriage standing there, on which he read "Never despair." He considered the admonition as addressed to himself; he laid aside his purpose for the moment; his affairs took a sudden favourable turn; he by degrees got himself established in a lucrative employment, and is since dead, possessed of an ample fortune, the acquisition of which he always imputed, under the divine blessing, to this incidental circumstance.

AMICUS.

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

THE WORM AND BUTTERFLY.

A FABLE.

A Gay Butterfly, in the month of May, as he was fluttering upon the top of a honeysuckle, spied a Worm crawling up a small twig: Alas! said the Butterfly, poor reptile, thou hast had a sore toil to get up thus high, and art now more exposed to danger than when thou keptst thyself snug under a cabbage-leaf. That I feel to my sad experience, replied the Worm, for much toil and danger have I had in getting hither, almost run through the body by the prickles of the sweet brier, and nearly lashed to death by twigs when beat about by the wind; and now I feel myself exposed to be picked up by every bird that flies over my head: but under the cabbage-leaf I lived in obscurity; and though, to own the truth, the cabbage was a sweeter food than any I have tasted since I left it, yet I was ambitious to climb up higher, that I might see more of this world I have got into. And what have you seen, said the Butterfly, to compensate all this trouble? Nothing, said the Worm, but that, whether I am high or low, I am a reptile still; and I cannot conceive for what purpose such creatures as we are should be here, to drag out so uneasy and painful a life, and yet be so anxious to preserve it; had I wings like you, to fly about, to bask in the sun, to fly from one flower to another, and sip the early dew, and chuse what place I please to retire to when darkness comes, a life such as that would be worth preserving. Your complaints are just, replied the Butterfly; I have experienced your distress; for last year I was such as you, and made the same moan. At the approach of winter, I wrapt myself in a beech-leaf, spun myself a clothing of wool, and prepared to pass the cold weather in the best manner I could: the leaf, my habitation, dropt from the tree it grew upon: the snow fell, and frost bound me to the ground: in this dark and lonesome habitation I lay till a few days ago, that I found I had power to cut through my prison, and to my great surprise found myself changed from what you are, to what I am now.—I wish, said the Worm, that I could believe you. I am afraid you only tell me this to flatter me, and to make me contented

with my condition, and that you are a creature of another species, and never was such a thing as I am; for how can one pass from one body to another? I did not pass from one body to another, replied the Butterfly. This is the body I formerly inhabited, but it underwent a change in my torpid state, and a happy change: I have now no anxiety to procure my food, my body requires none. A sip of dew, which I can subsist without, is all I take, more for the pleasure of the coolness it affords than any thing else. I will believe you, said the Worm, because it has opened to me a hope my most ardent wishes could not have inspired me with, and sure I am I never could have conceived such a thing possible, had I not been told it by one who had experienced it. I shall never be enough grateful to you for this information, as I find already it has made my present condition light, and in place of deploring myself as I have done, shall rejoice that I have ever been a reptile, as without it I could never be a Butterfly.

PROCESS to deprive TREACLE of its disagreeable TASTE, and to render it capable of being employed for many Purposes, instead of SUGAR.

THE price of refined sugar deprives a great number of persons of a wholesome aliment, to which they have been accustomed; among the methods which have been proposed to compensate the loss of sugar, the use of purified treacle is one of the least expensive.—The following is a process given by M. Cadet (Devaux) in the *Feuille de Cultivateur*, founded upon experiments made by Mr. Lowitz, of Petersburg.

Take of treacle,	"	"	24 pounds.
— of water,	"	"	24 pounds.
— of charcoal, thoroughly burnt,			6 pounds.

Bruse the charcoal grossly, mix the three substances in a caldron, and let the mixture boil gently upon a clear wood-fire: after it has boiled for half an hour, pour the liquor through a straining bag, and then replace it upon the fire, that the superfluous water may be evaporated, and that the treacle may be brought to its original consistence.

There is little or no loss by this operation, as twenty-four pounds of treacle give nearly the same quantity of syrup.

This process has been repeated in the large way, and has succeeded; the treacle is sensibly ameliorated, so that it may be used for many dishes: nevertheless those with milk, and the fine or aromatic *liqueurs*, are not near so good as with sugar.

ANECDOTE.

THE late Earl of Chesterfield, a few days before his death, being congratulated by a Gentleman, who met his carriage driving pompously slow in Hyde Park, upon his Lordship's being able to enjoy the benefit of the air—answered, "Enjoy the air! No, Sir; I am only rehearsing my funeral."

THE SENSITIVE PLANT AND THISTLE.

A FABLE.

A THISTLE happened to spring up very near to a sensitive plant. The former observing the extreme bashfulness and delicacy of the latter, addressed her in the following manner: "Why are you so modest and reserved, my good neighbour, as to withdraw your leaves at the approach of strangers? Why do you shrink, as if you were afraid, from the touch of every hand? Take example and advice from me: if I liked not their familiarity, I would make them keep their distance; nor should any saucy finger provoke me unrevenged." "Our tempers and qualities," replied the other, "are widely different. I have neither the ability nor inclination to give offence: you, it seems, are by no means destitute of either. My desire is to live peaceably in the station wherein I am placed; and though my humility may now and then cause me a moment's uneasiness, it tends, on the whole, to preserve my tranquillity. The case is otherwise with you, whose irritable temper and revengeful disposition will, probably, one time or other be the cause of your destruction." While they were thus arguing the point, the Gardener came with his little spade, in order to lighten the earth round the stem of the sensitive plant; but, perceiving the thistle, he thrust his instrument through the root of it, and directly tossed it out of the garden.

FRENCH ARROGANCE PROPERLY REBUKED.

THE Abbe Nollet, whose admirable philosophical writings have rendered him eminent throughout Europe, waited on the then Dauphin of France with his works, which, it seems, that Prince had desired to see; on coming into his presence, Nollet was treated with a haughtiness which his spirit could by no means brook; the Dauphin carelessly looked at the book, which was entitled *Leçons de Physique*, and with singular coldness and indelicacy returned it to the Author, saying conceitedly, he "never read those sort of books;" on which Nollet bowed, held out the book in his hand, and looking his Highness full in the face, boldly said, *Voulez vous me permettre que je les laisse dans votre anti-chambre? il s'y trouvera, peut-etre, des gens d'esprit qui les liront avec plaisir*: "Will you permit me, Sir, to leave it in your antichamber? perhaps some persons of taste or genius may accidentally find it there, and read it with pleasure."

A CAUTION TO THE AVARICIOUS.

WHEN Soladin, the great Emperor of the Turks, was dying, he commanded that no solemnity should be used at his funeral; but that his shirt, in the manner of an ensign, made fast to the point of a lance, should be carried before his dead body, a plain Priest going before and crying thus aloud to the people: "Soladin, Conqueror of the East, of all the greatness and riches he had in this life, carrieth with him after his death nothing more than his shirt to the grave."

A WELL-TIMED REBUKE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GELLERT.

PHILINDA in the bloom of youth and beauty soon became conscious of her charms. Like other comely maids, she arrayed herself in gaudy apparel, and constantly consulted her mirror. Her brother, a grave and formal philosopher, celebrated for his genius and erudition, declaimed against the vanity of the sex. "Have a care," said Philinda with a smile, "lest the charge be retorted. Hourly I take counsel with my mirror, and hourly you recite your own compositions."

NAVAL ANECDOTE.

DURING the blowing weather which the English squadron experienced on their passage to Quiberon Bay, two of Admiral Sir Edward Pellew's men fell overboard, on which the Admiral jumped overboard after them, and with great difficulty and danger saved them both.—Unfortunately, however, when Sir Edward was getting out of the water, one of the sailors threw a hook to assist them, which caught him in the face, and hurt him very much.

TO THE EDITOR.

St. Luke, chap. 14. ver. 13. "But when thou makest a feast call the poor, the maimed, the lame and blind."

St. Matthew, chap. 13. ver. 36. "And he took the seven loaves and the fishes, and gave thanks, and brake them, and gave to his disciples, and the disciples to the multitude."

WATER wherein fish are boiled contains their best juices, and is generally thrown away, together with the boilings of most meat, in gentlemen's and in eating houses. It is hoped, however, that the masters of families will give orders to their servants to make the same into broth, with broken bread, thickened with some oatmeal, and the refuse part of vegetables used in their kitchens, and given to the poor. By this method each family may subsist five or six poor persons for a year at the light expence of so many shillings, which will be very acceptable in the ensuing cold weather.

TO MAKE A GOOD AND CHEAP POTTAGE.—Take three pounds of the Stickings of Beef, or part of the Shin, or any of the coarse or cheap parts, put this into eleven quarts of water, after boiling two hours add one pound of Scotch Barley, and let it boil four hours more, during this time six pounds of Potatoes are to be added, half a pound of Onions or Leeks, Parsley, Thyme, or Savory, a due proportion. Season the whole with pepper and salt.

In London, or large towns, bones may be procured from the Butchers, which will answer the purpose as well, and come much cheaper.

N. B. In summer, Turnips and Carrots may supply the place of Barley, but it must be made thick. Meat of the above description costs 3d. per pound. Your pot must boil over a slow fire.

POETRY.

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY BROTHER JOHN JACKSON, Esq.*

Afterwards PATENTEE of the Theatre-Royal, EDINBURGH,

BEFORE THE PLAY OF

THE RECRUITING OFFICER,

BY DESIRE OF THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND MOST WORSHIPFUL

EARL OF ELGIN,

GRAND MASTER of the Most Ancient and Honourable Fraternity of FREE and

ACCEPTED MASONS, April 17, 1762, A. L. 5762.

WHEN THE GRAND MASTER, AND GREAT LORD OF ALL,
 Call'd up from *Chaos* this terrestrial ball,
 He gave THE WORD, and swift o'er eldest Night
 Beam'd the first dawning of celestial Light.
 CONFUSION heard HIS voice, and murmur'd fled,
 Whilst ORDER rul'd, and triumph'd in its stead;
 Discordant atoms rang'd from pole to pole,
 Forgot to jar, and PEACE possess'd the whole:
 The fiercest foes in mutual concord strove,
 And all (at once) was HARMONY and LOVE.

By this example taught, FREEMASONS join,
 And full in sight pursue THE HEAVENLY SIGN.
 With LOVE's firm bands connected, hand in hand,
 On FRIENDSHIP's solid base secure we stand,
 While Confidence and Trust, by turns imprest,
 Beam Heavenly Influence on each conscious breast.
 No party feuds, no fierce intestine jars,
 No senseless tumults, no pernicious wars,
 Disturb our calm repose, where PEACE alone,
 In decent Order, fills the friendly Throne.

Can WISDOM's self a nobler method find
 To charm the soul, and harmonize mankind,
 Than jests like ours, who labour still to prove
 Unblemish'd TRUTH, firm FAITH and mutual LOVE?
 And YE (unconscious of THE HEAVENLY RAY)
 Who smile, perhaps, at what these numbers say,
 Confine the rash reproach, and, warn'd, forbear
 To spurn our Laws, because some Brothers err.
 In NATURE's fairest products faults arise,
 But shall we thence all Harmony despise?
 Or think creation's beauteous scheme undone,
 Because some specks appear upon the Sun?

IMPROMPTU,

On its being said of a Person that he started at his own Shadow.

BY DR. PERFECT.

THAT guilty villain starts with conscious fear,
 As Satan started at Ithuriel's spear.

* In the character of a Master Mason.

THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,
THE SUNDERLAND VOLUNTEERS.

BY J. F. S.

Tune, "To Anacreon in Heaven."

WHEN the dark clouds of war rise and threaten to pour
From their full stores of woe the big deluge around,
When hostile swords point to the temperate shore,
And the clangour of arms makes the vallies resound—
As the foe sweeps the main, see the herdsman and swain,
Change the scythe for the falchion and rush to the plain
Where the standard of Freedom exalted appears,
Surrounded and guarded by brave VOLUNTEERS.
Batavia's false fleet and the legions of France,
Exultingly vain, menace Britain's domain:
They vauntingly boast, o'er the liquid expanse
To direct their fierce way, and our country profane;
But her sons hear the sound, their patriot hearts bound,
And from commerce and tillage they rush to the ground
Where the standard of Freedom exalted appears,
Surrounded and guarded by brave VOLUNTEERS.
Let the wan slaves of tyrants, or anarchy's band,
Be reluctantly yok'd to Bellona's grim car;
Or torn from their shades by Democracy's hand,
Let crowds urge, unwilling, the desperate war;
Be, Britons, your boast, to meet the proud host,
And, as Freemen, advance to the dignified post
Where the standard of Freedom exalted appears,
Surrounded and guarded by brave VOLUNTEERS.
When the sons of creation first planted our isle,
In the crystalline waters, and bade it be free,
A mild constitution was fixed in the soil,
Freed from Anarchy's maze, or the Despot's decree.
As the structure arose—British heroes inclose,
In impregnable bands, to defend from all foes;
And the standard of Freedom exalted appears,
Surrounded and guarded by brave VOLUNTEERS.
This fabric thus plann'd in the councils of Heaven,
Uprear'd and improv'd by the labours of Time,
To guard from invaders to us it is given—
Our fathers have bled in a cause so sublime.
Rouse, Britons, once more—'midst the cannon's wide roar—
Your Genius precedes you, and points to the shore
Where the standard of Freedom exalted appears,
Surrounded and guarded by brave VOLUNTEERS.

IMPROMPTU,

On bearing a Song from a Gentleman remarkably thin

BY DR. PERFECT.

WHO says you sing, or ill or well,
Must say you tune a *Vocal Shell*.

AGAIN.

'TIS true he tunes a *vocal shell*,
The thought is good indeed,
But might it not be quite as well,
To say a *Vocal Reed*.

MONSIEUR TONSON.

A TALE.

WRITTEN BY MR. TAYLOR.

SPOKEN BY MR. FAWCETT.

THERE liv'd, as Fame reports, in days of yore,
 At least some fifty years ago, or more,
 A pleasant wight on town, yclep'd TOM KING,
 A fellow that was clever at a joke,
 Expert in all the arts to teaze and *smoke*,

In short, for strokes of humour, quite *the thing*.
 To many a jovial Club this KING was known,
 With whom his active wit unrivall'd shone—
 Choice Spirit, grave Freemason, Buck, and Blood,
 Would crowd his Stories and *Bon Mots* to hear,
 And none a disappointment e'er could fear,
 His humour flow'd in such a copious flood.

To him a frolic was a high delight—
 A frolic he would hunt for day and night,
 Careless how Prudence on the sport might frown—
 If e'er a pleasant mischief sprang to view,
 At once o'er hedge and ditch away he flew,
 Nor left the game 'till he had run it down.

One night our Hero, rambling with a friend,
 Near fam'd St. Giles's chanc'd his course to bend,
 Just by that spot the Seven Dials hight;—
 'Twas silence all around, and clear the coast,
 The watch, as usual, dozing on his post,
 And scarce a lamp display'd a twinkling light.
 Around this place there liv'd the num'rous clans
 Of honest, plodding, Foreign Artizans,
 Known at that time by name of Refugees—
 The rod of Persecution from their home
 Compell'd the inoffensive race to roam,
 And here they lighted, like a swarm of Bees.

Well! our two friends were saunt'ring through the street,
 In hopes some food for humour soon to meet,
 When, in a window near, a light they view;
 And though a dim and melancholy ray,
 It seem'd the prologue to some merry play,
 So towards the gloomy dome our Hero drew.

Straight at the door he gave a thund'ring knock,
 (The time we may suppose near two o'clock)
 "I'll ask," says KING, "if THOMPSON lodges here?"
 "THOMPSON," cries t'other, "who the devil's he?"
 "I know not," KING replies, "but want to see
 "What kind of animal will now appear."

After some time a little Frenchman came,
 One hand display'd a rush-light's trembling flame,
 The other held the thing they call *culotte*;
 An old strip'd woollen night-cap grac'd his head,
 A tatter'd waistcoat o'er one shoulder spread,
 Scarce half awake, he heav'd a yawning note.
 Though thus untimely rous'd, he courteous smil'd,
 And soon address'd our Wag in accents mild,
 Bending his head politely to his knee—
 "Pray, Sare, vat vant you, dat you come so late?
 "I beg your pardon, Sare, to make you wait;
 "Pray, tell me, Sare, vat your commands vid me?"

“ Sir,” reply’d KING, “ I merely thought to know,
 “ As by your house I chanc’d to-night to go—
 “ But, really, I disturb’d your sleep, I fear—
 “ I say, I thought that you perhaps could tell,
 “ Among the folks who in this street may dwell,
 “ If there’s a Mr. THOMPSON lodges here ?”

The shiv’ring Frenchman, though not pleas’d to find
 The business of this unimportant kind,

Too simple to suspect ’twas meant in jeer,
 Shrug’d out a sigh, that thus his rest should break,
 Then, with unalter’d courtesy, he spake—

“ No, Sare; no Monsieur Tonson loges here.”

Our Wag begg’d pardon, and tow’rds home he sped,
 While the poor Frenchman crawl’d again to bed;

But KING resolv’d not thus to drop the jest;
 So the next night, with more of whim than grace,
 Again he made a visit to the place,

To break once more the poor old Frenchman’s rest.

He knock’d,—but waited longer than before,
 No footstep seem’d approaching to the door;

Our Frenchman lay in such a sleep profound—
 KING, with the knocker, thunder’d then again
 Firm on his post determin’d to remain;

And oft, indeed, he made the door resound.

At last, KING hears him o’er the passage creep,
 Wond’ring what fiend again disturb’d his sleep:

The Wag salutes him with a civil leer;
 Thus drawling out, to heighten the surprize,
 (While the poor Frenchman rubb’d his heavy eyes)

“ Is there—a Mr. THOMPSON—lodges here ?”

The Frenchman falter’d, with a kind of fright—

“ Vy, Sare, I’m sure, I tell you, Sare, last night—
 (And here he labour’d with a sigh sincere)

“ No Monsieur Tonson in de varld I know,

“ No Monsieur Tonson here—I toll you so;

“ Indeed, Sare, dere no Monsieur Tonson here.”

Some more excuses tender’d, off KING goes,
 And the old Frenchman sought once more repose.

The rogue next night pursu’d his odd career—
 ’Twas long indeed before the man came nigh,
 And then he utter’d, in a piteous cry,

“ Sare, ’pon my soul, no Monsieur Tonson here !”

Our sportive Wight his usual visit paid,

And the next night came forth a prattling Maid,

Whose tongue, indeed, than any jack went faster—
 Anxious she strove his errand to enquire;

He said, “ ’Twas vain her pretty tongue to tire,

“ He should not stir till he had seen her Master.”

The Damsel then began, in doleful state,

The Frenchman’s broken slumber to relate,

And begg’d he’d call at proper time of day—

KING told her, she must fetch her Master down,

A chaise was ready—he was leaving Town,

But first had much of deep concern to say.

Thus urg’d, she went the snoring man to call,

And long indeed was she oblig’d to bawl,

Ere she could rouse the torpid lump of clay,

At last he wakes—he rises—and he swears,

But scarcely had he totter’d down the stairs,

When KING attack’d him in the usual way.

The Frenchman now perceiv'd 'twas all in vain
To this tormentor mildly to complain,

And strait in rage began his crest to rear—
“ Sare, vat the devil make you treat me so ?—
“ Sare, I inform you, Sare, tree nights ago,
“ Cot tam, I swear, no Monsieur TONSON here.”

True as the night, KING went, and heard a strife
Between the harass'd Frenchman and his Wife,
Which should descend to chase the fiend away :
At length to join their forces they agree,
And strait impetuously they turn the key,
Prepar'd with mutual fury for the fray.

Our Hero, with the firmness of a rock,
Collected to receive the mighty shock,
Utt'ring the old enquiry, calmly stood—
The name of THOMPSON rais'd the storm so high,
He deem'd it then the safest plan to fly,
With—“ Well, I'll call when you're in gentler mood.”

In short, our Hero, with the same intent,
Full many a night to plague the Frenchman went—
So fond of mischief was the wicked wit :
They threw out water—for the watch they call,
But KING, expecting, still escapes from all—
Monsieur at last was forc'd his house to quit.

It happen'd that our Wag, about this time,
On some fair prospect sought the Eastern clime ;
Six ling'ring years were there his tedious lot :
At length, content, amid his rip'ning store,
He treads again on Britain's happy shore,
And his long absence is at once forgot.

To London, with impatient hope he flies,
And the same night, as former freaks arise,
He fain must stroll, the well-known haunt to trace.
“ Ah ! here's the scene of frequent mirth,” he said :
“ My poor old Frenchman, I suppose, is dead—
“ Egad ! I'll knock, and see who holds his place.”

With rapid strokes he makes the mansion roar,
And while he eager eyes the op'ning door,
Lo ! who obeys the knocker's rattling peal ?
Why e'en our little Frenchman, strange to say,
He took his old abode that very day—
Capricious turn of sportive Fortune's Wheel !

Without one thought of the relentless foe,
Who, fiend-like, haunted him so long ago,
Just in his former trim he now appears ;
The waistcoat and the night-cap seem'd the same,
With rush-light, as before, he creeping came,
And KING's detested voice astonish'd hears :

As if some hideous spectre struck his sight,
His senses seem'd bewilder'd with affright ;
His face, indeed, bespoke a heart full sore—
Then, starting, he exclaim'd, in rueful strain,
“ Begar ! here's Monsieur TONSON come again !”
Away he ran—and ne'er was heard of more.

SONNET.

HAPPY the swain that o'er yon mountain's brow
 With merry minstrelsy awakes the morn,
 When SPRING with beauty decks the vale below,
 Or WINTER reigns in gloomy pomp forlorn !
 He, happy youth, to kinder fortune born,
 Ne'er knew the piercing pangs that I have prov'd,
 From Friendship dear and sweet retirement torn,
 From all who lov'd me—and from all I lov'd !
 Life's fairest blessings destin'd to forego,
 For years of pain, anxiety, and care,
 To droop beneath the weight of mental woe ;
 Ills which this heart but little knows to bear.
 This easy heart which bleeds when others groan,
 And mourns their sorrows, while it weeps its own !

STRICTURES

ON

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Sept. 21. MR. TOMS, from the Norwich Theatre, appeared for the first time at Covent Garden, in the character of *Romeo* ; but the attempt was so unsuccessful, that we trust Mr. T.'s own good sense will point out to him the propriety of submitting to act in a more subordinate cast of characters till by longer acquaintance with the stage, and indefatigable assiduity, he shall have attained that rank which can only be justly considered as the reward of industry ; a rank to which not one candidate in a thousand can successfully aspire at once by the mere force of genius.

25. Mr. and Mrs. KNIGHT, from Bath, appeared for the first time at the same Theatre, in the characters of *Jacob* and *Bridget* in Miss LEE's agreeable comedy the *Chapter of Accidents*, and were both received with considerable applause very justly bestowed.

Oct. 5. At Covent Garden, a Mrs. SERRES, sister-in-law of Mr. Cramer, the celebrated musician, appeared for the first time in the character of *Rosetta* in *Love in a Village*, and with such power and sweetness of voice as to render it most probable that she will in a short time become a leading favourite with the town. A more deliberate pronunciation, and less flutter in her action, seems all that is necessary to make her so.

8. At the same theatre a Miss MANSELL made her *debut* as *Sophia* in the *Road to Ruin*, and with such extraordinary proofs of ability as we have seldom witnessed at a first appearance. Miss M. must certainly be considered as a valuable acquisition to the Stage.

21. A Comedy called "THE DEPENDENT," written by Mr. CUMBERLAND, was performed for the first time at Drury Lane Theatre; but with very strong marks of disapprobation. It had neither plot, incident, originality of character, nor force of language to recommend it.

The business of the piece chiefly rests on the story of a Gentleman reduced by adversity to the situation of *Dependent* upon a Nobleman who is his rival in love. This is all that we shall say; our inclination is not to dwell on faults, particularly where they appear as specks upon the sun. Mr. Cumberland we consider as beyond comparison the best play-wright of the present day, Mr. Sheridan excepted; and his failure in this instance we consider with the same indulgence as we grant to Dryden's exploded pieces, attributing them to an injudicious engagement which it is reported he is under, to produce a certain number of plays within a limited time.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

THE French have made a considerable and almost unobstructed progress in Germany. Since our last, Mannheim and other places of less consequence have surrendered to their arms.

The leaders in the Dutch republic have adjudged the Stadtholder to be guilty of High Treason for giving orders to the Governor of Surinam in South America to surrender that place to the British troops.

Some serious disturbances have taken place in Corsica; but by the intrepid measures of Sir Gilbert Elliot, seconded by the influence of Paoli, they have for the greater part subsided.

The French Convention have decreed the incorporation of Belgium and other conquered countries with the French Republic, thereby realizing the projects of the *Brissotin* Ministry, in extending their boundary to the banks of the *Rhine*. The effect which this immense acquisition of territory, and consequent augmentation of power, will have upon the present system of European politics, a short time must demonstrate.

PARIS.

The Public have been long prepared to hear of some violent explosion bursting forth in Paris, resulting from the odium in which the Convention is held, not only in the capital, but through many of the departments, in consequence of the decrees passed for re-electing two-thirds of its own body, and for dissolving the Primary Assemblies by force.

Beside these two decrees, the Sections had become extremely irritated against the Convention for having convened so large a military force around Paris, and armed a number of persons disgorged from the prisons where they were confined for their atrocious murders, in order to act against the Sections. The latter were now determined to be no longer inactive, and accordingly, in the night of the 4th October, and early on the 5th instant, several of the Sections shewed themselves in open insurrection. The Section of *Lepelletier* took the lead, and flew to arms. Some other Sections followed the example. The Convention, on hearing of this revolt, sent an armed force to subdue it; but in consequence of a parley between the Commander *MENOU* and the Chiefs of the Sections, the military retired.

The Section however appears to have taken advantage of this interval in fortifying itself more strongly against the troops of the Convention; which, finding that the Section continued to be extremely disorderly, ordered the troops to march a second time against it; and here a very violent affray ensued, in which many were killed on both sides. The firing continued through the whole of that day, and the conflict did not cease till the 7th, when tranquillity was restored.

The destruction of two thousand of the National Guards evidently shews that the resistance made by the Sections, though short, was desperate. The Convention have begun to exercise the power which they obtained by this victory, for the consolidation of their own authority. They have established Military Commissions, and many of their adversaries have been already tried, and some executed.

HAMBURG, Oct. 6.

The Regency of his Majesty's German territories has at length acceded to the treaty of Basle, and these countries will henceforward be considered as neutral, and defended as such by Prussia. On this account the Hanoverian army will be put upon the peace establishment. But it has been found expedient to send all the emigrant legions, and their mercenary troops, out of the Electoral dominions of Hanover. Nothing but the very critical situation of the Electorate has dictated the adoption of such a measure, which may be considered as merely prudential and time-serving.

HOME NEWS,

Extract of a Letter from NORWAY, Sept. 7.

YOU think, no doubt, the Norwegians are a tame, half frozen, passive kind of beings. If you knew them as well as I, you would be of a contrary opinion. Mr. ———, one of the *Ampmen* (something like your Lords Lieutenant of counties) lately evinced a disposition that did not please the people. A number of them assembled, marched to his house in a very peaceable manner, bearing a coffin, with this inscription on the plate:—"Here lies the body of ———, who was buried alive for his injustice to the inhabitants of ———." He was shewn the inscription, and as he did not wish at the time to accept of the favour, he promised to redress what he had done amiss; which he did. This affair having come to the ears of the Crown Prince, his Highness enquired into it, found the people had just cause of complaint, and, in order to take away the effect, immediately removed the cause.

SEPT. 26. About four o'clock in the afternoon the new Iron Bridge over the river Team, at Stamford, in Worcestershire, suddenly gave way, completely across the centre of the arch, and the whole of this elegant structure was instantly immersed in the flood. In the fall, the bars were all disjoined, and some of them, which struck against the abutments, were shivered into many pieces. At the moment of the crash, which was instantaneous, a man and boy were upon the bridge; the former with great presence of mind leaped into the river, and swam safe to shore; and it is a circumstance truly surprising, that, though the boy went down with the fragments, he was also extricated unhurt. The bridge had been made passable, and only wanted the finishing of the side-rails towards its completion; but no carriages had yet passed over it. The people employed had not left their work above an hour, and were at an adjoining public-house, receiving their wages, when the alarm was given. The span of this bridge was about ninety feet; and the misfortune is generally imputed to the slightness of the iron work, which was several tons lighter than the celebrated bridge at Colebrook Dale. The mason-work remains uninjured.

OCT. 2. As Marquis Townsend was shooting at Packsfield, near Rainham, attended by his gamekeeper, Charles White, the Marquis having got over a hedge, White was delivering the gun to him through the hedge, when unfortunately it went off, and the contents lodged in White's thigh, who died on Sunday afternoon, though every possible assistance was administered. The Marquis has made a very liberal provision for the family of the gamekeeper.

DISCOVERY OF A GOLD MINE.

Dublin, Oct. 11. I sit down with pleasure, and under the influence of a good deal of agreeable surprise, to give you some information upon which you may positively rely, touching a subject which has here excited much conversation, and which, near as we are to the source of the fact (38 miles), has been very generally treated as a fable, or an imposture. I was, myself, one of the most obdurate of the unbelievers; but convinced by sight and touch, supported by an authority I cannot in the most distant sense doubt, it would be ridiculous to persevere in my infidelity.

You have no doubt read in some of our newspapers, an account of a Gold Mine discovered in the Wicklow mountains, and of considerable quantities of gold found there being sold in Dublin by the country people. The news writers, in dearth of intelligence, are sometimes, you know, obliged to delve a little in the mines of fancy, and create a few wonders, to stay the insatiable appetite of public curiosity. But this, I assure you, is not the case with the gold mine in question; for it is a positive fact; and the account I give you is not from vague report, but from the lips of a very particular friend of mine, a goldsmith and jeweller of this city, who has been the whole of the last week at the mine, from whence he returned late last night, and from which he has brought a sample of this precious metal, six ounces weight, and for which he positively paid, in the state it came from the earth, without smelting or refining, 4l. sterling per ounce; such is the extraordinary purity and fineness of the gold, and so well are the country people who find it acquainted with its value. This specimen lies,

at the moment I write, before me: it is in lumps from an ounce and a half to half an ounce and a pennyweight: it is in the state which nature formed it, amongst the sand and pebbles, which are washed from it: it is totally free from quartz or any other mixture.

The description my friend gives of the place is briefly this: the stream, from the banks and bed of which the gold is got, is about two feet wide, and runs in a sharp valley between two steep mountains, the one called Bally-an-vally, and the other Bally-na-sullogue, about four miles from Arklow, on the Wicklow side: this stream, gushing from the side of a hill, runs a course of about three miles between those two mountains, which ascend steeply on each side from its brink, and terminates in a little bog or moor, where its waters mix with those of the swamp; and in this bog, and along the bed of this streamlet, the search for gold has for some weeks past been directed with astonishing success. The miners, who seek it, are but very ill skilled in the science of mineralogy; they are the simple peasantry of the neighbourhood, and either pursue their search by scrambling in the sand and mud, or by digging holes at random from the sides of the stream into the base of the mountains, of various depths, from two to five feet, where they find the metal in its rude state in the fissures of the broken rock, or attached to lumps of quartz or petrified water. While the men pursue this laborious part of the work, the women carefully wash the bog-mud, sand, and exfoliated clay, in large wooden platters, and find the gold in small flat grains like battered shot, but quite pure. In this wild manner only has the search hitherto gone forward; and my friend assures me, that a quantity worth twelve or fourteen thousand pounds has thus been procured within a very few weeks. Before he went to the country, a country fellow came into his shop, and offered him for sale a quantity of about ten pounds weight, in grains and lumps, and demanded for it 4l. per ounce; but he did not then think fit to purchase it. A vast quantity has, however, been sold in town in various weights.

In the last three weeks there has been an irregular encampment of the *mountain bartars* at the place, to the number of about four thousand, interspered with plenty of ale and whisky tents. The gold-finders work day and night, and such is the avidity, that the labourers have quitted their harvest and consigned it to rot on the surface of the earth in order to seek a golden harvest in its bowels; even the servant inajds of all the surrounding farmers, and even of Arklow town, have quitted their places, and betaken themselves to the adventurous researches of this *New Peru*.

My friend saw in the hands of a Mr. ATKINSON, agent to Lord CARYSFORT, on whose estate part of this mine is situated, a lump of quartz, with an incrustation of pure gold attached to it, for which he offered him 80 guineas, but the sum was refused. A weaver in the neighbourhood has had in use, for the last ten years, a lump of rich gold ore, which he used as a two pound weight; and since which he had broken several pieces with an hammer, in order to adjust it to this weight, believing it to be nothing better than a lump of rich copper ore, with which the mountains in the neighbourhood abound. The famous mine of Ballymurtagh, working at present by CARNACK and Co. being but seven miles from the place. The two pound weight, however, has been consigned to the crucible, and turned out a treasure.

The discovery of this gold mine there is not new, though it has been a secret in the family of the ROSILS, thereabouts, upwards of thirteen years, who found and sold considerable quantities of it from time to time; but a junior branch of the family, in company with an older friend, when he found a large lump of gold, claimed half, but was refused: and on threatening to disclose the family secret, received a desperate beating, which prompted him to fulfil his threats, and thus the matter got wind.

The bowels of the adjacent mountains may be, as they are conjectured to be, full of gold, from those unusually rich specimens that have been so abundantly found. The owners of the soil, and to whom the royalties belong, are Lord CARYSFORT, the Earl of ARRAN, and the Earl of ORMOND.

I feel, that while I relate to you these circumstances, you will still feel some qualms of incredulity; but you may safely rest satisfied of the facts I state, which can be attested by a thousand affidavits, if necessary.

HEREFORD, Oct. 14.

On Monday last was committed to our county gaol, by William Barrow, Esq. George Crosseley, charged, on the oath of Jacob Isgar, with forging a will, jointly with Sir John Briggs, and others, purporting to be the last will and testament of Henry Lewis, late of Hyggs, in the county of Monmouth, clerk, with intent to defraud the heir at law. Suspicion first arose of Crosseley's being concerned in the above forgery, in consequence of a letter found in searching the house of Richard Holland, of the Graig, in the county of Monmouth (not yet taken), who also stands charged with being a confederate with Isgar and Austin, now in custody, and Sir J. Briggs. Isgar has been admitted King's evidence, and a warrant for the apprehension of Crosseley was last week sent up to Bow-street, where it was backed by one of the sitting Magistrates, and he was in consequence taken on Wednesday last by the officer belonging to that office; his person being identified, he was sent *under an escort to this city, and* underwent an examination on Monday last, when he was committed to take his trial at our next assizes. Crosseley has six children, and was apprehended at his house in the Adelphi, London, whilst shaving himself.

EARL OF RADNOR'S LETTER.

The Earl of Radnor's letter to the Mayor of Salisbury, on the Corporation of that City taking possession of the New Council-House, which was built at His Lordship's sole expence.

SIR,

Camp near Folkstone, Sept. 14, 1795.

The time is at last arrived when I can announce to you, and I do it with real pleasure, that my engagement, entered on your minutes July 9, 1787, is performed. *The New Council-House is ready for your acceptance; I trust you will find it to your perfect satisfaction.*

Honoured as my family has been by you upon various occasions, and especially by the delegation of different individuals of it, during a period of more than half a century, without a single interruption, to represent your city in Parliament, a circumstance *seldom paralleled in the annals of this kingdom*, I am proud to deliver to you a monument of my respect, gratitude and attachment.

If the genuine principles of loyalty, if the love of legal freedom, if the habitual observance of municipal decorum, if a manly sense of individual independence, shall migrate with you to your new Council-House, and continue the characteristics of the members of this body, I shall (zealous as I am for your welfare, and sharing in your credit) have reason to be proud indeed. It is an anxious wish of my heart, that it may not in after times ever be suggested, that with the remains of our old, homely, but venerable building, disappeared the simplicity of manners, the disinterestedness of conduct, the consistency of character, of the citizens of Salisbury. I have the honour, Sir, to be, with much respect and esteem, your faithful and very obedient and humble servant,

To the Worshipful the Mayor of Salisbury.

RADNOR.

HAIR POWDER.

The approach of winter, to reason from the past, boding the approach of much dissipation, and consequently of dress, we cannot resist the powerful impulse which impels us to exhort, that powder may not constitute a part of that dress.—The reason for exhorting to this forbearance, if such it can be called, are of the utmost importance. We believe, though there are those who controvert such an *idea*, that the apprehensions of scarcity have been justly founded, and that the stock of old corn in the kingdom was nearly exhausted. The harvest has been, it is true, in some places abundant, but in others it has not exceeded a moderate crop.—Under these circumstances, therefore, the utmost circumspection is necessary to avert the return of a danger with which we have been threatened. We mean that of famine.

The method we propose of alleviating this danger is easy, and in the power of every one; viz. the forbearing to wear powder. Various objections have been urged against this, but all of them too futile to have any weight with a reflecting mind. Gray hairs, a bald head, hair apt to come off, looking undressed, catch-

ing cold, being a badge of party, are the principal of them. Let any one consider for a moment, and then say whether there is any thing like reason in any one of them. Are gray hairs or a bald head a disgrace? Are they not in the course of time as natural to us as the full flowing and perfect coloured hair once was? Why then strive to conceal them by artificial means, and consume, unnecessarily, an article of the most essential importance to the support of life, and of which, if it does not create a scarcity, it enhances the price to the half-starved poor. As to its benefiting the hair when it is apt to come off, we shall, without entering into the physical truth or falsehood of the idea, only ask if it is not better to lose every hair of the head, than to hazard robbing the hungry child of its scanty morsel. The looking undressed, if it could really be so, is a contemptible plea, and any body who will think for a moment, must see it to be the effect of custom only. Let powder be universally laid aside, and the eye, then accustomed to the hair as nature gives it to us, will consider it just as much dressed, and perhaps somewhat neater, than when loaded with grease and dust. They will then, perhaps, find out also that nature gives a better shade to the face than art. The catching cold may be an inconvenience of a few days, but there it will end; and even this may probably be avoided, by forbearing for a day or two to put fresh powder in, before it is quite taken out. To such as cannot comply with a plan of general utility, because they were preceded in it by those of different political opinions from themselves, and to whom they fear to be thought converts, we can suggest an easy method of obviating this difficulty. Let the leaving off powder be universal, and it cannot then be a badge of any thing but the philanthropic wish, to alleviate the miseries of a large and useful portion of the inhabitants of Great Britain, by rendering more plentiful, and of course cheaper, the prime support of existence.

To those who are considerate enough to attend to this suggestion, it can hardly be requisite to mention the unnecessary consumption of flour, in cakes, and various other luxuries, which they will of course lay aside.

To a country calling itself Christian, and necessarily therefore believing in a day of future retribution, we think it is not an improper question to ask, whether it can be supposed, when called to an account "for brethren an hungred and not fed," that it will be received as an excuse, that fashion had made it necessary for us to use so much of what should have been bread for our hair, and the other luxuries of life, that the starving of the poor was unavoidable.

Generosity.—A short time since, the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Royal Lancashire Regiment, doing duty at Dover Castle, opened a subscription, and collected 17l. 17s. 6d. which they applied to the noble purpose of liberating a poor old man confined in the prison there for debt.

Two strange gentlemen passing through Haverfordwest, called at the Castle, where was an old man in gaol for about 8l. which they immediately discharged, and gave him half-a-crown to defray his expences home.

A Singular Pair.—There are two well dressed men upon the town, and genteely connected, that procure a tolerable income by the following practices: the one of them lives by *summoning* and *fining* Hackney Coachmen; the other by going to clubs and public dinners, and *changing of bats!*

Criminals.—In Scotland, at the late assizes for Inverness, one Jane Macdonald was sentenced to be banished for seven years "*beyond seas,*" for *child-stealing!* and one Essie Fraser only banished to England for *child-murder!*

The Dutchess of York, one of the most amiable women in this country, amongst other exertions for the benefit of the poor near Oatlands, has erected a Stocking Manufactory.—The making of *legs* she leaves to other branches of the family.

The Princess of Wales's *accouchement* is expected very early in January.

A plan has been laid before Mr. Pitt and the Duke of Portland, by an Irish gentleman of the name of Fenar, for clothing and educating the children of the Irish peasants.

Gallic Humour.—The French, even amidst their horrors, still contrive to mix a share of their national pleasantry. They lately put on board some barges near

Coblentz a number of stuffed figures, clothed in the National uniform. As these new warriors floated down the stream, they were saluted by a tremendous fire from the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, and all the redoubts in its environs.

The boats, however, still floated down the stream, and the troops on board faced the storm of bombs and balls with *intrepid calmness*. The alarm of the Austrians increased, and their troops were drawn up in battle array, until, with equal surprise and shame, they discerned the *quality* of their *stoical opponents*!

This joke cost the people of Coblentz rather dear; the Austrians, in the first impulse of their indignation, having destroyed several of their houses by a shower of bombs.

A curious circumstance occurred lately at Brighton. Sir John Lade, for a trifling wager, undertook to carry Lord Cholmondeley *on his back*, from opposite the Pavilion twice round the Steine. Several ladies attended to be spectators of this extraordinary feat of the dwarf carrying a giant. When his Lordship declared himself ready, Sir John desired him to *strip*. "Strip!" exclaimed the other; "Why surely you promised to carry me in my clothes!"—"By no means," replied the Baronet; "I engaged to carry *you*, but not an inch of clothes. So therefore, my Lord, make ready, and let us not *disappoint* the ladies." After much laughable altercation, it was at length decided that Sir John had won his wager, the Peer declining to exhibit *in puris naturalibus*.

A Gazette of this month announced a commission of bankruptcy issued against a person in the *Land of Promise*!—If dockets were to be struck against all persons in that extensive district, the sheets of the Gazette would soon swell to the size of the *Statutes at Large*.

ANECDOTE.—A lady of some rank in EDINBURGH, during the sitting of the BRITISH CONVENTION, having a large company at her house, and the conversation turning upon the said Assembly—*Parliamentary Reform, Equality, Rights of the People, &c.*—sagaciously observed, that the vulgar, *now-a-days*, meddled with things which did not belong to them—that mankind were naturally divided into two classes—that, for her part, she could not help comparing the higher classes to *China Ware*, and the lower sort to *common Crockery*. Being in her own house, however, no person ventured to dissent from her in opinion; but soon afterwards, her young family being mentioned, the company present expressed a desire of seeing her son, an infant then in the nurse's arms; on which she ordered the footman to tell the nursery-maid to bring him down. The man, who had listened with more attention than satisfaction to the distinction just before drawn by his lady, in obedience to her commands left the room—but leaving the door open, he called out with a loud voice, at the foot of the stairs, "*Crockery, bring down young China.*" The company laughed incontinently—the lady reddened like a turkey-cock—and the facetious footman was immediately discharged.

COLLEGE ANECDOTE.—The late Dutchess Dowager of Bedford meeting once a *Cambridge* Student, asked him how her Noble Relation did? "Truly, Madam, (says he) he is a brave fellow, and sticks close to *Catharine Hall*," (the name of a College there). "I vow (said her Grace) I feared as much—for he had always a hankering after the *wenches*!"

ANECDOTE.—The Marquis del Campo, the Spanish Ambassador, now about to leave this kingdom, has always enjoyed here a greater portion of the Royal favour than was ever bestowed on any Member of the Diplomatic Corps. It originated in the following circumstance, which is not generally known:—At the time when the phrenzy of Margaret Nicholson prompted her to attack the life of our Sovereign, the Marquis, with that readiness of apprehension which marks the man fitted for great occasions, immediately took a post-chaise and set off for Windsor.—He entered into conversation with her Majesty, and prevented her, as was his object, from being disturbed by any idle rumours, until his Majesty arrived; bringing himself the news of the traitorous attempt, and the full assurance of its failure!

AGRICULTURE.—If *Dibbling*, instead of *Broadcast*, was wholly practised, it would produce a saving in wheat annually of 320,000 quarters, besides giving employment to a great number of children.

PROMOTIONS.

THE Rev. Joseph Jowett, L. L. D. to the Vicarage of Weathersfield in Essex. The Rev. William Walford, M. A. to the rectory of Long Stratton in Norfolk. The Rev. Manning Holden, L. L. B. to the consolidated rectories of Weeting All Saint's and St. Mary's in Norfolk. The Rev. John Gutch, M. A. to the rectory of St. Clement's, Oxford. William Cobbold, A. B. fellow of Magdalen college, Oxford, appointed head master of Magdalen school. The Rev. Edward Ellerton, A. M. of University College, appointed second master of the same school, in the room of the Rev. Mr. Salter, resigned. Rev. John Salter, A. M. second master of Magdalen College school, Oxford, appointed head master of New College school, in the room of the Rev. Henry Bright, A. M. resigned. Rev. Theophilus Hastings, M. A. Vicar of Belton in Leicestershire, to the rectory of East and West Leke in Nottinghamshire. Rev. Mr. Freer, to the livings of Thurnby and Stoughton in Leicestershire. Rev. Arnold Carter, one of the Minor Canons of Rochester, to the vicarage of St. Margarer's next that city. Rev. Thomas Bowman, curate of Hesle to the rectory of Whitecombe in Somersetshire. Rev. Mr. Backhouse, to the rectory of Upper Deal. Rev. James Hodgson, appointed Chaplain to the Royal Church of the Savoy, London. Rev. Mr. Markham, and the Rev. Mr. Watkins, elected joint Evening Lecturers, at St. Dunstan's Church, in the room of the late Rev. Mr. Romaine. Rev. Matthew Booker, of Alcester, to the vicarage of Hitchenden, in the county of Bucks. Rev. John Grey, B. A. to the Hospital and Prebendary of Heitsbury. Rev. S. T. Wyld, M. A. to the living of Burrington. Rev. Mr. Goode, curate to the late Mr. Romaine, appointed by the Lord Chancellor, in consequence of a petition from the parish of St. Anne's Blackfriars, to succeed that gentleman in the living. Dr. Ainslie, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, elected Physician to St. Thomas's Hospital. Rev. N. Jones, to the valuable living of Lewisham, in Kent. Mr. Cuthbert, from the Admiralty, appointed to succeed Mr. Margetson as Secretary to the Navy Board.

PROMOTIONS IN THE IRISH PEERAGE.

To Robert Viscount Leitrim, and heirs, the dignity of Earl of Leitrim. To Charles Lord Lucan, and heirs, the dignity of Earl of Lucan. To Luke Lord Mountjoy, and heirs, the dignity of Viscount Mountjoy. To Robert Lord Londonderry, and heirs, the dignity of Viscount Castlereagh. To Laurence Harman, Lord Oxmantown, and heirs, the dignity of Viscount Oxmantown. To John Lord O'Neil, and heirs, the dignity of Viscount O'Neil. To Francis Lord Bandon, and heirs, the dignity of Viscount Bandon. To Mrs. Ann Wolfe, wife of the Right Honourable Arthur Wolfe, the dignity of a Baroness, by the title of Lady Kilwarden, Baroness of Kiltel in the county of Kildare, and to the heirs male of her body by the said Arthur Wolfe, the dignity of a Baron, by the title of Lord Kilwarden, Baron of Kiltel aforesaid. To the Right Honourable Richard Longfield, and heirs, the dignity of Baron Longueville. To Sir Ralph Payne, Baronet, Knight of the most Honourable Order of the Bath, and heirs, the dignity of Baron Lavington. To Thomas Boothby Parkyns, Esq. and heirs, the dignity of Baron Rancliffe.

MARRIAGES.

Honoratus Leigh Thomas, Esq. of Pall-Mall, to Miss Cruikshank of Leicester Square. Thomas Beevor, Esq. eldest son of Sir Thomas Beevor, Bart. to Miss Hare, only daughter of Hugh Hare, Esq. at his house in Hargham, Norfolk. Wm. Markham, Esq. of Becca Lodge, Yorkshire, eldest son of the Archbishop of York, to Miss Elizabeth Bowles, fifth daughter of Oldfield Bowles, Esq. At Witham, John Luard, Esq. Captain of the Harriet Packet, to Miss Charlotte Kynaston, of Witham Grove, Essex. At Stapleford Abbott, in Essex, the Rev. W. Gould, D. D. rector of that place, to Miss Gordon, of Bromley, Middlesex. In Ireland, the Hon. Robert Leeson, to Miss Grace Head, of Derry. At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Capt. William Rutherford, of the Navy, to Miss Richardson, of Queen-street. At Littleham, Devonshire, George Stevens, Esq. Commander of the Ceres East-Indiaman, to Miss Hamilton, of Bristol. At Burnham, Essex, Mr. Hawkins, merchant of that place, to Mrs. Eve, widow of the late Mr. Elias Eve. On this occasion 50l. was distributed to the poor in bread, &c. At Sidmouth, Arnold Langley, of Lincoln's Inn, Esq. to Miss Ormsby, eldest daughter of the late Edward Ormsby, of Henley, in the county of Oxford, Esq.

DEATHS.

At his house in Park Street, Francis Russell, Esq. F. R. S. and F. S. A. Solicitor to the Board of Controul, and Secretary to the Duchy of Cornwall. Aged 71, the Rev. Mr. Naish, Rector of St. Helen's in Bishopsgate-street. At his house at Muswell-Hill, the Rev. and learned Samuel Stennett, D. D. At Mill-Hill, Middlesex, Michael Collinson, Esq. aged 67, long an eminent Member of the Royal Society, by which he was distinguished for his knowledge in Natural History, and the attention he gave to Botanical subjects in particular. At Lymington, Dr. Adair Crawford, one of the Physicians to St. Thomas's Hospital, and Professor of Chemistry at Woolwich. At Stowe in the Woud, Henry Hippenley Ccxe, Esq. Member for the county of Somerset. Mr. W. Goldsmith, Bookseller, of Warwick Court, Newgate-street. On the 12th of June, at St. Pierre's in the Island of Martinico, Captain Peter Judd, of the 34th Regiment. On board the Houghton, on the 10th of February last, on his passage from Bengal, John Craigie, M. D. in the Service of the Hon. East-India Company. At his seat at Clonbrock, in Galway, Ireland, the Right Hon. Lord Clonbrock. In the West Indies, Capt. George James Riddell, of the 61st regiment of foot. At Oxford, the Rev. Thomas Robinson, M. A. Head-Master of Magdalen School, one of the City Lecturers, and Rector of Lillington Lovell, in Buckinghamshire. Admiral Elliot, of Copford, in Essex. At Cape Nichola Mole, St. Domingo, Major Glyn, the only son of Sir George Glyn, Bart. of Ewell, Surrey. *That justly celebrated and eminently useful character, Mr. Bakerwell, of Disbley.* [See page 219.] *The Rev. and learned Dr. Andrew Kippis. The Right Hon. Lord Macdonald.*

BANKRUPTS.

John Evcs, of Leather Lane, Middlesex, victualler. Thomas Burgiss, of Shackwell, Middlesex, victualler. Thomas Parry, of Size-lane, Bucklersbury, warehouseman. John Mellier, of Crooked-lane, London, school-master. Robert Bradley, of Storrs, in Ecclesfield, Yorkshire, paper-maker. William Froggat of Friday-street, Cheapside, warehouseman. Abraham Small, of Trowbridge, Wiltshire, stationer. Jacob Palmer, of North Walsham, Norfolk, miller. Samuel Cooke, of Manchester, breeches maker. Samuel Blower, of St. John's street, Middlesex, tallow-melter. John Atkin, of Dudley, Worcestershire, corn and flour factor. Matthew Holmes, of Hinckley, in Leicestershire, carpenter. James Morley of Nottingham, hosier. William Beach, of Birmingham, brass-founder. Jacob Thomas Spiedell, of Basinghall-street, London, Blackwell-hall-factor. William Small, of Dean-street, Soho, toyman. Jonathan Burnup, of Bedfordbury, Covent-Garden, taylor. James Smith Bary, of Bridges-street, Covent-Garden, printer. Peter Wallace, of Edgware Road, St. Mary-le-bone, carpenter. Thomas Goodeve, of Greek-street, Soho, carpenter. William Dickie, of the Strand, stationer. Edward Single and Joseph Single, of Chard, Somersetshire, carriers. Thomas Tyler, of Minchin-Hampton, Gloucestershire, victualler. John Coates the younger, of Coventry, tallow-chandler. James Farlo, of Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, stationer. William Westerman, partner with John Westerman, of Bermondsey-street, Southwark, Surrey, plumber. John Bousher, of Corsham, Wiltshire, butcher. Joseph Taylor, of Manchester, machine-maker. Richard Bland, of Stockport, Chester, cotton-manufacturer. Thomas Scot, of Shakespear's Walk, Shadwell, broker. Richard Jeston Case, of Northumberland Street, Strand, wine and spirit merchant. Henry Webb, of Little College-street, Westminster, carpenter. Joseph Mullet, of Cerne Abbas, Dorsetshire, dealer. Edward Haigh, of Halifax, Yorkshire, merchant. Joseph Biddle, of Esher, Surrey, mealman. John Pomier, of Berner's-street, Middlesex, Jeweller. Thomas Bodman, of East-lane, Rotherhithe, Surrey, boat-builder. Matthew Knight, of Gun Dock, Wapping, sail-maker. Mark Hesp, of St. Maurice in the Suburbs, Yorkshire, coal-merchant. Robert Hill and Christopher Goodman, of Old Change, London, linen-draper and copartners. Arnall Cooper Fayerman, of Loddon, in Norfolk, tanner. Isaac Postlethwaite, of Stratford upon Avon, in Warwickshire, currier. Welby King the younger, and Samuel Cooper the younger, both of the borough of Leicester, victuallers. William Cave, of Nottingham, perfumer. Samuel Shepherd, of Penrith, Cumberland, mercer and draper. James Everard, of the Land of Promise, Hoxton, Middlesex, victualler. Thomas O'Reilly, of Portsmouth Point, Hants, woollen-draper. William Butlin, of Bishopsgate-street, London, grocer. William Heyes, of Gainsburgh, Lincolnshire, mercer.

SUPERSEDED. Benjamin Gifford, of Wiveliscombe, Somersetshire, clothier.