THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

OR,

GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY,

For NOVEMBER 1793.

ILLUSTRATED WITH
TWO BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

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

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A VINDICATION OF MASONRY

AND ITS

EXCELLENCY DEMONSTRATED.

In a Discourse at the Consecration of the Lodge of VERNON KILWINNING, *on May* 15, 1741.

BY CHARLES LESLIE, M. A.

IF a man was placed in a beautiful garden, on a calm survey of its rich collection, would not his mind be affected with the most exquisite delight? The groves, the grottos, the artful wilds, the whole variegated scene, would sensibly strike him; the flowery parterres, the opening vistos, the big cascades, or the softer murmurs of the falling streams, all would inspire his soul with ideas grand and great; but especially, when he observed the order, the nice symmetry, and beautiful disposition of the whole; when he saw how every part, though seemingly complete in itself, yet reflected surprising and new beauties on the other, so that nothing could be wanting to make one beautiful *whole*. A view of this would naturally lead him to admire the design, though human, and raise something more than common veneration to the happy genius of him who contrived it.

The wise man finds it exactly after this manner, on a calm survey of nature; complacency and the best delight attend his searches; delights which can never cloy, and are ever new. Nature is an inexhausted scene, in every part of which divinity and wisdom appears. The scenes which she displays are indeed too large for a

mean mortal to grasp; yet he can easily comprehend so much as will lead him to that true source of happiness, the grand Architect of all, the one perfect and unsullied beauty! For besides all the gaieties with which our senses are every moment presented, and the symmetry, good order, and proportion that appear in the whole, there is something further that will affect the considering mind, something of a turn nearer to divinity, yea, almost the divinity itself; that is, the well adapted ties to the present circumstance of things, which link men and societies together. These are the sure cements of the rational world, and 'tis these alone by which the rational world subsists; and could we think that it was possible for them to be dissolved, nature too, and man the chief work of God, would soon return to *Chaos*, and one universal ruin take place.

If we look around us, we shall find, that in the whole scale of beings, from the most inconsiderable insect, to the seraph that adores and burns, all, according to their proportion in the scale of existence, have more or less this principle of uniting with others of the same species with themselves, implanted by wise nature; and cannot we discern some of these minute animals forming themselves into societies? Need I name the careful ant, or the industrious bee? insects, which the wisest of men has recommended as a pattern of industry and prudent foresight: But, let us raise our ideas higher, and we shall still find that this innate principle of friendship arises in proportion as they themselves seem to advance nearer to the degree of rational, and there can be no better way of judging of the superiority of one part of the animal brute creation above the other, than by observing what degrees of kindness, friendship, and seeming good nature they enjoy. But that is a disquisition fitter for the philosopher's chair, than that wherein I have now the honour to be.

It is sufficient for us to consider ourselves, to think on those benevolent dispositions, and on that good temper of soul, which indulgent and wise nature has so kindly bestowed upon us. As human nature rises in the scale of things, so do the social affections arise likewise. Do we not feel in our breasts a strong propensity to friendship? Feel we not a pleasure when it is cemented and firm, and a pain when it is on the decline and dead? What sweetens life but friendship? What diverts the cares of time but friendship? What alleviates pain, and makes sorrow smile, but friendship, sacred holy *friendship?*

But as this is either more universal, extending to the whole human race, whom, as partners of the same common nature with ourselves, we love, and are strongly inclined to favour; or it is more confined, and exerts itself the more vehemently as the objects about which it is versant are nearer or more remote. Thus, the love of one's country fires the soul, and makes it kindle into a noble patriot flame, creates the best and most disinterested virtue, inspires public spirit, and that heroic ardor which engages men to throw life itself away in such a generous and noble cause. No kind of friendship

is more commendable than this; it dignifies its happy possessor with true unfading laurels, casts a lustre on his actions, and consecrates his name to latest ages. The warrior's worth consists in murder, and the rude ravage of the desolating sword, but the blood of thousands stains not the hands of his country's friend: his virtues are open, and of the noblest kind; if he bleeds by tyrant-hands, he dies with that calm satisfaction which a martyr for liberty must surely feel. Should I name the first *Brutus*, the self-devoted *Decii*, or the self-condemned, but unconquerable *Cato!*

But friendship not only appears divine, when employed to befriend the liberties of one's country, but likewise makes its heavenly extraction appear in the more calm hours of life; before we saw it mount into a noble flame, aiming destruction at the heads of tyrants, thundering for liberty and exposing life itself in the good cause; now, we shall see it calm and moderate, burning with an even glow, improving the soft hours of life, and heightening that relish which we have for virtue. Thus it is, that private societies are formed, and from this principle they meet, and with a cheerful innocence employ each vacant hour of life with agreeable friends.

And now, we can trace from reason itself, and the very nature of things, one of the main designs of MASONRY, which is to improve friendship, and teach men to become good members of society. Vain then is each idle surmise, which our enemies meanly scatter round! They little think, that by decrying MASONRY, they reflect upon human nature itself, and on the wise constitution of things, which by a secret and sweet attractive force, disposes the human heart to social virtue; they little think, that by such a conduct they reflect on that good order by which the wise Architect of nature supports the moral system. Can friendship and social delights be the object of reproach? Can that wisdom which hoary time has sanctified be the object of ridicule? How mean and contemptible must those men be, who pretend to censure what they do not know? The generous heart will pity ignorance so abandoned.

I shall now proceed, and consider in what shapes MASONRY is of universal advantage to mankind, how it is reconcileable to the best policy, why it deserves the general esteem, and why all men are bound to promote it.

Now abstracting from the particular pleasures which arise from a friendship so well contrived to last, and which 'tis scarce possible entirely to erase, let us consider, that it is a science confined to no particular part of the globe, but diffused over the whole; wherever arts flourish, there MASONRY flourishes too; and add to this, that by those secret and inviolable signs which we preserve amongst ourselves, and which are one and the same throughout the world, MASONRY becomes an universal language. By this means, how many advantages are gained? We unite men of all religion, and of all nations. Thus, the distant *Chinese* can embrace a brother *Briton;* thus they come to know, that besides the common ties of humanity, there is a stronger still to engage them to friendly and kind

actions; thus the spirit of the *damning Priests* may be tamed, and a moral brother, though of a different religion, engage his friendship; thus all those disputes, which imbitter life and sour the tempers of men, are avoided, and every face is clade in smiles, while they pursue the general design of the CRAFT, which is the common good of all. Is it not then evident, that MASONRY is an universal advantage to mankind? For sure, except discord and harmony be the same, it must be so. Is it not likewise reconcileable to the best policy? For it prevents that heat, and those animosities which different interests but too oft create. Does not MASONRY teach us to be faithful to our king and to our country, to avoid sour politics, and to submit to the decisions of the legislative power? And sure it is no mean advantage to any community or state to have such a body of men within itself, whose passions ought to be divested of that sourness and ill-nature, which too often attends the best of men. Therefore, does not MASONRY of itself command the highest regard? Does it not claim the greatest esteem? Without doubt, if aught that is good and amiable, useful to mankind or society, be worth a wise man's attention, then MASONRY claims it in the highest degree. What lovely ideas does it inspire? How does it open and enlarge the mind? And how does it create a noble fund of satisfaction? How does it recommend universal benevolence, and every virtue which can endear one man to another? How particularly is it adapted to create in the mind the most disinterested and generous notions? *Masons* are brethren, and amongst brothers there is no inequality. Thus a king is put in mind, that although a crown adorns his head, yet the blood in his veins is derived from the common parent of mankind, and is no better than the meanest of his subjects. Thus men in inferior stations are taught to love their superiors, when they see them divested of their grandeur, and condescending to trace wisdom's paths, and follow virtue, assisted by those of a rank below them. Virtue is true nobility, and Wisdom is the channel by which it is directed and conveyed; and Wisdom and Virtue, amongst *Masons*, are the sole distinctions.

Masonry, not only teaches universal love and benevolence, but likewise disposes the heart to particular goodness, when a brother claims it: For this end they create funds, and endeavour to make their charities last as long as the science itself. When a brother is in distress, what heart does not ake? When he is hungry, do we not convey him food? Do we not clothe him when he is naked? Do we not fly to his relief? Thereby we shew that the name of Brother is not merely nominal.

Now, if these are not sufficient to recommend so generous a plan, such a wise and good society, so happy in themselves, and in the possession of every social virtue; nothing which is truly virtuous can prevail, and a man who resists arguments that are drawn from such topics, must himself be lost to all sense of virtue.

Nevertheless, though the fairest and the best ideas may be thus imprinted in the mind, there are brethren (*hinc illæ lacrymæ*) who,

disregarding the beauty of the science, and all that virtue which it is designed to teach, give themselves up to loose lives, and by this means disgrace themselves, and reflect dishonour upon MASONRY in general. It is the stupid wickedness of such has occasioned those severe reflections upon the CRAFT, which is now in the mouth of almost every old woman: *But let such brethren know*, if I may call them by the name, that they are unworthy of their trust, and that they are in reality no Masons. MASONRY consists in virtuous actions, in cheerful innocent hours; not in lewd debauchery or excess.

Now, though unhappy brethren may thus transgress, 'tis no objection against the CRAFT, nor can a wise man draw any argument from it against our Society; for if the wicked lives of men was an argument against the religion which they profess, Christianity itself, with all its divine beauties, could not be true; therefore, let us endeavour to reform ourselves, to reform these abuses which have crept in amongst us, and then MASONRY shall again shine out in its primitive lustre, and discover itself to be of a truly divine original.

Bear with me, *my worthy and dear brethren*, while I insist upon this, which can alone retrieve the ancient glory of the CRAFT. Let your generous and good actions distinguish you as much from the rest of mankind, as the beauties of the principles from whence they flow; avoid whatever can give offence. If the world admire your sanctity of manners, it will effectually reconcile it to true MASONRY. As our order is founded upon harmony, and subsists by proportion, so let every passion be smoothed and subservient to reason: Let the soft pleasures of friendship harmonize your minds, banish sourness and ill-nature; live like brethren, and let good humour prevail; let no little party-jars divert your attention from brotherly love, or spirit you up against one another; mark *such as create divisions; they are unfit members of society*; all good order and all good laws oblige you to expel them: You are to cultivate your minds and store them with useful true knowledge: How beautiful are the ways of wisdom, and what pleasure attends the pursuit! You ought to search into nature, the advantage you will reap will soon recompense the pain; knowledge must be attained by degrees, nor is it every where to be found: Wisdom seeks the secret shade, the lonely cell designed for contemplation, there inthroned she sits, and there delivers her oracles; seek her, pursue the real bliss, though the passage be difficult, the further we trace it, the easier it will become. You ought particularly to study that first and noblest of the sciences, I mean GEOMETRY; by this we shall improve ourselves indeed; by this we curiously trace nature *through her various windings, and to her most latent recesses*; by this we can discover the power, wisdom, and the goodness of the Grand Parent of the universe, and see the beautiful proportions which connect and grace this vast machine; by this we see how the planets roll, and why they move round the sun, their centre; by

this we find the reason of the beautiful return of spring, and of the varied scenes in summer, autumn, and winter. Numberless worlds are around us, all framed by the same divine artist, which roll through the vast expanse, and are conducted by the same unerring laws of nature. What grand ideas then must such knowledge fill our minds with, and how worthy is it of the attention of all, but especially of such as profess themselves promoters of such a valuable science? it was a survey of nature, and observing its beautiful proportions, that first determined man to imitate the divine plan, and reduce things into symmetry and order; this gave rise to societies, and birth to every useful art. The architect began to design, and the plans which he laid down, being still improved, produced some of those excellent works which will be the admiration of future ages. I might here trace the history of the CRAFT, and shew, that since ever order began, or harmony was admired, it too behoved to have had a being; but as this is so well known, I judge it to be altogether needless.

Then, let us unite our hearts, and our Society must flourish; let us promote the useful arts, and by that means distinguish ourselves; let us cultivate the social virtues, and improve in all that is good and valuable; let the genius of MASONRY preside, and let us endeavour to act with that dignity which becomes Men as well as Masons.

Now, is MASONRY so good, so valuable a science? Does it tend to cultivate the mind, and tame each unruly passion? Does it expel rancour, hatred, and envy? Does it reconcile men of all religions, and of all nations? Is it an universal cement, binding its devotees to charity, good will, and sacred friendship? Is it calculated to promote the truest freedom? Does it teach men to lead quiet lives? In short, are its precepts a complete system of moral virtue? Then, HAIL, thou glorious craft, bright transcript of all that is amiable! HAIL, thou blest moral science, which sets such fair copies of virtue! WELCOME, ye delightful mansions, where its happy sons enjoy a life almost divine! WELCOME, ye blest retreats, where smiling friendship sits enthroned! WELCOME, sacred habitations, where innocence and peace for ever dwell!

A

GENERAL CHARGE TO MASONRY.

Delivered at CHRIST-CHURCH *in* Boston, *on Dec.* 27, 1749.

BY THE REV. CHARLES BROCKWELL, A.M.

His Majesty's Chaplain at Boston in New England.

THE principal intention in forming Societies is undoubtedly the uniting men in the stricter bands of love; for men, considered as social creatures, must derive their happiness from each

other: every man being designed by Providence to promote the good of others, as he tenders his own advantage; and by that intercourse to secure their good offices, by being, as occasion may offer, serviceable unto them.

Christianity in general (for I now enter not upon the melancholy divisions so rife among us) never circumscribes our benevolence within the narrow confines of nature, fortune, profit, or personal obligation. What I would advance is this: That we restrain not our love to our next neighbour only, this being merely a point of conveniency,—nor to our acquaintance solely, this being the effect of inclination purely to gratify ourselves—We are not to caress our friends, because gratitude and common justice require even that at our hands—Nor yet those especially from whom we expect to receive benefit, for this interest and policy will prompt us to—Nor our relations only, for this the ties of blood and mere nature dictate —Nor is our love and charity limited to them particularly who are of the same church or opinion with us: for by the very same reason that we are induced to believe ourselves in the right, they may imagine themselves so too; and what we may judge to be a perfection among ourselves, they may condemn as a blemish. Be it so then, that in some points, or rather modes of worship, we may differ or dissent from each other, yet still the LODGE reconciles even these —There we all meet amicably, and converse sociably together— There we harmonize in principles, though we vary in punctilios— There we join in conversation, and intermingle interests—There we discover no estrangement of behaviour, nor alienation of affection—We serve one another most readily in all the kind offices of a cordial friendship. Thus are we united, though distinguished, united in the same *grand Christian fundamentals*, though distinguished by some *circumstantials*; united in one important band of *brotherly love*, though distinguished by some *peculiarities of sentiment*.

Freedom of opinion thus indulged, but its points never discussed, is the happy influence under which the unity of this truly *ancient* and *honourable society* has been preserved from time immemorial. And whoever is an *upright Mason*, can neither be an Atheist, Deist, or Libertine. For he is under the strictest obligation to be a good man, a true Christian, and to act with honour and honesty, however distinguished by different opinions in the circumstantials of religion. Upon which account MASONRY is become the centre of union, and the means of conciliating friendship among men that might have otherwise remained at perpetual distance; causing them to love as brethren, as heirs of the same hope, partakers of the same promises, children of the same God, and candidates for the same heaven.

We read, that, when *Tertullus* pleaded against St. *Paul*, the chief accusation whereon he founded his plea, was, *his being ring-leader of the Sect of the Nazarenes—and this sect* (said the Jews) *we know that every where it is spoken against.* And wherefore was this sect so spoken against? Was it from any evil they knew of its profes-

sors? Or from mere ignorance or blind prejudice? We find nothing of the former, but undoubted proof of the latter. And this I take to be pretty much our case, in respect to MASONRY—as flowing from the same corrupted principles. I have had the honour of being a member of this ancient and honourable SOCIETY many years, have sustained many of its offices, and can, and do aver, in this *sacred place*, and before the *grand* ARCHITECT *of the world*, that I never could observe ought therein, but what was justifiable and commendable according to the strictest rules of society; this being founded on the rules of the gospel, the doing the will of GOD, and the *subduing the passions*, and highly conducing to every sacred and social virtue. But not to insist on my own inexperience, the very *antiquity* of our *constitution* furnishes a sufficient argument to confute all gainsayers. For no combination of wicked men, for a wicked purpose, ever lasted long. The want of virtue, on which mutual trust and confidence is founded, soon divides and breaks them to pieces. Nor would men of unquestionable wisdom, known integrity, strict honour, undoubted veracity, and good sense, (though they might be trepanned into a foolish or ridiculous society, which could pretend to nothing valuable), ever continue in it, (as all the world may see they have done, and now do), or contribute toward supporting and propagating it to posterity.——

As to any objections that have been raised against this society, they are as ridiculous as they are groundless:—For what can discover more egregious folly in any man, than to attempt to vilify what he knows nothing of? At that rate, he may with equal justice abuse or calumniate any thing else that he is unacquainted with.—But there are some peculiar customs among us; surely these can be liable to no censure: hath not every society some peculiarities which are not to be revealed to men of different communities?—But some among us behave not so well as might be expected: We fear this to be too true, and are heartily sorry for it; let us therefore every one try to mend one another. But even this objection is of no weight with a man of ingenuousness and candour. For if the unworthiness of a professor casts a reflection upon the profession, it may be inferred, by parity of reason, that the misconduct of a Christian is an argument against Christianity. But this is a conclusion which I presume no man will allow; and yet is no more than what he must subscribe to, who is so unreasonable as to insist on the other.

Upon the whole, then, it appears that the rules of this society have a direct tendency to render conversation agreeable, as well as innocent; and so to influence our practice, as to be useful to others, and profitable to ourselves; for to continue in amity, and maintain a fair correspondence, to be disposed reciprocally to all offices of humanity, and to act upon mutual terms of benevolence, which are the characteristics of Christianity, are likewise the cement of this society. And how good it is to assist, comfort, and relieve the oppressed, I need not now observe. Nor is it less obvious, how pleas-

sant it is to contribute to the innocent delight, and promote the lawful advantage of one another; and always to converse with security without any the least suspicion of fraudulent, injurious, or malicious practices.

Now, in order to cherish and promote this harmony within doors and without, let us first lay hold on the surest means to stop the mouth of Detraction, by endeavouring to lead a pure and unblemished life. Let us consider, my brethren, that not the reputation of one only, but that of the whole society is affected by a brother's misbehaviour. Invested as we are with that distinguishing Badge, which at this day is the glory of the greatest Potentates upon earth, we should scorn to act beneath the dignity of our profession. Let us then walk worthy of our vocation, and do honour to our profession.

Let us rejoice in every opportunity of serving and obliging each other; for then, and only then are we answering the great end of our institution. *Brotherly love, relief, and truth,* oblige us not only to be compassionate and benevolent, but to administer that relief and comfort which the condition of any member requires, and we can bestow, without manifest inconvenience to ourselves. No artful dissimulation of affection can ever be allowed among those who are upon a level; nor can persons who live within compass, act otherwise than upon the square, consistently with the golden rule of *doing as they would be done by.* For among us, every one is, or should be, another self: so that he that hates another, must necessarily abhor himself also; he that prejudices another, injures his own nature; and he that doth not relieve a distressed brother, starves a member of his own body. But then this relief is not to be bestowed upon the idle, indolent, and extravagant; but upon the unfortunate, industrious, successless brother.

Let us next remember that the regulations of this society are calculated, not only for the prevention of enmity, wrath, and dissension, but for the promotion of love, peace, and friendship; then here surely conversation must be attended with mutual confidence, freedom, and complacency. He who neither contrives mischief against others, nor suspects any against himself, has his mind always serene, and his affections composed. All the human faculties rejoice in order, harmony, and proportion; by this our society subsists, and upon this depends its wisdom, strength, and beauty. Let therefore no narrow distinctions discompose this goodly frame, or disturb its symmetry; but when good and worthy men offer themselves, let them ever have the first place in our esteem; but as for the abettors of atheism, irreligion, libertinism, infidelity---let us, in the words of the prophet, *shake our hands from them,* just as a person would do, who happens to have burning coals or some venemous creature fastening upon his flesh. In such a case none would stand a moment to consider; none would debate with himself the expediency of the thing; but instantly fling off the pernicious incumbrance; instantly endeavour to disengage himself from the clinging

mischief: so should every *upright Mason* from such perilous false brethren.

There is one essential property which belongs to our Craft, which had like to have slipped me, and which, however condemned, is highly worthy of applause; and that is, *Secresy*. All that should be disclosed of a Lodge, is this, that, in our meetings we are all good-natured, loving, and cheerful, one with another. But what are these Secrets? Why, if a brother in necessity seeks relief, it is an inviolable secret, because true *Charity vaunteth not itself*. If an overtaken brother be admonished, it is in secret; because *Charity is kind*. If possibly little differences, feuds, or animosities, should invade our peaceful walls, they are still kept secret; for *Charity suffereth long, is not easy provoked, thinketh no evil*.---These and many more (would time permit), which I could name, are the embellishments that emblazon the Masons' escutcheon. And as a further ornament, let us add that aromatic sprig of cassia, of *letting our light so shine before men, that they may see our good works; and that whereas they speak against us as evil doers, they may by our good works, which they shall behold, glorify God.*

A

CHARGE

DELIVERED AT A MASTERS MEETING OF THE

ROMAN EAGLE LODGE,

EDINBURGH,

ON MONDAY, APRIL 22, M D CC XCIII.

BY EDWARD COLLIS, M. M.

CONCORDIA PARVÆ RES CRESCUNT; DISCORDIA MAXUMÆ DILABUNTUR.
Sal.

My Brethren,

BEFORE we enter into the cause or motive of the first institution of Free Masonry, it is necessary, in some measure, to shew the excellency of *Secrecy*, and with what great care it is to be kept.

One of the principal parts that makes a man accounted wise, is his intelligent strength and ability to cover and conceal such honest secrets as are committed to him, as well as his own serious affairs. And whoever peruses sacred and profane history, will find a great number of virtuous attempts (in peace and war), that never reached their designed ends, but were defeated, only through defect of secret concealment; and yet, besides such unhappy prevention, infinite evils have thereby ensued.

We read that *Cato*, the *Censor*, often said to his friends, that of three things he had good reason to repent, if ever he neglected the due performance of them; the *first*, if he divulged any Secret; the *second*, if he ventured on the water, when he might stay on dry land; and *thirdly*, if he should let any day neglected escape him, without doing some good action. The latter two are well worthy of observation; but the first concerns our present undertaking.

Alexander having received divers letters of importance from his mother; after he had read them, in presence of none but his friend *Hephestion*, he drew forth the signet with which he sealed his most private letters, and, without speaking, set it upon his lips, intimating thereby, that he in whose bosom a man buries his secrets, should have his lips locked up from revealing them.

The Senators of Rome, at their usual sitting in the Senate-house, had constituted a custom among themselves, that each Senator who had a son, should be admitted with his father to abide in the Senate-house during their sitting, or depart if occasion required; nor was this favour general, but extended only to Noblemen's sons, who were tutored in such a manner as enabled them to become wise Governors, and capable of keeping their own secrets. About this time it happened that the Senators sat in consultation on a very important cause, so that they stayed much longer than usual, and the conclusion was referred to the following day, with express charge of secresy in the mean time. Among the other Noblemen's sons who had been at this weighty business, was the son of the grave *Papyrus*, whose family was one of the most noble and illustrious in Rome.

The young lad being come home, his mother entreated him to tell her what strange case had been debated that day in the Senate, that had power to detain them so long beyond their usual hours. The virtuous and noble youth, courteously told her, that it was a business not in his power to reveal, he being in a solemn manner commanded to silence. Upon hearing this answer, her desire became more earnest, and nothing but intelligence thereof could any way content her. So that first by *fair speeches and entreaties* she endeavoured to obtain the secret; but finding these efforts in vain, to stripes and violent threats was her next flight; because force may compel, where lenity cannot.

The youth finding a mother's threats very harsh, and her stripes still worse, besides comparing his love to her as his mother, with the duty he owed to his father, the one mighty, but the other impulsive; he lays her and her fond conceit in one scale, his father, his own honour, and the solemn injunction to secresy in the other, and finding her intrinsic weight as being his mother, but lighter than wind, he, in order to appease her, and preserve his own honour by remaining faithful, thus resolved her:

"Madam, and dear mother, you may well blame the Senate for their long sitting, at least for calling in question a case so impertinent; for except the wives of the senators be admitted to consult

thereon, there can be no hope of a conclusion; I speak this but out of my young apprehension, for I know their gravity may easily confound me; and yet whether nature or duty so instruct me, I cannot tell. But to them it seems necessary, for the increase of people, and for the public good, that every senator should be allowed two wives; or otherwise, their wives two husbands. I shall hardly, under one roof, call two men by the name of father, I would rather call two women by the name of mother. This is the question, and to-morrow it must have determination."

The mother hearing this, and his seeming unwilling to reveal it, took it for truth, and immediately sent to the other ladies and matrons of Rome, to acquaint them with this weighty affair, wherein the peace and welfare of their future lives was so nearly concerned. This melancholy news blew up such a brain-sick passion, that the ladies immediately assembled; and though (as some say) a parliament of women are very seldom governed by one speaker, yet this affair being so urgent, the haste as pertinent, and the case (in their behalf) merely indulgent, the revealing woman must speak for herself and the rest. And, on the next morning, such a din was at the Senate-door, for admission to sit with their husbands in this wondrous consultation, as if all Rome had been in an uproar. Their minds must not be known before they have audience, which (though against all order) being granted, the female speaker began with requesting, that women might have two husbands, rather than men two wives, &c. Upon the riddle's solution, the noble youth was highly commended for his fidelity, and the ladies greatly confounded. To avoid the like inconvenience in future, it was determined, that thence forward they should bring their sons no more into the Senate, only young *Papyrus* who was freely accepted, and his secresy and discreet policy not only applauded, but he, with titles of honour, dignified and rewarded.

The wise King Solomon says, in his Proverbs, that a king ought not to drink wine, because drunkenness is an enemy to secrecy; and, in his opinion, he is not worthy to reign, that cannot keep his own secrets; he furthermore says, that he that discovers secrets is a traitor, and he that conceals them is a faithful Brother. He likewise observes, that he that refraineth his tongue is wise; and again, he that keeps his tongue, keeps his soul. I could mention many other circumstances of the excellency of secresy, and I dare venture to say, that the greatest honour, justice, truth, and fidelity, has been always found amongst those who could keep their own, and other's secrets.

Therefore, I am of opinion, that, if secresy and silence be duly considered, they will be found most necessary to qualify a man for any business of importance. If this be granted, I am confident, that no man will dispute that Free Masons are superior to all other men, in concealing their secrets from times immemorial; as neither the power of gold, that often has betrayed Kings and Princes, and sometimes overturned whole empires, nor the most cruel

punishments, could ever extort the secret (even) from the weakest member of the whole Fraternity.

Therefore, I humbly presume, it will, of consequence, be granted, that the welfare and good of mankind was the cause or motive of so grand an institution as FREE MASONRY (no Art yet being so extensively useful), which not only tends to protect its members from external injuries, but to polish the rusty dispositions of iniquitous minds, and also to retain them within the pleasant bounds of true religion, morality, and virtue; for such are the precepts of this Royal Art, that if those who have the honour of being members thereof would but live according to the true principles of the Ancient Craft, every man that is endowed with the least spark of honour or honesty must, of course, approve their actions, and, consequently, endeavour to follow their steps.

A Mason is obliged, by his tenure, to believe firmly in the true worship of the Eternal God, as well as in all those sacred records which the dignitaries and fathers of the church have compiled and published for the use of all good men. So that no one who rightly understands the Art, can possibly tread in the irreligious paths of the unhappy Libertine, or be induced to follow the arrogant professors of Atheism or Deism; neither is he to be stained with the gross errors of blind superstition, but may have the liberty of embracing what faith he shall think proper, provided at all times he pays a due reverence to his Creator, and by the world deals with honour and honesty, ever making that golden precept the standard rule of his actions, which engages, "To do unto all men as he would they should do unto him." For the Craft, instead of entering into idle and unnecessary disputes concerning the different opinions and persuasions of men, admits into the Fraternity all that are good and true; whereby it hath brought about the means of reconciliation amongst persons, who, without that assistance, would have remained at perpetual variance.

A Mason is a lover of quiet; is always subject to the civil powers, provided they do not infringe upon the limited bounds of religion and reason; and it was never yet known, that a real Craftsman was concerned in any dark plot, designs, or contrivances against the State, because the welfare of the nation is his peculiar care; so that from the highest to the lowest step of magistracy, due regard and deference is paid by him.

But as MASONRY hath, at several times, felt the injurious effects of war, bloodshed, and devastation, it was a stronger engagement to the Craftsmen to act agreeable to the rules of peace and loyalty, the many proofs of which behaviour hath occasioned the ancient kings and powers to protect and defend them. But if a Brother should be so far unhappy as to rebel against the State, he would meet with no countenance from his fellows; nor would they keep any private converse with him, whereby the government might have cause to be jealous, or take the least umbrage.

A Mason, in regard to himself, is carefully to avoid all manner of intemperance or excess, which might obstruct him in the performance of the necessary duties of his laudable profession, or lead him into any crimes which would reflect dishonour upon the Ancient Fraternity.

He is to treat his inferiors as he would have his superiors deal with him, wisely considering, that the original of mankind is the same; and though MASONRY divests no man of his honour, yet does the Craft admit, that strictly to pursue the paths of virtue, whereby a clear conscience may be preserved, is the only method to make any man noble.

A Mason is so far benevolent, as never to shut his ear unkindly to the complaints of wretched poverty; but when a Brother is oppressed by want, he is in a peculiar manner to listen to his sufferings with attention; in consequence of which, pity must flow from his breast, and relief, without prejudice, according to his capacity.

A Mason is to pay due obedience to the authority of his Master and presiding Officers, and to behave himself meekly amongst his Brethren, neither neglecting his usual occupation for the sake of company, in running from one Lodge to another; nor quarrel with the ignorant multitude, for their ridiculous aspersions concerning it: But at his leisure hours, he is required to study the arts and sciences with a diligent mind, that he may not only perform his duty to his Creator, but also to his neighbour and himself; for to walk humbly in the sight of God, to do justice, and love mercy, are the certain characteristics of a real Free and Accepted Mason: which qualifications, I humbly hope, they will possess to the end of time; and, I dare venture to say, that every true Brother will join me in, Amen.

The benefits arising from a strict observance of the principles of the Craft, are so apparent, that I must believe every good man will be fond to profess and practice the same; because those principles tend to promote the happiness of life, as they are founded on the basis of wisdom and virtue.

In the *first* place, our privileges and instructions, when rightly made use of, are not only productive of our welfare on this side of the grave, but even our eternal happiness hereafter.

For the Craft is founded on so solid a basis, that it will never admit blasphemy, lewdness, swearing, evil plotting, or controversy; and though they are not all of the same opinion in matters of faith, yet they are ever in one mind in matters of MASONRY; that is, to labour justly, not to eat any mans' bread for nought, but to the utmost of our capacity, to love and serve each other, as Brethren of the same household ought to do; wisely judging, that it is as great an absurdity in one man to quarrel with another, because he will not believe as he does, as it would be in him to be angry, because he was not of the same size and countenance, &c.

Therefore, to afford succour to the distressed, to divide our bread with the industrious poor, and to put the misguided traveller into his way, are qualifications inherent in the Craft, and suitable to its dignity, and such as the worthy Members of that great Body have at all times strove with indefatigable pains to accomplish.

These and such like benefits, arising from a strict observance of the principles of the Craft, (as numbers of Brethren have lately experienced) if duly considered, will be found not only to equal, but exceed any Society in being.

If so, the worthy Members of this great and useful Society, can never be too careful in the election of Members; I mean a thorough knowledge of the character and circumstances of a candidate that begs to be initiated into the mystery of FREE MASONRY.

Upon this depends the welfare or destruction of the Craft; for as regularity, virtue, and concord, are the only ornaments of human nature (which is often too prone to act in different capacities), so the happiness of life depends, in a great measure, on our own election, and a prudent choice of those steps.

For human society cannot subsist without concord, and the maintenance of mutual good offices; for, like the working of an arch of stone, it would fall to the ground, provided one piece did not properly support another.

In former times, every man (at his request) was not admitted into the Craft, (though perhaps of a good and moral reputation), nor allowed to share the benefits of our Ancient and Noble Institution, unless he was endued with such skill in MASONRY, as he might thereby be able to prove the Art, either in plan or workmanship; or had such an affluence of fortune as should enable him to employ, honour, and protect the Craftsmen.

I would not be understood, by this, to mean that no reputable tradesmen should receive any of our benefits; but, on the contrary, am of opinion, that they are valuable members of the commonwealth, and often have proved themselves real ornaments to the Lodges.

Those whom I aim at are the miserable wretches of low life (often introduced by excluded men), some of whom can neither read nor write; and when (by the assistance of MASONRY) they are admitted into the company of their betters, they too often act beyond their capacities; and under pretence of searching for knowledge, they fall into scenes of gluttony and drunkenness, and thereby neglect their necessary occupations, and injure their poor families, who imagine they have a just cause to pour out all their exclamations and invectives against the whole body of FREE MASONRY, without considering or knowing that our constitutions and principles are quite opposite to such base proceedings.

The next thing to be considered, is the choice of officers to rule and govern the Lodge, according to the ancient and wholesome laws of our constitution; and this is a matter of great concern; for

the officers of a Lodge are not only bound to advance and promote the welfare of their own particular Lodge, but also whatsoever may tend to the good of the Fraternity in general.

Therefore no man ought to be nominated or put in such election, but such as by his known zeal and merit is deemed worthy of performance, viz. he must be well acquainted with all the private and public rules and orders of the Craft; he ought to be strictly honest, humane of nature, patient in injuries, modest in conversation, grave in counsel and advice, and, above all, constant in amity, and faithful in secrecy.

Such candidates well deserve to be chosen the Rulers and Governors of their respective Lodges, to whom the Members are to be courteous and obedient, and, by their wise and ancient dictates, may learn to despise the over-covetous, impatient, contentious, presumptuous, arrogant, and conceited prattlers, the bane of human society.

Here I cannot forbear saying, that I have known men whose intentions were very honest, and, without any evil design, commit great errors, and sometimes have been the destruction of good Lodges; and this occasioned by their Brethren hurrying them indiscreetly into offices, wherein their slender knowledge of Masonry, rendered them incapable of executing the business committed to their charge, to the great detriment of the Craft, and their own dishonour.

Amongst the qualities and principles of the Craft, I have given a hint concerning the behaviour of a Mason in the Lodge, to which I beg he may add the following, viz. he is to pay due respect, and be obedient (in all reasonable matters), to the Master and presiding Officers; he must not curse, swear, nor offer to lay wagers; nor use any lewd or unbecoming language in derogation of GOD'S name, and corruption of good manners, nor behave himself ludicrously, nor jestingly, while the Lodge is engaged in what is serious and solemn; neither is he to introduce, support, nor mention any dispute or controversy about religion or politics; nor force any Brother to eat, drink, or stay against his inclination; nor do or say any thing that may be offensive, or hinder a free and innocent conversation; lest he should break the good harmony, and defeat the laudable designs and purposes, of the Ancient and Honourable Fraternity.

Having attempted to point out what manner of man a Mason ought to be, it would be needless to say any thing with regard to his conduct while out of the Lodge; as a good Mason is always a worthy Member of Society, and respected by the rest of mankind: Let us then recollect, that although the paths of Virtue may at first appear rough and thorny, yet in the end lies our reward:

> "The storms of wintry time will soon be past,
> "And one unbounded spring encircle all!"

ON

FASHION.

TO THE

PRINTER OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IT has been more frequently asserted than demonstrated, that the depravity of morals in the present age exceeds that of the preceding, and that the world grows still more corrupt in proportion as it grows older.

This postulate is, indeed, so generally received, that it appears an act of presumption to attempt to combat the idea. But unless some one be found to enter the lists, the matter may be subtilized, and so instilled into the minds of those who will not be at the trouble of thinking for themselves, that it would be no wonder to me, if in the course of another century, it should, by representing the matter of moral amendment as a desperate case, deaden all sense of shame in mankind, and gradually undermine what yet remains of Morality.

It would better become the moralist to administer instruction of a stimulative kind, to set before the eyes of men the fairer side of the picture, and thus encourage an ardour of emulation worthy of the age.—Yes, I repeat it, worthy of the age; for, very far am I from believing that at any time there has been less vice in the aggregate of men than is found at present. Between Vice and Folly (though they are too often confounded in our ideas) there is a very eminent distinction: the one is of a fatal tendency, is punished here, and, we believe, will be hereafter; the other is seldom worse than ridiculous, and commonly induces its own punishment.

Folly, Sir, is the Fashion, and Fashion (which, as I understand the word, means no more than that slavish obedience which men pay to the opinions and habits of their fellow-creatures, without concerning themselves about the propriety of them), I will allow was perhaps at no time more prevalent than it is at present. Men at an earlier period might, and did more than now, think for themselves; but perhaps not to a better purpose, nor always to purposes so harmless as those to which our tyrant Fashion conduces.

It is into Fashion, then, that we must look for the source of the evil which it is our wish to see exterminated.

It appears that these complaints of degeneracy chiefly originate with peevish and debilitated mortals, who, if they ever possessed the faculty of pleasing, have with old age contracted a rigidity, that forbids the proffer of sympathetic Friendship, that shuns those delightful moments of social intercourse and generous communication in which the human heart expands to receive every sensation, by

whatever subject excited, which ennobles and exalts humanity, and will cheerfully contribute its quota to the improvement and happiness of all around it.

Speaking of this depravity, will any one say, that the inhabitants of the most barbarous climes have not been improved in moral and civil, in religious and political principles, within the last three centuries? With the knowledge which, by the blessing of heaven, has enlightened Europe, Europe has imbibed a generous desire of communicating the benefits of that knowledge to the most remote parts of the earth. The list of European Navigators, and Missionaries, is a list of Worthies, whose names well deserve to be enrolled in the records of Time, and ought never to be forgotten in the computation of the progress of religious and moral improvement.

The Moors of Barbary, for an instance, are now almost strangers to that indiscriminate cruelty which a century or two ago was the destruction of thousands; and sovereigns, whose predecessors were accustomed to make sport of the wanton slaughter of their subjects, have at length adopted a form approaching to a regular judicial proceeding.

Having thus hazarded an argument to prove that the world grows better as it is more enlightened, I shall take another position, and endeavour to prove, that *Fashion*, if it be not the identical thing complained of under another name, is at least the cause of the imputed degeneracy.

In this giddy reign of Folly and Fashion, it is an enormous crime to be either conspicuously moral, or stedfastly religious. If a man's disposition be of the former cast, he is by the votaries of Fashion ridiculed as one who vainly and unadvisedly attempts to revive, in an enlightened age, the contemptible character of a Cynic, or one totally insensible to all that is cordial or pleasurable in our bitter draught of life. On the other hand, if he be constant in his attendance on the duties of Divine Worship, it is concluded that he makes a show of Religion to serve his worldly interests, and Devotion a mask to conceal the designs of his heart. So that Piety and Morality are laughed at only as *unfashionable* habits.

How praise-worthy were it then if the whole body of Clergy would seriously set themselves to the task of persuasion, and the Nobility, with every superior rank of men, would join in the attempt to make Piety and Morality, equally at least with the Graces, objects of Fashion.

I have sometimes wished it were possible to institute in kingdoms moral laws and ordinances upon the same plan with the political. We might then hear of a law which should enact, "That if any "person or persons do, singly or conjunctively, ridicule another "for any action pointed out by, or consistent with, the Moral Law, "or do attempt to call a blush into the cheek of modest merit; he, "she, or they, being duly convicted of the same, upon the oaths of "two or more good and lawful witnesses (or, being *Quakers*, upon "their affirmations) shall for the first offence be proscribed from

"society for the full end and term of Three Calendar Months, then "next ensuing; and on a repetition of the offence, it shall be penal "for any person or persons to associate with the same, unless the "penalty shall be afterwards remitted by the Judges upon good "and sufficient signs of amendment in the Party offending."

At present, such as have not resolution enough publicly to break the shackles of this tyrant Fashion, must, if their inclinations tend to doing good, seek a bye-path wherein to exercise their virtue, that they may not be seen in the practice of it by those who are misled by the Shaftesbureian maxim, that "*Ridicule is the test of truth.*"

I am, Sir,

Your Friend and Brother,

S. J.

ANECDOTE

OF

PHILIP I. KING OF SPAIN.

PHILIP I. of Spain took a particular delight in the plainness of his equipage and entertainments; a nobleman being entertained by him at dinner, took occasion to inform his Majesty of the magnificence with which his courtiers treated one another, and told him, that in the evening a grand banquet was to be given by the Archbishop of Toledo, where his Majesty might be an eye-witness of the truth.

The king got himself introduced incognito to the banquet-room, and observed the vastness of the preparations, the grandeur of the entertainment, and withal heard their discourse, wherein they boasted of their great estates, and the pensions they held from the king. Next morning he gave out that he was much indisposed, and was about to make his will; whereupon all the lords of his council repaired to court. At noon he came into the council-chamber, and directing his discourse to the Archbishop, asked him how many kings of Spain he had known in his time? He answered, four. What, no more! cries the king; how can that be, when in the short space of my own life I have known twenty. The lords present looked at one another, and could not think what he meant; when his majesty proceeding, "Why, you are all kings (said he), you feast like kings, and you boast of the wealth of kings, and therefore it is but just you should bear part of the burthen of the war like kings; and accordingly a moiety of your revenues must be converted to the payment of the army."

COMMENTS ON STERNE.

BY JOHN FERRIAR, M. D.

[*Continued from Page* 420.]

THE *Anatomy of Melancholy*, though written on a regular plan, is so crowded with quotations, that the reader is apt to mistake it for a book of common-places. The opinions of a multitude of Authors are collected, under every division, without arrangement, and without much nicety of selection, to undergo a general sentence; for the bulk of the materials enforces brevity on the writer. In the course of a moderate folio, Burton has contrived to treat a great variety of topics, that seem very loosely connected with his subject; and, like Bayle, when he starts a train of quotations, he does not scruple to let the digression outrun the principal question. Thus, from the doctrines of Religion, to Military Discipline; from inland Navigation, to the Morality of Dancing-Schools, every thing is discussed and determined. The quaintness of many of his divisions seems to have given Sterne the hint of his ludicrous titles to several Chapters*; and the risible effect resulting from Burton's grave endeavours, to prove indisputable facts by weighty quotations, he has happily caught, and sometimes well burlesqued. This was the consequence of an opinion, prevalent in the last age, which a late writer has attempted to re-establish respecting History; that authorities are facts.

But where the force of the subject opens Burton's own vein of Prose, we discover valuable sense and brilliant expression. The proof of this will appear in those passages which Sterne has borrowed from him without variation. Burton was likewise a Poet; a copy of verses in Latin, and another in English, prefixed to his book, afford no mean proofs of his genius.† The Anatomy of Me-

* The Tale of a Tub, and the Memoirs of Scriblerus, must come in for a share of this influence.

† The late Mr. Warton, in his edition of Milton's Smaller Poems, has noticed the Analogy between these English verses, and the Allegro il Penseroso. Burton alternates them thus:

When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things fore-known,
When I build Castles in the air,
Void of Sorrow, void of Fear.

Pleasing myself with phantoms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

lancholy has always been a source of surreptitious learning; Anthony a-Wood speaks of it as a compilation highly useful to Gentlemen who were negligent at College; and Archbishop Herring alledged that the wits who flourished under Queen Anne and George the First, were under great obligations to it *. In literature, the springs are commonly more copious than their derived streams, and are therefore more highly honoured. But though this applies to Burton, and most of his imitators, it fails in respect of Tristram Shandy, where, though much is directly drawn from our Author, there are many delightful windings, widely distant from his influence. I would therefore beware of imitating the rashness of a Traveller, who should fancy he had discovered the secret head of a mighty river, while, deceived by perfect intelligence, he had only explored the source of an auxiliary stream.

The first four chapters of Tristram Shandy are founded on some passsages in Burton, which I shall transcribe. Sterne's improvements I shall leave to your recollection.

"Filii ex senibus nati raro sunt firmi temperamenti, &c. Nam "spiritus cerebri si tum malé afficiantur, tales procreant, & quales "fuerint affectus, tales filiorum, ex tristibus tristes, ex jucundis "jucundi nascuntur." [Cardan.] "If she" (the mother) "be "over dull, heavy, angry, peevish, discontented and melancholy, "not only at the time of conception, but even all the while she "carries the child in her womb (saith Fernelius) her son will be "so likewise, and worse, as Lemnius adds, &c. ----- So many "ways are we plagued and punished for our father's defaults†; "insomuch that as Fernelius truly saith, it is the greatest part of "our felicity to be well-born, and it were happy for human kind‡, "if only such parents as are sound of body and mind, should be "suffered to marry. Quanto id diligentius in procreandis liberis "observandum ||." I cannot help thinking, that the first chapter or two of the Memoirs of Scriblerus whetted Sterne's invention,

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When I go walking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannize,
Fear and sorrow me surprize;
Whether I tarry still or go
Methinks the time moves very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so sad as melancholy, &c.

There is a direct imitation of these verses in Voltaire's
'Jean qui pleure, et Jean qui rit.'

* Biographia Dict. Art. Burton (Rob.)
The story of Dr. Parnell's beautiful allegory on Man, is taken from Burton. p. 6[illegible]

† This idea runs through Tristram Shandy.

‡ See Tristram Shandy, Vol. viii. Chap. 33.

|| Anat. of Melanch. p. 37. Edit. 1676.
Quanto id diligentius in liberis procreandis cavendum, sayeth Cardan.
Tris. Shandy, Vol. vi. Chap. 33.

in this, as well as in other instances of Mr. Shandy's peculiarities.

The forced introduction of the sneer at the term non-naturals*, used in medicine, leads us back to Burton, who has insisted largely and repeatedly, on the abuse of the functions so denominated.

It is very singular, that in the introduction to the Fragment on Whiskers, which contains an evident Copy, Sterne should take occasion to abuse Plagiarists. "Shall we for ever make new books, as "Apothecaries make new mixtures, by pouring only out of one "vessel into another?" Ex ore tuo—"Shall we be destined to "the days of eternity, on holidays, as well as working-days, to be "shewing the relics of learning, as monks do the relics of their "saints—without working one—one single miracle with them?"—Here we must acquit Sterne: he has certainly done wonders, wherever he has imitated or borrowed.

"One denier, cried the Order of Mercy—one single denier, in be-"half of a thousand patient captives, whose eyes look towards "Heaven and you for their redemption.

"——The Lady Baussiere rode on.

"Pity the unhappy, said a devout, venerable, hoary-headed "man, meekly holding up a box begirt with iron, in his wither'd "hands—I beg for the unfortunate—good, my lady, 'tis for a prison "—for an hospital—'tis for an old man—a poor man undone by "shipwreck, by suretyship, by fire—I call God and all his angels to "witness—'tis to clothe the naked—to feed the hungry—'tis to "comfort the sick and the broken-hearted.

"——The Lady Baussiere rode on.

"A decayed kinsman bowed himself to the ground.

"——The Lady Baussiere rode on.

"He ran begging bare-headed on one side of her palfrey, con-"juring her by the former bonds of friendship, alliance, consan-"guinity, &c.—cousin, aunt, sister, mother—for virtue's sake, for "your own, for mine, for Christ's sake, remember me—pity me.

"——The Lady Baussiere rode on†.

The citation of the original passage from Burton will confirm all I have said of his stile.

"*A poor decay'd kinsman of his sets upon him by the way in all his "jollity, and runs begging bare-headed by him, conjuring him by those "former bonds of friendship, alliance, consanguinity, &c. uncle, cousin, "brother, father, - - - - shew some pity for Christ's sake, pity a sick "man, an old man, &c. he cares not, ride on: pretend sickness, inevi-"table loss of limbs, plead suretyship, or shipwreck, fires, common cala-"mities, shew thy wants and imperfections, - - - - swear, protest, take "God and all his angels to witness, quære peregrinum, thou art a coun-*

* Tr. Sh. Vol. 1. Chap 23.—"Why the most natural actions of a Man's life should be called his non-naturals, is another question."—See Burton, p. 39. The solution might be easily given, if it were worth repeating.

† Tristram Shandy, Vol. v. Chap 1.

" *terfeit crank, a cheater, he is not touched with it, pauper ubique jacet,* " *ride on, he takes no notice of it. Put up a supplication to him in the* " *name of a thousand orphans, an hospital, a spittle, a prison as he goes* " *by, they cry out to him for aid: ride on - - - - Shew him a decay'd* " *haven, a bridge, a school, a fortification, &c. or some public work;* " *ride on. Good your worship, your honour, for God's sake, your Coun-* " *try's sake: ride on*.*"

This curious copy is followed up in Tristram Shandy by a Chapter, and that a long one, written almost entirely from Burton. It is the Consolation of Mr. Shandy on the death of Brother Bobby.

" When Agrippina was told of her son's death, Tacitus informs " us, that not being able to moderate the violence of her passions, " she abruptly broke off her work." This quotation did not come to Sterne from Tacitus. " *Mezentius would not live after his son - - - - And Pompey's wife cry'd out at the news of her husband's death, Turpe mori post te, &c.—as Tacitus of Agrippina, not able to moderate her passions. So when she heard her Son was slain, she abruptly broke off her work, changed countenance and colour, tore her hair, and fell a roaring downright.*"†

" 'Tis either Plato," says Sterne, " or Plutarch, or Seneca, or " Xenephon, or Epictetus, or Theophrastus, or Lucian—or some " one, perhaps of later date—either Cardan, or Budæus, or Pe- " trarch, or Stella—or possibly it may be some divine or father of " the Church, St. Austin, or St. Cyprian, or Bernard, who affirms, " that it is an irresistible and natural passion, to weep for the loss " of our friends or children—and Seneca, (I'm positive) tells us " somewhere, that such griefs evacuate themselves best by that par- " ticular channel. And accordingly, we find that David wept for " his son Absalom—Adrian for his Antinous‡—Niobe for her chil- " dren—and that Apollodorus and Crito both shed tears for Socrates " before his death."—This is well rallied, as the following passage will evince; but Sterne should have considered how much he owed to poor old Burton.

" *Death and departure of friends are things generally grievous; Om-* " *nium quæ in vita humana contingunt, luctus atque mors sunt acerbis-* " *sima,* [Cardan. de Consol. lib. 2.] *the most austere and bitter acci-* " *dents that can happen to a man in this life, in æternum valedicire, to* " *part for ever, to forsake the world and all our friends, 'tis ultimum* " *terribilium, the last and the greatest terrour, most irksome and trou-* " *blesome unto us, &c.—Nay many generous spirits, and grave staid* " *men otherwise, are so tender in this, that at the loss of a dear friend* " *they will cry out, roar, and tear their hair, lamenting some months* " *after, howling O hone, as those Irish women, and Greeks at their*

* Anat. of Melanch. p. 269.

† Anat. of Melanch. p. 213.

‡ The time has been, when this conjunction with the King of Israel would have smelt a little of the faggot.

"*Graves, commit many indecent actions,*" &c.* All this is corroborated by quotations from Ortelius, Catullus, Virgil, Lucan, and Tacitus. I take them in the order assigned them by Burton. For he says with great probability of himself, that he commonly wrote as fast as possible, and poured out his quotations just as they happened to occur to his memory. But to proceed with Mr. Shandy's consolation.

"'Tis an inevitable chance—the first statute in Magna Charta—it is an everlasting Act of Parliament, my dear brother—all must die†."

"*'Tis an inevitable chance, the first statute in Magna Charta, an everlasting Act of Parliament, all must die‡.*

"When Tully was bereft of his dear daughter Tullia, at first he laid it to his heart—he listened to the voice of Nature, and modulated his own unto it, &c.—But as soon as he began to look into the stores of Philosophy, and consider how many excellent things might be said upon the occasion—nobody upon earth can conceive, says the great orator, how joyful, how happy it made me§."

"*Tully was much grieved for his daughter Tulliola's death at first, until such time that he had confirmed his mind with some philosophical precepts, then he began to triumph over fortune and grief, and for her reception into heaven to be much more joyed than before he was troubled for her loss||.*"

Sterne is uncharitable here to poor Cicero.—

"Kingdoms and provinces, and towns and cities, have they not their periods? Where is Troy, and Mycene, and Thebes, and Delos, and Persepolis, and Agrigentum. - - - - What is become, brother Toby, of Nineveh, and Babylon, of Cyzicum and Mytilene; the fairest towns that ever the sun rose upon, are now no more¶."

"*Kingdoms, Provinces, Towns, and Cities,*" says Burton, "*have their periods, and are consumed. In those flourishing times of Troy, Mycene was the fairest city in Greece, - - - - but it, alas! and that Assyrian Ninive are quite overthrown. The like fate hath that Egyptian and Bœotian Thebes, Delos, the common Council-house of Greece, and Babylon, the greatest City that ever the Sun shone on, hath now nothing but walls and rubbish left.*" - - - - *And where is Troy itself now, Persepolis, Carthage, Cizicum, Sparta, Argos, and all those Grecian Cities?*

Syracuse and Agrigentum, the fairest towns in Sicily, which had sometimes seven hundred thousand inhabitants, are now decayed. Let us

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* Anat. of Melanch. p. 213.
† Tristram Shandy, Vol. v. Chap. 3.
‡ Anat. of Melanch. p. 215.
§ Sterne.
|| Burton.
¶ Sterne.

follow Sterne again. "Returning out of Asia, when I sailed for "Ægina towards Megara, I began to view the Country round "about. Ægina was behind me, Megara was before, Pyræus on "the right hand, Corinth on the left. What flourishing towns now "prostrate on the earth! Alas! alas! said I to myself, that a "man should disturb his soul for the loss of a Child, when so much "as this lies awfully buried in his presence. Remember, said I "to myself again—remember that thou art a Man."

This is, with some slight variations, Burton's translation of Servius's letter. Sterne alters just enough, to shew that he had not attended to the original. Burton's version follows.

"*Returning out of Asia, when I sailed from Ægina towards Megara, I began to view the Country round about. Ægina was behind me, Megara before. Pyræus on the right hand, Corinth on the left; what flourishing towns heretofore, now prostrate and overwhelmed before mine eyes? Alas, why are we men so much disquieted with the departure of a friend, whose life is much shorter, when so many goodly Cities lie buried before us? Remember, O Servius, thou art a Man; and with that I was much confirm'd, and corrected myself.*"

"My son is dead," says Mr. Shandy, "so much the better*, 'tis "a shame, in such a tempest, to have but one Anchor."

I—but he was a most dear and loving friend, quoth Burton, *my sole friend—Thou maist be ashamed, I say with Seneca, to confess it, in such a tempest as this, to have but one anchor.*

"But," continues Mr. Shandy, "he is gone for ever from us! "be it so. He is got from under the hands of his barber before he "was bald. He is but risen from a feast before he was surfeited— "from a banquet before he had got drunken. The Thracians wept "when a child was born, and feasted and made merry when a man "went out of the world, and with reason. Is it not better not to "hunger at all, than to eat? not to thirst, than to take physic to "cure it? Is it not better to be freed from cares and agues, love "and melancholy, and the other hot and cold fits of life†, than, "like a galled traveller, who comes weary to his inn, to be bound "to begin his journey afresh?"

I shall follow Burton's collections as they stand in his own order.‡

"*Thou dost him great injury to desire his longer life. Wilt thou have him crazed and sickly still, like a tired traveller that comes weary to his Inn, begin his journey afresh? - - - - he is now gone to eternity - - - - as if he had risen, saith Plutarch, from the midst of a feast, before he was drunk - - - - Is it not much better not to hunger at all, than to*

* This is an aukward member of the sentence.

† This approaches to one of Shakespeare's happy expressions:

Duncan is in his grave:
After Life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

‡ Sterne has commonly reversed the arrangement, which produces a strong effect in the comparison.

eat: not to thirst, than to drink to satisfy thirst; not to be cold, than to put on clothes to drive away cold? You had more need rejoice that I am freed from diseases, agues, &c. The Thracians wept still when a child was born, feasted and made mirth when any man was buried: and so should we rather be glad for such as die well, that they are so happily freed from the miseries of this life."*

Again—"Consider, brother Toby,—when we are, death is not, and when death is, we are not"—So Burton translates a passage in Seneca: *When we are, death is not; but when death is, then we are not*†. The original words are, *quam nos sumus, mors non adest; cum vero mors adest, tum nos non sumus.*

"For this reason, continued my father, 'tis worthy to recollect "how little alteration in great men the approaches of death have "made. Vespasian died in a jest - - - - - - - Calba with a sen- "tence—Septimius Severus in a dispatch; Tiberius in dissimula- "tion, and Cæsar Augustus in a compliment." This conclusion of so remarkable a Chapter is copied, omitting some quotations, almost verbatim, from Lord Verulam's Essay on Death.

We must have recourse to Burton again, for part of the Tristra-Pædia. "O blessed health! cried my father, making an exclama- "tion, as he turned over to the leaves to the next Chapter,—thou "art above all gold and treasure; 'tis thou who enlargest the soul, "—and openest all its powers to receive instruction, and to relish "virtue.—He that has thee, has little more to wish for;—and "he that is so wretched as to want thee,—wants every thing with "thee.‡"

O blessed health! says Burton, *thou art above all gold and treasure;* [Ecclesiast.] *the poor man's riches, the rich man's bliss, without thee there can be no happiness* §.

O beata sanitas, te presente, amœnum
Ver floret gratiis, absque te nemo beatus.

But I should, in order, have noticed first an exclamation at the end of Chapter ix. in the spirit of which nobody could expect Sterne to be original. "Now I love you for this—and 'tis this de- "licious mixture within you, which makes you dear Creatures "what you are—and he who hates you for it—all I can say of the "matter is, That he has a pumpkin for his head, or a pippin for his "heart,—and whenever he is dissected 'twill be found so."—Burton's Quotation is: *Qui vim non sensit amoris, aut lapis est, aut bellua:* which he translates thus: *He is not a man, a block, a very stone, aut Numen aut Nebuchadnezzar, he hath a gourd for his head, a pippin for his heart, that hath not felt the power of it.*

* Anat. of Melanch. p. 216.
† Seneca, p. 213.
‡ Chap. 33, vol. v.
§ Page 104. ibid. Page 276.

[*To be Continued.*]

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

THE ANTIQUITY OF DRINKING HEALTHS.

THIS was a custom among the Greeks, and from them derived, like many others, especially of the religious kind, among the Romans, to make libations, to pour out wine, and even to drink wine in honour of the gods. Sometimes this ceremony was introductory to their meals, but, in their more solemn entertainments, it was performed in the interval preceding the *mensæ secundæ*, which answers to our second course, or the dessert.

This manner of venerating the gods often occurs in the Classics, and consequently is too well known to want any further enlargement; yet I will not dismiss it without referring you to the first book of the Æneid, where Virgil describes the feast with which the Queen of Carthage entertains his and her hero; or, to save you that trouble, shall here set it down, as translated by Dryden.

A golden bowl, that shone with gems divine,
The Queen commanded to be fill'd with wine;
Then, silence through the hall proclaim'd, she spoke:
O hospitable Jove, we thus invoke,
With solemn rites, thy sacred name and power,
Bless to both nations this auspicious hour.
Thou Bacchus, God of joy and friendly cheer,
And gracious Jove, both you be present here;
And you, my Lords of Tyre, your vows address
To heav'n, with mine, to ratify the peace.
The goblet then she took with nectar crown'd,
Sprinkling the first libation on the ground;
And rais'd it to her mouth with sober grace,
Then sipping offer'd it the next in place.

The grateful custom of drinking to the health of our benefactors, or of our acquaintance, is of a more obscure origin, though numberless instances of it are to be seen in the Grecian poets and historians, no less than in the Roman writers. Ovid, that easy luxuriant genius, that happy proficient in all the literature his age afforded, introduces this usage in his Metamorphoses, as of a very ancient date among the Greeks. The Athenians, on the arrival of Theseus from killing the Minotaurs, according to him, made public rejoicings, attended with a pompous entertainment, in which they congratulated his safe arrival, and enlarged on his unparalleled exploits, which entitled him to a divine immortality, concluding their panegyric with

Pro te, fortissime, vota,
Publica suscipimus: Bacchi tibi sumimus haustus;

which is just what every good Mason now-a-days does for the King,

it being, in plain English, "We pray for you, valiant Sir, and drink your health."

Here then is the custom of drinking to the health and prosperity of superiors by whom we have been benefited, or of our equals with whom we live in reciprocal friendship, in vogue among the Grecians so early as Theseus, in those remote ages which are distinguished in history by the splendid appellation of the heroic ages; that is, many centuries before the commencement of the Christian æra. Neither, like us, were they wanting to pay this regard to strangers or foreigners of eminent rank and merit.

Asconius, explaining the meaning of *more Græco bibere*, drinking after the manner of the Greeks, says, that it was their custom, in their libations, first to pay their devotions to the gods, and then mention their friends in terms of esteem and affection, and wishes for their prosperity. Every time they venerated the gods, or wished health to their friends, it was in *neat* wine; nay, it was indispensable to this religious ceremony, for such it was accounted, to drink *merum*, that is, wine not only undiluted with water, but without any other of the mixtures then used, as saffron, honey, &c.

I am apt to think that from this ancient practice is derived that modern ceremony of never drinking to any one, when they drink water, or mix water with their wine, which an ever-to-be-lamented sally of youth gave me too long an opportunity of observing formerly among the French, especially the *beau monde*. I was often complimented with, "Sir, I cannot presume to do myself the honour of drinking to you, as I drink only water, or more water than wine;" and not a few have I seen, among that jocular people, who wantonly affected to take no notice of a person drinking to them in a dilution. Nothing is more common at their free entertainments, than this exhortation, "Come, let us drink *neat*, here's a choice toast to worthy Mr. ——, or to the enchanting Miss ——;" which always went round with an hilarity, which more phlegmatic nations may admire, but cannot come up to. Though temperance was their general character, yet, among their country Esquires, there were very hard drinkers, and so obstinately tenacious of these ancient customs, that they would not admit of any mitigation. Poland is not the only country where it may be a Gentleman's misfortune to fall in with such an overbearing bottle-man as the Palatine, who, observing a Frenchman to pass his glass, said, in a great heat, to Cardinal de Polignac, the divine author of Anti-Lucretius, then in Poland, "Why does not that Frenchman drink?" The Cardinal mildly answered, "He is sick, my Lord;" "Let him instantly die or drink, replied the Palatine." This sot would have met with his match in the German mentioned by Count Oxenstiern, who, in a compotation at Venice, called for a glass of so unmerciful a size, that it would have laid half a dozen Italians on the floor, and, naming a certain Potentate, drank it off to a noble Venetian; and then, ordering it to be filled again, offered it to him; but he, half frightened, said that he was not used to such achievements, and that there

was more wine in that glass, than he drank in six months; so kissing the foot of the glass, and naming the health, was for returning it, at which the German furiously insisted on being pledged; however, the Italian calmly set it down, saying, *Ods fish, Sir, I honour the Emperor, but must be excused from bursting myself for him.*

Excuse this digression into which my narrative has drawn me. Horace plainly alludes to this custom of honouring the deities and remembering our friends over our cups, in Book III. Ode 19.

> Haste, my boy, the flask I claim:
> Here's to Luna's virgin light!
> Here's to our new Augur's name!
>
> ---

BOSCAWEN's Translation, just published.

Silius Italicus has these remarkable words concerning Q. Fabius Cunctator:

> *Nec prius aut epulas, aut munera grata Lyæi,*
> *Fas cuiquam tetigisse fuit, quam multa precatus*
> *In mensam Fabio sacrum libavit honorem.*

The subtance of which is, that at a feast nobody could eat or drink, before making a libation in honour of Fabius; and the like honour was paid to Marius, upon his defeating the Cimbri, who had struck the Romans with such a terror that they were little disposed to feasting. Augustus also was honoured with libations by an act of the Senate, and they were cheerfully paid him, as appears from Horace:

> To thee our prayers and wines do flow,
> To thee the author of our peace;
> As much as grateful Greece can show
> To Castor or great Hercules.
> Long may you live, your days be fair,
> Bestow long feasts and long delight;
> This is our sober morning prayer,
> And these our drunken vows at night.

Libations were esteemed more respectful than drinking to the honour of the gods, or welfare of friends; and possibly from this distinction may be derived the omission of drinking to the healths of illustrious personages, especially where the Nobility are not so near a level with the commonalty, as they are in our well constituted country.

The Roman Gallants used to take off as many glasses to their mistresses, as there were letters in her name, according to Martial, who says,

> Let six cups to Nævia's health go round,
> And fair Tustina's be with seven crown'd.

S. J.

ANECDOTES
OF
DR. GOLDSMITH.

[*Concluded from page* 375.]

ON the death of Goldsmith, which happened on the 4th of April 1774, his friends suggested to have him buried in Westminster Abbey, and his pall was to have been supported by the present Marquis of Lansdowne, Lord Louth, Sir Joshua Reynolds, The Hon. Topham Beauclerc, Mr. Edmund Burke, and Mr. Garrick; but though poets are often caressed during their life-time, it is not uncommon for them to be neglected at their deaths. Like the invited guests in scripture, most of these gentlemen sent excuses, and a few coffee-house acquaintances of the Doctor's rather suddenly collected together, attended his remains to the Temple burial-ground, where they were deposited on Saturday evening the 9th of the same month.

The remains of poor Foote, three years afterwards, experienced the like neglect. Many noble mourners were announced, and a pompous funeral was intended, but on the night of burial, *excuses came from all*; light and frivolous enough; but in particular, a verbal one sent by Garrick, "that it was cursed unlucky the funeral should be of a Monday, when they ought to know he never came to town on that day."

It was singular enough that Kelly, the Doctor's early friend, but late literary rival, should be amongst the number of his mourners. In the hasty muster of the funeral Kelly volunteered it, and we believe with pure good will; for he was, at bottom, a very good natured man, and the grave having buried all animosities, his former affections revived, and he paid a plentiful tribute of tears over the *manes* of his departed friend.

Some *wicked wits*, however, doubted his sincerity, and one in particular has thus ridiculed the circumstance:

Hence K-----y, who years thro' *sans* honour or shame
Had been sticking his *bodkin* in Oliver's * fame,
Who thought, like the Tartar, by this to inherit
His genius, his learning, simplicity, spirit;
Now *sets every feature* to weep o'er his fate,
And acts as a mourner to blubber in state:
Yet thus much I'll say for this good-natured elf,
(And I dare say by this he has thought so himself)

* Dr. Oliver Goldsmith.

Had he known what a *posthumous rod* † was in store,
He ne'er would have ventured to make his eyes sore,
But sav'd those dear drops for some future surprise,
Perhaps to dissolve at -------- ‡ *A Word to the Wise.*"

Having now conducted our author to the grave, we shall close this account with some *detached anecdotes* of him, which, though we could not regularly weave into his history, will perhaps best elucidate his character.

Though Goldsmith had justly established his fame as a *good prose writer* as well as poet, yet it was well known to those who lived with him, that in *conversation* he was much under the par of his general abilities. In writing he collected the full force of his mind, and it bore him triumphantly through in most of his designs. But this effort spent, he seemed to relax in the reverse proportion. He expressed himself upon common subjects with a plainness bordering upon rusticity, and often in words very ill chosen. He rather cultivated (than endeavoured to get rid of) his brogue, and was so very simple in his manners, and so totally free from what is commonly called *the knowledge of the world*, that he would have been a constant object of cullibility, was he not protected in a great degree by the fame and lustre of his authorship. Garrick, who knew him well, has given us this part of his character in the following little epitaph, which he wrote one night, *impromptu*, at the club, after the Doctor had finished one of his rhodomontade stories:

" Here rests in this mold, the remains of dear Noll,
" Who wrote like an angel, but spoke like *poor Poll.*"

Goldsmith was stung to the heart at the laugh which this little *jeu d' esprit* occasioned; and this gave him the first hint of " Retaliation," when the poet paid back the player in his own coin and with full interest.

When Goldsmith grew into notice as an author, his levees were every morning crowded with people of all descriptions; some from interest; some from friendship and a congeniality of taste; and others from the vanity of attaching themselves to men of fame, conscious that they have no sources of notoriety in themselves. In this group there was seldom wanting some distressed brother-authors; and amongst those who distinguished themselves for a constancy, were, a man of the name of Purdon, Jack Pilkington the son of the celebrated Letitia Pilkington, and Dr. Paul Hiffernan, men neither destitute of genius nor scholarship, but, seduced by the love of indolence and pleasure, chose rather to pay the forfeit of those vices (living by meannesses and upon charity) than turn their talents to that account which would have ensured them some degree of fame and a certain independence. Pilkington had been a pensioner of

† Retaliation, a poem of Goldsmith's, published after his death, wherein Kelly is mentioned, not much to the credit of his literary character.

‡ The title of one of Kelly's plays.

Goldsmith's from the latter's first taking root in London. He was a fellow of whim and humour, and gained upon the Doctor's mind by providing for it occasional relaxation from the pursuits of study. He had, however, done something to disoblige the Doctor, and had absented himself for some months; when, one morning, he was much surprised at Pilkington bursting into his room in the most extravagant extasies of joy. After enquiring into the cause of all this, Pilkington told him the following story:

"My dear Doctor, you 'll excuse the liberty I have taken at thus coming so abruptly into your apartments, particularly after what has happened, wherein I confess I was much to blame; but my joy is too great to be shared by a common acquaintance, and I could not resist running to the man who has been my best and earliest friend and benefactor." Goldsmith, softened by this exordium, begged him to proceed.

"You must know then," continues Pilkington, "that amongst the many whims of the D——ss of M—— she has got a particular attachment to *white mice;* she has procured two already, and has been several years looking for two more, and offering large sums of money for them, but without any effect. Hearing of this penchant of her Grace, I requested of a friend who went out to India some years ago, if possible, to procure two for me; he has been diligent in his commission, and they are now in the River, on board the Earl of Chatham Indiaman, just arrived.

This story was so very gross, that even Goldsmith's credulity could not be at first imposed upon. But Pilkington was prepared for the worst; he instantly produced his friend's letter, advising of the shipping of the white mice, their size, qualities, &c. which so entirely convinced the Doctor of the fact, that he wished him joy of it, "and hoped that he would avail himself of this lucky circumstance, as the means of securing a future independence."

"Ah!" but said Pilkington, fetching a deep sigh, "here my cruel stars again set in against me; for though I have got the mice, I want a cage to put them in (for you know there is no presenting such things to a Dutchess but in a proper manner); and where to raise so much money, I know no more than how to pay off the national debt." "How much will the cage cost?" said Goldsmith, "About *two guineas,*" replied Pilkington. "In truth, Jack, then you are out of luck, for I have but half-a-guinea in the world." "Aye, but my dear Doctor," continues Pilkington, "you have got a watch, and though I would rather die than propose such an indelicacy upon any other occasion than the present, if you could let me have that, I could pawn it across the way for two guineas, and be able to repay you with heart-felt gratitude in a few days."

This last bait took poor Goldsmith fully on the hook; he confidently gave him his watch, which he was some months after obliged to take up himself, without hearing any more of his friend or the success of his white mice.

The Doctor used to tell this story with some humour, and never without an eulogium on the ingenuity of Pilkington, who could take him in after so many years experience of his shifts and contrivances; "But how do ye think the fellow served me at last? why, Sir, after staying away two years, he came one evening into my chambers, half drunk, as I was taking a glass of wine with Topham Beauclerc and General Oglethorpe; and, sitting himself down, with the most intolerable assurance enquired after my health and literary pursuits, as if we were upon the most friendly footing. I was at first, said Goldsmith, so much ashamed of ever having known such a fellow, that I stifled my resentment, and drew him into a conversation on such topics as I knew he could talk upon, and in which, to do him justice, he acquitted himself very reputably; when all of a sudden, as if he recollected something, he pulled two papers out of his pocket, which he presented to me with great ceremony, saying, 'Here, my dear friend, is a quarter of a pound of tea and a half pound of sugar I have brought you, for though it is not in my power at present to pay you the two guineas you so generously lent me, you nor any man else shall ever have it to say that I want gratitude.' This was too much, said the Doctor, I could no longer keep in my feelings, but desired him to turn out of my chambers directly, which he very coolly did, taking up his tea and sugar, and I never saw him afterwards."

Another instance of his extreme credulity happened one night at the Globe tavern, in Fleet-street; a house at that time much frequented by Goldsmith, Kelly, Dr. Kenrick, Glover, and many others of the literati.—The Doctor coming into the club-room, much fatigued from a shooting party, ordered some mutton chops for supper. The wags, finding out he had eat no dinner, and knowing their man, wanted to play some tricks with him, and the moment the chops appeared, turned up their noses and drew off their chairs from the table. This alarming Goldsmith, he asked them whether any thing was the matter with the chops? they at first evaded answering the question, but being earnestly pressed, they one and all announced them to stink, and wondered how the waiter dared serve up such to any of their friends. This was enough for Goldsmith; he rang the bell for the waiter, and after abusing him in the most violent terms, insisted, by way of retaliation (which by the bye was hinted to him by the company), that he should sit down and eat them himself. The waiter, who by this time saw through the fun, with seeming reluctance complied; which appeasing the Doctor's mighty wrath, he ordered a fresh supper for himself, and "a dram for the poor devil of a waiter, who might otherwise get sick from so nauseating a meal."

Among the company who frequented the Globe, was an eminent *Pig-Butcher*, a good sort of man, who piqued himself not a little on his familiarity with Goldsmith. His constant manner of drinking to him was, "Come, Noll, here's my service to you, old boy." Repeating this one night in a larger company than usual, Glover

whispered Goldsmith, and asked him how he could permit B——y to take such a liberty with him. "Let him alone," says the Doctor, "and you'll see how civilly I'll let him down." Accordingly, some time after, taking advantage of a pause in conversation, he called out aloud, "Mr. B——y, I have the honour of drinking your good health." On which the other, instead of feeling any reproof, briskly answered, after first taking the pipe out of his mouth, "Thankee, thankee, Noll." "Well, where is the advantage of your reproof now?" said Glover. "In truth," said the Doctor, very good-humouredly, "I give it up; I ought to have known before now, there is no putting a pig in the right way."

The Doctor was at times very absent, and shewed such an inconsistency of mind, that if a person was to judge of his literary knowledge from some particular instances, they must think very meanly of his information or talents. He was once engaged in a violent dispute with George Bellas, the Proctor (at the very time he was writing his History of Animated Nature), about the *motion* of the upper jaw; and when Bellas laughed at him on the absurdity of his assertion, the Doctor very seriously, but warmly, desired him to put his finger in his mouth, and he 'd convince him. Being soon after desired by a friend to recollect what he had asserted, he paused for some time, and said, "In truth I had forgot myself, but any way I ought not to have given up the victory to such an antagonist."

A vanity of occasionally thinking he was able to do any thing as well as another man, was amongst the other peculiarities of this whimsical character. Johnson, who was no stranger to Goldsmith's oddities, used to say, "Poor Goldy, rather than hold his tongue, will often talk of what he knows himself to be ignorant of, and which can only end in exposing himself. If he was in company with two founders, he would begin talking with them on the construction of cannon, though both of them would soon see he did not know what metal a cannon was made of."

As an instance of the above, he was one night at the club, at St. James's-street, when the company were praising a speech which Mr. Burke had made that day in the House of Commons. This was enough to set Goldsmith agoing, who said *speechifying* was all a knack, and that he would venture to make as good a speech in either Latin, Greek, or English. The company took him at his word, but to spare him the difficulties of the dead languages would be content with a trial in English. The Doctor instantly mounted a chair, but could not get on above a sentence without the most evident embarrassment. "Well," says he, after a time, "I find this won't do, therefore I'll write my speech." No, Doctor, said the company, we don't question your talents for writing, it was speaking you engaged for. "Well, well," says the Doctor, "I'm out of luck now, but you may depend on it, as I said before, that oratory is a mere knack, which any man of education may practise with success in a very little time."

Another time, being in company with a great number of ladies,

and a ballad-singer happening to sing his favourite air of "Sally Salisbury" under the window, he exclaimed with some passion, "How miserably this woman sings!" "Pray, Doctor," says he lady of the house, "could you do it better?" "Yes, madam," said he, "and the company shall be judges." He instantly began; when singing with some ear and no inconsiderable degree of pathos, he obtained the universal suffrages of the company.

Such were the peculiarities of Goldsmith, which only served as little foils to his talents and moral character. Of the former the public has long since judged; and of the latter, those who knew him best can best speak in his praise. He was so humane in his disposition, that his last guinea was the general boundary of his munificence. He had two or three poor authors always as pensioners, beside several widows and poor housekeepers; and when he had no money to give the latter, he always sent them away with shirts or old clothes, and sometimes with the whole contents of the breakfast-table; saying, with a smile of satisfaction after they were gone, "Now let me only suppose I have eat a much heartier breakfast than usual, and I'm nothing out of pocket."

He was always ready to do services to his friends and acquaintance by recommendations, &c. and as he lived latterly much with the great world, and was much respected, he very often succeeded, and felt his best reward in the gratification of doing well.

Dr. Johnson knew him early and whilst he was struggling with his poverty, and always spoke as respectfully of his heart as of his talents. Goldsmith in some respects conciliated this good opinion by almost never contradicting him, and Johnson in return laughed at his oddities. Goldsmith in excuse for this used to say, "There's no chance in arguing with such a man; for, like the Tartar horse, if he does not conquer you in front, his kick from behind is sure to be fatal." In his pleasantries before Johnson, however, he had less restraint, and used to say and do many things *cum privilegio*.

As an instance of this, whilst they were at supper one night *tete-a-tete* at the King's Head, Holborn, on rumps and kidneys, Johnson observed, "Sir, these rumps are pretty little things, but then a man must eat a great many of them before he fills his belly." "Aye, but," says Goldsmith, "how many of these would reach to the moon?" "To the moon! aye, Goldy, I fear that exceeds your calculation." "Not at all, Sir," says Goldsmith, "I think I could tell." "Pray then, Sir, let us hear." "Why *one* if it was long enough." Johnson growled at this reply for some time, but at last recollecting himself, "Well, Sir, I have deserved it; I should not have provoked so foolish an answer by so foolish a question."

In summing up the whole of our Poet's character, we cannot better accomplish it than in the two following portraits of him (one in verse and the other in prose), written by an intimate friend immediately after his decease, and which were both esteemed faithful likenesses:—

"Here rests, from the cares of the world and his pen,
A Poet whose like we shall scarce meet again;
Who though form'd in an age when corruption ran high,
And Folly alone seem'd with Folly to vie;
When Genius with traffic too commonly train'd,
Recounted her merits by what she had *gain'd*,
Yet spurn'd at those walks of debasement and pelf,
And in Poverty's spite dar'd think for himself.
Thus freed from those fetters the Muses oft bind,
He wrote from the heart to the hearts of mankind;
And such was the prevalent force of his song,
Sex, ages, and parties, he drew in a throng.
The Lovers---'twas theirs to esteem and commend,
For his *Hermit* had proved him their tutor and friend.
The Statesman, his politic passions on fire,
Acknowledg'd repose from the charms of his lyre.
The Moralist too had a feel for his rhymes,
For his *Essays* were curbs on the rage of the times.
Nay, the Critic, all school'd in grammatical sense,
Who look'd in the glow of description for tense,
Reform'd as he read, fell a dupe to his art,
And confess'd by his eyes what he felt at his heart.
Yet bless'd with original powers like these,
His principal forte was on paper to please;
Like a fleet-footed hunter, tho' first in the chace,
On the road of plain sense he oft slacken'd his pace,
Whilst *Dulness* and *Cunning*, by whipping and goring,
Their hard-footed hackneys paraded before him.
Compounded likewise of such primitive parts,
That his manners alone would have gain'd him our hearts.
So simple in truth, so ingenuously kind,
So ready to feel for the wants of mankind;
Yet praise but an author of popular quill,
This flux of Philanthropy quickly stood still;
Transform'd from himself, he grew meanly severe,
And rail'd at those talents he ought not to fear.
Such then were his foibles; but though they were such,
As shadow'd the picture a little too much,
The style was all graceful, expressive, and grand,
And the whole the result of a masterly hand.
Then hear me, blest Spirit! now seated above,
Where all is beatitude, concord and love,
If e'er thy regards were bestow'd on mankind,
THY MUSE AS A LEGACY LEAVE US BEHIND.
I ask it by proxy for Letters and Fame,
As the pride of our heart and the old English name,
I demand it as such for Virtue and Truth,
As the solace of Age, and the guide of our Youth.
Consider what Poets surround us---how dull!
From *Minstrelsy* B------ to Rosamond H---ll.
Consider what K------ys *enervate* the stage;
Consider what K------cks may *poison* the age;
O! protect us from such, nor let it be said,
That in GOLDSMITH the last British poet lies dead.

The following was written *impromptu* on the evening of his death:

"In an age where genius and learning are too generally sacrificed to the purposes of ambition and avarice, it is the consolation of Virtue, as

well as of its friends, that they can commemorate the name of Goldsmith as a shining example to the contrary.

"Early compelled (like many of our greatest men) into the service of the Muses he never once permitted his necessities to have the least improper influence on his conduct, but knowing and respecting the honourable line of his profession, he made no farther use of Fiction than to set off the dignity of Truth; and in this he succeeded so happily, that his writings stamp him no less the man of genius than the universal friend of mankind.

"Such is the short outline of his public character, which, perhaps, will be remembered whilst the first-rate Poets of this country have any monuments left them. But, alas! his nobler and immortal part, the good man, is only consigned to the short-lived memory of those who are left to lament his death.

"Having naturally a powerful bias on his mind to the cause of Virtue, he was cheerful and indefatigable in every pursuit of it. Warm in his friendships, gentle in his manners, and in every act of Charity and Benevolence, 'the very milk of human Nature.' Nay, even his foibles and little weaknesses of temper, may be said rather to simplify than degrade his understanding; for though there may be many instances adduced to prove he was 'no man of the world,' most of those instances would attest the unadulterated purity of his heart."

One who esteemed the kindness and friendship of such a man, as forming the principal part of the happiness of his life, pays this last, sincere, and grateful tribute to his memory.

April 4, 1774.

CHARACTER OF SIR ANTHONY BROWN.

IT is a pleasure to stand on the shore, and to see the ships toss'd about on the sea. An even temper begets awe and reverence, whilst the wide extremes create either on the one hand contempt and insolence, or on the other discontent and murmuring.—Haughty and violent courts never bless the chiefs with a settled peace. Time and method (said he) are my masters. There are three parts in Business—preparation, debate, and perfection—opinion governs the world. Princes surrounded with pomp and state may be oft envied and hated; without it they are always scorned and despised. Outward esteem to a great person is like the rind to fruit, which though but a thin cover preserves it. Fortune is like a market, where many times if you can stay a little, the price will fall—the circumstances of an occasion must be well weigh'd; watch the beginning of an action and then speed. Two things make a complete politician—secresy in counsel, and celerity in execution—his excellency consisted more in choosing his officers and followers, than in acting himself; the deserving and the brave were often seen at his gate, but not in crowds, to avoid popularity; his favor was equal to all, that none might be insolent or discontented, yet so discreetly dispensed as made the preferred faithful, and the expectant officious.—Patience and time facilitates all things; with prudence and reflection a man will subdue his own passions, and those of others.

ANECDOTES

OF

DR. JOHNSON, &c.

[FROM THE ADDITIONS TO BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON.]

HE had an abhorrence of affectation. Talking of old Mr. Langton, of whom he said, "Sir, you will seldom see such a gentleman, such are his stores of literature, such his knowledge in divinity, and such his exemplary life;" he added, "and, Sir, he has no grimace, no gesticulation, no bursts of admiration on trivial occasions; he never embraces you with an overacted cordiality."

Being in company with a gentleman who thought fit to maintain Dr. Berkeley's ingenious Philosophy—that nothing exists but as perceived by some mind; when the gentleman was going away Johnson said to him, "Pray, Sir, don't leave us; for we may perhaps forget to think of you, and then you will cease to exist."

Goldsmith, upon being visited by Johnson one day in the Temple, said to him with a little jealousy of the appearance of his accommodation, "I shall soon be in better chambers than these." Johnson at the same time checked him, and paid him a handsome compliment, implying that a man of his talents should be above attention to such distinctions—"Nay, Sir, never mind that. *Nil te quæsiveris extra.*"

At the time when his pension was granted him, he said, with a noble literary ambition, "Had this happened twenty years ago, I should have gone to Constantinople to learn Arabick, as Pococks did."

When Mr. Vesey was proposed as a Member of the Literary Club, Mr. Burke began by saying that he was a man of gentle manners. "Sir," said Johnson, "you need say no more. When you have said a man of gentle manners, you have said enough."

The late Mr. Fitzherbert told Mr. Langton, that Johnson said to him, "Sir, a man has no more right to *say* an uncivil thing, than to *act* one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down."

"My dear friend Dr. Bathurst (said he with a warmth of approbation) declared that he was glad his father, who was a West-India Planter, had left his affairs in total ruin, because having no estate, he was not under the temptation of having slaves."

Richardson had little conversation except about his own works, of which Sir Joshua Reynolds said he was always willing to talk, and glad to have them introduced. Johnson, when he carried Mr. Langton to see him, professed that he could bring him out into conversation, and used this allusive expression, "Sir, I can make him *roar*." But he failed; for in that interview Richardson said

little else than that there lay in the room a translation into German of his Clarissa*."

Once when somebody produced a newspaper in which there was a letter of stupid abuse of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in which Johnson himself came in for a share, "Pray," said he, "let us have it read aloud from beginning to end;" which being done, he with a ludicrous earnestness, and not directing his look to any particular person, called out, "Are we alive after all this satire!"

Of a certain Noble Lord he said, "Respect him you could not; for he had no mind of his own—Love him you could not, for that which you could do with him, every one else could."

Of Dr. Goldsmith he said, "No man was more foolish when he had not a pen in his hand, or more wise when he had one."

He told in his lively manner the following literary anecdote—"Green and Guthrie, an Irishman and a Scotchman, undertook a translation of Duhalde's History of China. Green said of Guthrie, that he knew no English, and Guthrie of Green, that he knew no French; and these two undertook to translate Duhalde's History of China. In this translation there was found, 'the twenty-sixth day of the new moon.' Now as the whole age of the moon is but twenty-eight days, the moon, instead of being new, was nearly as old as it could be. The blunder arose from their mistaking the word *newvieme*, ninth, for *nouvelle* or *neuve*, new."

On occasion of Dr. Johnson's publishing his pamphlet of "The False Alarm," there came out a very angry answer (by many supposed to be by Mr. Wilkes); Dr. Johnson determined on not answering it, but, in conversation with Mr. Langton, mentioned a particular or two, that if he *had* replied to it, he might perhaps have inserted.—In the Answerer's pamphlet it had been said with solemnity, "Do you consider, Sir, that a House of Commons is to the People as a Creature is to its Creator." "To this question," said Johnson, "I could have replied, that, In the first place, the idea of a CREATOR must be such as that he has a power to unmake or annihilate his creature: Then, it cannot be conceived that a creature can make laws for its CREATOR."

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* A literary lady has favoured me with a characteristic anecdote of Richardson:—One day at his country-house at North-end, where a large company was assembled at dinner, a gentleman who was just returned from Paris, willing to please Mr. Richardson, mentioned to him a very flattering circumstance, that he had seen his Clarissa lying on the King's brother's table. Richardson, observing that part of the company were engaged in talking to each other, affected then not to attend to it. But by and by, when there was a general silence, and he thought that the flattery might be fully heard, he addressed himself to the gentleman, "*I think, Sir, you were saying something about*"—pausing in a high flutter of expectation. The gentleman provoked at his inordinate vanity, resolved not to indulge it, and with an exquisitely sly air of indifference, answered, "A mere trifle, Sir, not worth repeating." The mortification of Richardson was visible, and he did not speak ten words more the whole day.

"Depend upon it," said he, "that if a man *talks* of his misfortunes, there is something in them that is not disagreeable to him, for where there is nothing but pure misery, there never is any recourse to the mention of it."

"Many a man is mad in certain instances, and goes through life without having it perceived; for example, a madness has seized a person of supposing himself obliged literally to pray continually; had the madness turned the opposite way, and the person thought it a crime ever to pray, it might not improbably have continued unobserved."

"Supposing," said he, "a wife to be of a studious or argumentative turn, it would be very troublesome; for instance, if a woman should continually dwell upon the subject of the Arian Heresy."

"No man speaks concerning another, even suppose it be in his praise, if he thinks he does not hear him, exactly as he would if he thought he was within hearing."

"The applause of a single human being is of great consequence." —This he said to me with great earnestness of manner, very near the time of his decease, on occasion of having it desired me to read a letter addressed to him from some person in the North of England; which when I had done, and he asked me what the contents were; as I thought being particular upon it might fatigue him, it being of great length, I only told him in general that it was highly in his praise, and then he expressed himself as above.

He mentioned with an air of satisfaction what Baretti had told him; that meeting, in the course of his studying English, with an excellent paper in the Spectator, one of four that were written by the respectable Dissenting Minister Mr. Grove, of Taunton, and observing the genius and energy of mind that it exhibits, it greatly quickened his curiosity to visit our country; as he thought if such were the lighter periodical essays of our authors, their productions on more weighty occasions must be wonderful indeed!

He observed once, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, that a beggar in the street will more readily ask alms from a *man*, though there should be no marks of wealth in his appearance, than from even a well-dressed *woman**; which he accounted for from the greater degree of carefulness as to money that is to be found in women; saying farther upon it, that the opportunities in general that they possess of improving their condition are much fewer then men have; and adding, as he looked round the company, which consisted of men only, "there is not one of us who does not think he might be richer if he would use his endeavour."

An observation of Bathurst's may be mentioned, which Johnson repeated, appearing to acknowledge it to be well-founded, namely, It was somewhat remarkable how seldom, on occasion of coming

* Sterne is of a direct contrary opinion. See his "Sentimental Journey," Article 'The Mystery.'

into the company of any new person, one felt any wish or inclination to see him again.

Johnson thought the poems published as translations from Ossian, had so little merit, that he said, "Sir, a man might write such stuff for ever, if he would *abandon* his mind to it."

He said, "A man should pass a part of his time with the laughers, by which means any thing ridiculous or particular about him might be presented to his view, and corrected." I observed, "He must have been a bold laugher who would have ventured to tell Dr. Johnson of any of his particularities*."

Dr. Goldsmith said once to Dr. Johnson, "that he wished for some additional members to the Literary Club, to give it an agreeable variety; for," said he, "there can now be nothing new among us; we have travelled over one another's minds. Johnson seemed a little angry, and said, "Sir, you have not travelled over my mind, I promise you." Sir Joshua, however, thought Goldsmith right; observing that "when people have lived a great deal together, they know what each of them will say on every subject. A new understanding, therefore, is desirable, because though it may only furnish the same sense upon a question which would have been furnished by those with whom we are accustomed to live, yet this sense will have a different colouring; and colouring is of much effect in every thing else as well as in painting."

Johnson used to say, "that he made it a constant rule to talk as well as he could both as to sentiment and expression, by which means, what had been originally effort became familiar and easy." "The consequence of this," Sir Joshua observes, "was, that his common conversation in all companies was such as to secure him universal attention, as something above the usual colloquial style was expected."

Yet though Johnson had this habit in company, when another mode was necessary, in order to investigate truth, he could descend to a language intelligible to the meanest capacity. An instance of this was witnessed by Sir Joshua Reynolds, when they were present at an examination of a little blackguard boy, by Mr. Saunders Welch, the late Westminster Justice. Welch, who imagined that he was exalting himself in Dr. Johnson's eyes by using big words, spoke in a manner that was utterly unintelligible to the boy; Dr. Johnson, perceiving it, addressed himself to the boy, and changed the pompous phraseology into colloquial language. Sir Joshua

* I am happy, however, to mention a pleasing instance of his enduring with great gentleness to hear one of his most striking particularities pointed out: *Miss Hunter, a niece of his friend Christopher Smart, when a very young girl*, struck by his extraordinary motions, said to him, "Pray, Dr. Johnson, why do you make such strange gestures?"---"From bad habit," he replied; "do you, my dear, take care to guard against bad habits." This I was told by the young lady's brother at Margate.

Reynolds, who was much amused by this procedure, which seemed a kind of reversing of what might have been expected from the two men, took notice of it to Dr. Johnson as they walked away by themselves. Johnson said, that "it was continually the case; and that he was always obliged to *translate* the justice's swelling diction (smiling), so has that his meaning might be understood by the vulgar, from whom information was to be obtained."

Sir Joshua once observed to him, "that he talked above the capacity of some people with whom they had been in company together." "No matter, Sir," said Johnson, "they consider it as a compliment to be talked to as if they were wiser than they are. So true is this, Sir, that Baxter made it a rule in every sermon that he preached, to say something that was above the capacity of his audience *."

Johnson's dexterity in retort, when he seemed to be driven to an extremity by his adversary, was very remarkable. Of his power in this respect, our common friend, Mr. Windham, of Norfolk, has been pleased to furnish me with an eminent instance. However unfavourable to Scotland, he uniformly gave liberal praise to George Buchanan as a writer. In a conversation concerning the literary merits of the two countries, in which Buchanan was introduced, a Scotchman, imagining that on this ground he should have an undoubted triumph over him, exclaimed, "Ah, Dr. Johnson, what would you have said of Buchanan, had he been an Englishman?" "Why, Sir," said Johnson, after a little pause, "I should *not* have said of Buchanan had he been an *Englishman*, what I will now say of him as a *Scotchman*—that he was the only man of genius his country ever produced."

Though his usual term for conversation was *talk*, yet he made a distinction; for when he once told me that he dined the day before at a friend's house with "a very pretty company;" and I asked him if there was good conversation, he answered, "No, Sir, we had *talk* enough, but no *conversation*; there was nothing *discussed*."

Talking of the success of the Scotch in London, he imputed it in a considerable degree to their spirit of nationality. "You know, Sir," said he, "that no Scotchman publishes a book, or has a play brought upon the stage, but there are five hundred people ready to applaud him."

He said to Sir William Scott, "The age is running mad after innovation; all the business of the world is to be done in the new way; men are to be hanged in a new way; Tyburn itself is not safe from the fury of innovation." It having been argued that this was an improvement.—"No, Sir," said he eagerly, "it is *not* an

* The justness of this remark is confirmed by the following story, for which I am indebted to Lord Eliot:—A country parson, who was remarkable for quoting scraps of Latin in his sermons, having died, one of his parishioners was asked how he liked his successor: "He is a very good preacher," was his answer, "but NO LATINER."

improvement: they object that the old method drew together a number of spectators;——Sir, executions are intended to draw spectators. If they do not draw spectators, they don't answer their purpose. The old method was most satisfactory to all parties: the publick was gratified by a procession, the criminal was supported by it. Why is all this to be swept away?" I perfectly agree with Dr. Johnson upon this head, and am persuaded that executions now, the solemn procession being discontinued, have not nearly the effect which they formerly had. Magistrates both in London, and elsewhere, have, I am afraid, in this, had too much regard to their own ease.

Johnson's attention to precision and clearness of expression was very remarkable. He disapproved of parentheses; and I believe in all his voluminous writings, not half a dozen of them will be found. He never used the phrases *the former* and *the latter*, having observed that they often occasioned obscurity; he therefore contrived to construct his sentences so as not to have occasion for them, and would even rather repeat the same words, in order to avoid them. Nothing is more common than to mistake sirnames when we hear them carelessly uttered for the first time. To prevent this, he used not only to pronounce them slowly and distinctly, but to take the trouble of spelling them; a practice which I have often followed, and which I wish were general.

The heterogeneous composition of human nature was remarkably exemplified in Johnson. His liberality in giving his money to persons in distress was extraordinary. Yet there lurked about him a propensity to paltry saving. One day I owned to him that "I was occasionally troubled with a fit of *narrowness*."——"Why, Sir," said he, "so am I; *but I do not tell it.*" He has now and then borrowed a shilling of me; and when I asked it again, seemed to be rather out of humour. A droll little circumstance once occurred; as if he meant to reprimand my minute exactness as a creditor, he thus addressed me: "Boswell, *lend* me sixpence—*not to be repaid.*"

Though a stern *true-born Englishman*, and fully prejudiced against all other nations, he had discernment enough to see, and candour enough to censure, the cold reserve too common among Englishmen towards strangers: "Sir," said he, "two men of any other nation who are shewn into a room together, at a house where they are both visitors, will immediately find some conversation. But two Englishmen will probably go each to a different window, and remain in obstinate silence. Sir, we as yet do not enough understand the common rights of humanity."

Once when checking my boasting too frequently of myself in company, he said to me, "Boswell, you often vaunt so much as to provoke ridicule. You put me in mind of a man who was standing in the kitchen of an inn with his back to the fire, and thus accosted the person next to him, "Do you know, Sir, who I am?" "No, Sir," said the other, "I have not that advantage." "Sir," said he, "I am the *great Twalmley*, who invented the New Floodgate

Iron*." The Bishop of Killaloe, on my repeating the story to his Lordship, defended Twalmley, by observing, that he was entitled to the epithet of *great*; for Virgil in his group of worthies in the Elysian Fields—

Hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi, &c.

Mentions

Inventus aut qui vitam excoluere per artes.

He would not allow Mr. David Hume any credit for his political principles, though similar to his own; saying to him, "Sir, he was a Tory by chance."

His acute observation of human life made him remark, "Sir, there is nothing by which man exasperates most people more, than by displaying a superior ability, or brilliancy in conversation. They seem pleased at the time, but their envy makes them curse him at their hearts."

Johnson was wont often to exercise both his pleasantry and ingenuity in talking Jacobitism. My much-respected friend Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury, has favoured me with the following admirable instance from his Lordship's own recollection:

One day when dining at old Mr. Langton's, where Miss Roberts, his niece, was one of the company, Johnson, with his usual complacent attention to the fair sex, took her by the hand, and said, "My dear, I hope you are a Jacobite." Old Mr. Langton, who, though a high and steady Tory, was attached to the present Royal Family, seemed offended, and asked Johnson with great warmth, "What he could mean by putting such a question to his niece?" "Why, Sir," said Johnson, "I mean no offence to your niece, I meant her a great compliment. A Jacobite, Sir, believes in the divine right of kings. He that believes in the divine right of kings believes in a Divinity. A Jacobite believes in the divine right of bishops. He that believes in the divine right of bishops believes in the divine authority of the Christian Religion. Therefore, Sir, a Jacobite is neither an Atheist nor a Deist. That cannot be said of a whig, *for whiggism is a negation of all principle.*" He used to tell, with great humour, from my relation to him, the following little story of my early years, which was literally true: "Boswell, in the year 1745, was a fine boy, wore a white cockade, and prayed for King James, till one of his uncles (General Cochran) gave him a shilling on condition that he should pray for King George, which he accordingly did. So you see (says Boswell) that *Whigs of all nations are made the same way.*"

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*What the great *Twalmley* was so proud of having invented, was neither more nor less than a kind of box-iron for smoothing clothes.

["As the Characters in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. are now exhausted, the Printer is requested to accept in future the following remarkable Characters or Anecdotes of later times.

M. R."]

PRIVATE ANECDOTES

OF

ILLUSTRIOUS FRENCH CHARACTERS.

JACQUES AUGUST DE THOU.

[Born at Paris 1553, died in 1617.]

IN a journey to Languedoc in company with the M—— de Schomberg I went to see the Bishop of Mende at his country seat of Chanac. We were entertained with magnificence—we took notice that among the different sorts of game served to his table, some wanted the head, a leg, a wing, or some other part of the body, and which gave occasion to the Bishop to say in a very pleasant manner, that some allowances were to be made to the gluttony of his purveyors, who had always been in the practice of tasting every thing beforehand: we were a good deal surprised at this intelligence, but were not allowed to remain long ignorant of what we thought a riddle.—When the Bishop had informed us that these his purveyors were Eagles, we were desirous of examining things nearer hand; we found as we had been told that the eagles build their nests on the tops of inaccessible rocks. As soon as the shepherds perceive where the nests are built, they construct a small hut at the foot of the rock, where they watch unseen the eagles carrying of game to their young; when the old ones are flown away in search of more they quickly clamber up to the top of the rock, and carry away what they have brought, and in the stead leave the entrails of some beasts; all this cannot be done so expeditiously but that the young eagle has already devoured a part, which is the reason the game comes mutilated to the table, but of a flavour far superior to any thing of that kind ever bought in the market. When the young eagle becomes strong enough to fly, which happens but very slowly, because he has been deprived of his usual food, the shepherd chains him to the nest, that the old ones may continue to bring him food. This they do for some time, till at last wearied out, they fly away, and are never seen again; the shepherds then remove the young eagle and destroy the nest, for the mother will never hatch in an old one.

There happened to M. de Thou a very singular adventure in the year 1598:—there was at Saumur a mad-woman, whom this gentle-

man had never seen or heard of—this poor creature, as she was not mischievous, was allowed to run about wherever she pleased, affording great entertainment to the mob; her method at night was to creep into the first place she found open, and sleep very quietly if not disturbed. One evening she entered M. de Thou's apartment, who was sound asleep in his bed, his servants who lay in the next room having neglected to bolt his door. The mad-woman, who was well acquainted with the house, entered the apartment without the least noise, and began to undress herself by the fire; she placed her clothes on several chairs round the chimney to dry them, some wicked boys having thrown water on her; when she was undress'd to her shift, she went and lay down at the foot of the bed, and soon fell into a profound sleep; the President sometime after awaking, and feeling a heavy load on his feet, and supposing it a favourite dog he had, suddenly gave a kick, and the mad-woman fell to the ground, moaning sadly—he then found it was no dog, and could not for a long time believe that he was awake; at last, hearing the tread of feet, he drew the curtains of his bed, and as his window-shutters were not closed, he, by the light of the moon, saw a white figure walking to and fro in the apartment, but when looking toward the chimney, he perceived the ragged clothes hanging there, thought certainly some thieves had broke into the house, in order to rob him. He ask'd the woman who she was, she made answer, that "She was the queen of Heaven, that she had come from thence the evening before, and that she was to return thither again immediately:" He then by her voice knew her to be a woman, and calling his servants, ordered her to be turned out; locking his door, he returned to bed, and immediately fell asleep. The next morning he related the adventure to M—— de Schomberg, who, though exceedingly brave, frankly confessed, he would have been greatly terrified. Schomberg told the king of it, who said the same thing.

Monsieur de Thou, son to the President, being sent as ambassador to King James the First of England, the king said to him, "What, are you the son of that pedant, who in his history, has taken such liberties with the character of my mother*, and have you the boldness to present yourself to me?——"

CARDINAL DU PERRON.

THIS Cardinal had so great an ascendant on the mind of Pope Paul the Vth, that his Holiness used to say, let us pray to God, that he may inspire Cardinal du Perron, for he will persuade us whatever he pleases.—The Cardinal was a great speaker; when he began a subject there was no end; when his valet-de-chambre heard him open, he took his cloak, and said to his fellow-servants *andiamo ab - - -* meaning that they might go and solace for three or four hours, for he was certain, they would not be wanted sooner.

* Mary queen of Scots.

The Cardinal's house, belonging to the parish of St. Paul, at Paris, he sent one of his gentlemen to the Curate of that parish, with orders to come to him on affairs of consequence—the Curate answered "Very well," but did not go. The Cardinal waited a long time, sent to him again—the Curate answered as before; Du Perron, greatly irritated at the unpoliteness of the Curate, sent him a third messenger, who had orders to say that the Cardinal was much offended at his want of respect, and desired he would come without delay, or else he would have reason to repent it.—The Curate coldly answered the messenger, "Tell my Lord Cardinal, that he is Curate at Rome, as I am in Paris; that I am not in his parish, but he is in mine." The Cardinal hearing this bold answer, said, "He is right, I am his parishioner, 'tis my duty to wait on him;" and immediately he set out. As soon as the Curate perceived him from his window he ran into the street to meet him—the Cardinal embraced him, and gave him his esteem and friendship.

One day in dispute with Servin, advocate-general, he accused him of ignorance and stupidity "It is true, my lord," answered Servin, "I have not eloquence or wisdom sufficient to prove that there is no God;"—the Cardinal was struck dumb, and appeared greatly confused. That the reader may understand the meaning of this answer, it is necessary to relate, that the Cardinal at a certain time, in conference with Henry III. had the boldness to tell him that he had now convinced him there is a God, but to-morrow, if your Majesty will please to give me audience, I will prove that there is none at all—which speech inspired the king with such horror against the audacious wretch, that he banished him his presence for ever.

FRANCOIS MALHERBE.

HENRY IV. asked the Cardinal Du Perron, one day, how it came he had given over making verses—"Nobody, an't please your Majesty, after Malherbe, should attempt any such thing; that gentleman has brought poetry to the highest pitch of perfection. On the Cardinal's recommendation Malherbe came to Paris, where he remained during his whole life without once returning to the country again; he would have been the delight of town and court had his conversation been more agreeable: he spoke but little it is true, but every word was a stab. One of his nephews came to see him on his return from college, Malherbe put an Ovid into his hand; the young man was much at a loss, and did nothing but stammer; the uncle said, "I would advise you to go into the army; be valiant; you will never be good for any thing else." His son being killed in a duel by Despilas, he sent him a challenge, and upon his friends representing the ridicule of a man of 73 fighting another of 25—"On that very account," replied he, "have I challenged him. Don't you see, that I only venture a sixpence to a louis d'or?"

A provincial poet entreated him to correct an Ode he had made for the king, and left it with him for that purpose—when he came again to demand it, Malherbe told him that there were but two words wanting; the poet begged he would do him the honour to insert them himself: he took his pen and wrote under the title—

ODE AU ROI,

Pour torcher *.

He then folded the paper, and returned it to the poet, who gave him a million of thanks, and took his leave without knowing what he had writ.

One of his friends complained to him, that all rewards and pensions were for those who served the king at court, and in his armies—and that men of letters were entirely neglected; he answered, that he thought government acted very prudently, for that a good poet was of as little use to the state as a good skittle player.

His manner of correcting his servant for a fault was very pleasant—he allowed him ten sous † a day for his diet, which in those times was a great deal, and twenty ecus § annual wages.—He remonstrated in these terms—"My friend, when you offend your master, you offend God; and when you offend God, an absolution for the sin is necessary, which is by fasting and giving charity; for which reason I will deduct five sous of your allowance, and give it to the poor in your name." Never man spoke his thoughts in a more free manner.

The Archbishop of Rouen had asked him to be present at a sermon he was to give them in the afternoon; Malherbe fell asleep; when the company rose from table, the Bishop waked him, and told him it was time to go to church—Malherbe begg'd he would excuse him, he could sleep as well without it. One evening as he was returning late to his bed, he met with a gentleman, who had been waiting for him a considerable time in his apartment, to acquaint him with some news of very little consequence—he cut him short with these words, good night, sir, "Good night, you put me to the expence of two pence for light, and all you have been saying is not worth a farthing." Going to visit a counsellor of the parliament, he found him in tears, and asked the cause of his affliction—"Cause enough," answered the magistrate, "we have lost two Princes of the Blood by the miscarriage of the mother."—"Sir," replied Malherbe, "that ought not to afflict you in France you will never want for masters."—Malherbe had a great contempt for men in general—reading one day in Genesis, of Cain and Abel—"A very pretty story truly," says he, "there were but four people in the world, and one of them goes and kills his brother." There were several odd circum-

* Fit paper for the Temple of Cloacina.

† Five pence English.----§ Two pounds ten shillings.

stances remarkable in the behaviour of Malherbe, and which were forgiven him on account of his great merit.—He was but indifferently lodged, and had but seven or eight matted chairs; was much visited by persons of the first distinction: when the chairs were all filled he bolted his door in the inside, and if any body knock'd, cried out, to them, "Stay, stay, the chairs are all taken up." The circumstances of his death have shewn that he had very little, or no religion at all; it was with difficulty they could prevail on him to confess, he said "He was never accustomed to it, except at Easter."—The person who determined him to it at last was Yvrand his pupil; to persuade him he told him, that as he had made profession of living like other men, it was his duty to die like them."—"Malherbe answered, I believe you are in the right," and immediately ordered the vicar of his parish to be sent for; it is said, that an hour before his death, after having been at least two in mortal agonies, he suddenly wakened and reprimanded the woman of the house, who served him as a nurse, for making use of a word that was not good French, his confessor reproved him for it; he said he could not help it, and that he was determined to the last moment of his life to defend the purity of the French language; they also say, that his confessor representing to him the happiness of the next world, in low mean expressions, asked him, "Whether he did not feel a very great desire to enjoy that felicity"—Malherbe answered, "Don't talk to me about it, your bad stile gives me a disgust against it."

THEODORE AGRIPPA D'AUBIGNE.

D'AUBIGNE was son to an Officer, who commanded the army of the Calvinists, during the religious wars at Orleans; on his return from Guienne (where he had been obliged to remain a considerable time on account of settling affairs for the party he had embraced), he found his son had led a very disorderly and licentious life; in order to punish him for his misdeeds, and to correct him for the future, he sent him a very coarse suit of clothes, such as the peasants wear in the country, and had him conducted through all the shops in towns, that he might choose whatever trade he liked best;—the young man took this affront so much to heart, that he was attacked by a violent and dangerous fever, of which it was thought he would have died. He was no sooner recovered, and able to leave his apartment, than he went to his father and begged his pardon in so moving a manner, that he drew tears from the eyes of every one present, his father not excepted, who immediately embraced and forgave him; about a year after his father died, and his guardian finding him determined to study no longer, but to embrace a military life, put him in prison; for fear of an escape the young gentleman's clothes were taken away every night when he went to bed. Some of his military friends acquainted him, they were going to set out for the army; on hearing this, it being the height of summer, he made a shift to fasten the sheets of his bed to an iron

bolt in the window, and in that condition, nothing on but his shirt, slipped down and joined them on the road. Their company having met some of the catholic party, attacked and defeated them in a few minutes; Daubignè was slightly wounded, but refused the offer of a coat, and arrived in that manner at the place of rendezvous;—the commanding officer on hearing his story was much pleased, and ordered him clothes, arms, and money. D'Aubignè was too proud to accept an obligation from any man without an acknowledgement, therefore gave the commandant a receipt for what he had received, with the following words at the bottom, "On condition that I shall not accuse the war as the cause of my being stripped, not being able to retire from it in a worse condition than when I entered."

One day as D'Aubignè was relating to M. de Taley the many misfortunes he had undergone, this gentleman interrupted him, saying, "You are in possession of many valuable papers relating to the Chancellor de l' Hopital, who lives at present very retired at his country seat, near d' Estampes, having quitted all public business; if you please I will dispatch a messenger to him, to acquaint him that those papers are in your hands; I will engage you shall receive ten thousand ecus * for them, either from him, or from others, who would be glad of that opportunity to ruin the Chancellor." D' Aubignè, on hearing this, ran on the instant to fetch the papers, and in the presence of M. de Taley threw them into the fire, saying, "*I might* possibly some day or other have yielded to the temptation, therefore I burned them, for fear they might in the end have burned me." M. de Taley was lost in wonder at the generous action, said nothing, and retired; the next day he returned, and took D' Aubignè by the hand, saying, "Though you have disguised your sentiments from me, yet I am not altogether so short-sighted, but that I can easily see your inclinations to my daughter—you must know that she has many lovers, far superior to you in riches (though not in merit) but those papers you burned yesterday, for fear they should burn you, have determined me to accept of you for my son-in-law, and my daughter has given her consent;"—this declaration was entirely unexpected by D'Aubignè, and received with the greatest transports of joy; the match was soon after concluded.

Henry IV. having employ'd D' Aubignè in several provinces, in matters relating to the crown, gave him no other reward for his abour than his picture; at the bottom he pasted the following lines wrote on a slip of paper:

Ce prince est d' etrange nature,
Je ne sai qui diable la fait;
Il recompense in peinture,
Cena qui le servent en effet †.

* About twelve hundred, and fifty pounds.

† To put these in English verse might easily be done, but as they would lose much of their original beauty, I will therefore set down their meaning in prose: "This prince is of a strange humour, I know not who the devil has made him: he rewards in painting those who serve him in reality."

Lowry Sculpt.

Printed & Published by I. H. Burney, Newcastle Street, Strand Dec.r 1793.

D' Aubigne, on this account and many others, was not at all pleased with the king, and thereupon retired from court. The king, persuaded that he had lost a faithful servant, wrote him several letters to recall him, all which he burned without taking the least notice of their contents; but when he heard that the king (on a false report of his having been made prisoner in an enterprize against Limoges) had laid aside some diamond rings belonging to the queen, in order to pay his ransom, he was so touched with this act of generosity, that he immediately returned to court, and threw himself at the king's feet, imploring his pardon.

HOPE.

[WITH AN ELEGANT ENGRAVING.]

HOPE, of all ills that Men endure
The only cheap and universal cure!
Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's health!
Thou loser's victory, and thou beggar's wealth! COWLEY.

IT is astonishing that man, the most noble being of the Creation, should have so many imperfections as we find him surrounded with. It seems that there is always something that he wants, since no moment in life passes without some desires. Every thing he sees, every thing he hears, and every thing he thinks of, excites in his heart so many passions as nothing can extinguish, and which it is almost impossible for him to gratify; his weakness cannot answer to the vivacity of his imagination, nor can his imagination furnish the means of satisfying itself; an eternal uneasiness devours him, which nothing but HOPE can satisfy.

Though frequently unhappy in his projects, yet man is very eagerly bent upon them; and even the misfortune of having failed therein does for the most part serve him as a fresh motive to prosecute them. This thirst, which he cannot quench, and which incessantly burns within him; these desires always insatiable, and which he is never sure of satisfying, would be to him, no doubt, a terrible punishment, without the hope of success, with which he flatters himself, and which at least renders him happy by the idea he forms to himself, that he cannot fail of being so.

In fact, HOPE never leads him but through agreeable roads, even to the farther end, where it is forced to leave him; it alone has the power of taking from him the sense of the present, when it is unpleasing, and of anticipating as present the happy time to come, where it proposes to arrive. How distant soever the pleasing object be, HOPE brings it nigh; so that we enjoy a happiness while we hope for it: if we miss it, we still hope for it; if we come to possess it, we promise ourselves we shall always do so.

Happy or unhappy, HOPE supports and animates us; and such is the instability of human affairs, that even HOPE itself justifies projects the most adventurous, since, by continual vicissitudes of good and bad fortune, we have no more reason to fear what we hate, than to hope for what we desire.

May not we say truly, that HOPE is to us like a second life, which sweetens the bitterness of that which we enjoy from the hands of our Creator? But farther it is the soul of the universe, and a spring the most powerful to maintain the harmony thereof.

It is by HOPE that the whole world governs itself. Would laws be enacted, if mankind did not hope a wise policy from them? Should we see obedient subjects, if each individual did not by his submission flatter himself to contribute to the happiness of his country? What should become of the arts, and how useless would they be reckoned, without the hopes of the good effects the world must reap from them? Would not the sciences be neglected? Would not talents be uncultivated, and the most happy genius's sink to a brutal rudeness, without the flattering hopes of a surer and a more refined taste in every thing that it concerns us to know?

If you ask the soldier, what makes him expose himself so often to the hazards of days, which he might render less perilous, or more easy? He will tell you, that it is the hope of glory, which he prefers to the melancholy softness of a life spent in an obscure languor. The merchant traverses the seas, but he hopes to indemnify himself by his riches for the fears which he has undergone amidst the storms and the rocks. The husbandman, bent down upon his plough, waters the ground with his sweat; but this very ground is to feed him; and he would give himself no trouble to cultivate it, if he did not certainly expect the reward of his labours.

Whatever be our undertaking, HOPE is the motive to them; it is the fore-taste of our success, and is, at least, for some time, a real blessing in default of that which escapes us. It is an anticipated joy, which is sometimes delusive; but which, while it lasts, affords a pleasure that is no ways inferior to the enjoyment of that which we promise ourselves, and which often effaces the memory of all the sweets we have already tasted in the most happy situation.

And how could we quietly enjoy life, if we did not live from one day to another in hopes of prolonging it? There are none, down to sick persons, even in the most desperate cases, that are not shocked at the approach of death, and who have not hopes of recovery almost in the very moment they are expiring. We even carry our hopes beyond the grave; and at the time when we are endeavouring to render ourselves immortal among mankind, full of this flattering idea, we are the more disposed to lose ourselves irrecoverably in the abyss of eternity.

Tomkins Sculp.

James Heseltine Esqr.

Gr. Treasurer and P. S. G. W.

From an Original Painting.

Printed & Published by J. H. Bunney, Newcastle Street, Strand, Dec.r 1793.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE

OF

JAMES HESELTINE, ESQ. G.T.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

BIOGRAPHY is applied to its best use, when it is employed in recording characters distinguished by merits of the moral as well as intellectual kind. Upon this principle, there are few persons of the present time equally entitled to the attention of the impartial Biographer with the subject of our immediate notice, though others naturally attract more curiosity, because they perform higher parts on the theatre of public life.

JAMES HESELTINE, Esq. as we are informed by several of his friends, for, as he is really to be ranked among those who

"Do good by stealth and *blush* to find it *fame*,"

it was vain to expect any information from himself, was born about the year 1745, at WINSLEYDALE, in the county of York. His family has long been distinguished for worth and independence in the middle walks of life. His ancestors for a considerable time have been known as a manly race of yeomanry, possessing good property in Yorkshire.

Mr. HESELTINE laid the basis of a good education at a respectable academy in the neighbourhood, and made a tolerable proficiency in the classics, but being early destined for the profession in which he has so worthily distinguished himself, he did not, as far as we can learn, take any University degree; a circumstance indeed wholly unnecessary in the province for which his friends designed him.

Mr. HESELTINE obtained his professional knowledge in the office of PHILIP CHAMPION CRESPIGNY, Esq. late KING'S PROCTOR, and Member for Sudbury. Upon the resignation of Mr. Crespigny, in May 1783, Mr. HESELTINE'S merit was so conspicuous in his profession, that he had the honour to be appointed successor to that respectable office. In the line of his employment Mr. HESELTINE is universally esteemed for dispatch, ability, and rectitude. Independent of the professional rank he possesses, no one is more respected, and in that rank, no one, we believe, is equally successful. By the fair efforts of his own talents, industry, and prudence, he has raised a considerable fortune, which he enjoys with as much spirit and hospitality as he acquired it by diligence and integrity.

In private life, his placid temper, courteous deportment, manly sense, and general knowledge, have enabled him to form connections with persons of the highest rank, who appear to think him as

much entitled to regard by the dignity of his character, as by the independence of his condition.

In a work of the present kind, Mr. HESELTINE comes chiefly under our notice in his Masonic capacity, but we could not deny ourselves the pleasure of doing justice to private worth, particularly as what we have stated is merely a record of that testimony which all who know him readily deliver in his favour whenever his name is mentioned.

Mr. HESELTINE, we understand, married about the year 1776, Frances, one of the daughters and co-heiresses of ROGER ALTHAM, Esq. of Islington, deceased. Mrs. HESELTINE, according to report, is possessed of such domestic virtues as give her a full claim to so valuable a husband. By this lady Mr. HESELTINE has had a son and a daughter, whose merits afford an ample recompence for the parental tenderness and attention which they have experienced. The son, Mr. James Altham Heseltine has, we are informed, just entered into University College, Oxford.

We sincerely hope that Mr. HESELTINE will long enjoy the affluence his abilities have obtained, and long gratify the numerous friends whom his merits have so deservedly procured, and that when he pays the last aweful debt, he may be cheered by the conviction that he leaves his offspring the inheritors of his virtues as well as his possessions.

It now remains that we notice Mr. HESELTINE in his MASONIC CHARACTER. He was, we find, first acquainted with the mysteries of Masonry in July 1764, by dispensation from the GRAND MASTER, being then only in the nineteenth year of his age. He served the office of GRAND STEWARD 1767, and was made GRAND SECRETARY 1769. In 1780, Mr. WHITE was joined with him in the office of Secretary. Mr. HESELTINE resigned the Secretaryship in 1784, and was in 1785 appointed SENIOR GRAND WARDEN; and in 1786 was made GRAND TREASURER, which office he at present holds, and which he has exercised in a manner highly honourable to himself and advantageous to the Society. Mr. HESELTINE has been Master of the *Lodge of Antiquity*, No. I. Of the *Somerset House Lodge*, No. II. He has served all the principal offices in the degree of *Royal Arch Masons*, and has in every situation distinguished himself by affability, good sense and zeal for the honor of the Fraternity.

There are few gentlemen who have more numerous connections than Mr. HESELTINE, and whether we view him in his professional capacity, in the province of Masonry, or in the wide sphere of moral action, honor, humanity, and judgment seem to be the essential features of his character.

It may not be improper to add, in order to obviate that malignity to which the best characters are exposed, that the author of this article is not personally acquainted with the meritorious individual to whom it relates.

HATTON GARDEN, T.
Nov. 28.

TO THE

PRINTER OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

OBSERVING in your valuable Miscellany that you very properly preserve the Addresses from our FRATERNITY, to the Sovereign, and Prince of Wales (our beloved Grand Master), has induced me to send you the enclosed, from the Freemasons in the County of LINCOLN, as presented to the Prince by the Reverend WILLIAM PETERS, Provincial Grand Master, over the Lodges in Lincolnshire, and Deputy Provincial Grand Master for Nottinghamshire, and Leicestershire in a COLUMN OF HEART OF OAK, of the Doric Order.

I am, Sir,

GAINSBOROUGH, Nov. 21, 1793. A well-wisher of your Plan, and a Brother.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES, &c.

GRAND MASTER *of* MASONS.

THE HUMBLE ADDRESS OF THE MOST ANTIENT AND HONOURABLE SOCIETY OF

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS,

RESIDENT IN THE COUNTY OF LINCOLN.

In GRAND LODGE assembled.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,

WE, the Provincial Grand Master, Deputy Grand Master, Grand Wardens, and Brethren of the most antient and honourable Society of Free and Accepted Masons, in the County of Lincoln, in Grand Lodge assembled, Do humbly beg leave to approach your Royal Highness with our unfeigned thanks for the great honour you have done the CRAFT, by graciously condescending to accept the Chair as GRAND MASTER. It is an Æra which will ever be recorded in the future annals of MASONRY with exultation and gratitude; and we embrace with joy this opportunity of

our first meeting together in Grand Lodge to express our unshaken Loyalty to our King, Duty to your Royal Highness, and firm Attachment to that Constitution and form of Government, by which we are enabled through every part of the Globe, to meet each other free and uninterrupted, and in the fullest extent to pursue the great objects of MASONRY, in promoting and diffusing among men, Universal Charity, Brotherly Love, and Peace. These are the leading principles of our hearts, and will ever be the great rule of our actions —and by a due submission, and ready obedience to the Laws of our country, to testify to the world, that we are men, neither insensible of, nor ungrateful for the invaluable blessing of Liberty, so essential to MASONRY, which we Britons at this moment enjoy, in a far more enviable degree, than is known to any other of our fellow-creatures under the canopy of Heaven.

That our Almighty Creator the Great Architect of the Universe may ever preserve you in his holy keeping, is the heartfelt prayer of us, and of all true Masons.

GRANTHAM,
June 21, 1792.

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

WILLIAM PETERS, *P. G. M.*
(Chaplain to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.)
JOHN DODDWORTH, M.D. & *D.P.G.M.*
MATTHEW BARNETT, *S. G. W.*
GERVAS PARNELL, *J. G. W.*

OF MAN's HAPPINESS.

GOOD and bad, affluence and want, felicity and misfortune, are great or little, just as we suit ourselves to them. He is the richest man who desires no superfluity, and wants for no necessary. The discontented rich are poor, and an opulent miser may live worse than a beggar. Fortune, in itself, is neither good nor bad, but as we comport with it; and in this sense, every man makes his own fortune.—Misfortunes touch not him whose mind is superior to them. It is always a comfort and an honour to meet misfortunes bravely, for no man can prove his courage but by trial. Contentment is as often to be found in the cottage as in the palace. To check and restrain all such inclinations as tend to impair and destroy the body, wound the mind, and bring misery upon man, is a duty indispensible to our happiness; in other respects it is best to follow nature. If Diogenes lived content in his tub, he was as happy as Alexander. Equal content will render men equally happy in the different situations of life.

A TALE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

OF all the afflictions of Heaven, said Maria, the loss of our senses is the greatest: I should not wish to survive my reason. What a noble charity is that in Moorfields! But God forbid, replied I, that either of us, or any of our friends, should be one of its inhabitants.

We were deeply engaged on the subject, and the melancholy scene, with which my curiosity had been gratified in town, seemed actually before me, when, on a sudden, I heard the shrill voice of an old man, followed by a mob of children, who seemed no less diverted with his figure and gestures, than his uncommon expressions. "O! my poor Ass! my dear dear Job is taken from me! Wasn't it a shame, Sir, (approaching to the window, as he saw us, with a modest bow to me, and kissing his hand several times to Maria, with such an inexpressible look of tenderness and gratitude, as instantly made my heart listen to his tale) wasn't it a shame (repeating his words) to rob a poor man of his only ass, which I brought up from the very hour it was foaled, and fed with my own hand; and it would follow me, and fawn upon me, and love me, and do all, but speak—was'nt it a shame to steal it? Alas! poor Job (fetching a deep sigh, as if from the very bottom of his soul), many's the day, Sir, we have travelled together, and he would carry poor George safe in the heat of summer, and the cold of winter; and when we came home, tired and fatigued with our journey, he would eat of my bread, and drink of my cup, and play with us, and sleep under the same roof, and be as one of my children: but now, alas! (wringing his hands like one in despair) my poor Job is gone and lost for ever! I hope not, friend. O yes, Sir, and poor George would have gone too, if it had not been for that dear lady, God bless her (at this instant he again kissed his hand to Maria, with a look that spoke more than ten thousand tongues could utter, and lifting up his eyes seemed for a moment lost in prayer, and then added). But she will have her reward in Heaven."

At these words I observed Maria melted with tenderness, and endeavouring to conceal a tear. My heart too sunk within me, and I was almost lost in sympathy; when the old man recovering from his apostrophe, modestly begged pardon for his intrusion, and retired, as he had advanced, with a bow to me, smiling, and kissing his hand to Maria.

There was something wonderfully interesting in his manner. Surely, said I to myself, following Cracky with my eye, which seemed to dwell, with I know not what kind of melancholy pleasure, on his figure, mien, and gestures——

He was a short man, of good features, well made, of a mild, simple countenance, that betrayed a simplicity and innocence, to which silver locks, with a head half bald, gave a tender respectability, calculated to thaw a stoic's indifference into pity, and melt the feeling heart into all the gentle afflictions of nature——

Surely there must be truth in this extraordinary tale, for truth may exist even in madness. He calls Maria to witness, added I loud enough to be heard—Heaven be his witness! (cried she instantly with some warmth)—and you, Maria, his friend—you, it seems, can unfold this tale. In the name of goodness let me hear it!

Maria was too polite to be importuned, and, perceiving that I did not mean to ask an impertinent question, told me the whole story with the most unaffected simplicity.

The story of George, commonly called Cracky, and his Ass.—This poor man, Sir, is an object truly worthy of compassion, from the infirmities both of nature and condition, which have made him an easy prey to the arts of wicked men, practised upon the weakness of his understanding, and the helplessness of poverty. These defects, however, were supplied by honesty and industry, that gained him a livelihood by means of this favourite ass, whom he now laments; which, with a wife and family that loved him, was all the riches poor George possessed—except one good friend (said I, looking at Maria) that inestimable pearl, of which, alas! too frequently, we must be deprived to know its real value. Himself (resumed Maria) has told you the value of his ass, and sorry indeed am I that I have nothing to add but the loss of it. It was stolen from him one night by some unfeeling villains, whilst poor Cracky mourned, as a mother for the loss of her child. It affected him so much, that it quite broke his heart, so that he became insensible to every other object, and will now often burst into tears, and in a kind of delirium cry, "Pray give me my ass—he is the only friend poor George has in the world—pray give me my ass;" whilst his children flock about their aged father, and lisp out, Don't cry daddy—Job was good—God will take care of Job—perhaps he'll send him back again; No, my dears, never, waving his hand, as if, like Rachel, he would not be comforted for his beast, because to him—he was not.

He was weeping in this manner one day, and his children were tenderly administering the flattering comfort of Job's return, when a collier came to the door of his cottage, and amongst the rest of his beasts was an ass very heavy laden—it was the very ass George had lost. The instant Cracky saw it, like the father on the sight of his prodigal son, he fell on his neck and kissed it; he knew it to be the friend of his bosom, whilst the poor dumb creature's sensibility seemed to rejoice at finding himself once more in the embraces of his old master.

The man's mad, said the collier—"I should like to be thus mad (cried I) on the unexpected return of a * long-lost brother. Have

* This is actually fact. The Author has lost a brother abroad, who has not been heard of for many years.

you then lost a brother? (replied Maria, starting with a surprize that intimated a tender degree of sympathy); I hope not, Maria, alive or dead God bless him! perhaps he yet lives to bless a mother's arms before she dies—but go on with your story."

The man is mad (said the collier) while poor George was lost in the embraces of his ass, which followed him, of its own accord, into his well-known cot, where his children were climbing up for joy, as if on their father's 'knees the envied kiss to share,' and crying out, I told you, daddy, God would send poor Job back again safe. By the interference of his wife, claiming their affectionate animal, it was agreed, that the ass should be let loose in the middle of the market place, and, if he went to Cracky's house, should be given up to him, as the owner. The ass was accordingly let loose, and instantly went, as if by instinct, where he had so often been before, to Cracky's humble shed.

If ever there was a heartfelt joy, * unalloyed for the moment, 'twas then—poor George fancied himself in Heaven; but his joy was only the fleeting shadow of a moment—it was soon to be turned into sorrow. The avaricious collier, with a surly look, again forced away the ass, and not content with rapine and oppression, sought the means of injustice. A warrant is actually obtained against this poor helpless wretch, for decoying the collier's ass with an intent to defraud him of his property. Good God (exclaimed I) is it possible? is this the spirit of the law of England? No, replied Maria, don't let the warmth of your feelings betray your judgement; 'tis only bad men are for a moment suffered to pervert the letter of the law, to be openly condemned by the spirit. The warrant was issued, and the servile wretch of a bailiff, who was Cracky's enemy, was seeking this poor object of distress, who was then happily in a place of security, to carry him to prison. And where was the generous retreat? In the lawn of Charity (replied Maria) where I happened to be when this fellow demanded of me the person of George, to take him to gaol for stealing an ass. He shall not go, said I, hastily, and from I know not what sudden impulse, snatched the fatal paper out of his hand: "By Heavens he sha'l not go—it is his own ass—why must he go? He has no money, answered the bailiff. Then I'll be poor, before George shall go to prison—there's † your fees—get along about your business—he sha'n't go," (Cracky is right, said I to myself, Maria shall have her reward in Heaven) and so by the help of the good lady of the lawn, we saved poor George from the horrors of a gaol, and the oppression of this tyrannical collier. But the ass was irretrievably lost, though we endeavoured to comfort poor George as well as we could, but all in vain;

* I prefer this way of spelling to *allayed*, for many reasons.

† I am aware of the false concord, but in speaking hastily, as was the fact told me by Maria herself, we are not apt to think of propriety of speech; and every word here was taken from her own mouth, as herself uttered them in the haste of the moment.

he did nothing but cry like a child. And who is this lady of the lawn, who lives in this paradise of charity? Her name (said Maria) is better recorded by her actions than the splendor of her family, though the * name of Falconberg is lisped by every child in all the neighbouring villages; but if you will take a walk with me on the lawn, I will there shew you some few of the objects of her's and her lord's charity.

Maria was as good as her word, and presented to my enraptured view a scene, which fancy is more equal to than description: a set of invalids and cripples mowing, or rather attempting to mow, the lawn, evidently employed only on the purest motives of charity. The cheerfulness of their looks, and the smile on their countenances, bespoke at once content and gratitude. Their happiness and security in this garden of Eden, said my fair conductress, gives no less pleasure to themselves, than the most heart-felt satisfaction to their generous benefactor and patron, the Earl of Falconberg, whose goodness supplies their necessities, and administers to their comfort, whilst his modesty blushes to find it fame. But where is Cracky, said I to one of the old men, as he was whetting his scythe against his left arm, which was broken, like a Chelsea pensioner shouldering his musquet: O, Sir, his wife has just fetched him home to dinner. Ay, your honor, she's a good wife: poor Cracky can't take care of himself ever since he lost his ass, though my lady there (pointing and bowing respectfully to Maria) bought him another, and gave him new panniers, and every thing (she will certainly, thought I, as Cracky said, be rewarded hereafter), but George shakes his head, and says, "it isn't his own ass, 'tisn't like my Job," and when he thinks of it, your honor, he will burst into tears, and then his wife takes him home, and comforts him, and kisses the tears off her husband's cheek: I could love Cracky's wife myself; O! but that must not be, said Maria, gravely: but I may pray for her, cried the old man, smiling; certainly, replied I; and what blessing will you pray for? that Cracky may recover his senses, your honour. Ay, neighbour, cried a cripple who stood next to him, so say I—God save the King! †

Maria and I felt the whole force of the old man's prayer, and at the same instant both of us answered—Amen. And immediately, without taking leave of each other, for there are moments when Dame Nature turns Ceremony out of door, we retired separately to converse with reflection in the secret chambers of the heart.

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* I see no reason for concealing the name of the author of any good action, but, Mr. Printer, you may use your pleasure.

† This was written just after his Majesty's happy recovery.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS,
November 20.

EDWIN.

FOR THE FREEMASON's MAGAZINE.

ON THE

STUDY OF THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Content of spirit must from science flow;
For 'tis a godlike attribute to know. PRIOR.

THE desire of knowledge is planted in every human breast, it is as natural to us as reason; it exerts itself with force and vivacity through every stage of life, and the mind seizes, with a peculiar eagerness, on every object presented to it. And were the mind employed upon subjects equally qualified to fill it with pleasure and instructive ideas, we might receive all the benefits this happy disposition is able to produce.

This double advantage is to be attained in full perfection by the study of the sciences; they are fully qualified to please and instruct, because they abound with harmony and contrivance. They effectually exercise, not vainly delude, nor vexatiously torment the mind with obscure subtilties, perplexed difficulties, or contentious disquisitions; but conquer without opposition, triumph without pomp, compel without force, and rule absolutely without the loss of liberty. The sciences being founded on unshaken principles, and agreeable to experience, are the fruitful parents of all arts, and the inexhaustible fountain of advantage to human affairs. Hence it is that we derive the principal delights of life, securities of health, increase of fortune, and conveniencies of labour: That we dwell elegantly and commodiously, build decent houses for ourselves, erect stately temples to God, and leave wonderful monuments to posterity: That we are protected by ramparts from the incursions of the enemy, rightly use arms, artfully manage war, and skilfully range an army: That we have safe traffic through the deceitful billows, pass in a direct road through the pathless ocean, and arrive at the desired ports, by the uncertain impulse of the wind: That we rightly cast up our accounts, do business expeditiously, calculate scattered ranks of numbers, and easily compute them, though expressive of hills of sand, nay immense mountains of atoms: That we make pacific separations of the boundaries of lands, examine the momentums of weight in an equal balance, and distribute to every one his own by a just measure: That with a light touch we thrust forward bodies, and stop huge resistances with a very small force: That we accurately delineate the face of this earthly orb, and subject the oeconomy of the universe to our sight: That we aptly digest the flowing series of time, distinguish what is acted by due in-

tervals, rightly account and discern the various returns of the seasons, the stated periods of the years and months, the alternate augmentations of days and nights, the doubtful limits of light and shadow, and the exact difference of hours and minutes: That we derive the virtue of the sun's rays to our uses, infinitely extend the sphere of sight, enlarge the real appearances of things, bring remote objects near, discover hidden causes, trace Nature through her obscure labyrinths, and display her secret mysteries: That we delight our eyes with beautiful images, delineate the works of nature, and even form to ourselves things not in being: That we approach and examine the inaccessible seats of the clouds, distant tracts of land, unfrequented paths of the sea, aspiring tops of the mountains, profound bottoms of vallies, and deep gulphs of the ocean: That we scale the etherial towers, freely range among the celestial fields, measure the magnitudes, and determine the interstices of the stars, prescribe inviolable laws to the spheres themselves, and contain the wandering circuit of the stars within certain limits: Lastly, that we comprehend the huge fabric of the universe, admire and contemplate the wonderful beauty of the divine workmanship, and so learn the incredible force and sagacity of our own minds by certain experiments, as to acknowledge the blessings of heaven with a warm and pious affection.

Such are the general advantages which result from a knowledge of the arts and sciences.

THE

CRUELTY OF A FATHER.

A TRUE STORY.

FROM THE ARABIC OF ADJAAIB MOUASER, AN EASTERN HISTORIAN.

A Merchant, by name Kebal, had married a young, rich, and amiable wife. Though the Mohammedan law authorises polygamy, this imperious wife would divide neither the heart nor bed of her husband. Kebal, of few aspiring views, having subjected himself to the matrimonial yoke, contracted an habitual dread of his wife, to whom he was indebted for his fortune; and his timidity induced him even to renounce, in her favour, the privilege allowed him by the law, having sworn to her an inviolable fidelity. At a distance from his wife, he soon forgot the oath and protestations he had made to her.

The business of his traffic having obliged him to take a journey, he was smitten with the charms of a young slave, whom he purchased for five hundred sequins. At nine months end the slave

brought forth a child, whose birth, far from giving joy to the father, filled him with terrible apprehensions.

Kebal, who wanted to keep peace at home, made no difficulty of securing it by a crime. His wife, whom he had forgot in the heat of tumultuous passion, then occurred to his mind, and the fear of a jealous woman made him divest himself of every sentiment of humanity. He began by sacrificing to his quiet the unfortunate object of his amours. After destroying the mother, the same intention was resolved for the son; but the voice of Nature made itself to be heard within him, in spite of his horrid purpose, and stopped short his arm. To keep himself from shedding his own blood, he at length thought it adviseable, to take the child with him into a desart, persuaded that the innocent victim would soon perish in it. But Providence, that watched over the preservation of his life, conducted a shepherd to the place where he was exposed. His beauty, his cries, his forlorn state, moved the heart of the poor shepherd to pity his distress, and he carried him to his hut. His wife, as compassionate as himself, very willingly took upon her the care of the child; and assigned him a she-goat for his wet-nurse. He was already four years old, when Kebal on a journey halted in the village where this shepherd lived, and took up his lodging with him. He took notice of his son, whom he was far from knowing; but whether he was struck with the child's beauty, or whether Nature spoke to him in his favour, he felt strong emotions at sight of him, and asked the shepherd if he was his father.

How great was Kebal's surprise, when the shepherd related to him how he had found the child! it was his own son; he could not help knowing him to be such by the circumstances of time and place; but to the sympathy that first affected him soon succeeded sentiments of violent hatred: Yet, dissembling, he pretended that the child's charms were very engaging to him, and pressed the shepherd to sell him, offering fifty sequins for him.

The shepherd's poverty, his friendship for the child, and the certainty of his being more happy in the hands of a rich man, than his own, induced him to consent to the proposal. He was far from suspecting the design that had been already meditated against him.

Kebal had him no sooner at his disposal, than he hurried away and took him to the sea shore. There the beauty of this young child, his innocence, his tender endearments, his cries, his tears, nothing could bend the atrocious soul of Kebal. He seizes his son, sews him up in a bag of leather, and casts him into the sea, sure that now he would not escape death. But propitious Heaven had otherwise ordered it. The bag gave immediately into the nets of a fisherman, who fortunately hauled him out that very instant.

The astonished fisherman opens the bag, and, seeing in it a child, who still could breathe a little, suspended it by the feet, and, after bringing it to life, carried it to his cottage. Kebal's son was

destined to find every where sensible hearts, except that of his barbarous father.

The fisherman brought him up in his profession, and the lad distinguished himself in it by equal dexterity and intrepidity. He was already arrived at the age of fifteen years, when Kebal, who took frequent journeys to promote the concerns of his commerce, passed through the town where the young man lived. He met him with the fisherman that had saved his life, and both were loaded with baskets of fish, which they sold about the streets. The young man's pleasing aspect attracted Kebal's attention, and to have an opportunity of knowing who he was, he bought some of the fisherman's fish. Afterwards asking him, if he that followed was his son, the fisherman answered that he was not his father, and related to him in what manner he found him in his nets sown up in a bag.

Kebal, knowing him to be his son, could not imagine how he had escaped a death which he thought to be inevitable. Enraged at seeing the ill success of so many crimes, he resolved to concert better his measures. He offered five hundred sequins to the fisherman, as purchase-money for his servant; and the bargain was soon concluded.

Kebal, without making himself known to his son, kept him to do business for him as his slave. His sweet temper, his fidelity, nothing could touch that cruel father, who was still more and more bent on his destruction.

Two years had now elapsed since his son had served him with an unexampled zeal, when he put into his hands a sealed up letter. "Set out, said he to him, for Bagdad; you will there find my daughter, and deliver to her this letter; I recommend you to her care. Remain with her till my return; I shall soon follow you."

The young man obeyed Kebal, and immediately went on his way. Arrived at Bagdad, he enquired after his master's house, and knocked at the door of that which was shewn him to be his. Kebal's daughter chanced to open it, and saw a young man, more beautiful than love itself, that delivered to her a letter on the part of her father. Impatient, she opens it; but how great was the horror she was seized with in reading these words: "The bearer of this letter is my greatest enemy; I send him to you that you may procure him to be assassinated; I require from you this proof of your tenderness."

Kebal's daughter, far from resembling her father, was remarkable for singleness of heart, and a very humane disposition. Considering more attentively the letter-carrier, she could not help loving him; and love suggested to her a means of saving the life of him, who in a moment was become so dear to her; and of seeking with him an union that was to last for life. Having ordered the young man to wait for a short while, she wrote, counterfeiting her father's hand-writing, another letter conceived in these words: "He, who shall deliver to you this letter is dearer to me

than my own son could be; consider him as myself; confide to him the management of all my business, and see him married directly to my daughter Melahie."

Having wrote this letter, she sealed it. Stepping afterwards into the room where she had left the young man: "You are mistaken, said she, the letter you gave me was for my mother; I will shew you to her apartment." Young Kebal presented the letter to the mother, who having read it, and not doubting it was from her husband, executed the orders he had given her, and had the young man married to her daughter.

In the mean time, Kebal, having settled all the business he had to transact, set out on his return to Bagdad. Nothing could equal his astonishment, when, coming home, he found his son quite alive and joyous. His surprise was still greater when he learned that he was become his son-in-law. All these events appeared to him incredible; but the fear of discovering his iniquities made him loth to have the affair cleared up to him; he therefore thought it best to dissemble, and disguise, under the appearances of friendship, the mortal hatred he still bore his innocent son. Melahie, his daughter, was not the dupe of this deceitful tranquility. Her tenderness, alarmed for the safety of a dear husband, made her pry into every device and design of her father.

Kebal, some time after his arrival, gave a sheep to his domestics, with several pitchers of wine. "Make merry, said he, this night, and celebrate my happy return into my country; but I require of you the doing me a good piece of service. A secret enemy has a design on my life; this night I will inveigle him into my house; about the fourth hour of the night he will go down the stairs leading from my apartment; as soon as ye hear him, stab him to death in the dark."

At the fixed hour, Kebal desired his son to go into the yard where his domestics were, and to bring one of them to him. He was just going to step down the fatal stairs, when his wife, who had strong suspicion of something intended against him, stopped and beseeched him not to execute a commission in which she perceived some mystery; and, so saying, pulled him along with her.

In the mean time Kebal was agitated by a diversity of passions. Half an hour was gone without his having any intelligence of the success of his perfidy; and, impatient to know in person if his domestics had gratified his revenge, as he passed down quickly, those who were charged to execute his orders, and who till then had heard no one stir, not doubting but it was their victim, fell upon and massacred him in the dark. Such was the well-merited end of this barbarous father. He, to whom he had given life, and from whom he had several times attempted to rob life, inherited all his substance. As his birth was a mystery to himself, he lived composed and tranquil with his wife, and never knew that she was his sister.

The eastern historian concludes this narrative by an Arabian proverb: "He that a pit digs for his brother, falls himself into it."

A VIEW

OF THE

PROGRESS OF NAVIGATION.

IN SEVERAL ESSAYS.

[*Continued from Page* 404.]

ESSAY I.—*Of the Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Assyrian Navigators.*

OF the Assyrian Navigation we have a curious fragment preserved by Herodotus, Clio 194: "Of all that I saw in this country (Assyria), what appeared to me the greatest curiosity were the boats; these were made of skins. They are constructed in Armenia, where the sides of the vessel being formed of willow, are covered externally with skins, and having no distinction of head or stern, are modelled into the shape of a shield. Lining the bottom of these boats with reeds, they take on board their merchandize, and thus commit themselves to the stream. They have two oars, and one man to each; the one pulls, the other pushes from him. These boats are of different sizes, and have one or more asses on board. When they arrive at Babylon, they sell their cargo, and every thing belonging to the boat but the skins; these they lay on their asses to carry back, the rapidity of the stream being so great, as to render their return by water impracticable."

ESSAY II.—*Of the Greeks and Romans.*

Until the expedition of the Argonauts, about 1253 years before Christ, the Greeks were extremely ignorant in the art of navigation. *Minos*, of whose naval powers many of their writers have boasted, had only a fleet of boats, and was utterly unacquainted with the use of sails, which Dedalus is said to have invented, and by that means to have passed with impunity through the squadron of the Cretan monarch, who beheld him with astonishment, flying as it were on the waves.

Of the many writers who have endeavoured to develope the Argonautic expedition, none has been so successful as Eustathius. He drew his information from an ancient historian, one Charax. The voyage of the Argonauts, according to that author, was both military and mercantile. Their object was to open the commerce of the Euxine sea, and by making settlements at convenient distances to secure it to themselves. In order to effect this purpose, a fleet and troops were necessary.

The armament of the Argonauts was, in effect, composed of several vessels, and they planted colonies in several parts of Colchis. This fact is attested by Homer, and other writers. The poets, it is true, speak in general only of the ship Argo, because, being

admiral of the fleet, the princes that assisted in the enterprize were embarked in her. The other objects of the expedition not equally interesting to the muse, were left unsung.

It cannot be doubted, however, that the Greeks at a very early period were well acquainted with the nations bordering on the Palus Meotides. Of this fact, the colonies which they planted there, not to mention the fable of Ephigenia, Pylades and Orestes, are an indubitable proof. Theodosia, for instance, an ancient colony of the Milesians, deserted in the time of Adrian, afterwards re-established, long possessed under the name of Cafa by the Genoese, who under the Greek emperors carried on there a great trade, and at present in the hands of the Turks. Tanais, founded by the Greeks, on the Cimmerian Bosphorus, a most commercial city, known at present by the name of Asaf, formerly possessed by the Genoese, and at present by the Turks. Olbia, and Boristhenes, Greek cities, both on the banks of the Borysthenes, near its mouth. Panticapium, also Capi Phanagoria, and Hermonassa, situated on the Bosphorus, are all Greek Colonies.

From the time of the Argonautic expedition, the Greeks seem to have paid a more particular attention to the sea. About thirty-five years after, they assembled against Troy a fleet of 1200 vessels. The construction of these vessels was undoubtedly extremely rude. Their workmen had no other guide than a blind practice. Their vessels had but one mast, which in port they laid along the board, and this mast was traversed by one yard only; but whether the yard carried one sail or many, it is difficult to determine: these sails were made of long leaved shrubs, of skins, or of mats*. It would appear, however, that the sails of the Greeks were generally made of cotton †. Their cables were likewise formed of various articles. Cables of jonc, or marine osier, seem in heroic ages to have had the preference among the Greeks, which they brought from Egypt, where that plant grows in great abundance ‡. Homer does not tell us whether they had any preparations to fortify their cordage against the injuries of the weather.

They also, like the Phœnicians, had two several constructions of ships; the first were extremely broad, and large bellied §; the second, on the contrary, were very long and sharp. But whatever may have been the form of their vessels, they were certainly not very considerable in size. The largest, mentioned by Homer, are those of the Beotians, which held, he says, an hundred and twenty men.

With regard to their manner of conducting them, every thing tends to prove the ignorance of the Greeks at that period in the art of navigation. They sailed as much as possible in sight of land;

* Scheffer, l. ii. c. 5. p. 151.

† Odyss. l. v. v. 258, & l. ii. v. 426.

‡ Odyss. l. xxi. v. 390 & 391,

§ Idem. l. v. v. 259. &c.

but when forced, as they must often have been, into the open sea, how they have directed their course is unknown. They were ignorant of any method of taking the meridian altitude of the sun. In the night, indeed, they were accustomed to observe the stars, and particularly the Great Bear, the principal guide of the Grecian navigators. The uncertainty, and the dangers of steering their course by a constellation, which indicates with so little precision the north pole, were augmented by the defective manner in which they made their observations. They were taken with the naked eye only.

Still less were they acquainted with sea-charts. How then could they steer with any certainty to their intended port? how avoid the rocks and shoals that lay in their way? What must have been their embarrassment, when overtaken by a tempest, especially in dark and hazy weather, when the stars were clouded from their view! Hence we find, that Homer always brings his subtle hero to land, absolutely ignorant of the very name of the coast on which he finds himself arrived *.

They were also ignorant, at the period of which I now speak, of several machines that appear, to us indispensibly necessary to navigation. In the time of the Argonauts they were unacquainted with the anchor †. It is even extremely doubtful whether it was known in the age of Homer; at least the Greek word properly signifying an anchor never once occurs in his poems, nor is there a single allusion to its use. The Greeks, it would appear, made use at that time of large stones instead of anchors. When Ulysses arrived at the road of the Lestrigons, he attached his bark to a rock with cables ‡.

There is also every reason to believe that they were utterly unacquainted with the practice of founding. Homer at least never mentions it; we find nothing elsewhere to contradict the conclusions drawn from his silence. Hence we may easily conceive the dangers to which, in the heroic times, the Grecian navigators were exposed.

With so slender a stock of naval skill, it was impossible they could extend their navigation to any considerable distance. In fact, it was not till six hundred years after the Argonautic expedition, that the Greeks dared to enter into the ocean §, which they had long regarded as a sea to which there was no access. As to the Red Sea, and the Arabian and Persian Gulphs, there they were not seen till the days of Alexander the Great.

The inhabitants of the island of Egina may be regarded as the first of the European Greeks who distinguished themselves by their skill in maritime affairs. By their attention to their marine forces,

* Idem. l. vi. v. 119, &c. l. ix. v. 174, &c. Arrian. Peripl. Pont. Eux. p. 121.

† Plin. l. xxxvi. sect. 23. p. 741.

‡ Odyss. l. x. v. 96.

§ See Herodot. l. iv. n. 152. l. xii. 10.---Euseb. Chron. l. ii. n. 1514, p. 129, n. 18, t. 5, p. 19.---Strabo, l. xiv. p. 964.

they rendered in a short time their island the centre of the commerce of all Greece. They have even been reckoned in the number of those nations who held for some time the empire of the sea*. But the character they sustained was as short as it was brilliant. Chased from their island by the Athenians, in the time of Pericles, they never afterwards recovered from the blow. Their marine power was annihilated, and their commerce almost extinguished.

After the natives of Egina, we may place the inhabitants of Corinth. Situated between two seas, at the entrance of the Peloponnesus, and in the midst of Greece, the city of Corinth seemed destined by nature to be the emporium of the several nations that inhabited that country. The Corinthians did not neglect to profit by the advantages of their local situation. Shortly after the destruction of Troy, they fitted out a fleet to extirpate the pirates, who molested their commerce. They are said to have been the first that changed the ancient form of the Grecian vessels. Instead of galleys with one tier only, they constructed ships of three tier of oars; an invention, that ought to have procured them for some time the superiority at sea.

It does not appear, however, that the Corinthians were ever reckoned in the number of those nations that held for a time the empire of that element. The genius of the Corinthians led them rather to commerce than to military enterprize. They neglected nothing to render their city the seat of magnificence and wealth; and Corinth was, beyond doubt, the richest and most voluptuous city of all Greece.

The Rhodians merited by their code of maritime laws, the honourable title of legislators of the sea. They were the first who thought of submitting to established regulations the customs of maritime commerce, and the interests of navigation. Those regulations were dictated with so much prudence, that they were adopted by most nations; and the naval laws of the Rhodians were ultimately appealed to in every difference that arose between mariners and merchants. In what age those laws were established is unknown; that they were of high antiquity is certain †.

But of all the nations of Greece, the Massilians, a Phœcian colony, appear to have cultivated most successfully by the science of navigation, and to have enlarged, by their discoveries the bounds of geographic knowledge. Desirous of participating with the Carthagenians those immense riches which they derived from a most extensive commerce, the Massilians sent to Euthymenes, with orders to follow the track which Hanno held when he made his voyage of discovery in the south. Pytheas, a man profoundedly versed in Astronomy and Navigation, was at the same time appointed to trace the course of

* Strabo, l. viii. p, 576.---Ælian. Var. Hist.

† Cicero pro lege Manil.

Hamilca to the North. Euthymenes advanced to the southward of the line, and published, on his return, a relation of the curiosities, and of the singular manners and customs of the nations he had met with in the course of his discoveries. Pytheas sailed along the coast of Portugal, Spain, Gaul, and Britain, to the most northern extremity; and from thence continuing his course, arrived in six days at Thule, where, in the summer solstice, the sun did not set for twenty-four hours. This some suppose to have been Iceland, others the Shetland islands. The first, however, is the most probable opinion; for though at the Shetland islands (in 60 degrees of latitude) the refraction of the atmosphere is so luminous, as to enable a person to read, write, or transact any other business by day-light for that space of time; yet it is only in the arctic circle, or in 66 and a half deg. that the sun, during the summer solstice, *does not set*, (as Pytheas asserts) for twenty-four hours.

Pytheas penetrated also to the very farthermost part of the Baltic, and explored, with great accuracy, those regions whence the Phœnicians fetched their amber, a commodity from which they derived great wealth, and which passed to other nations through their hands alone. From the fragments of Pytheas, preserved in the latter geographers, we are convinced that he had explored with great accuracy the shores of the Baltic, and that he had even made himself acquainted with the neighbouring nations and rivers adjacent.*

Judging of others by their own propensity to fable, the Greeks regarded as mere fiction the relations of Pytheas and Euthymenes. They had formerly treated in the same manner the discoveries of Hanno and Hamilca. But time and philosophic investigation have done justice to those celebrated Massilian navigators, and confirmed the veracity of their relations.

But the Greeks even in the most flourishing state of their affairs, were never equal to the Phœnicians, either in the extensiveness of their commerce, the number and opulence of their colonies and settlements, or in their skill of Navigation. The Phœnicians conducted their course with much subtility of observation by the Little Bear, while the Great Bear was the inaccurate guide of Navigation to the uncurious Greeks. There existed in the manners and prejudices of the Grecian people an insuperable obstacle to the progress of commerce and naval improvement.

After the Phœnicians and Greeks, the Romans became sovereigns of the sea, yet not at once, but after a hard struggle with the Carthagenians, then in the height of their power. These people having, by their naval force, made themselves masters of the greatest part of Spain, the coast of Africa, and many ports in the Mediterranean, were intent upon the conquest of Sicily, when the

* Forster's Hist. of Voyages, &c. p. 30, &c.

Romans and they first tried their forces, on pretence of protecting their respective allies, but in reality out of a desire for sovereignty. The former, when they made this bold attempt, were unacquainted with naval affairs, and knew not how to build a galley,—until one of the Carthagenians, cruising on the coast, fell by accident into their hands, and by that model they built a navy. While the galleys were building, they exercised the seamen in rowing on the dry shore. When this fleet was launched, the ships, as might be supposed, proved unwieldy. The fleets of those two powers became afterwards very formidable. Anno Romæ 497, the Roman fleet had 140,000 men on board, and that of Carthage 150,000. The Roman power at sea rose on the destruction of that of their enemies, and continued as long as their empire subsisted. We do not find that they applied themselves to new discoveries, or ever exceeded the bounds of which the Phœnicians had before known. Germanicus, in the year 17, went by sea as far north as the Weser and Elbe; and the Roman fleet, under Agricola, circumnavigated Britain, and subdued the Orkneys.

When the Romans became weakened and enervated by their riches and luxury, the barbarians of the north dispossessed them of their territories, and seated themselves in their room. In the third century of the Christian æra we find the Anglo-Saxons making predatory incursions into Britain. The Vandals ravaged the Roman dominions in 407, sailed as far as Spain, and even passed the sea to Africa.

To the Romans is to be ascribed the invention of the engine called *corvus*, which consisted of a large piece of timber set upright on the prow of the ship, to which was secured a stage of boards, at the end of which were two massive irons, sharp pointed, the whole to be hoisted or lowered by a pulley; at the top of the upright timbers, this engine, when the ships come close together in fight, was let down suddenly, and with its sharp irons grappled the enemy's ship, by which the men obtained a firm stage, on which they could board the ship to which they were opposed.

Of the distinction of the species of galleys called *triremens*, *quadraremes*, and *quinqueremes*, much has been written, but little satisfactory.

[*To be continued.*]

THE

CHOICE OF ABDALA:

AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

WHERE the Sun begins his diurnal course, lived the youthful Abdala, whose uncommon virtues endeared him to all the subjects of the sultan Almanzor, his father.

But the sultan was a tyrant, who little regarded the virtues of his son. Conscious of his own cruelty, he was incessantly a prey to suspicions, which infused poison into his cup at the voluptuous banquet, and scattered thorns on the downy couch.

Almanzor beheld his son with a malignant eye, that darted rancour whenever he recollected the popularity his virtues had acquired. He even conceived a design to destroy him, because, in the visions of the night, he had seen him seated on the throne. But the mutes who were destined to perpetrate the horrid deed, gave the prince an intimation of his danger, and advised him to retire.

There was a magnanimity in Abdala, the noble result of conscious innocence, which would not permit him to adopt this advice: on the contrary, he determined to repair to the presence of his father, and remonstrate with him on the cruel purpose of his soul.

"My father," said he, "I am come to shew the implicit obedience of a son. Thou hast ordered me into thy presence; I am acquainted with thy design; and if thou continue unjust and inexorable, I must await the stern decree with the submission of thy meanest subject. But filial duty impels me to warn thee of the awful consequences. The angel of death will convey *me* to the blissful regions of paradise; but *thou* wilt be incessantly haunted by the demon of remorse. And, in the moment of *thy* dissolution, which must one day arrive, what anguish and horror will overwhelm thee!"

These words sunk into the tyrant's heart. Dismayed by reflections on the past, and the prospect of the future, he gave the signal to the mutes, to permit the destined victim to retire.

The young prince repaired to an adjacent grove, to muse, in secret anguish, on the miseries of the people. He laid himself down at the foot of a stately palm; and, absorbed in these reflections, insensibly dropped asleep. But his repose was short and disturbed; his waking thoughts haunted him in his dreams. When he awoke, he looked around for the ministers of death, who had appeared, in his sleep, just ready to execute the tyrant's inhuman command. Instantly, a celestial form stood before him, and, awhile gales of ambrosial sweetness breathed around, addressed him in these words: "Abdala! be not oppressed with grief. Awake to the pleasures of hope. Be prepared for happy events. Thy genius will meet thee again."—He instantly vanished in a trail of light.

Abdala fancied he was still asleep. He rose from his grassy couch; and, convinced, at last, that he was awake, wandering through the gsove, musing intently on the vision he had seen.

On a sudden, he perceived three female forms approaching. The smiles and graces sported on the rosy cheeks of the youngest; and the sprightly thought beamed from her speaking eyes.

The deportment of the eldest was solemn: her cheeks were pallid; she appeared in the sable stole of sorrow; and the tear trickled oft from her dejected eye.

The third was grave, but not gloomy: her attire simple, but not inelegant: her roseate hue was the charming flush of health; and

her fine eyes seemed rather to beam with complacency and content, than to sparkle with hilarity and joy.

When they had approached near the wandering prince, they stopped: and presently the eldest thus addressed him: "Unhappy Abdala! art thou retired to this grove to give vent to thy tears? The phophet, who knows the rectitude of thy soul, will not permit thy cruel parent to accomplish his design. But vain will be thy pursuit after the phantom Happiness, which has no real existence among the sons of men. *My* life has been one continued scene of woe. With *me* the effusion of tears has been incessant. Spring has no beauties, Summer no radiance, nor Autumn any charms for me: for Spring, and Summer, and Autumn rapidly fade; and Pleasure; whenever caught, will perish in the very moment of enjoyment.—Take then, virtuous Prince, the advice of a friend. Whenever the course of succession shall call thee to the empire of thy ancestors, seat not thyself on the fatal throne; for those ancestors have passed away like fleeting shadows, and dominion and glory are momentary possessions. Trust not the caprice of fate by seeking unsubstantial joys. Taste not the luxurious banquet; for the banquet will satiate.

Turn thine ear from the sounds of harmony; for its sweet sounds fatigue. Nor court the roses of beauty; for the roses of beauty fade. Be wise, and take up thy abode in the lonely forest; for in the gloom of solitude, where Despondence will lull every hope with her sighs, Misfortune and Disappointment can never enter."

She ceased: then waving a sable wand, the cell of a dervise rose to view, amid savage wilds and projecting rocks.

At this instant, the laughter-loving nymph, with sportive air, caught Abdala's arm: 'Prince,' said she, 'what a scene is this for the rapturous pleasures of youth! Can you listen a moment to the dismal lessons of that melancholy dame? To reject the pleasures of life is ingratitude to Heaven: to enjoy them, in all their exquisite variety, is to be truly happy. Let music and love then wing each moment with delight. How wretched the youth who is not awake to love and joy! How insensible, how inanimate his soul! But Abdala is neither insensible nor inanimate. A thousand bright-eyed beauties shall bless thee with unfading charms. Thou shalt rove from fair to fair; and each moment shall teem with ecstacy and bliss. Take my advice. Ascend the throne of thy ancestors; but ascend it only for its pleasures; and leave to some hoary vizier its perplexities and cares.'

These very opposite representations perplexed the prince; but neither won the attention of his soul. Life appeared a burden as described by the first; a fantastic dream as painted by the last.

He turned, in this perplexity, to the sedate but cheerful sister. 'Prince,' said she, anticipating the meaning of his speaking eye, 'thy suspence is natural. When extremes only are proposed, Reason will necessarily pause! Reject what each advise; and attend to my counsel.—Thy father will soon terminate his wretched life. Go, and succeed to his throne. By thy wisdom and virtues oblite-

rate the memory of his crimes. If thou refuse to reign over thy people, how great will be *their* loss! If thou reign but for voluptuous pleasures, how great will be *thine!* Be attentive to the felicity of thy people, and thou wilt secure thy own. Be not insensible, however, to the voice of pleasure. Listen not to that despondingmourner. It is unwise to refrain from temperate enjoyment, because intemperance is productive of satiety and disgust, or to abstain from the pleasures which virtue approves, because those pleasures are not immortal. If man be doomed to mourn for ever, and to look with disdain on all terrestial pleasure, to what end were the faculties of enjoyment bestowed? Or if levity and sensuality only are productive of happiness, of what value is the reflecting soul? As for yon nymph, the sprightly votary of pleasure, with what allurements can she charm the wise?—Go: thou art born for empire. Perform all the duties of thy exalted station, and thou wilt receive its glorious rewards. Deviate not from the paths of rectitude, nor ever forget the dictates of virtue and benevolence. The good sovereign will enjoy pleasures, which the splendour of dominion only can never give. His name will be immortal on earth, and the blessings of his people will waft it to heaven.'

The dews of instruction refreshed the soul of Abdala. He embraced the happy system, which distinguished the dictates of wisdom from the suggestions of despair, and displayed the difference between voluptuous pleasure and the true happiness of man.

He would have instantly declared his choice, but, on a sudden, the three females vanished.

The sun was retiring from the mountain-tops; and while Abdala, whose mind was agitated by what had passed, was repairing, with pensive step, to the palace of his father, his feet were bewildered in the tangled thicket, and the darkness of the night overtook him.

In this gloomy situation a sudden blaze of splendour was diffused around him. The cottage of the dervise appeared transformed into a magnificent palace, at one of the doors of which stood the genius, inviting him to enter.

Abdala obeyed, and followed his guide. He would have spoken, but his voice was restrained by amazement and fear.—'Mortal,' said the genius, before he opened the door of the interior apartment, 'this is the palace of the genius Orasmundo, who is ever propitious to the desires of the wise and good. Thy worth and wisdom are known; and the period is arrived, when thou shalt be happy.'

Then opening the door, Abdala perceived three beautiful virgins at the loom. They instantly rose to welcome the stranger.

'Behold,' said the genius, 'and choose a partner for life. Which is the object of thy choice? The name of the eldest is Tristina, the grave; Serena, the placid, is the second; and Hilarana, the gay, is the third.'

Abdala was dazzled by the splendour of their charms. But in Serena he recollected the features of the nymph to whose lessons he

had attended in the grove; and approaching her with a respectful air, he declared his choice, and took her unreluctant hand.

At this instant, the palace vanished, and he found himself in a humble cottage, where his eye was struck by a beautiful female form. Her dress was simple as that of the village maid; her person graceful as the stately palm. But notwithstanding her humble attire, Abdala soon recollected, with delight, the charming countenance which had so lately captivated his soul.

'Fortunate Abdala,' said a voice from above, which he perceived to be that of Orasmundo, 'thy wisdom is conspicuous in thy choice, and thy happiness is now complete. If Tristina had been thy choice, thou wouldst have been doomed to irrevocable woe; if Hilarana had been thine, to incessant remorse. But in Serena, the lowly shepherdess as she seems, thou hast not only chosen a beautiful form, but a virgin whose sentiments are congenial to thy own, whose heart is the favourite abode of the virtues, and whose soul is susceptible of all the rational pleasures that can render life desirable. Thy father is no more. Go then, Abdala, and fill the throne of thy ancestors. Go, and discharge the duties of a patriot king, and forget not the visions of this night.'

The opening dawn found Abdala absorbed in reflection on these parting words of the genius. But soon recollecting himself, he lost not a moment to conduct Serena to the imperial palace. He had scarcely left the cottage, when the messengers appeared, with the awful intelligence that his father was no more. They conducted him in triumph to the expecting city, with the charming sultana of his choice by his side. The universal acclamations, and the eagerness of all ranks to behold their new sovereign and his consort, evinced at once the exultation and the affection of the people.

The last duties to his father, Abdala performed with all the respect and decorum of filial piety. He began his reign by removing the grievances which the people had so long endured; and an unceasing attention to whatever could promote the welfare of his subjects, evinced that he had not forgotten the visions of the grove. In fine, during a long series of prosperous years, all confessed the excellence of an illustrious example, that inculcated virtue, and the wisdom of a reign that diffused universal happiness.

STRICTURES
ON
PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

NOVEMBER 5, a Damatic Sketch, called "GUY FAWKES," was represented, of which the following were the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Captain Tryfor't, - - - - - -	Mr. BARRYMORE;
Major Knapsack, - - - - - -	Mr. SUETT;
Pickpin, - - - - - - - - -	Mr. WEWITZER;
Irish Chairman, - - - - - -	Mr. PARSONS;
Device, - - - - - - - - -	Mr. BENSON;
Guzzle, - - - - - - - - -	Mr. BANNISTER, Jun.
Mrs. Knapsack, - - - - - -	*Mrs.* HOPKINS;
Fanny Fitfall, - - - - - -	Mrs. GIBBS.

The plot of *Guy Fawkes* is extremely simple and easily discovered. As a tribute of loyalty to the spirit of the times, it merits commendation. The incidents have very little claim to novelty; the return of the letter is hacknied and trite, and was last made use of in *The Irishman in London.* The trick of *Guy Fawkes* is entirely pantomimical, and was originally played off in the popular Pantomime of *Omai.* The attempt to burn the representative of *Guy Fawkes* is new; and the boxing-match may certainly be deemed a *striking* improvement of the original idea.

The dialogue of this dramatic sketch, however, bespeaks the hand of a master; and the loyal sentiments entrusted to Major Knapsack were highly relished by the audience, particularly where he defends his whim for keeping Red Letter Days, by asserting that Loyalty is the whim of the whole Nation.

The Transparency, representing the Portrait of the King, was both brilliant and appropriate, and the piece was properly begun and ended with "God Save the King!"

Nov. 13. A Tragedy called "The SIEGE OF BERWICK," was performed, for the first time, at *Covent Garden,* the characters of which were thus represented:

Sir Alex. Seaton, Governor of Berwick,	Mr. POPE;
Archibald Seaton, his Sons, - -	Mr. MIDDLETON;
Valentine Seaton,	Mr. HOLMAN;
Anselm, - - - - - - - - - -	Mr. HARLEY;
Donaldson, - - - - - - - - -	Mr. MACREADY.
Ethelberta, Wife of the Governor, -	Mrs. POPE;
——, her Companion, - - -	Mrs. FAWCETT.

This Tragedy is the production of Mr. JERNINGHAM the Poet, and although it comes from his pen, is written in a style very like prose. The audience received many parts of it with great approbation, and appeared to be satisfied with the whole of the play, although there was too much of blood in the business.

In this play there are traces of Douglas, and other tragic productions; and several improbabilities. The drama is extremely short, but somewhat too full of horror. The language is uncommonly mixed and unequal. Occasionally we meet with noble sentiments adequately expressed, apt and strong images neatly and elegantly described, and bold allusions well introduced and happily turned, and rendered appropriate; but in general the diction is too *familiar and colloquial for* the dignity of the Tragic Muse.

The Prologue was, as usual, of the supplicatory cast. The galleries were well described—

"*Who ride the clouds, and are yourselves the storm.*"

The Epilogue was more to the *Order of the day*.—It complimented the heroic spirit of the present *times as rivalling those of yore, as well as those* gallant youths, who, fighting in the cause of humanity, "add to their country's wreath another flower."

After a well-turned compliment to the maternal feelings of the Queen, on her

"---------- illustrious and undaunted sons,
"Who in early youth the race of glory run,"

it concluded by drawing an affecting picture of the situation of France, and our present endeavour to restore her to tranqillity, and "LIFT her to her own esteem."

This play was performed the next evening with many judicious curtailments, and a material alteration in the catastrophe. *Ethelberta*—no longer numbered with the dead—is prevented from exercising her fatal purpose by the timely interference of the Friar, who, following the example of Hamlet, exclaims to the desperate widow—

"Go to a Nunnery, go."

The forlorn fair-one, with pious resignation, follows the advice of her ghostly comforter, and Mrs. Pope comes forward with new LIFE, to charm the audience with her Epilogue.

Nov. 13. "The WORLD IN A VILLAGE" is the title of a new Comedy brought forward at this Theatre on Saturday last, and

which general report, as well as internal evidence, points to the prolific pen of Mr. O'KEEFE.

CHARACTERS.

Dr. Grigsby,	Mr. LEWIS;
Capt. Maulinaback,	Mr. JOHNSTONE;
Mr. Willows,	Mr. HULL;
Jollyboy,	Mr. MUNDEN;
Jacky,	Mr. FAWCET;
William,	Mr. MIDDLETON;
Allbut,	Mr. QUICK;
Charles Willows,	Mr. HOLMAN.
Mrs. Allbut,	Mrs. MATTOCKS;
Louisa,	Mrs. ESTEN;
Mrs. Bellvue,	Mrs. FAWCET;
Maria,	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.

This Comedy, like most of Mr. O'KEEFE's, is extravagant and improbable, but composed of such pleasant materials, that the compound is, on the whole, not only very palatable, but capable of affording an high relish, except to the perverse taste of a fastidious Critic. The Dialogue is neat and pleasant. The Characters are well drawn, and are placed in proper contrast. The sentiments are natural, and many are of a very generous and loyal kind. There is a due mixture of laughable and interesting scenes; and as the piece is much too long at present, we have no doubt that by judicious curtailment it may be rendered very popular, and an established favorite. Some disapprobation was heard, but it was directed merely against unessential parts, and the general reception was highly favourable.

The acting is entitled to our warmest praise. Lewis was never more diverting. Holman was, as usual, manly, spirited and interesting. Quick, Munden, Fawcet, Middleton, Johnstone, Mrs. Mattocks, Mrs. Mountain, Mrs. Esten, and Mrs. Fawcet, gave adequate support to their several characters.

The Prologue, which is from the pen of Mr. TAYLOR, contrasted the happy state of this Country compared with others, and placed the *British Constitution* in an *allegorical* shape, was most ably recited by Holman, who, however, was most scandalously interrupted in the middle by the clamorous prattle of one of the stage-boxes.

The Epilogue, which contained some pleasant hits at the fashionable follies of the times, was well spoken by Mrs. Esten, who, however, sometimes run the lines so into each other as to destroy all idea of *rhyme*. This is too common a practice on the stage, but is very improper, as the Author might as well write *blank-verse* if the *rhyme* is disregarded.

POETRY.

A
MASONIC SONG.

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN BY

BROTHER WILLIAM PRESTON*,

P.M. of the Lodge of Antiquity, No. I.

NOT the fictions of Greece, nor the dreams of old Rome,
Shall with visions mislead, or with meteors consume:
No Pegasus' wings my short soarings misguide;
Nor raptures detain me on Helicon's side.
All clouds now dissolve; from the East beams the day- -
Truth rises in glory and wakens the lay.
The Eagle-ey'd Muse---sees the light---fills the grove
With the song of Free Masons, of Friendship and Love!

Inspir'd with the theme, the Divinity flies;
And thron'd on a rainbow---before her arise
PAST, PRESENT, and FUTURE---with splendid array,
In Masonic succession, their treasures display.
She views murder'd Merit by ruffian-hand fall,
And the grave gives its dead up, at fellowship's call!
While the Craft, by their badges, their innocence prove;
And the song of Free Masons is Friendship and Love!

From those ages remote, see the Muse speeds her way,
To join in the glories, the PRESENT display.
In freedom and friendship, she sees the true band,
With their splendor and virtues illumine the land.
Religion's pure beam breaks the vapours of night,
And from darkness mysterious, the Word gives the light!
While the Lodge here below, as the choirs from above,
Join the song of Free Masons in Friendship and Love.

That the FUTURE might keep what the Present bestows
In rapture prophetic the goddess arose,
At she sung through the skies, angels echo'd the sound,
And the winds bore the notes to the regions around!
The kind proclamation our song shall retain:
'Twas---'That Masonry long may its lustre maintain:
'And till Time be no more, our Fraternity prove,
'That the objects we aim at, are Friendship and Love!'

* If the Printer is mistaken in this conjecture, he will thank any Brother who may possess better information to communicate it.

TO

ARNO.

WHEN the bleak blast of Winter howls o'er the blue hill,
And the Valley is stripp'd of its verdant array;
When the Moon faintly gleams on the frost-silver'd spray,
And the yellow leaves flit o'er the ice-mantled till;

The poor simple offspring of Labour and Care,
By his turf-lighted hearth, sits resign'd to his lot;
While the flame of affection illumines his cot,
And the often-told tale cheers the gloom of Despair:

For him, the blest beam of the soul-speaking eye,
The smile of pure Love, has its raptures in store;
And though the wild storm round his threshold shall roar,
He sinks to soft slumber, and dreams but of Joy.

No hopeless, fond passion corrodes in his breast,
His rude rushy pillow invites to repose;
No couch of light down and rich fragrance he knows,
But he knows, what is sweeter---a pallet of rest!

For what are the pleasures the World can bestow,
The gay mirthful scene, or the banquet profuse?
What the laurel of Fame, or the song of the Muse,
When the heart bleeds in silence the victim of woe?

O'er each vision of bliss that fond Fancy assumes,
See the fix'd brow of Prudence frown sadly severe;
While my cheek, warm with blushes, is chill'd with Love's tear,
And the sigh of Regret fans the flame that consumes.

For, perish the thought, that can meanly desire
The cold balm of Pity to sooth its despair;
My passion shall scorn the dear object to share,
And, exulting in silence, shall proudly expire!

Yes; in Silence, proud Silence, I'll muse o'er his worth,
Though reflection shall steal the faint rose from my cheek;
Though my eye's faded lustre its poison shall speak,
And my heart-bursting sighs bend my frame to the earth.

Then rest, my fond bosom; henceforth be at peace;
Thy hopes, and thy anguish, will shortly be o'er;
Stern Prudence will frown on thy frailty no more,
When in Death's cold embrace all thy sorrows shall cease.

Yet, each praise that to Taste and to Genius belong,
Blest Bard! kind Consoler! for ever be thine!
Still for Friendship the wreath of attention entwine,
And the Muse shall with rapture repay my sweet song!

LAURA.

STANZAS

BY MRS. MARY ROBINSON.

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN NEAR A TREE OVER THE GRAVE OF COLONEL BOSVILLE.

AH! pensive traveller, if thy tear
E'er fell on Valour's early grave,
Arrest thy wand'ring steps, and here
Lament the lot that wants the brave!

Here, gallant moralist, descry
The proudest boast that man can claim,
The glorious privilege to die
Exulting in his country's fame!

Here bind the laurel steep'd in tears,
Tears that in glowing youth he died,
Blest with each charm that most endears,
His kindred's hope---his nation's pride!

Nor shall the pensive MUSE forbear
To mingle sainted names with thine;
Thy gallant comrades oft shall share
The tender sigh, the mournful line!

Oh! hallow'd turf! lone silent spot,
Adorn'd with feeling's gem sublime,
E'en when the MUSE shall be forgot,
Thy fame shall brave the blasts of time.

And thou, rude BARK, preserve his name,
Carv'd by a just recording hand,
And proudly conscious of THAT FAME,
Thy guardian branches wide expand.

Keep from this sod the pattering rain,
The wintry wind, the drifted snow;
And when blithe summer paints the plain,
Here let the sweetest flowrets blow.

No trophied column twin'd with bays,
No gilded tablet bears his name;
A SOLDIER boasts superior praise,
A GRATEFUL COUNTRY guards his FAME!

PROLOGUE

TO

THE WORLD IN A VILLAGE.

BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

OCULIST TO THE KING.

IN these dread times, when war's unsated rage
Crowds with disasters, life's eventful stage;
When the fell Trumpet and embattled Ire,
Drown the soft warblings of the slighted Lyre;
The MUSES lonely haunts no more display
Among their withring blooms, the POET'S Bay:
The partial Soil the Laurel only rears
For martial wreaths that vegetate in tears.
At such a time, superfluous seems the art
To melt with fabled woes the sadden'd heart;
The SORROWING MUSES need themselves relief,
And FANCY droops in sympathetic grief.
The TRAGIC MAID, indeed, may sooth her care,
And future scenes from passing ills prepare.
But for the LAUGHING NYMPH, alas! can she
At ease presume with her untimely glee?
Is there a place amidst a World's alarms
In safety still to heed her frolic charms?
Yes---in the shades of BRITAIN'S happy Isle,
Still may the COMIC MUSE securely smile;
Still with her tuneful Sisters shelter here,
Nor savage ANARCHY'S vain menace fear.
Here, no dire Ruffians, dead to gen'rous joy,
All that endears and brightens life destroy;
Or, drench'd in blood, with impious rage combine,
Trampling on Thrones to crush the hallow'd shrine;
No Despot here exacts a slavish awe,
The casual impulse of his passion's LAW.
Here on a rock, secure amid the storm,
Dwells LIBERTY in fair Monarchic form;
Around her fane, with venerable grace,
Three matchless columns fortify the place;
Enthron'd within, pre-eminently great,
Sits awful justice in majestic state,
Of EQUAL LAWS the animating soul,
And station'd highest to preserve the whole;
Her sword by MERCY check'd, as urg'd by might,
Her CROWN the SANCTION of a PEOPLE'S RIGHT.

FOREIGN OCCURRENCES.

PETERSBURGH, *October* 11, 1793.

ON Wednesday last was celebrated the nuptials of his Imperial Highness the great Duke Alexander Paulovich, and her Imperial Highness the great Duchess Elizabeth Alexievna. At ten o'clock the four first classes of the nobility and the foreign ministers assembled at the Palace, on the signal of five guns from the fortress, and soon after eleven the Empress, with the Great Duke Alexander Paulovich, and the Great Duchess Alexievna, proceeded to the chapel, when the marriage ceremony was performed by her Imperial Majesty's Confessor. The Great Duke Constantine held the crown over the head of the Great Duke his brother, and Count Besborokod over that of the Great Duchess.

On account of the length and fatigue of the preceding ceremony, the Empress did not receive the compliments of congratulation of the nobility and foreign ministers, as was intended. Her Imperial Majesty dined on the throne with the Imperial family. Tables were spread in the same saloon for the four first classes, and decorated in a very beautiful manner with orange-trees, contrived to pass from underneath the tables.

In the evening there was a ball at court, and the festivities of the day were concluded by very magnificent illuminations.

Yesterday morning the nobility and foreign ministers had the honour of complimenting their Imperial Highnesses in their apartments, and in the evening there was a ball at court, and a supper for the four first classes, and the foreign ministers.

VIENNA, *Nov.* 2.

THE first afflicting news of the dreadful murder of the Queen of France arrived here from Brussels on the 26th of October, and the confirmation of it three days afterwards.

Imagination cannot paint the hears-felt affliction of the Court, as well as of this city, most of whose inhabitants remember still the heart-breaking farewell of the Arch-duchess Marie Antoinette, from the arms of the immortal Maria Theresa, in the year 1770.

This infamous deed towards a Queen of France, which can have no other motive, than to increase the hatred of all Germany, has had the desired effect, and 40,000 Hungarian Hussars are ready to fly and revenge this execrable crime, in a manner unprecedented in the annals of nations.

The following is an abstract of the Court Gazette of this day respecting the Queen:

Yesterday, agreeably to a determination of our Ministry, the Court went into mourning for her Majesty, the deceased Queen of France, Archduchess of Austria, and Princess Royal of Hungaria and Bohemia: out of 46 days, 32 shall be deep mourning.

It still remains quite fresh in our memory, that Marie Antoinette, at her departure from Vienna, was almost drowned in tears. Arrived at Lintz in her way to Paris, she still insisted to return to Vienna; and even at Augsburg, she repeatedly cried out, 'Any where but to France!' The Imperial Resident there had much to do to persuade the favourite daughter of Maria Theresa, to continue her journey to that unfortunate capital.

EXECUTION OF BRISSOT AND TWENTY OTHER DEPUTIES.

PARIS, *Nov.* 2.

ON the 31st of October, Brissot, and 20 other deputies suffered under the axe of the guillotine. The following is the official report published by order of the *Revolutionary Tribunal* on this head:

The Tribunal, on the declaration of the Jury, stating "that Brissot, Vergniaud, Gensonne, Duprat, Valaze, Lehardi, Ducos, Boyer, Fonfrede, Boileau, Gardien, Duchatel, Sillery, Fauchet, Duperret, La Source, Carra, Beauvau, Mainvelle, Antiboul, Viget, and Lacaze, are the authors or accomplices in a conspiracy which has existed against the unity and indivisibility of the Republic---against the liberty and safety of the French people: condemns the abovementioned persons to death; declares their effects confiscated for the use of the Republic, and orders that the sentence be executed in the *Place de la Revolution, and that it be printed, and distributed throughout the Republic.*"

Valaze, one of the condemned, stabbed himself after he had heard his sentence. The Tribunal has ordered, that the carcase of the suicide be brought to the *Place de la Revolution*, that it may be buried with the other condemned Deputies at the same place.

The execution, took place between eleven and twelve o'clock on Friday noon last.

These men, even while under the axe, cried out "*Vive la Republique!*" Duchatel, Ducos, Boye, Fonfrede, and Lehardi, were particularly distinguished by their firm and intrepid behaviour.---Brissot was silent. Sillery bowed low to the people, and had a confessor. The prelate Fauchet discoursed very seriously with his confessor. Carra appeared indifferent, said little, and looked contemptuously. La Source was formerly a minister of the Protestant church, expressed much penitence. Of the conduct of the rest no particulars are mentioned. In short, all the whole time required to cut off the heads of these criminals was 37 minutes!

Thus perished, through the influence of that Convention which abolished Royalty, the very men who stood the foremost in the work of establishing Republicanism on its ruins, and who were at the time, the most inveterate enemies of the King, whom they have so soon followed to the scaffold.

In the history of nations this event will form an epoch without a parallel; it will appear to the cool investigator of facts as the effect of absolute madness having possessed a whole people; at the same time the religionist will be led to reflect on the awful justice of the Divinity, in giving up to the punishment of each other, those who dared openly, and as it were by a national act, dispute even HIS right to reign.

PARIS, *Nov.* 7.

EXECUTION OF THE CI-DEVANT DUKE OF ORLEANS.

THE Monster EGALITE has at last paid the forfeit of his crimes.---Yesterday morning he was put to the Bar of the Revolutionary Tribunal. The process was summary---and, three hours after sentence was pronounced, he was conducted to the scaffold. His conduct was becoming his past life---that of a Coward, and a man oppressed with the stings of conscience. He had lived detested and despised---he died unpitied by all mankind!

All the estates of this criminal and unfortunate Prince will go to swell the income of the new Republic. His Rental, before the corruption he was obliged to practise during the revolution plunged him deeply in debt, must have amounted to near 150,000l. per annum. On the composition made with his creditors, his allowance was 25,000l. annually.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

LONDON, *November 1st*, 1793.

SAINT Maloe, against which an expedition is undertaken, under the command of Lieutenant General Earl of MOIRA, is a small but populous town of Britanny, on a rocky Island, in the English Channel, joined to the main land by a causeway, at the beginning of which is a strong castle. The harbour is large, and one of the best on the coast, but of difficult entrance, being sorrounded with several sharp-pointed rocks, and at tide of ebb almost left dry, so that it will not admit large vessels.

On the neighbouring rocks are ten different forts. In the war with England, during the reign of King William, they fitted out several privateers, which brought a bombardment on the town, but it did little damage.

YELLOW FEVER.

PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER 16, 1793.

MRS. PARKINSON, who appears to have been the first patient in this disorder, was seized on the 3d of August, and died on the 7th. It is not reduced to any certainty, whether the disease originated in the city, or was imported from the West Indies. Dr. RUSH is of the former opinion.---Several other gentlemen of the faculty believe, that it has been brought from the West Indies.

From the first appearance, till towards the close of August, the dangerous enemy we had in the city was hardly known; the deaths of several persons were successively announced in the Papers, and read with the unconcern usual on such occasions.

At length, the alarm spread through the city. The destructive nature of the disease was generally known, and many persons, aware of the danger, removed with their families to different parts of the country. Numbers of our most useful and respectable citizens who remained in the city, were hurried into eternity.

The terror now became universal. The emigrations to the country were very great---and about the middle of September, it is supposed, that 12 or 15,000 of the inhabitants of Philadelphia had deserted the city.

But it is time our fellow citizens throughout the United States, should know as nearly as possible the real state of our city. The mortality which has raged, has carried off to this day about 3000 persons. About 23,000 people have left the city, and above 30,000 remain behind. These, notwithstanding the terror of the country people, find plentiful markets. Beef is sold 7d.---mutton 5d.---veal 7d.---butter 1s. 6d. 1s. 8d. and 2s. per pound; and in general all other articles in proportion. Business is not entirely at a stand. Many stores are still open, and even now, not many more than half our houses are deserted. The Banks have not ceased discounting a single day since the commencement of this disorder.

Among the most revolting circumstances attending this scourge, is the cruelty exercised against some who are, and many who were only supposed to be, infected. Two or three persons, travelling in the stages to New-York, being taken sick, were compelled by their fellow passengers to leave the stages, with their baggage, when on the road, wearied and distressed, they could procure no relief, nor shelter---but absolutely perished with sickness and hunger. On the Lancaster road, a similar instance occurred. There have been very many instances, in which as soon as a person was seized with the fever, he was immediately abandoned by friends and relations, and resigned to the care of perhaps a single negro. This has been the case with persons of great affluence.

And there are not wanting cases of persons so totally deserted, as to be without a human being to hand them a drink of water. Parents have deserted their children---children their parents---husbands their wives---and wives their husbands. It is probably not exaggeration to suppose that a fourth or a fifth of the whole of the persons who have died, have been sacrificed through the consternation of those who ought to have taken care of them. Since the early terrors have been dispelled, these desertions have become rare.

Unfortunately we have had, for a continuance of time, a series of weather uncommonly favourable to this disorder. For above two months we have hardly had any rain; and during that time, there have not been above ten or twelve cool days. It is worthy of particular attention, that the degree of mortality has depended greatly on the degree of heat. On very sultry days, the number of deaths has been much greater than on cool days. A fall of rain last night, accompanied with cold weather, which continues this day, has made a most flattering change in the prospects of this city. The discordant opinions and practices of the gentlemen of the faculty have been a great means of destroying the confidence of the public in their prescriptions. Dr. Rush and some other Physicians, have strongly advised bleeding, and purges of calomel and jalap. They have been very successful. Others have rested their hopes principally on the cold bath, bark, generous living, and a few occasional glasses of old Madeira.

To NATURALISTS.

WHAT cause can be assigned, why the river *Isis* (as far as it is so called,) should, in *hard frost*, *freeze at the bottom first? it evidently* appearing, in a thaw, that large pieces of ice rise from the bottom, and bring whatever adheres, stones, sticks, mud, &c.

Why shall every seventh wave, at sea, (supposing it to be a little ruffled,) be in general larger, and break more than the rest?

When a hare is near dying, towards the end of a chace, why shall her scent lay less strong than at the beginning?

Lately were committed to Norwich Castle by Sir John Fenn, of East Dereham, Kent, three persons who have been travelling about the country tendering and uttering in payment counterfeit money, resembling the half-crown pieces of King William, all having the date of 1697: a large quantity of these was found in their possession, neatly folded up in small paper parcels.

General Murray was a few nights ago stopped on the road between Grantham and Greetham, by a single footpad: on his opening the door of the carriage, the General made a lunge at him with a large knife, which knocked the pistol from his hand; the villain then ran off, and the General leaping from his carriage pursued him, but owing to the darkness of the night, without success.

Nov. 13. This day, about a quarter before nine o'clock, the following malefactors were brought out of Newgate, and executed on the platform facing the Debtors'-door, in the Old-Bailey, according to their sentence, viz. James Randal, John Saville Wright, and Samuel Young; the two first behaved very penitently, but Young denied the fact he was about to suffer for, till the very moment of his execution.

EXTRAORDINARY FOECUNDITY.

A farmer at Empingham, in Rutlandshire, has now a sow, 10 years and a quarter old, which at 19 litters has brought forth 323 pigs; she has several times had 19 at a litter, and once 21: the sow has now a lot of young pigs in good condition.

KING's BENCH AND FLEET PRISONS.

IT is a pleasing and singular fact, that, notwithstanding the late numberless heavy commercial failures which we apprehended would have involved thousands into gaol, the number of debtors in the King's Bench prison have been reduced upwards of three hundred within a few months. In June last, there were nearly 750 prisoners immured within those walls; at present, we rejoice to say, there are not more than 400.

Discharges from the Fleet prison, although not so numerous as those from the Bench, have been such as must gratify the benevolent mind.

NEW FRENCH CALENDAR.

FOR THE PRESENT YEAR, COMMENCING 22d SEPTEMBER.

New French Names of the Months	*English.*	*Term.*	*Duration, days.*
AUTUMN.			
VINDEMAIRE	Vintage Month	from Sept. 22 to Oct. 21 incl.	30
BRUMAIRE	Fog Month	--- Oct. 22 to Nov. 20	30
FRIMAIRE	Sleet Month	--- Nov. 21 to Dec. 20	30
WINTER.			
NIVOS	Snow Month	--- Dec. 21 to Jan. 19	30
PLUVIOUS	Rain Month	--- Jan. 20 to Feb. 18	30
VENTOS	Wind Month	--- Feb. 19 to Mar. 20	30
SPRING.			
GERMINAL	Sprouts Month	--- Mar. 21 to April 19	30
FLOREAL	Flowers Month	--- April 20 to May 19	30
PRIAREAL	Pasture Month	--- May 20 to June 18	30
SUMMER.			
MESSIDOR	Harvest Month	--- June 19 to July 18	30
FERVIDOR	Hot Month	--- July 19 to Aug. 87	30
FRUCTIDOR	Fruit Month	--- Aug. 18 to Sept. 16	30
SANS CULLOTIDES, as Feasts dedicated to			
LES VERTUS	The Virtues	Sept. 17 - - - -	1
LE GENIE	Genius	Sept. 18 - - - -	1
LE TRAVAIL	Labour	Sept. 19 - - - -	1
L'OPINION	Opinion	Sept. 20 - - - -	1
LES RECOMPENSES	Rewards	Sept. 21 - - - -	1
			365

The intercalary day of every fourth year is to be called

LA SANS CULLOTIDE,

On which there is to be a national renovation of their oath, *To live Free or Die.*

The month is divided into three DECADES, the days of which are called, from the Latin numerals,

1. Primi	4. Quartidi	7. Septidi
2. Duodi	5. Quintidi	8. Octodi
3. Tridi	6. Sextidi	9. Nonodi, and

10. Decadi, which is to be the day of rest.

N. B. A corresponding Calendar for all the days of the year may be made on the above sketch.

BIRTHS.

LADY of Henry Robinson, Esq. of Henrietia-street, Covent-garden, Banker, of a son. At Islington, the Lady of Captain Augustus Montgomery, of the Royal Navy, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Andrew's, Holborn, George Clarke, Esq. of Sevenoaks, to Miss Ann Stevens, of Castle-street, Holborn. Peter Vere, Esq. of Knightsbridge, to Miss Elizabeth Egginton, daughter of the late John Egginton, of Nottingham. Glynn Wynn, Esq. to Miss Elizabeth Hamilton, daughter of the late Hon. and Rev. George Hamilton. At Exeter, in the Cathedral of that city, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop, the Rev. William Woollcombe, one of the Prebendaries of that Church, and Rector of East Worlington, to Miss Ann Louis, of the same place.

DEATHS.

At Alton, James Rodney, Esq. brother to the late, and uncle to the present Lord Rodney. At Mansfield, James Walker, Esq. late Master of the Ceremonies at Margate. Dr. Robert Hamilton, many years an eminent Physician at Lynn. Mrs. Pleasant Barr, of Hatton-garden, widow of the late Joseph Barr, Esq. In the Poor-house at Tenderden, in Kent, Henry Smallwood, aged 104 years. He could read without spectacles to the day of his death; and two days before he died, he walked ten miles. On the passage from Africa to the West-Indies, Captain James Kidd, of the Abigail, belonging to Liverpool. At his house at Cheshunt, Nathaniel Sedgwicke, Esq. of the Inner Temple. Gilbert Slater, Esq. a considerable owner of East India shipping, and one of the Directors of the London Assurance Office. At his house at Peckham, Robert Dodwell, Esq. of Doctors Commons, Principal Register of the Court of Arches, one of the Deputy Registers of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, Deputy Register of the Faculty Office, and Principal Register of the Archdeaconry of Berks. Rachel Huddy, of Hutch-Beauchamp. She was 100 years old, and had been eleven years blind; but, notwithstanding her great age, and visual infirmity, she practised midwifery to the satisfaction of her employers, the last of whom she delivered about seven weeks before she expired. At the age of 70, Robert Hamilton, M. D. Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, and a Member of several other learned Societies, at Lynn Regis, in Norfolk, where he had practised upwards of 30 years. At the seat of her uncle, the Right Hon. the Earl of Gainsborough, where she was on a visit, Miss Sophia Edwards.