

# THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE :

OR,

GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY;

For SEPTEMBER 1793.

ILLUSTRATED WITH  
TWO BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

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

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[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

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TO  
OUR READERS.

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**I**T is the Intention of the Proprietors of this Magazine to give a SERIES of PORTRAITS, accompanied by GENUINE MEMOIRS (where such can be obtained) of the most eminent Characters in Masonry, whether distinguished by their high rank among the Fraternity, or for their deep Disquisitions in the Science. The difficulty, however, in the first instance of procuring genuine Portraits or authentic Anecdotes of many dignified Brethren, and in the next place the unavoidable delays which frequently attend the Engraving of the Plates, will prevent our paying that attention to Precedency which degrees either of rank or merit would otherwise claim,

A very highly-finished PORTRAIT OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, GRAND MASTER OF MASONS, is in reserve as a Frontispiece to the First Volume.

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\* \* The Proprietors of the Freemasons' Magazine deem it necessary to give the Portrait of the EARL of MOIRA a second time (in addition to the two Plates which embellish this Number) owing to the Printing of the former not being executed in that masterly manner, which the Subscribers to this Undertaking had a right to expect. Circumstances, unavoidable in their nature, not allowing sufficient time.

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## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**S**OME ACCOUNT of THOMAS DUNCKERLY, Esq. whose Portrait graces the present Number, will be given in our next: the Gentleman who has promised to favor us with the materials, being far distant from Town, has occasioned the delay. We shall be happy to hear from Brother W. of Colchester, whose Letter we duly received, and forwarded according to desire.

The subjects recommended by T. L. are too limited in their use or gratification to readers in general, to be admitted in our Magazine. T. L. seems to write with taste and judgment, and we should be obliged by his original communications.

The Portrait and Character of the Gentleman mentioned by a well-wisher, have been published already in more than three or four periodical Works, and are of course too familiar to be desirable.

The hints suggested by J. W. L. came too late to be attended to this Month; they are, however, under consideration.

Brother WILLIAM SPENCE will see in the present Number, proofs of the respect which we shall ever pay to his opinions.

Our reverend and respected Correspondent W. in Devonshire, may rely on our attention to his valuable Communications. The PORTRAIT he mentions shall be speedily brought forward. If he will have the goodness to transmit some BIOGRAPHICAL ACCOUNT, we shall esteem it a favor.

✓ We sincerely thank our worthy and indefatigable Correspondent Brother THEOPHILUS JONES, Master of the Cambrian Lodge, at Brecon, for the good wishes he has expressed for our undertaking. His friendly suggestions will always be welcome. We certainly purpose making our Magazine a Repository for every proper and well written Disquisition on the subject of Free Masonry; but it will also include every species of Polite Learning and Rational Amusement; and toward the perfection of it, we shall be obliged by his kind assistance.

Our worthy friend Capt. Mackey has thanks for his communications; they shall all be inserted as early as possible.

Our respected Brother G. whose Favor from Cornwall has been received, and is in the present Number, will accept our grateful Thanks; and we beg he will be assured, that we shall at all times be happy to receive his promised communications.

Several continued Subjects omitted in this Number shall be given in our next, the History of China, Freemasons' of Naples, Mirabeau, &c. &c.

We are sorry that our valuable Correspondent AMICUS PACI'S Essay came too late for insertion in this Number.

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

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Erratum---In our last, Page 204, Note at the bottom, for Mr. HESSE-TINE, the Grand Secretary---read GRAND TREASURER.

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THE  
FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

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GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY.

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FOR SEPTEMBER 1793.

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A  
CHARGE,

*Delivered to the Members of the Lodge of FREE and ACCEPTED MASONS, held at the Castle Inn, Marlborough, at a Meeting for the Distribution of CHARITY to twenty-four poor People, at which most of the Ladies in Marlborough were present, Sept. 11, A. L. 5769.*

BY THOMAS DUNCKERLEY, Esq.

Right Worshipful Provincial Grand Master over the Lodges in Dorset, Essex, Gloster, Hereford, Somerset, and Southampton, with the City and County of Bristol, and the Isle of Wight.

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BLESSED IS HE THAT CONSIDERETH THE POOR. *Psal. xli. v. 1.*

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BRETHREN,

IT is with the greatest satisfaction I meet you here in the cause of *charity*: *Charity* is the basis of our Order; it is for this purpose we have a Grand Lodge at *London*, another at *Edinburgh*, and a third at *Dublin*. Lodges are now held on every part of this globe, and charities are collected and sent to the respective Grand Lodge of each kingdom or state: *there* the distress'd brethren apply and find relief: nor is any exception made to difference of country or religion.

For, as in the sight of God we are all equally his children, having the same common parent and preserver—so we, in like manner, look on every Free-Mason as our brother; nor regard where he was born or educated, provided he is a good man, an honest man, which is “the noblest work of God.”

A laudable custom prevailed among our ancient brethren; after they had sent their donations to the *general* charities, they considered the distresses of those in *particular* that resided in their respective neighbourhoods, and assisted them with such a sum as could be con-

veniently spared from the *lodge*. In humble imitation of this masonic principle, I recommend the present charity to your consideration; to which you readily and unanimously consented. The sum is, indeed, but small: yet when it is considered that this lodge is in its infant state; having been constituted little more than three months: I hope, as the widow's mite was acceptable, *this* act of ours will be considered, not with respect to the sum, but the principles by which we are influenced.

I have told you in the *lodge*, and I repeat it now, that *brotherly-love, relief, and truth*, are the grand principles of Masonry, and as the principal part of the company are unacquainted with the original intention of this society, it may be proper for their information, and your instruction, that I explain those principles, by which it is our duty in particular to be actuated.

By *Brotherly-love*, we are to understand that generous principle of the soul, which respects the human species as one family, created by an All-wise Being, and placed on this globe for the mutual assistance of each other.—It is this attractive *principle*, or power that draws men together and unites them in bodies politic, families, societies, and the various orders and denominations among men. But as most of these are partial, contracted or confined to a particular country, religion, or opinion; *our* Order, on the contrary, is calculated to unite mankind as one family: High and low, rich and poor, one with another; to adore the same God, and observe his law. All worthy members of this society are free to visit every lodge in the world; and though he knows not the language of the country, yet by a silent universal language of our own, he will gain admittance, and find that *true* friendship, which flows from the brotherly-love I am now describing.

At that peaceable and harmonious meeting he will hear no *disputes* concerning religion or politics; no *swearing*; no *obscene, immortal, or ludicrous* discourse; no other contention but *who can work best, who can agree best*.

To subdue our passions, and improve in useful scientific knowledge; to instruct the younger brethren, and initiate the unenlightened, are principal duties in the lodge; which, when done, and the word of God is closed, we indulge with the song and cheerful glass, still observing the same decency and regularity, with strict attention to the golden mean—believing with the poet, that

*God is paid when man receives,  
T' enjoy is to obey.*

Let me travel from *east to west*, or between *north and south*, when I meet a *true* brother I shall find a friend, who will do all in his power to serve me, without having the least view of self-interest: and if I am poor and in distress, he will relieve me to the utmost of his power, interest, and capacity. This is the second grand principle: for, *relief* will follow where there is brotherly-love.

I have already mentioned our general charities as they are at present conducted; it remains now that I consider particular donations given from private lodges, either to those that are not masons, or to a brother in distress. And first, with respect to a Charity like this before us; perhaps it is better to be distributed in small sums, that more may receive the benefit, than to give it in larger sums, which would confine it to few.

With regard to a brother in distress, who should happen to apply to this lodge, or any particular member for relief, it is necessary that I inform you in what manner you are to receive him. And here I cannot help regretting, that such is the depravity of the human heart, there is no religion or society free from bad professors, or unworthy members, for as it is impossible for us to read the heart of man, the best regulated societies may be imposed on, by the insinuations of the artful, and hypocrisy of the abandoned. It should therefore by no means lessen the dignity and excellency of the royal craft, because it is our misfortune to have bad men among us, any more than the purity and holiness of the Christian religion should be doubted, because too many of the wicked and profligate approach the holy altar.

Since, therefore, these things are so: be careful whenever a brother applies for relief, to examine strictly whether he is worthy of acceptance: enquire the cause of his misfortunes, and if you are satisfied they are not the result of vice or extravagance, relieve him with such a sum as the lodge shall think proper, and assist him with your interest and recommendation, that he may be employed according to his capacity, and not eat the bread of idleness. This will be acting consistent with TRUTH, which is the third grand principle of Masonry.

TRUTH is a divine attribute, and the foundation of all masonic virtues: to be good men and true, is part of the first great lesson we are taught; and at the commencement of our freedom, we are exhorted to be fervent and zealous in the practice of truth and goodness. It is not sufficient that we walk in the light, unless we do the truth. All hypocrisy and deceit must be banished from us—Sincerity and plain dealing compleat the harmony of the brethren, within and without the lodge; and will render us acceptable in the sight of that great Being, unto whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid. There is a charm in truth that draws and attracts the mind continually towards it: the more we discover, the more we desire, and the great reward is, wisdom, virtue, and happiness. This is an edifice founded upon a rock, which malice cannot shake, or time destroy. What a secret satisfaction do we enjoy, when in searching for truth, we find the first principles of useful science, still preserved among us, as we received them, by oral tradition from the earliest ages; and we also find this truth corroborated by the testimonies of the best and greatest men the world has produced. But this is not all; the sacred writ-

ings confirm what I assert; the sublime part of our ancient mystery being there to be found; nor can any *Christian* brother be a *good* Mason that does not make the word of *God* his first and principal study.

I sincerely congratulate you on the happy establishment of this lodge, and the prospect you have of its utility and permanency, by the choice you have made of members capable to conduct it. Let Wisdom direct you to contrive for the best.—Strengthen the cause of Masonry, by mutual Friendship, which is the companion and support of fraternal love, and which will never suffer any misunderstanding to inflame a brother, or cause him to behave unbecoming a member of our peaceable and harmonious society. Let us then resolve to beautify and adorn our Order, by discharging the duties of our respective stations, as good subjects, good parents, good husbands, good masters, and dutiful children; for by so doing, we shall put to silence the reproaches of foolish men. As you know these things, brethren, happy are ye if ye do them; and thrice happy shall I esteem it to be looked on as the founder of a society in *Marlborough* whose grand principles are, brotherly-love, relief, and truth.

Let us consider these poor persons as our brothers and sisters, and be thankful to Almighty God, that he has been pleased to make us his instruments of affording them this small relief; most humbly supplicating the GRAND ARCHITECT OF THE UNIVERSE, *from whom all holy desires, all good counsels and all just works do proceed*, to bless our undertaking, and grant that we may *continue* to add some little comfort to the *poor* of this town.

Next to the *Deity*, whom can I so properly address myself to, as the most beautiful part of the creation?

You have heard, *Ladies*, our grand principles explained, with the instructions given to the brethren; and I doubt not but at other times you have heard many disrespectful things said of this society. Envy, malice, and all uncharitableness will never be at a loss to decry, find fault, and raise objections to what they do not know. How great then are the obligations *you* lay on this lodge! with what superior esteem, respect, and regard, are we to look on every lady present, that has done us the honour of her company this evening. To have the sanction of the *fair* is our highest ambition, as our greatest care will be to preserve it. The virtues of humanity are peculiar to your sex; and we flatter ourselves, the most splendid ball could not afford *you* greater pleasure, than to see the human heart made happy, and the *poor* and *distrest* obtain present relief.

A  
CHARGE,

DELIVERED AT CONSTITUTING

*THE FAITHFUL LODGE* [No. 499]

AT BIDEFORD, DEVONSHIRE,

MAY 23, A. L. 5792. A. D. 1792.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

*THE PRAYER OF CONSECRATION.*

BY JOHN WATKINS, LL. D. and R. W. M.

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Κενός εκείνη φιλοσοφία λογῶν ὑφ' ἡνδὲν ἀνθρώπων πικρῶς διαμαρτυρεῖται. ὡς πῶς γὰρ ἰατρικῆς ἐκ οφελῶν μὴ τὰς νόσους ἐκβαλλούσης ἀπὸ τῶν σώματων, ὕτως ἔδε φιλοσοφίας, εἴμη τὸ τῆς ψυχῆς κακὸν ἐκβάλλῃ.

Pythagoras apud Stobæum.

---

*THE PRAYER.*

GREAT and adorable Architect of the Universe, supreme Grand Master of thy intelligent creatures, we praise and thank thee for all thy mercies to us, and, especially for giving us desires to enjoy, and powers of enjoying the delights of society.

The fraternal affections which thou hast implanted in us, and which we cannot destroy without doing violence to our nature, are among the chief blessings which thy benign wisdom hath bestowed upon us. May we, under the influence of thy grace, duly use these benefits by promoting thy glory in the world, and the good of our fellow-creatures. But as these great ends cannot be accomplished without our improvement in knowledge and virtue, enable us to conquer those impediments which ignorance and vice have laid in our way.

May we be active under the auspices of thy Divine Light, in perusing the dictates of truth, and renouncing the destructive maxims and customs of the vicious. Give us to see our errors, and resolution to correct and amend them. May we be assimilated daily more and more to thy example, by improving in true affection to all our brethren. To us, particularly, who are now entering into a fraternal compact, under peculiar obligations, extend thy favoring regard. Enable us to be *faithful* to thee, *faithful* in our several stations and callings of life, *faithful* Masons in all the duties of the Craft, and *faithful* to each other as Members of this Society.



Under a sense of our duty to thee, general and particular, TO THE GLORY OF THY GREAT NAME WE DEVOTE THIS NEW INSTITUTION, BY THE NAME OF THE FAITHFUL LODGE OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.

\* \* \* \* \*

Accept, we humbly beseech thee, this offering to thy Divine Majesty; take us under the shadow of thy protection, and enable every one of us to consecrate his heart also to thy service and glory. Establish, strengthen, and preserve this Society, upon the best and surest foundations of peace, virtue, and happiness.

May all the virtues in which thy goodness delights, be admired, and humbly cultivated by those, who have devoted this Institution to the glory of thy great Name.

Imprint upon our hearts an awful reverence to thy Holy Word, containing the revelation of thy Sacred Will. May we regulate ourselves by that unnerring rule; may we be rendered fit for the application of the *square* of righteousness, by always *circumscribing* ourselves within the bounds of religious and social duty.

Extend thy benevolence to all our fellow creatures; enlighten and favour with true charity those who are prejudiced against our profession; bless all our brethren, wherever scattered or dispersed over the whole earth; to those who walk contrary to their profession give the grace of repentance; wipe away the tears from those who are in distress; pour the lenient balm of consolation into their hearts, and remove, if it be thy will, the burden of sorrow from them.

Fit and prepare us all, by whatever dispensations thou seest necessary for us here below, for a happy entrance into the supreme Celestial Lodge, where thy ineffable brightness is the only light, and to which Faith, Hope, and Charity are the only steps, and where the most extatic pleasures are continually flowing for evermore. *Amen.*

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### THE CHARGE.

BRETHREN,

**A**FTER congratulating you most heartily upon the establishment of a Lodge in this town, an object which the real friends of our Order have long wished for, I think it expedient to employ a few moments in laying before you the nature and design of our Institution, by a knowledge and due use of which, alone, we can render the Lodge now constituted, permanent, and consequently beneficial to the general interests of the Craft.

Human nature is abhorrent of solitude; even the primitive and paradisaical state of man required an additional happiness, by the association of friendship and love.

The adorable Author of our being hath constituted our frame of such an assemblaged variety of passions, and rendered us

capable in so many ways of pleasing them, that it is impossible to condemn pleasure, unless our feelings are perverted, or our doing violence to them.

The innumerable comforts poured out by the Creator, meet the powers and desires of man, and call upon him to obey the dictates of Nature in the due enjoyment of them.

But this could not be properly the case if man were a solitary inhabitant of the beautiful scene. The pleasure of such a state would scarcely deserve to be called so, as it would consist only in the temporary gratification of the meanest and most ignoble of the human faculties. Those in which lies his true dignity, would receive no delight; and dissatisfaction, with its infinitely variegated train of evils, would soon intrude, and grievously distress his mind.

True pleasure is indeed ordained for man, but without the blessings which Friendship and Love possess peculiarly to themselves, pleasure is not complete; the absolute necessity of Society is, therefore, evident, for the full constitution of human happiness.

Let the gloomy misanthrope, as being incapable of communicating to, or receiving satisfaction from others, court, in disgust, the shady covert of solitude; and let the fastidious man, with an injudicious apathy, inveigh against social pleasures; we, feeling the full expansion of the faculties which God hath given us, will look solicitously for every rational pleasure, which a state of Society alone affords.

Intellectual pleasure, which is a necessary branch of true happiness, and by which I understand the improvement and exercise of the mind, cannot subsist without the cheering influence of *Friendship*; nor can it be complete, because it cannot be amiable, without that gentle harmonization of the affections, that beautiful melioration of the heart, which are produced by *Love*.

Enfolded in these principles lies the *nature* of that Institution to which we have the happiness to belong, and which has subsisted from those ages now buried under the dark ruins of time.

The wide-spread and infinitely diversified state of Society, which stands on the broad basis of a wise necessity, and is called the World, is not the *social* state to which these refined principles are strictly to be applied.

Vice has diffused itself among the offspring of Adam, in consequence of the extinction of the beatific light which irradiated his mind, into such a variety of appearances adapted to their different dispositions, that there is no supposing these principles to be those of Society at large.

The application of them to any fraternity, in their original purity, would now be absurd; but we can do and say, that no fraternity admits them more pure and more extensive than that in which we are engaged.

The melioration of the human heart, the harmonization of its affections, the rational direction of its faculties, and the cultivation of every private and social virtue, were *designed* to be the blessings resulting to men by the original institution of this Society.

Considering man, at least in a state of imbecility, if not of positive depravation, the *spirit* of our Order, my brethren, is by certain powerful means, drawn from those principles already mentioned, to give strength to his faculties, to pour the radiant beams of *truth* upon his mind, and to inspire him with an ardent love of moral rectitude, in all its various degrees of gradation, as adapted to the different relations in life.

We do not by any means pretend to say that our Institution has superior powers, by exciting different motives for the improvement of man, to the doctrines and precepts of Christianity. While we cheerfully acknowledge that the principles of that glorious system are radically those of *Free-Masonry*, we maintain, that in some peculiarities of a subordinate nature, it is the excellency of the latter to co-operate with considerable power in the advancement of the important design of Christianity, the restoration of man to a state of light and happiness.

The reduction of men, morally considered, to a perfect level with each other, and the eradicating from their minds those narrow notions, which on account of some supposed excellent qualities, or some external distinctions, elevate them into a false consequence, are affected to a very pleasing and wonderful degree in this fraternity.

I acknowledge, indeed, that there are very weighty and highly popular prejudices entertained against *Free-Masonry*. To touch briefly upon the principal of them, may be beneficial to us, my brethren, by teaching at once the mode of conduct which is necessary to obviate them.

Our plea of *Friendship* is partly admitted, but the principle from which we say it proceeds is questioned. We are supposed to be actuated in our connections not by a pure disinterested benevolence, but only on account of our being mutually acquainted with some peculiar *secrets* of trifling consequence, and serving only as criteria by which to know one another. If such be, indeed, the essence of our Friendship, then, certainly, the principle and the connection formed by it, would be equally contemptible.

If we are animated by the *spirit* of our Order, my brethren, such prejudices would be too weak to obscure the purity and brilliancy of the Friendship proceeding from its influence; and the world would be obliged to confess, that something binds us more firmly to each other, than those external marks of distinction\*.

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\* The divine Plato truly observes (speaking under the name of *Lysis*, a disciple of *Pythagoras*) that, *επεν ξυμπλοκην και ξυνηδεσμον τοις μεν κακοις*, i. e. *There is no conjunction or firm unity between wicked men.*

It is further objected, that if *Friendship* be so highly esteemed by us, and that of the purest nature, "why do we seem to abandon the sweetest part of it, which is enjoyed only in an association with female beauty, gentleness, and sensibility?"

This is an objection by far more plausible than just. In answer to it we might barely mention, that all nations, in all ages, have considered women as ineligible to certain Societies and Offices; but I add, that the *spirit* of our Institution is to abstract us, as much as possible, at certain intervals, from those impediments to mutual confidence and social improvement, which we meet with in the world.

But our moral imbecility would be equally increased by the diffusion of a soft captivating vapour over our hearts, if we admitted the fair sex at our assemblies, and this would give many passions a play in our breasts, particularly rivalry and jealousy, totally incompatible with the *spirit* of our Order, and destructive of its very foundation.

As our principles, however, most powerfully tend to improve us in all those virtues of the soul, on which the happiness of every domestic relation so greatly depends, and which alone can render us deserving the regards of those, whose love it is our duty to attract and preserve: let me press upon you the constant cherishing this *spirit*, by the practice of every moral and social duty. If our amiable female relatives observe us acting in unison with those principles, which we profess to constitute the *Masonic character*, they will be as proud of it as we are. By that subjugation of the passions which Masonry teaches you, your habitations will be all *lodges* of peace, harmony, and happiness.

We are condemned also for the "inviolability of our *secret mysteries*." This being an objection so opposite to the plainest dictates of common sense, and to the practice of the best of men in all ages and countries, that it would deserve not even a notice from me, were it not that it affords me an opportunity of pressing upon you the closer preservation of those secrets.

Some of our brethren have been too much in the habit of making Masonry the subject of conversation in mixed companies. Such persons should consider, that to those who are not of the Order, this topic cannot be interesting: that to those who are, it cannot be informing, and consequently had better be omitted\*.

\* \* \* \* \*

Other objections which apply to the conduct of individuals among us, are evidently the offspring of ignorance and illiberality.

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\* *Iamblicus*, in *Vita Pythag.* says, εσι δε παντων χαλεπωτατον εγκρατευματων το γλωσσης κρατειν. Nothing is more difficult than the government of the tongue. The first point in the *Pythagorean* philosophy was silence; and it is the first point of *Masonry*. The benefits are innumerable; let every one labour in the cultivation of it.

The *subjects* of them are the only persons who should enter into the refutation of them. Not, however, by the language of apology, much less by that of recrimination, but by the noble, though silent voice of reformation. I am always sorry to hear those brethren speak in vindication of Masonry, whose minds are unacquainted with its *spirit* and *precepts*. Their vindication is a censure, and their walk is a persecution of their profession.

I am also concerned to say that there are but few, comparatively speaking, who enter at all into the *spirit* of the order, of which they are *nominally* members. The generality are contented *cum signo pro signato*, and vainly imagine that by a superficial knowledge of some leading points of distinction, they have attained all that is necessary.

Those things, of little moment in themselves, are treated by some with such a scrupulous tenacity, and are paid such a minute attention to, as though the whole of the Institution consisted in hieroglyphics without a meaning. It should be our care to look farther than these, and to treat the order, not as an enigmatic, but as a moral system. It is, in fact, a system more adapted to the heart than to the head; and calls more for the exercise of the moral than the inventive powers. The mysteries which it contains (and many of them are beautifully representative of the most refined truths) deserve our respect, and the knowledge of them our cultivation: but our chief care is to be acquainted with the *spirit of Masonry*, in all its gradations of refinement.

As *light*, at the Creation, probably diffused itself, at first glimmeringly, and then gradually spread itself over the dark orb, so the light of scientific and moral truth proceeds slowly over the human heart.

Let us, my brethren, aided by our advantages as Free-Masons, watch its motions, and improve every opportunity which it affords us, of rendering ourselves amiable in the sight of our fellow-creatures; and meet, for a portion, in the place where that *light*, in all its purity, eternally flows, with happiness contained in its cheering rays.

Before I close, permit me to add a few words, more particularly applicable to the occasion of our present meeting.

All the way-worn travellers in the road of life, (and what are we all but such?) need the reciprocation of good offices, and in social festivity, temporal relaxations from their cares.

The Lodge we have now opened is adapted for this purpose, and with a humble intention also to advance, in some degree, those great purposes, which you have heard to be the design of our Order at large.

Without *Fidelity* no fabric erected for *Friendship* can possibly continue permanent; under this consideration, therefore, we have constituted the Society now formed, by the name of the FAITHFUL LODGE. It is required of us, my brethren, in consequence, to act

with all the *Fidelity* becoming Masons, to the engagements we have entered into as members of the general fraternity, and especially as joined together in a select Society, solemnly erected for the most valuable purposes, and upon the most laudable principles !

Hither let us repair, at all appointed times, for the improvement of our minds, and the enjoyment of those social comforts which the Author of Nature has rendered necessary for the constitution of our happiness : remembering, however, as well here as in the ordinary walks of life, always to *circumscribe* both our desires and enjoyments within the bounds of that *moderation* which produces real pleasure to the mind, and preserves health to the body.

At the present moment we have much to look forward to, and, I trust, that your sentiments coincide with mine, in anticipating much solid satisfaction in this place. But let it be considered that on ourselves depends the realization of this prospect. Unless our conduct is regulated in that consistent manner which Masonry requires from all her sons ; by our walking upon the *square* of Virtue, living upright according to the *plum-line* of Integrity, and *levelling* ourselves to our respective situations in life, by a subjugation of that false pride and its concurrent evil passions, which, when indulged, carry a man to the most dangerous heights : unless our lives, I repeat it, correspond with the principles of our Institution, we shall do it the greatest injury, and render this *Lodge*, instead of illustrious and permanent, disrespectable and of trifling duration.

Let us then seriously reflect, that by this day's work we have many eyes upon us, and that though we have not, strictly speaking, new duties to fulfill, we have new engagements of a more powerful nature than any we have hitherto had, to render the Masonic character brilliant even in the most prejudiced person's estimation.

To *know ourselves* is the highest point of human wisdom, and it is that *moral geometry* in which we should be always actively exercised. If we often try ourselves by the rules of this science we shall at least render virtue habitual, and shall have but little or no occasion for those *laws* which all Societies are under the necessity of enacting for the preservation of order and obedience. Such laws for the government of this Lodge remain to be composed, and I must beg that you will be very careful and deliberate in this important part of your duty, because I expect that they will be so framed as to preclude the slightest attempt to break the peace of our Society from among ourselves, and that they will be obeyed with the most implicit submission. If such laws are at all necessary, the carrying them into full effect must be equally so ; and if any brother falling under the influence of one article shall think himself aggrieved, let him consider that a relaxation in one instance would be much worse than a total repeal, as it would, by gradually rendering the whole code contemptible, induce all the evils destructive of the Society.

I shall not press you farther upon what must, undoubtedly, be obvious to each of your minds ; and to which, besides, your attention will be hereafter frequently brought,

Collecting the whole of our duty into one point of view, the mention of that alone will be sufficient, I flatter myself, to engage your judgments and your feelings.

The altar of this edifice (if I may so express myself) should always burn with the cheering and purifying flame of *charity*, comprising all the offices of *love* and *benevolence*. Our hearts should never be unwarmed by this sacred principle. The sight or relation of misery suffered by our fellow-creatures through life's thorny maze, should always cause it to burn with increasing ardour in our breasts. Sweet, inexpressibly sweet, are the vibrations which the chords of his heart feel, who sympathises with the sorrows of virtue in distress; but they swell into a higher degree of extacy if he can but cause the voice of mourning to change its note, and the tears from affliction's fountain cease to flow.

Let but the FAITHFUL LODGE be marked by this lovely character, and its permanency is secured: when this immortalizing principle burns with *freedom*, *fergency*, and *zeal*, every other that can *strengthen*, *support*, and *adorn*, will most certainly be found.

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TO THE PRINTER OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

If you think, as I do, that the following Narrative illustrates in a striking manner the Masonic Pictures of FAITH, HOPE, and PERSEVERANCE, you will have the goodness to give it to your Readers in the next Number of your agreeable Miscellany.

I am, &c.

S. J.

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A

NARRATIVE OF THE SUFFERINGS

OF

LIEUTENANT GEORGE SPEARING,

WHO LIVED SEVEN NIGHTS IN A COAL-PIT, WITHOUT ANY SUSTENANCE, EXCEPT SOME RAIN-WATER.

ON Wednesday, September 13, 1769, between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, I went into a little wood called Northwoodside (situated between two and three miles to the N. W. of Glasgow) with a design to gather a few hazel-nuts. I think that I could not have been in the wood more than a quarter of an hour, nor have gathered more than ten nuts, before I unfortunately fell into an old coal-pit, exactly seventeen yards deep, which had been made through a solid rock. I was some little time insensible. Upon recovering my recollection, I found myself sitting (nearly

as a taylor does at his work), the blood flowing pretty fast from my mouth; and I thought that I had broken a blood-vessel, and consequently had not long to live; but, to my great comfort, I soon discovered that the blood proceeded from a wound in my tongue, which I suppose I had bitten in my fall. Looking at my watch (it was ten minutes past four), and getting up, I surveyed my limbs, and to my inexpressible joy found that not one was broken. I was soon reconciled to my situation, having from my childhood thought that something very extraordinary was to happen to me in the course of my life; and I had not the least doubt of being relieved in the morning; for the wood being but small and situated near a populous city, it is much frequented, especially in the nutting-season, and there are several foot-paths leading through it.

Night now approached, when it began to rain, not in gentle showers, but in torrents of water, such as is generally experienced at the autumnal equinox. The pit I had fallen into was about five feet in diameter; but, not having been worked for several years, the subterranean passages were choked up, so that I was exposed to the rain, which continued with very small intermissions, till the day of my release; and, indeed, in a very short time, I was completely wet through. In this comfortless condition I endeavoured to take some repose. A forked stick that I found in the pit, and which I placed diagonally to the side of it, served alternately to support my head as a pillow, or my body occasionally, which was much bruised; but in the whole time I remained here, I do not think that I ever slept one hour together. Having passed a very disagreeable and tedious night, I was somewhat cheered with the appearance of day-light, and the melody of a robin redbreast that had perched directly over the mouth of the pit; and this pretty little warbler continued to visit my quarters every morning during my confinement; which I construed into a happy omen of my future deliverance; and I sincerely believe the trust I had in Providence, and the company of this little bird, contributed much to that serenity of mind I constantly enjoyed to the last. At the distance of about a hundred yards, in a direct line from the pit; there was a water mill. The miller's house was nearer to me, and the road to the mill was still nearer. I could frequently hear the horses going this road to and from the mill; frequently I heard human voices; and I could distinctly hear the ducks and hens about the mill. I made the best use of my voice on every occasion; but it was to no purpose; for the wind, which was constantly high, blew in a line from the mill to the pit, which easily accounts for what I heard; and, at the same time my voice was carried the contrary way. I cannot say I suffered much from hunger. After two or three days that appetite ceased; but my thirst was intolerable; and, though it almost constantly rained, yet I could not till the third or fourth day preserve a drop of it, as the earth at the bottom of the pit sucked it up as fast as it ran down. In this distress I sucked my clothes; but from them I could extract but little moisture. The shock I



received in the fall, together with the dislocation of one of my ribs, kept me, I imagine, in a continual fever; I cannot otherwise account for my suffering so much more from thirst than I did from hunger. At last I discovered the thigh-bone of a bull (which, I afterwards heard had fallen into the pit about eighteen years before me), almost covered with the earth. I dug it up; and the large end of it left a cavity that, I suppose, might contain a quart. This the water gradually drained into, but so very slowly, that it was a considerable time before I could dip a nut-shell full at a time; which I emptied into the palm of my hand, and so drank it. The water now began to increase pretty fast, so that I was glad to enlarge my reservoir, in so much, that on the fourth or fifth day, I had a sufficient supply; and this water was certainly the preservation of my life.

At the bottom of the pit there were great quantities of reptiles, such as frogs, toads, large black snails, or slugs, &c. These noxious creatures would frequently crawl about me, and often got into my reservoir; nevertheless I thought it the sweetest water I had ever tasted; and at this distance of time the remembrance of it is so sweet, that, were it now possible to obtain any of it, I am sure I could swallow it with avidity. I have frequently taken both frogs and toads out of my neck, where I suppose they took shelter while I slept. The toads I always destroyed, but the frogs I carefully preserved, as I did not know but I might be under the necessity of eating them, which I should not have scrupled to have done had I been very hungry.

Saturday, the 16th, there fell but little rain, and I had the satisfaction to hear the voices of some boys in the wood. Immediately I called out with all my might, but it was all in vain, though I afterwards learned that they actually heard me; but, being prepossessed with an idle story of a wild man being in the wood, they ran away affrighted.

Sunday, the 17th, was my birth-day, when I completed my forty-first year; and I think it was the next day some of my acquaintance, having accidentally heard that I had gone the way I did, sent two or three porters out purposely to search the pits for me. These men went to the miller's house, and made enquiry for me; but, on account of the very great rain at the time, they never entered the wood, but cruelly returned to their employers, telling them they had searched the pit, and that I was not to be found. Many people in my dismal situation would, no doubt, have died with despair; but, I thank God, I enjoyed a perfect serenity of mind; so much so, that on the Tuesday afternoon, and when I had been six nights in the pit, I very composedly (by way of amusement) combed my wig on my knee, humming a tune, and thinking of Archer in the "Beaux Stratagem."

At length the morning (Sept. 20) the happy morning for my deliverance came; a day, that while my memory lasts, I will always celebrate with gratitude to Heaven! Through the brambles and

bushes that covered the mouth of the pit, I could discover the sun shining bright, and my pretty warbler was chaunting his melodious strains, when my attention was roused by a confused noise of human voices, which seemed to be approaching fast towards the pit; immediately I called out, and most agreeably surprized several of my acquaintance, who were in search of me. Many of them are still living in Glasgow; and it is not long since I had the very great satisfaction of entertaining one of them at my apartments. They told me that they had not the most distant hope of finding me alive; but wished to give my body a decent burial, should they be so fortunate as to find it. As soon as they heard my voice, they all ran towards the pit, and I could distinguish a well-known voice exclaim, "Good God! he is still living!" Another of them, though a very honest North Briton, betwixt his surprize and joy, could not help asking me, in the Hibernian style, if I were still alive? "I told him I was, and hearty too;" and then gave them particular directions how to proceed in getting me out. Fortunately at that juncture a collier, from a working pit in the neighbourhood, was passing along the road, and hearing an unusual noise in the wood his curiosity prompted him to learn the occasion. By his assistance, and a rope from the mill, I was soon safely landed on *terra firma*. The miller's wife had very kindly brought some milk warm from the cow; but, on my coming into the fresh air, I grew rather faint, and could not taste it. Need I be ashamed to acknowledge, that the first dictates of my heart prompted me to fall on my knees, and ejaculate a silent thanksgiving to the God of my deliverance; since, at this distant time, I never think of it but the tear of gratitude starts from my eye?

Every morning, while I was in the pit, I tied a knot in the corner of my handkerchief, supposing that, if I died there, and my body should be afterwards found, the number of knots would certify how many days I had lived. Almost the first question my friends asked me was, how long I had been in the pit? Immediately I drew my handkerchief from my pocket, and bade them count the knots. They found seven, the exact number of nights I had been there. We now hastened out of the wood. I could walk without support; but that was not allowed, each person present striving to shew me how much they were rejoiced that they had found me alive and so well. They led me to the miller's house, where a great number of people were collected to see me. A gentleman, who had a country-house just by, very kindly, at my request, sent for a glass of white wine. I ordered a piece of bread to be toasted, which I soaked in the wine, and ate. I now desired the miller's wife to make me up a bed, fondly thinking that nothing more was wanting than a little refreshing sleep to terminate my misfortune. But, alas! I was still to undergo greater sufferings than I had yet endured. By the almost continual rains, together with the cold damp arising from the wet ground on which I lay, and not being able

to take the least exercise to keep up a proper circulation of the blood, my legs were much swelled and benumbed. Some of my friends, observing this, proposed to send to Glasgow for medical advice. I at first declined it, and happy had it been for me had I pursued my own inclinations; but unfortunately for me a physician and surgeon were employed, both of them ignorant of what ought to have been done. Instead of ordering my legs into cold water, or rubbing them with a coarse towel, to bring on a gradual circulation, they applied hot bricks and large poultices to my feet. This by expanding the blood-vessels too suddenly; put me to much greater torture than I ever endured in my life, and not only prevented me enjoying that refreshing sleep I so much wanted, but actually produced a mortification in both my feet. I do not mean, by relating this circumstance, to reflect on the faculty in general at Glasgow; for I was afterwards attended by gentlemen who are an honour to the profession. The same method was pursued for several days, without even giving me bark till I mentioned it myself. This happily stopped the progress of the mortification, which the doctors did not know had taken place till the miller's wife shewed them a black spot, about as broad as a shilling, at the bottom of my left heel. In a day or two more the whole skin, together with all the nails of my left foot, and three from my right foot, came off like the fingers of a glove.

Opposite the river, on which the mill stood, there was a bleach-field. It is customary for the watchman in the night to blow a horn to frighten thieves. This I frequently heard when I was in the pit; and very often, when I was in a sound sleep at the miller's I have been awakened by it in the greatest horrors, still thinking myself in the pit; so that, in fact, I suffered as much by imagination as from reality.

I continued six weeks at the miller's, when the roads became too bad for the doctors to visit me, so that I was under the necessity of being carried in a sedan chair to my lodgings in Glasgow. By this time my right foot was quite well; but in my left, where the above-mentioned black spot appeared, there was a large wound, and it too plainly proved that the *os calcis* was nearly all decayed; for the surgeon could put his probe through the centre of it. The flesh too at the bottom of my foot was quite separated from the bones and tendons, so that I was forced to submit to have it cut off. In this painful state I lay several months, reduced to a mere skeleton, taking thirty drops of laudanum every night; and though it somewhat eased the pain in my foot, it was generally three or four in the morning before I got any rest. My situation now became truly alarming: I had a consultation of surgeons, who advised me to wait with patience for an exfoliation, when they had not the least doubt but they should soon cure my foot. At the same time they frankly acknowledged that it was impossible to ascertain the precise time when that would happen, as it might be six or even twelve months, before it came to pass. In my emaciated

condition I was certain that it was not possible for me to hold out half the time; and knowing that I must be a very great cripple with the loss of my heel-bone, I came to a determined resolution to have my leg taken off, and appointed the very next day for the operation; but no surgeon came near me. I sincerely believe they wished to perform a cure; but being, as I thought, the best judge of my own feelings, I was resolved this time to be guided by my own opinion; accordingly, on the 2d of May, 1770, my leg was taken off a little below the knee. Yet, notwithstanding I had so long endured the rod of affliction, misfortunes still followed me. About three hours after the amputation had been performed, and when I was quiet in bed, I found myself nearly fainting with the loss of blood; the ligatures had all given way, and the arteries had bled a considerable time before it was discovered. By this time the wound was inflamed; nevertheless I was under the necessity of once more submitting to the operation of the needle, and the principal artery was sewed up four different times before the blood was stopped. I suffered much for two or three days, not daring to take a wink of sleep; for, the moment I shut my eyes, my stump (though constantly held by the nerve) would take such convulsive motions, that I really think a stab to the heart could not be attended with greater pain. My blood too was become so very poor and thin, that it absolutely drained through the wound near a fortnight after my leg was cut off. I lay for eighteen days and nights in one position, not daring to move lest the ligature should again give way; but I could endure it no longer, and ventured to turn myself in bed, contrary to the advice of my surgeon, which I happily effected, and never felt greater pleasure in my life. Six weeks after the amputation, I went out in a sedan chair for the benefit of the air, being exactly nine months from the day I fell into the pit. Soon after I took lodgings in the country; where getting plenty of warm new milk, my appetite and strength increased daily; and to this day, I bless God, I do enjoy perfect health; and I have since been the happy father of nine children.

GEORGE SPEARING.

*Greenwich Hospital,*

*Aug. 1, 1793.*

P. S. The above Narrative is a plain simple matter of fact, and affords a very useful lesson to mankind, viz. never to give way to despondency, be their situation ever so deplorable: let them confidently rely on Almighty Providence, and I sincerely wish, and doubt not, but their misfortunes will terminate as happily as mine.

G. S.

ON THE  
 IMPRESSION OF REALITY  
 ATTENDING DRAMATIC REPRESENTATIONS.

BY J. AIKIN, M. D.

[From the MEMOIRS of the LITERARY and PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY of MANCHESTER, Vol. IV. just published.]

DR. Johnson, in his Preface to Shakespear, excuses that great poet's violation of the *Dramatic Unities*, and argues against the law by which they have been enjoined, upon this principle—That as, in fact, we are never so deceived by a dramatic representation as to believe it *real*, there is no danger of injuring its effect by any thing which may tend to destroy such a belief. And he seems to triumph not a little, in exposing the absurdity of an imagined conviction, that a scene passing before our eyes is *real*, when we are all the time conscious that it began in fiction.

But it appears to me, that in this instance (as perhaps in many others) the critic has taken a very narrow survey of the human mind, and has only skimmed the surface for that truth which lay somewhat deeper. The question respecting the nature of that feeling which a scene of fiction excites in us, must be determined by a reference to the general mode in which the mind receives impressions. Now, I shall attempt to shew, that although the means by which emotions are raised are very various, yet that, when raised, they are all precisely the same in their nature, and only differ in degree of intensity. This, I think, will manifestly appear, if, in the first place, the same principle which is necessary to account for the effect of one of these means, will equally account for all; and, in the second place, if the evident and external expressions of our emotions are similar in every case.

Why is it that the view of a *real* scene of distress, in which we are not personally concerned, operates upon our feelings, but in consequence of that general principle of our nature, whereby the image of human passions in another, excites corresponding emotions in ourselves? *Reality* itself cannot operate upon us without a *medium*; and in what respect does the action produced by the direct medium of the senses, differ from that produced by the remoter mediums of recollection, narration, or any mode of fictitious representation? I behold a person suffering under the extremity of torture, and find myself highly affected at the spectacle. I make his feelings in some respect my own;—my flesh creeps upon my bones, and the pain of sympathy rises to such a degree as to become intolerable. It is now over, and that portion of human misery has no longer an existence. Still the scene recurs to my mind, and whenever it intrudes, all my pain is renewed, though with less intensity; and this continues to be the case till the ideas fade away. The identity of the sensation is proved by the sameness of the cor-

poreal effects. 'If I shuddered and turned pale at the real spectacle, I do the same at the first recollections; if I ran with horror from the former, I plunge into company or business to deliver me from the latter. Now, if it be allowed, that my own mind, acting upon itself, without the aid of external objects, be capable of creating an imaginary scene indistinguishable in its effects from a real one, why should not equal power be granted to those artificial methods, in which resembling, sensible objects are called in to assist the operations of the fancy?

But, it may be said, no one denies as a matter of fact, the power of recollection and fictitious representation to move the passions, and the question is only, what is necessary to the production of this effect? Now, since in the case of a recollected scene, it cannot be a *belief of reality* (for no man *believes* that the event on which he reflects is acted over again), why should such *belief* have any thing more to do with the efficacy of fiction? And this reasoning (on which Dr. Johnson diffusely dwells) is just, as far as it goes; but his error consists in confounding with *proper belief*, that *impression of reality*, or *temporary illusion*, which I conceive absolutely essential to account for the undoubted effects produced by all the various *imitations of action*. *Belief* is the consequence of a reflex operation of the mind, by which we are convinced of a truth after examination or enquiry. It is therefore incompatible with the impressions of illusion; for, as soon as they are examined, they are at an end. We cannot ask ourselves whether they are true, without discovering them to be false. But it is certain we are often so impressed with a notion, as to entertain no present doubts about it, though it is no object of our *belief*; but, on the contrary, has repeatedly been detected by us as a falsehood.

Dr. Johnson himself, speaking of what he terms the *extrusion* of Gloucester's eyes in *Lear*, says, that it "seems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatic exhibition, and such as must always compel the mind to relieve its distress by incredulity." Does not this expressly imply, that a less horrid and unnatural action would pass on the stage for real; and that the usual affection of the mind in dramatic exhibitions is an impression of reality? *Historical incredulity* cannot be here meant; for how are we sure that the story was not true; besides, we read with tolerable tranquillity of facts still more shocking. It must then be the "*incredulus odi*" of Horace,—a resolution to discard and reject what so much pains us. Horace did not disbelieve that Medea had murdered her children; but when the fact was represented to him in a visible display, the horror he felt made him refuse to admit it as a true scene.

Further to elucidate this idea of the *impression of reality* as distinct from *belief*, let us trace the progress of the imagination from the instances in which it is *least* assisted by external objects, to those in which it is *most* so. And, not to dwell upon the conviction of reality attending dreams, delirium, and insanity, where there is probably a physical cause operating on the brain, I shall first consider the case of a reverie, or day-dream.

Sitting alone in my study, I shut my book, lean back in my chair, and following, either involuntarily or with design, a particular train of ideas, soon become insensible to all the objects around me, and with the mind's eye behold a course of action with its correspondent scenery, in which I appear engaged either as a spectator or an actor. The consciousness of my real condition is for a time suspended; and I feel pleasure or pain, approbation or disgust, according to the nature of the fancied scene. Nor are *actions* indicative of what passes within, entirely wanting; and though I may not, with the violence of Alanascar kicking the basket, spurn the table from me, yet I smile, frown, move my lips, and assume imperfect gestures and attitudes, in correspondence with my internal emotions. Here, then, is a perfect illusion effected by the mental faculties alone; commencing with complete consciousness of my real situation, and proceeding to as complete a forgetfulness of it. A person enters the room—and the pageant vanishes.

Again—I sit in the same place, and take up Sterne's story of *Le Fevre*. I am perfectly apprized, not only that *Le Fevre* is not in the room, but that no such person ever existed. But as I read, I suffer the writer to lead me into the same kind of reverie which I had in the former instance created for myself; and I follow him with the greater ease, as my mind is not encumbered with the labour of invention, but passively admits those representations of action and discourse, which he has wrought into such an admirable resemblance of nature. I soon become so rivetted to the book, that external objects are obliterated to me. I pity, glow, admire; my eyes are suffused; I sob; I am even *audible* in my expressions of sympathy; till a message breaks the charm, and summons me away, full of shame at the real tokens remaining of emotions founded on fiction. Now will any one, fairly consulting his feelings, assert that in such a case he weeps merely from the reflection on possible human calamities; and that *Le Fevre* is not for the time a real person in his imagination?

Once more—I read in Tacitus the highly-wrought description given by that historian of the return of Agrippina to Italy, after the death of Germanicus. I feel myself much interested; but from the rapidity of the narration, the want of those minute strokes which are necessary to fill up the picture of real life, and the intermixture of the author's reflections, the whole is rather addressed to the intellect than to the imagination; and I rather cry, "How admirably this is described!" than view a distinct spectacle passing before my sight. But in the midst of my reading, I chance to cast my eyes upon West's picture of Agrippina landing at Brundisium: I see her, with downcast eyes, pale and extenuated, embracing the funeral urn—her little children hanging at her garment;—I see the awe-struck crowd, the mourning lictors, and the hardy veterans bursting into tears. Now, indeed, the illusion is complete. I think no longer of Tacitus or West—my heart and my eyes obey without resistance every call to sympathize with the widowed Agrippina. Here, then, an external object, addressed to one of

the senses, is called in to aid the creative power of the imagination.

Attend me next to the *theatre*. I go, it is acknowledged, with the full conviction that the place is Drury-lane, and that the actors are merely players, representing a fiction for their own emolument. Nay, I go with the avowed purpose of seeing a favourite actress in a particular character. The curtain draws up, and after some preparation, enters Mrs. Siddons in Belvidera. The first employment of my mind is to criticize her performance, and I admire the justness of her actions, and the unequalled expressiveness of her tones and looks. The play proceeds, and I am made privy to a horrid plot. With this, domestic distresses are mingled, involving the two most interesting characters in the piece. By degrees, I lose sight of Mrs. Siddons in her proper person, and only view her in the assumed shape of Belvidera. I cease to criticize her, but give way with full soul to all the sentiments of love, tenderness, and anxiety which she utters. As the catastrophe advances, the accumulated distress and anguish lay fast hold on my heart: I sob, weep, am almost choaked with the mixed emotions of pity, terror, and apprehension, and totally forget the theatre, the actors, and the audience, till, perhaps, my attention to present objects is recalled by the screams or swooning of a neighbour still more affected than myself. Shall the cold critic now tell me, I am sure you do not *believe* Mrs. Siddons to be Belvidera, and therefore you can only be affected in consequence of "the reflexion that the evils before you are evils to which yourself may be exposed—you rather lament the possibility, than suppose the presence, of misery." The identity of Belvidera is out of the question; for who was Belvidera? and certainly my own liability to evils, some of them impossible to happen to me, and others highly improbable, is the farthest thing from my thoughts; besides, were the effect of a spectacle of distress dependant on this principle, it would be equally requisite in the real, as in the fictitious scene. What I feel, is *genuine sympathy*, such as by a law of my nature ever results from the image of a suffering fellow-creature, by whatsoever means such an image is excited. The more powerfully it is impressed on my imagination, and the more completely it banishes all other ideas either of sense or reflection, the more perfect is its effect; and reality has no advantage in this respect over fiction, as long as the temporary illusion produced by the latter continues. That such an *illusion* should take place at the theatre, where every circumstance art can invent has been employed to favour it, cannot be thought extraordinary, after it has been shewn, that a scene of the mind's own creation can effect it.

And for what end, but that of deception, are such pains taken in adjusting the scenery, dresses, decorations, &c. to as near a resemblance as possible of reality?—why might not the piece be as well read in the closet as represented on the stage, if all its effect depended on the pleasing modulation of language, prompting just reflections on life and manners? Some effect, doubtless, is pro-



duced by a tragedy *read*; but this is exactly in proportion to the dramatic powers of the reader, and the strength of imagination in the hearer; and always falls much short of that of a perfect representation on the stage.

But, says the critic, "the delight of tragedy proceeds from a consciousness of fiction; if we thought murders and treasons real, they would please no more." *Delight* is not the word by which I would choose to denote those sensations in the deeper scenes of tragedy, which often arise to such a pitch of intensity, as to be really and exquisitely painful. I do not here mean to enter into an enquiry concerning the source of the interest we take in spectacles of terror and distress. It is sufficient to observe, that just the same difficulty here occurs in reality, as in fiction. Every awful and terrific scene, from an eruption of Etna, or an attack on Gibraltar, to a street-fire or a boxing-match, is gazed at by assembled multitudes. In histories, is it not the page of battles, "treasons and murders," on which we dwell with most avidity? I do not hesitate to assert, that we never behold with *pleasure* in fictitious representation, what we should not have viewed with a similar sensation in real action. The truth is, that many of the tragic distresses are so blended with lofty and heroic sentiments, that the impression of sorrow for the sufferer is lost in applause and admiration.

When Cato groans, who does not wish to bleed? And when this is not the case, but pure misery is painted without the alleviations of glory and conscious virtue, the effects on the beholder are invariably pain and disgust. We are, indeed, by the strong impulse of curiosity, led to such representations, as the crowd are to fights and executions; but what man of nice feelings would go a second time to see *Fatal Curiosity*, or the butchery of a Damien?

With respect to the principle which renders a degree of *dramatic unity* necessary, it seems not difficult to be ascertained. *Congruity* is alike essential in real and in fictitious scenes to preserve a continuity of emotion. After a pathetic speech in a play, if the actor immediately turns his eyes on the audience, or bows to the boxes, we feel the effect to be spoiled; why? because it is plain he is not the man he before appeared to be; for it is impossible that poignant sorrow should be immediately succeeded by indifference. Thus if a person were to ask our charity with a lamentable tale of woe, and suitable expression of countenance, and we should immediately afterwards detect him smiling or nodding to a companion, the first impression of pity would be lost in a conviction of fraud. A ludicrous incident on the stage interrupts the flow of tears in the deepest tragedy, and fills the house with general laughter. It is just the same in real life. At the funeral of a dear friend, at the death of a martyr, circumstances may occur, which not only divert the attention, but even provoke a smile. But such distractions in the real scene are short, and the true state of things rushes again on the mind. In imitative representations, on the contrary, they may be so forcible and frequent, as entirely to destroy the effect intended to be produced.

Incongruities in dramatic spectacles may be of various kinds. They may arise from the characters, the diction, or the fable. Those which proceed from the violation of what are termed the *unities of time and place* are, perhaps, the least injurious of any; for we find by experience, that the mind possesses the faculty of accommodating itself, with the greatest facility to sudden changes in these particulars. Indeed, where the fable will admit it, the intervention of *acts* renders the change of time and place no incongruity at all. For the drama is then a history, of which certain parts are exhibited in dialogue, and the rest in narration. Now, it is impossible to give a reason, why the mind, which can accompany with its emotions a series of entire narration, should refuse to follow a story of which the most striking parts are exhibited in a manner more peculiarly impressive. During the continuance, indeed, of the dramatic actions, every thing should be as much as possible in unison; for as the stage is the most exact imitation of real life that art can invent, and in some respects even perfect, an inconsistency in one point is rendered more obvious by comparison with the rest. Thus, with regard to *time*; as the *conversation* on the stage employs the very same space of time as it would in a real scene, it seems requisite, that the accompanying *action* should not exceed those limits. If, while the stage has been occupied by the same performers, or an uninterrupted succession of new ones, the story should require the transactions of half a day to run parallel with the discourse of half an hour, we could scarcely fail to be sensible of an incongruity, and cry to ourselves, "this is impossible!" Such a circumstance would give a rude shock to the train of our ideas, and awaken us out of that *dream* of the fancy, in which it is the great purpose of dramatic representations to engage us. For notwithstanding a critic of Dr. Johnson's name (whose heat and imagination, however, appear from numerous instances to have been very intractable to the efforts of fiction) has thought fit to treat the supposed illusion of the theatre with ridicule, I cannot but be convinced of the existence of what I have so often myself felt, and seen the effects of in others; and if the point were to be decided by authority, I might confidently repose on that of the judicious Horace, who characterises his *master* of the drama, as one,

———qui pectus inaniter angit,  
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet  
Ut magus; & modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

The notion of a temporary delusion produced by the imitative arts, and particularly by the drama, is, I observe, supported by Dr. Darwin, in the ingenious prose *Interludes of his Loves of the Plants*; and by arguments so similar to those here made use of, that it will be proper for me to say, that this short Essay was written some years before the appearance of that beautiful poem. The writer whom Dr. Darwin combats on this occasion, is Sir Joshua Reynolds, who seems implicitly to have adopted the opinion of his friend Dr. Johnson.

J. AIKIN.

## TWO CURIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL PAPERS.

WRITTEN BY

*Dr. FRANKLIN,*

AND NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY COLLECTION OF HIS WORKS.

No. I.

Endorsed in Dr. FRANKLIN's Hand, as follows, viz.

LETTER to Abbe SOULAIRE, occasioned by his sending me some Notes he had taken of what I had said to him in Conversation on the Theory of the Earth. I wrote it to set him right in some Points wherein he had mistaken my Meaning.

SIR,

Passy, Sept. 22, 1782.

I RETURN the Papers with some corrections. I did not find coal mines under the calcareous rock in Derbyshire. I only remarked, that at the lowest part of that rocky mountain which was in sight, there were oyster shells mixed with the stone; and part of the high county of Derby being probably as much above the level of the sea, as the coal mines of Whitehaven were below, it seemed a proof, that there had been a great *bouleversement* in the surface of that island, some part of it having been depressed under the sea, and other parts, which had been under it, being raised above it. Such changes in the superficial parts of the Globe seemed to me unlikely to happen if the Earth were solid to the centre. I therefore imagined, that the internal parts might be a fluid more dense, and of greater specific gravity than any of the solids we are acquainted with, which therefore, might swim in or upon that fluid. Thus the surface of the Globe would be a shell capable of being broken and disordered by the violent movements of the fluid on which it rested. And as air has been compressed by art so as to be twice as dense as water, in which case, if such air and water could be contained in a strong glass vessel, the air would be seen to take the lowest place, and the water to float above and upon it; and as we know not yet the degree of density to which air may be compressed, and M. Amontons calculated, that its density increasing as it approached the centre in the same proportion as above the surface, it would, at the depth of leagues, be heavier than gold, possibly the dense fluid occupying the internal parts of the globe might be air compressed. And as the force of expansion in dense air when heated, is in proportion to its density, this central air might afford another agent to move the surface, as well as be of use in keeping alive the central fires; though, as you observe, the sudden rarefaction of water, coming into contact, without those fires, may be an agent sufficiently strong for that

purpose, when acting between the incumbent earth and the fluid on which it rests.

If one might indulge imagination in supposing how such a globe was formed, I should conceive, that all the elements in separate particles being originally mixed in confusion and occupying a great space, they would (as soon as the Almighty first ordained gravity, or the mutual attraction of certain parts, and the mutual repulsion of others, to exist) all move towards their common centre; that the air being a fluid whose parts repel each other, though drawn to the common centre by their gravity, would be densest towards the centre, and rarer as more remote; consequently all bodies lighter than the central parts of that air, and immersed in it, would recede from the centre, and rise till they arrived at that region of the air which was of the same specific gravity with themselves, where they would rest; while other matter, mixed with the lighter air, would descend, and the two meeting would form the shell of the first earth, leaving the upper atmosphere nearly clear. The original movement of the parts towards their common centre would form a whirl there; which would continue upon the turning of the new-formed globe upon its axis, and the greatest diameter of the shell would be in its equator. If by any accident afterwards the axis should be changed, the dense internal fluid, by altering its form, must burst the shell, and throw all its substance into the confusion in which we find it. I will not trouble you at present with my fancies concerning the forming the rest of our system. Superior beings smile at our theories, and at our presumption in making them. I will just mention that your observation of the ferruginous nature of the lava which is thrown out from the depths of our volcanos, gave me great pleasure. It has long been a supposition of mine, that the iron contained in the substance of the globe, has made it capable of becoming, as it is, a great magnet; that the fluid of magnetism perhaps exists in all space; so that there is a magnetical North and South of the universe, as well as of this globe, and that if it were possible for a man to fly from star to star, he might govern his course by the compass; that it was by the power of this general magnetism this globe became a particular magnet. In soft or hot iron the fluid of magnetism is naturally diffused equally; when within the influence of the magnet, it is drawn to one end of the iron, made denser there and rarer at the other. While the iron continues soft and hot, it is only a temporary magnet; if it cools or grows hard in that situation, it becomes a permanent one, the magnetic fluid not easily resuming its equilibrium. Perhaps it may be owing to the permanent magnetism of this globe, which it had not at first, that its axis is at present kept parallel to itself, and not liable to the changes it formerly suffered, which occasioned the rupture of its shell, the submersions and emersions of its lands, and the confusion of its seasons. The present polar and equatorial dia-

meters differing from each other near ten leagues, it is easy to conceive, in case some power should shift the axis gradually, and place it in the present equator, and make the new equator pass through the present poles, what a sinking of the waters would happen in the present equatorial regions, and what a rising in the present polar regions; so that vast tracts would be discovered that now are under waters, and others covered that now are dry, the water rising and sinking in the different extremes near five leagues. Such an operation as this possibly occasioned much of Europe, and among the rest this Mountain of Passy on which I live, and which is composed of limestone, rock and sea shells, to be abandoned by the sea, and to change its ancient climate, which seems to have been a hot one. The globe being now become a perfect magnet, we are perhaps safe from any future change of its axis. But we are still subject to the accidents on the surface, which are occasioned by a wave in the internal ponderous fluid; and such a wave is produced by the sudden violent explosion you mention, happening from the junction of water and fire under the earth, which not only lifts the incumbent earth that is over the explosion, but impressing with the same force the fluid under it, creates a wave that may run a thousand leagues, lifting, and thereby shaking successively all the countries under which it passes. I know not whether I have expressed myself so clearly as not to get out of your sight in these reveries. If they occasion any new enquiries, and produce a better hypothesis, they will not be quite useless. You see I have given a loose to imagination, but I approve much more your method of philosophising, which proceeds upon actual observation, makes a collection of facts, and concludes no farther than those facts will warrant. In my present circumstances, that mode of studying the nature of the globe is out of my power, and therefore I have permitted myself to wander a little in the wilds of Fancy.

With great esteem, I have the honour to be, Sir, &c. &c.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

P. S. I have heard that Chymists can by their art decompose stone and wood, extracting a considerable quantity of water from the one, and air from the other. It seems natural to conclude from this, that water and air were ingredients in their original composition: for men cannot make new matter of any kind. In the same manner may we not suppose, that when we consume combustibles of all kinds, and produce heat or light, we do not create that heat or light? we only decompose a substance which received it originally as a part of its composition? Heat may thus be considered as originally in a fluid state; but, attracted by organized bodies in their growth, becomes a part of the solid. Besides this, I can conceive that in the first assemblage of the particles of

hich this earth is composed, each brought its portion of the loose heat that had been connected with it, and the whole, when pressed together, produced the internal fire which still subsists.

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No. II.

ENDORSED "LOOSE THOUGHTS ON AN UNIVERSAL FLUID."

Passy, June 25, 1784.

UNIVERSAL space, as far as we know of it, seems to be filled with a subtle fluid, whose motion, or vibration, is called light. This fluid may possibly be the same with that which being attracted by, and entering into other more solid matter, dilates the substance by separating the constituent particles, and so rendering some solids fluids, and maintaining the fluidity of others; of which fluid when our bodies are totally deprived, they are said to be frozen; when they have a proper quantity, they are in health, and fit to perform all their functions; it is then called natural heat; when too much, it is called fever; and when forced into the body in too great a quantity from without, it gives pain by separating and destroying the flesh, and is then called burning, and the fluid so entering and acting is called fire.

While organized bodies, animal or vegetable, are augmenting in growth, or are supplying their continual waste, is not this done by attracting and consolidating this fluid called fire, so as to form of it a part of their substance? And is it not a separation of the parts of such substance, which, dissolving its solid state, sets that subtle fluid at liberty, when it again makes its appearance as fire?

For the power of man relative to matter seems limited to the dividing it, or mixing the various kinds of it, or changing its form and appearance by different compositions of it; but does not extend to the making or creating of new matter; or annihilating the old. Thus, if fire be an original element, or kind of matter, its quantity is fixed and permanent in the world. We cannot destroy any part of it, or make addition to it; we can only separate it from that which confines it, and so set it at liberty; as when we put wood in a situation to be burnt; or transfer it from one solid to another, as when we make lime by burning stone, a part of the fire dislodged from the wood being left in the stone. May not this fluid, when at liberty, be capable of penetrating and entering into all bodies, organized or not, quitting easily in totality those not organized, and quitting easily in part those which are; the part assumed and fixed remaining till the body is dissolved?

Is it not this fluid which keeps asunder the particles of air, permitting them to approach, or separating them more, in proportion as its quantity is diminished or augmented? Is it not the greater gravity of the particles of air, which forces the particles of this fluid to mount with the matters to which it is attached, as smoke or vapour?

Does it not seem to have a greater affinity with water, since it will quit a solid to unite with that fluid, and go off with it in vapour, leaving the solid cold to the touch, and the degree measurable by the thermometer?

The vapour rises attached to this fluid, but at a certain height they separate, and the vapour descends in rain, retaining but little of it, in snow or hail less. What becomes of that fluid? Does it rise above our atmosphere, and mix equally with the universal mass of the same kind? or does a spherical stratum of it, denser, or less mixed with air, attracted by this globe, and repelled or pushed up only to a certain height from its surface, by the greater weight of air, remain there surrounding the globe, and proceeding with it round the sun?

In such case, as there may be a continuity, or communication of this fluid through the air quite down to the earth, is it not by the vibrations given to it by the sun that light appears to us? and may it not be, that every one of the infinitely small vibrations, striking common matter with a certain force, enter its substance, are held there by attraction, and augmented by succeeding vibrations, till the matter has received as much as their force can drive into it?

Is it not thus the surface of this globe is continually heated by such repeated vibrations in the day, and cooled by the escape of the heat when those vibrations are discontinued in the night, or intercepted and reflected by clouds?

Is it not thus that fire is amassed, and makes the greatest part of the substance of combustible bodies?

Perhaps when this globe was first formed, and its original particles took their place at certain distances from the centre, in proportion to their greater or less gravity, the fluid fire, attracted towards that centre, might in great part be obliged, as lightest, to take place above the rest, and thus from the sphere of fire above supposed, which would afterwards be continually diminishing by the substance it afforded to organized bodies, and the quantity restored to it again by the burning or other separating of the parts of those bodies?

Is not the natural heat of animals thus produced, by separating in digestion the parts of food, and setting their fire at liberty?

Is it not this sphere of fire which kindles the wandering globes that sometimes pass through it in our course round the sun, have their surface kindled by it, and burst when their included air is greatly rarefied by the heat on their burning surfaces?

ON THE  
PRISONS OF THE METROPOLIS.

TO THE PRINTER.

SIR,

A German Traveller being shewn the vast Cathedral of St. Paul's, is said to have demanded of his *Cicerone*, Whether it were not the Church of England of which he had heard so much and so often? Ridiculous as this mistake must appear to us, I question whether any reasonable or benevolent man, Mr. Printer, would be inclined, or indeed be able to laugh, if he were asked by a foreigner, Whether the King's Bench Prison were not the Jail of Great Britain? The high and gloomy walls which form its circumference appeared to me to cover a large surface of the soil of Liberty—they have kept pace with the *improvements* of the town, and extended their pomæria in no doubt the same proportion as luxury and commerce have increased the inhabitants of the capital. A man who, like myself, wanders from one extremity of the metropolis to the other, and thinks as he wanders, will form meditations more useful than pleasant from the survey of the numerous prisons and hospitals of this high-iced-city. What a mass of guilt and misfortune, of vice and misery, is confined within those walls! What a part of the Commonwealth is constantly under punishment or cure, and in either case unhappy! We behold a town of wretchedness, perhaps of crimes, a *Poneropolis*, policed, as Montaigne expresses it, by their vices themselves, and society organized from necessity, not virtue\*; a town within a town, drafted and peopled from it by folly, wickedness, and misfortune. If we turn our eyes from these gloomy spectacles to behold the wealth of our Merchants, the state of our Nobles, our River covered by a forest of masts, the population of our streets, the increase and luxury of our building; our new Theatres, the squares, the crescents, circus's, and all the imaginations of a sickly and pampered taste; is it not a melancholy reflection, Sir, that each of these should demand its proportion of jail and hospital, and that the balance should be struck with a constant and even hand between Luxury and Distress, Prodigality and Indolence, Prosperity and Misfortune! Nations have ever entertained a foolish vanity, and endeavoured to magnify the extent and population of their metropolitan cities beyond the truth. I was walking this

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\* *J'estime qu'ils dresseroient des vices memes une contexture politique entre eux, et une com-  
mode et juste societe.*



morning with a friend of mine whom I had known at Paris, and who now swells the number of his unfortunate countrymen who have sought a refuge here. The ancient garb of vanity sits not so well upon him as in those silken days when I first became acquainted with him; but he still displays its rags and tatters, and would be as much offended if Paris were supposed inferior to London, as when he possessed the most magnificent hotel and the grandest carriage within it.

*Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa  
Fortuna.*

I would not wound the feelings of any man, Mr. Printer; but least of all of the stranger and the unfortunate: but to confess the truth, I do not like to hear my country depressed or humiliated upon any point, and perhaps partake in some small degree of that national vanity which I have ventured to condemn. When I look at home and around me, Sir, I am happy to be an Englishman, and proud too. If I am wrong, let the native of some happier, wiser, honester, and braver Country reprove me; to know the existence of such an one will comfort me under my correction, and cure me of my error. When I heard my friend, therefore, extolling and preferring upon every occasion the city of Paris to London, thinking our town smaller, our population less, and preferring Notre Dame to the Abby, and St. Genevieve to St. Paul's; it occurred to me as we passed through St. George's Fields, in our ramble, to remark to him the formidable and dreadful area of one single prison for debt. "Mon bon ami," said I, "ne parlons plus des grandeurs, des ornemens; voyons un peu les miserables, et comptions les malheurs." When I had been put in mind of the Bicetre, I pursued the tenor of my discourse: "Let us not dispute," said I, "about a few streets, or the acres concealed by a prodigal magnificence. What can it signify whether your New Pantheon be comparable with our Cathedral? Of what importance is it, whether the Elysian Fields or Hyde Park, the Bois de Boulogne or Kensington Gardens, produce the gayest croud of triflers? or whether it be wiser to catch the rheumatism at our Ranelagh or your's? Let us compute by a rule unknown to vanity, and use an arithmetic new and foreign to ambition. What quarter of our town but contains a workhouse, an hospital, and a jail? On which side shall we walk but we behold a palace for the mad, or a city for the unfortunate? You talk of your Bicetre—I have entered it, and beheld wretches of every description shut up and confounded together; the madman and the murderer, the thief, the pick-pocket, and the debtor. But look upon this town of wretchedness, where none but the debtor enters; remember that all that perish here are the prey of folly and misfortune: for every wretch included within these walls exists a tyrant out of them, brooding over his revenge,

and paying no inconsiderable sum to be able to oppress his victim. Look at the number of our felons, at the classes of our mad, at the houses of our poor, at the hospitals for our unfortunate, and think of a colony founded by our crimes.—Remember that your Hotel-dieu suffices for all Paris, but here every disease fills its peculiar hospital—every crime has its appropriated prison.—Shall we strike the account? Rather let us draw a veil over those scenes which make humanity shudder, and let us remember that the luxury, the pomp, and magnificence of both these our overgrown cities, present no title to an honest exultation, since they represent their correspondent pre-eminence in vice, wretchedness and misfortune; and are but as the paint and patches of a harlot, which conceal not only her deformity but her sores.”

I am, Sir,  
Your obedient Servant,

A STROLLER;

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### FURTHER PARTICULARS

IN ADDITION TO OUR ACCOUNT OF THE

### EARL OF MOIRA.

[Continued from Page 234. in our last.]

ON the breaking out of the American troubles, Lord Rawdon went with his regiment, the 63d, to Boston. They arrived there just before the affair of Bunker's Hill; their light infantry and grenadiers were in that action, which occasioning a vacancy in the light infantry, the company was given to his Lordship. Such an appointment always does honour to an officer, but particularly so in time of war. In 1776 his Lordship moved with the army to Halifax, and from thence to New York, and was at the battle of Brooklyn. The 63d did not accompany Sir Wm. Howe in his southern expedition in 1777, but remained with Sir Henry Clinton on York Island. His Lordship was very favourably distinguished by Sir Henry Clinton, and appointed one of his Aid de Camps. He acted in this capacity when forts Montgomery and Clinton on the North River, were stormed in October 1777. The 63d was one of the regiments under General Vaughan, that stormed Fort Clinton. In 1778, on the resignation of Sir Wm. Howe and when General Clinton succeeded to the command in Chief, his Lordship was appointed Adjutant General to the army in America, in the room of Colonel Paterson, then made Brigadier General. This post is always conferred on officers of the first talents. His Lordship at the same time was made Lieut. Colonel in rank. The same year his Lordship was permitted to raise a new corps to be named the Volunteers of Ireland. It was soon completed. His

interest at Head Quarters, his rank and station, his merit and abilities, generous bounty money, great assiduity, and the number of the convention soldiers that found the way into New York, filled up the corps with great rapidity. His Lordship then got the provincial rank of Colonel. He was in high favour with Sir Henry Clinton, till autumn 1779. At that time Major Drummond, Sir Henry's old friend, and Colonel Innes, and his Lordship, all of whom had hitherto been the first men with the commander in chief, suddenly lost all their influence. The reason of this quick revolution was imputed by many to one of Sir Henry's caprices, but others better informed, knew, that Colonel Innes, who brought the account of the retaking of Georgia, when at home in 1779, managed so as to get the Provincial rank established, which hurt Sir Henry exceedingly, not only from being done without his participation, but from a pretty well grounded opinion, that it was a most unpopular step in regard to the regular officers, and was likely to give general disgust. His Lordship and the Major were said to have favoured the measures. It certainly was a political step as far as it respected attaching the Americans to the service. This object however did not weigh at head quarters. His Lordship some time after was sent to the Southward with his corps. Major Andre was appointed adjutant general in his room, and the commander in chief got the appointment confirmed by the King.

Previously to the battle of Camden, whilst his Lordship commanded in that post, he wrote the following letter, which was afterwards found in Col. Rugeley's house. This will give the military reader a good idea of his Lordship's talents.

(Secret)

Camden, July 7, 1780.

S I R,

I send you the names of some of the Field Officers who are at present under Gen. Sumpter's command. Perhaps you may have such acquaintance with some of them, at least with their characters, that you may tempt them with proposals without fear of their betraying you. The service which I would have them perform, is to advise Sumpter to advance and fix his encampment behind Berkeley Creek, where there is a very specious position.

I will promise five hundred guineas to any of them who will prevail upon him to take that step; will give you notice of it; will particularise the enemy's force, and mark what detachments are made to secure their camp from surprise. Whoever undertakes it, may depend upon the strictest secrecy being observed; for upon that head I am sure I may rely upon you. Very plausible arguments may be used for counselling Sumpter to take that position; it may particularly be represented, that he would thereby cover the Waxhaws from the incursions of our cavalry, and secure all the grain of that district; that Mecan's detachment from its halting at Hanging rock, is evidently weak, and acting on the defensive; and, that as we can support our light troops much more readily from

Hanging rock, that he can sustain his present position; his advanced parties will always be circumscribed in their range, and must always suffer when they fall in with ours. To prevent their having any apprehensions from me, reports might be propagated in their camp that Caswell had defeated M<sup>c</sup>Arthur, and was pressing forwards against me, their credulity would ardently embrace a tale so consonant to their wishes; and the asserter, in spreading it, might make a parade of his zeal. The difficulty will be to procure a proper emissary; if he conducts the business well, he shall be rewarded in proportion to the importance of the service. There is in the camp a Lieut. Col. Lacey, a prisoner on parole to us, who endeavouring to persuade Patten to follow his example, has been confined, and injuriously treated by Sumpter; possibly that may be a good channel for the business. No ill can arise from a discovery of the proposals; Sumpter might indeed pretend to give into the snare, and might lay an ambuscade for us, but, as I should march prepared for every occurrence, I might probably draw as much advantage from meeting him in that manner, as if I had been the assailant. We must only take care not to be duped, for if the person whom we try, reveals the affair to Sumpter, the latter may go halves with him and, to entitle him to the money, may encamp at Berkley's Creek one afternoon, and go off the next morning. The terms must be clear, and *bona fide* towards us at least. Should Sumpter be reinforced, I think him likely to take the step without instigation. Shew this letter to Major Mecan, and believe me, Sir,

Your very humble Servant,

Major Rugeley.

RAWDON.

His lordship commanded the left wing of Lord Cornwallis's army in the battle of Camden. He fought there at the head of his Volunteers; it was a hard service, having the rebel continentals, double in number, opposed to him. Fortunately his men were old soldiers. After the battle, he received the particular thanks of Lord Cornwallis "for his distinguished courage and abilities."

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INSTANCES OF

COWARDICE AND COURAGE IN THE SAME PERSONS.

TO THE PRINTER OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE surprising want of fortitude exhibited on the scaffold by the late French General CUSTINE, a man who on innumerable occasions had faced death almost at the cannon's mouth, without the smallest doubt of his innate courage, has been subject

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of wonder to many persons; we learn, indeed, that he hesitated, contrived paltry evasions to gain a few moments of time, and at length was actually brought to the guillotine by force. This want of courage, however, in the hour of premature death, is by no means singular in the annals of History; for men have appeared in different periods of their lives in such opposite characters, that it is very difficult for the world to judge, whether the greatest men who have figured on the stage of life, really deserved the epithets of hero, or coward. Some have distinguished themselves with great bravery in the field on one occasion, who have been greatly censured for cowardice in other trials, even when their own interest was more immediately concerned, or perhaps were found wanting in spirit at a time, that their own and families being, as a prince, and a man, hung upon the chance, or resolute exertion, of a single hour. Of such kind of instances, we have one very striking, in the conduct of King James the Second. When he was Duke of York and Lord High Admiral of England, in the engagement he had against the Dutch fleet, he certainly gave proofs of personal bravery, as well as of being a most able naval commander. Indeed, that favourite of fortune, and monster of ingratitude, the minion who had been raised from obscurity by his bounty, and who deserted him in the hour of his adversity, the Duke of Marlborough, always had the sincerity to declare, that James was a man of real courage, and an able general. Yet when three kingdoms were at stake, when the ingratitude of William should have stimulated him to revenge, and the indignity of being thrust out of his kingdom by a Hollander, whose power he had defeated, when he was only High Admiral, should have rather made him prefer death to the disgrace of being beaten by a paltry state, joined only by a few of his own rebellious subjects; yet at the battle of the Boyne, his warmest partizans allow, that he behaved like an ignorant poltroon. And then at last, in his adversity, he bore himself under his misfortunes with an heroic firmness of mind. Such inconsistent parts men act on different occasions in life.

Admiral Byng is another instance of such contradictions in the same person, with respect to fortitude. He bravely met his adversaries often face to face, and conducted himself nobly. He was afterwards sentenced to be shot for cowardice, in the engagement in the Mediterranean before Mahon. And at last suffered death with such boldness and resolution, as would do honour to the greatest heroes of antiquity. It is difficult to pronounce men to have been cowards, who have looked death in the face with a becoming steadfastness; yet, both King James and Admiral Byng, to this hour, are looked upon to have been such, by the generality of mankind.

Contrast their conduct in life with two other characters, who really deserve to be stigmatized for timidity much more than they; and yet mankind universally allow them to have been the bravest of men. The one is the famous Count Patkul, who so signalized

himself in the wars against Charles the Twelfth of Sweden. He was at last taken prisoner by that enterprising prince, and as he had been born in a country that owed allegiance to the Swedes, the King was determined to punish him as a rebel, and not to admit him as a prisoner of war. The foreign ministers interceded with Charles, but to no purpose, to spare the life of this unfortunate general. The past services which he had done to the King's enemies, rendered all supplications ineffectual to save him. On this trying occasion, when real fortitude was so much required, the Count sunk into more than the weakness of a child. He petitioned, he blubbered, and cried incessantly; and the night before he was to be executed, he begged of the clergyman who was to attend him, that if his sentence was to die upon the rack, that he would not tell him of it, as he could not bear the sound of such a painful death. At the place of execution, on seeing the wheel, he discovered every symptom of dread, terror, and cowardice; and expired in the most dastardly lamentations.

The other relation that I shall give, is of the Marshal Duke de Biron of France. He was always deemed a most active and successful general, and, so far from being ever accused of the want of personal courage, was generally censured for running himself into needless danger in the day of battle. He had seen a vast deal of service, and was universally acknowledged to be a man of extreme valour. Afterwards, for repeated insurrections and conspiracies against the King, he was at last condemned to lose his head. From the moment that sentence was pronounced against him, his spirits forsook him. He cried and lamented his fate day and night, and when he was led to the stage, he was so very childish as to pray the executioner to hide the sword with which he was to be decollated, whimpering that he could not bear the sight of it. One of his officers who had served under him in all his wars, and who had accompanied him to the scaffold, being fired with indignation at his unmanly deportment, in order to rouse his spirits, addressed him in this manner. "What, my Lord, is this the conduct of the Marshal Duke de Biron, whom I have beheld with rapture look death in the face in so many dangerous encounters, and in so many various shapes?" "True," replied the Duke, "I have often fronted danger, but Death never looked me in the face before this moment." He afterwards childishly delayed the time for giving the signal, till at last the executioner's patience being wearied out, he came behind him, and while he was talking in a frantic manner, his head was severed from his body at one stroke.

For the FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

FLORIO;

OR,

THE ABUSE OF RICHES.

*Divitiarum non possessio, sed contemptus ac laudabilis usus beatum facit.*

HOR.

WERE the duration of human life extended to the term of a thousand years, instead of being limited, generally speaking, to that of threescore and ten, men could not be less attentive to the duties, nor less apprehensive than they are of the end, of this state of probation. Life seems not to afford what can be called enjoyment, but is spent in a continual exertion of every faculty to prepare and heap up matter for something future. On the folly of this I cannot better speak than in the language of Cowley:

*Why dost thou heap up wealth which thou must quit,*

*- Or, what is worse, be left by it?*

*Why dost thou load thyself, when thou'rt to fly,*

*Oh man ordain'd to die!*

In another place, he says, "If you should see a man who had to cross from Dover to Calais, run about very busy and solicitous, and trouble himself many weeks before in making provisions for his voyage, would you commend him for a cautious and discreet person, or laugh at him for a timorous and impertinent coxcomb? A man who is excessive in his pains and diligence, and who consumes the greatest part of his time in furnishing the remainder with all conveniencies and even superfluities, is to angels and wise men no less ridiculous; he does as little consider the shortness of his passage that he might proportion his cares accordingly. It is, alas! so narrow a streight betwixt the womb and the grave, that it might be called the *Pas de Vie*, as well as that the *Pas de Calais*."

FLORIO set out in the world with an ample fortune derived from his father, who, though a man of letters was also a man of wealth, which is indeed no very common accident. From his father's study and experience FLORIO had gained many excellent lessons for his moral conduct, among which none had been more strongly inculcated than that of Prudence, as in his father's opinion none seemed more necessary considering his early accession to the

goods of fortune. FLORIO had likewise been taught, that true happiness consists not in present enjoyment, but in the pursuit of it. Excellent; however, as this maxim is in itself, there is perhaps no other so open to misconstruction.

FLORIO was left in possession of a very large estate, about forty miles from London. It will be sufficient, if, instead of particularising, I observe, that had he not himself resided on it, it might have been let for near a thousand a year. There was nothing wanting to have made it a seat of Happiness to beings of a different mode of thinking. But FLORIO, now unencumbered by the control of a *preaching parent*, discovered that he was never formed to pass a serene or contemplative (which he termed an insipid) life. He soon saw with an eye of displeasure, that a poor cottage situated at the bottom of his lawn, and which had been for forty years the residence of an aged, but happy pair, occupied a spot which he conceived might be to more advantage converted to the purpose of a canal. Unmoved by the entreaties of the poor husbandman and his rib, and earnest indeed were their pleas grounded on a natural attachment to a spot which had been so many years the seat of rural labour, rural simplicity, and conjugal happiness, the axe was laid to the slender props of the hut, and the blow that levelled the whole with the earth struck the hearts of Rusticus and Ruricola. They witnessed the scene; their tears—curse on the cause!—would have softened any breast not rendered callous by the demon Avarice. This is a picture pen can never truly paint. Driven from a place rendered by length of time so dear to them, they survived not many months the hard and unmerited expulsion. FLORIO, however, felt nothing when he was told of their melancholy fate. Had he lost a hound of his pack, or had one of his stud died a natural death, he had lamented it as an irreparable loss, and perhaps have inconsolable for a month.

Not to enlarge upon minutiae, for which I have neither time nor inclination, FLORIO went on from day to day, from month to month, planning and anxiously superintending the execution of plans for the enlarging of his estate, and the consequent increase of his wealth. He could scarcely eat a meal with content or cheerfulness, or allow himself an hour's relaxation from the toil of the day; at night, when Nature pointed every being to repose, FLORIO was the prey of anxiety and solicitude about the event of some of his schemes. "If," he would say, "such an alteration, after all my expence, my labour and pains, add not to my riches, there will be a summer's employment entirely thrown away." In thirty years FLORIO had not enjoyed a month's real satisfaction or content of mind; and in thirty years he had done good to no individual around him; he had been a thousand times solicited to accord comfort to the afflicted and unfortunate, and a thousand times in vain; he dashed the cup of blessings from his lips. The prayers to Heaven of the relieved poor, the greatest



the most sublime pleasure the human heart can feel—these weighed nothing in FLORIO's mind in the scale opposed to that of enlarging a barn, erecting a *deceptio visus*, or procuring the completest stud or pack in the county; which last, indeed, he kept more for show than for use.

The maledictions of those whom he had injured by his encroachments and oppressions were at last heard; and that Providence, whose good gifts he had so long perverted, poured its vengeance on his head. It was in the act of commanding a cottage to be converted to a kennel for his hounds, that he was seized with an apoplexy, and fell lifeless to the earth: and thus was an end put to the life of a wretch, who had not grace to sit down with a grateful heart to God for what was amply sufficient for all the purposes of man.

*Inserere nunc Melibœæ pyros, pone ordine vites.*

VIRG.

Go, Melibœus, now,

Go graft thy orchards and thy vineyards plant;

Behold the fruit!

S. J.

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ON THE

TITLE OF ESQUIRE.

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THAT the honours of nobility may, even by creation, as well as natural descent, fall upon unworthy persons, is a fact which it would be foolish to deny, because it would be impossible; and which it would be weak to repine at, because it is the fate of all institutions not to be able to exclude certain abuses. A profession is not lessened in the eyes of a sensible man, because an unworthy person has been admitted into it; and with all the faults of individual noblemen, it will be found, that the institution of the peerage has been the nurse of patriotism and public virtue, and impresses the mind with a kind of superior caution against vice, cowardice, and perfidy, which the general mass of mankind are without. It is not, however, my intention, in the following observations, to interfere at all in speculative questions on the advantages or disadvantages of created or hereditary nobility; but to point out the absurd abuse of a title, which, from vanity and foolish complaisance, has been so generally extended, as to lose its dignity, and become almost a term of reproach.

The title I mean is that of *Esquire*, appended to the name by the common abbreviation *Esq.* Let us consider what this title was

originally, and what it legally is, and we shall soon be convinced, that the indiscriminate use of it is totally without foundation upon any known law, or source of honour. In this part of my subject, I am principally, though not altogether, assisted, by the learned author of "Commentaries on the Laws of England."

Esquires are said, by Camden, to consist of four classes. 1. The eldest sons of knights, and their eldest sons in perpetual succession. 2. The eldest sons of younger sons of peers, and their eldest sons in like perpetual succession; both which species of esquires, Sir Henry Spelman entitles *armigeri natalitii*. 3. Esquires created by the king's letters-patent, or other investiture; and their eldest sons. 4. Esquires by virtue of their office; as justices of the peace, and others, who may bear any office of trust under the crown. To these may be added the esquires of the knights of the bath, each of whom constitutes three at his installation; and all foreign, and even Irish peers; for not only these, but the eldest sons of peers of Great Britain, though frequently titular lords, are only esquires in law, and must be so named in all legal proceedings. It may be observed, however, that the first two distinctions or classes, enumerated by Camden, have long ceased to exist: for the title of knight, gives not the title of esquire to the eldest son, who may perhaps be a common, and often a low mechanic, and must, according to the statute 1. Hen V. c. 5. be designated by his mystery or trade, in all writs, &c.

Esquires and *gentlemen* are confounded together by Sir Edward Coke, who observes, that every esquire is a gentleman, and a gentleman is defined to be one *qui arma gerit*, who bears coat-armour, the grant of which adds gentility to a man's family. "It is, indeed," says Blackstone, "a matter somewhat unsettled, what constitutes the distinction, or who is a real *esquire*; for it is not an estate, however large, that confers this rank upon its owner. But to the list given above, the following may be added, mayors of towns, counsellors at law, serjeants of the several offices of the king's court, and other officers of note. These are all entitled to be called esquires, and none others."

The title of Esquire, therefore, like all other titles, proceeds directly, or indirectly, from the king as the fountain of all honour, and it can be conferred by no other person, nor assumed by any person from vanity or caprice. But if this be the law, how strangely different is the practice of modern times! Tradesmen and mechanics, of all descriptions, confer this title upon each other: and many do not even scruple to write *esquire* to their names in books of subscription. But no individual in this kingdom (his majesty only excepted) can confer any title; and if foolish custom or complaisance allow men to dub each other esquires, an equally foolish and equally well-founded custom may, in time, induce them to prefix the title *Honourable* to their names. If caprice is to govern in one thing, it may in all; for caprice is boundless, and human vanity will always furnish it with an apology.

But mechanics and tradesmen are not the only persons who assume the title *Esquire* without the right to it. The higher orders of commercial men, such as *merchants* and *bankers*, assume it with no better title; nor can the landed interest prove that they have a superior claim: for as Blackstone observes, an estate, however large, does not confer this rank upon its owner. But, in flat contradiction to those of honour, how many thousand esquires does this nation contain \*! Beside persons concerned in trade, it is assumed by every man who has no visible means of living, and who therefore calls himself a *gentleman*, and is by others denominated an esquire. Even debtors in jail are frequently addressed by this title; and I recollect to have seen, in a newspaper, under the head of Old Bailey Intelligence, the "Trial of George Barrington, *Esquire*," the most infamous pickpocket and thief that ever disgraced a good understanding. Is not this enough to sicken us of *Squireship*?

Low mechanics retired from business, and who repair to Hampstead or Hackney, to doze away the remainder of their lives in solitude which they cannot improve, or diversions of which they cannot partake, are to a man *Esquires*.—It was said above, that persons enjoying patent places under the king, or offices of municipal administration, are entitled to the rank and title of Esquire; such as commissioners of the customs, excise, comptrollers, &c. To render this as ridiculous as possible, we find the title of *Esquire* almost always bestowed on persons who enjoy the *high office* of *Stewards* to tavern dinners. Whether they enjoy this title only *durante officio*, or for life, with remainder to their eldest sons, I know not; but his majesty's gift appears to lose considerably of its value, since his privilege of conferring honours can be assumed by *Codgers*, *Odd Fellows*, and *Easy Jobs*!

If the question be asked, why the title of *Esquire* is thus confounded, and rendered common to the meanest as well as the greatest, I know of no answer but by referring to *vanity*; a principle in our nature too often powerful enough to acquire the mastery over reason and common sense. There is often a very great degree of vanity in ostentatiously proclaiming the titles to which we have a right; and it is perhaps always a sign of weakness to value ourselves on names, which abstractedly imply no intellectual merit, and no superior virtue. But to assume a title to which we have no right, is an uncommon degree of arrogance; and to be proud of it, may, without any breach of Christian charity, be denominated a very

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\* The author of the *Tatler*, in No. 19, says: "To the utter disgrace and confusion of the heralds, every pretender is admitted into this fraternity (of squires) even persons the most foreign to this courteous institution. I have taken an inventory of all within this city, and looked over every letter in the Post-Office, for my better information. There are of the Middle Temple, including all in the buttry books, and in the lists of the house, five thousand. In the inner, four thousand. In the King's-bench-walks, the whole buildings are inhabited by Esquires only, &c." Steele pursues the subject in a happy vein of irony, and I beg to refer my readers to the paper.

great defect in the understanding. It is, indeed, a species of childishness; for we observe that children are remarkably fond of "playing at lords, dukes, generals, and judges;" mimicking the consequence which they conceive to be attached to such elevated ranks.

To a man fond of the title of Esquire, I would perhaps address my self in terms like these: "You have been dubbed *Esquire*, by persons who have not the power to confer the title upon you. Here is one who wrote you down Esquire, because you appeared well-drest; your title, therefore, consists in externals, and the taylor is *your* fountain of honour; there is another man who addresses you Esquire on the cover of his letter, and he wants to borrow money of you; your best method will be to address him Esquire, and refuse the request; for a title, which confers no merit, is dearly bought by a dividend of sixpence in the pound. But perhaps you may say, if a man addresses me as *Esquire*, I cannot do less than return the compliment; common politeness requires it. Very true; and depend upon it, he expects it; for he knows that common politeness will have weight with you, though common sense has none with him. But if you are yourself fond of this title, let me mention a circumstance which ought, in some measure, to lessen its charms. All titles are estimable in proportion to their scarcity, as all metals are valuable in proportion to their scarcity. Now, as the title of *Esquire* is at present bestowed upon five hundred times more persons than it was thirty years ago, and is becoming every day more common, you may perceive that a time is approaching when it will be *universal*, and an equality of Esquireship will prevail. You will then be on a level with the mass of mankind, and your out-door clerk will be as good a squire as yourself. The title then will lose its value, and be as common and *contemptible* as *Mister* is now in the eyes of you *Esquires*. This consideration, since it is an appeal to vanity, which is the parent of promiscuous esquires, ought to be well attended to; for what resource will then be left to you? I cannot suppose that you will become self-created Knights, or Baronets; for the law will not allow you, unless you can set up the plea insanity or idiotism; but let me tell you, in the mean time, that by being pleased with the title of Esquire, which does not belong to you, you share very much in the temper and disposition of that self-created Knight Sir Jeffrey Dunstan,"

To all this the reply may be, that a merchant, banker, or *gentleman*, who is commonly styled *Esquire*, might be offended if any person of my way of thinking were to degrade him to plain *Mister*. And this, in all probability, would be the case with many; for where a certain reverence is generally paid to a man, to withhold it marks a difference of opinion that may easily be construed into contempt or disrespect. Where there is danger that this may be the case, it may be prudent to abide by general custom, though it is

impossible for an obscure individual to entertain a very great respect for a man who took it amiss that he did not confer a title which no man has a right to confer, and who is so weak as to be jealous of an empty name. The purpose of this paper, however, is to awaken the attention of *Esquires* to the insignificance of the title; as men of sense they cannot be ignorant of this; but long custom may have reconciled them to it, as custom will to many absurdities; and an honest man, the moment he finds himself possessed of that to which he has no right, will resign it contentedly.

To be proud of what does not of right belong to us, is to acknowledge a principle of injustice, and of all things that men are proud of, I know not that I could have selected one so insignificant in itself as that which has been the subject of this paper. It may, indeed, be remarked, that a fondness for titles, even where regularly conferred, is often the symptom of a departure from internal worth. Where the latter shines in its fullest lustre, we seldom find a desire for external distinctions, nor can it derive the smallest aid from them. All titles will seem little in the eye of a philosopher, and nothing in that of a Christian. Where they exist without virtue and without talents, they render the want of these the more conspicuous, and the individual the more contemptible. The record they bear to posterity is that of splendid infamy, and eminent insignificance. A virtuous, active, and useful life is beyond all title, and stands in need of none. And, if we consider how useless the most dignified rank is to confer happiness, still more meanly must we think of those who repine, because they are refused a title which, in reality, confers no rank; or, if it did, cannot belong to them. The calamities of human life respect no distinctions of rank; and fallen grandeur is the most deplorable spectacle of human misery. To be pleased with trifles is the province of childhood; age and maturity ought to set at naught petty distinctions, that can imply no merit, and which being self-assumed, argue the veriest of all species of vanity. The time is fast hastening, when the insignificance of such honours will make us ashamed that we ever coveted them, and when nothing will be found of real value but the reflections of a spotless mind, that has been laudably employed in exertions of wisdom, and acts of goodness, to promote the welfare and happiness of mankind.

SIMPLEX,

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AN

### ORIENTAL FABLE.

**T**IME, the devourer of all things, has premitted me to be the spectator of a long series of events. The colour of my locks is now changed to that of the swans, which sport in the gardens of the mighty kings of the earth. Age and experience have taught me to believe, that the sovereign disposer of our destinies has given to

man a heart susceptible of virtue, and a soul capable of tasting the pleasures which arise from doing good. A noble and disinterested action must, somewhere, meet with its reward. Listen, O! sons of Adam, listen to my faithful tale!

In one of those delightful vallies, which cut the chain of the mountains in Arabia, for a long time lived a rich pastor. He was happy, because he was content, and his happiness consisted in doing good. One day, as he was walking on the enamelled borders of a torrent, under the shade of a grove of palm trees, which extended their verdant branches even to the heads of the lofty cedars, with which the top of the mountain was crowned, he heard a voice which frequently echoed into the valley the most piercing cries, and sometimes low murmuring plaints, which were lost in the noise of the torrent.

The venerable pastor hastened to the place from whence the voice proceeded: he saw a young man, prostrate on the sand at the foot of a rock: his garments were torn, and his hair in wild confusion covered his face, on which were easily to be traced the flowers of beauty faded by grief. Tears trickled down his cheeks, and his head was sunk on his bosom: he appeared like the rose, which the rude blasts of a storm has levelled to the earth. The pastor was touched at the sight. He approached the youth, and said to him, "O, child of grief, hasten to my arms! let me press to my bosom the offspring of despair!"

The youth lifted up his head in mournful silence. With astonishment he fixed his eyes on the pastor; for he supposed no human being was capable of feeling for his sufferings. The sight of so venerable a figure inspired him with confidence, and he perceived in his eyes the tear of pity, and the fire of generosity. If to a generous soul it is pleasure to complain, and unfold the injured secrets of the heart, that pleasure surely must be heightened, when we complain to those, who will not shut their ears to the voice of truth, but will weigh every thing in the scale of reason, even though those truths may be disagreeable, and such as they wish to have no existence.

The youth rose up, covered with dust, and, as he flew to the arms of the pastor, uttered cries, which the neighbouring mountains trebly echoed. "O, my father! (said he) O my father!" when he had a little recovered himself, after the tender embraces and the wise counsels of the old man, who asked him many questions.

"It is (continued the unfortunate youth) behind those lofty cedars, which you behold on those high mountains, it is there dwells Shel-Adar, the father of Fatima. The abode of my father is not far distant from thence. Fatima is the most beautiful damsel among all those of the mountains. I offered my service to Shel-Adar, to conduct one particular part of his flock, and he accepted my service. The father of Fatima is rich, mine is poor. I fell in love with Fatima, Fatima fell in love with me. Her father perceived it, and I was ordered to retire from that quarter in which lived the beautiful Fatima. I besought Shel-Adar in the most suppliant term to permit me to attend his most distant

“flocks, where I could have no opportunity of addressing the object of my heart. My intreaties were in vain, and I was commanded instantly to retire. My mother indeed is no more; but I have an aged father, and two brothers so young, that they can yet hardly reach the most humble of the palm-tree branches. They have long depended on me for support; that support is now at an end. Let me die, hoary-headed Sire, and put an end to my woes.”

The beneficent pastor conducted the youth to his own habitation, and the next morning, after having caused him to bathe in the waters of comfort, conducted him to the valley of Shel-Adar. They were followed by a herd of sheep, whiter than the summit of the highest mountain when covered by the winter's snow, and a number of horses more beautiful and nimble than that on which rode the prophet Mahomet.

The pastor approached Shel-Adar, and thus spoke to him: “A dove from Aleppo took refuge at Damas, and lived with a dove of that country; the master feared that the dove from Aleppo would one day entice away her companion, and therefore caused them to be separated. They would eat no grain but that which they received when together. They languished, they died. O Shel-Adar, separate not those who cannot live, unless they live together!”

Shel-Adar listened with attention to the words of the pastor, and when he understood that the flock and the horses he had brought with him were now given to the bewailing youth, he took Fatima by the hand, and led her to the arms of her lover. They retired to the neighbouring grove, where the swains from the mountains assembled around them, crowned them with garlands, and in circles tripped over the enamelled grass to the sweet notes of the lute.

The day had passed too swiftly, when the twinkling stars appear in the heavens, gave the signal for retiring each to their habitation. The reverend Sire then withdrew, but not till he had uttered these words:

“Hearken, ye tender branches, to your parent stock, bend to the lessons of instruction and imbibe the maxims of age and experience. As the pismire creeps not to its labour till led by its elders, as the young eagle soars not to the sun, but under the shadow of its mother's wing, so neither doth the child of mortality spring forth to action, unless the parent hand point out its destined labour. Dangerous are the desires of the flesh, and mean the pursuits of the sons of the earth. They stretch out their sinews, like the patient mule; they persevere in their chase after trifles, as the camel in the desert. As the leopard springs on his prey, so doth man rejoice over his riches; and basks in the sun of slothfulness, like the lion's cub. On the stream of life float the bodies of the careless and intemperate, as the carcasses of the dead on the waves of the Tigris. Wish not to enjoy life longer than you wish to do good.”

ANECDOTES  
OF  
DR. GOLDSMITH.

DR. JOHNSON did not think the life of any literary man in England well written; "for besides," says he, "the common incidents of life, it should tell us his studies, his private anecdotes, and modes of living—the means by which he attained to excellence, and his opinion of his own works." Upon this idea the following circumstances relative to the life of Dr. Goldsmith (hitherto unpublished) are given by a person who lived in the closest habits of intimacy with the Doctor for the last ten years of his life.

Dr. Goldsmith's first establishment in London, after his travels, was as journeyman to a chymist near Fish-street-hill; and hearing that his friend Dr. Sleigh (formerly a fellow-student of his at Edinburgh) was in town, he waited with anxiety for the Sunday following to pay him a visit; "but notwithstanding it was Sunday," said the Doctor, "and it is to be supposed in my best clothes, Sleigh scarcely knew me—*such is the tax the unfortunate pay to poverty*—however, when he did recollect me, I found his heart as warm as ever, and he shared his purse and friendship with me during his continuance in London."<sup>\*</sup>

By the recommendation of his principal, the chymist, who saw in Goldsmith talents above his condition, he soon after became an usher to the Rev. Dr. Milner's Academy, at Peckham, where he continued till such time as his criticisms in the Monthly Review introduced him to the acquaintance of Mr. Griffith, the principal proprietor, who engaged him in the compilation of it.

The circumstance of his being usher at Peckham Academy was the only æra of Goldsmith's life that he was vain enough to be ashamed of, forgetting "that a man cannot become mean by a mean employment." He frequently used to talk of his distresses on the Continent, such as living on the hospitalities of the friars in convents, sleeping in barns, and picking up a kind of mendicant livelihood, by the German flute, with great pleasantry; but the *little story of Peckham School* he always carefully avoided; and when an old friend one day very innocently made use of that

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\* Dr. Sleigh afterwards settled as a Physician at Cork, his native city, and was rising rapidly into eminence, when he was cut off in the flower of his age, by an inflammatory fever, which at once deprived the world of a fine scholar, a sound physician, and an honest man.



common phrase, "Oh! that's all a holiday at Peckham," he reddened with great indignation, and asked him, "Whether he meant to affront him?"

Dr. Goldsmith's first settled residence in London was in Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey, where being introduced to the late Mr. Newbery, of whom the Doctor always spoke with the highest respect and gratitude, he gave him a department in the Public Ledger, where the Doctor wrote those periodical papers called "Chinese Letters," which now appear in his Works under the title of "The Citizen of the World."

The Doctor used to tell many pleasant stories of Mr. Newbery, who, he said, was the patron of more distressed authors than any man of his time.—The following one of—Anet, a man who had been pilloried for some deistical writings, and who was then in St. George's-fields for debt, he used to relate with much colloquial humour; Anet, whilst he was in prison, had written a little treatise on the English Grammar, which he sent Goldsmith, begging his intercession with Mr. Newbery to dispose of it. The compassion of the Bookseiler met that of the Poet's, and they called together one evening at Anet's apartments in St. George's-fields. After the usual forms of introduction, the price of the manuscript was talked of, when Mr. Newbery very generously, and much above the expectation of the Author, said, "he would give him *ten guineas* for it." The bargain was instantly struck, and Anet, by way of shewing his gratitude, said, he would add a dedication to it, along with his *name*. This was the very thing Newbery wanted to avoid, and which gave rise to the following curious dialogue:

"But, Mr. Anet," says Mr. Newbery, in his grave manner, "would putting your name to it, do you think, increase the value of your book?"

A.—"Why not, Sir?"

N.—"Consider a bit, Mr. Anet."

A.—"Well, Sir, I do, what then?"

N.—"Why, then, Sir, you must *recollect* that you have been *pilloried*, and that can be no recommendation to any man's book."

A.—"I grant I have been pilloried—but I am not the first man that has had this accident; besides, Sir, the public very often support a man the more for his *unavoidable* misfortunes."

N.—"*Unavoidable*, Mr. Anet!—why, Sir, you brought it on yourself by writing against the established religion of your country, and let me tell you, Mr. Anet, a man who is supposed to have forfeited his ears on such an account stands but a poor candidate for public favour."

A.—"Well, well, Mr. Newbery (getting into a passion), it does not signify talking—you either suffer me to put my name to it, or, by G—! you publish no book of mine."

N.—"Very well, Sir,—you do as you please in respect to that matter—but if you have no regard to your reputation, I have some far

mine. So, Mr. Anet, a good evening to you."—Here the conversation ended, and, I believe, the book was never since published.

Dr. Johnson observes, in his Life of Milton, that his biographers have been careful in mentioning historically every house in which this great poet lived, "as if it were an injury to neglect naming any place that he honoured by his presence." Without being scrupulously attached to this principle, I shall mention the different residences of Goldsmith, only as they afford a pleasing kind of information to sympathetic minds, and mark the gradual progress of his advancements in fortune and literary reputation.

The Doctor, soon after his acquaintance with Newbery, for whom he held "the pen of a ready writer," removed to lodgings in Wine-office-court, Fleet-street, where he finished his "Vicar of Wakefield," and on which his friend Newbery advanced him *twenty guineas*: "A sum," says the Doctor, "I was so little used to receive in a lump, that I felt myself under the embarrassment of Captain Brazen in the play, "whether I should build a privateer or a playhouse with the money."

About the same time he published "The Traveller, or, A Prospect of Society," Part of this Poem, as he says in his dedication to his brother, the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, was formerly written to him from Switzerland," and contained about two hundred lines. This manuscript lay by the Doctor some years, without any determined idea of publishing, till persuaded to it by his friend Dr. Johnson, who gave him some general hints towards enlarging it, and in particular, as I have been informed, the concluding lines of that poem, which Goldsmith has thus very beautifully versified:

*"In every government though terrors reign,  
Though tyrant king, or tyrant laws restrain,  
How small of all that human hearts endure,  
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure?  
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd  
Our own felicity we make or find;  
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,  
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy;  
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,  
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,  
To men remote from power—but rarely known,  
Leave reason, faith, and conscience all our own."*

Dr. Johnson, though no stranger to Goldsmith's oddities, always spoke respectably of his genius, and praised "The Traveller"

as abounding with many beauties, particularly that fine character of the English nation beginning:

“*Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,  
And flies where Britain courts the western spring,  
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,  
And brighter streams than jam'd Hydaspis glide.*”

He frequently repeated the whole of this beautiful picture with an energy which did great honour to the Poet.

The fame of this Poem not only established him as an Author of celebrity amongst the Booksellers, but introduced him to several of the literary and men of eminence. Amongst these were the Right Hon. Lord Nugent, Edmund Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Dr. Nugent, Topham, Beauclerc, Mr. Dyer, &c. &c. who took a pleasure in the Doctor's conversation, and by turns laughed at his blunders, and admired the simplicity of the man, and the elegance of his poetical talents.

The Doctor now becoming quite *renomme*, he made his appearance in a more professional manner than usual, viz. a scarlet great coat buttoned close under the chin, a physical wig and cane, as was the fashion of the times, and declined visiting many of those public places which formerly were so convenient to him in point of expence, and which contributed so much to his amusement. “In truth,” said the Doctor, (a favourite phrase of his), *one sacrifices something for the sake of good company, for here I'm shut out of several places where I used to play the fool very agreeably.*”

His acquaintance with Lloyd the author, and colleague of Churchill, commenced just about this time, and the particulars of the introduction are too curious to omit in this biographical sketch.

Goldsmith sitting one morning at the Chapter Coffee-house, Lloyd came up to him with great frankness, and asked him how he did? The Doctor, who certainly was a very modest man, seeing a stranger accost him so intimately, shrunk back a little, and returned his enquiries with an air of distant civility. “Pho! pho!” says Lloyd, “my name is Lloyd, and you are Dr. Goldsmith, who, though not formally introduced to one another, should be acquainted as brother poets and literary men; therefore, without any ceremony, will you sup with me this evening at this house, where you will meet half-a-dozen honest fellows, who, I think, will please you.” The Doctor, who admired the frankness of the introduction, immediately accepted the invitation, and met him at the appointed hour.

The party, which principally consisted of Authors and Booksellers, was, as Lloyd predicted, quite agreeable to the Doctor, and the glass circulated to a late hour in the morning. A little

before the company broke up, Lloyd went out of the room, and, in a few minutes afterwards, his voice was heard rather loud in the adjoining passage in conversation with the master of the house. Goldsmith immediately flew to his new friend, to enquire what was the matter, when Lloyd, with great *sang froid*, replied, "Oh! nothing at all, but that this very *cautious* gentleman here has refused *my note on demand* for the contents of the reckoning."—"You forget at the same time," says the other, "to tell Dr. Goldsmith that you owe me between fourteen and fifteen pounds already, which I can't get a farthing of; and since you have thought proper to explain matters so publicly, I now tell you, I will neither take your word nor your note for the reckoning?"—"Pho! pho!" says Goldsmith, "my dear boy, let's have no more words about the matter, 'tis not the first time a gentleman has wanted cash; will you accept my word for the reckoning?"—"Most certainly, Doctor, and for as much more as you like."—"Why then," says Lloyd, whispering to the master, and forgetting all animosities, "send in another cast of wine, and add it to the bill."

The wine was accordingly sent in—the Doctor pledged his word for the reckoning, and in a few weeks afterwards paid it, without ever hearing any thing more about it from Lloyd, who, upon this and similar occasions, *had a very short memory*.

Soon after the publication of his "Traveller" he removed from Wine-Office-Court to the Library Staircase, Inner-Temple, and at the same time took a country-house, in conjunction with Mr. Bot, an intimate literary friend of his, on the Edgeware-road, at the back of ~~off~~ Cannons." This place he jocularly called, "Shoemaker's Paradise," being originally built by one of the craft, who laid out somewhat less than half an acre, with a small house, two rooms on a floor, with flying Mercuries, *jettes d'eau's*, and all the false taste which Mr. Murphy so happily ridicules in his farce of "Three Weeks After Marriage."

Here he wrote his "History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son," a work generally attributed to George Lord Lyttelton, and what is rather singular, never contradicted; either directly or indirectly, by that Nobleman or any of his friends. This book had a very rapid sale, went through many editions in the Author's life-time, and continues to be esteemed one of the most useful introductions, of that sort, to the study of our history.

His manner of compiling this History was as follows:—he first read in a morning from Hume, Rapin, and sometimes Kennet, as much as he designed for one letter, marking down the passages referred to on a sheet of paper, with remarks. He then rode or walked out with a friend or two, who he constantly had with him, returned to dinner, spent the day generally convivially, without much drinking (which he was never in the habit of), and

when he went up to bed took up his books and paper with him, where he generally wrote the chapter, or the best part of it, before he went to rest. This latter exercise cost him very little trouble, he said; for having all his materials ready for him, he wrote it with as much facility as a common letter.

But of all his compilations, he used to say, his "Selections of English Poetry" shewed more "the art of profession." Here he did nothing but mark the particular passages with a red lead pencil, and for this he got *two hundred pounds*—but then he used to add, "a man shews his judgment in these selections, and he may be often twenty years of his life cultivating that judgment.

In 1768, he brought out, "The Good Natured Man," a Comedy, which, though evidently written by a scholar and a man of observation, did not please equal to its merits. Nothing shews the prevalence of fashion in literary matters more than the want of success in this comedy. Sentimental writing had then got possession of the stage, and nothing but morality and sententious writing lifted upon stilts, could meet the vitiated taste of the audience; in vain did the fine writing and yet finer acting of *Croaker* (a character in the play), engage the applause of the judicious few—in vain did the *bailiff* scene mark with true comic discrimination the manners of that tribe, with the elegant and embarrassed feelings of the benevolent man. The predominant cry of the prejudiced and illiterate part of the pit was, "it was low—it was d—mn'd vulgar, &c." and this *barbarous judgment* had very nearly damned this comedy the very first night, but for the uncommon exertions of the Author's friends, in whom were included all the judges and amateurs of dramatic excellence.

It is even doubtful whether these would have been sufficient to save the play, was it not for *Croaker's* admirable reading of the *incendiary letter* in the fourth act. To be composed at so truly comic an exhibition, "must have exceeded all power of face;" even the rigid moral-mongers of the pit forgot their usual severity on this occasion, and their *nature*, truer than their *judgments*, joined in the full-toned roar of approbation. Goldsmith himself was so charmed with this performance of Shuter's, that he followed him into the green-room after the play was over, and thanked him in his honest, sincere manner, before all the performers; telling him "he had exceeded his own idea of the character, and that the fine comic richness of his colouring made it almost appear as new to him as to any other person in the house."

The Doctor followed up this compliment with a more solid one, by giving him ten guineas for his benefit ticket the same season.

[To be continued.]

THE  
WOODEN LEG:  
AN HELVETIC TALE.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF GESNER.]

ON the mountain from whence the torrent of Runti precipitates into the valley, a young shepherd fed his goats. His pipe called echo gayly from the hollow rocks, and echo bid the vallies seven times resound his songs melodious. On a sudden he perceived a man climbing with pain the mountain's side. The man was old; years had blanched his head. A staf bent beneath his heavy tottering steps, for he had a wooden leg. He approached the young man, and seated himself by him on the moss of the rock. The young shepherd looked at him with surprise, and his eyes were fixed on the wooden leg. My son, said the old man, smiling, do you not think that, infirm as I am, I should have done better to have remained in the valley? Know, however, that I make this journey but once a year, and this leg, as you see it, my friend, is more honourable to me, than are to many the most streight and active. I don't doubt, father, replied the shepherd, but it is very honourable to you, though, I dare say, another would be more useful. Without doubt, you are tired. Will you drink some milk from my goats, or some of the fresh water that spouts below from the hollow of the rock?

*Old Man.* I like the frankness painted on thy visage. A little fresh water will be sufficient. If you will bring it me hither, you shall hear the history of this wooden leg. The young shepherd ran to the fountain, and soon returned.

When the old man had quenched his thirst, he said, let young people, when they behold their fathers maimed, and covered over with scars, adore the Almighty Power, and bless their valour; for without that you would have bowed your necks beneath the yoke instead of thus basking in the sun's warmth, and making the echoes repeat your joyful notes. Mirth and gaiety inhabit these hills and vallies, while your songs resound from one mountain to the other. Liberty! sweet liberty! All we see around us is our own. We cultivate our own fields with pleasure. The crops we reap are ours; and the time of the harvest is with us rejoicing days.

*Young Shepherd.* He does not deserve to be a freeman, who can forget that his liberty was purchased with the blood of his forefathers.

*Old Man.* But who, in their place, would not have done as they did? Ever since that bloody day of Nefels, I come once a year to the top of this mountain; but I perceive that I am now come for the last time. From hence I still behold the order of the battle,

where liberty made us conquerors. See, it was on that side the army of the enemy advanced; thousands of lances glittering at a distance with more than two hundred horsemen covered with sumptuous armour. The plumes that shaded their helmets nodded as they marched; and the earth resounded with their horses hoofs. Our little troop was already broken. We were but three or four hundred men. The cries of the defeat were re-echoed from every side, and the smoke of Nefels in flames filled the valley and spread with horror along the mountains. However, at the bottom of a hill, where we now are, our chief had placed himself. He was there, where those two pines shoot up from the edge of that pointed rocks. I think I see him now, surrounded by a small number of warriors, firm, immovable, and calling around him the dispersed troops. I hear the rustling of the standard that he waved in the air; it was like the sound of the wind that precedes a hurricane. From every side they ran towards him. Dost thou see those floods rush down from the mountains? Stones, rocks, and trees, overthrown, in vain oppose their course; they o'er leap, or bear down all before them, and meet together at the bottom of that pool. So we ran to the cry of our general, cutting our way through the enemy. Ranked around the hero, we made a vow, and God was our witness, to conquer or die. The enemy, advancing in order of battle, poured down impetuously upon us; we attacked them in our turn. Eleven times we returned to the charge, but always were forced to retire to the shelter of these hills; we there closed our ranks, and became unshaken as the rock by which we were protected. At last, inforced by 30 Swiss warriors, we fell suddenly on the enemy, like the fall of a mountain, or as some mighty rock descends, rolls through the forest, and with a horrid crush lay waste the trees that interrupt its course. On every side the enemy, both horse and foot, confounded in a most dreadful tumult, overthrew each other to escape our rage. Grown furious by the combat, we trod under foot the dead and dying, to extend vengeance and death still farther. I was in the middle of the battle. A horseman of the enemy in his flight rode over me, and crushed my leg. The soldier, who fought the nearest to me, seeing my condition, took me on his shoulders, and ran with me out of the field of battle. A holy father was prostrate on a rock not far distant, and imploring heaven to aid us—*Take care, good father, of this warrior, my deliverer* cried; he has fought like a son of liberty! He said, and flew back to the combat. The victory was ours, my son, it was ours! but many of us were left extended on the heaps of the enemy. Thus the weary mower reposes on the sheaves himself has made. I was carefully attended; I was cured; but never could find out the man to whom I owe my life, I have sought him in vain, I have made vows and pilgrimages that some saint of Paradise, or some angel, would reveal him to me. But, alas! all my efforts have been fruitless. I shall never in this life shew him my gratitude. The young shepherd, having heard the old warrior, with tears in

his eyes, said: No, father, in this life you can never shew him your gratitude. The old man, surprised, cried, heavens! what dost thou say? Dost thou know, my son, who my deliverer was?

*Young Shepberd.* I am much deceived, if it was not my father. Often he has told me the story of that battle, and often I have heard him say, I wonder if the man I carried from the battle be still alive!

*Old Man.* O God! O angels of heaven! was that generous man thy father!

*Young Shepberd.* He had a scar here, pointing to his left cheek; he had been wounded with a lance; perhaps it was before he carried you from the field.

*Old Man.* His cheek was covered with blood when he bore me off. O my child! my son!

*Young Shepberd.* He died two years ago; and as he was poor, I am forced for subsistence to keep these goats. The old man embraced him, and said, Heaven be praised! I can recompense thee for his generosity. Come, my son! come with me, and let some other keep thy goats.

They descended the hill together, and walked towards the old man's dwelling. He was rich in land and flocks, and a lovely daughter was his only heir. My child, said he to her, he that saved my life was the father of this young shepherd. If thou canst love him, I shall be happy to see you united. The young man was an amiable person; health and pleasure shone in his countenance; locks of yellow gold shaded his forehead, and the sparkling fire of his eyes was softened by a sweet modesty. The young maiden, with an ingenuous reserve, asked three days to resolve; but the third appeared to her a very long one. She gave her hand to the young shepherd; and the old man with tears of joy, said to them, My blessing rest upon you, my children! This day has made me the most happy of mortals.

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#### ANECDOTE ON MR. ADDISON.

WHEN Mr. Addison lived in Kensington-Square, he took unusual pains to study Montaigne's Essays, but finding little or no information in the chapters, according to what their titles promised, he one day in great anger threw by the book, wearied and confused, but not satisfied.—Said a gentleman present: "Well, Sir, what think you of this famous French author?"—"Think, replied he; Why that a dark dungeon, and fetters, would probably have been of some service to restore this author's infirmity."—"How, Sir, said his friend, imprison a man for singularity in writing."—"Why not, reply'd Mr. Addison, had he been a horse, he would have been pounded for straying out of his bounds; and why as a man he ought to be more favoured I really do not understand."



TO THE PRINTER OF THE FREEMASON'S MAGAZINE,

" SIR,

" IN the first Number of your Magazine you very properly inserted the Address of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons to the Sovereign, that it might ' be handed down to Posterity as a lasting Monument of their Loyalty and Attachment ;' as also a Copy of the Address of Thanks to the Prince, as Grand Master for his Condescension in presenting it. The same motives that induced you to preserve those, will be a sufficient apology for my requesting your inserting of the enclosed Address to his ROYAL HIGHNESS, which was presented by Sir JOHN ST. AUBYN, Bart. the worthy Provincial Grand Master of Cornwall; and which it would be unjust to the Freemasons of Cornwall to omit observing was of a date prior even to the Address of the Grand Lodge.

" I am, Sir,

" An admirer of your Plan and a Loyal Brother,

G."

PENRYN, Sept. 16.



THE LOYAL AND AFFECTIONATE ADDRESS OF  
 THE FREEMASONS OF CORNWALL,  
 In PROVINCIAL GRAND LODGE assembled this 7th day of January,  
 A.D. 1793. A.L. 5797.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS  
 GEORGE AUGUSTUS FREDERICK  
 PRINCE OF WALES,  
 GRAND MASTER of MASONS under the Constitution of Freemasonry  
 in England.

ROYAL BROTHER,

**A**LTHOUGH to your Royal Highness, as well as to every one initiated into the Mysteries of FREE MASONRY, it is well known that the Principles of this ancient and honourable Society effectually precludes all Disquisitions in their several Lodges on the Subject of Politics; the difference of Opinion in which might tend to disturb the Harmony which always should and does prevail among the CRAFT; yet at a period like the present, when

Societies, Clubs, or general meetings of Individuals are looked upon with a jealous eye, and many of them may be calculated to promote Dissatisfaction against the Government and Constitution of this Country, over which the HOUSE of BRUNSWICK have so long and happily reigned;—It has been thought advisable and highly proper to approach your Royal Highness, as Grand Master of the Free Masons in England, with this affectionate and loyal Address, by which we may make known to your Royal Highness and to the whole Kingdom our Sentiments on the present alarming Crisis of Affairs, and remove all Suspicions that might otherwise be entertained to the Prejudice of the meetings of this Society.

We, therefore, of the Ancient and Honourable Society of Free Masons in Cornwall, in Provincial Grand Lodge assembled, beg leave to declare to your Royal Highness, in the most sincere and affectionate Manner, as Men and as Masons, our Heart-felt Loyalty to the amiable Sovereign now on the Throne, to your Royal Highness the Heir Apparent of these Realms, to the Queen, and to every other Branch of the Royal House of Brunswick; and also our Zeal and Attachment to the Constitution of this Country, as by law established, in a Government by King, Lords, and Commons; and to assure your Royal Highness we value the Blessings derived therefrom too highly, not to be ready at all Times, when requisite, to exert ourselves in their Protection and Support.

We cannot omit taking this opportunity also of assuring your Royal Highness how sensible we are of the Honour and Protection we have experienced under your Royal Highness's fraternal Patronage; nor can we doubt but that, under such Auspices, this Society will continue to flourish, and be, as it always has been, not only the most Ancient, but the most respectable Society existing.

Signed, in the Name of, and by desire of the  
Provincial Grand Lodge,

JOHN ST. AUBYN,

P. G. M. for CORNWALL.

(Counter Signed)

FRANCIS MIRKINS, P. G. S.

### CHARLES II. AND VOSSIUS.

SOME men have contracted such a depravity of mind, that they can only relish the most improbable tales and have no taste for truths that are more rational and credible.—King Charles II. being at Windsor often amused himself with the conversation of the famous Vossius, who had an infinite number of stories relating to the incredible antiquity, learning, and manners of the Chinese, and at the same time a perfect free-thinker in points of religion. The King said to one of his Courtiers near him: On my conscience, this learned divine is a very strange man; he has the strictest faith in the fables of the Heathens, and in the Divine testimonies of the Christian Doctrine, he is a mere infidel.

TALE OF A  
NUMIDIAN CHIEF.

[FROM FLORIAN, 's GONZALO OF CORDOVA.]

**H**APPY is that obscure being, who without rank, or fortune, or birth, knows no other duties but the simple ones of nature, no pleasures but to love, no glory but to be beloved. Insensible to that foolish pride which constitutes our first requisite: he seeks not, in other countries, perils and sufferings which were not intended for him. He lives not at a distance from the worthy object of his tenderness, and adds not to the unavoidable pains of love, the more cruel pain of absence, which nature wished to have spared him. In tranquility he passes his days in the place where they commenced. Beneath the tree where he sported as a child, he reposes with his wife, and sleeps away his old age. The cottage where he was born gives birth also to his sons and his daughters. Nothing changes; nothing will change on his account. The same sun delights; the same fruits nourish; the same verdure charms him, and the same companions, more and more beloved, make him more sensibly enjoy the blessings of nature, the transports of love, and the charm of equality.

Such ought to have been my lot, and such it was before the war of Grenada. I was born amongst those pastoral tribes, who, without towns or any fixed place of residence, dwell beneath tents with their flocks, removing from pasture to pasture; and wandering amongst the deserts from the foot of Atlas to the borders of ancient Egypt. These people are descended from the first Arabians, who leaving the happy region of Yemen under the conduct of Afrik, vanquished extensive climes, to which they gave the name of their leader. The vanquished were confined to the towns. The conquerors, who never sought, never loved any but the pastoral life, took possession of the plains, and spread their tribes amongst the immense tracts of Bilidulgerid.

There we preserved the manners and customs of our ancestors; there every tribe apart preserved its flocks, its wealth, in a circular district of tents, covered with the skins of camels. Free, but governed by a sheik, the camp formed a republic, which remained or removed, determined on war or peace, according to the advice of the heads of the tribe. Our sheik administered justice, and the whole code of our laws was reduced to this simple maxim—Be happy, and do injury to no one.

Our wealth consisted in camels, whose indefatigable swiftness could, in one day's space, transport us a hundred miles from our enemies; in steeds, invaluable for their courage, their docility, their attachment to their master, of whom they were the dearest compa-

nions; in flocks, whose fine fleeces furnished our only clothes, and whose delicious milk was our only food. Content with these gifts of heaven, we despised gold and silver, with which our mountains abounded, if our hands, covetous as those of Europe, had prompted us meanly to sink mines. But the verdant pastures, fields of barley and of rice, to us seemed preferable to that dangerous metal, source of the miseries of the world, and which you yourselves, it is said, doubtless, aware of the crimes which they tempt you to perpetrate, take only from the earth by the hands of criminals.

Peace, friendship, and harmony, reigned in the bosom of each family. Faithful to the religion which our ancestors transmitted to us, we adore but one God, and we reverence his prophet. Without wearying our weak capacities with commenting on that divine book, without asserting that guilty pride of explaining his holy maxims, we are certain of following them, when we execute the duties of a man, in practising those mild duties which nature engraved upon our hearts, before they were written in the sublime Koran. We are of opinion that one good action is better than many prayers; that justice and charity are more sacred than the Rhamadan; and obliged in our deserts of sand to forego certain ablutions, we endeavour to compensate for them by charity, benevolence, and above all, by hospitality. Faithful, during forty centuries, to that duty so pleasing to our hearts, we revere it as the first, and we cherish it as the most amiable. Every stranger, although an enemy, who touches the threshold of our tents, becomes to us a sacred object. His life, his goods, his security, becomes to us a sacred deposit, confided by the Almighty; every day we implore him to grant us this honour, for which the chief of our family contend. Never does one of these take his meal within his tent; his table is always at the entrance; seats are already prepared; nor does the master take his seat till he has three times exclaimed, In the name of God, the Father of man, if there be here a traveller, a poor man, or an unfortunate person, let him come and partake of my fare, and relate to me his sorrows.

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ON

AFFECTATION.

**N**OTHING conduces more to render a person agreeable, than easy and graceful manners. That our manners may be graceful, they must be natural; for actions, that are forced, are stiff and awkward, and therefore disgustful. The use of education is not to transform but to polish nature, and to eradicate accidental ill habits. The same gestures in behaviour, and the same tone of voice in speaking, that might be agreeable enough in one person,

would offend in another: because being differently formed, they must, while they follow nature, speak and act differently. Affectation is an attempt to be, or appear to be, something different from ourselves, and to assume graces in our behaviour and conversation of which we are not capable. It is the same thing in manners as hypocrisy in religion. It is a folly chiefly incident to youth; it generally wears off by age and acquaintance with mankind. It is always disgusting, not only as it is unnatural, but especially as it indicates a trifling vanity of mind. It usually takes its rise from a fondness to imitate some person that is admired for superior accomplishments. It is commonly blind and undiscerning, and adopts the infirmities and peculiarities of the person admired, as readily as his beauties and graces.

Curiatus, is a gentleman of rank and fortune; his form is comely, his aspect engaging, and his natural good sense and lively genius are much improved by a polite education, and an extensive knowledge of the world. He can be agreeable in all companies, without descending to the vices or follies of any.

In conversation he is always entertaining and instructive, never assuming or loquacious. He can be humorous without departing from innocence; and witty, without ridiculing religion, or aspersing characters. He never mortifies any in his company, by seeming indifferent to what they say, nor offends them by direct contradiction: he rather insinuates, than imposes his sentiments. His language is pure and accurate, but not laboured; his temper is calm but not unfeeling; his behaviour is respectful but not fawning. Stolidus, is a youth of family and fortune; but his genius, taste, and education, rise not above mediocrity. He is little acquainted with books, less with men; his form is clumsy, and his manners stiff; yet is intolerably vain, and ambitious of nothing so much, as to be thought a polite gentleman. Curiatus is the admiration of all his acquaintances; and for this reason, Stolidus admires him too, and employs all his attention to speak and act like him. When he walks, he strains every muscle, to imitate Curiatus's natural and easy gait. He cocks his hat in the same manner, and elevates it in the same number of degrees. He could smile or laugh decently enough, if he would be content to do it naturally: but affectation has changed his laugh into neighing, and his smiles into grinning. He slabbers his clothes a dozen times in an evening, by his fruitless efforts to spit like Curiatus: and exhausts the glands of his mouth by continual exertions, because Curiatus has a habit of spitting frequently. When he talks he usually makes bad grammar, and often worse sense; and he has for some time, disused his natural voice, and adopted an ugly tone, and an odd pronunciation scarcely intelligible, from a mere affectation of seeming to speak as accurately and possibly as Curiatus. There is no subject that he will not venture to discourse upon: and he is much too apt to engross the conversation, when he is in company, because he imagines none can speak so sensibly or so handsomely as himself: when he throws out his dull

humour, none laughs but himself; yet he is not in the least mortified; for he fancies they restrain their laughter, that they may not interrupt the pleasure of hearing him talk. Stolidus might pass for a tolerable companion, if he would act like himself, and modestly confine his conversation to the few things that he understands; but his vain affectation makes him ridiculous. He knows that he is sometimes spoken of with contempt; but this only elates him; for he imagines it proceeds from envy of his superior reputation and accomplishments. It would be happy for him if some friend in whom he confides would point out to him his folly, and direct him to a more natural behaviour. A seasonable hint often has a good effect. Eusebius, who was a celebrated preacher, used often in the vehemence of his utterance, to fall into a hesitation of speech. Loquentius, who was also a reputable preacher, and an admirer of Eusebius, had, by a servile imitation of him, adopted his stammering. A friend who heard Loquentius on a particular occasion, used the freedom to say to him, "Sir, Eusebius is an excellent man, and in many respects, worthy of your imitation; but his stammering is an infirmity; and though it is inoffensive in him, because it is natural, and overlooked amidst his shining talents, yet it is utterly unpardonable in you, in whom it is forced and affected. In future imitate the excellencies, not the infirmities of Eusebius." Loquentius never stammered again. When he perceived that his affectation was observed by others, he was ashamed of it himself.

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AN

ACCOUNT OF SOME SURPRISING

HAIL AND THUNDER STORMS IN CHESHIRE,

FROM MR. HENRY \*\*\*\*\*.

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THE Storm of Hail you enquire after happened in the afternoon of the 29th of April, 1697.—It began on the sea side, at the lower end of *Wirrel*, in this county. It was said at first not to extend above the breadth of three miles; it made a most dreadful noise which was heard a great way off. It crossed the water into Lancashire below Liverpool, nearest to the sea, and then extended itself wider. The air was observed to be strangely troubled, and made as it were a great conflict in the clouds. The greatest desolation it caused, as I hear, was at *Ormskirk* in Lancashire, where it broke almost all the windows in the town. Some said the hail stones were as big as geese eggs, and measured four or five inches about. An infinite number of birds were killed, cattle wounded, and many young deer killed in the parks. It was observed that the wind shifted twice or thrice during the

storm. Here at Chester, it was clear and calm at the same time. Six days before the hail storm already mentioned, viz. April 23, about one or two o'clock in the afternoon, came on a most terrible thunder storm in *Wirrel*, not far from the place where the hail storm began six days after. A thunderbolt as it is generally called, struck down the top of *Bebington* spire steeple. It was said that five yards of the spire was knocked down; the remainder was much shattered—the weather-cock on the top was never found.—These storms puts me in mind of one I very well remember when at my father's house at *Broadoak*, and it was not any where a mile distant from it. You shall have the account of it, from his own manuscript.

July 8, 1676, came on a most dreadful storm of rain, hail, wind, with thunder and lightning, between three and four in the afternoon. The hail stones measured some three inches, others four in circumference, whereby much damage was done to the corn in the neighbourhood, particularly our own wheat, rye, pease, &c. intirely ruined. Near four hundred panes of glass were broke and cracked in the south windows of the house; some of the larger hail stones, which beat in at the windows, came with such force, that they rebounded from the floor on a pretty high bed on the farther side of the room. Our God is angry, and by this providence chides us for our sins. We should be sensible of the chastisement, and humble ourselves before him, and amend our lives, for fear the next punishment may still be more severe. Lord turn thou us, and we shall be turned.—Some of the hailstones remained unmelted for two days together, though in the month of July.—Thus far Mr. Henry \*\*\*\*\* concerning the first story.—He afterwards proceeds—As to the thunder at *Lawton Church*, I take an account of it, from a Collection of Remarkable Providences, which I have in manuscript drawn up, by Mr. *Burghill* of *Acton*—Thus he writes: On the 20th of June 1652, being the Lord's-day, there arose a dreadful storm of thunder and lightning, followed by a fearful accident in the Church, as the Minister was preaching. There were eleven young men slain with the lightning, and many more much hurt. The Minister's text at their funeral was *Luke xiii. 4, 5*. He adds that a man and horse were both slain at *Wirrel*. Some people at a distance from *Lawton Church*, have affirmed to have seen the lightning waver to and fro over the Church like crooked streams of fire. The young men who were killed, were sitting in the belfrey, at some distance from the congregation, supposing not to be minding the service then going forward as they should have done: they were not struck down, but found sitting in the same posture they were in at first.—July 28, 1690, there happened a thunderstorm at *Carringham*, between six and seven o'clock in the evening: after some hours continuance of the wind and rain, a most dreadful clap was heard. Some that were above stairs, on the other side of the house from that on which it entered said, they saw a ball of fire fall with violence

into a pond of water. Mrs. B——, Mr. L——'s daughter, was sitting in the parlour with her back to the window leaning on her elbow, terrified with the thunder, when the lightning struck in at the top of the window near her, struck down an ink-bottle, scorched her neck all on one side above her stays: it was exceeding painful, and she had no ease for many hours afterwards. A silver bodkin in her hair was partly melted. There was not the least sign that her hair was singed: in the neck of her shift were some blue spots, as if burnt with gun-powder. Some of the gold lace on her stays was melted. She is a serious, pious gentlewoman, and to this very day is greatly affected with the mercy of her deliverance. All that were in the parlour were greatly astonished at what had happened. Mr. Mainwaring, a relation of Squire Mainwaring, then sheriff of this city, was in the room, and thought he had lost the use of his legs, and was struck into such a fit of amazement, that it was a great while before he knew where he was or what he did. Some pictures in the room opposite to the window, had holes burnt in them as big as a pistol bullet. The room over the parlour was hung with curious gilt leather: the gilding was entirely effaced, and melted on the ground. A dumb man sitting on the dresser in the kitchen was struck off without receiving any hurt. The parlour was filled with smoke, and a noisome smell of sulphur. The thunder and lightning continued most part of the night.—Thus Mr. Henry \*\*\*\*\*'s very accurate and satisfactory accounts are fully made out in the foregoing.

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## CHARACTERS

IN

### *HARRY THE EIGHTH'S TIME.*

[*Continued from our last.*]

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#### SIR THOMAS WYATT.

**T**HE Writer of his Life says, He was an excellent wit: his interest introduced him to Court, but it was his great merit and service that kept him there. Happy is the Prince, that hath a faithful servant to search out useful men; and thrice happy those men that meet with a familiar and honest favorite, by whom they may have access to the Prince.—He who commits wise actions in the day, will not practice foolish ones at night.—A good jest, if properly applied, may prove of more use, than sober counsel. His jests were confined to these rules: he never played on any man's misfortunes or deformity; nor on superiors



for that were bold and undutiful; nor on serious and holy matters, for that were irreligious and highly criminal. He had much salt in his repartees, but no gall: pleasantly jesting, but never mocking. He strictly observed times, seasons and circumstances, knowing when to speak, and when to hold his tongue. His very apt and clever sayings were always natural, never affected: subtle and acute, prompt and easy, never careless: he never rendered himself contemptible to please any man. It was not an insipid change of words but a smart retort of wit, which every body seemed better pleased with than himself. He always told a story well, and was as good at a neat continued discourse, as at a quick sentence, contriving it in a handsome manner, clothing it with suitable expressions, without parenthesis, or impertinencies; representing persons and actions to the life, that you would think you saw as well as heard; never contradicting, but with an (under favour, Sir), always subjoining to his adversary's discourse, it may be so.

#### SIR JOHN FINEUX.

THE source of the Nile is concealed, but its stream is famous. No man throve, but he that lived as though he were the first man in the world, and his father had not been before him. The Prince's prerogative, and the Subject's privilege, are solid felicities together, and but empty notions asunder. That people are beyond example free, and beyond comparison happy, who restrain their Sovereign's power to do them harm, so far, as that he hath none left to do him good.—Many were the circumstances which raised Sir John to the power he arrived at: first, An indefatigable industry; secondly, A freedom of conversation. In regard to business none more close; so in company, none more open. A gay and cheerful humour—spirited conversation and agreeable manners, are exceeding useful accomplishments to every one living in the world. When a man is not thus qualified, let him retreat to the dark recesses of retirement: thirdly, A rich and well assorted marriage, that at once brought him a large estate, and a large interest: fourthly, A great acquaintance with noble families, with whose dependants he first got in, devoting an hour each day to their company, and at last with themselves, laying aside his vacant hours for their service: fifthly, His hospitality and entertainments—none more reserved than he abroad; none more noble at home: sixthly, His care and integrity in managing; his watchfulness in promoting; his reason and eloquence in pleading, and his success in carrying causes: seventhly, His eminence and activity, in the two profitable Parliaments of Henry the VIIth and VIIIth. His opposition to Empson and Dudley's two severe prosecution of penal laws. The man who serves his Prince from motives of private interest, is raised but for a time; but the man who is careful for the public good will remain always

in favour: eighthly, His devotion to the sacred name of friendship; that bliss on this side Heaven, made up of peace and love. He chose many acquaintances, but few friends: lastly, To sum up all his good qualities at once; his good use of time was remarkable. A certain Emperor used to say, when a day passed wherein he did not do some charitable action, I have not reigned to-day. The same with Sir John; when he had done nothing worth notice, he said, I have not lived to-day. Time was the only thing he could be said to be covetous of. We should not, said he, complain that we have but little time, but that we spend much of it, either in doing nothing, or in doing evil, or in doing nothing to the purpose.

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*LA FAYETTE'S*

STATEMENT OF HIS OWN CONDUCT

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**L**A FAYETTE is represented as indifferent about his fate, and being now entirely detached from the 'soliciting interests and prejudices of the passions,' his mind is said to have resumed the serene dignity of its native independence, and thus being enabled to take an impartial review of his former conduct, he has determined to judge how far that has corresponded with, or deviated from the rules of integrity and justice.

" My character, says he, is become a feathered shuttlecock, which both parties beat to each other, in the wantonness of play, deeming that side disgraced on which it should happen to fall. A strange combination of unfortunate circumstances not only overpowered my most spirited and well meaning efforts in resisting the horrid despotism of licentiousness, but also drew upon me the vengeance of a society, whose principles, like those of religion, are degenerated from their primitive purity, to the species of despotism they affect to detest, but yet exercise in the humour of every whim, to those degrees that exalt capriciousness from a state of ridiculous insignificance, to the serious importance of criminality.

" The institutors of this society were men of unblemished integrity, and formed it upon principles so noble, in an hour of such imminent danger, that the genius of France seemed to have taken its residence with them, and consequently the confidence of the people, who considered it as the idol of political principles.

" The apprehensions of danger abating, the gross and weak, indulging the variety natural to them, picked up principles for fashion sake, though ignorant of their nature. Pleased with the novelty, they strutted into view, in all the coxcomb fopperies that the extravagance of whim and colours could afford, displaying themselves with the anxious ambition of deformed people, seemingly regardless in what sense you noticed them provided

“ they were but noticed. Mere profession being then deemed a sufficient qualification to entitle a man to become a member of this society, it soon began to swell up with cumbersome combustibles, who though considered as poor harmless expletives, were deemed an acquisition by some, who through an overfondness for themselves, were proud to see the numeration table well filled, without well considering the power of numbers, nor the infinite variety of purposes they were liable to produce, nor yet how far weak men were liable to be duped into wicked agencies.”

After this attack upon the Jacobin Club, M. de la Fayette, proceeds as follows:

“ The vital sparks of Liberty (physically speaking) in its infant state, has nothing so much to dread as a superabundance of idiotic phlegm, for though it derives its corporeal strength therefrom, yet when it forces its way into the sacred presence-chamber of reason, all the charming structures, and scenes of order, are demolished, and a fulmination of chaotic distractions ensues, which transforms the whole of the noble system into so dangerous a monster, that its destruction becomes necessary to the honour and safety of its former species.

“ Such was the monster which lately broke loose from the chains applied by reason, and rushed forth in the open face of day, furiously overturning all things that bore any appearance of resistance, and marked its career with blood and destruction, confounding the innocent with the guilty in one promiscuous ruin.

“ The legislative body, terrified at the rudeness of such desperate outrageousness, suffered itself to be dictated into measures, which the necessity of the moment only could justify, or rather apologize for.

“ It was my misfortune to oppose the progress of such violence, with the utmost spirit I was master of, and my overthrow was the consequence of the contest. Reduced to the necessity of yielding my neck to the murderer's knife, or of availing myself of the alternative which the law of nature and reason afforded, I preferred a submission to any law, rather than to the blind vengeance of a fury, which was governed by no law. My enemies rejoiced at my escape—It gave persecution the important appearance of vigilance, and also gave their unjust or pretended suspicions an apparent justification.”

Whatever reason M. la Fayette may have to detest that party to whose resentment he fell a sacrifice, yet he here declaims against the old government of France, with his accustomed energy.

“ In those aristocratic days, the industrious husbandman was not to enjoy the fruits of his honest labours, and the insatiable wants of a despotic government gaped for a large share of his golden harvest. The refined modes of aristocratic assiduity, were ingeniously adapted to collect another share, with all the aggravations of insolence. Another share fell to sacerdotal drones of all degrees, from the haughty prelate, to his pampered eminence the cardinal.”



*Drawn by Matthew Brown Esq.*

*Engraved by J. Ford*

## A SORTIE from DUNKIRK.

*London, Printed & Published by, W. Baring, Newgate Street, Strand, Oct. 1795.*

“ The herbs of the field, and what was ever deemed refuse to the human appetite, were thought good enough for peasants, their nutrition supported corporeal strength to a certain degree, from which resistance was not to be feared. To touch the fatted calf, lamb, or capon, amounted to something like sacrifice in him—his betters were ready for dinner—his rich vineyard was barren to him—his charitable eminence wanted more wine than he could waste himself.”

“ To turn our eyes from this wretched scene, to the Court, we might see a swarm of prismatic shadows, or forms, whose nature it was to glitter with gaudy colours, in the sunshine of a royal smile, and vanish in the gloom of a frown—a farcical airy group—mere enigmas of entity—such as fancy presents to us in the mummery scenes of a distempered dream, incessantly mocking each other, in the graceful antics of nods, bows, fascinating smiles, and curtesies, &c.”

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## FRENCH BRAVERY.

[WITH AN ENGRAVING.]

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[For the incident that furnishes the subject of the accompanying PLATE, we are indebted to the communications of a Brother who deservedly holds a high rank in the British Service.]

IN a *Sortie* made a few weeks ago from Dunkirk, a severe contest was held for some time with a part of the army under His Royal Highness of York. Towards the close of the action, and during the retreat of the French, an Officer of cavalry belonging to the garrison perceived a National Standard lying on the ground, either dropped in the flight, or fallen from the hands of an Ensign killed or wounded. Though he was himself at the same time most closely pressed by a detachment, after having twice valiantly cut his way through bodies of Hanoverian infantry, he leaped from his horse, and seizing the Standard, remounted. Scarcely, however, had he seated himself when the pursuers came up, and a grenadier of the British cavalry demanded him as his prisoner, with the surrender of his flag. The French officer replied, that he was determined to carry it to the fortress, or perish in the attempt. He fought bravely in defence of his charge; and when at last fortune had given the advantage to his adversary, he persisted in declaring that he would neither be made prisoner, nor give up the colours; that he knew how to die, but not to dishonour himself or the nation. The result was, that he actually suffered himself to be shot through the head, and thus did this standard fall into our possession. The Duke of York with one of his aids-du-camp came up at the instant, and were spectators of the unexampled bravery and resolution of this magnanimous son of Mars,

S. J.

## TO THE PRINTER OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

If the following Essay should be deemed worthy of a place in your useful and instructive Magazine, it will animate me to send you one every Month.

CANTABRIGIENSIS.

*An ESSAY concerning the ANCIENTS, and the Respect that is due to them; with an attempt to prove that we should not enslave ourselves too much to their OPINIONS.*

ANTIQUITY is ever venerable, and justly challenges honour and reverence, but yet there is an essential discrimination between reverence and superstition: we may give our assent to them as ancients, but not as oracles; they may have our minds flexible and easy, but certainly there is no manner of reason they should have them servilely fettered to their opinions. As we should not distrust every thing which they deliver without proof, where we cannot convince them of error, so likewise we may suspend our belief upon probability of their mistakes; and where we find reason to dissent, we should respect truth rather than authority.

Our ancestors suffer more by our implicit admiration, than by our opposition to their errors; and indubitably our opinion of them is dishonourable, if we think they would rather have us followers of them than of truth.

The greatest veneration we can display for the ancients, is by following their example, which was not to sit down with superstitious supineness, in fond admiration of the learning of their predecessors, but to canvass with the most rigid accuracy their various writings, to avoid their mistakes, and to use their discoveries in order to enlarge the boundaries of knowledge. For instance, the celebrated Aristotle himself took great liberties in censuring and reprehending the errors and mistakes of the elder philosophers; and therefore, I cannot discover any reason why he should be allowed greater privileges than he himself allowed his predecessors.

No man can say, I am infallible; for error is the common lot of humanity. As for the truth of things time makes no alteration. Things are still the same, let the time be past, present, or to come. Those things which we revere for their antiquity, what were they at their first birth? Were they false, time cannot make them true; were they true, time cannot make them more true. The circumstance therefore of time, with respect to truth and error, is altogether impertinent. Antiquity cannot privilege an error, and novelty cannot prejudice truth.

In all ages, there have been those who with great ardour, zeal, and elegance of sentiment, have declaimed against new things,

setting forth the great danger of innovation and novelty. But let us not be terrified by evanescent shadows. If to be the author of new things be a crime, how will the first civilizers of mankind, enactors of laws, and founders of government, escape this censure? Whatever now affords delight in the works of nature, which excels the rudeness of past ages, is certainly new. Whatever we behold in cities and houses above the first wild exuberancy of fields, and meanness of cottages, had its time when this imputation of novelty might as well have been laid to its charge. The introduction, therefore, of novelty is no offence, unless that which is introduced prove pernicious or destructive, or cannot be introduced without the extirpation of others that are better.

If novelty should always have been rejected, never would arts have arrived at that exquisite perfection wherein we now enjoy them; nor could we ever have hoped for any future reformation. Notwithstanding truth be in itself eternal, yet with relation to the opinions of men, there is scarce any so antient, but had its beginning, and was once reckoned a novelty; and if for this reason it had been condemned as erroneous, what an universal darkness and ignorance would have been in the world, in comparison to that light which now diffuses its lustre so far and wide.

The admiration of former ages was a vanity that was prevalent at all times as well as ours; and the golden age was never the present. Our predecessors have not prevented us, but have opened a door that we may enter into the recesses of truth. He who comes last, has certainly the superior advantage in the enquiry. Our ancestors have done well and wisely in their generations, but they have not done all. Much still remains behind; and he who lives a thousand years hence, will not have reason to complain, that there are no hidden truths for his investigation. There are more worlds to conquer. Every day brings new light, and by a wise and careful labour we may improve upon our ancestors.

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### PHILIP OF MACEDON.

PHILIP, king of Macedon, and the father of Alexander the Great, was eminently distinguished for his patience and moderation. At the close of an audience which he gave to the Athenian ambassadors, who came to complain of some act of hostility, he very politely asked them, whether he could do them service? "The greatest service you can do us," replied Demochares, who was one of the number, "is to go and hang yourself." Every one present was highly incensed at the brutal scurrility of the answer;—but with an incredible calmness of temper, which honors his memory,—"Go home," said Philip, "and tell your masters, that those, who can treat me with such insolent language, in my own court, are much more inclined to commence hostilities, than he who can forgive it."

## ON EDUCATION.

THE true end of Education is to give young persons such principles as may most easily conduct them to happiness, and enable them to distinguish false pleasure and happiness from the true. It is a usual comparison that the mind of Children is like wax, capable of any impression; or like paper, on which we may write what sentiments we please; which Don Saavedra, a learned Spaniard, has improved, in his emblems for the institution of a Christian Prince, by representing a canvas stretched on a frame, and ready to be painted, with this motto, *Ad Omnia*; apt alike to all things.

Arts and sciences are too often mistaken for all that is necessary to form a man; whereas one may be a very ill and unhappy man with all the learning in the world. Youth ought to be perfectly instructed in the notions of right and wrong; to have true ideas of those things they are most likely to meet with in the world, and be directed to the proper ends to which their actions ought to tend. Arts and sciences will then indeed become beneficial and ornamental, which otherwise might not only prove useless but dangerous.

They are therefore far wide of the mark, who make the education of youth so laborious and abstruse a thing; whereas there is little more to be done than to inculcate true notions of things; not as characterised in this or that language, or defined in such or such books, but as they are in nature, and as they are likely to experience them in the course of life.

But then, this knowledge is not to be wrought into them by chiding, and harsh usage; on the contrary, they are to be treated tenderly; we must descend to their capacities, and lead them gently step by step, and by a proper indulgence render a proper restraint more easy.

Parents ought also to take great care that their children never hear or see base or flagitious things. Young minds receive the impression of whatever passes before them, not only more readily but retain it longer than at any other stage of life; and this may, perhaps, have been the reason why the children of so many princes and great men, seeing the licentiousness of a court, have proved tyrants and debauchees. Nay, an age has been so debauched, that to be vicious and effeminate has given the best title to preferment: thus, after the death of Nero, the strongest party in the palace were for exalting Otho to the empire, because of the similarity of their manners.

But the true and solid basis, both of our conduct, and bringing up our offspring, is Religion; for though their passions should happen to betray them into some extravagances; just religious principles are most likely to retrieve and establish them in that course of morality and virtue, which must render life easy, honourable, and useful, and themselves worthy of those glorious endowments which they have received from their Creator.



For the FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

Though the following account has once already appeared before the public yet we think no apology necessary in giving it a place in a Work so well adapted to the perusal of those Free Masons who have gained the sublime degree of Knights Templars. The piece of Linen is now in the possession of the Right Worshipful T. DUNCKERLEY, Esq. Grand Master of the Order of Knights Templars in England, whose Portrait is given in this Number.

SIR,

*Colchester Academy.*

ON the 16th. of October 1779, as some workmen were digging a grave for the interment of Mrs. Frances Fytche, in the north aisle\* of the parish church of Danbury, Essex, just beneath a niche in the north wall, wherein is placed the effigy of a man in armour carved in wood, in a cumbent posture, and cross-legged, they discovered, about thirty inches from the surface of the pave-

\* The eastern part of this aisle is inclosed by a partition apparently as old as any part of the church, and seems to have been solely appropriated to the use of the owners of St. Clere's-hall, or Danbury-place, as a chapel, chantry, or burial-place: there are two arches in the north wall of this inclosed part, in each of which lies the effigy of a Knight Templar, in armour, curiously carved in wood, and still in fine preservation. A similar arch, inclosing another effigy of a Knight Templar, was in the wall of the south aisle of this church till the year 1776, when the whole aisle was taken down and rebuilt; since which the effigy usually lies on the floor of the north aisle. These effigies are all cross-legged; the feet of each are supported by a lion; but every lion and every man are in a different position. One Knight is in a praying attitude, his hands being folded together, his sword sheathed; the lion which supports his feet seems to lie quite at his ease, with his face turned towards the Knight's face, that is, as I conceive it, towards home. Perhaps this is emblematic of the Knight having returned from the Crusades, and died at home in peace. Another of the Knights is in the act of drawing his sword; the lion at his feet appears less pacific than the former, and his head turned from the Knight's face: that this expresses the Crusader having died in the holy wars, seems (I think) very likely. The third Knight is represented as returning his sword into the scabbard, the lion in a position different from the other two, as he neither looks directly to nor from the face of the Knight, but straight forward, and seems journeying on:—this, it is probable, represents the Crusader as having died in his passage from the wars. But these are the mere conjectures of a man who does not desire to impose them on the public as of any weight, but wishes for better information on so curious a subject. It has been matter of great dispute amongst Antiquaries, whether these figures represent the D'Arcies or the Sancto Claros. Weever, in his "Funeral Monuments," says, they are the former; while the Author of the "History of Essex," and many other persons, contend that they are the Sancto Claros, or St. Cleres, urging, that the latter inhabited this parish from the reign of Stephen till Edward the II<sup>d</sup>; whereas the first of the D'Arcy family did not reside here till the beginning of the 15th century, near 150 years after the conclusion of the Crusades. But the argument may, I think, be comprised in a nut-shell, and Weever's error be instantly manifested; and it is matter of astonishment that this mode of reasoning has never before been thought of, viz. The arches, which are exactly built for inclosing the effigies, are evidently coeval with the

ment, beneath a very massy stone†, a leaden coffin without any inscription thereon, or marks where any had been affixed. Judging that this coffin enclosed the body of the Knight Templar represented by the effigy, I communicated my opinion to the late Rev. Mr. De L'Angle, the then very worthy rector, and Lewis Densley Ffytche, Esq; of Danbury-place, church-warden, who, concurring in the same idea, resolved to open the coffin, but deferred it a day or two, to avail themselves of the company and information of the late Rev. Dr. Gower, of Chelmsford, an eminent physician and antiquary, who was requested to attend on the Monday following.

Some professional engagements deprived us of the Doctor's company and observations; however, the workmen proceeded to open the coffin. On raising the lead, there was discovered an elm coffin inclosed, about one-fourth of an inch thick, very firm and entire. On removing the lid of this coffin, it was found to inclose a shell about three-quarters of an inch thick, which was covered over with a thick cement of a dark olive colour, and of a rosinoas nature. The lid of this shell being carefully taken off, we were presented with a view of the body, laying in a liquor or pickle, somewhat resembling mush-room catsup, but of a paler complexion, and somewhat thicker consistence. As I never possessed the sense of smelling, and was willing to ascertain the flavour of the liquor, I tasted and found it to be aromatic, though not very pungent, partaking of the taste of catsup, and of the pickle of spanish olives. The body was tolerably perfect, no part appeared decay but the throat and part of one arm. The flesh every where, except on the face and throat, appeared exceedingly white and firm; the face was of a dark colour, approaching to black; the throat which was much lacerated, was of the same colour. The body was covered with a kind of shirt of linen, not unlike Irish cloth of the fineness of what is now usually retailed at three shillings per yard; a narrow rude antique lace was affixed to the bosom of the shirt, the stiches were very evident, and attached very strongly.—The linen adhered rather closely to the body; but on my raising it from the breast, to examine the state of the skin more minutely, a considerably piece was torn off, with part of the lace on it. This I have in my possession, for the inspection of the curious; it is in good preservation, and of considerable strength.

The coffin not being half full of the pickle, the face, breast, and belly were of course not covered with it; the inside of the body

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church. The church was built long before the D'Arcies had possessions in the parish, and very probably by the family of the St. Cleres, as their arms are emblazoned in several small compartments of the antique wainscot cieling of the chancel. If this be admitted, there can be no doubt but the figures represent the Sancto Claros; and if the effigy first above-mentioned belonged to the embalmed body which we found, that body must have lain there 500 years.

† This stone is now placed in the church-porch, over the burial-place appropriated to the family of the writer of this account.

seemed to be filled with some substance which rendered it very hard. There was no hair on the head, nor do I remember any in the liquor, though feathers, flowers, and herbs in abundance were floating, the leaves and stalks of which appeared quite perfect, but totally discoloured. The appearance of the feathers helped us to discover the cause of the dark appearance of the face and throat. The coffin was not placed in a position exactly horizontal, the feet being at least three inches lower than the head, the greater part of the liquor consequently remained at the feet; the pillow which supported the head, in process of time, decayed, and the head, unsupported, fell back, lacerating the throat and neck, which with the face appeared to have been discoloured from the decay of the cloth or substance that covered them. The jaws, when first discovered, were closed, but, on being somewhat rudely touched, expanded, owing as was supposed, to the breaking of some bandage that bound them together; when the jaws were opened, they exhibited a set of teeth perfectly white, which was likewise the colour of the palate, and all the inside of the mouth.

Whether the legs were crossed or not, must for ever remain a doubt, though I am strongly of opinion that they were; for one of the gentlemen pushing a walking-stick rather briskly from the knees to the ancles, the left foot separated from the leg somewhere about the ancles.

The limbs were of excellent symmetry: the general appearance of the whole body conveyed the idea of hearty youth, not in the least emaciated by sickness. The whole length of the corps very little exceeded five feet, though the shell which inclosed it was five feet six inches within.—After the above remarks were made, the church-doors were opened; and the parishioners and others having satisfied their curiosity, the shell and wooden coffin were fastened down, the leaden coffin was again soldered, and the whole left, as near as circumstances would admit, *in statu quo*.

T. WHITE.

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SKETCHES  
OF  
*FOREIGN LITERATURE.*

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PHILOSOPHICAL SPIRIT.

THE philosophical spirit, which is nothing but reason strengthened by experience, is of great service to those who write books which instruct people to avoid mistakes in composition, and to detect the errors committed by an author; but it misleads us while we are judging of a poem in general. The beauties from which it derives its greatest merit are better felt than found

calculation, or a metaphysical description of the real and relative faults of those on whom he passed a judgment which has been adopted by all ages and nations. It was by the impression they made on the reader, that great critic defined them; and the public always conformed to his opinion.

Du Bois.

### POETIC COMPOSITION.

HISTORY sets to view the revolutions in human affairs, in which we behold real manners, virtues, and vices, with talents often in themselves middling and indifferent. Simple history is a narration, timid in the presence of truth; a recital of facts expressed in the plainest manner: it fears nothing so much as the pomp of words. The epopœia, on the other hand, seizes the pencil of Homer, and at one view takes in the whole universe. A god discovers to the poet, in one instance, heaven, hell, and earth; the past, the present and the future; who chooses at will, and draws up a history of mankind, rather than of men. The ethic ascends even to the mysteries of divine providence, and shews us at once their moving forces, their direction, and the effects they have produced. Here every thing shall be uttered with a degree of nobleness and dignity, superior to its natural condition; men should speak in the style of heroes, the passions should all have an energy, a continued vigour; in short: all should be nature, but nature enchanted and transported by the enthusiastic raptures of the Muse. There is not a single verse in the *Æneid* which does not partake of the dignity of the Muse, invoked by the poet in the beginning of his work; and to this dignity they owe their poetic strain; without this, they might be verses indeed in another species of writing, but they would be prose in the epopœia.

BATTEUX.

### STRICTURES *on the* ILIAD.

THOSE who are fond of father Bossu's system, will not pardon me, if I do not find out the particular moral which Homer has inculcated in his *Iliad*: I can by no means think, with that author, that an epic writer first of all pitches upon a certain moral, as the ground-work and foundation of his poem, and afterwards forms a story to it; yet, as I am of opinion, that no poem ever was, or can be made, from which some great moral may not be deduced, I shall briefly consider the maxims which occur upon a perusal of the *Iliad*. The first is, that super-intending Divinity presides over all, and acts in all; and that nothing is done without it; this seems to be the principal moral which Homer had in view. The second is, that those who implore Heaven for vengeance, have frequently reason to lament the success of their prayers; this arises from the action. When I consider the behaviour of Agamemnon, and the consequences with which it is attended, I am ready to confess that we should not irritate those of whose assistance we may stand

in need. When I review the conduct of Achilles, I cannot help thinking that the pleasure of revenge is often purchased at too dear a rate. On a survey of the Greeks and Trojans, I find that the people are frequently chastised for the folly or the frenzy of their prince; and lastly, I must own, observing the effects produced by the presence and absence of Achilles, that two men linked together are stronger than in a state of separation.—These are all, undoubtedly, very good maxims; but I am persuaded that not one of them ever contributed to form the ground-work or foundation of Homer's poetical edifice.

BATTEUX.

### MOLIERE'S MISANTHROPE.

WHEN Molière wanted to paint a man-hater, he did not look out for an original, of which his character should be an exact copy; he had then made but a picture, a history; he had then instructed us but by halves. He collected every mark, every stroke of a gloomy temper which he could observe among men. To this he added all that his own genius could furnish him with, of the same kind: from these several points, well-connected, and properly disposed, he drew a single character, which was not a representation of the true, but of the probable. His comedy was not the history of Alcestes, but his picture of Alcestes was the history of Misanthropy taken in general. By this means he gave much better instruction than a history scrupulously exact could possibly have done, by only exhibiting some strokes of a real man-hater, critically correct.

BATTEUX.

THE chief thing which hindered the success of the Misanthrope at its first appearance remains to this day, with a great many people; it does not make them laugh. People say, notwithstanding, that it is an admirable play, because they cannot say otherwise without doing themselves discredit. By frequently saying this, and hearing it said by others, it comes to be their own opinion, and even their taste to a certain degree. They laugh a little at the representation of this piece, but not enough to be able to say, with sincerity, that of all comedies it is that which gives them most pleasure.

I do not believe that Molière consulted his servant about this piece: it was not at all in her taste. If he consulted her now, and then upon others, it was because he had a mind sometimes to humour his actors, and it were to be wished, indeed, that he had not done it so often.

TRUBLET.

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STRICTURES  
ON  
PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

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THEATRE-ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

ON Saturday, *September* the 14th. The Summer Performances at this Theatre concluded for the Season; when Mr. BANNISTER, JUN. spoke the *Adieu*. To the customary terms was added an invitation of the public to that "humble roof," until *Drury-lane Theatre* should be in a condition to receive them.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Monday, *September* the 16th. This Theatre opened for the Season, and although the House was new but last year, it afforded proof of the unremitting attention and enterprising spirit of the Patentee, in presenting a still more beautiful face to the public than it did before. The expence of the alterations and improvements must have been very considerable. The Play was O'KEEFFE's pleasant Comedy of *Wild Oats*, and the After-piece *Hartford Bridge*. The Performers were received with the most cheering plaudits, and shewed their gratitude by the spirit of their exertions.

DRURY-LANE COMPANY.

Thursday, *September* the 19th. The *New Drury-Lane House*, not been finished at the commencement of the Season, Mr. COLMAN's Theatre was opened with *The Mountaineers* and *Who's the Duke*, under the Drury-Lane Patent. Miss HEARD, for the first time, represented *Zoraida*, instead of Mrs. KEMBLE, (who has returned to her Husband's Company) and was received with great applause.

*September* the 23d. At the Theatre-Royal, Covent-Garden, Mr. MIDDLETON, who performed at that Theatre five years ago, and has since been acting in *Dublin*, renewed his acquaintance with the town in the character of *Otello*. Mr. Middleton has improved considerably in his profession since he last trod the *London Stage*. His voice is in excellent tone; in many of the scenes he spoke the character with great force and feeling, but rather pitched his pipe too high, and now and then paused not only unnecessarily, but so as to make the sense of the passage linger, and weaken its effect. Upon the whole, however, his acting was of great promise, and gave us hopes of his proving a powerful co-adjutor to the Covent-Garden Company.

# POETRY.

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## THE PARTRIDGES.

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WRITTEN ON THE LAST OF AUGUST.

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BY THE REV. MR. PRATT.

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**H**ARD by yon Copse that skirts the flowery vale,  
As late I walk'd to taste the evening breeze,  
A plaintive murmur mingled in the gale,  
And notes of sorrow echo'd through the trees.

Touch'd by the pensive sound, I nearer drew :  
But my rude step increas'd the cause of pain :  
Soon o'er my head the whirring Partridge flew,  
Alarm'd ; and with her flew an infant train.

But short the excursion ;---for, unus'd to play,  
Feebly the unfledg'd wings th' essay could make :  
The parent, shelter'd by the closing day,  
Lodg'd her lov'd covey in a neighb'ring brake.

Her cradling pinions there she amply spread,  
And hush'd th' affrighted family to rest ;  
But still the late alarm suggested dread,  
And closer to their feathery friend they press'd.

She, wretched parent ! doom'd to various woe,  
Felt all a mother's hope, a mother's care ;  
With grief foresaw the dawn's impending blow,  
And to avert it thus preferr'd her prayer :

O thou ! who e'en the sparrow dost befriend,  
Whose providence protects the harmless wren ;  
Thou God of birds ! these innocents defend,  
From the vile sport of unrelenting men.

For soon as dawn shall dapple yonder skies,  
The slaught'ring gunner, with the tube of fate,  
While the dire dog the faithless stubble tries  
Shall persecute our tribe with annual hate,

O may the sun, unfann'd by cooling gale,  
 Parch'd with unusual heat th' undewy ground ;  
 So shall the pointer's wonted cunning fail,  
 So shall the sportsman leave my babes unfound.

Then shall I fearless guide them to the mead,  
 Then shall I see with joy their plumage grow ;  
 Then shall I see (fond thought!) their future breed,  
 And every transport of a parent know.

But if some victim must endure the dart,  
 And Fate marks out that victim from my race,  
 Strike, strike the leaden vengeance through this heart ;  
 Spare, spare my babes ; and I the death embrace.

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WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS

OF A

NOBLEMAN'S SEAT IN CORNWALL.

BY MR. MOORE.

**A** MIDST these venerable drear remains  
 Of ancient grandeur, musing sad I stray ;  
 Around a melancholy silence reigns,  
 That prompts me to indulge the plaintive lay.

Here liv'd Eugenio, born of noble race,  
 Aloft his mansion rose ; around were seen  
 Extensive gardens deck'd with every grace,  
 Ponds, walks, and groves through all the seasons green.

Ah, where is now its boasted beauty fled !  
 Proud turrets that once glitter'd in the sky,  
 And broken columns in confusion spread,  
 A rude mishapen heap of ruins lie !

Of splendid rooms no traces here are found :  
 How are these tottering walls by time defac'd !  
 Shagg'd with vile thorn, with twining ivy bound,  
 Once hung with tapestry, with paintings grac'd !

In antient times, perhaps, where now I tread,  
 Licentious Riot crown'd the midnight bowl,  
 Her dainties Luxury pour'd, and Beauty spread.  
 Her artful snares to captivate the soul.



Or here, attended by a chosen train  
 Of innocent delight, true Grandeur dwelt,  
 Diffusing blessings o'er the distant plain,  
 Health, joy, and happiness by thousands felt.

Around now Solitude unjoyous reigns,  
 No gay-gilt chariot hither marks the way,  
 No more with cheerful hopes the needy swains  
 At the once-bounteous gate their visits pay.

Where too is now the garden's beauty fled,  
 Which every clime was ransack'd to supply?  
 O'er the drear spot see desolation spread,  
 And the dismantled walls in ruins lie!

Dead are the trees that once with nicest care  
 Arrang'd, from opening blossoms shed perfume,  
 And thick with fruitage stood, the pendent pear,  
 The ruddy-color'd peach, and glossy plumb.

Extinct is all the family of flowers:  
 In vain I seek the arbor's cool retreat,  
 Where antient friends in converse pass'd the hours,  
 Defended from the raging dog-star's heat.

Along the terrace-walks are straggling seen  
 The prickly bramble, and the noisome weed,  
 Beneath whose covert crawls the toad obscene,  
 And snakes and adders unmolested breed.

The groves, where Pleasure walk'd her rounds, decay,  
 The mead untill'd a barren aspect wears;  
 And where the sprightly fawn was wont to play,  
 O'ergrown with heath, a dreary waste appears.

In yonder wide-extended vale below,  
 Where osiers spread, a pond capacious stood;  
 From far, by art the stream was taught to flow,  
 Whose liquid stores, supplied th' unfauling flood.

Oft here the silent angler took his place,  
 Intent to captivate the scaly fry---  
 But perish'd now are all the numerous race,  
 Dumb is the fountain, and the channel dry.

Here then, ye Great! behold th' uncertain state  
 Of earthly grandeur---beauty, strength, and power,  
 Alike are subject to the stroke of fate,  
 And flourish but the glory of an hour.

Virtue alone no dissolution fears,  
 Still permanent, tho' ages roll away;  
 Who builds on her immortal basis, rears  
 A superstructure time can ne'er decay.

THE  
CHELSEA PENSIONER.

BY SIR JOHN HENRY MOORE, BART.

**B**ENEATH that mouldering turret's gloomy shade,  
Where yonder pines their wide-spread branches wave,  
A gallant Veteran rests his weary head,  
And with him sleep his sorrows in the grave.

No breathing art adorns the sacred ground,  
Points the tall spire, or bids the trophy rise,  
A scanty turf with twisted osier bound  
Scarce marks the spot where buried honour lies.

Ah, what avails him, that in youth's gay prime  
Each unremitting toil of war he bore,  
Each sickly change of every varying clime.  
From Europe's strand to Asia's sultry shore?

How short the glory of the poor man's deeds?  
How slight the fame he fondly thinks his own!  
In vain he triumphs, or in vain he bleeds,  
Alike unwept, unpitied, and unknown.

Yet though no plumed steeds, no sable car,  
Call forth the hireling's mercenary tears,  
No blazon'd banners streaming from afar  
Flaunt their vain honors o'er thine humble bier;

Yet on the margin of the path-worn green,  
Near the lov'd spot where thy cold relics rest,  
Fair virtue's angel-form shall oft be seen  
To bid the turf lie lightly on thy breast.

The thoughtless many, the misjudging croud,  
Whose glance scarce beams beyond the present hour,  
May idolize the follies of the proud,  
Or bend submissive at the shrine of pow'r;

But with the chosen band, the manly few,  
Whose sober approbation far outweighs,  
In reason's scale, the clamorous fickle crew,  
And the vain tumult of their fleeting praise--

---(Scorning the pageantry of pomp, and place)  
Their hearts shall pay the tributary sigh  
To that poor virtue, from whose humble base  
Tow'r'd the proud columns that insult the sky.

Though, she whose beauty's all-enchancing pow'r  
 Could every sterner care of life beguile,  
 Whose charms could sooth reflection's sickening hour,  
 Or bid the cheerless brow of sorrow smile;  
 Far from these dreary scenes for ever torn,  
 No more shall animate each rapturous strain,  
 Now sweetly smiling, now with looks of scorn,  
 Hiding her heart, that sunk at giving pain:----  
 Yet when emerging from the giddy throng,  
 When every eye but mine is seal'd in rest,  
 Pensive I walk these time-mark'd walls among,  
 And kiss the hallow'd ground her footsteps press'd;  
 Here while the scenes of former bliss arise,  
 (Sad source from whence these tears of anguish flow)  
 Far from the sneering fool, or censuring wise,  
 I nurse in solitude the seeds of woe---  
 ---Deaf to the voice of pleasure or of fame,  
 Yet not from pity's milder influence free,  
 E'en then, not unregardful of thy name,  
 This aching breast shall heave one sigh for thee.

A

## MORAL SKETCH,

BY DR. WILLIAM PERFECT.

CONSCIENCE than Empires more content can bring,  
 And to be just is to be more than King.  
 What is the pomp of groves?--What pleasure yields  
 The voice of birds, the garniture of fields?  
 The sheep-fed hills, the valley's fair expanse?  
 The fragrant zephyr in its airy dance?  
 The purple robes? the shouts that rend the air?  
 False glory's triumph, and false pleasure's glare?  
 What's all the wealth and elegance of life?  
 If all within be bitterness and strife?  
 When the still voice of conscience guilt reveals,  
 A king's a beggar, and his wants he feels;  
 But feels a beggar not its scorpion's sting;  
 His rags are robes, and he himself's a king.  
 To a perturbed spirit what's a crown?  
 The sounding cymbal and the bed of down?  
 Tyrannic Conscience, by the fates decreed  
 To make us poor in wealth, and rich in need;  
 Terrific power, exempted from thy blame,  
 How bright is fancy's ray and friendship's flame!  
 By thee unvex'd I hear with sacred pride  
 "The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side."

## EXPECTANCY.

**I**, WHEN waves, when tempests tost,  
 A fugitive from shore to shore,  
 Hope's forward prospect never lost ;  
 'Twas this against the current bore :  
 Expecting soon at home to find  
 My friends were true, my Kitty kind.

Around when Devastation spread  
 Her crimson pinions, stain'd with gore ;  
 When Britain's sons in battle bled,  
 And groans were drown'd in cannons' roar,  
 Upheld by Hope, I thought to find  
 My friends were true, my Kitty kind.

By famine and by frost assail'd,  
 On icy Greenland's trackless coast,  
 Whene'er my comrades' spirits fail'd,  
 I gave them this reviving toast :  
 A safe return ! and may we find  
 Our friends are true, our lasses kind !

Now crown'd with conquest, blest with peace,  
 Farewell to ev'ry foreign clime ;  
 Let mirth commence, destruction cease ;  
 Let Love and Friendship share the time !  
 For safely moor'd at home, I find  
 My friends are true, my Kitty kind.

W. D. G.

## THE

## MOSS ROSE BUD.

**L**ITTLE Bud of op'ning red,  
 Where the blooming Graces dwell ;  
 Nodding o'er thy dewy bed,  
 In thy verdant mossy cell.

With Lover's hand should some fond youth,  
 To Delia's breast thy beauties bear ;  
 Go,---and learn this sacred truth,  
 That greater beauties flourish there.

*Tooting, Sept. 3.*

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 MONTHLY CHRONICLE.
 

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LONDON, September 1st, 1793.

POPULATION OF AMERICA.

A CALCULATION of the Population of the United States made in the year 1783, in order to become the basis of Congressional Assessments, stated the total at 2,389,300 persons; this was alleged in Lord Sheffield's Observations to the commerce of the United States to be much too high, but with what probability of truth is seen by a reference to the census taken in 1790, according to an act of Congress, from which it appears, that the number of inhabitants had increased in seven years to nearly four millions of persons. The increase in the four last years, is equal to that of the preceding seven, and the number of inhabitants of the United States, amount on a fair calculation to 5,650,000 persons.

Abstract of an Estimate of the expenditures of the Civil List of the United States, for the year 1793, reported by A. Hamilton, Secretary of the Treasury, to the House of Representatives.

President's salary	- - - -	25,000 Dollars.
Vice-President's ditto	- - - -	5,000
Chief Justice	- - - -	4,000
Five Associate Justices	- - - -	17,500
All the District Judges	- - - -	21,700
Congress	- - - -	143,591
Treasury Department	- - - -	55,050
Department of State	- - - -	6,300
Department of War	- - - -	11,250
Commissioners of old Accounts	- - - -	13,300
Loan Offices	- - - -	13,250
Western Territory	- - - -	11,000
Amount of Pensions	- - - -	5,267
Contingencies	- - - -	20,264

Total - - - 352,466, or

In British money 79,304*l.* 17*s.* od. sterling.

The American revenue, for 1793, is estimated at 4,400,000 dollars, exclusive of what may arise from the sale of lands in the Western Territory; there is likewise upwards of the value of 5,000,000 dollars in bullion, lying in the Bank of the United States, now preparing for their coinage.

The number of convicts now in the jail of Philadelphia is *twenty-eight* men and *two* women; a proof that the system of solitary punishment for capital crimes, adopted by that State in 1786, fully answers the purpose intended. The number of convicts in November 1791, when the writer of this paragraph, who was one of a Committee for inspecting the public prisons, in order to mitigate the miseries arising from confinement,---last visited that place, was 134.

At Malden Fair, in Essex, on Sept. the 13th and 14th, there was a fine shew of all kinds of cattle and sheep; but little or no business was done, as none of the principal graziers could purchase any, from the universal want of grass, and the scarcity of turnips and hay; the best Welch runts and Scots, were offered full thirty per cent. cheaper than last year, and yet very few were disposed of even at these reduced prices; most of the large flocks of sheep were also, on the same account, driven back again.

At Salisbury great Sheep Market on the 11th, and at Wilton Fair on the 12th, the shews of sheep were very considerable, particularly at the latter, but the sale was remarkably dull. Lambs yielded from 3*s.* to 12*s.* and ewes from 14*s.* to 18*s.* or 20*s.* which was much below the prices expected. There were many horses at Wilton, but the prices were low, and but few were sold.

Harlow Bush Fair, in Essex, great quantities of cattle of every kind were shewn, but few of which were sold, and those at still lower prices than were bid at Barnet the week before; there were many strings of fine cart-colls, which sold freely, and some of them reached as high as forty guineas a-piece.

From the great quantities of cheese carried for sale to St. Giles's Hill Fair, near Winchester, which was held on the 12th, the price of that necessary article was somewhat lower than at any of the late country fairs. Horses were also less valuable than at the late Magdalen Hill Fair.

SCOTLAND.---Perth, September, 13. Yesterday the Circuit Court was opened here by Lords Eskgrove and Abercrombie. The Rev. Mr. Fische Palmer, accused of writing and circulating a seditious and inflammatory hand-bill, was brought to the bar at eight o'clock in the morning, and the Court sat till twelve at night. The Jury afterwards inclosed, and returned a verdict this day at two, all in one voice, finding the pannel guilty.

Lords Eskgrove and Abercrombie, in delivering their opinions on the nature of the punishment, spoke very pathetically on the occasion, tending to shew the heinousness of the offence, aggravated by being committed by a man in Mr. Palmer's line of life. The sentence is, transportation beyond the seas for *Seven Years*. Mr. Palmer, in a short speech, attempted to vindicate himself. The Court was very crowded.

Edinburgh. We hear his Majesty has been pleased to increase the number of his Chaplains in Ordinary for Scotland from six to ten. Dr. Hardie succeeds the late Principal Robertson;---the four new ones are Dr. Johnston, Dr. Somerville, Dr. T. Robertson, and Mr. Paul. Dr. Gerard and Dr. Hill, with the three Deans (Doctors Grievie, Carlyle, and M'Cormick) make up the number.

#### LUNAR OBSERVATIONS.

HERSCHEAL, during the late eclipse of the Sun, we understand, made some important Lunar Observations, tending to establish some former conjectures as to the degree of light, heat, &c. reflected on that orb. He is of opinion that the atmosphere of the Moon is not above 24 or 25 miles high, and that the twilight of morning and evening bears no proportion to that which we enjoy, it being nearly a transition from light to darkness. With us, when the earth, by it's rotation, has concealed the Sun from our sight, our atmosphere rising every where 50 miles above us, moves and reflects to us the light, till the Sun hath descended 18 degrees below the horizon, when all that part of the atmosphere above us becomes gradually dark; but the Moon being of diameter so much smaller, and the atmosphere so considerably more contracted, the deepest darkness almost immediately precedes the rising of the Sun, and succeeds it's setting.

The establishment of this hypothesis, has confirmed the conjecture of the inhabitants of the Moon not being more than one third the stature of the people of this earth.

It is a demonstrative fact, that the pressure of 28,224 pounds weight of air, is essential for the support of a middle sized man whose surface may be about 14 square feet; and that a dullness and languor is the consequence of the air being thicker, and the weight consequently less.---The greater the body of air, the more densed it is towards the surface of the earth, as the lower parts are pressed by the weight of air all above them. Consequently if the weight of air sustained by a square inch on the surface of our globe be 15 pounds, as it has been proved by experiments on the air-pumps, and also by the quantity of mercury the air balances in a thermometer, when that weight is accumulated by the condensation of 50 miles of atmosphere, the weight sustained by the same space of surface, 25 miles above us, would not at most be more than five pounds: consequently that the atmosphere of the Moon is not capable of supporting a man more than two feet high, and of proportionable bulk.

A few days ago died, of the gout in his stomach, at Baldwins, in Kent, the Right Hon. ALEXANDER Lord SALTOUN, in the 36th year of his age. His Lordship's indisposition lasted but for a few days, which renders the loss of so valuable a character the more severe and afflicting to his family and friends.

The King of Poland, by every act of his life, has proved himself to be a great man; and sacrificing every consideration to the welfare of his unhappy country, has exhibited the true portrait of a Patriotic King.

The new Government of Poland, established under the auspices of Russia and Prussia will be more aristocratic than the ancient. Fifteen thousand Prussian troops, it is reported, are on their march from Silesia to join the army of that power, already in Poland, in consequence of some offensive measures having been attempted to be carried in the Diet.

The Algerines are fitting out a squadron of frigates to act against France;--- those barbarians, while the French rode triumphant in the Mediterranean, were the most zealous supporters of the new Republic, and would most probably be so again should it's affairs wear a more favourable aspect: it would do honour to Europe, if the combined fleets of Britain, Spain, &c. which will we trust shortly be unemployed in the Mediterranean, were to crush the maritime power of these desperate marauders, and release numberless Europeans whom they hold in bondage.

From the last accounts that have been received, it appears that above eleven hundred persons have suffered by the *Guillotine*, in different parts of France, within the last three months.

Leclerk, Aumont, Henry, Maubert, Merime, Bottais, Endeline, De Lalande, and Brieux, a woman, were found guilty by the Revolutionary Tribunal, of having been principals in a sedition at Rouen, in January last, and sentence of death was passed upon them. They were executed on the 6th, at noon. Fourteen other persons, tried for the same offence, were acquitted.

On the 7th, Jacobus Touduti-la-Blanmordierre, 43 years of age, formerly Lieutenant in Monsieur's regiment of foot, was condemned to death by the Revolutionary Tribunal. He heard the sentence pronounced, and submitted to the execution of it, with what the Parisians call, *The Purity of Royalist Fanaticism*.

The late General Custine was about to be acquitted by the Revolutionary Tribunal; but Robespierre sent some of his emissaries to that Tribunal, to tell them, that if Custine was not executed on the following day, the heads of the Jury should be carried about on pikes.---This had the desired effect. After the executioner had struck off his head, which was bald, he took it by the ear, and shewed it to the people, who set up an immoderate shout of laughter!---Such is *French justice* and *French sensibility!*

General Custine was born in 1740, in a village near *Saarburg*, in *Lorraine*. He was descended from a most ancient family, said to be related to the illustrious house of *Lorraine*.

*Norwich*. The following extraordinary phenomenon occurred in the parish of Felmingham, in this county, a few days ago, in a field belonging to a Mr. Moore: The earth, in circumference about twenty yards, suddenly sunk in depth upwards of five feet; the cavity is nearly circular, and the earth round it for two yards much cracked; on the Saturday following another chasm was discovered in the field of a Mr. Hain, nine feet deep, of about 20 yards in circumference, and perfectly circular; the surface of the part sunk is perfectly whole and even, from which it is evident the settlement was sudden; it is supposed they both happened at the same time, although the latter was not discovered until two days after.

*Skipton Mallet*. The warehouses and out-buildings belonging to Messrs. Jenkins and Green, clothiers, were lately destroyed by fire; there is much reason to believe it to have been wilfully done, as the work people had threatened to destroy the premises, some machines having been introduced into the manufactory to facilitate the work-posts; the *Monmouthshire militia* were very active and serviceable in extinguishing the flames.

*Bath.* A dreadful accident happened a few days ago at Camerton coal-works; a lad having occasion to go into a room where there were six or seven barrels of gun-powder, the nails in the boy's shoes are supposed to have struck against those in the floor, and communicated fire; the explosion was dreadful, the boy was killed, and two others much hurt; the works round the pit took fire, which by great exertions was extinguished; had it spread every miner in the pit must have perished.

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#### CLERICALS.

The Rev. Thomas Weatherhead was instituted to the vicarage of Sedgford, in Norfolk, on the presentation of the Dean and Chapter of Norwich.

The Rectory of Orchardley, and Vicarage of Buckland Dinham, in Somersetshire, are vacant by the death of the Rev. Mr. Ames.

The Rectory of Stockerston in Leicestershire, is vacant by the death of the Rev. John Robertson.

The Rectory of All Saints, and St. Michael's, Southampton, vacant by the death of the Rev. Mr. Rooke.

The Vicarage of Barling, in Essex, vacant by the death of the Rev. H. Evans, is in the gift of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's.

The Rectory of St. Michael's, Cornhill, vacant by the death of the Rev. A. Dawes, is worth about 250*l.* per annum, and is in the gift of the Draper's Company.

The Rev. Rice Llewellyn is presented by Lord Sackville to the Rectory of Shipton, in Northamptonshire.

The Rectory of Ronworth-with-Upton, in Norfolk, in the gift of the Bishop of Ely, is vacant by the death of the Rev. C. Coghill.

The Rectory of Osmondiston, in Norfolk, vacant by the death of the Rev. T. Rogers, is in the gift of the Marquis Cornwallis.

Dr. Stuart, one of the Canons of Windsor, is spoken of as the new Bishop of St. David's.

A Stall in the Prebendary of Ely is vacant.

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#### MARRIAGES.

AT St. Lawrence's Church, Mr. Jeremiah Norton, wholesale draper of Lawrence-lane, to Miss Ann Harris, of Maidstone, Kent. At Croydon, Edward James Mascal, Esq. of Camberwell, to Miss Juliana Ann Dalzell, eldest daughter of Robert Dalzell, Esq. late of Tidmarsh, in Berks. At Cornworthy, in the county of Devon, Samuel Kekewich, of Bowdon-House, in the same county, Esq. to Miss Solome Sweet, of Tiverton. At St. Anne's, Blackfriars, Samuel Mills, Esq. of Moorfields, to Miss Wilson, daughter of Thomas Wilson, Esq. of Highbury Place, Islington. At St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, Mr. David Jardine, merchant, to Miss Hilley, daughter of A. Hilley, Esq. At St. George the Martyr, Queen-square, H. C. Woolrych, Esq. of the Tower of London, to Miss Benty, of Red-lion-square.

#### DEATHS.

On Wednesday morning last, at his seat in Dorsetshire, the Right Honourable Henry Digby, Lord Digby and Baron Sherborne in England, and Lord Digby and Baron of Geashill in Ireland.

Henry Lambe, Esq. of Ardleigh, late Captain in the East Essex Militia; and the day following, Mrs. Lambe, mother of the said gentleman. In New North-street, Red-lion-square, John Barnfather, Esq. aged 74. At Upper Tooting, in Surrey, Richard Harrison, Esq. in the 83d year of his age. Mr. White, Father of the Corporation of Winchester, at an advanced age. In a fit of apoplexy, Thomas Hankey, Esq. of Bedford-square, and senior partner in the house of Messrs. Hankey, Bankers, in Finchurch-street. At Wimbledon, the Hon. L. G. Sutherland, second son of Earl Gower and the Countess of Sutherland.