

THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,

OR,

GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY.

For AUGUST 1795.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ELEGANT PORTRAIT OF
EDWARD JERNINGHAM, ESQ.

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
Memoirs of Edward Jerningham, Esq. - - - - -	75	November 1786. By James Wright, A. M. - - - - -	105
On the present State of Freemasonry - - - - -	78	Account of an extraordinary Natural Genius, who lived some Years ago at Dresden, in Saxony - - - - -	113
History of Masonry continued - - - - -	81	Physiognomical Sketches. By E. Wilson, Sunderland - - - - -	118
Character of Bernard Gilpin, by George Carleton, Bishop of Chichester in 1752 - - - - -	85	Curious Method of protecting Corn - - - - -	121
The Khalif and his Visier, an Oriental Apologue. By William Beloe, F. S. A. - - - - -	89	On Compassion - - - - -	<i>ib.</i>
Anecdotes of Henri Duc De Montmorenci - - - - -	91	On Modesty, as a Masculine Virtue - - - - -	124
Extraordinary Instances of Gratitude - - - - -	95	Account of Botany Bay - - - - -	126
Extracts from a curious Manuscript, containing Directions for the Household of Henry VIII. - - - - -	96	Account of the Sleepy Club - - - - -	127
The Pillow - - - - -	97	Baron Bielfield's Reasons for being a Mason, and Character of the Institution, in a Letter to a Lady - - - - -	129
Bon Mot - - - - -	98	On Poverty - - - - -	131
The Stage. By John Taylor, Esq. - - - - -	99	Dissertations on Polite Arts, No. III. - - - - -	133
Character of Louis the Sixteenth, by Madame Roland. - - - - -	100	Poetry; including an Elegy on the Death of Captain Reed, who was lost in the Borrowdale, Oct. 31, 1789; by the Rev. John Hampson. A Sketch, by T. P. To Industry, by the same. Written in Memory of my Father, who died 29th December 1789. - - - - -	135
A Thief rescued by an Elephant, an authentic Anecdote - - - - -	102	Portrait of an Hypocrite - - - - -	140
Anecdotes of the Life of Theodore, King of Corsica. By the Hon. Horace Walpole, Esq. - - - - -	103	Masonic Intelligence - - - - -	<i>ib.</i>
Origin of St. James's Palace - - - - -	104	Monthly Chronicle. Foreign Intelligence - - - - -	<i>ib.</i>
A Sermon, preached in St. Andrew's Church, New Town, Edinburgh, to the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, 13th		Home News - - - - -	141

L O N D O N :

Printed for the PROPRIETOR;

Sold by J. PARSONS, No. 21. PATERNOSTER-ROW; and may be had of all the Booksellers and Newscarrriers in Town and Country.

[Entered at Stationers-Hall.]

TO OUR READERS, CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

L. T. R., the ingenious Author of *Stanzas to WINTER*, has mistaken our motive for postponing them; the truth is, we thought them unseasonable in the *dog-days*. They are reserved for a future Number. His other Contributions, however, dated Aug. 21, shall certainly appear in our next.

The Soldier's Parting also in our next.

Various other Articles are under consideration.

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

SUBSCRIBERS may have their Volumes bound by sending them as above.

PRICES OF BINDING PER VOLUME.

	s.	d.
Half-bound, Russia back	2	0
Calf, lettered	3	0
Ditto, gilt	3	6
Extra, with Masonic Embellishments	4	6



Edward Ferringham Esq. ^{2d}

Published by J. Parsons, N^o. 21. Paternoster Row: Sept. 7. 1796.

THE
FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,
OR
GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY.

FOR AUGUST 1795.

MEMOIRS OF
EDWARD JERNINGHAM, ESQ.

THERE cannot be a more agreeable recompence to requite the task of the biographer than the consciousness that while he is attempting to do justice to genius, he is at the same time rendering a due tribute to moral worth. This testimony, we may venture to affirm, has seldom been more justly apportioned than on the subject of our present attention, who has long possessed a considerable rank in the literary world, and whose private character has been as much esteemed by a large and noble circle of friends as his ingenious labours have been admired by the public in general.

EDWARD JERNINGHAM, Esq. is a descendant from a very old and respectable family in the county of Norfolk, and is the younger brother of Sir William Jerningham, the worthy baronet who is now the head of that family. The seat of Sir William is *Cossey Hall*, near Norwich. This place was given to Sir Henry Jerningham by Queen Mary, on account of his very active and persevering services in smoothing her ascent to the throne.

After a short residence in the English college at Douay Mr. Jerningham completed his studies at Paris, where he amply qualified himself in every classical attainment and ornamental accomplishment suited to his abilities and rank in life, under the tuition and care of the Rev. Dr. Howard, president of the English seminary in that metropolis. The library belonging to that house consisted chiefly of the books that were formerly in the possession of James the Second, the unfortunate monarch of this country. Dr. Englefield, who had been chaplain to the royal fugitive, presented the library to the seminary before mentioned. It was in these humble remains of the exiled monarch that our author commenced his acquaintance with the British Muse; after having possessed himself of the treasures of Greek and Roman literature. The works of Spenser and of Dryden, we understand, were his early favourites; from the former he imbibed

that air of romance so suited to the poetical character, and by those of the latter he learned to correct enthusiasm, and regulate allegory by the lights of common sense, and the manners of human life.

The fate of the travelling library that belonged to the royal wanderer, suggested to Mr. Jerningham the subject of his first poetical effusion, which was received with such success as to induce him to enlist himself under the banners of the Muses.

Soon after the establishment of the institution for affording protection to unhappy females tempted from the paths of chastity, but who feel the sorrows of penitence, and are anxious to return to the precincts of virtue, our author published a very interesting and a very beautiful little poem, entitled *The Magdalens*, which was highly admired by all persons of taste and feeling, and which, according to the testimony of the venerable Jonas Hanway, one of the first and most zealous supporters of the plan, was of very great advantage to the institution, in giving a spur to the benevolence of the public.

When our author returned to England about the year 1762, Mr. Gray's celebrated *Elegy in a Country Church-yard* attracted his notice, and drew from him a very pathetic and elegant parody, which he entitled, *The Nunnery*.

We shall not, however, employ ourselves in the needless task of tracing our author through the regular progress of his graceful and tender Muse, as his productions are universally known. All his works in succession were admired by the public, and that admiration was sanctioned by the approbation of the best cotemporary critics. His works altogether consist of three volumes, the last of which lately appeared, and, far from evincing any decline of his powers, shew a bolder imagination, and, on the whole, certainly comprehend the best of his compositions.

In this last volume the poems of *Enthusiasm* and the *Shakspeare Gallery* stand pre-eminent in excellence. Our readers will doubtless be gratified in knowing what Mr. Burke says of the latter, as the admiration of such a man must be valuable indeed. Adverting to the poem of *The Shakspeare Gallery* in a private letter which we have had the pleasure of perusing, the British Cicero says of our author, "I have not for a long time seen any thing so well finished. He has caught new fire by approaching in his *peribolion* so near to the sun of our poetical system." The preceding passage, which is exactly in the fine figurative style of Mr. Burke, is a beautiful compliment to the great British poet, and a very flattering tribute to the merit of our author.

Having particularised the poem of *Enthusiasm*, we shall give the words of Dr. Parr, whose learning and judgment need no acknowledgment in this place, on the subject: "The general plan of the work is well formed. The imagery is striking without glare; the texture of the whole style is easy without feebleness. Almost all the lines flow melodiously. Many of the expressions are wrought up to an exquisite pitch of elegance, and the debate for and against the claims of the *Enthusiast* is conducted at once with the perspicuity of

argument and the animation of poetry." The spirited and vigorous mind which this character of the work displays, shews how able Dr. Parr is to decide on the subject; nor is his candour less to be admired for bearing this liberal testimony in favour of a cotemporary writer.

We shall insert one more quotation in favour of our author, because it at once does homage to his genius, and manifests the estimation in which his private character is held. The following is a passage in a letter from the late Lord Harcourt to our author, which we have seen. The letter is dated, Dublin Castle, 1773. "I am greatly obliged to you for a late instance of your regard and attention, and for the hopes you allow me to entertain of receiving a copy of your last performance. I take a real pleasure in reading your works, which have every merit to recommend them; and if I am more than ordinarily fond of them, it proceeds from the very sincere esteem which I have for the author. I shall never forget what Her Majesty* so justly observed of your works, "that she was sure the author was a man of worth and merit." I was struck with the justice and propriety of the observation."

Since the publication of his poems, Mr. Jerningham has been tempted to venture into the dramatic regions. His tragedy of *The Siege of Berwick*, is written with great force of language and poetical spirit. The characters are well drawn, and the fable is conducted with critical skill. His other dramatic work is a comedy, entitled *The Welch Heiress*, which exhibits a much greater portion of humour than could be expected from a Muse so plaintive and so elegant as that which inspired the usual productions of our author. This comedy also presents an admirable portrait of the manners of higher life, in the circles of which the author has indeed been so much confined, that it is no wonder his comedy did not hit the taste of the million, from whom, after the first representation, his diffidence prompted him to withdraw it.

Several of Mr Jerningham's compositions have exercised the talents of the Musician, and others have given scope to the genius of the Painter, of the skill of the latter a good specimen may be found in Macklin's Gallery.

It has been the peculiar fortune of our author to possess the friendship of most of the first people in this country as to talents and rank, and, though moving amidst the dissipation of fashionable life, he has preserved a simplicity in his manners that could hardly be supposed the growth of the present period. What was said of Gay may be properly applied to him :

"Of manners gentle and affections mild."

And to him may be also applied the beautiful lines in which Pope celebrates his own filial tenderness; for Mr Jerningham, like his great

* After this favourable opinion of our author, it must give pleasure to the illustrious character who expressed it to hear that Mr. Jerningham is a frequent visitor to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, with whom he has several times been invited to reside in the pavillion at Brighton.

poetical predecessor, resided with his mother till she died at a very advanced time of life. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of transcribing lines so admirable and so well suited to the occasion :

“ Oh ! friend ! may each domestic bliss be thine !
 “ Be no unpleasing melancholy mine ;
 “ Me let the tender office long engage
 “ To rock the cradle of reposing age,
 “ With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
 “ Make langour smile, and smoothe the bed of death,
 “ Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 “ And keep a while one parent from the sky.”

Our author was originally of the Roman Catholic persuasion, but has conformed to the doctrines of our Church. That no motive of interest or ambition however operated in producing this change in his opinions is evident, for though recommended by his talents to the first connections through life, he has never availed himself of these connections, but, contented with a competency, his course has been principally marked by

“ Calm contemplation and poetic ease.”

The plaintive enthusiasm and reflective tenderness which distinguish the poetry of Mr. Jerningham cannot be better characterized than by the following passage from Thomson, with which we shall conclude this article :

“ He comes ! he comes ! in ev'ry breeze the Pow'r
 “ Of PHILOSOPHIC MELANCHOLY comes !
 “ His near approach the sudden-starting tear,
 “ The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
 “ The soften'd feature, and the beating heart,
 “ Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare ;
 “ O'er all the soul his sacred influence breathes !
 “ Inflames imagination ; thro' the breast
 “ Infuses sweetest tenderness ; and far
 “ Beyond dim earth exalts the swelling thought.”

ON THE PRESENT STATE OF FREEMASONRY.

ΦΙΛΟΣΤΗΣ ΙΣΤΗΣ. PYTHAGORAS.

I HEAR frequent exultations on the increase of the Craft, the flourishing state of Lodges by the acquisition of members, and the brilliant appearance which they exhibit in their processions, furniture, and operations. All this must give pleasure, undoubtedly, to every true lover of an institution founded on the best of principles and calculated for the best of ends, the comfort of man in this state by the enlargement of his powers and the exercise of his virtues, and the preparing him for a state of supreme felicity.

But amid all this pleasing satisfaction, the inquisitive and virtuous mind feels a disagreeable sensation on perceiving a proportionable addition of imperfections. Venerating, as I most sincerely do, this most antient and honourable Society, I cannot at the same time shut

my eyes against evils which creep in among its professors, and tend to give some colour to the deep-rooted prejudices which are entertained against it.

One of these, if not the most formidable, I shall beg leave here to bring forward, and that is the desire which seems to actuate the general body of enlarging the number of members. That Masonry itself should be universal I cheerfully allow. I wish to see its influence operating in every clime, and among every race of men, because wherever its footsteps are discerned, civilization assuredly will be seen. But this by no means calls for an universality of numbers.

Brotherly love, relief, and truth, are the standing characteristics of the order; but if all men are masons those characteristics will be no more. They would be the properties of men, merely in common with other human properties, heightened or lessened according to the influence of passions and caprice. Where the numbers are select, the more distinction will attach to the professor of the science, the more disgrace to his vicious course, and the more love and respect to his upright conduct and conversation.

Easiness of access to a society induces a consequent light apprehension of its merits.

If there are peculiar excellencies belonging to an institution; if it confers a dignity, and promises privileges; a strict attention, certainly, should be observed by those who belong to it to preserve its honours and its advantages from being prostituted.

Is this strictly attended to by the administrators of those mysterious secrets which kings and the best of men have delighted to exercise themselves in?—I fear not.

Far be it from me to sport with the nakedness of that which I revere. It is the professor, and not the science, which calls for this paternal animadversion.

When a man of a light and airy mind, in a sportive mood, heightened by the cheerful glass, conceives the desire to become a Mason, is it consistent with the principles of that chaste sobriety which Masonry inculcates, to meet his inclinations, and to receive him while under the influence of gaiety? His conceptions of the institution will naturally afterwards be in unison with the circumstances which characterized his initiation. Again, shall every other society be observant of the characters of such persons as offer themselves to be members, and even, perhaps, when moral grace or turpitude is of little moment to its interests, and shall we, who belong to a society refined in its principles, elevated in its professions, and marked with distinctions of the most flattering kind, be less scrupulous than those who are remote from such pretensions?

When a man undistinguished by the ornament of an uniform virtue, is invested with the badge of the antient Craft, a stone is loosened from the edifice, and a humiliating stain is marked on the sacred veil.

Let it appear that a difficulty impedes the entrance into the Masonic temple;—let it be fully manifested, that without the grace of moral accomplishment, a firm and virtuous industry, and the desire of knowledge, there is no way of obtaining an association among the

sons of peace, and the depraved mind will shrink back from curiosity under the covert of a ridicule which will do honour to its object; while the truly estimable of mankind will press forward with respectful ardour for admission, and labour afterwards, with a glorious industry, in the support and embellishment of it.

In close connection with this imperfection is another, and that is, the rapid mode of elevating young members. Scarcely has the name of *apprentice* been given to the new-made Brother, but he is hurried, without a noviciate, to another degree, and so onwards, till he can scarce discriminate the peculiar marks of each; and from the confused representation which his mind forms of the whole, it is not to be wondered at that his expectation is deadened, and his respect sinks into indifference.

Shall he who knows not how to handle the *chissel*, be set to form or perfect a plan?—All this would be ridiculous in the ordinary occupations of life; can it be at all less so in that which professes the elevation of human nature by the expansion of the mental powers?

What is found to be so easy and soon to be attained will lose a proportion of its value, and will become an object not of serious, but entirely of amusive consideration.

Formerly, to be a *Freemason* excited a particular observation in those who were not so distinguished, and was a peculiar recommendation to those who were. At present this does not appear to be the case. The number is so multiplied, that, like the title of *esquire* affixed to a name, it ceases, at least in itself, to attract either curiosity or respect.

The great philosopher from whom I have chosen a motto for these desultory remarks, was more cautious in the plan and conduct of that society which he founded. Many preparatives, and arduous ones too, were indispensibly necessary to procure the honour of being a *Pythagorean*. A moral strictness was the primary requisite for initiation; a subjugation of the passions, a close and inviolable secrecy, with an active industry, were the only recommendations to a second degree; and a more refined elevation of sentiment and conduct, led the student to the summit of philosophic mystery. All this kept up the spirit of generous emulation, and united it at the same time to the most exalted friendship; the prize of true honour lay open to all. Virtue alone was the path to it, and it was only the fault of him who failed that kept him from it. But the number of genuine *Pythagoreans* could not be great. Allowed; but they were virtuous, they were friends, indissolubly such; and the society was venerated because virtue was its badge and its crown.

I hope no Brother will take offence at these reflections. They were prompted by a sincere love of the Society, and a concern to see any of its interests injured; and are thus thrown out in print for the serious consideration of all who are actuated by the same sentiments.

To reform is at all times honourable; and in the concerns of a large community every member should bring his own exertion, as if the whole work depended upon his labours alone.

W.

HISTORY OF MASONRY.

[Continued from p. 23.]

THOUGH Solomon, as we have before observed, had established certain classes or lodges, and to each had assigned regulations, the salutary effects of which were evinced in the perfection of the work performed; yet, not content with those effects by which his own fame and glory were to be extended, he also took into consideration the future agreement and prosperity of the craft, and deliberated on the best means to secure them by a lasting cement.

Now, *brotherly love* and *immutable fidelity*, presented themselves to his mind, as the most proper *basis* for an *institution*, whose aim and end should be to establish permanent unity among its members, and to render them a society, who, while *they* enjoyed the most perfect felicity, would be of considerable utility to *mankind*. And being desirous to transmit it under the ancient restrictions as a blessing to future ages, Solomon decreed, that whenever they should assemble in their lodges to discourse upon and improve themselves in the *arts and sciences*, and whatever else should be deemed proper topics to encrease their knowledge, they should likewise instruct each other in *secrecy* and *prudence*, morality and good fellowship; and for these purposes he established certain peculiar rules and customs to be invariably observed in their conversations, that their minds might be enriched by a perfect acquaintance with, and practice of, every moral, social and religious duty, lest while they were so highly honoured by being employed in raising a temple to the great Jehovah, they should neglect to secure to themselves an happy admittance into the celestial lodge, of which the temple was only to be a type.

Thus did our wise Grand Master contrive a plan by mechanical and practical allusions, to instruct the craftsmen in principles of the most sublime speculative philosophy, tending to the glory of God, and to secure to them temporal blessings here, and eternal life hereafter; as well as to unite the speculative and operative masons, thereby forming a two-fold advantage, from the principles of geometry and architecture on the one part, and the precepts of wisdom and ethics on the other.

He was likewise sensible, that when this building should be completed, the craftsmen would disperse themselves over the whole earth; and being desirous to perpetuate in the most effectual manner the harmony and good-fellowship already established among them, and to secure to themselves, their future pupils, and their successors, the honour and respect due to men whose abilities were so great, and would be so justly renowned, in conjunction with Hiram king of Tyre and Hiram Abbif, the Deputy Grand Master, he concerted a proper plan to accomplish his intentions; in which it was determined,

that, in conformity to the practice of the original professors of the royal art, general distinguishing characteristics should be established for a proof of their having been fellow labourers in this glorious work, to descend to their successors in all future ages, who should be in a peculiar manner qualified to cultivate the sublime principles of this noble establishment; and such were adopted and received accordingly. With respect to the method which would be hereafter necessary for propagating the principles of the society, Solomon pursued the uniform and ancient custom, in regard to degrees of probation and injunctions to secrecy; which he himself had been obliged to comply with before he gained a perfection in the royal art, or even arrived at the summit of the sciences; therefore, though there were no apprentices employed in the building of the temple; yet as the craftsmen were all intended to be promoted to the degree of Masters, after its dedication; and as these would secure a succession, by receiving apprentices who might themselves in due time also become Master Masons, it was determined, that the gradations in the science should consist of three distinct degrees, to each of which should be adapted a particular distinguishing test, which test, together with the explication, was accordingly settled and communicated to the fraternity, previous to their dispersion, under a necessary and solemn injunction to secrecy: and they have been most cautiously preserved, and transmitted down to posterity by faithful brethren, ever since their emigration. Thus the center of union among Free Masons was firmly fixed: their *cabala* regulated and established; and their principles directed to the excellent purposes of their original intention.

The old constitutions aver, that, some short time before the consecration of the temple, King Hiram came from Tyre to take a view of that mighty edifice, and to inspect the different parts thereof, in which he was accompanied by King Solomon, and the Deputy Grand Master Hiram Abbif; and that after his examination, he declared the temple to be the utmost stretch of human art! Solomon here again renewed the league with Hiram, and made him a present of the sacred scriptures, translated into the Syriac tongue; which, it is said, is still extant among the Maronites, and other eastern Christians, under the name of the old Syriac version.

The temple of Jehovah being finished, under the auspices of the wisest and most glorious king of Israel, the prince of architecture, and Grand Master Mason of his day; the fraternity celebrated the capstone with great joy; but their exultations were soon checked by the sudden death of their dear and worthy Master Hiram Abbif; to the great concern of King Solomon, who, after some time allowed to the craft to indulge their sorrow, order'd his obsequies to be performed with great solemnity, and buried him in the lodge, near the temple, according to the ancient usages among Masons.

After Hiram Abbif had been mourned for, the tabernacle of Moses and its holy reliques being lodged in the temple, Solomon, in a general assembly, dedicated, or consecrated it by solemn prayer, sacrifices, and music, vocal and instrumental, praising Jehovah, upon

fixing the holy ark in its proper place, between the cherubims; when Jehovah filled his own temple with a cloud of glory!

The invocation and prayer used by Solomon on this occasion was as follows:

Standing before the altar of the Lord in the presence of all the congregation of Israel, he spread forth his hands and said:

O Lord God of Israel! there is no God like thee, in heaven above, nor in the earth beneath, who keepest covenant and shewest mercy unto thy servants, that walk before thee with all their hearts.

Thou hast kept with thy servant David my father that which thou hadst promised him: what thou spakest with thy mouth, thou hast fulfilled with thine hand, as it is this day.

Let all the people of the earth know that the Lord is God, and that there is none else.

Let all the people of the earth know thy Name, and fear thee.

Let all the people of the earth know, that I have built this house, and consecrated it to thy name.

But will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth? Behold Heaven and the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain thee. How much less this house which I have built!

Yet have respect, O Lord my God, to the prayer which thy servant prayeth before thee: May thine eyes be open towards this house by day and by night, even toward the place of which thou hast said, "*My name shall be there.*"

And when thy servant and thy people Israel shall pray toward this house, hearken to their supplication; hear thou them from Heaven thy dwelling-place; and when thou hearest forgive!

The fame of this grand edifice soon prompted the inquisitive of all nations to travel to Jerusalem, and survey its excellencies, as far as was allowed to the Gentiles; and they soon found, that the joint skill of all the world came infinitely short of the Israelites, in the wisdom, strength, and beauty of their architecture; when the wise King Solomon was Grand Master of all Masons at Jerusalem, when the learned King Hiram* was Grand Master at Tyre, and the inspired Hiram Abbif had been Master of the work: when true Masonry was under the immediate care and direction of Heaven; and when the noble and the wise thought it an honour to be associates of the ingenious craftsmen in their well-formed lodges. Accordingly the temple of Jehovah became the just wonder of all travellers, by which, as by the most perfect pattern, they resolved to correct the architecture of their own countries upon their return.

When Solomon had accomplished this great undertaking of erecting a temple to Jehovah, for the purpose of national devotion, he engaged the Fraternity in carrying on other works; viz. two palaces at Jerusalem for himself and his queen, the stately hall of judicature, with his ivory throne, and golden lions; a royal exchange, made by filling up the great gulph between Mount Moriah and Mount Zion,

* The tradition is, that King Hiram had been Grand Master of all Masons; and when the temple was finished, came to survey it before its consecration, and to commune with Solomon about wisdom and art; when, finding the Great Architect of the Universe had inspired Solomon above all mortal men, Hiram very readily yielded the pre-eminence to Solomon *Jedidiah*, i. e. the beloved of God.

with strong arches, upon which many beautiful piazzas were erected, with lofty colonades on each side. Between the columns a spacious walk led from Zion castle to the temple, where men of business met; the house of the forest of Lebanon, built upon four rows of cedar-pillars, being a summer-house to retire to from the fatigue of business; with a watch-tower that looked on the road to Damascus: several cities on the road between Jerusalem and Lebanon; many store-houses west of the Jordan, and several store-cities east of that river, well fortified; and last of all Tadmor, in the desert towards Syria*, one days journey from the Euphrates, and six from Babylon, called in later times by the Greeks Palmyra, with a lofty palace in it.

All these, and many more public works, were finished in the short space of thirteen years after the temple, by the care of 550 Masters of works: for masonry was cultivated throughout all the kingdom of Israel; and many Lodges were constituted under Grand Master Solomon; who, as the old constitutions relate, annually assembled a Grand Lodge at Jerusalem, to preserve the cement of the Fraternity, and transmit their affairs to the latest posterity.

Even during his idolatry, this prince built some curious temples to Chemoch, Moloch, and Ashtaroth, the gods of his concubines, till about three years before he died, when he composed his penitential song, the Ecclesiastes; and fixed the true motto on all earthly glory, viz. *Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, without the fear of God, and the keeping of his commands; which is the whole duty of man!* and died aged 58 years.

Many of Solomon's Masons, before he died, began to travel; and carried with them their skill and taste in architecture, with the secrets of the Fraternity, into Syria, Lesser Asia, Mesopotamia, Scythia, Assyria, Chaldæa, Media, Bactria, India, Persia, Arabia, Egypt, and other parts of great Asia and Africa; and probably also into Europe; though we have no history early enough to assure us as yet of the transactions of Greece and Italy. The tradition is, that they travelled to Hercules's pillars on the west, and to China on the east: and the old constitutions affirm, that one called Ninus, who had been at the building of Solomon's temple, carried the art into Germany and Gaul.

In many places being highly esteemed, they obtained special privileges; and because they taught their liberal art only to the free-born, they were called *Free Masons*; constituting lodges in the places where they built stately piles, by the encouragement of the great and wealthy, who soon requested to be accepted as Members of their Lodges, and Brothers of the Craft; till by merit those free and accepted masons came to be Masters and Wardens. Even princes and potentates became Grand Masters, each in his own dominion, in imitation of King Solomon; whose memory, as a mason, has been duly revered, and will be, till architecture shall be consumed in the general conflagration.

(To be continued.)

* 2 Chron. viii. 3.

CHARACTER OF
BERNARD GILPIN,

BY GEORGE CARLETON, BISHOP OF CHICHESTER,

IN 1752.

AS there are scarce any writings more entertaining than the lives of persons of distinguished characters and eminent virtue, who made the world the better and the happier for their having lived in it; so there are none more useful and instructive, or that have a more direct tendency to excite a generous emulation, and animate us to noble and virtuous pursuits. Virtue, when abstractedly considered, makes but a faint impression on the human mind; but when it is, as it were, *substantiated*, by being exhibited in real characters, then every generous breast takes fire, our native sense of ingenuity is touched, and we are not only prompted but encouraged to excel. When the lives indeed of heroes, of mighty conquerors, and eminent statesmen are exposed to view, the bulk of readers, though their admiration may be raised, yet seldom reap any solid advantages from them, or derive any additional strength to their virtuous resolutions; but when the lives of those are set before us, who have adorned the ordinary stations of life by a steady and uniform pursuit of virtue, and a cheerful and resolute discharge of the duties incumbent upon them, from their first appearance on the stage of the world till their leaving it; there is scarce any thing that can have a more happy influence upon our minds, or more effectually tend to inspire resolution, and rouse us from that lethargic and inactive state into which the generality of mankind are sunk.

In the life of Bernard Gilpin, which having just met with we have read with uncommon pleasure, and would earnestly recommend to the perusal of our readers, we are presented with a character which, for genuine humility, native candour and ingenuity, firmness and strength of mind, exalted piety and extensive benevolence, is scarce inferior to any perhaps that can be named. This truly *apostolical* man had many difficulties to grapple with (the surest tests of virtuous principles), arising from the times wherein he lived, and the prejudices of education, having come into the world about the middle of the reign of Henry VIII. and been brought up in the principles of Popery. But such was the native honesty of his disposition, such the prudence of his behaviour, such his application to the discovery of truth, such, in a word, the innocence, simplicity, and beauty of his whole conduct, that he surmounted all his difficulties, relinquished the absurdities and superstitions of that religion wherein he was educated, became an ornament to the protestant cause, was zealous in asserting its honours, and, till the close of life, shewed so warm a concern for the good of mankind, and the interests of true religion, and discharged

the duties incumbent upon him as a clergyman with so much diligence, fidelity, and resolution, as must render his memory venerable, and transmit his name with distinguished honour to the latest posterity.

Besides the amiable character which is exhibited to our view in the foregoing work, it has this additional recommendation, that it is written with great elegance and judgment.—The style of the ingenious biographer is such as is suited to his subject, easy and natural; his reflections are few and to the purpose; in a word, the whole is wrought up in such a manner as to render it not only a very instructive but an entertaining performance.

We heartily wish that we had sufficient influence with our readers, and with all indeed with whom we converse, to persuade them to a careful perusal of this piece; for instead of being afraid of incurring the imputation of a bad taste, or want of judgment, on account of what we have said concerning it, we are persuaded, that those who read it with attention, provided they have not lost their moral sense, will think we have fallen short in our commendations of what it really deserves.—It will not be expected that we should give large extracts from it; we shall therefore content ourselves with laying before our readers, as a specimen of the ingenious biographer's manner of writing, some of those observations which he has made towards the close of his performance, on the character of that worthy man whose life he has given us. After mentioning his humility, his candour, his sincerity, his great knowledge, his uncommon skill in the art of managing a fortune, &c. he proceeds as follows:

'Thus far,' says he, 'however, he hath had many imitators. The principal recommendations of him, and the distinguishing part of his character were, his conscientious discharge of the duties of a clergyman, his extensive benevolence, and his exalted piety.

'As to the discharge of his function, no man could be more strongly influenced by what he thought the duties of it. The motives of convenience or present interest had no kind of weight with him. As the income was no part of his concern he only considered the office, which he thought such a charge as a man would rather dread than solicit; but when Providence called him to it (for what was not procured by any endeavours of his own he could not but ascribe to Providence) he accepted it, though with reluctance.—He then shewed, that if a sense of the importance of his office made him distrust his abilities, it made him most diligent in exerting them. As soon as ever he undertook the care of a parish, it immediately engrossed his whole attention. The pleasures of life he totally relinquished, even his favourite pursuits of learning. This was the more commendable in him, as he had always a strong inclination for retirement, and was often violently tempted to shut himself up in some university at home or abroad, and live there sequestered from the world. But his conscience corrected his inclination, as he thought the life of a mere recluse by no means agreeable to the active principles of christianity; nay, the very repose to which his age laid

claim he would not indulge; but as long as he had strength sufficient persevered in the laborious practice of such methods of instruction as he imagined might most benefit those under his care. Of popular applause he was quite regardless so far as mere reputation was concerned: but as the favour of the multitude was one step towards gaining their attention, in that light he valued it.—He reprov'd vice, wherever he observed it, with the utmost freedom. As he was contented in his station, and superior to all dependance, he avoided the danger of being tempted to any unbecoming compliance; and whether he reprov'd in public or private, his unblameable life, and the seriousness with which he spoke, gave an irresistible weight to what he said.—He studied the low capacities of the people among whom he lived, and knew how to adapt his arguments to their apprehensions. Hence the effects that his preaching had upon them are said to have been often very surprising. In particular it is related, that as he was once recommending honesty in a part of the country notoriously addicted to thieving, a man, struck with the warmth and earnestness with which he spoke, stood up in the midst of a large congregation, and freely confessed his dishonesty, and how heartily he repented of it.

‘ With regard to his benevolence, never certainly had any man more disinterested views, or made the common good more the study of his life, which was indeed the best comment upon the great Christian principle of universal charity. He called nothing his own; there was nothing he could not readily part with for the service of others. In his charitable distributions he had no measure but the bounds of his income, of which the least portion was always laid out on himself.—Nor did he give as if he was granting a favour, but as if he was paying a debt; all obsequious service the generosity of his heart disdained.—He was the more particularly careful to give away in his lifetime whatever he could save for the poor, as he had often seen and regretted the abuse of posthumous charities. *It is my design at my departure* (says he, writing to a friend) *to leave no more behind me than to bury me and pay my debts.* What little he did leave he left wholly to the poor, deducting a few slight tokens of remembrance that he bequeathed to his friends. How vain it was for those who were not in real want to expect any thing from him, he plainly shewed by his own behaviour; for when a legacy was left him, he returned it to such of the relations of the legatee as stood in most need of it. Such instances of benevolence gained him the title of The Father of the Poor, and made his memory revered long afterwards in the country where he lived. But no part of his character was more conspicuous than his piety. It hath been largely shewn with what temper, sincerity, and earnestness, he examined the controverted points of religion, and settled his own persuasion. He thought religion his principal concern; and of course made the attainment of just notions in it his principal study. To what was matter of mere speculation he paid no regard; such opinions as influenced practice he thought only concerned him. He knew no

other end of religion but a holy life, and therefore, in all his enquiries about it, he considered himself as looking after truths which were to influence his future conduct, and make him a better man. Accordingly, when his religious persuasion was once settled, he made the doctrines he embraced the invariable rule of his life; all his moral virtues became Christian ones, were formed upon such motives, and respected such ends as Christianity recommended. It was his daily care to conform himself to the will of God, upon whose providence he absolutely depended in all conditions of life; resigned, easy, and cheerful, under whatsoever commonly reputed misfortunes he might meet with. He had some peculiar, though, it may be, just notions with regard to a particular providence. He thought all misfortunes which our own indiscretions did not immediately draw upon us were sent directly from God, to bring us to a sense of our misbehaviour, and quicken us in a virtuous course; accordingly, at such times, he used with more than ordinary attention to examine his past conduct, and endeavour to find out in what point of duty he had been defective.

‘To the opinions of others, however different from his own, he was most indulgent. He thought moderation one of the most genuine effects of true piety. It hath already appeared, from his intercourse with the dissenters, how great an enemy he was to all intolerant principles; how wrong he thought it on one hand to oppose an established church, and on the other to molest a quiet separatist.

‘His life was wholly guided, by a conscience the most religiously scrupulous.—I cannot forbear inserting an instance of its extreme sensibility, though it may be thought perhaps rather superstitious.—He had behaved in some particular, with regard to his parish, in a manner which gave him great concern. His conscience was so much alarmed at what he had done, that nothing he could alledge to himself in excuse, was able to make him easy. At length he determined to lay open the whole case before the Bishop of Durham, his diocesan, and to surrender up his living, or submit to any censure which the bishop might think his fault deserved. Without thus bringing himself to justice, he said, he never could have recovered his peace of mind.

‘Such was the life and character of this excellent man. A conduct so agreeable to the strictest rules of morality and religion, gained him among his cotemporaries the title of *The Northern Apostle*; and indeed the parallel was striking—his quitting the corrupt doctrines in the utmost reverence of which he had been educated; the persecutions he met with for the sake of his integrity; the danger he often ran of martyrdom; his contempt of the world; his unwearied application to the business of his calling; and the boldness and freedom with which he reprov'd the guilty, whatever their fortunes or stations were; might justly characterise him a truly apostolical person.

‘Viewed with such a life, how mean and contemptible do the idle amusements of the great appear? How trifling that uninterrupted succession of serious folly which engages so great a part of mankind;

crowding into so small a compass each real concern of life! How much more nobly doth that person act, who, unmoved by all that the world calls great and happy, can separate appearances from realities, attending only to what is just and right; who, not content with the closet-attainment of speculative virtue, maintains each worthy resolution that he forms; persevering steadily, like this good man, in the conscientious discharge of the duties of that station, whatever it is, in which Providence hath placed him!

THE KHALIF AND HIS VISIER,
AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

BY WILLIAM BELOE, F. S. A.

IT is very well known throughout the East, that Haroon al Rasheed; Khalif of Bagdat, accompanied by Giafar, his favourite visier, frequently walked through the streets and suburbs of the city by night in disguise. Thus he became acquainted with, and was able to correct various irregularities, which would have escaped the vigilance of his inferior officers of justice.

One evening the light of the moon enabled him to discover beneath a portico three men, whose dress and appearance bespoke them to be of middle rank, in close and serious conference. He approached them without being perceived, and heard them making the bitterest exclamations against their evil fortunes, which each, speaking of himself, declared to be without parallel. "Can any Mussulman," said the first, "be so great a wretch as I am? May the prophet never again favour his chosen tribe, if from morning till night I am not the victim of sorrow and disquietude. I have a neighbour whose only study is to perplex me in my dealings, to injure me in my reputation and property, and whom Alla seems to have inspired with extraordinary vigour of mind and body, for no other purposes than to counteract my prospects of interest, and designs of pleasure."—"Ah," said the second, "your condition is indeed pitiable, but how much more so is mine? Your days alone are distressing to you; at night you can recline on your pillow, and find consolation in grateful slumber, forgetting your perplexities, your neighbour, and yourself; I, on the contrary, have no interval of peace; my days are harrassing, and my nights worse. Alas! I have a wife who eternally torments me; at my business, my meals, nay, even in my bed, her presence disturbs, and her tongue wounds me; I live in incessant irritation, and have no hope of tranquillity but in death."—"Well," said the third, "I have patiently listened to you both, but am still convinced, that my causes of affliction are still more aggravating than either or than both of yours. I have an extravagant, profligate, worthless son; in spite of remonstrance or punishment I have beheld him advance

progressively from vice to vice, till I now see him a disgrace to human nature, and every hour am expecting that the vengeance of Mahomet, or the laws of our country, will tremendously overtake him." On this the three complainers bade each other adieu, and separated for the evening.

"Giafar," said the Khalif to his favourite, "be it your care to find out who these three men are, and see that they attend my pleasure in full divan to-morrow." Giafar obeyed his master; and the three trembling Moslems were conducted by the guards to the seraglio, where each, though ignorant of his imputed crime, expected to lose his head, or at least to have the bastinado. When the divan assembled, and the Khalif on his throne was surrounded by the imams, the emeers, and the grandees of his court, with a loud voice he commanded the three miserables to be brought forth. "Friend," said Haroon al Rasheed to the first, "it seems thou sayest of thyself, that thy condition is eminently unfortunate; relate the causes of thy griefs to the wise men whom thou seest here before me." The man at first was inclined to equivocate, but the visier pointing to the executioner, and affirming that the Khalif had overheard part of their discourse, he declared that he indeed was of all men the most miserable, inasmuch as a wicked neighbour continually persecuted him. As soon as he had finished his narrative—"Take that fellow," said the Khalif in an angry tone to his attendants, and give him five hundred bastinados." The imams, the emeers, and the grandees of the court, looked at each other in astonishment, but said nothing. The Khalif, whose composure was not in the least disturbed, called for the second miserable: "Well, friend," exclaimed Haroon al Rasheed, "and what sayest thou? Thou art also, it appeareth, one whom Mahomet refuses to smile upon." The man having witnessed his neighbour's punishment knew not how to act, and would willingly have held his peace; but being urged in a commanding voice, and fearing that even worse than the bastinado would attend his obstinacy, acknowledged with a faltering voice, that his evil genius, in the shape of a termagant wife, made his days and nights insupportably vexatious. "Take that fellow," said the Khalif to his officers, "and give him instantly five hundred bastinados." The imams, the emeers, and the grandees of the court, a second time looked at each other in astonishment, but preserved the strictest silence. At the command of the Khalif the third man stood forth. "Mussulman," said Haroon al Rasheed, in somewhat of a less intimidating tone, "let me hear thy tale of sorrow." "Commander of the faithful," said the man, "I perceive that thou already knowest the sorrows which oppress my heart; nevertheless, at thy command, and without hesitation, I repeat in the hearing of the court, that a profligate son has been the disgrace of my manhood, and is now the torment of my age." "Take that honest fellow," said the Khalif, "and immediately give him a thousand sequins." A third time did the imams, the emeers, and the grandees of the court, look at each other with astonishment, without venturing to enquire the reason of the Khalif's most extraordinary decision.

Haroon al Rasheed, after looking upon them some time with complacency, rose from his throne, and thus expressed himself: "Moslems, the judgment which I have this day pronounced, appears to some of you harsh and severe, and to all of you inexplicable; hear then my motives, and confess the justice and beneficence of your prince. There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet—shall Moslems indulge in bitter exclamations against Alla, for inconvenience and trouble which their own exertions can remove? Shall our holy prophet be wearied with tears and lamentations, which are only occasioned by his servants' indolence and pusillanimity? The first man whose case I heard, and whom I punished as he deserved, impeached the goodness of providence, and the justice of my government also, for an evil which he himself could have effectually removed. He had a bad and unjust neighbour—granted—but was it not in his power to have changed his residence, and to have followed his occupation as a merchant in some other place? The second, also, was alike intemperate in his complaints—but why arraign Alla, or his prophet, when he himself possessed the remedy of his suffering? He had a bad and worthless wife—but could he not have gone with her immediately to the *cadi*, given her a writing of divorce, and sent her away? As to the third man, consult your own hearts, and confess my justice.—From an ungracious child who can fly? From that sorrow, what change of place, or what decision of law can preserve us? It follows us abroad, it wounds us in solitude, it disturbs our meals, and haunts our pillows. In this case pity is the slightest boon we can bestow, and liberality is no more than justice."

The imams, the *emeers*, and the *grandees* of the court, were no longer astonished, but confessed aloud the wisdom of the *Khalif*.

ANECDOTES OF

HENRI DUC DE MONTMORENCI.

From SEWARD'S "Anecdotes of some Distinguished Persons," &c. just published.

AS this illustrious nobleman was one day playing at hazard, he won a considerable sum of money. A gentleman standing near him said to his friend, "That now is a sum which would make a gentleman's fortune." "Would it so, Sir?" replied the duke; "take it then, I only wish that it were more."

As the duke was walking one day in the fields near Thoulouse with another nobleman, their discourse turned upon the happiness of men in different situations; and whether those were most to be envied who were in eminent, or those who were in low situations of life. "Ho!" says the duke, on observing three or four peasants, who were making

their frugal meal under a tree, "these men shall settle the point for us." He comes up to them, and accosting them in his usual gracious manner, says, "My friends, are you happy? pray tell me." Three of them told him, "that confining their happiness to a few acres which they had received from their ancestors, they desired nothing farther." The fourth said, "that all that he wished was to be able to regain the possession of a part of his patrimony, which had passed into other hands by the misfortunes of some of his family." "Well, then, my friend, if you had it again, you think that you should be happy?" "As happy, my lord duke, I think, as a man can possibly be in this world." "What would it cost you to recover it?" "Two thousand livres, Sir." "Well, then," said the duke, turning to one of his attendants, "present him with the money, that I may say I have had the satisfaction to-day of making one person happy."

St. Preuil, who headed the troop which took the duke prisoner after the battle of Castelnaudauri, fell at the feet of his sovereign, to request the life of his illustrious captive. Richeliéu, who was present whilst he was thus forcibly imploring the clemency of Louis, cried out, "St. Preuil, if his majesty were to treat you as you deserve, he would lay your head at your heels*."

Montmorenci, when brought to his trial at Thoulouse, was, contrary to the custom observed with state-prisoners in France, placed upon a stool on a level with the court. When the judges delivered their opinions respecting the sentence that was to take place upon this distinguished culprit, the first to whom the president applied, gave his opinion for death, the dreadful but the well-deserved punishment of him who appears in arms against his sovereign. The rest, one by one, rose from their seats, uncovered their heads, but said nothing; too plainly shewing, by their mournful silence, the cruel necessity they were under to dispense the rigid sentence of the law, however at variance with their wishes and their affections.

The Chancellor Seguier, Richeliéu's meanest minion, and who had been brought up by the father of the duke, presided at this tribunal (as it is said) at his own particular desire. On his asking the duke in the usual forms of French criminal procedure, "What was his name?" the duke replied, "I am sure, Sir, you ought to know it, who have so long eaten the bread of our house."

The duke appeared much affected when he was asked whether he had any children; with respect to every thing else, he made his answers as short as possible. He not only admitted the facts of which he was accused, but confessed several charges that were not brought against him, in hopes to save the lives of those who had followed him in his fatal expedition. When he was asked, whether the Duke of Orleans, his sovereign's brother, had not prevailed upon him to take up arms against their mutual sovereign, he replied, "that he did not pretend to lay any blame upon him, but that it was his ac-

* The cardinal never forgave St. Preuil for telling his friends, "that if he had known that the duke was to have perished on a scaffold, he would have blown his brains out when he took him prisoner."

cursed destiny which had precipitated him into so great a crime;" yet he always protested, in the most solemn manner, that he had not the least intention to affect the government of the country.

The duke, soon after he had undergone his interrogatory, begged to be permitted to retire for a moment, when, addressing the tribunal with a most respectful bow, he said, "Gentlemen, I had nearly forgotten to tell you, that when M. Guillemot was confronted with me, I accused him of having counterfeited my seal. I was then greatly agitated. I now completely discharge him from the accusation which I made against him in that situation. He is an honest man. I signed with my own hand the agreement with the States of Languedoc."

Soon after the condemnation of the duke, the king sent for his marshal's staff and his collar of the Order of the Holy Ghost. These distinguished marks of the sovereign's favour, and of the duke's merit, were brought to Louis as he was playing at chess. The Duke de Liancourt, and all the persons of rank who were in the room with Louis, men and women, burst into tears. "Sire," said M. de Charlus, who was sent to the duke by the king, "behold the collar of the order and the marshal's staff, which I present you on the part of the unfortunate Duc de Montmorenci. He has given me in charge, Sir, to assure your majesty, that he dies under the deepest impression of sorrow for having offended you; and that so far from complaining of the sentence by which he is condemned to die, he thinks it bears no proportion to the enormity of the crime of which he has been guilty." Having said this, M. de Charlus fell at the knees of the king, and taking hold of them with both his hands, and bursting into tears, said, "Ah Sire, ah Sire, pardon M. de Montmorenci! his ancestors have been such good servants to your predecessors! Pardon him, Sire! pardon him!" At this instant, every person that was in the room (and it happened to be extremely crowded), men and women, as if impressed with one instantaneous impulse, fell upon their knees, crying, "Sire, for God's sake, pardon M. de Montmorenci!" Louis, at this dreadful and affecting scene, appeared totally unmoved. "No," said he, raising his voice, "M. de Montmorenci must not be pardoned. There cannot possibly be any pardon for him. You ought not to be sorry to see a person die, who has so well deserved to die as M. de Montmorenci. The only favour that I can grant him, is, that the executioner shall not tie his hands, and that he shall only behead him."

When this was told to the duke, his surgeon (M. de Lucante), who came to him to cut off his hair to prepare him for his execution, fell into a swoon by the side of his master. "Ah, poor Lucante," said the duke; "you, who whilst I was in prison so firmly exhorted me to receive all my sufferings as coming from the hands of him who made me—you, I see, are more afflicted than myself! Comfort yourself; let me embrace you, and take my last farewell of you." Then turning to his confessor, he said, "I am ready to go to the scaffold."

The scaffold was erected in an inner court of the town-house of Thoulouse, in which the duke was confined. In passing to it, he observed the statue of Henry the Fourth, which stood in the middle of the area; the statue of a monarch who had been in some measure indebted to the duke's father for the crown of France. He stopped some minutes, and looked at it very attentively, reflecting, perhaps, on the ingratitude and cruelty of the king his son. His confessor, who was beside him, asked him what was the matter, and whether he wanted any thing. "No, no, my good father," replied the illustrious criminal, "I was merely looking at the statue of Henry the Fourth. He was a great and a noble-minded prince. I had the honour to be his godson. Let us go on." Then pointing to the scaffold, he added, "That is my only road to Heaven."

As soon as he came upon the scaffold, he saluted the commanding officer, and all the persons present, more particularly the town-guards, who had orders to attend this melancholy ceremony in the dress they wore on solemn occasions. He intreated them all to bear their testimony to his sovereign, that he died his most obedient subject, and penetrated with the deepest contrition at having offended him. He then placed himself upon the block, and having committed his soul into the hands of the Author of his being, received the fatal blow. The blood flew out upon the walls of the area; and such is still the veneration of the people of Thoulouse for the memory of M. de Montmorenci, that a few years ago they affected, with tears in their eyes, to shew the marks of it upon the walls of the court*.

Thus, by the hands of the executioner, and as a public spectacle on a scaffold, perished Henri Duc de Montmorenci, a nobleman highly distinguished for the splendid virtues of munificence and of courage, of no incompetent parts and understanding, a Peer and Marshal of France, Knight of the venerable Order of the Holy Ghost, and the first Christian Baron of Europe: qualities and titles which would have pleaded very strongly in favour of the life of him who possessed them, had he not diminished their power, and destroyed their influence, by committing treason against the executive government of his country; the greatest crime which a subject can commit; in itself but too apt to contain all other crimes, and in its own pernicious germ to inclose the seeds of rapine, devastation, and murder; the dissolution of all order, and the destruction of civil society.

* The surgeons having opened the body to embalm it, found five musquet balls within it. They remarked, that of the seventeen wounds which he had received at the battle of Castelnaudauri, not one was mortal. Soon after the duke was taken prisoner, his surgeon offered to dress them. "Oh! no, my good friend," said he, "it is by no means necessary; *one more* will soon cure them all."

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCES

OF

*GRATITUDE.**(From WATKINS'S Travels.)*

LORENZO MUSATA, a native of Catania, in Sicily, was in the year 1774 taken in a Maltese ship by an Algerine corsair. When the prize was carried into port, he was sold to a Turkish officer, who treated him with all the severity that the unfeeling disposition of a barbarian, rendered intolerant by bigotry, could inflict. It happened fortunately for the Sicilian, that his master's son Fezulah; (about ten years old) became extremely fond of him; and, by numberless little offices of kindness, alleviated his slavery. Lorenzo, in consequence, became as much attached to the boy, as the boy was to him; so that they were seldom separated from each other. One day, as Fezulah (being then sixteen) was bathing in the sea, the current carried him off; and he certainly would have perished, had not Lorenzo plunged in and saved him, at the hazard of his life. His affection was now heightened by gratitude, and he frequently interceded with his father for his deliverer's emancipation, but in vain. Lorenzo often sighed for his country, and Fezulah determined that he should return there. With this resolution, he one night conveyed him on board an English merchant-ship that lay off Algiers; and having embraced him in tears, retired with all that exquisite glow of pleasure and self-approbation which virtue feels in acting with gratitude and generosity. The Sicilian returned to his country, where he found that a relation had bequeathed him a small tenement; upon which he settled, and enjoyed the sweets of competency and repose, rendered infinitely more grateful, than they otherwise would have been, by the remembrance of his past slavery. At length, growing tired of a sedentary life, he accompanied his kinsman, a master of a vessel, to Genoa. On landing in the D'arsena, he heard a voice cry out—'Oh, my friend, my Lorenzo,' and instantly found himself in the arms of Fezulah. He was at first lost in surprise and joy; but how rapid was the transition to grief, when he perceived by his chains that Fezulah was a slave!—He had been taken by a Genoese galley, on his voyage to Aleppo. You have already seen that the ruling passions of Lorenzo's breast were generosity and gratitude! and to these he now determined to sacrifice every other consideration. Having divided his purse with his former companion, he took his leave, telling him he should be again at Genoa within two months. And so he was. He returned to Sicily; sold his little tenement, though to great disadvantage, and with the money ransomed his friend, whom he sent back to his country. Fezulah has lately visited Lorenzo at Catania, where they now are, and has not only purchased for him his estate, but considerably enriched him.

These actions might by some, who have more prudence than philanthropy, be deemed enthusiastic; I must, however, consider them as genuine virtue, and am only sorry I cannot be an associate in the friendship of Fezulah and Lorenzo.

EXTRACTS

FROM A CURIOUS MANUSCRIPT,

CONTAINING DIRECTIONS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD OF HENRY VIII.

HIS Highness's baker shall not put alums in the bread, or mix rye, oat, or bean flour, with the same; and if detected, he shall be put in the stocks.

His Highness's attendants are not to steal any locks or keys, tables, forms, cupboards, or other furniture, out of noblemen's or gentlemen's houses, where he goes to visit.

Master-cooks shall not employ such scullions as go about naked, or lie all night on the ground before the kitchen fire.

No dogs to be kept in the court, but only a few spaniels for the ladies.

Dinners to be at ten, and suppers at four.

The officers of his privy chamber shall be loving together; no grudging or grumbling, nor talking of the king's pastime.

The King's barber is enjoined to be cleanly, not to frequent the company of misguided women, for fear of danger to the king's royal person.

There shall be no *romping* with the *maids* on the staircase, by which dishes and *other things* are often broken!!

Care shall be taken of the pewter spoons, and that the wooden ones used in the kitchen be not broken or stolen.

The pages shall not interrupt the kitchen-maids; and he that gets one of them with child, shall pay a fine of two marks to his Highness, and have his allowance of beer withheld for a month.

The grooms shall not steal his Highness's straw for beds, sufficient being allowed for them.

Coal only to be allowed to the King's, Queen's, and Lady Mary's chambers.

The brewers not to put any brimstone in the ale.

Among the fishes for the table is mentioned the porpoise; if too big for a horse-load, an extra allowance to purveyor.

Twenty-four loaves a day allowed for his Highness's grey-hounds!

Ordered—That all noblemen and gentlemen, at the end of the sessions of the parliament, depart to their several counties, on pain of the royal displeasure!!

THE PILLOW.

WHAT a delicious balm is diffused over the whole frame when the candle is extinguished, and the head on the pillow! If, on a strict scrutiny of the soul, we cannot discover any thing which could offend our fellow creature, then sleep is almost a celestial reverie.

It is never so delicious, or so tranquil, as after a day on which we have performed some good act, or when we are conscious of having spent it in some useful or substantial employment.

The instant the head is laid on the pillow, is that in which conscience delivers its decrees. If it has conceived any evil design, it is surrounded with thorns; the softest down is hard under the restless head of the wicked. In order to be happy, a man must be on good terms with his pillow; for the nightly reproaches it can make must be heard.

The conversation of the pillow with the placeman, the man of the world, the intriguer, the satirical author, would be very poignant. What a number of secret discoveries! And what might not the pillows of kings and ministers tell us!

It is at this moment that truth speaks; for conscience, when we are inclined to listen to it, will tell us pretty nearly what we are.

Nero's father used to say, *I know Agrippina, I know myself; the child she will bring forth must be a monster.*

We must be happy or miserable at night by recollection. Memory recalls our faults and negligences, and this should put us in a method to avoid them; for they will not lose sight of us, they will banish sleep from our eyes, they will intrude in our dreams, they will fatigue us, in order to teach us that there is neither repose nor happiness but in the harmony of an upright conduct, and in the exercise of charity.

Others guess at us, but ourselves only can see ourselves; we only know what we really are. *Do not abide by the judgment of men,* says Montaigne, *abide by your own.*

The pillow gives us notice of what we are to do the following day: he who knows how to consult his pillow will probably receive friendly admonition. If the head repels it, it is a charitable warning; but if it quietly reposes on it, a man may proceed in his intended design.

Happy is he who can say, when he lies down—No man can reproach me with his affliction, his misfortune, or his captivity; I have not injured the reputation of any one; I have paid due respect to the property of others, the certain pledge of the repose of families; and the labourer's hire has never remained in my hands at sun-setting, according to the expression in Scripture. Those testimonies of conscience, those internal enjoyments of soul, give a delicious repose, and a still more delicious awaking.

The literary work we can again read over, when reclined on the pillow, a long time after its composition, is not to be despised. The

mind is in the same situation as at the time of writing, but sees itself much better, and can judge.

If a man has lived in harmony, peace, and good order, he is pleased at the reflection; whatever has been dictated by a momentary impulse appears wretched and puerile; but if he is so fortunate to have sacrificed revenge, the writing is consolatory and pleasing; one readily forgives himself the errors he is only to blush for before the Muses. The author who has been good at one time will be so again; he does not feel the uneasiness that awaits him whose work, stuffed with every degree of malice, has torn his adversary in pieces with relentless ridicule.

The satirist and the misanthrope will never read over their most approved and applauded works with the same pleasure as the virtuous man will taste in reviving works which criticism may doubtless reprehend, but which sound morality will not be ashamed to own.

The clock strikes twelve! Awful hour! Night, depriving me of the sight of the earth, seems to put me in possession of the heavens. Those millions of suns and worlds which the Eternal has strewed with such profusion, give man the opportunity of observing the immutable laws by which they are governed.

It is to night that the Cassinis and the Galileos are indebted for their greatest discoveries. And thy vigilant eye, indefatigable Herschel, meets the comet which would pass unperceived by a heedless world.

All privileged beings, who cultivate their minds, watch more or less; the silence and tranquillity of the night are favourable to their meditations, and supply the place of the voluntary darkness to which the Greek savages formerly condemned themselves for the discovery of truth.

Night is the common benefactress of every thing that breathes; it is during her reign that the greatest share of happiness is spread over the earth; violent passions are lulled, the human race are relieved from labour; the prisoner, loaded with the fetters of despotism, flits far from his dungeon, and accuses his tyrant before assembled worlds. The inequality amongst men has, in a manner, ceased; voluptuousness, with its charms, enraptures the young married pair, and repairs the devastations of war.

LE M—.

BON MOT.

A GENTLEMAN who resides in St. James's-street, happening to spend the evening in the city among some friends, was requested, in his turn, to favour the company with a song; he politely declined singing, alleging that he was so indifferent a performer in that way, that any attempt of his would rather disgust than entertain. One of the company, however, observed that he had a very good voice, and that he had frequently had the pleasure of hearing him sing. "That may be," resumed the other (wishing to get excused), but as I am not a freeman, I have no voice in the city."

THE STAGE.

BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

Continued from p. 26.

A MIRTHFUL mischief sporting in her air,
 Lo! ABINGTON, Thalia's fav'rite care,
 Design'd the path of higher life to tread,
 To nature faithful, and by genius led,
 With arch vivacity, the comic throne
 She claims, and shines with lustre all her own.

Where affectation's flippant airs are seen—
 The mincing accent, and the study'd mien,
 Where art prevails o'er nature's simple grace,
 And fashion's whims preside in reason's place,
 The coldest critic must with pleasure view,
 And own each portrait spirited and true.

In scenes where sharp sarcastic strokes appear,
 With satire's keenest barb she points the sneer;
 Thus when gay *Millamant* with bant'ring vein
Marwood insults in pity's galling strain,
 Th' ironic tone such stinging force conveys,
 That CONGREVE scarcely merits higher praise.

But though she thus can charm the critic sight
 In parts affected, sprightly, and polite,
 The wild simplicity of hoyden youth
 She paints with all the glowing tints of truth.

The muse who knows that HARTLEY could controul
 And sooth to sympathy the sternest soul,
 Can ne'er forgetful of her worth remain,
 But seeks her name to decorate the strain.

In Rowe's fine portrait of submissive woe,
 That contrite yields to fate's relentless blow,
 The wretched victim of a lawless flame,
 By pow'rs harsh mandate doom'd to public shame,
 What eye to HARTLEY could a tear deny?
 What breast so hard that could refuse a sigh?

Urg'd by the noblest glow of filial fire,
 When poor *Cordelia* seeks her injur'd sire—
 Or warm with conscious honour's purest aim,
 When *Desdemona* vindicates her fame,
 Her plaintive strains would make a stoic feel,
 Such magic graces o'er the bosom steal.

Again, sweet exile, grace a drooping stage,
 Again with nature's loveliest charms engage.
 Lo! CRAWFORD wanders to another clime,
 And YATES too soon must feel the stealth of time,

Then shall we own the triumph only thine,
 Where dignity and tenderness combine,
 In ev'ry gentle and impressive part
 With pow'r resistless to enchain the heart.

To thee, when YATES shall court the private shade,
 The sorrowing muse must fondly seek for aid,
 By thee alone, dear wand'rer, then display
 The melting force of her pathetic lay.

(*To be continued.*)

CHARACTER OF
LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH.

BY MADAME ROLAND.

From Miss WILLIAMS's Sketch of the Politics of France.

LOUIS XVI. behaved to his ministry with the greatest good humour. This man was not precisely such a personage as he has been industriously represented by those who were interested in degrading him. He was neither that stupid sot which he has been held out to be for the purpose of exciting contempt, nor that polite, good and affectionate character for which his friends have extolled him. Nature had formed him in a common kind of mould: he would have acted well in an obscure situation; but he was depraved by a royal education, and lost his moderation at a critical period, in which his safety could have been effected only by the assistance of genius or virtue. A common mind, educated at court, and taught from the cradle the art of dissembling, acquires many advantages in its commerce with mankind. The art of discovering to each no more than he would wish him to know, is only a habit, to which constant exercise gives the appearance of address; and a man must be born an idiot, in order to appear a fool in a similar situation.

Louis XVI. had besides a good memory, and a great share of activity; he never was a moment unemployed, and read a good deal. He had the most perfect and minute knowledge of all the treaties made by France with the neighbouring powers; he was well acquainted with its history, and was the best geographer in his kingdom. Knowledge of names; the just application of them to the physiognomies of the persons of the court to whom they belonged; acquaintance with all their private anecdotes, had been extended by him to every individual, who had at all distinguished himself in the revolution; and no one of any quality or description could be mentioned to him, of whom he could not give some kind of information founded on their private history. But Louis XVI. without strength of character, was confined in his views, and had twisted as it were his feelings by superstitious prejudices and jesuitical principles. The great ideas of religion, the belief of a God, and the assurance of im-

mortality, are perfectly in harmony with philosophy; and while they rear its column on those most solid of all foundations, they likewise adorn it with the most finished capital. Wretched are the legislators who despise these powerful means of inspiring political virtues, and of forming the morals of a nation. If they were even illusions, we ought to cherish them, for the consolation of mankind: but the religion of our priests presented us only with objects of childish fear, and miserable mummeries instead of good works; and also consecrated the whole code of despotism, on which the authority of the established church is founded.

Louis XVI. was literally afraid of hell, the horns and hoofs of the devil, and excommunication; and with all this it was impossible he should be any thing but a poor creature of a king. If he had been born two hundred years earlier, and had had a reasonable wife, he would have made no more noise in the world than other princes of his line, who have passed across the stage without doing either much good or evil: but ascending the throne amidst the dissoluteness of the court of Louis XV. and the disordered state of the treasury, and surrounded by corrupted men, he was drawn on by a giddy woman, who joined to Austrian insolence the forwardness of youth, and to the arrogance of grandeur the intoxication of the senses, and the carelessness of levity; and who was herself seduced by all the vices of an Asiatic court.

Louis XVI. too weak to hold the reins of government, which was now falling headlong into ruin, and crumbling to dissolution, hastened his own by faults without number. Neckar, who always acted the pathetic in politics as well as in writing; a man of moderate abilities, but of which the world entertained a high opinion, because he had formed a high opinion of them himself, which he was careful to make known; without foresight; a sort of a retail financier, who could only calculate the contents of a purse, and was talking continually of his reputation, as women of intrigue talk of their chastity; Neckar was but a sorry pilot for the storm that was gathering. France was, as it were, exhausted of men: it is a thing highly surprising that they should have been so scarce in this revolution; it has brought forth scarcely any but pigmies. It is not because there was any want of wit, of information, of knowledge, of philosophy: these ingredients had never been more common: it was the blaze of the torch just expiring. But that energy of soul which J. J. Rousseau has so admirably defined as the first characteristic of the hero, supported by that solidity of judgment which knows the just value of every thing; with that foresight which penetrates into futurity, the re-union of which constitutes character, and forms the superior man, we have looked for it every where, but it has been no where to be found.

Louis XVI. continually floating between the fear of irritating his subjects, and his wish to keep them within bounds, and unable to govern them, convened the States-General, instead of reforming the expences, and regulating his court. After having himself unveiled the spring, and shewed the way to innovation, he hoped to stop its

progress, by affecting a power against which he had furnished arms, and against which he had himself given instructions for resistance.

No other means were left him, than to sacrifice with a good grace a part of his authority, in order, by means of the other, to seize the whole, on a proper occasion, which he was not however likely to do; since he gave himself up to the most desperate sort of intrigues, the only sort familiar to those whom he chose for his advisers, under the protection and patronage of his wife. He had certainly preserved under the constitution sufficient means both of power and of happiness, if he had had the wisdom to keep himself within bounds. Want of ability had disabled him from preventing the establishment of the new government; but honesty alone would have been sufficient to have saved him, if he had been sincere in executing, when he had accepted the constitution. Unhappily for himself, on one hand to support what he was overthrowing with the other, was his crooked policy; and this perfidious conduct first excited mistrust, and then finished by kindling general indignation.

When he had made choice of patriotic ministers, he was particularly anxious to inspire them with confidence; and he succeeded so well, that for three weeks I saw Roland and Clavieres, enchanted with the king's dispositions, thinking only of the happy order of things, and flattering themselves that the revolution was finished.—“Good God!” I said to them, “every time I see you come from the council with this great confidence, I always think that you are about to commit some act of great folly.”—“I assure you,” answered Clavieres, “that the king is perfectly convinced that his interest is intimately connected with the observance of the laws which have been just established: he reasons about them too feelingly not to have a perfect conviction of this truth.” “If,” added Roland, “he be not an honest man, he is the most arrant cheat in the kingdom: dissimulation can hardly go so far.”—“And for my part,” I replied, “I have no great confidence in any man's regard for the constitution, who has been educated in the prejudices of despotism and habits of dissipation, and whose conduct latterly has exhibited a total want both of genius and virtue. Louis XVI. must be a man very much above the common standard, to have any sincere regard for a constitution which narrows the limits of his power; and if he had been such a man, he would not have suffered those events to have taken place which have brought about this constitution.”—My great argument for his insincerity was founded on his flight to Varennes.

A THIEF RESCUED BY AN ELEPHANT.

AN AUTHENTIC ANECDOTE.

DURING the siege of Pondicherry, in the East-Indies, by the British army, when Mr. Lally was governor, there were in the French garrison several war elephants, all of which, from the scarcity of provisions, except one, died, and the survivor would have shared the fate of his companions but for his uncommon sagacity, which had

rendered him the favourite of every one, and the object of general admiration. This animal, in the absence of his keeper, was one day amusing himself with his chain in an open part of the town, when a man who had committed a theft, and was pursued by a great number of people, despairing of all other means of safety, ran for protection under the belly of the elephant. Delighted with the poor wretch's confidence, the elephant instantly faced about to the crowd, erected his proboscis, and threw his chain in the air (as is the manner of these creatures when engaged with the enemy) and became so furious in defence of the criminal, that, notwithstanding all the gentle arts made use of by the surrounding multitude, neither they, nor even his keeper, to whom he was fondly attached, and who was sent for to manage him, could prevail with him to give up the malefactor. The contest had continued above three hours, when at length the governor, hearing the strange account of it, came to the spot, and was so much pleased with the generous perseverance of the honest quadruped, that he yielded to the elephant's interposition, and pardoned the criminal. The poor man, in an extasy of gratitude, testified his acknowledgment, by kissing and embracing the proboscis of his kind benefactor; who was apparently so sensible of what had happened, that, laying aside all his former violence, he became perfectly tame in an instant, and suffered his keeper to conduct him away without the smallest resistance.

ANECDOTES OF THE LIFE OF
THEODORE,
 KING OF CORSICA*.

BY THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE, ESQ.

THEODORE Anthony, Baron Newhoff, more remarkable for being the only one of his profession (of adventurers) who ever obtained a crown, than for acquiring that of Corsica, was born at Metz, about the year 1696, and after a variety of intrigues, scrapes, and escapes, in many parts of Europe, and after having attained and lost a throne, returned in 1748-9 to England, where he had been before about the year 1737. I saw him soon after his last arrival; he was a comely middle-sized man, very reserved, and affecting much dignity, which he acted in the lowest ebb of his fortunes, and coupled with the lowest shifts of his industry. An instance of the former appeared during his last residence at Florence, where being reduced to extreme poverty, some English gentlemen made a collection for, and carried it to him. Being apprized of their coming, and having only one chamber in a little miserable lodging, he squeezed his bed

* See Vol. IV. p. 310.

to one side, and placed a chair under the canopy, where he sat to receive the charity.

Being involved here in former and new debts, he for some time received benefactions from the Earl of Granville, the Countess of Yarmouth, and others; and after being arrested, some merchants in the city promoted a subscription for him; but he played so many pranks, and counterfeited so many bonds and debts, that they withdrew their money. He behaved with little more honour when a paper in the *World* was published for his benefit. Fifty pounds were raised by it, and sent to his prison. He pretended to be much disappointed at not receiving more: his debts, he said, amounted to one thousand five hundred pounds. He sent in a few days to Mr. Dodsley, the publisher of the *World*, to desire the subscription might be opened again; which being denied, he sent a lawyer to Mr. Dodsley, to threaten to prosecute him for the paper, which he pretended had done him great hurt, and prevented several contributions:

Precibusque minas regaliter addit. OVID.

In May 1756 this extraordinary event happened: Theodore, a man who had actually *reigned*, was reduced to take the benefit of the act of insolvency. However, he remained in the liberties of the Fleet till December 1756, when taking a chair, for which he had not money to pay, he went to the Portuguese minister's, in Audley-street; but not finding him at home, the Baron prevailed on the chairmen to carry him to a taylor's in Chapel-street, Soho, who, having formerly known him, and pitying his distress, lodged him in his house. Theodore fell ill there the next day, and dying in a few days, was buried in the church-yard of St. Anne, in that parish.

A strong peculiarity of circumstances attended him to the last. His manner of obtaining his liberty was not so extraordinary as what attended it. Going to Guildhall, to demand the benefit of the act, he was asked, "What effects he had?" He answered, "Nothing but the kingdom of Corsica." It was accordingly registered for the benefit of his creditors.

ORIGIN OF ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

ON the place where this edifice stands was once an hospital dedicated to St. James, originally founded by the Citizens of London for only fourteen maids afflicted with the leprosy, who were to live a chaste and devout life: but afterwards new donations increased the extent of the charity, and eight brethren were added to minister divine service. This hospital, which is mentioned in a manuscript of the Cotton Library so early as in the year 1100, was at length suppressed by King Henry VIII. who allowed the sisters pensions during the term of their lives, and, taking down the edifice, built a palace in its room, which retained the name of the hospital, and is still standing. In this edifice our kings have resided ever since Whitehall was consumed by fire in 1697.

THE UNION OF
LOVE TO GOD AND LOVE TO MAN,
A SERMON,

Preached in St. Andrew's Church, New Town, Edinburgh,

TO THE FRATERNITY OF

FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS,
AND OTHER HEARERS,

ASSEMBLED THERE ON THE THIRTIETH OF NOVEMBER 1786,
BEING THE ANNIVERSARY OF ST. ANDREW;

BY JAMES WRIGHT, A. M.

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL AT MAYBOLE.

PREFACE.

HAVING published, lately, a book, intitled, *A Recommendation of Brotherly Love*, in which the duties of the Second Great Commandment of the Divine Law are explained at considerable length, the Grand Lodge of Scotland did me the particular honour of taking public notice of it, in the news-papers, in terms of great respect, and of recommending it to the frequent perusal of all the Brethren of the different Lodges holding of the Grand Lodge. The Noblemen and Gentlemen of the said Grand Lodge have paid me the further compliment, of requesting me to preach the First Sermon that has ever been delivered to the Masonic Fraternity at Edinburgh, on the Festival of St. Andrew. This Sermon, preached at Edinburgh on that Anniversary, is now published at their particular desire.

Whether the bulk of those who may happen to read this Discourse, and the Charge with which it is accompanied, shall think it deserving of that very warm and friendly patronage with which the Grand Lodge of Scotland has been pleased to honour it, I cannot foresee: but this I know, that it was composed with a good and benevolent design. And I do most sincerely wish and pray, that God, before whom the hearts of all men lie open, and into which HE can infuse whatever sentiments and emotions HE pleaseth, may cause this feeble, but well-meant, attempt, to suppress strife and discord, and to promote a spirit of forbearance and love, among my Christian Brethren; may cause every one who reads it to feel the power of that principle which runs through it, and produce in them those good effects, which were most sincerely intended by its being preached.

I JOHN iv. 21.

And this Commandment have we from Him, That he who loveth God, love his Brother also.

THESE are the words of the disciple whom Jesus loved. St. John's uncommon tenderness and sensibility of heart rendered him more like to his great Master than any of the other Apostles, and procured him that preference which he held in his Lord's affection. His writings breathe the true spirit of Love to both God and Man.

After having treated, in this chapter, of the nature and obligations of the first and great commandment of the law, which is Love to God, he concludes with shewing, in the words of the text, that Love to

Man is a principle congenial with it. They are co-existent principles, and they cannot be found separate from each other. Love to Man is the fruit or evidence of Love to God; and therefore, whoever is possessed of the one principle, will possess the other also. Hence it is vain to imagine, that a man can be devout towards God, or that he can have any just claim to the character and rewards of religion, who is not at the same time benevolent and charitable towards his Brethren: much less can any one be said to be religious, whilst he indulges himself in any species of malice and injustice.

It is proposed, through the Divine aid,

I. To consider what is implied in the word *Brother*.

II. To mention some of the chief arguments which the Christian religion makes use of, to persuade us to love our Brethren.

III. To shew that we cannot love God, unless we love our Brethren also.—And,

IV. To make some reflections with a view to guard you against that narrow selfish spirit, and those evil passions, which are a hindrance to the exercise of Love to mankind.

I. We shall consider what is implied in the word *Brother*. The words *Brother* and *Neighbour* are often used by the sacred writers to denote all mankind. Hence the word *Brother* implies one who resembles us in the shape of his body, and in the general cast of his mind; one who is of our own nature, and who, in an enlarged sense, is of one blood with us. Thus said St. Paul to the men of Athens*, ‘God hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth.’ Although our Brother may differ from us in some outward circumstances of birth and fortune and education, or in some peculiar features of his body and of his mind, yet he was born in the same planet with us, and he is our cotemporary passenger through this state of mortality, and he is susceptible of joy and sorrow, and he is sensible to the difference between a state of prosperity and adversity, as we are. Being our fellow-traveller through this probationary state, he is beset with the like enemies, and dangers, and temptations, that we have to struggle with.

Upon us depends much of that happiness, or of that misery, which he doth experience in his journey through life. He, and we, have but a short while to travel together, before we shall take a final leave of each other on this side of the grave, and be summoned to appear before the Judge of all the earth, to give an account of our mutual treatment of each other. ‘Therefore see that ye fall not out by the way;’ for the time is near, when you and your Brother shall not be able either to befriend or to hurt one another any more. The time is fast approaching, when ye shall not have it in your power either to do him a good office, or to wound his character, or to hurt his property and his peace. Let us be careful to live together in habits of friendship, and in a mutual intercourse of good offices; and the more especially as our holy religion teaches us to expect, that, after a short

* Acts xvii. 26.

separation by death, we shall meet again in the world above, and be companions for ever. This being the case, we ought surely to consider our Brother as one whom we are not only bound to love, but whom we ought zealously to help forward in his way to the Heavenly Zion, because thither doth he and we profess to bend our course.

Again, the word *Brother* implies one in whom the infinitely wise and gracious Author of our being has forced us to take a particular interest, by the impulse of some of the strongest principles of our nature. To the welfare of his fellow-creatures no man can be indifferent, without incurring much guilt, and without shewing that he has either the baseness to resist the dictates of some of the sweetest and strongest affections of the soul, or that, by a most criminal depravity of his nature, he has rendered himself callous and insensible to these.

When our Brother is in poverty, that nature which we have in common with him, speaks for him. His state is then the direct object of our pity. When we behold him naked and hungry, without waiting for any deductions of reason, an advocate spontaneously riseth up in our breasts to plead for him. When he is sick, we naturally wish to visit and comfort him. When he has lost a parent on whom he depended, or a child whom his soul loved, we sympathise with him in his grief; and, in every case of his great distress, we take part with him in his sufferings, and we wish to pour balm into his wounds. In his joy also we rejoice, and his good fortune makes a part of our own.

Instances to the contrary are always justly esteemed marks of a base and depraved heart: it is an evidence of a narrow and perverted soul, to be indifferent either to the joys or sorrows of others. Such a man tramples upon those natural powerful laws, which, like so many golden cords, unite the human species, and by which the Gracious Author of our being has, in a certain degree, compelled us to take a warm interest in each other's welfare, and has made it become at once our duty and our pleasure to bear one another's burthens, and to share with each other both in our good and bad fortune.

Moreover, the word *Brother* implies one from whose society we derive some of our best pleasures and enjoyments. The union and friendship of each creature to those of its own species, is one of those general principles upon which Infinite Wisdom has acted in the great work of the creation. Every thing is so formed as to have a predilection for those of its own kind. This analogy runs through all the works of God, even from the lower forms of dead matter, up to man, whom He has created after his own image. This principle is indeed of no value to things that are void of perception. The brutes, however, enjoy much happiness from social intercourse with those of their own species. But man, as he is the noblest of the terrestrial works of God, so his capacity of enjoyment from the society of his Brethren is by far the greatest. In his case, both his intellectual and his moral powers serve as so many inlets to felicity, arising from good neighbourhood and social intercourse with his fellow-creatures.

A solitary individual is a helpless and a joyless creature. Hence the appetite for society is one of the strongest of our nature; and the pleasure and the benefit of indulging it is very great, and would be still much greater, was our love to one another as pure and unallayed as it ought to be. Perfect love among men, unmixed with malice and injustice, is not indeed to be expected in the present state of human nature. This would be that golden age, of which some benevolent philosophers dreamed, and of which some kind-hearted poets sung: but only in Heaven, and no where else, is it to be realized. The happier, however, will be our state on earth, the nearer that we approach to it. In the society of our Brethren, we are disburthened of our sorrows, and all our joys are enlivened. In society, we gratify some of the best and noblest feelings of the heart; and from thence our nature derives some of its greatest embellishments and improvements.

Thus God has linked the human species together by such strong ties of affection and of interest, as ought not to be dissolved rashly, or upon slight grounds. Knowing that we have a common nature, and that we are all liable to err, we ought to bear with each other's weaknesses and errors, and we ought to forgive one another's offences. 'How oft,' said St. Peter to his Lord *, 'shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? Till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times, but until seventy times seven.' This command our Lord has enforced by an argument of peculiar magnitude, and which must speak powerfully to the heart of every man who believes that he must give an account of himself to God. 'For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses †.' This leads us,

II. To mention some of the chief arguments which the Christian religion makes use of, to persuade us to love our brethren. The light of nature itself teaches us, that all men are the children of one great family. The whole human race are the children of one God and Father of all; and therefore we are all in the relation of Brethren to one another. Our Brethren ought to be most dear to us, because God is their God and our God, their Father and our Father: and our affection to one another ought to be increased, by considering that Christ shed his blood for them and for us. What can make us esteem and love even the most inconsiderable of mankind, more than the thought that the Lord Jesus Christ died for them?

But we Christians are more nearly related to one another as Brethren than others, because we are the children of God in a new and peculiar sense. We are his adopted children through grace, and we enjoy many spiritual privileges which are denied to other men. We are taken into a covenant-relation to God; and we are, in a peculiar

* Matth. xviii. 21, 22.

† Matth. vi. 14, 15.

sense, heirs of the promises made to the fathers, and by the prophets. 'Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God! Beloved, now are we the Sons of God: and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is *.' Therefore, while we ought to consider all men as being our Brethren, from the ties of a common nature, we ought to view every Christian as being in a peculiar sense our Brother and our Sister, and as enjoying, with us, privileges and hopes superior to what are enjoyed by the rest of mankind.

Hence the argument which the Christian religion has laid great stress upon for the exercise of mutual love among the Christian Brethren, is the consideration of their being all the disciples of one Master and Lord, who is Christ Jesus, their and our immaculate head. Our Saviour, immediately after he ascended up on high, poured down the gifts of the Holy Ghost upon the first converts, to strengthen their faith in his gospel; but more particularly upon the Apostles, to enable them to teach his doctrine, and to make proselytes to it wherever they preached, with a view to his forming one great religious and spiritual society. From among all the different tribes and nations of men dwelling on the face of the whole earth, he hath selected a certain number of followers, who are called and predestinated to be the true church of God. The doing of this was the first act of his power, after he entered into his glory. At Antioch, his disciples first took the name of Christians, by which name they continue to be distinguished from all other religious sects. They are one great religious society, whose faith and hope do centre in one Glorious Mediator, who died for us all, and through whom we obtain the remission of sins, and eternal life.

The circumstance of discipleship to the great Saviour and Judge of the world, is a new and strong tie of friendship among us. Love to one another, is the very badge, or the most distinguishing mark, of our Christianity. Therefore, saith our Saviour †, 'A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.' Vain is it to pretend to be a Christian, without possessing the temper of love to the Brethren. So well did the primitive Christians understand that love to their Brethren was essential to the character of real Christians, that even the Heathen emperor, who persecuted them, bore this testimony, saying, 'Behold how these Christians love one another!'

The great apostle of the Gentiles, in order to represent the obligations which the Christian Brethren are under to love one another, tells us, that we are the members of Christ's spiritual body, and members of one another; that is, he compares the mutual affection which ought to subsist among Christians, to the union and sympathy

* 1 John iii. 1, 2.

† John xiii. 34, 35.

of the members of the natural body. Thus *, 'But now hath God set the members, every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased HIM. And if they were all one member, where were the body? But now are they many members, yet but one body. And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor again, the head to the feet, I have no need of you. That there should be no schism in the body, but that the members should have the same care one for another. And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it: or whether one member be honoured, all the members rejoice with it. Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular.'

What a beautiful representation is this of the relation which subsists between Christ and his followers, and of that love which his followers ought to have one toward another. We ought to love one another, because we do thereby nothing more than love a set of creatures, who are, as it were, 'bone of our bones, and flesh of our flesh.' Malice, or fraud, or injustice, ought not to be so much as heard of among us; because, by hurting our Brother, and more especially our Christian Brother, either in his person, or property, or character, we hurt one of our own members, or a part of our ourselves, from our mutual relation to Christ, the Spiritual Head of the whole Christian body, and the Common Center of our mutual affection to one another. We Christians ought to love one another, because Christ, the Center of our Brotherhood, loveth us, and died for us; and because HE is taking care of our separated members, that is, our departed friends and Brethren, till we shall go to them.

Out of this argument for mutual love among the Christian Brethren, there grows another, which is of equal force. From our relation to Christ, who calleth us his Brethren, and in whom we have everlasting life, we hope soon to be raised to those mansions of felicity which he is gone to prepare for us, and to dwell there with him, and with one another, through all eternity. Shall not we therefore love each other, who are thus designed to be friends and companions to one another through endless ages?

Our present acquaintance is but the beginning of our friendships. It is to the friendship of the life to come, only what the seed-time is to the harvest, or what a state of childhood is to mature age. And of our meeting together in a future state, where our friendships will be made perfect, and will be uninterrupted and everlasting, there can be no doubt; because, since Christ, who is the head of the members, is risen, we shall also rise again. 'I am the Resurrection and the Life,' saith HE; 'whosoever believeth in ME, though he were dead, yet shall he live:—because I live, ye shall live also.' HE is become 'the first-fruits of them that slept;' and as the first-fruits betoken the approaching general harvest, so the general resurrection is drawing on. Since Christ, who is our Lord and Head, is entered into his glory, we, if we follow HIM by a life of sincere faith and ho-

* 1 Cor. xii. 18, 28.

liness, shall also ascend up on high, and behold him, and share with him in his glory. Thus HE saith to us, as well as to his immediate disciples*, 'Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in ME. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also.'—What pleasant words are these! Do not our hearts burn within us whilst we hear this voice from above, assuring us that pious friends on the earth shall be everlasting companions in Heaven? Therefore, depart from us, all ye unsocial and malevolent passions, that our hearts may be always open to those tender and benevolent feelings, and to that brotherly kindness and charity, which are suitable to beings who are going to the world of pure and everlasting friendship.

There is still another argument for the exercise of love among the Christian brethren, which our Saviour himself has made frequent use of, and which cannot fail to have a powerful influence upon every sincere believer in him.—Although our Saviour be now personally absent from us, and we cannot therefore perform any acts of human friendship to himself, as Lazarus and his sisters, and as Zacheus and Joseph of Arimathea did, yet we have it still in our power to shew him kindness in the person of his disciples, our Christian Brethren. He will consider the humane and beneficent deeds which we do to them as being done to himself. Now, who would not wish to give meat to Christ, if he saw him hungry, as he often was in the days of his flesh? Who would not give him drink if he saw him thirsty? Who would not give him a place to lodge in, if he saw him a stranger, and without a home? Shew these acts of kindness to his disciples, your own Christian Brethren, and ye will perform them to him. Acts of benevolence and mercy done to them, will bring you the same reward, and place you in the same rank in his favour and esteem, as if they had been done to himself. 'Whosoever shall give to drink, to one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward †.'

He also assureth us, that if we shall injure any of his disciples, our Christian Brethren, by persuading them to forsake the faith of the Gospel, or by seducing them into acts of wickedness, the punishment thereof will be very great. 'Whoso shall offend one of these little ones who believe in ME, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea †.'

Thus we see that Christ will consider every injury that we do to our Christian Brethren, especially such injuries as tend to hurt their souls, or to take away their peace, as well as every ministry of kindness, as being done to himself.

* John xiv. 1—3.

† Matth. x. 42.

‡ Matth. xviii. 6.

That he may add still greater weight to this argument for mutual love among Christian Brethren, he tells us, that the good angels who minister to the happiness and salvation of the pious, and meek, and humble, do daily witness in Heaven the injuries that are done to them by their Brethren through malice and injustice. Thus, 'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in Heaven their angels do always behold the face of my father who is in Heaven*.' Is not this a consideration which ought to arrest the daring hand of guilt, and stop the profligate and the injurious from seducing into vice, and from treating with cruelty and injustice, any of our Christian Brethren, the flock of Christ, whom, by his Spirit, and by the ministry of good angels, he watches over with the tenderness and care of a faithful shepherd?

In his own description of the last judgment, our Saviour has strongly marked the value of a humane and benevolent mind; and he has set before us, in the strongest colours, the awful danger of being unjust and unmerciful toward our Brethren. 'When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the king say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me.—Verily I say unto you, in as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my Brethren, ye have done it unto me. Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: for I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.—Verily I say unto you, in as much as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal †.'

Though we are not to imagine that, in the awful day of final retribution, any other virtue or vice, more than acts of charity or unmercifulness, will be overlooked by a Judge of infinite knowledge; yet the foregoing passage serves to shew us in what high estimation men of true goodness and benevolence of heart are held by the Supreme Father of the world. They are laying 'up a good foundation against the time to come.' They are casting their bread upon 'the

* Matth. xviii. 10.

† Matth. xxv. 31. to the end.

waters, and they shall find it after many days.' But let all those who are insensible to the miseries of their fellow-creatures—and still more, let those who are instrumental in bringing calamities upon others, read this passage and tremble.

(*To be continued.*)

ACCOUNT OF AN
EXTRAORDINARY NATURAL GENIUS,

WHO LIVED SOME YEARS AGO AT DRESDEN, IN SAXONY.

IT is usual for the commissaries of excise in Saxony to appoint a peasant in every village in their district to receive the excise of the place, for which few are allowed more than one crown, and none more than three.

Mr. Christian Gotthold Hoffman, who is chief commissary at Dresden and the villages adjacent, when he was auditing the accounts of some of these peasants in March 1753, was told, that there was among them one John Ludwig, a strange man, who, though he was very poor and had a family, was yet continually reading in books, and very often stood the greatest part of the night at his door, gazing at the stars.

This account raised M. Hoffman's curiosity, and he ordered the man to be brought before him. Hoffman, who expected something in the man's appearance that corresponded with a mind superior to his station, was greatly surprised to see the most rustic boor he had ever beheld. His hair hung over his forehead down to his eyes, his aspect was sordid and stupid, and his manner was, in every respect, that of a plodding ignorant clown. Mr. Hoffman, after contemplating this unpromising appearance, concluded, that as the supposed superiority of this man was of the intellectual kind, it would certainly appear when he spoke; but even in this experiment he was also disappointed. He asked him, if what his neighbours had said of his reading and studying was true? and the man bluntly and coarsely replied. "What neighbour has told you that I read and study? If I have studied, I have studied for myself, and I don't desire that you or any body else should know any thing of the matter."

Hoffman, however, continued the conversation, notwithstanding his disappointment, and asked several questions concerning arithmetic, and the first rudiments of astronomy; to which he now expected vague and confused replies. But in this too he had formed an erroneous prognostic; for Hoffman was struck not only with astonishment but confusion, to hear such definitions and explications as would have done honour to a regular academic in a public examination.

Mr. Hoffman, after this conversation, prevailed on the peasant to stay some time at his house, that he might further gratify his curiosity at such times as would be most convenient. In their subsequent

conferences he proposed to his guest the most abstracted and embarrassing questions, which were always answered with the utmost readiness and precision. The account which this extraordinary person gives of himself and his acquisitions is as follows :

John Ludwig was born the 24th of February 1715, in the village of Cossedaude, and was, among other poor children of the village, sent very young to school. The bible, which was the book by which he was taught to read, gave him so much pleasure, that he conceived the most eager desire to read others, which, however, he had no opportunity to get into his possession. In about a year his master began to teach him to write, but this exercise was rather irksome than pleasing at first; but when the first difficulty was surmounted, he applied to it with great alacrity, especially as books were put into his hands to copy as an exercise; and he employed himself almost night and day, not in copying particular passages only, but in forming collections of sentences, or events that were connected with each other. When he was ten years old, he had been at school four years, and was then put to arithmetic, but this embarrassed him with innumerable difficulties, which his master would not take the trouble to explain, expecting that he should content himself with the implicit practice of positive rules. Ludwig therefore was so disgusted with arithmetic, that after much scolding and beating he went from school, without having learned any thing more than reading, writing, and his catechism.

He was then sent into the field to keep cows, and in this employment he soon became clownish, and negligent of every thing else; so that the greatest part of what he had learnt was forgotten. He was associated with the sordid and the vicious, and he became insensibly like them. As he grew up he kept company with women of bad character, and abandoned himself to such pleasures as were within his reach. But a desire of surpassing others, that principle which is productive of every kind of greatness, was still living in his breast; he remembered to have been praised by his master, and preferred above his comrades, when he was learning to read and write, and he was still desirous of the same pleasure, though he did not know how to get at it.

In the autumn of 1735, when he was about 20 years old, he bought a small bible, at the end of which was a catechism, with references to a great number of texts, upon which the principles contained in the answers were founded. Ludwig had never been used to take any thing upon trust, and was therefore continually turning over the leaves of his bible, to find the passages referred to in the catechism; but this he found so irksome a task, that he determined to have the whole at one view, and therefore set about to transcribe the catechism, with all the texts at large brought into their proper places. With this exercise he filled two quires of paper, and though when he began, the character was scarce legible, yet before he had finished it was greatly improved; for an art that has been once learnt is easily recovered,

In the month of March 1736, he was employed to receive the excise of the little district in which he lived, and he found that in order to discharge this office, it was necessary for him not only to write, but to be master of the two first rules of arithmetic, addition and subtraction. His ambition had now an object, and a desire to keep the accounts of the tax he was to gather, better than others of his station, determined him once more to apply to arithmetic, however hateful the task, and whatever labour it might require. He now regretted that he was without an instructor, and would have been glad at any rate to have practised the rules without first knowing the rationale. His mind was continually upon the stretch to find out some way of supplying this want, and at last he recollected that one of his school-fellows had a book from which examples of several rules were taken by the master to exercise the scholars. He therefore went immediately in search of this school-fellow, and was overjoyed to find upon enquiry, that the book was still in his possession. Having borrowed this important volume, he returned home with it, and beginning his studies as he went along, he pursued them with such application, that in about six months he was master of the rule of three with fractions.

The reluctance with which he began to learn the powers and properties of figures was now at an end; he knew enough to make him earnestly desirous of knowing more; he was therefore impatient to proceed from this book to one that was more difficult, and having at length found means to procure one that treated of more intricate and complicated calculations, he made himself master of that also before the end of the year 1739. He had the good fortune soon after to meet with a treatise of geometry, written by Pachel, the same author whose arithmetic he had been studying; and finding that this science was in some measure founded on that which he had learnt, he applied to his new book with great assiduity for some time, but at length, not being able perfectly to comprehend the theory as he went on, nor yet to discover the utility of the practice, he laid it aside, to which he was also induced by the necessity of his immediate attendance to his field and his vines.

The severe winter which happened in the year 1740, obliged him to keep long within his cottage, and having there no employment either for his body or his mind, he had once more recourse to his book of geometry; and having at length comprehended some of the leading principles, he procured a little box ruler and an old pair of compasses, on one point of which he mounted the end of a quill cut into a pen. With these instruments he employed himself incessantly in making various geometrical figures on paper, to illustrate the theory by a solution of the problems. He was thus busied in his cot till March, and the joy arising from the knowledge he had acquired was exceeded only by his desire of knowing more.

He was now necessarily recalled to that labour by which alone he could procure himself food, and was besides without money to pro-

cure such books and instruments as were absolutely necessary to pursue his geometrical studies. However, with the assistance of a neighbouring artificer, he procured the figures which he found represented by the diagrams in his book, to be made in wood, and with these he went to work at every interval of leisure, which now happened only once a week, after divine service on a Sunday. He was still in want of a new book, and having laid by a little sum for that purpose against the time of the fair, where alone he had access to a bookseller's shop, he made a purchase of three small volumes, from which he acquired a complete knowledge of trigonometry. After this acquisition he could not rest till he had begun to study astronomy; his next purchase therefore was an introduction to that science, which he read with indefatigable diligence, and invented innumerable expedients to supply the want of proper instruments, in which he was not less successful than Robinson Crusoe, who in an island, of which he was the only rational inhabitant, found means to supply himself not only with the necessaries but the conveniencies of life.

During his study of geometry and astronomy he had frequently met with the word *philosophy*, and this became more and more the object of his attention. He conceived that it was the name of some science of great importance and extent, with which he was as yet wholly unacquainted; he became therefore impatient in the highest degree to get acquainted with philosophy, and being continually upon the watch for such assistance as offered, he at last picked up a book, called *An Introduction to the Knowledge of God, of man, and of the Universe*. In reading this book he was struck with a variety of objects that were equally interesting and new.

But as this book contained only general principles, he went to Dresden and enquired among the booksellers, who was the most celebrated author that had written on philosophy. By the booksellers he was recommended to the works of Wolfius written in the German language, and Wolfius having been mentioned in several books he had read, as one of the most able men of his age, he readily took him for his guide in the regions of philosophy.

The first purchase that he made of Wolfius's works, was his logic, and at this he laboured a full year, still attending to his other studies, so as not to lose what he had gained before. In this book he found himself referred to another, written by the same author, called *Mathematical Principles*, as the fittest to give just ideas of things and facilitate the practice of logic, he therefore enquired after this book with a design to buy it, but finding it too dear for his finances, he was obliged to content himself with an abridgment of it, which he purchased in the autumn of 1743. From this book he derived much pleasure and much profit, and it employed him from October 1743 to February 1745.

He then proceeded to metaphysics, at which he laboured till the October following, and he would fain have entered on the study of physics, but his indigence was an insuperable impediment, and he

was obliged to content himself with his author's morality, politics, and remarks on metaphysics, which employed him till July 1746, by which time he had scraped together a sum sufficient to buy the physics which he had so earnestly desired, and this work he read twice within the year.

About this time a dealer in old books sold him a volume of Wollfus's *Mathematical Principles* at large, and the spherical trigonometry which he found in this book was a new treasure, which he was very desirous to make his own. This however cost him incredible labour, and filled every moment that he could spare from his business and his sleep for something more than a year.

He proceeded to the study of the *Law of Nature and Nations*, and at the same time procured a little book on the terrestrial and celestial globes. These books with a few that he borrowed were the sources from which he derived such a stock of knowledge, as is seldom found even among those who have associated with the inhabitants of a university, and had perpetual access to public libraries.

Mr. Hoffman, during Ludwig's residence, at his house, dressed him in his own gown, with other proper habiliments, and he observes that this alteration of his dress had such an effect that Hoffman could not conceive the man's accent or dialect to be the same, and he felt himself secretly inclined to treat him with more deference than when he was in his peasant's dress, though the alteration was made in his presence, and with his own apparel.

It happened also that before Ludwig went home there was an eclipse of the sun, and Mr. Hoffman proposed to his guest that he should observe this phenomenon as an astronomer, and for that purpose furnished him with proper instruments. The impatience of Ludwig till the time of the eclipse is not to be expressed, he had hitherto been acquainted with the planetary world only by books, and a view of the heavens with the naked eye, he had never yet looked through a telescope, and the anticipation of the pleasure which the new observation would yield him scarce suffered him either to eat or sleep; but it unfortunately happened, that just before the eclipse came on the sky became cloudy, and continued so during the whole time of its continuance; this misfortune was more than the philosophy even of Ludwig could bear; as the cloud came on he looked up at it with the agony of a man that expected the dissolution of nature to follow; when it came over the sun, he stood fixed in a consternation not to be described, and when he knew the eclipse was past, his disappointment and grief were little short of distraction.

Mr. Hoffman soon after went in his turn to visit Mr. Ludwig, and take a view of his dwelling, his library, his study and his instruments. He found an old crazy cottage, the inside of which had been long blacked with smoke; the walls were covered with propositions and diagrams written with chalk. In one corner was a bed, in another a cradle, and under a little window at the side, three pieces of board laid side by side, over two trussels made a writing table for the phi-

losopher, upon which were scattered some pieces of writing paper containing extracts of books, various calculations and geometrical figures; the books which have been mentioned before were placed on a shelf with the compass and ruler that have been described, which with a wooden square and a pair of six inch globes, constituted the library and musæum of the truly celebrated John Ludwig.

In this hovel he lived till the year 1754, and while he was pursuing the study of philosophy at his leisure hours, he was indefatigable in his day labour as a poor peasant, sometimes carrying a basket at his back, and sometimes driving a wheel-barrow, and carrying such garden-stuff as he had to sell about the village. In this state he was subject to frequent insults, such as "patient merit of the unworthy takes," and he bore them without reply or any other mark either of resentment or contempt, when those who could not agree with him about the price of his commodities used to turn from him with an air of superiority, and call him in derision a silly clown and a stupid dog.

Mr. Hoffman, when he dismissed him, presented him with 100 crowns, which filled all his wishes and made him the happiest man in the world; with this sum he built himself a more commodious habitation in the middle of his vineyard, and furnished it with many moveables and utensils, of which he was in great want, but above all he procured a very considerable addition to his library, an article so essential to his happiness that he declared to Mr. Hoffman, he would not accept the whole province in which he lived upon condition that he should renounce his studies, and that he had rather live on bread and water than withhold from his mind that food which his intellectual hunger perpetually required.

T. S.

PHYSIOGNOMICAL SKETCHES.

BY E. WILSON, SUNDERLAND.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

'TIS odd—'tis very odd'—says my young friend Frank Johnson, as he came bouncing into my room one night, 'that this same art of reading faces is not more comeatable; yet one truth is clear; we are all physiognomists by Nature, none by art. That old lady, however, depend upon it, has some secrets behind the curtain which she is determined none shall see. Have not our greatest philosophers been begging, and praying, and peeping, and peering, and prying about, like the arrantest snivellers, for these 3000 years, and not one admitted, not one embrace? Nay, sooner than indulge their worships with even one glance of her beauties

more than the meanest pig-driver, she would pull them by the nose for their impertinence. It is cutting, very cutting, an't it, Ned?' 'True, sir,' I replied, 'and that should teach us diffidence and humility. And now that you are thus speaking, I remember it is only a few weeks ago since the old wry-nosed gossip, Mrs. Curiosity, popt up to me, and archly tipt me the wink to trip up stairs after her, and see her favourite young daughter by Lavater. Tut! thinks I, and so I will. I went, saw, and liked her. Her phiz was captivating, and her language admirable.—Do you know, says she, that I am going to have the rooms of my brother the banking-merchant, hung round with portraits and definitions; and when any one applies for a place, a physiognomical comparison will only be necessary, thus: Pray, sir, for what department do you offer yourself?—An accountant's, ma'am, or even a salesman's.—Pshaw! your phlegmatic chin, and mighty little nose, show you totally unfit for dispatch; be off, sir: Ha! here comes another humble petitioner. Well, sir, express your wishes.—I am told, ma'am, you want a treasurer, and—Enough, sir. Your projecting chin shows you too positive; yet I think you know the principles of right and wrong. Walk in, sir.—Thus talked the lovely girl, in a manner easy to be understood.'

'I remember,' said Frank, 'that some years ago I had occasion to go through Borough Bridge, and to stop there all night. The landlord I soon found to be a knowing little chatty fellow, and one who knew how to please his guests. Never was I more entertained in my life than by his company. He was not one of your common dry-brained swizzle venders; no, sir; he had read several characters carefully in the book of nature, and knew how to render a reason.—Sir, says he, I presume you come from such a place.—True, quoth I.—And pray, continued he, do you know the Rev. Mr. W——?—Perfectly well; he is a genuinity and I respect him much.—Here, cried the landlord, he shall always be welcome; and though an oddity, he is a gentleman.

One night, added my host, as I was sitting at the fire-side over a mug of ale, chatting with three of my neighbours, a barber, a grocer, and a taylor, in came a gentleman in a clerical garb, totally a stranger.

Your most obedient, says I; would you please to walk into the parlour, and have a fire lighted, sir. No sir, quoth his reverence in the greatest good humour, I am no hermit; I love society. None of your musty old cynics for me; give me my bottle and friend; and if it is no intrusion, sir, I shall be glad to join you and your friends here. Sir, you do us honour, I answered, and we shall be proud of your company. Ha! how do you do, my dear, says he to my daughter, "The sweet little girl that I love." Ah, honey! cried he, you are a little *killing thief*. I see plainly you have been *stealing* the colour from the *lilies* of the valley, a tinge from the *roses* of the forest, a *smile* from your mother, and a *look* from your father. Then turning to me—You must know, sir, resumed the black gentleman, that you have now in your house one of the greatest physiognomists

in the world, not even excepting Lavater himself, and a—here I thought he deserved one of my best double-distilled bows, and so I honoured him with an angle of nine degrees to the perpendicular to the plane of the horizon. Yes, sir, says he, with a huge degree of self-complacence, it is even so. Now Lavater chiefly confined his studies to the analogy there is betwixt what a man appears to be, and what he really is; of his abilities and character in general, and of pathognomy, or the knowledge of the passions. But I have soared infinitely beyond him, and have, to my inexpressible joy, culled flowers from fields where no other mortal has dared to tread. The most ignorant are physiognomists, though they know it not. Each word, each gesture, shows the man. 'Tis just as easy, too, to judge of a person's station in life as it is evident, yes, incontrovertibly evident, that there is the same connection betwixt a man and his employment as there is betwixt his body and that something within his body—the mind. When a stranger comes to your house, I dare say you will immediately form some idea what he is. Such a one, you'll say, looks like a tradesman; another like a farmer; this a butcher; that a taylor; and so on. Is it not so? speak, man? Really, sir, I replied, you amaze me. Nay, further, resum'd his worship, I am confident there is a similar connection betwixt a preacher and his congregation, or a tradesman and his shopman. Shew me the one, and pull my ears if I do not describe the other. (Splutter o'nails! thought I, this is an odd lingo. Faith, Ned, I wish the qualifications of my governor would descend down to me in this same sympathetic manner). But, says he, as experiments are the ground-works of all scientific discoveries, I'll give you one, and prove irrefragably the truth of what I have advanced. For instance, here are three of your friends, totally unknown by me. Despise me as a simpleton if I do not tell the occupation of each by only investigating his looks. Nay, I'll bet you a bottle—done, said I; for as he was likely to afford much entertainment, I had no desire to discourage him. Then eying the first very attentively, till the poor fellow was horridly out of countenance, This gentleman, says he, is a—though, let me see—the furrows on that forehead show study—those eyes a deep penetration on abstruse subjects—the tip of the nose, and a retreating chin, discovers much real knowledge without ostentation. Why, sir, he is a lawyer. Wonderful! I exclaimed, and you, sir, says he to the second, clapping him upon the shoulder like a Philistine, you, sir, I shall pronounce a—a military gentleman. This is indeed astonishing, said I, your penetration infinitely transcends even the very great expectations I had form'd of it. And as to this other friend, adds the physiognomist, I shall not hesitate to call a—ay—O, the joy of my heart!—why, sir, you must be an author. I am myself an author, and have gained immortal honour. The most acute observers in the kingdom have paid me that tribute. Do give me your hand my dear brother author, I cannot but feel a cordial friendship for you. Can I have the pleasure of speaking a word with you in the adjoining

room?—Off marched his reverence—Wha—wha—what, whispers the taylor to me in the greatest perplexity, will he want? Why, says I, he will ask you of course what you are now writing. An' a wh—wha—what mun I say? Tell him you are writing a book on natural philosophy, but that you have not done it, or else he will be asking to look at it. Wia I will—nat'ral fee—fe—fe—feel-o-filly—O what said ye? Natural philosophy. O ay—natral filly-soffy. He went, and I overheard the curious conference. And pray, my dear friend, cried the author, wagging his hand lovingly—what kind of work now engages your attention? Naturally feel-a-sophy—replied poor snip. O, an excellent subject i'faith. Can you gratify me with a sight of it? Nay, answered the other, I ha'n't yet dun't. When you have, will you permit me to revise it? Aye ye shall an' welcome. The poor fellow having got to the end of his lesson, very prudently observed they'd better gang back, which motion the clergyman accepted. Well, Sir, whose is the bottle? asked the stranger. 'Tis true, said I, he has had an eager thirst after learning, but his friends think it a *bread-bare* calling, have been very averse to it, and brought him up to one in which they thought he might *cut out* a better livelihood, but it is much against his inclination. It is enough, Fetch the bottle and we'll crack it.

CURIOUS METHOD OF PROTECTING CORN.

A GENTLEMAN farmer in South Wales, to prevent the crows from eating the corn after it was sown, has tried the following expedient with the most complete success. He took a cat and tied her fast by the leg to a stake in the middle of the field; no sooner was this done than the cat began crying, and so continued for two or three days (being well fed night and morning), and not a crow has been seen on the field since.

ON COMPASSION.

Suck, little wretch, whilst yet thy mother lives,
Suck the last drop her fainting bosom gives:
She dies; her tenderness outlasts her breath,
And her fond love is provident in death.

WEBB.

THE exquisite and pathetic little picture of maternal tenderness exhibited in the motto of this essay is a lively proof of that intensity of feeling which binds our race in gentleness together. The same sweet sensations that glow through the closer ties of society, which pant in the bosom of the husband and the father, pervade likewise the whole mass of being; and, though weaker in proportion to the distance of propinquity, yet cannot be called wretched who

receives, or communicates, the smallest portion of their influence. From the impassioned feelings of the mother, to him who stands joyless on the verge of apathy, the tide of affection flows in a long and devious course. Clear, full, and vehement, it descends into the vale of life, where, after a short time, becoming tranquil and serene, it separates into many branches; and these, again divided, wander in a thousand streams, dispensing as they move along the sweets of health and happiness. That no felicity exists independent of a susceptibility for these emotions, is a certain fact; for to the heart of him who hath been cold to filial or fraternal duty, the soothing charm of friendship and of love will ever be unknown. It is therefore evident, that, to be happy, man must invariably consult the well-being of others; to his fellow-creatures he must attribute the bliss which he enjoys; it is a reward proportional to the exertion of his philanthropy. Abstract the man of virtue and benevolence from society, and you cut off the prime source of his happiness; he has no proper object on which to place his affection, or exercise his humanity; the sudden rapture of the grateful heart, the tender tones of friendship, and the melting sweetness of expressive love, no longer thrill upon his ear, or swell his softened soul; all is an aching void, a cheerless and almost unproductive waste; yet even in this situation, barren as it is, where none are found to pour the balm of pity, or listen to the plaint of sorrow, even here some enjoyment is derived from letting loose our affections upon inanimate nature. "Where in a desert (says Sterne) I could not do better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melancholy cypress to connect myself to. I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection. I would cut my name upon them, and swear they were the loveliest trees throughout the desert. If their leaves withered, I would teach myself to mourn, and when they rejoiced, I would rejoice with them."

That man was formed for society, seems a truth too well established, and the benefits arising from such an union so apparent, that few would ever suppose it to have been doubted; yet have there been philosophers, whom hypothesis, or the love of eccentricity, led to prefer that period,

When wild in woods, the noble savage ran.

An election so absurd, merits not a serious refutation; every day's experience must convince the man of observation, that our happiness depends upon the cultivation of our social duties, upon the nurture of humanity and benevolence, that our crimes are nearly in proportion to the rupture of domestic harmony, and that the flagitious deeds which glare upon us with so horrid an aspect, are often the consequences of indirect deviation from the still small voice of duty and of love. He, who has been accustomed to despise the feelings of the son, the husband, and the friend, will not often be found proof against the allurements of interest and of vice. He, who (unless driven by hunger and despair) lifts up his daring arm to arrest the property or the life of his fellow-creature, never felt those soft sensations which arise from the consciousness of being beloved; for let no

man be called wretched who has this in reserve, let no man be called poor who has a friend to consult.

It should, therefore, be a principle early inculcated into the minds of our youth, that, to be happy is to be beloved, and that our enjoyment will be commensurate to our efforts in relieving the distress and the misery of others. Was this the case, how much of that wanton and pernicious cruelty would be avoided, as frequently the disgrace of manhood as of boyish years. Were our children taught to nourish sentiments of love and esteem for those around them, to elicit their affection by each amiable exertion in their power, to visit and give succour to the sick and the afflicted, how often would the tear of rapture fill their eyes; how would the sweet sensation dwell upon their hearts, and grow with their increasing years.

Oh, Charity! our helpless nature's pride,
 Thou friend to him who knows no friend beside,
 Is there a morning's breath, or the sweet gale
 That steals o'er the tir'd pilgrim of the vale,
 Cheering with fragrance fresh his weary frame,
 Aught like the incense of thy holy flame?
 Is aught in all the beauties that adorn
 The azure heaven; or purple light of morn?
 Is aught so fair in evening's ling'ring gleam
 As from thine eye the meek and pensive beam,
 That falls, like saddest moonlight, on the hill
 And distant globe, when the wide world is still?

BOWLES.

Society has been aptly compared to a heap of embers, which, when separated, soon languish, darken, and expire; but, if placed together, glow with a ruddy and intense heat: a just emblem of the strength, the happiness, and the security, derived from the union of mankind. The savage, who never knew the blessings of combination, and he who quits society from apathy or misanthropic spleen, are like the separated ember, dark, dead, and useless; they neither give nor receive any heat, neither love nor are beloved. To what acts of heroism and virtue, in every age and nation, has not the impetus of affection given rise? To what gloomy misery, despair, and even suicide, has not the desertion of society led? How often, in the busy haunts of men, are all our noblest and gentlest virtues called forth! And how, in the bosom of the recluse, do all the soft emotions languish and grow faint! Not that the speculator is a foe to retirement; he has already confessed himself its friend, he speaks but of him who, dead to feeling, sinks into the lap of cheerless solitude. That many individuals, from a peculiar turn of mind, are calculated to be of more extensive utility in retirement, than on the active stage of life, he is, from his own experience, well convinced. He is also perfectly aware that reiterated misfortunes and perfidy, operating upon a warm and sanguine constitution, will often hurry the most amiable character into unmitigated seclusion; but even in this case, as a proof that our affections to support life must, however small in degree, be engaged, let it be observed that the most recluse have generally had some object for their tenderness, some creature whose attention they strove to obtain, whose interest in their welfare they

hope to secure; and, as a corroborating instance of what has been advanced throughout this paper, I shall conclude it with the following anecdote:

A respectable character, after having long figured away in the gay world at Paris, was at length compelled to live in an obscure retreat in that city, the victim of severe and unforeseen misfortunes. He was so indigent, that he subsisted only on an allowance from the parish. Every week a quantity of bread was sent to him sufficient for his support, and yet at length he demanded more. On this the curate sent for him. He went: "Do you live alone?" said the curate; "With whom, Sir," answered the unfortunate man, "is it possible I should live? I am wretched; you see that I am, since I thus solicit charity, and am abandoned by all the world." "But, Sir," continued the curate, "if you live alone, why do you ask for more bread than is sufficient for yourself?" The other was quite disconcerted, and at last, with great reluctance, confessed that he had a dog. The curate did not drop the subject. He desired him to observe, that he was only the distributor of the bread that belonged to the poor, and that it was absolutely necessary that he should dispose of his dog. "Ah, Sir," exclaimed the poor man, weeping, "and if I should lose my dog, who is there then to love me?" The good pastor, melting into tears, took his purse, and giving it to him, "take this, Sir," said he;—"this is mine—this I can give."

ON MODESTY,

AS A MASCULINE VIRTUE.

I WAS the other day in company where modesty was the topic of conversation. Now as there are different species of modesty, and as each of these generally take likewise a particular complexion from the temper and disposition of the possessor, it is necessary to fix a point, or else people talk of nothing. This being premised by a gentleman present, the discourse turned upon modesty in men, though even this was allowed to be twofold; but as both these sorts of modesty appeared to spring from the same root, and generally to go together, they were admitted as a fair subject of debate; when I was not a little displeased to find that the majority of the company, the greatest part of which were ladies, declared against modesty in men, as an unnecessary qualification, nay, even as a defect, and in the course of their argument treated it accordingly.

When I retired I began to reflect on what must be the consequences of such a decision by the fair sex.—It is certain that a modest man labours under many disadvantages in his dealings with the world, I mean with mankind; but that these should be multiplied with regard to their connections with the women (by whom modesty of any

kind ought to be respected) is certainly somewhat hard, and, for the honour of the sex, one could not but wish it were otherwise.

Is it not absurd when a virtuous young man (of which number I believe there are not too many in this metropolis) is praised for one of his good qualities—is it not absurd I say for any man, infinitely more so for any woman, to add, “that he is too modest, and that spoils all?” And is not this an encouragement to vice and debauchery from that very quarter whence they ought to receive their greatest check, the tribunal of the fair?

I can account for this absurdity by one suggestion, which, if not in the mouth, is, I fear, in the heart of almost every young woman, viz. “That a modest man has not a sufficient regard for the sex:” than which there never was a more false maxim advanced, for the most modest men are generally the greatest adorers of the fair sex, their regard for whom is indeed the very occasion of that timidity which so often exposes them to ridicule. Should any woman be apprehensive of any farther inconveniencies from such a disposition, what an opinion might we not justly entertain of her! Yet such is the force of custom, for I should be sorry to attribute it to any thing else, that the most abandoned men of the town are often preferred, even by the most modest women; and in excuse we are told, “that reformed rakes make the best husbands.” If this maxim were true, it might perhaps be hard to judge when a rake was reformed; but I fear the contrary is generally the case: for, in the first place, it is hard, very hard, to wean such persons from their evil courses; and, in the second place, when they have at last been brought to abandon ill women, it is a great chance indeed if they do not also quit all thoughts of the whole sex. Accustomed as they are to the worst of females, they generally get an ill opinion of all; and surfeited as they are with fictitious charms, they seldom retain any relish for real ones. In short, the consequence of a woman joining herself in wedlock with such a man, is generally that he brings her a fortune and constitution equally broken and impaired, and often despises his wife for no other reason than because he himself is really an object of supreme contempt.

I mean not by this, that every young fellow who has been imprudent enough to run into some juvenile follies, however reprehensible, ought to be marked out for reprobation by the women; all I would be understood to inculcate is, that the abandoned rake is by no means a fit companion for the modest fair, either in wedlock or in company; and certain I am, that if the ladies gave less encouragement to such persons, we should see fewer of them both in our public and private companies. I know that much of this has been noticed to little purpose; and the same absurd maxims still prevailing, I must own have roused my attention.—*Homo sum; nihil humanum a me alienum puto*; and as it is certain that the men here, as in most countries, chiefly form themselves by the women, I thought the conduct of the latter in this respect of too much consequence to be passed over in silence.

MODESTUS.

SOME ACCOUNT OF
BOTANY BAY,

*Extracted from a Letter written by a Native of Derby, in the New
South Wales Corps.*

Sydney (Port Jackson), Dec. 13, 1794.

THE settlement on the coast of New South Wales contains two principal towns; Sydney the capital, and Paramatta (formerly named Rose Hill), distant about 17 miles. Sydney is situated at the head of a beautiful cove, which leads into a very fine harbour; Major Grose has made great improvements: Sydney contains 700 good comfortable huts, exclusive of numerous brick buildings, the property of Government. The soil is all sandy, but by industry will produce sufficiently; most of the gentlemen have farms about four miles from Sydney, which have grown a good crop of wheat; and I am of opinion that wheat will be plentiful in a few years: there are many settlers in different parts.

The only or principal thing wanting is cattle, which might be kept in any number, grass being in plenty: we have many pigs and goats, but they are chiefly in the hands of gentlemen: poultry and fish are tolerably cheap; but it must be remembered, that this is the most flourishing period the colony ever experienced.

Spirits being now plentiful, a number of persons retail the same, but the price, as well as quality, vary much; the gentlemen always purchase the cargoes; and this watery mixture is sold at 16s. per gallon. A convict was not (until very lately) suffered, on any account, to take spirits in payment for work; but now the prisoners have plenty of liquor. Liquor, or more properly grog, purchases what money will not, viz. settlers farms, or crops unripe, also their stock. Kangaroos formerly were plentiful, but now they are retired up the country; the colony produces the most beautiful birds, opossums, &c. &c. The trees never entirely shed their leaves; the summer is intensely hot, and the winters are very cold at nights and in the mornings, though the climate is much milder since I have been here, owing to the country being cleared; the seasons here are exactly opposite to the seasons in England, your winter being our summer.

Paramatta is a town situated at the extreme cove of Port Jackson; on your ascending the wharf appears a row of huts on each side, and a spacious road to the distance of a mile; at the upper end Governor Philips erected his country seat. The garden that surrounds it is beautiful, abounding in the season with grapes, melons, pumpkins, and every other fruit and vegetable. The florist may also amuse himself. In short, the country may well be called Botany Bay; for the botanist, I believe, may here find the most beautiful shrubs and evergreens that produce very fragrant flowers. The governor's

garden at Paramatta is so situated by nature, that, in my opinion, it is impossible for art to form so rural a scene.

Five miles from Paramatta is another village; at this place Government have a great deal of land in cultivation; every mile you travel inland the soil improves; at fourteen miles from the village of Irongabber is another settlement, called the Hawkesbury, at which place is a spacious fresh water river, and the soil rich; and I have not a doubt but in a short time this place will be very flourishing.

The farmers are now gathering their wheat; it may appear to you extraordinary, but true it is, that the summers will produce two crops of vegetables. The quantity of timber surpasses all description, though the country has been so much cleared since I came; a great number of boats have been built, which supply us with plenty of fish, and the oysters are the largest I ever saw. About nine days sail from Sydney is Norfolk Island, a most fertile place, about the size of the Isle of Wight. The natives in general of Botany Bay are tall and slender, have very black, curly hair, flat faces, and very large mouths; some of them run sticks through their noses; they draw the front tooth in tribute to their chief; are much scarified on the back and breast, done by an oyster-shell cemented with gum at the end of the whommora (or throwing-stick); they talk very quick; dance by raising their arms and wheeling in a circle, at sometimes singing or making a confused noise. One of the females sits thumping her stomach, which gives a droll sound. They burn their dead; are very expert in throwing their spears, and with exactness, at a great distance; their canoes are formed of solid bark, which they carve from the trees, by means of a stone axe; they fight in a most savage manner; their subsistence is chiefly on fish, the women being very expert at this duty; their lines are curiously platted from the bark of trees, and the hook is a piece of bark; they assemble in small tribes, each having a different fire: the children when young ride on the parents shoulders, holding by the hair of the head; after death they expect a removal to the sun, which they worship; they are a very dirty and lazy set of people.

TO THE

EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AMONG the various societies that are established in this metropolis, there is one that has not yet been noticed by any of the public writers, though it is almost as numerous as that of the Bucks, and full as ancient as the Free Masons; it is indeed thought to have been instituted before the Roman empire, and it is honoured with a deity of the Greeks for its patron.

There are Lodges of this society in various parts of the metropolis, and there is scarcely a corporation in England that has not a regular meeting of several of its members, who consist of all ranks of people. The justices of the quorum are most frequently candidates, and they are seldom or never black-balled by the majority. Many of the members of the common council, who are not stimulated by party zeal, are also members of this laudable association.

Taciturnity and fumigation are now two essential requisites in a candidate, who must prove his qualifications previous to his being admitted. To be brief, this is neither more nor less than the Sleepy Club, so well known, though hitherto so little celebrated. Every member of this society must immediately after supper take a pipe, and, whether it be lighted or not, clap it in his mouth; and as it is an invariable maxim with the sons of Morpheus, "that speaking spoils conversation," he must nod in five minutes, and attain a secure snore in ten, at which signal he must open one eye, fill his glass, drink, and resume his former station.

I have spent many very agreeable evenings in this worthy society, whose plan is so healthful and peaceable, that it is to be wished it were still more numerous, and that it prevailed as much upon the continent as it does throughout England. The various good effects that are derived from it cannot be enumerated; but a few may serve to point out its general beneficial tendency. In the first place, it preserves health by promoting sleep, so essential to the human frame, even in the midst of company; so that a member of this society might at the same time be a member of the everlasting club, without injuring his constitution by sitting up. It prevents all altercation in politics or religion, party disputes are unknown, and peace and tranquillity reigns around. All prophane or obscene talk is also avoided, and a man is sure never to reveal his secrets (unless he talks in his dreams), an event frequently fatal over a bottle. All scandal is abolished, and a perfect harmony and a general good understanding are on all sides established.

This institution is said to owe its birth to a certain dumb philosopher, whose cynic virtue greatly distinguished him in the third olympiad: it is certain, what he wanted in loquacity he made up in judgment, by placing himself upon a par with his disciples, who, though they possessed tongues, did not make use of them. But we are indebted to Sir Walter Raleigh for bringing this society to its present degree of perfection, as the badge of silence, a pipe, was at that time either unknown or neglected: to the introduction then of that soporific herb, tobacco, we may ascribe the present flourishing state of the present worthy, prudent, and numerous society of Sleepers.

Drowsy Row,
Aug. 9, 1795.

A MEMBER OF THE SLEEPY-CLUB.

TO THE
EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

HAVING lately met with a book which afforded me some entertainment, and one part of which seems to fall in with your plan of collecting whatever can be met with illustrative of FREEMASONRY, I extract and send the following letter for your insertion. The title of the book is, "*Letters of Baron Biefeld, Secretary of Legation to the King of Prussia, Preceptor to Prince Ferdinand, Chancellor of the Universities in the Dominions of his Prussian Majesty, F. R. A. B. &c. Author of Political Institutes;*" of course we may presume that the sentiments it contains are entitled to our attention.

I am, Sir,

Your occasional Correspondent,

S. J.

TO MADEMOISELLE M. VON B***, AT HAMBURGH.

Hamburgb, Feb. 6, 1738.

SO you are quite alarmed, madam, very seriously angry!—My reason tells me you are wrong; but my passion tells me you can never do wrong: for it makes me perceive that I love you more, if it be possible, since I have been a Freemason, and since you have been angry with me for so being, than I ever did before. Permit me therefore, by this opportunity, to employ my rhetoric to dissipate your discontent; that you may approve the motives which have induced me to take this step, that you may restore me to your favour, and that I may be enabled to reconcile my reason with my passion.

You know that I am naturally curious, and that I have made great efforts to discover the secrets of Freemasonry, but without the least effect. I have found men that have been the most indiscreet in other respects, the most impenetrable in this matter. There was therefore no other way for me to take but to get admission into their society; and I do solemnly assure you, madam, that I do not in the least repent it.

That a man may be very honest and very happy without being a Freemason, I readily allow; but this argument is equally applicable to every object that excites our curiosity, and even to many of the most pleasing parts of learning. If we banish curiosity (the desire of increasing our knowledge) from the world, there is at once an end of all improvement in science; the most ingenious, the most pleasing inventions and discoveries would be lost in darkness. And who can say how far the knowledge of those objects, of whose essence, whose principles, we are absolutely ignorant, may lead us? That which at first appears frivolous, frequently becomes, in the hands of a skilful man, highly useful. I do not pride myself in being of the number of these, but I am fully satisfied that I shall have a better claim to it by being a Freemason.

You will not require, I am persuaded, that I should explain to you our mysteries; you are much too prudent. You would entertain a passion for a man of honour, and not for a traitor, a monster. It is my interest to convince you of my discretion, and to make you sensible that a man who can keep a secret from the woman he adores, ought to be esteemed by her as worthy to have other secrets to keep. You must therefore commend my discretion and nourish my virtue. I shall not, at the same time, keep from you any information concerning our society that it is in my power to give; but for its mysteries, they are sacred!

One reflection that dissipated my scruples and hastened my reception was, that I knew this order to be composed of a great number of very worthy men; and who I was sure would never have twice entered a Lodge, if any thing had passed there that was in the least incompatible with a character of the strictest virtue. It is true, that into this sanctuary of virtue there sometimes steal unworthy brethren, men whose morals and conduct are not such as could be wished; but such is the condition of all things in this world, that the good and the bad are inevitably mixed with each other; for the small number of twelve apostles was not exempt from one unworthy member. I did not expect, by becoming a Freemason, to be introduced to a society of angels, but of worthy men; and I have not been disappointed.

I readily confess, that what is called Freemasonry may be made a disgrace as well as ornament to society. If a company of young fellows, destitute of sense and merit, assemble in the form of a Lodge, and after performing certain ridiculous mummeries, proceed to scenes of disorder, certainly nothing can be more detestable than such an assembly. But if you consider our society as the most solemn and perfect fraternity that ever existed upon the earth; in which there is no distinction of men by the language they speak, by the dress they wear, by the rank to which they were born, or the dignities they possess; who regard the whole world but as one commonwealth, of which each nation forms a family, and each individual a member; who endeavour by these means to revive the primitive maxims of mankind in the greatest perfection; to unite under their banner men of knowledge, virtue, and urbanity; whose members mutually defend each other by their authority, and enlighten each other by their knowledge; who sacrifice all personal resentment; who banish from their Lodges all that can disturb the tranquillity of mind or the purity of manners; and who, in the intervals of their delightful labours, enjoy the innocent pleasures of life; if, I say, you regard Masonry in this light, you must agree that the interest of this society must be that of the whole race of mankind; and that it must operate on the human heart in a manner that religion itself cannot effect without great difficulty.

It is not therefore wonderful, that this order has been sometimes encouraged and sometimes persecuted by the ruling powers in a state: they who commend and they who blame may have their

reasons ; but nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous, than to imagine that the secret assemblies of the Freemasons can tend to disturb the security or tranquillity of a state : for though our doors are shut against the profane vulgar, they are at all times open to sovereigns and magistrates ; and how many illustrious princes and statesmen do we count among our brethren ? If aught passed in our lodges that was dangerous or criminal, must they not have been long since abolished ? But the experience of many ages, during which this order has never been known to perform any actions but those of morality and munificence, is a stronger argument in its favour than any I can produce. I shall, therefore, say no more on this matter ; and I should not have said so much, if I did not know that you are capable of feeling the force of these arguments : for you have too much discernment to suffer yourself to be directed by that prejudice and caprice which has so much dominion over the common rank of women. If with a pleasing figure, and a graceful manner, you possessed only a common way of thinking, I should love you only as women are commonly loved ; that is to say, for the gratification of desire and for self-interest. But my affection is founded on a sense of your real merit, on the dignity of your mind and the simplicity of your heart. If this affection is of any value with you, preserve it, Madam, by returning to your reason, and by dissipating those transient clouds which have eclipsed, for a moment, that favourable opinion you have hitherto entertained of me : and permit me to assure you, by the faith of a Mason, that my love shall endure as long as my life. I have the honour to be, &c.

P. S. I herewith send you a pair of gloves, that were given me by the lodge at my reception.

ON POVERTY.

THERE are two sorts of pride, one philosophic, that boasts of poverty ; the other a beggarly one, which is ashamed of it. Poverty, in itself, is so far from being mean, that it requires certain circumstances to render it so : ignoble birth, servile office, low condescension, vulgar breeding, or poorness of spirit. Any of these particulars indeed, may superadd a meanness to poverty, but they will, at the same time, diminish the grandeur of riches. Poverty hurts our credit only on the change ; yet even there, character alone has raised a fortune ; considered simply, it excludes us not from a court, though it does from the shambles. The opulence of Plato made no addition to his philosophy, but the indigence of Socrates has added a merit to his. Is there a soul so mean as not to prefer a pedigree from the latter, to the line of Attalus ?

When Lord Corke * mentions his poverty, does he betray a meanness ? He was so proud of his original indigence, that he puts it upon record by his will. This circumstance was never imputed as a disgrace to his posterity, though the earldom of B**** will ever remain a reproach to his.

R. G.

* Richard, the first Earl.

DISSERTATIONS ON THE
POLITE ARTS.

No. III.

IN our former papers we have endeavoured to shew, that the polite arts consist in imitation, and that the object of their imitation is nature represented to the mind by enthusiasm. We have nothing more to do than to shew the manner in which this imitation is made. And by this means we shall have the particular difference of arts, whose common object is the imitation of nature.

Nature may be divided with regard to the polite arts into two parts; one which we take in by the eyes, and the other by the ministry of the ears; for the other senses are quite barren with regard to the polite arts. The first part is the object of painting, which represents upon a plan all that is visible. It is the object also of sculpture which represents nature *in relievo*; it is the object likewise of the art of gesture, which is a branch of the other two arts just named, and which differs in what it includes, only in this, that the subject to which gestures are given in dancing is natural and alive, whilst the painter's canvas and the marble of the statuary are not so.

The second part is the object of music, considered singly, and as a simple tune, bearing the second place to poetry, which employs words, but words in metre, and calculated in all its tones.

Thus painting imitates nature by colours, sculpture by relievos, dancing by the motions and attitudes of the body. Musick imitates it by inarticulate sounds, and poetry by words in measure. These are the distinctive characters of the principal arts; and if it sometimes happens that those arts join with one another, and are confounded, as, for example, in poetry, if dancing furnishes gestures to the actors upon the stage; if music gives the tone of voice in declamation; if the pencil decorates the scene; these are services which they render mutually to one another, in virtue of their common end, and their reciprocal alliance, but it is without any prejudice to their particular and natural rights. A tragedy without gestures, without music, without decoration, is still a poem. It is an imitation expressed by discourse in metre. A piece of music without words is still music. It expresses complaint or joy independently of words, which help it indeed, but neither give nor take away any thing that alters its nature. Its essential expression is sound, as that of painting is colour, and of dancing the movement of the body.

But here a remark is to be made, that as arts ought to chuse their designs from nature, and perfect them, they ought also to chuse and perfect the expressions they borrow from nature. They should not employ all sorts of colours, nor all sorts of sounds; they must make a just choice, and an exquisite mixture of them; they must be connected, proportioned, shaded, and put in an harmonious order.

Colours and sounds have sympathies and antipathies among themselves. Nature has a right to unite them according to her will, but it is art that should do it according to rules. It is not sufficient that it *burts* not the taste, but it should *flutter* it, and flatter it as much as it is capable of being flattered.

This remark may be applied equally to poetry. Words, which are its instruments or colours, have in poetry a certain degree of beauty, which they have not in common language: they are the smooth ashlar, the marble chosen, polished, and cut, which make the edifice more rich, beautiful, and substantial. There is a certain choice of words, turns, and above all a certain regular harmony, which gives its language something supernatural, that charms and lifts us above ourselves.

WHEREIN ELOQUENCE AND ARCHITECTURE DIFFER FROM THE OTHER ARTS.

WE must recal for a moment the division which we made of arts in the First Dissertation*. There were some invented from want alone; others for pleasure; and some owed their birth first to necessity, but having since found out the way to adorn themselves with beauties, they began to be reckoned in the number of those which we call *Polite Arts*. Thus architecture, having changed those caves which necessity had dug out for the retreat of mankind into elegant and commodious dwellings, deserved a distinction among the arts which it had not before.

The same observation holds good with respect to eloquence. The necessity which men had to communicate their thoughts and sentiments to one another, made them orators and historians, as soon as they could make use of words. Experience, time, and taste, added new degrees of perfection to their discourse. They formed an art which is called eloquence, and which, for the pleasure it affords to the mind, may share the palm with poetry: its relation and resemblance with poetry indeed gave it occasion to borrow and deck itself with those ornaments which might suit it: and hence we have round periods, measured antitheses, striking pictures, and allegories well sustained: hence also the choice of words, the arrangement of phrases, the uniform progression of harmony. It was then that art served for a model to nature, which sometimes indeed happens, but always upon this condition, which ought to be the base and fundamental rule of all arts, *viz.* that in those arts which are for use, pleasure takes the character of necessity itself, every thing in them ought to look as if they were for use. In the same manner, as in those arts which are destined for delight, use has no right to enter, except where it has the character to procure the same pleasure as if it was calculated solely to please.

Thus poetry and sculpture, having taken their subjects from history or from society, would have but a weak excuse for a bad performance, by urging the justness of their copy from the model they had taken; because it is not the *true* but the *beautiful* that we expect

* See Vol. IV. p. 369.

from them : in the same manner eloquence and architecture would deserve the greatest reproach if the design of pleasing appeared strongly in them. It is in these that art blushes if it is discovered. Every thing that is only ornamental is vicious.

There are occasions, however, where eloquence and architecture may soar a little. Heroes are to be celebrated, and temples to be built ; and as it is the duty of these two arts to imitate the grandeur of the object, and to excite the admiration of men, they are permitted to rise some degrees, and to expose all their riches ; but still without wandering from their original end, which is use. We expect beauty upon these occasions, but a beauty at the same time that is strongly connected with utility.

What would be thought of a sumptuous edifice which could be of no use ? The expence compared with the uselessness, would occasion a disagreeable disproportion to those who saw it, and the utmost ridicule to him who built it. If the edifice requires grandeur, majesty, and elegance, it is always in consideration of the master who is to inhabit it. If there is proportion, variety, unity in it, it is to render it more compact, more solid, more commodious : every beauty, to be perfect, ought to have some use ; as, on the contrary, in sculpture, things of use ought to become pleasing and delightful.

Eloquence is submitted to the same law. In its greatest liberties it is always fixed to usefulness and truth ; and if sometimes the *likely* or the *agreeable* become its object, it never goes far, and only makes use of these liberties because truth has never more credit than when it is pleasant.

The orator and historian have nothing to create ; their genius serves them only to discover the real appearance of their object : they have nothing to add, nothing to retrench ; they scarcely dare to transpose ; whilst the poet makes models for himself, without troubling himself with reality : insomuch that if we were to define poetry by opposing it to prose or to eloquence, which I here take for the same thing, we should say that poetry is an imitation of beautiful nature expressed by discourse in measure ; and prose, or eloquence, is nature itself expressed by free discourse. The orator ought to tell the truth in a manner which may make it be believed, with that force and simplicity that persuade. The poet ought to tell the probable in a manner that renders it agreeable, with all the grace and energy that charm and astonish. Nevertheless, as pleasure prepares the heart to persuasion, and as profit flatters mankind, who are not apt to forget their own interest, it follows, that the agreeable and useful ought to unite in poetry and in prose.

There are poetical fictions that appear in the simple habit of prose ; such are romances, &c. We also see subjects that have truth for their objects, drest and adorned with all the charms of poetic harmony : such are the didactic or instructive kinds of poetry. But these instances of poetry and prose are pure in neither kind : they are a mixture of both, to which our definitions have no regard, they are caprices made on purpose to be out of rule.

(To be continued.)

 POETRY.

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN REED,

WHO WAS LOST IN THE BORROWDALE, OCTOBER 31, 1789.

BY THE REV. JOHN HAMPSON.

THE following verses are inscribed to the memory of an amiable young man, who commanded the Borrowdale in the voyage to Botany Bay, and who will long be regretted by his friends, as an ornament to society, and an honour to his profession. The intimation that he foresaw his fate is literally true; for a day or two before he sailed he was observed, for perhaps the first time in his life, to be remarkably dejected and out of spirits: and it is a singular circumstance, that a boy on board the same ship was several nights so disturbed by dreaming of storms and shipwrecks that he absolutely refused to go, and by this means saved his life. It is proper to add, that the lines marked with inverted commas are a translation, or, if the reader pleases, an imitation, of the first part of the Third Ode of Horace.

“GO, trusty bark, and, dearer to my heart
 “ Than all that wealth or pleasure can afford,
 “ Back to his Latium bear my better part;
 “ Nor let these plains deplore their absent lord.
 “ Stedfast as fate his fierce unconquer’d mind,
 “ Than triple brass more firm his mighty soul,
 “ That to the ocean first and raging wind
 “ Gave the frail plank, and sought the distant pole;
 “ That, undismay’d, the watry region tried,
 “ While on the lofty deck the hero stood;
 “ Pleas’d o’er the subject main secure to ride,
 “ And meet the fury of the boist’rous flood.
 “ What form of death, what evil should he fear,
 “ Who heard, unmov’d, th’ impetuous billows roar?
 “ Saw the huge monsters of the deep appear,
 “ And the swift ships retiring from the shore?
 “ Saw where the South his ancient empire boasts,
 “ O’er sullen Adria, and her gloomy wave;
 “ And high Acrocerania guards the coast,
 “ Whose ragged rocks the idle tempests brave?
 “ In vain did Heav’n the distant lands divide,
 “ And sever from th’ inhospitable main,
 “ If men presumptuous dare the treach’rous tide,
 “ And sense of danger sink in thirst of gain!”

So sung the bard of yore, whose tuneful hand
 On Tyber’s banks first wak’d the lyric strain;
 So sad Eliza from the northern strand,
 In softest accents blest her parting swain.

Curst be the wretch that, piercing first the tomb
 Where long the shining ruin lay confin’d,
 Saw the vile ore, and from earth’s hollow womb
 Pour’d forth the baleful influence on mankind.

Then from the fabled box *, in evil hour,
 Rush'd pale contagion of infectious breath,
 And fell disease, whose all-subduing pow'r
 Then wide display'd the spacious gates of death.
 Oh, lust of gold! since first thy sordid rage
 Impious began, with unrelenting sway,
 Let loose the furies of the iron age,
 And vice and crimes obscur'd the face of day,
 Still do we trace thy footsteps stain'd with gore,
 In the grim front of war midst heaps of slain;
 Where throng'd battalions press the bloody shore,
 And reap the purple harvest of the plain;
 Or where the gallant ships, with swelling sails,
 And streamers waving, quit the croud'd bay,
 O'er the smooth surface glide with prosp'rous gales,
 As through the brine the finny nations play.
 The hardy tar, by tend'rest vows pursu'd
 Of his lov'd maid, forsakes his rural home,
 Content and cheerful, for his cou'ntry's good,
 O'er distant seas, and various climes to roam.
 He ploughs the desert wave, and smiles at toil,
 The rage of Sirius, or the polar snow;
 And fir'd by mem'ry of his natal soil,
 Dares the rude storm, or meets th' embattled foe.
 Safe from the torrid and the frozen zone,
 Pleas'd he revisits all he left behind;
 Nor sees his fate, nor hears his future groan
 Pour its last echoes to the passing wind.
 Thus, gentle REED, from foreign climes restor'd,
 The voice of friendship hail'd thy glad return,
 Nor reck'd how soon, alas! and how deplor'd,
 Thou too shalt seek th' irremeable bourn.
 Full oft shall mem'ry, brooding o'er the past,
 The horrors of that fatal morn recal,
 When from th' Æolian cave the issuing blast
 Urg'd its stern terrors o'er th' affrighted ball.
 In vain the fondness of maternal love,
 In vain thy spouse and weeping sister join,
 In anxious vows to him that rules above,
 And supplicate for thee the Pow'r Divine:
 In vain they charge the freighted bark to bear
 Her rich deposit o'er the gloomy wave;
 Nor see their vows dispers'd in empty air,
 Nor yet presage for thee the destin'd grave!
 Calm and serene the faithless ev'ning shone,
 That gave thee once again to tempt the flood;
 And, sinking to the west, the circling sun
 Unboding set, and innocent of blood.
 Yet the gay sun that ting'd the placid scene,
 In golden pomp descending to the west;
 Nor the still calm that lull'd the deep serene,
 Could check the dire presage that fill'd thy breast.

* The box of Pandora.

What boots it now thy sad prophetic soul,
 Warn'd from above, descried impending fate?
 Of doubt and fear first felt the stern controul,
 And saw wide ope the adamant gate!
 How fond the wish, that Heav'n-impard fear
 Had from the billows sav'd thy rosy breath,
 To sorrowing friendship spar'd the bitter tear,
 And snatch'd one victim from the grasp of death!
 For, lo! in air the gath'ring whirlwinds meet;
 Clouds rush on clouds in fierce confusion hurl'd,
 And big with ruin rage through all the fleet,
 And fill with wild uproar the watry world.
 Howls the loud storm, and from the aching sight
 In sudden darkness wraps the dread domain;
 As chaos were return'd, and tenfold night
 Resum'd her ancient melancholy reign.
 See! reeling through the foamy, wild abyss,
 Now here, now there, the giddy ships are born;
 Astonish'd hear the growing tempest hiss;
 And hope and fear alike th' expected morn.
 Ah! what avails of youth th' intrepid force,
 Or the calm counsels of maturer age,
 Of stubborn fate t' avert the certain course,
 Or quell the storm, or curb old Ocean's rage?
 Nor might, nor skill, the striking bark can save;
 The lurking sands arrest her from beneath;
 With horrid crash wide op'ning to the wave,
 And dreadful rushes in the watry death.
 They seek the monstrous caverns of the deep,
 Or breathless cast upon the sounding shore
 (Where birds of prey their dreary mansions keep,
 And round the storm-beat rock the billows roar)
 Neglected lie; the last sad rites denied,
 That pious duty pays the flitting shade,
 Of hallow'd earth the sleeping dust to hide,
 And solemn dirge slow winding through the glade.
 What though in storms thy gentle spirit fled,
 Midst raging billows, and a wintry sky;
 And the green wave, deep closing o'er thy head,
 Low sunk beneath thy sacred relics lie!
 Yet not unblest, O REED! thy mournful bier,
 Nor yet unsung thy ashes shall remain;
 The muse to thee shall consecrate the fear,
 And genuine urge the elegiac strain.
 What though to soft humanity denied
 To tend thy couch, and catch thy parting breath!
 Watch the last ebb of life's retreating tide,
 And wipe away the chill cold damps of death!
 Yet present he, the mild propitious Pow'r,
 That from the flood the rash disciple bore,
 To sooth the anguish of thy final hour,
 And bid his angels waft thee to the shore.
 There rest in peace: ere long, when Heav'n decrees,
 We too, like thee, the frequent path shall tread;
 And toss'd awhile on life's tempestuous seas,
 Outfly the storm, and mingle with the dead.

A SKETCH,

BY T. P.

AH! who art thou whose gentle form
 Hangs o'er the bold rock's rugged brow,
 And seems to court the dreadful storm,
 That sweeps the brawling wave below?
 "O, Ocean! thou whose briny tide,
 "Long, long, has roll'd o'er Edward's head,
 "At length receive his promis'd bride,
 "And make of thine a bridal bed!"
 O God! she's gone! amid the wave
 I see the beauteous phantom toss'd!
 The cliff abrupt forbids to save,
 Now to my straining vision lost!
 And wert thou, then, that wretched maid
 Whose reason with her lover gone,
 So long thro' gloomy glades hast stray'd,
 In midnight sorrows and alone.
 In truth ye were a matchless pair,
 While yet ye drew life's balmy breath,
 Still sense and beauty's darling care,
 And be ye matchless still in death!
 Oft shall the main in gloomy hour,
 Yield your sad spirits to my sight,
 What time from yon old ivied tow'r
 The drowsy bell divides the night.
 Oft shall I hear your voices rise,
 Mix'd with the storm's discordant roar,
 Or sinking sad in broken sighs,
 Die with the billows on the shore.
 As o'er the cliff I sadly rove
 And sorrow fills my swelling breast,
 I'll sing the mournful song ye love,
 And bid your gentle spirits rest.

TO INDUSTRY.

BY THE SAME.

NYMPH of the ruddy cheek and nut-brown skin,
 O that my simple lay had pow'r to please ye;
 Knock at my door, knock loud, I'll let thee in,
 That is, I will if I am not too lazy!
 Dear Laziness, with soft bewitching art,
 Spreads o'er my limbs her robe of sober grey,
 Stills the wild throbbings of the mighty heart
 And bids the senses silently obey.
 Aided by noon, I feel at her command,
 The subtle poison thro' my marrow creep,
 The tool sinks gradual from my pow'rless hand,
 And, lo! I rush into a sea of sleep.

Now here, now there, the hurrying billows tossing,
 Prevent the gentler influence of the god;
 Injur'd Propriety my vision crossing,
 In vain complaining shews Reflection's rod.
 But chief at morn, when from the neighb'ring shed
 I hear thy voice, O Industry, so early,
 I wake, I rouse, and lift my drowsy head,
 O then this laziness, which loves me dearly,
 Peeps in my face so languishingly coaxing,
 Feels for my broken rest a thousand fears,
 Oblivion's stream my nose so softly pokes in—
 And strait I'm gone again o'er head and ears.
 E'en now she's picking Fancy's tender wing,
 On sweet poetic paste shuts the door:
 Singing I gape, and gaping, lo! I sing,
 Excuse, O Industry—I can no more!

WRITTEN IN
 MEMORY OF MY FATHER,

WHO DIED 29th DECEMBER 1789.

FREED from the dreary troublous vale of life,
 Here rests the "*husband, father, and the friend,*"
 Sickness and health forego their wonted strife;
 Death's ebon darts their opposition end.
 Light lies the turf upon the peaceful breast
 Whose mansion pure *few* earth-born passions stain'd;
 Where pride ne'er gloom'd on its continual rest,
 Nor factious Envy with her breath profan'd.
 Has Death involv'd thee in this cloud of night
 While Hope and Pleasure beam'd their cheerful ray?
 So fades Aurora's ineffectual light
 When the dark evening circumscribes the day.
 Care, Pain, and Grief, terrific, gloom no more,
 But seem to pave a *golden-way* to Heav'n!
 The race to reach the distant goal is o'er;
 The *toil* is ended, and the *prize* is giv'n!
 And whilst on yonder "*star-pav'd plain*" you rove,
 And pitying view us active forms of clay,
 Accept the last sad tribute of our love—
 The *best* thy lone posterity can pay!

T.

PORTRAIT OF AN HYPOCRITE.

HIS aspect mild, his manners smooth and civil;
 In words a perfect saint, in works a d—l.
 His canting tongue acts the dissembler's part,
 Whilst mischief lurks in his nefarious heart;
 No snarling symptoms—yet most sure to bite—
 Mark him, my friends, and spurn the hypocrite!

W. J.

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

GRAND LODGE OF SCOTLAND.

QUARTERLY COMMUNICATION.

Edinburgh; August 3, A. L. 5795-

THOMAS Hay, Esq. S. G. M. in the chair.
The minutes of the preceding Quarterly Communication were read, and unanimously approved of.

Charters of constitution and erection were ordered for two new Lodges, one at Forres, and the other in the second battalion of Argyleshire Fencibles.

After some business, which we should not be justified in explaining, had been transacted, and several pounds ordered to be given in charity, the Lodge was closed with the usual ceremonies.

P. S. The Quarterly Communications of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, are regularly held on the first Mondays of the months of February, May, August, and November. The Grand Lodge also meets annually on St. Andrew's Day, November 30, for the purpose of electing office-bearers for the ensuing year. See Vol. III. p. 174 and 435. ÆE. RAA.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, July 10.

A TERRIBLE fire broke out here on Tuesday evening, and lasted till eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, having reduced to ashes about 1000 houses and shops, and 200 warehouses, of which 150 were full of wood for building. The rest contained almost all the black fruit and figs that remained in first hands here, about two millions of dollars worth of oil and butter, and an immense quantity of tobacco, cavear, tallow, rice, and corn. The whole damage being estimated at five millions of dollars. The fire was stopped at the grand custom-house, the tobacco custom-house having been reduced to ashes. Fortunately the fire did not enter the *Carshoe*, although it burnt several shops on the outside of it. Before the fire happened it was said government intended to build a fine dock for shipping here, on the plan of the one at Toulon—but it has not since been talked of. The sufferers by the fire vented their grief in loud imprecations against the Grand Signior, who is greatly disliked on account of the monopoly of corn and other provisions, and his slighting the janissaries.

VIENNA, July 12.

On Friday the 10th inst. the Emperor and his fourth brother amused themselves at the Imperial palace at Luxembourg, near Vienna, with preparing fireworks, assisted by a page and an Hungarian chasseur. The Emperor had been sometime superintending this business, when finding the room warm, he walked out for the benefit of the air. About twenty minutes after some of the gun-powder caught fire, and Prince Alexander had both his eyes blown out. He languished till seven o'clock the next morning, when he died. The page and chasseur were killed on the spot.

Extract of a private Letter from Quiberon, dated July 18.

In the night between the 15th and 16th inst. we attacked, 5000 men strong, the enemy's intrenched camp near St. Barbe, placed on an eminence about 2

league and a half distant from ours, all the intrenchments of which were bristled with cannon. We had already carried the first and second intrenchments, when a masked battery, the fire of which enfiladed our corps, opened upon us, and did great execution among our troops. M. d'Hervilly was wounded in the belly, but, notwithstanding, commanded the retreat with great presence of mind. It was effected without the least disorder, and covered by the gun-boats. The loss of the enemy was far more considerable than ours. Very unfortunately it so happened, that General Vauban, who had landed near Carnac, could not come up in time to take the enemy in flank, whilst General Tintigniac harrassed them from another side. Reinforced by four regiments with the *black cockade*, who arrived yesterday under the order of M. de Sombreuil, we intend immediately to re-commence our attack.

After the affair of the 16th inst. no day passed without skirmishes. On the 20th General Hoche harrassed the advanced posts of the Royalists the whole day with constant firing, but the evening seemed to promise some repose. The regiment of Dresnay covered the left flank of the fort, and the fort itself was garrisoned by the regiment of Hervilly. M. de Sombreuil covered the right flank with two battalions, and defended the passage which the ebb tide forms on the strand. It was with great astonishment that in the dead of night a great number of musket-shots were heard in the fort, and at the break of day the tri-coloured flag was seen hoisted in the same. The French seamen, who composed a part of the regiment of Hervilly, kept up a secret understanding with the enemy, massacred their officers, together with about 150 soldiers who remained faithful to their duty, and opened the gates of the fort to the detachment sent by General Hoche.

Count Sombreuil now merely exerted himself in saving as many individuals as he could. A considerable number of women and children, who had taken refuge in the peninsula of Aurai, greatly increased the embarrassments arising from such a situation. The gallant Sombreuil chose the most favourable position to cover the embarkation, and maintained it with the utmost bravery, supported by the British gun-boats, which, however, on account of the low water, could not approach the shore near enough to do great execution. About fifty of the brave warriors who fought around M. de Sombreuil were able to effect their escape; all the rest of the little army, amounting to 5000 men, surrendered prisoners of war.

The Bishop of Dol, seeing the impossibility of every one's being embarked, said to his clergy, "Gentlemen, let us not embarrass the re-embarkation: let us go whither our duty calls us:" and all, animated by his example, proceeded to the depot of the sick and wounded, and performed their ministerial functions. They were all taken. M. de Sombreuil, the Bishop of Dol, and some hundreds more of the emigrants taken on this occasion, have since been shot at Vannes.

A Treaty of Peace between Spain and the French Republic; and another of Amity, Commerce, and Navigation, between England and America, have been ratified and confirmed in the course of the past month.

HOME NEWS.

CROYDON ASSIZES.

July 30. Jeremiah Aversham, alias Abershaw, was tried on an indictment, wherein he was charged with having been guilty of the wilful murder of David Price, a constable of Union Hall, in the Borough, on the evening of the 13th of July last, at the Two Brewers public-house, in Maid Lane, Southwark.

Mr. Garrow opened the case.

Barnard Windsor, a constable belonging to the Union Office, deposed, that on the evening of the 13th of January, he and the deceased went to the Two Brewers public-house, in Maid Lane, to apprehend the prisoner at the bar, against whom they had received informations of his having been concerned in

divers felonies; that they found a man in the house, whom they took into custody, the prisoner not being there at that time; that in about ten minutes afterwards the prisoner came into the tap-room with another person, and, on their attempting to seize him, he drew two pistols out of his pocket, and discharged one from each hand; that from the right hand hit Price the deceased, and that from the left slightly wounded the witness on the top of his head.

Robert Merry, a constable, said, he was in the next room when the pistols were fired, and met the deceased in the passage, who told him he was shot; that he took him to a house in the neighbourhood; but that he died in about ten minutes afterwards, before any medical assistance could be got.

Baron Perryn, in his charge to the Jury, said, that the only circumstance for their consideration was, who had actually fired the pistol by which the deceased was killed; at the same time reminding them, that the witness Windsor had positively sworn the prisoner at the bar did so. The Jury, after two minutes consideration, pronounced the prisoner—Guilty. Mr. Knowles, on the part of the prisoner, moved an arrest of judgment, on the ground of the record being wrong. The objection was over-ruled.

The prisoner was then tried upon a second indictment, for shooting at Barnard Windsor with a pistol loaded with ball, stated to have happened at the same time and place, and on which also the prisoner was found guilty; when Baron Perryn immediately passed sentence of death on him.

John Little was indicted for the wilful murder of James M'Evoy and Sarah King, in the parish of Richmond.

Mr. Fielding opened the case in an exceedingly pathetic address to the Jury.

George Jones lives in Kewfoot Lane, and is perfectly acquainted with the prisoner, who was a porter at the Observatory in Kew Gardens, was on the 23d of June at a relation's house near the deceased, and was alarmed about ten o'clock in the evening with a loud scream, which he conceived to come from M'Evoy's house; he accordingly rung the bell, but could not get admission; went to a Mr. Martin, who accompanied the witness to the house, and again rung the bell, when a very faint voice cried, Who's there? that they opened the parlour windows and saw the woman, Mrs. King, lying upon her face on the floor, dead.

Mr. Smith, surgeon, examined Mr. M'Evoy, found several wounds on his head, and one upon his left temple, which had occasioned his death.

The prisoner in his defence said, he asked M'Evoy to lend him five guineas; that Mrs. King called M'Evoy a villain, and in a passion said, You shall not have a farthing, and then made a blow at M'Evoy, which he prevented; and Mr. M. said, Little, you shall be served, go down stairs, I'll come to you, which he did; that he heard a noise, and went up to the door.—M'Evoy called out, Who is there?—Mrs. King said, nothing was the matter; she would come down to him, which she did in a great rage, and said she would be his butcher, and attacked him three times, each of which he threw her down, and the last time she fell against the fender, and that fall killed her.

He then went up stairs, and found M'Evoy on the ground, much beat; he put him into bed; in doing which, he let the stone which Mrs. King had used against him (the prisoner) fall on the bed; and seeing no hopes of M'Evoy's recovering, he, on hearing the witness at the door, locked himself in, for fear they should murder him, if he had not time to explain.

Chief Baron M'Donald then summed up the evidence; and the Jury pronounced him guilty.—Sentence of death was immediately passed.

31st. Sarah King was indicted for the wilful murder of her new-born bastard child, in the parish of Nutfield, in the county of Surry.

Mr. Silvester, in his opening, stated the circumstances at large.

She was found guilty, and immediately received sentence of death.

Previous to Abershaw's being taken from the bar, after his having received sentence of death for the murder of Price, he observed to the court, with that indifference which has marked his conduct through the whole time of his confinement, that he was convicted on the evidence of one man, which was con-

rary to the laws of God, and that he was murdered. After receiving sentence he put on his hat, and throwing his great coat over his arm, included both judge and jury in one horrid curse. He was not sentenced to death for the murder of Price, though found guilty, as the objection Mr. Knowles took to the form of the indictment would have delayed his execution till after the next term, but for shooting at and wounding Barnaby Windsor.

Aug. 3. About ten o'clock, Jeremiah Abershaw, John Little, and Sarah King, were brought out of the New Gaol, Borough, and conducted in a cart to the place of execution (Kennington Common), where they were hanged pursuant to their sentence. An immense crowd of people attended on the occasion.

Little and King behaved very penitently, but the conduct of Abershaw exactly corresponded with his behaviour before and after trial. From the prison to the fatal tree he appeared perfectly unconcerned, carrying a flower in his mouth, and laughing and speaking to every person he knew on the road, while his fellow-sufferers were employed in contemplating a book each held in their hands. When the cart stopped under the gallows, he threw away among the crowd a prayer-book which was offered him, as also his hat and handkerchief, saying he should have no farther use for them: he refused to join in prayer, though the clergyman who attended them took infinite pains to persuade him to a sense of his situation; and after throwing his shoes among the crowd, and uttering a dreadful curse against his prosecutors, he was launched (or rather launched himself) into eternity, with the exclamation of, "Here goes it!" He seemed to struggle much in dying.—The bodies of Little and King were given for dissection, and Abershaw was hung in chains on Putney Common.

Sept. 3. James Newland, an auctioneer at a standing auction, near Temple Bar, was for the third time brought before Wm. Addington, Esq. at the Public Office, Bow Street, on a charge of fraudulently obtaining money from a person who bought goods at his auction.

Andrew O'Connor stated, that yesterday morning he went into the prisoner's shop, who was selling goods by auction, and purchased a case containing four dozen plated-handled knives and forks; that afterwards a case of silver handled knives and forks, which appeared to be second-hand, were put up, and which to induce him to purchase, the prisoner said he would take the others back, and allow him the full money he had given for them, to go in part for the silver ones, and which were knocked down to him at eight guineas, for which he paid that sum; but on examining those sent home, he discovered they were not the same, being new ones, and not near so heavy.

The prisoner insisted they were the same as purchased; but the magistrate giving credit to the oath of Mr. O'Conner, informed the prisoner he must find bail, or stand committed. He accordingly found bail for his appearance at the next session, to answer this charge of misdemeanor.

The following providential escape lately occurred at Cambridge:—As three children of Mr. Hodson, printer, were leaning out of an upper chamber window, at the back of his house, looking after a jackdaw which had fled from its cage into the gardens, the frame suddenly gave way, and the children were thrown out, but fortunately lighting on some gooseberry bushes, were taken up without having sustained the least injury, a few scratches excepted.

Yellow Fever.—As many of our brave countrymen will probably soon go to the West Indies, we are induced to give the following hints relative to the preservation of health, from a physician of the first eminence, who for many years practised in that country. Avoid fruits, particularly pineapples. Guard against the dews, which are very heavy half an hour before and after sunset. If a little ill, take an emetic of ipecacuanha; and after its operation, a dose of Glauber or Rochelle salts, then take bark in tolerable quantities. We would recommend to those who are going there, to take with them a quantity of ipecacuanha, bark, salts, and James's powder; but the latter we would not have used without the advice of a physician.

To Farmers.—A correspondent has favoured us with the following recipe, which he and many of his friends have found very efficacious in the drying of milch cows. Let the udder be full of milk, then take one gill of fish oil, a quarter of a pound of green soap, and a handful of salt; mix them together, and rub the udder exceedingly well, until the whole of the mixture is used; after which bleed the cow two or three times, or oftener if required. She must be kept upon hard meat two or three days before she is dried.

A gentleman in the neighbourhood of Bath has adopted the following method of digging potatoes with the greatest success. Instead of destroying the root, as usual, raise it gently up, and introducing the hand under it, take all the large ones up, re-place the root, and tread it firmly in. By this method he has had a second crop, and has a fair prospect of a third.

Rice.—The extent and degree of the benefits attending the use of this article are very little known. It is probably not understood, that rice in food will go eight times as far as flour; and that one pound of rice baked with a gallon of milk (with the addition of a little treacle to sweeten it), will, at the expence of about sixteen pence, make eight pounds of pleasant, wholesome, and nourishing food. In the Foundling Hospital, the use of rice instead of flour has been attended with a very great saving to the Hospital, exclusive of general benefit to the public.

Directions for using Rice with the greatest advantage.—Take some rice, wash it in cold water, then put it into boiling water, let it boil ten minutes*, then drain the water from it, put it in a bason, cover it with a plate, turn it over, the plate being undermost, let it remain for use. By this method the rice retains all its nourishing quality. It is an excellent and substantial food, if mixed with boiled breast of mutton cut into pieces, seasoned with pepper and salt; or with cabbage; and particularly with salt fish.

Rice mixed with skim milk, and a little suet shred fine, makes a most excellent pudding.

The above methods have been used many years, by several gentlemen of this Kingdom, with general satisfaction to themselves, servants, and neighbours.

The Rev. Mr. Broughton's Receipt for Potatoe Bread. To three pecks of flour add one peck of potatoes, when boiled and peeled; bruise them whilst warm, and mix them with the flour; then put the yeast, and let it rise as in the making of common bread; much less water, and one third of the yeast commonly employed will be sufficient.

The process, says Mr. Broughton, is such as may be readily adopted by the bakers; nor do I apprehend any material inconvenience from the increased price of potatoes; as the quantities planted this year greatly exceeds any former year, and the plantations in general promise the most abundant crops. I have tried several, but have not met with a better. It is obvious that the plan cannot be adopted, until the potatoe crops are ripe. I would also recommend it to my fellow citizens not to encourage the digging potatoes at this season, by purchasing them for their tables, when there is such a profusion of other vegetables: a potatoe which weighs an ounce now, will weigh above four times as much in one month.—*Tiverton, July 17.*

To make a Turkish pillow.—To a quart of water add four onions sliced, cut up one pound of meat in small pieces, about the size of a crown piece; put in two or three cloves, or a little allspice. Let it stew well together for an hour, then add from one to two pounds of rice, according to the quantity you wish to make, and let it boil for about ten or twelve minutes. N. B. The rice must be soft and hot: strain the whole through a cullender, and serve it up dry.

* Be careful that the water put in at first be in sufficient quantity to keep the rice covered during the whole time of boiling.