W.m Henry Lambton Esq.r M.P.

Provl Gr. M. for Durham

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THE

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OR

General and Complete

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VOL: VII.

Commissumque teges et vino tortus et ira. Hor:

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1796.

THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,

FOR JANUARY 1796.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ELEGANT PORTRAIT OF

WILLIAM HENRY LAMBTON, ESQ. M. P.

CONTENTS.

LONDON:

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TO READERS, CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

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T. S. will perceive in the present Number marks of our attention to his Hints.

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THE

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

AND

CABINET OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE,

FOR JANUARY 1796.

MEMOIRS OF

WILLIAM HENRY LAMBTON, Esq. M. P.

PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER OF MASONS

FOR THE COUNTY OF DURHAM.

Seu linguam causis acuis; seu civica jura
Respondere paras; seu condis amabile carmen:

* * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Quo te cœlestis SAPIENTIA *duceret, ires.*
Hoc opus, hoc studium, parvi properemus et ampli,
Si patriæ volumus, si nobis vivere cari.

HORAT. LIB. I. EPIST. III.

ON exhibiting this Portrait in the Masonic Gallery it will be necessary to annex some account, however imperfect, of the respectable original. Observations on the advantages of Biographical researches, though pertinent and attractive, complaints of the peculiar delicacy which attends the delineation of living excellence, though obvious and applicable, shall not be indulged in the present instance; but we shall hasten to introduce to our readers a character whose worth, talents, and station, would in themselves demand the pen of passing literature, and whose high office among the fraternity has a peculiar claim on that Repository, which aims to carry down to future ages the faithful records of Masonic merit and eminence.

Mr. LAMBTON has had the happiness to enter upon this mortal stage with every advantage of illustrious birth and ample fortune. The family has been long settled in the county of Durham. Mr. Hutchinson, in his learned and elaborate history of that county Palatine, acquaints us, that "LAMBTON was the family seat of the Lambtons before the Conquest." It stands on the southern banks of the river Wear, about a mile below Chester-le-street, opposite to Harraton, another elegant seat of the family. The estates have the peculiar felicity to be so situated as to enjoy the advantages of extended culture, navigation, and commerce, with all the softer beauties of picturesque prospect and romantic scenery.

The subject of our attention was born November 15, 1764. His father was General John Lambton, many years Member of Parliament for the city of Durham, and Colonel of the 68th regiment of foot; and his mother the Right Hon. Lady Susan Lyon, sister to the late Earl of Strathmore. He was named after his two uncles, William and Henry.

That the utmost care was taken of his education will appear plain from the circumstance of his having been placed in Wandsworth school, Surry, which is generally regarded as a nursery for Eton, at the early age of seven years. About twelve he went to Eton, where he shewed great capacity and improvement, passing through the different forms till he arrived at the sixth class. He was held in high repute among the scholars of his day; and, amidst his other classical attainments, was particularly admired for a happy talent of writing Latin verses with the taste and purity of the Augustan Era. In October 1782 he entered a Fellow Commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge, and continued there till July 1784.

To give a polish to his acquisitions, and extend his knowledge of the world and of mankind, Mr. Lambton determined on a visit to the continent. He was accompanied by the Reverend William Nesfield, A. M. (now one of the Chaplains to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales) a Gentleman of learning and abilities, and blessed with an uncommon suavity of disposition and manners. During his stay abroad he was chiefly resident at Paris and Versailles; though he found time to make the tour of Switzerland and France, with a small excursion into Spain.

In this place we may be permitted to remark, that were the present an attempt at regular Biography we should here pause---as we should do at each other conspicuous stage of our progression---to mark what had been gained, what had been altered; to view at different periods the changeful but improving features of the mind; to catenate the apparently-disjointed links of effect and cause by the helps of information or analogy; and from the comparison and sum of such prominent positions, to form a precise and comprehensive outline of the general character. But this must not be---Long, very long may time pass ere the historian advance with firm footsteps to place the full-formed statue on the ample monument!---Meanwhile, the trembling hand of friendship shall hang this medallion on an humble altar: the purpose gained, if a resemblance be presented---accurate, though slight; grateful, but not flattering.

We must now turn our eyes from those scenes of elegance, observation, and enjoyment, to behold Mr. Lambton entering upon the arduous stage of politics and public life. In February 1787 he was elected one of the Representatives for the city of Durham.---His maiden speech in Parliament was on the repeal of the shop-tax; in which he displayed very shining abilities, and promised fairly to rank amongst the principal orators of the most eloquent senate the British annals could ever boast of.

Among Masons (as such) the discussion of particular politics, or religious differences, is happily under a state of inhibition: and this account of an eminent Mason shall not be made a vehicle to describe or appreciate political questions. The great leading principles of loyalty, morality, and religion, are interwoven in the very essence of our institution*; and are enhanced, in an especial and impressive manner, on all occasions, by the subject of this essay:—but to the particulars of sect or party, as Freemasons, we descend not. It may be, therefore, only necessary to remark, in this place, that, though we do not meet Mr. L. starting into speech on every party-motion, yet he is in general found among the eloquent part of that division of the House of Commons, which at present is termed the Opposition. He is loyally and zealously attached to the King and Constitution of this country; and at the same time is an able advocate for the amelioration of a wise and temperate reform. His ideas on this delicate subject cannot be better expressed, than in his own elegant and energetic language, extracted from a letter written by him, and published in the Newcastle papers, about the stirring time of December 1792. "All I wish," says he, "is to see this happy "Constitution reformed and repaired upon its own principles; and "*that every reparation may be made in the stile of the building.*"

We come now to consider this Gentleman in his Masonic capacity, as presiding over the fraternal rites and constitution of an intelligent and numerous district of the order. The patent appointing him Provincial Grand Master of the county of Durham was signed by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland October 6, 1787; and on the 9th of September 1788 he was installed in his high office, in the presence of upwards of 150 brethren, with a degree of splendour not often known in those parts; and the interesting occasion closed with that regulated festivity by which the Society is so eminently distinguished. These and other transactions of this Provincial Grand Lodge have been recorded in another part of our Magazine†; we shall only add, that Mr. Lambton holds his station with appropriate dignity and accommodating politeness. The annual and other communications are made not a little interesting by the elegant charges which are delivered from the chair upon those occasions; and the writer of this article cannot refuse himself the present opportunity of expressing the sensible pleasure that was received by a numerous auditory from an animated oration delivered at the Provincial Meeting August 12, 1794, wherein, among other shining passages, he glanced with peculiar felicity on the subject of Fraternization---striking, in a most emphatic manner, the plundering fraternization of the French with the unresisting Belgian---the insidious fraternization of Russia and Prussia with the devoted Pole---in contrast with the pure and benevolent fraternization then in exhibition before him: and this was done in a stile of such indignant

* See the following article, p. 7, 8. † Vide Vol. II. p. 247.

reprehension on the one hand, and such conscious animation on the other, as, by those who had the happiness to be present, will be long remembered with sensibility and grateful satisfaction.

To his other extraordinary advantages he has to add the paramount blessing of domestic happiness. June 19, 1791, he was united to the Right Hon. Lady Ann Villiers, second daughter to the Earl of Jersey; a Lady of first rate natural and acquired accomplishments both in mind and person; and who has given to his stock of felicity the endearing addition of three sons and a daughter.

We have thus, from the best documents we could collect, from the voice of general fame, and from the pleasure of some personal knowledge, endeavoured to give to our Masonic and other friends a transient view of the Provincial Grand Master of the county of Durham. A regular summing up of character, we know, cannot, in existing circumstances, be expected from us;---but we also know, that, by those who are best acquainted with the subject of these memoirs, we should be accused of the most culpable omission, were we not to add, that Mr. Lambton is not more admired for his weight and talents as a Magistrate or Senator, than he is esteemed for the amiable and as useful virtues of a private Gentleman; that he is not more regarded for the extent and splendour of his possessions, than he is beloved for his munificent and charitable dispensations; and that even with those who may differ from him on political points, he is respected for his abilities, his disposition, and the whole tenour of his general character.

S.

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

PART OF A CHARGE LATELY DELIVERED TO A SOCIETY OF FREE MASONS ON AN EXTRAORDINARY OCCASION *.

BY DR. WATKINS.

IT is impossible but that, in the very great political convulsion which has recently shaken Europe, our Society must have been materially affected. This I know, that, in the unhappy country where the shock has been the greatest, the brethren of the social band have not been able to assemble according to their order without a dread of the Revolutionary Tribunal. Let this stand then as a

* The Doctor, in his capacity of Master, was reduced to the painful necessity of announcing the expulsion of a Member, who, in open lodge, in defiance of the most friendly intimations and exhortations, many times repeated, persisted in a violence of declamation on state affairs, which was calculated to incite to a hatred of the Government. An occasion *so extraordinary* will we trust justify the tenor of the charge (though bordering on politics), and be also our apology for inserting it.

sufficient confutation of that malignant slander, that MASONRY there put the sword into the hands of a sanguinary faction *.

But yet I apprehend there is some necessity for guarding the minds of many of our well-meaning brethren against the pernicious influence of that spirit, which, under the guise of friendship, would introduce the same scene of horror into every well-ordered society.

A dæmon got access into the pure region of holiness, peace, and bliss; and under the artful pretence of *adding* to their enjoyments, procured the misery of its inhabitants. With such an example then in view, we should consider that no institution is free from the possibility of perversion; nor any society, however virtuous their principles and strong their obligations, removed from the necessity of caution and exhortation.

You will, therefore, my brethren, readily bear with me while I endeavour to improve the alarming and truly awful appearance of affairs in this apparently latter age of the world to our particular benefit as *Masons*, by exhorting you to the "*study of those things which make for peace.*"

We make up one peculiar society, and indeed the only one in the world wherein neither political nor religious differences, not even the most opposite sentiments or customs, or the most violent contentions that agitate the several countries where we reside, can disunite us *from each other. Under all the adventitious distinctions that* political necessity has made to exist in this chequered state, and which divide the tribes of mankind, still the members of the social band are the same, and feel their concerns to be mutual. Their principles elevate them far above *all the petty distinctions and partial considera*tions which to other societies prove the seeds of their destruction.

Considered as Masons, and regarding each other merely under that title, they lose all idea of every other object, and view their brother either with a satisfaction at his prosperous, or commiseration at his adverse condition in life.

Universal benevolence is the grand characteristic of him who has a true sense of the origin and nature of this sublime institution.

But, my brethren, this generosity of spirit, this universality of love, is not so to be understood as though it went to supersede more particular points of duty. Though we are said to be indifferent to local or temporary circumstances *that divide one part of the body from the other*, we are not therefore to be insensible to peculiar connections. *Masonry*, though it makes us in reality citizens of the world, does not tend to alienate us from the country to which we belong; nor, because we extend our equal love to brethren of every clime, are we to lose sight of that grand branch of natural duty, the *love of our native land*. We are indeed called the *sons of peace*, but it is to be considered also that *peace* cannot subsist without *order*. It is our province then to preserve a consistency with our profession, by labouring earnestly for the things which make for peace: this can be done in no other way than by a strict attention to the duties of good citizens, in endeavouring to merit the protection of the legislature by an obedience to its laws.

* See Vol. III. page 2, &c.

The country where we dwell in security calls aloud for our ardent love and active support. If it gives us consequence by a powerful and illustrious patronage, we have still a further obligation to loyalty. To prove this, a simple observation will suffice. Our meetings could not be held were they to be open to indiscriminate inquiry and impertinent curiosity. Secrecy is their very essential principle. That government therefore which permits those meetings must have a confidence in them, that nothing passes therein offensive to religion, to good manners, or that tends to weaken the pillars of the state. On this ground then, if from no better motives, the fathers of the order expressly banished by their laws all political questions from masonic assemblies. But, not content with this kind of obedience, the order goes farther, and enjoins the most active loyalty on all its members. This is kept alive not only in the sentiments that prevail, but in the signs that are practised among us. Disobedience is represented throughout all the gradations of the institution under such forcible marks of condemnation, and in such lively expressions, that a man who loses sight of its turpitude becomes an apostate in the instant, and is odious in the sight of God and man.

When I consider to what we have devoted ourselves, and how peculiarly strong the bond of social duty presses upon us by our voluntary and generous engagements, I confess that my soul trembles at the idea of verging beyond the bounds of that liberty and indulgence which wisdom has marked out for us.

Are we not Masons? Then let us carefully keep within the circle of temperance and peace!

Little should we deserve the name of the sons of Peace, if we violated our allegiance as subjects: much less should we merit the protection of the Legislature, if we gave the slightest encouragement to machinations against the national tranquillity, or to the poisonous breath of seditious calumny.

Plots and conspiracies are as unfitting and as detestable among men connected and engaged as we are, as they are among those who are devoted to the pure service of the altar itself.

Have we not stood forth as in the presence of the supreme Architect, and have we not taken upon ourselves a willing engagement to labour in his temple, to the advancement of universal happiness? Will not this fall on our heads as an insupportable condemnation, if we fly from our vows, and endeavour to destroy any part of that Temple, by adding to the miseries of our fellow creatures, in giving encouragement to sacrilege and rebellion?

On the contrary, let every one remember carefully his station, and that it is his indispensible duty, as a good man and true, to be active in the maintenance of peace and good order.

And when attempts are made to destroy the national tranquillity, it then behoves us to go still farther, and even to set our faces with a zealous warmth against those who are so nefariously corrupt as to endeavour the destruction of government.

We should, in such a case, be the lively copyists of those loyal and religious rebuilders of the temple, who, when their rebellious and

atheistic enemies plotted against their labour, wrought with the peaceful *trowel*, and had their *swords* ready at hand to defend the glorious cause in which they were engaged.

Let us imitate those virtuous Citizens, those true Masons of old, and let our zealous endeavours be, not to tear down the fabric of a well-ordered society, by destroying its beautiful pillars of King, Lords, and Commons, well expressed by the appropriate terms of *Wisdom*, *Strength*, and *Beauty*, but earnestly, as men of principle, set our faces against the open enemy and the insidious friend, against the shameless defier of decency on the one hand, and the pretended Reformer, who walks in darkness with a smooth voice of innocence, on the other.

Our place is to promote peace and good-will among men. We therefore sincerely lament when dire necessity draws forth the sword of war, and sets nations in battle array fiercely against each other. But then, if foreign war calls for our pitying consideration, what should be our prevailing sentiments and our conduct in the view of civil bloodshed? Shall we be indifferent to the consequences of political changes, and run on to the indulgence of a wild scheme of reform, with a delusive idea in our heads, subversive of the momentous consideration, that the *evil* is certain, and the *advantage* uncertain?

Shall we look on the success that innovation has had within the reach of our own observation, and characterized by more horrors than all the volumes of ancient history can parallel, and by more atrocities than the story of human wickedness has ever exhibited as a lesson of man,—shall we, I say, look on it with a calm indifference, whether it has reached its termination or not?

Shall we, thoughtlessly, regard the spectacle of the father armed against the son, and the son against the father, the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother; all the tender connections of life broken by civil feud; friendship lost under the rage of faction; a country torn to pieces by tyrants calling themselves patriots; men, women, and children mingling in one horrid heap, unbalmed by a tender tear, and unmarked by a funeral rite?

These are revolutionary scenes! this is the dismal picture, filled, like the prophet's roll, throughout with lamentation and mourning and woe!

Let none of us then deceive himself with the dangerous conceit that our state would be ameliorated were the trial of a political change to be made; but, as the watchful sons of peace, regard those scenes with horror, and, viewing them as necessarily connected with the design of a turbulent faction, strengthen the hands of that government under which our fathers flourished, and under which we receive protection, and enjoy rational freedom. To this end, keep from you all suspicious characters, and receive no dubious principles; banish with honest indignation those who would fain poison the purity of your faith. Still let our motto ever be, and let our conduct invariably be in unison with its fundamental principles:

Honor all Men, Love the Brotherhood, Fear God, and Honor the King.

ON THE

PLEASURES OF THE TABLE

AMONG THE GREEKS.

IF we consider the writings of the ancients in so far as they relate to their manners, we shall not find them less worthy our attention than those which treat of their wit and knowledge. The two celebrated "Banquets" of Plato and Xenophon are elegant models of the innocent pleasures of their festal board, and plainly point out what kind of entertainment was there to be found. It was by conversations like those, equally learned and moral, that the pleasures of the table were rendered useful, and that great licentiousness and forgetfulness of decorum, which too often grew upon a long sitting, were happily corrected. A review of those, and of our modern conversations, speaks much in behalf of the manners of antiquity, and argues but little in our favour. Instead of that sensible elegance, so pleasing to every truly generous mind, we enjoy nothing but inebriating drenches of wine, followed by that destructive corroder of human happiness, play, that harpy which corrupts the whole mass, if it touch but a particle of the blood. It seems beyond a doubt, that by the help of such conversation, as is in reality the life and soul of a rational creature, the pleasures of the Greek board far surpassed our's, which is but too often, and almost always, gross and inelegant. In Athens eight or ten people of fashion were assembled round the table of a common friend for some hours; their business was not drinking, but amusement: and of what nature was their amusement? It consisted not of the briskly-circulated glass, the high-seasoned toast, or obscene sentiment; but of discourses the freest, the most unconstrained, social, and polished; the most learned, and most solid. They were such as became Philosophers and men; such as, to their shame be it spoken, are little cultivated amongst the professors of the purest, the inspired doctrine, Christianity.

If a licentious sentiment dropped from any mouth, any thing that infringed upon the decent liberty of the table, the offence was not passed without a tacit and proper reprimand, by turning the conversation upon some point of morality which hinted at, or displayed it in proper colours. This position is proved by the behaviour of Socrates, who at the banquet of Xenophon, perceiving his friends inclined to make rather too free with the bottle, delivered himself thus elegantly upon the excellency of drinking with moderation.

"Liquor," said this great light of antiquity, "has the same effect upon us as rain has upon plants, beneath which, when excessive, they sink oppressed, nor can they rise to the fostering breeze: but if lightly sprinkled they acquire new strength; they thrive apace; the flower blooms upon the strong stalk, and at length matures into fruit. Thus

it is with us. If we drink excessively, we not only find our bodies heavy and languid, but we can scracely breathe, much less express ourselves intelligibly; whereas, let us drink our wine, to use a saying of Gorgias, as plants imbibe the dews; let us take it often, but always in small quantities, instead of oppressing with violence, it will warm with persuasion, and give spirit to keep alive the *utile et dulce* of conversation."

In this sense did Horace mean to speak of Cato, in saying that he strengthened his virtue with a measure of wine. *Narratur et Prisci Catonis sæpe mero caluisse virtus.*

It will undoubtedly be objected by those who have attentively perused the "Banquet" of Plato, that the conversation is often very licentious; that from love, which is the subject, are deduced many maxims far from being consistent with the gravity of the wise men who assisted at this celebrated repast. The answer is obvious to a few moments reflection; here we find the immortal Socrates, as the wisest of the assembly, when the conversation falls to his turn, nobly reproving and correcting the licentiousness of his companions; and insensibly altering their love of creatures into that of the Sovereign Creator, Company such as this, after long sitting, rose from table greater friends, if possible, than when they met, not only more instructed, but more virtuous. It may indeed be said, that in these "Banquets" Plato and Xenophon have only presented us with the fruits of their refined imagination: but it is not doing more than justice to these celebrated ornaments of human nature, and not at all less probable, to suppose, that they served up to us the banquet of their own times as it was, and of which the witnesses were many; and the more so as we find them generally attentive to a real exhibition of the manners of the age on which they reflected such lustre.

Z.

ON THE

OVERFONDNESS OF PARENTS.

------ *In vitium libertas excidit et vim*
Dignam lege regi. HOR.

I AM engaged in a visit at a friend's house in the country, where I promised myself much satisfaction. I have, however, been greatly disappointed in my expectations; for on my arrival here I found a house full of children, who are humoured beyond measure, and indeed absolutely spoiled, by the ridiculous indulgence of a fond father and mother. This unlucky circumstance has subjected me to many inconveniencies, and, as I am a man of a grave reserved disposition, has been a perpetual source of embarrassment and perplexity. The

second day of my visit, in the midst of dinner, the eldest boy, who is eight years old, whipped off my wig with great dexterity, and received the applause of the table for his humour and spirit. This lad, when he reaches his fourteenth year, and is big enough to lie without the maid, is to be sent to a school in the neighbourhood, which has no other merit than that of being but seven miles off. Six of the children are permitted to sit at table, who entirely monopolize the wings of fowls, and the most delicate morsels of every dish; because the mother has discovered that her children have not *strong* stomachs. It was the beginning of the partridge season when I first came; and tho' there were several persons at table, and only two small birds for supper, my friend observed to his wife, that he believed his son Jacky loved partridges (though he was but three years old, and had never seen one), and ordered the best part of one to be put by for his dinner the next day. In the evening, when any of them are put to bed, no one is suffered to speak above a whisper, for fear they should be disturbed; nor to walk across the room, except with a gentle tread, lest any of them should awaken: and often when I have been telling my friend a very interesting story, he has broke through the thread of it by addressing his wife with a "My dear, listen; don't I hear one of the children cry: do go, and see;" and it is some time before we are recomposed. In the morning, before my friend is up, I generally take a turn upon the gravel walk, where I could wish to enjoy my thoughts without interruption; but I am here instantly attended by my little tormentors, who follow me backwards and forwards, playing at what they call *running after the Gentleman*. My whip, which was a present from an old friend, has been lashed to pieces by one of the boys who is fond of horses, and the handle is turned into a hobby horse. The main-spring of my repeating watch has been broke in the nursery, which, at the mother's request, I had lent to the youngest boy, who was just breeched, and who cried to wear it. The father and mother's attention to the children entirely destroy all conversation: and once, as an amusement for the evening, we attempted to begin reading Tom Jones, but were interrupted in the second page by little Sammy, who is suffered to whip his top in the parlour. I am known to be troubled with head-achs; notwithstanding which, another of the boys, without notice given, or any regard paid to the company, is permitted to break out into the brayings of an ass, for which the strength of his lungs is commended; and to bid me kiss his -----, because it is smart and clever: and a little miss, at breakfast, is allowed to drink up all the cream, and put her fingers into the sugar-dish, because she was once *sickly*. I am teazed with familiarities which I can only repay with a frown; and pestered with the petulance of ludicrous prattle, in which I am unqualified to join. It is whispered in the family, that I am a mighty good sort of a man, but that I cannot *talk to children*. Nor am I the only person who suffers by this folly: a neighbouring clergyman, of great merit and modesty, much acquainted in the family, has received hints to forbear coming to the house, because little *Sukey* always cries when she sees him, and has told her Mamma she can't bear that *ugly Parson*.

Mrs. Qualm, my friend's wife, the mother of this hopeful offspring, is perpetually breeding; or rather, her whole existence is spent in a series of pregnancies, lyings-in, visitings, and christenings. Every transaction of her life is dated from her several pregnancies. The grandmother, and the man-midwife, a serious sensible man, constantly reside in the house, to be always ready on these solemn occasions. She boasts that no family has sent out more numerous advertisements for nurses with *fine breasts of milk*. As her longings have of late been in the vegetable way, the garden is cultivated for this purpose alone, and totally filled with forward peas and melon glasses, in hopes that she may luckily long for what is at hand. She preserves, to the utmost, the prerogative of frequent pregnancy, and, conscious of the dignity and importance of being often *big*, exerts an absolute authority over her husband. He was once a keen Fox-hunter, but has long ago dropped his hounds; his wife having remonstrated, that his early rising disturbed the family unseasonably, and having dreamed that he broke his leg in leaping a ditch.

I revere both my friend and his wife, and only wish I could recommend them as managers of children. I hope this letter may fall into their hands, to convince them how absurd it is to suppose, that others can be as much interested in *their* children as themselves. I would teach them that what I complain of as a matter of inconvenience may, one day, prove to them a severe trial; and that early licentiousness will at last mock that parental affection from whose mistaken indulgence it arose.

X. Y. Z.

CHARACTER OF SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR.

(Taken partly from Bishop Burnet, and partly from Manuscripts.)

SEYMOUR was the first Speaker of the House of Commons that was *not* bred to the law. He was a man of great birth. He was a graceful man, bold and quick. He was supposed to be an immoral and impious man. He had a pride peculiar to himself, in which he had neither shame nor decency; and in all private and public business was the unjustest man that ever lived. He was violent against the Court till he forced himself into good posts. He was the most assuming Speaker that ever sat in the chair. He knew the House and every man in it so well that by looking about he could tell the fate of any question. So if any thing was put, when the Court-party was not well gathered together, he would have held the House from doing any thing, by a wilful mistaking or mistating the question. By that he gave time to those who were appointed for that mercenary work, to go about and gather in all their party; and he would discern when they had got the majority; and then he would very fairly state the question, when he saw he was sure to carry it.

OBSERVATIONS MADE IN

A VISIT TO

THE TOMBS OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY,

IN DECEMBER 1784.

BY W. HUTTON, F.S.A. SCO. OF BIRMINGHAM.

ON Monday, December 6, 1784, I made a tour through Westminster-Abbey. "*Tour through an Abbey!* Absurd!" Not quite so absurd, for it cost me more than six hours to perform it. Other people can do it in half one.

This building, cursorily surveyed by the stranger, will appear void of form; but, upon a close inspection, will be found a regular cross. The nave and side ailes, from the west door, form the shaft; the area, in which are the monuments of Pitt, Halifax, &c. form the right arm; the Poets corner, the left; and Henry the Third's Chapel, which was taken down and augmented by Henry the Seventh, the head.

The first fruits produced by British soil are preserved in this grand repository. The highest attainments in religion, philosophy, arms, government, and the finest talents, compose the dust of Westminster. Here the minister who planned an expedition, and the soldier who fell in it, sleep together. This distinguished collection of the dead stimulates the living. In this lasting storehouse for merit, we cannot view the monuments of Shakespear, Handell, Pitt, Wolfe, Newton, &c. without being astonished at the geniuses they represent, and at the same time, pleased with the tribute of gratitude paid by their country. When excellence is rewarded it will shine the brighter. But, alas! a tribute to the dead is all that has been paid to some; for I could point out several monuments among them, belonging to those who starved while living.

Though desert is the chief road to this honourable bed, yet some have crept in through private avenues; such as misfortunes, like Thynne, who was shot in Pall-Mall by Count Coningsmark in 1692, on an affair of love or of interest; Sir Cloudesley Shovel, who was lost at sea in 1707; Balchen, who in 1744 suffered the same fate; and the unfortunate Andre, who fell in the American contest. Many, particularly some good ladies, because they were beloved by their friends; others because they had money to procure a place; others through ambition. I was particularly diverted with one belonging to the name of Hargrove, a Nabob, who was said to have acquired a vast fortune in the East by dishonourable means. His ambition and his money conducted him into Westminster-Abbey, and erected a first rate monument over him.

This monument describes the Resurrection. The earth and the skies are tumbling to pieces, while the angel above is sounding the last

trumpet. The defunct is represented as rising from the grave, with astonishment in his face, and opens a curtain to see what is the matter. Some Westminster wag wrote under the figure,

Lie still, if you're wise;
You'll be damn'd if you rise.

A monument belonging to a lady of the name of Nightingale is affecting. She is represented in a drooping posture; her husband supports her with his left hand, while with his right he endeavours to ward off the dart which death is attempting to throw, as he rises out of his cave.

The two Ambassadors whose remains were arrested for debt lie in one of the chapels on the floor in ragged and dirty coffins. They found a place in this temple of fame by cheating the world.

I considered myself as surrounded by the most extraordinary personages that ever existed; the collection of ages. Wherever the eye turned, it fixed upon something great. While I attentively surveyed their features in relief, I contemplated their characters, and reviewed the history of their lives printed in memory. I was sorry, however, that I could enumerate a long catalogue of illustrious names which I could not find there.

Entering the eastern part of the Abbey, a person, who, like Matthew, *sat at the receipt of custom*, demanded sixpence. Three or four strangers entering at that instant, he led us the same round, with the same set of words and tone of voice that serve for every day in the year.

We came out together, but with different sensations; their appetites seemed satisfied; mine, from a taste, was become keener. I repeated the moderate fee, and observed to our conductor, I would take a second view without troubling him, and wished to be left to my own reflections. He willingly consented. I returned to the dead with that relish with which a man, recovering from sickness, returns to the living.

HENRY THE SEVENTH'S CHAPEL.

About twelve marble steps lead us into this Chapel, which is inconceivably noble, consisting of one room, 99 feet long, 66 wide, and 54 high, divided by two rows of pillars into a nave, and two side aisles. The gates leading into this royal dormitory are of brass, and as curious as art can make them. Many other parts, particularly the ceiling, are equally curious.

Of all the lovers of money among the fifty kings, since England rose into monarchy, Henry was the greatest. His delight was to collect it. He pretended to want money for every occasion, except that for which he really wanted it; *to keep it by him.* He coveted what he never wished to use; and at his decease left more than any other monarch.

Yet, with this extreme penurious temper, no man was ever so lavish in sepulchral expences. All the generous part of his life was swal-

lowed up in death. Others wish to shine with their wealth while they live, but he when he died. The superb monument of his son Arthur, in the college of Worcester, is a proof of this remark. The splendid manner in which he interred his wife is another; and this amazing structure, with his tomb, is a third.

This chapel cost 14,000l. equal to the modern sum of 50,000l.—Henry's tomb, the first object which presents itself, cost 1000l.

It is plain, from the peculiar workmanship of the ceiling which is over the royal corpse, and forms a kind of canopy, that he fixed upon the very spot where he now lies.

We learn that Henry took down a public-house, called the *White Rose* tavern, to make room for this noble edifice. This would exactly suit Henry's character. He gladly demolished a *white rose* wherever he found one. Nor should I wonder, if the destruction of the tavern was one reason, among many, which produced this grand work.

As Henry, I believe, lies upon the very spot where the tavern stood, he may be said to have plucked up the white rose, and planted the red.

His pride induced him to retain all the ensigns of honour he could muster, as the red dragon, which intimated his descent from Cadwallader; the portcullis, from the Beauforts; the angel, which shewed him the care of heaven; the flag of triumph; the rose of his house; the initial letter of his name, H; and the crown in the bush, alluding to the crown of Richard the Third, found in a hawthorn, where it had been hid by a private soldier, who took it up, perhaps to secure it for himself: as secret acts cannot easily be performed in a crowd, it was discovered, and delivered to Sir Reginald Bray, who brought it to Crown-hill, two miles from Bosworth-field, where the pursuit ended, and where Henry was crowned.

Grand as this place appears, yet, contrary to usual practice, it was made for its furniture, and not the furniture for the place. No expence, therefore, would be spared upon the tomb of the founder, the furniture for which the building was erected.

Henry cannot be accused of forgetting his latter end. He may, in the strictest sense, be said to have prepared for death, and a future state; but his *future state* was in Westminster-Abbey.

He procured one Peters, an ingenious Florentine, to draw him a design of his monument, which he approved, and engaged the artist, for a certain sum, to execute it in every punctillio after his death.

The tomb is large, and composed of the finest marble. Henry and his Queen lie at full length on the top, in their royal robes, of the same materials. The whole is raised five feet from the floor, and guarded by curious palisades of brass, which prevented me from approaching the dusty pair.

The more a nation prospers under a sovereign, the more that sovereign merits the epithet of a good king. Henry, with all his errors, had many excellencies. He had one of the wisest heads that ever bore a crown. No man knew better than he, how to turn events to his own advantage. He was a man of business. Kings are some-

times tools with which ministers work. But they were his tools with which he worked himself.

When his offspring consisted of one son and two daughters, and the King of Scotland demanded the eldest in marriage, his ministers represented to him, that as the crown was thinly guarded with heirs, England might in time become dependent upon Scotland. He replied, with a smile, and a smile he seldom wasted, "The less can never draw the greater, but the greater may the less." The event verified the prediction. He laid that foundation for a union, which was two hundred years in completing.

Henry was well acquainted with the enormous power of the Lords. They had received it from William the First, as a reward for placing him on the throne. By this power they had often humbled the Crown, had always held the rod over it, and led the people in chains. To reduce this great power without blood was a master-piece of policy.

The wealth of the kingdom was in their hands. They lived and acted like sovereign princes. Each of them was able to retain a little army, dressed in a uniform, completely accoutred, and badged with the ensign of the lord. Vere, Earl of Oxford, had two thousand in his train: even Vesey, Bishop of Exeter, who resided at Sutton, in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, kept a hundred men in scarlet cloaks, and silver badges.

Henry, well acquainted with the human heart, plainly saw a strong bias to luxury. Though the nobility lived in a high stile, they wished to live higher, but the means were shut up; they could not dispose of their land. He passed an act, therefore, which enabled every man to alienate this kind of property. The consequences of the act were not seen, except by the crafty monarch: for being gilded over with the idea of liberty, the favourite word in the English language, it gave general satisfaction.

Henry had happily accomplished half his design. The market was soon crouded with sellers; but, alas, money was not to be found. He, therefore, opened the sluices of commerce, as the only channels through which wealth could flow in. This completed his plan. Industry acquired property, which placed money, land, and power, in the hands of the gentry. The Barons no longer bullied the Crown, the feudal system was overturned, and Henry may be said to have given the political clue to the people.

DUCHESS OF BUCKINGHAM.

In a glass case, near Henry's feet, on the right, stands in wax, the effigy of the Duchess of Buckingham, and that of her eldest son, who died an infant. She is dressed in the suit she wore at the coronation of George the Second, in 1727. She was mother to the Duke, who lies in state in St. Edward's Chapel.

DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

On the left of Henry's tomb, in another glass case, stands the Duchess of Richmond, and her parrot. The parrot and the lady had

lived many years together in great harmony. His death was thought the fore-runner of her own, *after her own had happened*, which was in a few days. I think this is the only bird consigned to fame in Westminster-Abbey, by obtaining a place among kings. She wears the very dress she wore at the coronation of Queen Anne, in 1702. Both these ladies are fine figures. Had they been otherwise, they could not easily have found a place here.

KNIGHTS' STALLS.

The nave and the side aisles, in Henry the Seventh's chapel, are farther divided by the wainscot, which joins the pillars, and forms the stalls belonging to the Knights of the Bath. On this wainscot are carved many ludicrous devices. They are well done, but I could not tell to what they alluded. One is a man stooping down, with his posteriors bare, and a woman flogging him with great spirit with a birch rod.

EDWARD THE FIFTH.

In the north aisle of Henry the Seventh's chapel, we take the melancholy view of a monument raised by Charles the Second, to the memory of two innocent children, Edward the Fifth, and his brother, who fell by the ambition of their uncle. It fills a thinking mind with sorrow, to survey the great number of princes, since the conquest, who have fallen by the hand of violence.----This would induce him to extol a middle station; too high to be despised, and too low to be envied. In this abstract life he may enjoy his amusements, his book, his friend, and his own thoughts.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

In the centre of this aisle rests Queen Elizabeth. All the Tudors lie in this chapel, except Henry the Eighth. Her stately monument, like many others, is too much elevated for the eye. The principal thing we wish to see is the enclosed remains; but as this cannot be attained, the next is its likeness in effigy; but by the extraordinary height of the monument, the enquirer is prevented. She inherited the manly spirit and the mean jealousy of the Tudors.

CHARLES THE SECOND.

At the far end of the south aisle, in a wainscot press, glazed in the front, is a figure of Charles the Second, in wax, and a dismal figure it is. I believe it a likeness. His face is marked with the coarsest lines that ever mark a face. Such a countenance, inspired with life and majesty, one should think, would terrify the beholder; and yet, to inspire terror, was no part of Charles's character. He seems about five feet nine, and is dressed in the very robes he wore at the installation of the Knights of the Garter at Windsor.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

In the centre of this aisle, is the monument of Mary Queen of Scots, which her son, James the First, seems to have erected, as a rival monument to that in the sister aisle of Elizabeth.

This Princess is another instance of miserable greatness. The life of her meanest subject was not so unfortunate as her own. The greatest bane, in the beginning of her days, was her beauty; this led her into many evils. The greatest bane in the latter end of them was her father's cousin, Queen Elizabeth. She began Mary's troubles with jealousy, and finished them with the axe.-----This Princess, like her grandson, Charles the First, was great in death.

A young chorister or two cast at me a few significant glances, who, no doubt, would inform their companions, they had seen a *demoniac, whose abode was among the tombs.*

In a press, without glass, stands the Duke of Albemarle, better known by the name of General Monk, in the short dress of his time. He is not corpulent, but of the athletic make, and about five feet six.

Perhaps the stranger will be struck with awe as he enters a chapel on the north of the Abbey, which leads him into the august presence of four sovereigns dressed in all the magnificence of royalty, whose majestic eyes are directed towards him. He will here be surprised with the grandeur of a court; but it is the court of death. If these splendid figures have lost their authority, they have not lost their dignity.

The furniture of this little chamber, about fourteen feet square, consists of one King, three Queens, and, what is rarely met with in the history of man, a minister *able* and *honest.*

Queen Elizabeth claims our first attention. The figure is straight, genteel, slender, and rather tall.-----The features are not large, carry the appearance of care, and something of the hag. Elizabeth paid so much attention to her beauty while living, that if her shade should hover in the neighbourhood of Westminster, she will accuse, in bitter terms, both the statue and the maker. Her dress is tarnished; but whether sufficient to deem it one hundred and ninety years old, is uncertain. However, it is short enough to shew a pair of handsome legs.

Joining the glass case in which she stands, is another, containing William and Mary, in the robes in which they were crowned; except our guides trick us; for Mary's robes are much brighter than the Duchess of Buckingham's, though thirty-nine years older. Between the royal pair stands the crown upon a cushion, supported by a pedestal.

William seems about five feet six; exactly the height of his next door neighbour, Queen Elizabeth. The figure is straight, slender, and carries no prominence of belly. He is sheltered under an enormous bush, called a wig; the ruling fashion at the close of the last century. The royal vest is scarlet, edged with ermine, which reaches to the bottom of his calf. The stockings are white silk, and the shoes yellow leather, turned up at the toe, which seem shoes for shew, more than for use.

Queen Mary is much the tallest, and must have been one of the finest women of the age. The figure and the aspect are engaging. We cannot behold her without pleasure, which corroborates what is universally allowed, that she was formed to make a husband happy,

and that husband loved her. We have a shining instance before us of conjugal felicity, notwithstanding William's private temper was not the most amiable. What merit, then, is due to this accomplished Queen! She was not so often seen in ermine, engaged in the circle, as with a skein of thread round her neck, engaged with her maids of honour at the needle.

King William, being rather asthmatical, could not bear the thick atmosphere of London, therefore resided at Kensington. A gentleman, who personally knew him, assured me, he never slept more than one night in London, and that was his wedding night.

The three sovereigns I have mentioned fill the south side of the chapel.

In a press, without glass, is safely locked up William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, dressed in the very robes and wig in which he fell in the House of Lords. He stands, the earnest orator, convincing others, being convinced himself. He raised the glory of England beyond any former minister, and in her's raised his own. He loved his country, and was beloved by all but his country's enemies. He planned with strength of thought, he executed with vigour. He gained by wisdom, and twenty millions of money, a great space of country: a succeeding minister, at the expence of a hundred millions, lost a greater. He united jarring interests, and neglected no interest but his own. By the figure, I should suppose him a handsome man, of a slender construction, about five feet seven.

While I contemplated the interesting personages before me, we were attacked by a black December storm; which, uniting with the cobwebs of a dirty window, nearly extinguished the light. I could see my royal companions very little better than they could me. I seemed inclosed in a dismal prison, but did not complain; for it is not quite so common to complain before the face of kings, as behind their backs. I was sorry, however, to hear a deluge of water, from a decayed roof, flow in among a number of amiable sovereigns. Why should even a distant hint be necessary to preserve so venerable an edifice, and its invaluable contents?

On the right hand of Pitt is Queen Anne, sitting in a glass case. She is as beautiful as corpulence will allow; for no figure, very fat, can be very handsome; and has as much good nature as a capacious face will retain. She, like her sister, understood the arts of conjugal happiness better than those of government. The same gentleman who, in 1741, gave me the anecdote of King William, farther told me, that the night succeeding her coronation, or rather the morning, the Queen turned to the Prince her husband, with a smile, "George, will you go to rest?" The Prince, joyous with his company, on that most joyous occasion, replied, in the same strain, "No, Madam; how dare I go to bed to my sovereign? I am now only your subject, and, like other subjects, am under the command of my prince." "Why then, George, I command you to come to bed."

Her reign was torn with parties; nor is it surprising, she should favour a brother in preference to a stranger.

During my stay in the Abbey, I made many visits to this chapel, considered the princes before whom I stood, as being returned back to life; surveyed them in every direction, and was pleased with all.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE STAGE.

BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

(CONTINUED FROM VOL. V. P. 392.)

AMONG the various vot'ries of the stage,
Who shine in comic ease or tragic rage,
Few, though of nobler requisites possest,
Can boast, like BENSLEY, influence o'er the breast.
By nature fashion'd in an hour of spleen,
Blest with few outward pow'rs to grace the scene;
No marking eyes to image forth the soul,
When struggling tides of various passions roll;
No voice to dignify the poet's sense,
Or melting strains of pathos to dispense:
Yet, maugre these defects, we always find
A true conception of his author's mind;
A manly fervour, and a judgment clear,
That force from coldest critics praise sincere.
In tragedy, his proper sphere is Age,
The patriot-warrior and the solemn sage.
In comic scenes his efforts best appear
When snarling truths sententious and severe:
Hence we behold his talents ably fit
VANBURGH'S shrewd sense, and CONGREVE'S manly wit.

Where travell'd fops, too nice for nature grown,
Are sway'd by affectation's whims alone;
Where the sly knave, usurping honour's guise,
By secret villainy attempts to rise;
Or where the footman, negligently gay,
His master's modish airs would fain display;
But chiefly where the rake, in higher life,
Cajoles the husband to seduce the wife,
And, fraught with art, but plausible to sight,
The libertine and hypocrite unite:
PALMER from life the faithful portrait draws,
And calls unrival'd for our warm applause.

In WROUGHTON'S acting, though we rarely find
The vig'rous traces that denote a mind

Form'd for the high achievements of the stage,
His efforts always our respect engage.
In scenes of injur'd virtue, that require
A bold exertion of ingenuous fire,
With honest energy the part he feels,
And with true pathos to the breast appeals.
When *Buckingham*, betray'd by *Wolsey*'s pow'r
To shameful death in manhood's blooming hour,
Without one friend to stem the adverse tide,
Falls a sad sacrifice to priestly pride,
There WROUGHTON's skill excites th' applauding sigh,
And pity's gems illumine ev'ry eye,
Still in his proper sphere would he remain,
A warm protection he must justly gain;
But if ambition spread her fatal fire,
And bid his mind at daring heights aspire,
The giddy summit will his pow'rs confound,
And critic fury drag him to the ground.
Lest in forbidden paths he still should roam,
The friendly muse thus kindly calls him home.
The weight of *Lear* unable to sustain,
Beneath the weighty load he sunk with pain;
And wak'd in *Jaffier* a regret more keen,
That BARRY's pow'rs no more shall grace the scene.

When nature fashion'd DODD, severely kind,
She those peculiar requisites combin'd
Which ne'er can image manhood's vig'rous bloom,
But shine in insects of the drawing-room.
None on the stage, so well as he, can show
The various traces of that thing, *the beau*,
Whether in *Meggot*'s *gusto* it appear,
In *Tattle*'s levity or *Back-bite*'s sneer,
In all, he acts upon so nice a plan,
He seems in life to be the very man,
But that, in life he acts without offence,
And boasts with plain good humour, plain good sense.
No scanty praise should be to DODD assign'd,
Were he to foppish parts alone confin'd;
And yet his pow'rs, not limited to these,
In quaint simplicity can justly please:
No equal *Master Stephen* has been found
Since SHUTER spread resistless mirth around;
And *Ague-Cheek*, drawn with unborrow'd art,
Presents the matchless bard's embody'd part.
But his chief excellence in fops is seen,
There, happy union! figure, voice, and mien,
This honest verdict must for DODD engage---
That he's the greatest coxcomb on the stage.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RULES FOR
THE GERMAN FLUTE.

BY A GENTLEMAN.

Nec te pœniteat calamo trivisse labellum. VIRG. ECL. II. 34.

NO writer whatever is, perhaps, so utterly contemptible as to be placed out of the reach of censure; and therefore I cannot help expressing my wishes, that the following rules may be well received. My intention is certainly good; and that is generally thought sufficient, at least by all candid persons, to overbalance a multitude of faults.

I am willing to suggest, in this public manner, the result of some observation and practice; but have no right to dictate; and should be sorry to lead any one into a mistake, even on a subject of the lowest importance.

The German Flute seems of late to have become a general favourite from the circumstance of its being so easily conveyed from one place to another; and yet it has happened, that while many play upon it, and all admire it, there are but few, in comparison, who consult the true genius of the instrument; not excepting some of the masters themselves, if we may form a judgment of their taste from their works. By taste, in this instance, I mean nothing more than a due attention to the peculiar excellence of that particular instrument, for which they profess to compose: and I think I may be allowed to say, that from a neglect of this, very little credit arises to the master, and still less instruction to the pupil, from the generality of German Flute solo's.

I do not pretend to place the German Flute very high, in point of rank. It may justly be considered as a trifling instrument, when compared with the fiddle or the organ. But if trifles amuse us, we should endeavour to make the best of them; and it is with this view that I have thrown together the following rules: not setting up for a master, but contributing all I can to the credit of an instrument to which I have been obliged for many an agreeable hour.

Never blow too loud; if you do, you will not hear the true tone of the instrument; but instead of that, a shrill, grating noise, like the sound of a harpsichord when the quills are too strong; besides, whenever you chance to be accompanied by a better player than yourself, you will easily discover, that, in consequence of blowing too loud, you blow out of tune. I would recommend it to all learners on the German Flute, to play sometimes in *unison* with a more skilful performer; for by this means any variation from the true pitch will be sooner observed by beginners, than in playing a separate part. It is likewise of use to sound octaves; which may be made to follow each other so quick, as to direct the ear. As I apprehend it to be rather difficult to pass immediately, with correctness, from any note to the octave, I venture to recommend this rule, even to those performers on

the German Flute, who are never guilty, perhaps, of playing out of tune, in the common gradation from one note to another: and they must not take it amiss, as if I meant to reflect on the goodness of their ear; which, to say the truth, has but little to do in this case; for though the ear must determine whether the octave be in tune or not, still a proper exertion of the breath, *even in all parts of the gamut*, depends upon habit and practice: and no one can deserve the name of a player, who is not sure of the pitch of his note, before he makes the experiment.

Endeavour to express the notes distinctly, and yet in such a manner, as not to make a noise with the tongue. I have often wondered why masters insist so much on the use of the tongue; for I know by experience, that the breath alone will, in most instances, throw out the notes with more softness a great deal, and as distinctly to the full. This method may, perhaps, be attended with some defects which I am not aware of; and therefore I would not be thought to insist upon it, as a point beyond debate. I have known it tried with success, in a general way, and have always considered it as one means of guarding the face of the player from unseemly distortions; which are often introduced, I believe, by using the tongue; and ought certainly to be avoided as much as possible.

It is the observation of Mr. *Geminiani*, that strength, and delicacy, and expression, are much surer marks of taste in playing, than a thousand favourite passages and graces. This observation must undoubtedly hold good in every instrument that admits of expression, and in no one more than the German Flute; which should always be considered as a counterfeit voice, and be treated as such; for which reason Italian songs, Venetian ballads, Scotch tunes, and compositions of the *cantabile* kind, are best suited to this instrument; and they who aim higher, and cannot be content with lessons of this low class, must have recourse for better musick, and more variety, to the fiddle or the harpsichord. Great execution, indeed, on any instrument, is by no means a merit of the first rank, nor absolutely requisite towards forming the character of a good player; any more than it is necessary to vie with a harlequin, in order to dance gracefully. Yet execution has its beauties, where the instrument will admit of it. The German Flute will not; and therefore it is a point to be given up, by those who mean to consult its real excellence.

J. S.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE MR. WHISTON.

THE late King, it is well known, was fond of old Whiston: he was walking with him one day in Hampton Court gardens during the heat of his persecutions. "Mr. Whiston," said he, "you may perhaps be right in your opinions, but it would be better if you kept them to yourself."---"Is your Majesty really serious in your advice?" asked the old man. "I am," replied the King:---"Then," said Whiston, "I am sorry for it:---had Martin Luther been of your way of thinking, where would your Majesty have been at this time?"

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

ON THE MUTABILITY OF THE TIMES.

I REMEMBER it was said by some foreigner (I forget who) that London is an epitome of the world. The observation is certainly true. This capital, as if the centre of the world, draws all other nations to itself, as by a kind of magnetic power. Here the swarthy Asiatic, the sober Turk, the stately Spaniard, the robust German, the vengeful Italian, and the fidgeting Frenchman, all these, and more than these, find here a warm reception. These emigrants, from the warm principle of self-love, are generally induced to settle on this hospitable shore; and in due course of time, after a series of intimate connections with the English, unite interests, and become complete and naturalized Englishmen. It is no wonder then, if by intermarrying and by blending together the other duties and interests of society, their tempers and inclinations should be frequently blended also. Such motley connections will necessarily produce motley characters; and hence it is that London cannot be equalled for an unbounded variety of original characters.

To be convinced of this, let a man of a speculative humour but mark with attention the various faces of the croud that bustles along thro' our streets. Such study, to a judicious physiognomist, will be productive of the most entertaining reflections; and I will engage, that between Charing-cross and the Royal Exchange he will meet with the different nations of Europe in miniature. This is what makes an Englishman's face *multum in parvo*: for it is the fertile spot where you may behold all the varieties of sentiment and climate. When I meet a groupe of countenances, I frequently entertain myself by singling out each of them, and tracing its original, feature by feature, till I find it centre in a French cook, or a German fidler.

Need we then be surprised at the material alterations in the tempers as well as in the faces of the English? Need we be surprised, that our men are degenerating into all the little effeminacies which are the harbingers of national decline; or that our women are vying to outrun each other in the race of riot, dissipation, and wantonness? Let us cease to be astonished that luxury has infested all ranks of society, that we have turned night into day, and that we are going to ruin as fast as we can: let us cease to be astonished, I say, for it is not now as it was in good Queen Bess's days---

Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise at five o'clock;
Instruct his family in every rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school:
To worship like his fathers was his care,
And teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
To prove, that luxury would never hold,
And place on good security his gold, &c. &c.

I was led into the foregoing reflections by reading a curious little historical anecdote of Elizabeth's reign. It seems that great Princess, in a season of profound peace, was alarmed by some reports of an intended invasion by her enemies upon her kingdom; and that for this purpose many thousand foreigners were interspersed through the City of London to serve as spies, or for other wicked designs. On this information, Elizabeth, with her usual prudence, issued out orders to the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, &c. to make the strictest scrutiny through their several wards, and draw out an exact list of the names of all the foreigners residing therein, classed under their respective nations or provinces; by which the exact number of all foreigners residing in London could be ascertained. The Citizens carefully obeyed, and in a short time returned the list, from which I have selected the following articles:

No. of Scots residing in London -	40
French - - -	428
Spaniards and Portuguese -	45
Italians - - -	140
Dutch - - -	2030
Danes - - -	2

This list must appear so very extraordinary in our times, that I will not deprive your readers of the pleasure of making their own reflections upon it. The thing, indeed, is strange, passing strange; but the first article is so incredible, that, lost in astonishment, I throw down my pen.

A SPECULIST.

ANECDOTES.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF TEMERITY IN AN ENGLISH SOLDIER.

GEORGE Haslewood, an English soldier, having been taken, in company with twenty-three Spaniards, by Prince Maurice, it was determined that eight of them should be hanged, in requital for a like sentence that had been made by Albert, the Archduke, upon some Hollanders, and that it should be decided by lot on whom the punishment should fall. The Englishman happily drew his deliverance; but one Spaniard expressed great reluctance and terror of mind, when he put his hand into the helmet to try his fate, not so much in fear of death, as an antipathy to such an unnatural decision, in which he might make his own hand destroy himself, and be executed for the guilt of others, or acquitted for no innocence of his own. The Englishman consented to take what money he had, and stand the chance for him. The Judges consented also to this request, as that of a fool or a madman, who deserved not the life he had so providentially obtained. Yet, such his fortune was, that he drew himself safe. When he was asked, why he would put his life in such danger again for the safety of another, and, after such a signal escape, so presumptuously hazard it a second time? Because, said he, I thought I had

a bargain of it; for, considering that I daily expose myself for the value of six-pence, I thought I might with much more reason venture it for twelve crowns.

OF THE LATE LORD CHESTERFIELD.

IN a party who piqued themselves upon being men of wit and genius, one of them, who, however, was nothing more than a pretender, after many ineffectual attempts, at length set the table in a roar, by a most *execrable* pun; he joined in the laugh, and fancied he had *now* been very successful, when a gentleman, turning to Lord Chesterfield, asked his Lordship, what was his opinion of *punning* in general? To which his Lordship replied, "I conceive *punning* has a doublefold advantage in company; for a very good pun makes one laugh, and a very bad one makes one laugh still more, *as was the case just now;* but," said he, "an indifferent pun is the most indifferent of all indifferent things; having neither salt enough to make one smile, or stupidity enough to excite the risible muscles at the author; and may therefore be stiled the dregs of wit, the sediment of humour, and the *caput mortuum* of common sense."

OF MR. WHISTON.

WHEN I was once talking (says Whiston) with the Lord Chief Justice King, one brought up among the Dissenters at Exeter, under a most religious, Christian, and learned education, we fell into a debate about signing articles which we did not believe, for preferment; which he openly justified, and pleaded for it, that *we must not lose our usefulness for scruples.* I replied, that I was sorry to hear his Lordship say so; and desired to know whether in their courts they allowed of such prevarication or not? He answered, They did not allow it. Which produced this rejoinder from me, "Suppose God Almighty should be as just in the next world, as my Lord Chief Justice is in this, where are we then?" To which he made no answer. And to which the late Queen Caroline added, when I told her the story, "Mr. Whiston, *No answer was to be made to it.*"

THE late Mr. Wilbraham used frequently to say, he wished to continue at the bar only till he acquired one hundred thousand pounds, and then he would retire into the country: he obtained the sum he wished for, and afterwards built Road Hall, a very magnificent seat in Cheshire, where he retired. One day, as the great lawyer, but unlearned sportsman, was with a party of friends a coursing, he discovered a hare sitting at a small distance: the unskilful hunter, being better accustomed to the rules of Westminster-hall than the diversions of the field, immediately uncoupled the dogs to start them at the heels of Mrs. Puss. A farmer passing by, observing the unfairness of the hunter, exclaimed aloud, "Master, master, give law, give law!" "No, no, my friend," replied the lawyer, "if I had *given* law, I had never built Road Hall."

OF THE LATE DR. FLAMSTEAD.

HE was many years Astronomer-Royal at Greenwich Observatory; a humourist, and of warm passions. Persons of his profession are often supposed, by the common people, to be capable of foretelling events. In this persuasion a poor washer-woman at Greenwich, who had been robbed at night of a large parcel of linen, to her almost ruin, if forced to pay for it, came to him, and with great anxiety earnestly requested him to use his art, to let her know where her things were, and who robbed her. The Doctor happened to be in the humour to joke; he bid her stay, he would see what he could do; perhaps he might let her know where she might find them, but who the persons were he would not undertake: as she could have no positive proof to convict them, it would be useless. He then set about drawing circles, squares, &c. to amuse her; and, after some time, told her, if she would go into a particular field, that in such a part of it, in a dry ditch, she would find them all bundled up in a sheet. The woman went and found them, came with great haste and joy to thank the Doctor, and offered him half a crown as a token of gratitude, being as much as she could afford. The Doctor, surprised himself, told her, Good woman, I am heartily glad you have found your linen; but I assure you I knew nothing of it, and intended only to joke with you, and then to have read you a lecture on the folly of applying to any person to know events not in the human power to tell; but I see the devil has a mind I should deal with him; I am determined I will not; so never come, or send any one, to me any more, on such occasions; for I will never attempt such an affair again whilst I live. This story Dr. Flamstead told to the late reverend and learned Mr. Whiston.

"The subjects' love a King's surest guard. RALEIGH'S MAXIMS.

IN the reign of the Emperor Maximilian, there was a congress of the German Princes held at Wonnatia: among other discourse, each Prince extolled the superior excellencies of his respective country; the Elector of Saxony preferred his metals and rich mines; the Bavarian boasted of brave cities, strong towns, and armies; the Palatine expatiated on his delicious wines, and the fertility of his lands; "And I," said the Duke of Wittenburgh, (modestly) "can lay my head and sleep securely in the lap of any of my subjects." *Huic facile concedite palmam,* (said the Emperor;) "Give him the palm."

ONE of the greatest qualities of which the late King William was master was, his desire to act by himself, and his scorn of blindly following the dictates of his Ministers: there is one instance in particular handed down of his great impartiality: that when he was pressed by men in authority to remove that honest and great commander, Sir George Rooke, from his employment, because he had given a vote in Parliament contrary to the disposition of the Ministry; the King answered, "that it was not the station of an Admiral to obey his orders in the House of Commons."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

IF you think the following Anecdote of the late Lord Lyttelton worth inserting in your Magazine, it is at your service.

A worthy Physician of my acquaintance was sent for by his Lordship, in his last illness, for whom he had a particular regard, and to whom he said, "Doctor, you shall be my confessor. When I first set out in the world, I had friends who endeavoured with all their might to shake my belief in the Christian religion. I saw difficulties which staggered me; but I kept my mind open to conviction. The evidences and doctrines of Christianity, studied with attention, made me a most firm and persuaded believer of the Christian religion. I have made it the rule of my life, and it is the ground of my future hopes.—Since my first marriage I never had any unchaste commerce with any woman. I have erred and sinned, but have repented, and never indulged any vicious habit.—In politics and public life I have made public good the rule of my conduct. I never gave counsel which I did not at that time think the best. I have seen that I was sometimes in the wrong, but I did not err designedly. In public affairs, great good can often only be done by risking some evil; and morality is in that sphere of action necessarily on a larger ground than in more private affairs.—I have endeavoured in private life to do all the good in my power; and never for a moment could indulge malicious or unjust designs against any person whatsoever."

At another time he said, "I must leave my soul in the same state it was in before this illness: I find this a very inconvenient time for solicitude about any thing.

AN EASTERN APOLOGUE.

THE Calif Hegiage, who by his cruelties had rendered himself the terror and dread of his subjects, happening to traverse his vast dominions without any badge of distinction, met with an Arabian of the desert, and thus addressed himself to him:

"Friend, (said he) I should be glad you would let me know what kind of a man this Hegiage is, of whom they talk so much?"—"Hegiage (replies the Arabian) is no man; he is a tyger, a monster."—"Of what do they accuse him?"—"Oh! a multitude of crimes; already has he wallowed in the blood of more than a million of his subjects."—"Have you never seen him?"—"No"—"Well, look at him now: 'tis to *him* thou speakest."

The Arabian, without betraying the least surprise, rivets his eyes upon him, and proudly demands, "And you, Sir, know you who I am?"—"No."—"I belong to the family of Zobain, each of whose descendants is infected with madness one day in every year, and mine is to-day."

Hegiage smiled, and in consideration of the ingenuity of his excuse forgave him,

ACCOUNT OF, AND EXTRACTS FROM,

THE NEWLY DISCOVERED

SHAKSPEARE MANUSCRIPTS.

THE volume promised by Mr. IRELAND to the world, and which has excited no small degree of curiosity, has at length appeared. Criticism has here a noble feast, upon which it may gorge itself.

While the volume, which now appears, has been preparing for the press, many attempts have been made, with equal illiberality and malignity, to excite doubts in the public mind with respect to the authenticity of these MSS.

In his preface Mr. IRELAND says, " that from the first moment of the discovery of the MSS. to the present hour, he has incessantly laboured, by every means in his power, to inform himself with respect to the validity of these interesting papers.

" Throughout this period," proceeds he, " there has not been an ingenuous character, or disinterested individual, in the circle of literature, to whose critical eye he has not been earnest that the whole should be subjected. He has courted, he has even challenged, the critical judgment of those who are best skilled in the poetry and phraseology of the times in which SHAKSPEARE lived; as well as those whose profession or course of study has made them conversant with ancient deeds, writings, seals, and autographs.---Wide and extensive as this range may appear, and it includes the scholar, the man of taste, the antiquarian, and the herald, his inquiries have not rested in the closet of the speculatist; he has been equally anxious that the whole should be submitted to the practical experience of the mechanic, and be pronounced upon by the paper-maker, &c. as well as the author. He has ever been desirous of placing them in any view, and under any light, that could be thrown upon them: and he has, in consequence, the satisfaction of announcing to the public, that, as far as he has been able to collect the sentiments of the several classes of persons above referred to, they have unanimously testified in favour of their authenticity, and declared that, where there was such a mass of evidence, internal and external, it was impossible, amidst such various sources of detection, for the art of imitation to have hazarded so much, without betraying itself; and, consequently, that *these papers can be no other than the production of* SHAKSPEARE *himself.*"

The contents of the volume are,

Fac Similies of Shakspeare's Autographs.
Queen Elizabeth's Letter.
Extracts from Miscellaneous Papers.
Note of Hand.
Letter to Anna Hatherrewaye.
Verses to the same.

Letter to the Earl of Southampton.
The Earl's Answer.
Profession of Faith.
Letter to Cowley.
Portrait inclosed in the same.
Reverse of ditto.
Deed of Gift to Ireland.
Tributary Lines to Ireland.
View of Ireland's House and Coat of Arms.
Bassanio and Shylock.
Agreement with Lowine.
Agreement with Condell.
Lease to M. Fraser and his Wife.
Deed of Trust to John Hemynge.
King Lear.
Hamlet (a Fragment, of a few pages).

The following are Extracts from this curious and interesting Publication:

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S LETTER.

"WEE didde receive youre prettye verses
Good Masterre William through the hands
Off our Lorde Chamberlayne ande we doe
Complemente thee onne theyre greate excellence
Wee shall departe from Londonne toe
Hamptowne forre the Holydayes where wee
Shalle expecte thee with thye beste Actorres
thatte thou mayste playe before ourselfe toe
amusse usse bee not slowe butte comme toe
usse bye Tuesday nexte asse the lorde
Leicesterre wille bee withe usse.

"ELIZABETH R.'

Addressed
For Master William Shakespere
atte the Globe bye Thames
Thys Lettere I dydee receyve fromme
my most gracyouse Ladye Elyzabethe
ande I doe requeste ite maye bee
kepte withe alle care possyble

WM. SHAKSPEARE.

NOTE.---Upon the above Extract it has been remarked, "that Leicester died in 1588; and, from circumstances, we suppose the date of the Queen's Letter to be about 1585, when the Poet, who was born in 1564, was 21 years of age only, and his children were christening at Stratford;---that there is no uniformity of orthography; that the words are clogged with unnecessary letters in many instances, and lapse into a purer system in a few; and that the Poet making a note upon a letter, plainly signed by the Queen herself, spells her name *differently* and *wrongly*.

LETTER TO ANNA HATHERREWAYE,
(Afterwards Shakspeare's wife) with a lock of his hair plaited:

"DEARESSTE ANNA,

"As thou haste alwaye found mee toe mye worde most trewe soe thou shalt see I have strictlye kepte mye promyse I praye you per-

fume thys my poore Locke with thy balmye Kysses forre thenne indeede shalle Kynges themselves bowe and paye homage toe it I do assure thee no rude hande hathe knottedde itte thye Willys alone hathe done the worke Neytherre the gyldedde bauble thatte envyronnes the heede of Majestye noe norre honourres most weyghtye wulde give mee halfe the joye as didde thysse mye lyttle worke forre thee. The feelinge thatte dydde neareste approache untoe itte was thatte whiche commethe nygheste untoe God meeke and Gentle Charytye forre thatte Virrtue O Anna doe I love doe I cherishe thee inne mye hearte forre thou arte ass a talle Cedarre stretchynge forthe its branches and succourynge the smallere Plants from nyppynge Winneterre orr the boysterouse Wyndes Farewelle toe Morrowe bye tymes I will see thee tille thenne

Adewe sweete Love
Anna Hatherrewaye.

Thyne everre
WM. SHAKSPEARE.

VERSES TO ANNA HATHERREWAYE.

I

Is there inne heavenne aught more rare
Thanne thou sweete Nymphe of Avon fayre
Is there onne Earthe a Manne more trewe
Thanne Willy Shakspeare is toe you

II

Though fyckle fortune prove unkynde
Stille dothe she leave herre wealthe behynde
She neere the hearte canne forme anew
Norre make thye Willys love unnetrue

III

Though Age with witherd hand doe stryke
The forme moste fayre the face moste bryghte
Stille dothe she leave unnetouchedde ande trewe
Thy Willys love ande freynshyppe too

IV

Though deathe with neverre faylynge blowe
Dothe Manne ande Babe alike brynge lowe
Yette dothe he take naughte butte hys due
And strikes notte Willys hearte stille trewe

V

Synce thenne norre forretune deathe norre age
Canne faythfulle Willys love asswage
Thenne doe I live ande dye forre you
Thy Willye syncere ande moste trewe

The following are some of the smaller papers, of which fac similia have been published by Mr. Ireland:

"Inne the Yeare o Christ [Here the writing is torn off.]

"Forre oure Trouble inne goynge toe Playe before the Lorde Leycesterre ats house and our greate Expenneces thereupponne 19 poundes

"Receyvedde ofs Grace the Summe o 50 Poundes.

"WM SHAKESPEARE"

NOTE OF HAND.

"One Moneth from the date hereof I doe promyse to paye to my good and worthye Freynde John Hemynge the sum of five Pounds and five shillings English Monye as a recompense for hys greate trouble in fettling and doinge much for me at the Globe Theatre as also for hys trouble in going down for me to Stratford.

"Witness my Hand

"September the Nynth 1589 WM SHAKESPERE."

[Here the name is spelled without the second A.]

LETTER TO RICHARD COWLEY.

"Worthye Freynde

"Havynge alwaye accountedde thee a pleasante and wittye Personne and onne whose Company I doe much esteeme I have sente thee inclosedde a whymsicalle conceyte which I doe suppose thou wilt easylye discoverre butte shoudst thou notte why thennee I shall sette thee onne my table of *loggere heades*.

"Youre trewe Freynde

"WM SHAKESPEARE."

The following advertisement is affixed to the MSS. of LEAR.

"Tragedye of Kynge Leare

"Isse fromme Masterre Hollinneshedde I have inne somme lyttle departtedde fromme hymme butte thatte Libbertye will notte I truste be blammedde bye mye gentle Readerres

"WM SHAKESPEARE."

Several deeds have been recently discovered by ALBANY WALLIS, Esq. amongst the papers of the Featherstonhaugh family, that concern SHAKSPEARE and IRELAND; one of which is signed by WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, and witnessed by several other persons, whose signatures exactly correspond with the autograph in Mr. IRELAND'S possession, and add incontrovertible proofs (if they stood in need of them) to the genuineness of those invaluable treasures.

BRIEF MEMOIRS OF

MR. SPILLARD, THE PEDESTRIAN.

LATELY arrived in Town from Halifax in Nova Scotia, Mr. Spillard, the celebrated pedestrian traveller so frequently mentioned in the European and American publications. This singular character has been out near twelve years, and has travelled on foot, during that time, the distance of 69,000 miles and upwards, through all Europe, a great part of Asiatic Turkey, through Barbary, up to Mequinez and Fez, in Morocco, and through the Arabs' country.

Being desirous to add America to the other three quarters of the world, he took passage from Gibraltar, about six years ago, for Bos-

ton, and has travelled, during that time, through all the United States, through East Florida, and from the river St. Mary's, through the Wilderness to the Lower and Upper Creek nation, where he was kindly received by his friend Col. Magillevray. Being protected by him, he remained there for a considerable time, and was furnished by that gentleman with notes of that nation, of Indian manners and customs. From the Creeks he visited the Chickasaw, Cherokee, and Chocklaw nations of Indians, and was always present at their councils and talks.

From the Creek nation he proceeded to Pensacola, in East Florida, where he procured letters of recommendation from Governor O'Neal in the Spanish service, and also from Mr. William Panton, merchant of that place, to the Baron de Carondelet, at New Orleans, the present Governor of Louisiana, who, contrary to Mr. Spillard's expectation, as well as those of his friends, very politely received him, and not only gave him a general passport, but likewise letters of recommendation to the Governor of the Natchez, and to all the commandants of districts and out-posts in this extensive province.

Mr. Spillard's intention being to go up the Messura river to its source, he set out from New Orleans, accompanied by some gentlemen who would insist upon seeing him as far as the post of the Walnut Hills. There he crossed the Mississippi river, with six men in his company, and went up it till he came to the confluence of the Messura with the Mississipi. Having gone up the Messura a distance of more than 3000 miles, he fell in with six white hunters, from the Oucheta river, who advised him not to attempt going up any farther, as they themselves were out three years hunting, and lost all their peltry and horses, and narrowly escaped with their lives from the Ouza Indians, who never give any quarter to either red or white men; and that the party who went up that river to explore it, under Governor Mure's directions, were all killed.

Thus deterred, he came down to Natchez, and soon after came down the Mississippi, till he came to the confluence of the Red River, the source of which he was determined to find out at all events. He accordingly went up as far as Aenoilise, where he parted with his canoe, and struck off to Oppalusa, which, as well as Atakapau and New Iberia, he carefully examined. Here he struck across the mountains to Nachitoches, which is the last Spanish port upon the Red River. Previous to leaving New Orleans, the Governor gave him letters to the Governor of the province of Thikoss, in New Spain, where he arrived at the city of St. Antoine in a month after his departure from Nachitoches. The Governor, Dr. John Curtess, received him politely, and, after resting a few days, gave him a small guard as an escort to the south mountain of Santalee. Here he fell in with the south branch of the Red River, which he continued down till he came to the north branch, and so continued along its banks in the great plains till he came to the Pawnee nation of Indians, and so on to the Cansee Indians, continuing his route till he arrived again at Nachitoches, and so down to the mouth of the river.

There are many rivers which fall into the Red River, such as the False

Oucheta, Muddy River, the Acomashee, or the River of the Mene, Little River, and Black River, with the Oucheta, falls into it just twenty leagues from the Mississippi. The Red River water is very unwholesome, from its salt taste; it is also very muddy and rapid.

Mr. Spillard is the first person who has ever taken a draught of this river from its source, from the mountains of Santafee, to its junction with the Mississippi, a distance, with its windings, little short of 4000 miles.

We are sorry to hear that this gentleman, in attempting to get to England, has been twice captured by French privateers, out of Charlestown, and stripped of every thing valuable about him, but had the good fortune to save his journals and notes, which are intended shortly for publication. He came to England in His Majesty's ship the Thisbe, through the recommendation of his Royal Highness Prince Edward, at Halifax.

PROCESS OF SCALPING

AMONG THE

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

SCALPING is a mode of torture peculiar to the Indians. If a blow is given with the tomahawk previous to the scalp being taken off, it is followed by instant death; but where scalping only is inflicted, it puts the person to excruciating pain, though death does not always ensue. There are instances of persons of both sexes now living in America, and no doubt in other countries, who, after having been scalped, by wearing a plate of silver or tin on the crown of their head, to keep it from the cold, enjoy a good state of health, and are seldom afflicted with pains.

When an Indian strikes a person on the temple with a tomahawk, the victim instantly drops; he then seizes his hair with one hand, twisting it very tight together, to separate the skin from the head, and, placing his knee on the breast, with the other he draws the scalping knife from the sheath, and cuts the skin round the forehead, pulling it off with his teeth. As he is very dexterous, the operation is generally performed in two minutes. The scalp is then extended on three hoops, dried in the sun, and rubbed over with vermilion. Some of the Indians in time of war, when scalps are well paid for, divide one into five or six parts, and carry them to the nearest post, in hopes of receiving a reward proportionate to the number.

When the scalp is taken from the head of one of their own people, they frequently make the dead body of advantage to them, by dressing it up, and painting it with vermilion; they then place it against a tree, with weapons in its hand, to induce the Indians to suppose it an enemy on the watch; and round the body they set spears in the

ground, so as scarcely to be discernible. The Indians, on seeing the person against the tree, and anxious to make him a prisoner, in the eagerness of running, fall on the points of the spears, and, being disabled from proceeding, are easily made prisoners.

How much the Indians pride themselves upon being adepts in the art of scalping, may be seen by the following short anecdote respecting two savages, in the time of Sir William Johnson:

A Mohawk, of the name of Scunnionsa, or the Elk, and a Chippeway Indian of the name of Cark Cark, or the Crow, having met at a council of war near Crown Point, in the year 1757, were extolling their own merits, and boasting of their superiority in taking scalps. The Mohawk contended, that he could take a larger scalp than the Chippeway warrior, who was very highly offended, and desired that the experiment might be made. They parted, each pursuing a different route, after having first agreed to meet at a certain place, on a particular day, when a council was to be held. At the time appointed they returned, and appeared at the council. The Mohawk laid down his scalp, which was the skin of the head and neck of a man, stuffed with fine moss, and sewed up with deers' sinews, and the eyes fastened in. The Chiefs expressed their approbation, and pronounced him to be a great and brave warrior. The Chippeway then rose, and, looking earnestly at the Mohawk, desired the interpreter to tell him that it was an old woman's scalp, which is considered as a term of great reproach, and called to one of his sons to bring forward his scalp; when instantly he exhibited to their view the complete skin of a man, stuffed with down feathers, and sewed very close with deers' sinews. The Chiefs loaded him with praise, and unanimously acknowledged his superiority. The Mohawk warrior, fired with resentment, withdrew from the council, meditating revenge; and as soon as he saw the Chippeway come forth, he followed him, and watching a convenient opportunity, dispatched him with his tomahawk, rejoicing that he had, even in this dastardly manner, got rid of a victorious rival.

Death, among the Indians, is, upon many occasions, rather sought for than dreaded, and particularly by those advanced in years, when their strength and activity fail them so that they cannot hunt. A father then solicits to *change his climate*, according to the Indian mode of expression; and the son cheerfully acts the part of the executioner, and puts a period to the existence of his parent.

Among the northern Chippeways, when the father of a family seems reluctant to comply with the usual custom, and his life becomes burdensome to himself and friends, and his children are obliged to maintain him with the labour of their hands, they propose to him the alternative, either to be put on shore on some island, with a small canoe and paddles, bows and arrows, a bowl to drink out of, and there run the risk of starving; or to suffer death according to the laws of the nation manfully. As there are few instances where the latter is not preferred, I shall relate the ceremony practised on such an occasion:

A sweating-house is prepared in the same form as at the ceremony

of adoption; and whilst the person is under this preparatory trial, the family are rejoicing that the Master of Life * has communicated to them the knowledge of disposing of the aged and infirm, and sending them to a better country, where they will be renovated, and hunt again with all the vigour of youth. They then smoke the pipe of peace, and have their dog-feast: they also sing the grand medicine song, as follows:

"The Master of Life gives courage. It is true all Indians know that he loves us, and we now give our father to him, that he may find himself young in another country, and be able to hunt.

The songs and dances are renewed, and the eldest son gives his father the death stroke with a tomahawk: they then take the body, which they paint in the best manner, and bury it with the war weapons, making a bark hut to cover the grave, to prevent the wild animals from disturbing it.

SINGULARITIES OF
MR. HOWARD, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

FROM MR. PRATT'S GLEANINGS.

MR. HOWARD was singular in many of the common habits of life; for instance, he preferred damp sheets, linen, and clothes to dry ones, and, both rising and going to bed, swathed himself with coarse towels dipped in the coldest water he could get; in that state he remained half an hour, and then threw them off, freshened and invigorated, as he said, beyond measure. He never put on a great coat in the coldest countries, nor had been a minute under or over the time of an appointment, so far as it depended on himself, for six-and-twenty years. He never continued at a place, or with a person, a single day beyond the period prefixed for going, in his whole life; and he had not, for the last sixteen years of his existence, ate any fish, flesh, or fowl, nor sat down to his simple fare of tea, milk, and rusks, all that time. His journeys were continued from prison to prison, from one groupe of wretched beings to another, night and day; and where he could not go with a carriage, he would ride; and where that was hazardous, he would walk. Such a thing as an obstruction was out of the question.

Some days after his first return from an attempt to mitigate the fury of the plague in Constantinople, he favoured me with a morning visit in London; the weather was so very terrible, that I had forgot his inveterate exactness, and had yielded up even the hope, for his own sake, of expecting him. Twelve at noon was the

* This is the appellation given by the Indians to the Deity.

hour, and exactly as the clock, in my room, struck it, he entered; the wet, for it rained torrents, dripping from every part of his dress, like water from a sheep, just landed from its washing. He would not even have attended to his situation, having sat himself down with the utmost composure, and begun conversation, had I not made an offer of dry cloaths, &c.

"Yes (said he), smiling, I had my fears, as I knocked at your door, that we should go over the old business of apprehensions, about a little rain water, which, though it does not run from off my back, as it does from that of a duck, goose, or any other aquatic bird, does me as little injury; and after a long drought is scarcely less refreshing. The coat I have now on has been as often wetted through, as any duck's in the world, and, indeed, gets no other sort of cleaning. I do assure you, a good soaking shower is the best brush for broad cloath in the universe. You, like the rest of my friends, throw away your pity upon my supposed hardships with just as much reason as you commiserate the common beggars, who, being familiar with storms and hurricanes, necessity and nakedness, are a thousand times, so forcible is habit, less to be compassionated than the sons and daughters of Ease and Luxury, who, accustomed to all the enfeebled refinements of feathers by night, and fires by day, are taught to feel like the puny creature stigmatized by Pope, who shivered at a breeze. All this is the work of art, my good friend; nature is more independent of external circumstances. Nature is intrepid, hardy, and adventurous; but it is a practice to spoil her, with indulgencies, from the moment we come into the world---a soft dress, and soft cradle, begin our education in luxuries, and we do not grow more manly the more we are gratified: on the contrary, our feet must be wrapt in wool or silk, we must tread upon carpets, breathe, as it were, in fire, avoid a tempest, which sweetens the air, as we would a blast that putrifies it, and guarding every crevice from an unwholesome breeze, when it is the most elastic and bracing, lie down upon a bed of feathers, that relax the system more than a night's lodging upon flint stones.

"You smile (added Mr. Howard, after a pause), but I am a living instance of the truths I insist on. A more 'puny whipster' than myself, in the days of my youth, was never seen. I could not walk out an evening without wrapping up: if I got wet in the feet, a cold succeeded; I could not put on my shirt without its being aired; I was, politely, enfeebled enough to have delicate nerves, and was, occasionally, troubled with a very genteel hectic. To be serious, I am convinced what emasculates the body debilitates the mind, and renders both unfit for those exertions, which are of such use to us as social beings. I, therefore, entered upon a reform of my constitution, and have succeeded in such a degree, that I have neither had a cough, cold, the vapours, nor any more alarming disorder, since I surmounted the seasoning. Prior to this, I used to be a miserable dependent on wind and weather: a little too much of either would post-

pone,and frequently prevent---not only my amusements,but my duties; and every one knows that a pleasure, or a duty,deferred, is often destroyed. Procrastination you very justly called the Thief of Time. And if, pressed by my affections, or by the necessity of affairs, I did venture forth in despite of the elements, the consequences were equally absurd and incommodious, not seldom afflictive. I muffled up even to my nostrils; a crack in the glass of my chaise was sufficient to distress me; a sudden slope of the wheels, to the right or left, set me a trembling; a jolt seemed like dislocation; and the sight of a bank or precipice, near which my horse or carriage was to pass, would disorder me so much, that I would order the driver to stop, that I might get out and walk by the difficult places. Mulled wines, spirituous cordials, and great fires, were to comfort me, and keep out the cold, as it is called, at every stage: and if I felt the least damp in my feet, or other parts of my body, dry stockings, linen, &c. were to be instantly put on; the perils of the day were to be baffled by *something* taken hot going to bed; and before I pursued my journey the next morning, a dram was to be swallowed down to fortify the stomach. In a word, I lived, moved, and had my being, so much by rule, that the slightest deviation was a disease.

"Every man (continued Mr. Howard) must, in these cases, be his own physician. He must prescribe for, and practise on, himself. I did this by a very simple, but as you will think, very severe regimen; namely, by denying myself almost every thing in which I had long indulged. But as it is always much harder to get rid of a bad habit, than to contract it, I entered on my reform gradually; that is to say, I began to diminish my usual indulgencies by degrees. I found that a heavy meal, or a hearty one, as it is termed, and a cheerful glass, that is to say, one more than does you good, made me incapable, or, at best, disinclined to any useful exertions, for some hours after dinner: and if the diluting powers of tea assisted the work of a disturbed digestion, so far as to restore my faculties, a luxurious supper comes so close upon it, that I was fit for nothing but dissipation, till I went to a luxurious bed, where I finished the enervating practices, by sleeping eight, ten, and sometimes a dozen of hours on the stretch.

"You will not wonder, that I rose the next morning with the solids relaxed, the nerves unstrung, the juices thickened, and the constitution weakened. To remedy all this, I ate a little less at every meal, and reduced my drink in proportion. It is really wonderful to consider how imperceptibly a single morsel of animal food, and a teaspoonful of liquor deducted from the usual quantity daily, will restore the mental functions, without any injury to the corporeal: nay, with increase of vigour to both. I brought myself, in the first instance, from dining upon many dishes, to dining on a few, and then to being satisfied with one; in like manner, instead of drinking a variety of wines, I made my election of a single sort, and adhered to it alone.

"In the next place---but I shall tire you."

I entreated him to go on till I either shewed by words or actions that I was weary.

He proceeded thus :---" My next business was to eat and drink sparingly of that adopted dish and bottle. My ease, vivacity, and spirits, augmented. My clothing, &c. underwent a similar reform; the effect of all which is, and has been for many years, that I am neither affected by seeing my carriage dragged up a mountain, or driven down a valley. If an accident happens, I am prepared for it; I mean so far as respects unnecessary terrors: and I am proof against all changes in the atmosphere, wet clothes, wet feet, night air, damp beds, damp houses, transitions from heat to cold, and the long train of hypochondriac affections.

" Believe me, we are too apt to invert the remedies which we ought to prescribe to ourselves----for instance, we are for ever giving hot things, when we should administer cold. On my going down to my house last week in Bedfordshire, the overseer of my grounds met me with a pail full of comfortable things, as he called them, which he was carrying to one of my cows, which was afflicted sorely with, as he called it, a *racketty* complaint in her bowels. I ordered him to throw away his pail of comforts, and take to the poor beast a pail of cold water. " Cold water, your honour!" exclaimed the man, with every mark of consternation. " Would you kill the poor dumb creature? Why, she is in such *desperations* pain, that I don't think a bucket of sheer brandy would have any more effect upon her, than if I were to pour it against a dead wall." " No matter for that," said I, " take her a pail of water! Suppose, honest friend, she had all her life run wild in a forest, and fell into the sickness under which she now labours, dost thou think that Nature would ever carry her the hot comforts you have got in that pail?" " Nature, your honour! but with submission, Nature must, when either man or beast is sick, be clapped on the back a little: if not, Nature will let them die." " Not she, truly: if they are recoverable, she will, on the contrary, make them well. Depend upon it, she is the best physician in the world, though she has not taken her degrees in the college; and so make haste to throw away what is now in your pail, and fill it as I directed; for, whether my cow die or live, she shall have nothing but grass and cold water." Though the poor fellow dared not any longer resist, I could see plainly that he put me down as having lost, not only my senses, but my humanity. However, the cure did very well; and I am satisfied, that if we were to trust more to Nature, and suffer her to supply her own remedies to cure her own diseases, the formidable catalogue of human maladies would be reduced to a third of their present number. Dr. Sydenham, I think, reckons sixty different kinds of fevers, for example; of these I cannot suppose less than fifty are either brought about, or rendered worse, by misapplication of improper remedies, or by our own violation of the laws of nature. And the same, I take it, may be said of other disorders."

A DISSERTATION ON

THE

MODERN ART OF SCRIBBLING.

Scribimus indocti ——— HOR.

AS there is no art so extensively cultivated as that of Scribbling, I intend to make a few remarks upon it; and as Aristotle planned his rules for the antient drama from a critical examination of the antient dramatic writers, so shall I draw my observations on the Modern Art of Scribbling from the practice of the present numerous race of modern Scribblers.

First then, to proceed regularly, I shall define Scribbling to be the Art of putting words together without any regard to matter, method, manner, or meaning: under this definition therefore are included all the works and compositions of the present age.

There are but very few things primarily requisite to constitute a professed Scribbler. It is indeed absolutely necessary that he should learn his alphabet at least; and I think it would be some additional advantage to him, if he has made a tolerable proficiency in his Spelling-book: but this is not so material, because the printer's compositor, or the corrector of the press, whose reading is doubtless more extensive than the author's, will rectify any mistakes of this sort in the copy. The Scribbler indeed must learn to write, that is, to put his letters together; but it signifies little, how slovenly soever he does it, as it is a mark of a good education to write almost illegibly, and is always affected by the best authors.

All other erudition is needless, and proves an incumbrance, as it clogs the invention, obliges a man to think before he writes, ties him down to the laborious task of revising and correcting, consequently takes off from that negligent spirit of easy freedom so essential to modern writings, by adding a scientific stiffness, and the reserved closeness of rational deduction.

A Scribbler, with the advantages of the education before premised, wants nothing now to enable him to go to work directly, but the fortuitous assistance of pen, ink, and paper. We insist very little upon his having what is called a talent, or a competent knowledge of what he is about: he has very little occasion for a head, if he has but a hand. Hence it is, that the booksellers, who are the task-masters of geniusses, and (if I may be pardoned the allusion) often oblige them to make brick without straw, have taken up the expression, "Such an "one is a good hand: he is but a poor fist: he has it at his finger's end," and so on.

Some authors are very often put to their shifts in procuring these useful conveniencies of pen, ink, and paper: and here the Verse-turner has vastly the advantage over the Prose-spinner, as his words lie in a closer compass, and he never sets down his lines till he has made his tag; whereas the other always runs on in a continued course, as fast as he can, clapping down the first sentence that comes in his head, before he has considered, or even knows what the next shall be.---This leads me to account for the superiority of the ancients over modern authors: for as paper was little used among the Grecians or the Romans, they were obliged to digest their thoughts, and methodise them into some order, before they transcribed them into their volumes: and the convenience of printing could not give occasion for the vending of any crudities that happen to proceed, as is often the case at present, from a weak and distempered brain.

But to return, I shall now proceed to say something of the various branches of scribbling; and as a Poet, according to the etymology of the word, is a mere maker, I will begin with the art of making verses.---Every man is naturally born a Poet: our very squalling at our first coming into the world is metrically harmonious; and the first words we are taught to articulate are in rhyme, as ma-ma, pa-pa, &c. No wonder then that every body has an equal capacity for this species of scribbling, and that it is practised by so many with the same share of success.

To tag rhymes together requires some proficiency in the science of Crambo, and is therefore attended with some difficulty; but the easiest of all is to write in blank verse, as it is call'd, this requiring little more than a collection of hard words, obscure phrases, and quaint allusions. The Rhymer is obliged first to pick out the two words that are to jingle at the end of the line to each other; after which he must fill up the vacant space with syllables of a length exactly suiting; like Procrustes' bed, cramping or stretching out the matter to fit it to the measure. The writer of blank verse, on the contrary, wire-draws his sentiments as finely as he can, piecing them with pompous sounding epithets: and when he can't spin them out any further, brings them to a period, generally in the middle of a line; by which means he never stands still, or is at a loss for matter. This is one reason why so many make tragedy, it being so very easy to find language, which is looked upon to be the main requisite in this kind of composition.

The province of prose is so wide, that it is hardly possible to fix any limitations to those who are employed in it. I shall perhaps take occasion hereafter to point out some particulars herein to be observed, and illustrate them with specimens; as I may also do with regard to poetry. The only general rule that can be laid down for either is, to observe no rule at all. By this you will find yourself at liberty to indulge your own fancy; and by this we are sure at least of variety, as every single author stands alone, and is in himself an original.

It is the business of a scribbler to be ever on the watch, and ready to lay hold on what is most likely to catch the notice of the public. Hence an Elegy, Epithalamium, Epistle, Apology, Address, or the

like, never fails, if well timed, to procure a dinner. Politics is but a drug at present, though now and then a smart satire against the ministry goes down glibly: controversies of all kinds, especially divinity, must be managed with caution and address; sometimes the scribbler may succeed tolerably well, who answers his own treatise, as the celebrated De Foe was pilloried for a reply to his own book.---But I need not insist any more on this head, as the booksellers, those jackalls of literature, will always provide proper subjects for the author who is so happy as to be taken into pay by them.

I now come to the more mechanical instruments of scribbling; that is, the practice necessary to be observed, after your work is done, in preparing it for the press. The bookseller, we know, must get rich; the author must eat; and the public must be taxed for it: the only art necessary is to manage it so adroitly, as they shall easily come into, without perceiving, the imposition. The late scandalous abuses in the printing of novels manifestly shew, that people in general only consider the bulk of the book, without examining the contents, while they are made to pay a most exorbitant price for a mere trifle, infamously spun out to twice as much as the length necessary.

The most material *point usually considered, is a taking*, or (as some would read it) a take-in Title-page. This is frequently the all in all, and worth the whole book: many a heavy piece has owed its prodigious sale to a lucky hit of this sort. And I cannot but lament the invaluable loss that the trade suffered in the immortal Curl, who had certainly the best head for inventing a title of any man breathing, and always kept a collection ready by him to serve any occasion. For a work of a shorter size the Half-title, as it is called, comes in very opportunely to take up a leaf; and I have seen many a sixpenny pamphlet swelled out to the price of a shilling by its assistance.

In longer works, when you have fixed upon your Title, you must be sure to compose a tedious Preface or Advertisement to the Reader, which may be printed in a larger type than ordinary. After this aptly enough comes the Dedication to some upstart nobleman, with or without his permission; or, if this fails, to the man in the moon, or any body. In this you have another help out, and---I am, my Lord, with the utmost submission and respect, your lordship's most obedient, most obsequious, and most humble servant---may, when properly disposed, be spun out to near the whole length of another page, without any apparently designed expatiation.

If your book is divided into Chapters, the Contents will here naturally follow; and whatever they can be made to make will be clear gain, as they must again be repeated at the head of every chapter in the course of the work. And here again you will get a great deal of ground by setting these conspicuously in overgrown capitals, as Book III. and at a considerable distance underneath Chapter V. which will not only take up a great deal of room, but be ornamental also.

It above all requires the greatest dexterity to contrive that the foregoing Book or Chapter should end with about two or three lines

run over into the subsequent page; where a pretty wooden device of a flower-pot supported by two chubby cherubims, or a little pert squirrel perched up with a bushy expanse of tail, may be stuck into the centre of the vacant blank, and so prevent the unthrifty profusion of your matter. You will always take particular care to split the connection of your piece into innumerable divisions and paragraphs, which will extend it to very near the length of a moderate volume extraordinary.

Your copy being thus managed, you must now call in the assistance of your printer, to *nurse* it still farther: he will therefore furnish you with a large type, that it may not strain the eyes of the reader: he will also take care that the margin be very wide at the top, bottom, and sides: besides this, he will put spacious distances between every line, and leave what they call a white line between every paragraph. Many other artifices may be used, to bilk the purchaser, and swell the profits of the sale.

When your piece is thus spun out into several more volumes than is necessary, you will puff it off in the advertising, and to satisfy the impatience of the public, you may tell them that I don't know how many presses are at work to get it printed off. If afterwards your sale should not prove brisk enough, and you have many left on your hands, you may advertise a second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth edition repeatedly, though you have not got off near the number of your first impression.---But hold,---I must not reveal the mysteries of the trade:---I have already gone too far:---Some parts of this Essay I was obliged to strike out, as the printer absolutely refused, for some private reasons, to set them;---and I know not how far I may hereafter be forced to a dependence on those generous, those humane, those honourable, those honest gentlemen, the booksellers.

Q.

EXTRAORDINARY EPITAPH

IN ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH, LEICESTER.

HERE lyeth the bodie of John Heyrich, who departed thys life April 2d, 1589, being about the age of 76 years. He did marje Mary the daughter of John Bond, Esq. of Wardend, in the countie of Warwick. He lived with the sayde Mary in one house 52 yeeres, and in all that tyme never buryed he manne, womanne, nor chylde, although there were sometymes twentie in the housholde. He had issue bye the sayd Mary 5 sonnes and seven daughters. The sayde John was Maior of the towne 1559, and againe anno 1572. The sayde Mary lived to ninetie seven yeeres, and departed on the 8th of December 1611. She dyd see before her departure, of her chyldren and chyldren's chyldren, to the number of 142.

DESCRIPTION OF A GRAND COLLATION,

GIVEN BY

THE LATE SIR EDWARD RUSSEL, IN AN ISLAND IN THE MEDITERRANEAN, WHEN HE WAS COMMANDER IN CHIEF IN THOSE SEAS.

MEMORANDUM.---That on the 25th of October 1694 a bowl of punch was made at the Right Hon. Edward Russel's house, when he was Captain General and Commander in Chief of his Majesty's forces in the Mediterranean sea. It was made in a fountain, in a garden, the middle of four walks, all covered over head with lemon and orange trees; and in every walk was a table, the whole length of it covered with cold collations, &c. In the said fountain were the following ingredients, viz. four hogsheads of brandy, eight hogsheads of water, 25,000 lemons 20 gallons of lime juice, 1300 weight of fine white Lisbon sugar, five pounds of grated nutmegs, 300 toasted biscuits, and last a pipe of dry mountain malaga. Over the fountain was a large canopy built to keep off the rain; and there was built on purpose a little boat, wherein was a boy belonging to the fleet, who rowed round the fountain, and filled the cups to the company; and in all probability more than 6000 men drank thereof.

REMARKS ON MEN OF SPIRIT.

THERE is no term in use in common life more misapplied, perhaps, than that of *spirit:* there is always a contemptible idea annexed to the *want* of *spirit;* though I have known many a man rise to the dignity of an alderman merely for wanting that *spirit* which has brought another to the workhouse. I am myself one of those persons who are charged by my acquaintance with a want of *spirit,* and for no other reason but that I do not live above my income. I have *spirit* enough to keep out of debt, and endeavour to make all my friends welcome when they visit me; but, when I make an entertainment, they cry, it is not done with *spirit,* though it is always as elegant as my circumstances will allow. I know several of these men of *spirit,* who are *mean-spirited* enough to borrow money of me. Our goals swarm with men of *spirit,* and our streets are crouded by children, whose parents were persons of *spirit.* There are men of *spirit* of all degrees, from the peer in his gilded chariot, to the porter with his silver ticket, who ridicule frugality and all œconomy which prevents superfluous expence. By these persons a man that is frugal is said to be miserable; and œconomy is despised as the want of *spirit.* I am convinced that if men of *spirit* were to become a little less vain and ostentatious, it would be of great advantage, not only to themselves, but to the community; for it is notorious that

they too often keep up their *spirit* at the expence of the public; and it does not appear to me that they are influenced by a GOOD *spirit* when they ruin a tradesman, by getting into his debt for superfluities, or when they take in a friend for their surety to keep up their credit. I know several men of spirit who wear the *taylor's* clothes. I am often blamed by these people for not appearing oftener at public diversions; but I can divert myself and family without going to the Playhouse every other evening in the winter, and to the Gardens or Wells, in the summer, four or five times a week. Though I am condemned by these *gentlemen* as a mean-spirited and unpolished niggard, yet my conduct enables me to provide for my family all the necessaries of life, and for myself a perpetual succession of peaceful pleasures, without the risk of my independence, my virtue, my health, or my fortune, all which are constantly staked, with the desperation of a losing gamester, by our modern men of *spirit*.

REMARKABLE REVERSE OF FORTUNE.

A Spanish journal contains the following account of the life of M. Thurriegel, a Bavarian, the founder of the German colony in Sierra Morena.---Being employed by the French court to reconnoitre the Island of Minorca, in 1754, and passing through Sierra Morena on his way, he first conceived the plan of its population. After the death of Marshal Bellisle he became a Lieutenant in the Prussian service, and raised the corps of Geschray, which the king gave him the command of; a dispute with General Geschray caused Thurriegel to be arrested and imprisoned at Magdebourg, but the corps being made prisoners, he was liberated. Discharged at the end of the war in Silesia, he was stripped by his mistress of all his jewels, money, clothes, and linen, and lived in great distress at Franckfort on the Main, where digesting his plan of colonizing Sierra Morena, he was ordered to Madrid, after his scheme was presented by the Spanish resident at Franckfort. His necessities protracted this journey till he resolved to walk to Madrid on foot, where he entered into a contract for sending 6000 colonists and 4000 soldiers from Germany to Spain. The terms were advantageous, but as no money was advanced, he sought a partner in that country to no effect, and was on that account obliged to travel back to Germany on foot, where he met with as little success. ---His appearance, notwithstanding he was furnished with a large parchment signed by the King of Spain and his Council, seemed continually to paint him as an empty projector, but indefatigable. After travelling from one place to another, he at length met with a patron in the person of a merchant at Lyons, in France. Being now richly provided with money, he chose Cologne as the centre of his operations, from whence the colonists being sent to Genoa, and there shipped for Barcelona, were followed by Thurriegel, who realizing 60,000 piastres, as the condition of the contract, settled in Valencia.

BIOGRAPHY.

ODDITIES OF MR. HAGEMORE.

THE Rev. Mr. Hagemore, of Calthorp, Leicestershire, died the 1st of January 1746, possessed of the following effects, viz. 700l. per annum, and 1000l. in money, which (he dying intestate) fell to a ticket-porter in London.

He kept one servant of each sex, whom he locked up every night. His last employment in an evening was to go round his premises, let loose his dogs, and fire his gun.

He lost his life as follows; going one morning to let out his servants, the dogs fawned upon him suddenly, and threw him into a pond, where he was breast-high. The servants heard him call out for assistance, but, being locked up, could not lend him any.

He had thirty gowns and cassocks, fifty-eight dogs, one hundred pair of breeches, one hundred pair of boots, four hundred pair of shoes, eighty wigs, yet always wore his own hair, eighty waggons and carts, eighty ploughs, and used none, fifty saddles and furniture for the menage, thirty wheel-barrows, so many walking-sticks that a toyman in Leicester-fields bid his executor eight pounds for them, sixty horses and mares, three hundred pickaxes, two hundred spades and shovels, seventy-five ladders, and two hundred and forty razors.

An Account of certain English People, who, in the year 1569, making a Voyage to the East Indies, were cast away, and wrecked upon an uninhabited Island, near the Coast of Terra Australis Incognita, and all drowned except one Man and four Women. Given by Cornelius van Sloetten, Captain of a Dutch Ship, which was driven there by foul Weather in the Year 1667, who found their Posterity (speaking good English) to the Amount of ten or twelve thousand Souls.

CERTAIN English merchants, encouraged by the great advantages arising from the Eastern commodities, in the year 1569, having obtained Queen Elizabeth's royal licence, furnished out for the East-Indies four ships, of which ------ English was chosen factor, who embarked, on the third of April, O. S. with his wife and family, consisting of a son of twelve years old, a daughter of fourteen, two maid servants, a female negro slave, and George Pine, his book-keeper, on board one of the said ships, called the East-India Merchant, of 450 tons, being provided with all manner of necessaries and conveniencies, in order to settle a factory there.

By the 14th of May they were in sight of the Canaries; and soon

after arrived at the Cape de Verde islands, where they took in some provisions for their voyage, and steering their course south, and a point east, about the first of August came to the island St. Helen; and, having taken in some fresh water, set forward for the Cape of Good Hope, where by God's blessing they arrived safe, having hitherto met with no tempestuous, or disagreeable sailing weather.

But it pleased God when they were almost in sight of St. Laurence (said to be one of the largest islands in the world) they were overtaken by a great storm of wind, which separated them from the rest of the ships, and continued with such violence for many days, that, being driven out of their knowledge, they lost all hopes of safety.

The first of October, about break of day, the sea continuing very stormy and tempestuous, they discovered land, which appeared high and rocky; and the nearer they approached to it their fears increased, expecting the ship would suddenly be dashed to pieces. The Captain therefore, Mr. English, and some others, got into the long boat, in hopes, by that means, to save themselves; and presently after all the sailors cast themselves over-board, endeavouring to save their lives by swimming; but, probably, they all perished in the sea.

Mr. Pine, Mr. English's daughter, the two maid servants, and the negro girl were the only persons remaining on board the ship; and these five persons were miraculously preserved: for after the ship had beat three or four times against the rocks, being now broken, and quite foundered in the waters, they had with great difficulty gotten themselves on the bowsprit; which, being broken off, was driven by the waves into a small creek, wherein fell a little river, which, being encompassed by the rocks, was sheltered from the winds, so that they had opportunity, though almost quite spent, to land themselves.

Mr. Pine getting together some rotten wood, by the assistance of a tinder-box he had in his pocket, made a fire, by which they dried themselves; and then leaving the females, he went to see if he could find any of the ship's company that possibly might have escaped, but could find none. At length, it drawing towards evening, he, with what he could get from the wreck, returned to his fellow-sufferers, who were very much troubled for want of him; he being now all their support in this lost condition.

They were afraid that the wild-people of the country (if there were any) might find them out; but could distinguish neither footsteps nor paths. And the woods round about them being full of briers and brambles, they apprehended too there might be wild beasts to annoy them, though they saw no marks of any. But above all, for want of food, they were afraid of being starved to death; but God had otherwise provided for them.

The wreck of the ship furnished them with many necessaries, for, getting together some broken pieces of boards and planks, sails and rigging, with the help of poles they made themselves tents; and having gotten wood for firing, and three or four sea gowns to cover them,

making the negro their sentry, they slept soundly all night, having been without sleep for several nights before.

The next day, after being well refreshed with sleep, the wind ceasing, and the weather being warm, they went down from the rocks on the sands, at low water, where they found a great part of the ship's lading, either on shore, or floating near it. Mr. Pine, with the help of his companions, dragged most of it on shore; and what was too heavy for them they broke; and unbinding the casks and chests, and taking out the goods, they secured all; so that they wanted neither clothes, nor other necessaries for house-keeping: but the salt water had spoiled all the victuals except one cask of biscuit, which being lighter, and perhaps better secured than the rest, was undamaged; this served them for bread a while, and a fowl of about the bigness of a swan, very heavy and fat, which by reason of its weight could not fly, served them for present subsistence. The poultry of the ship, by some means getting on shore, bred exceedingly, and were a great help to them. They found also in the flags by a little river plenty of eggs of fowl much like our ducks, which were very nourishing food, so that they wanted for nothing to keep them alive.

Mr. Pine, being now less apprehensive of any thing to disturb him, looked out for a convenient place to build a hut to shelter him and his family from the weather; and, in about a week's time, made a room large enough to hold them all and their goods; and put up hammocks for his family to sleep in.

Having lived in this manner full four months, without seeing or hearing any thing to disturb them, they found the land they were in possession of to be an island, disjoined, and out of sight of any other land, uninhabited by any but themselves, and that there was no hurtful beast to annoy them: but, on the contrary, the country was very pleasant, being always clothed in green, and full of agreeable fruits, and variety of birds, ever warm, and never colder than in England in September; so that this place (had it the culture that skilful people might bestow on it) would prove a paradise.

The woods afforded them a sort of nuts as big as large apples; whose kernel, being pleasant and dry, they made use of instead of bread, together with the fowl before-mentioned, and a sort of water-fowl like ducks, and their eggs; and a beast about the size of a goat, and almost such a like creature, which brought forth two young ones at a time, and that twice a year, of which the lowlands and woods are very full; and being harmless and tame, they could easily take and kill them: fish also, especially shell-fish, were in great plenty: so that, in effect, they wanted nothing of food for subsistence.

After being in possession of this country full six months, nature put them in mind of the great command of the Almighty to our first parents, as if they had been conducted thither by the hand of Providence to people a new world; and in this respect they proved not unfruitful, for in less than a twelvemonth, from their first arrival on this island, the females proved all to be with child, and coming at different seasons they were a great help to one another. The women

all had their teemings annually, and the children proved strong and healthy. Their family increasing, they were now well satisfied with their condition; for there was nothing to hurt them. The warmth of the climate made it agreeable for them to go abroad sometimes, and they reposed themselves on mossy banks, shaded by trees. Mr. Pine made several pleasant arbours for him and his women to sleep in during the heat of the day, and in these they passed their time together, the females not liking to be out of his company.

Mr. Pine's family was increased, after he had lived in this island sixteen years, to 47 children: for his first wife brought him thirteen; his second, seven; his master's daughter, who seemed to be his greatest favourite, fifteen; and the negro, twelve; which was all the produce of the first race of mortals in this island.

Thinking it expedient to provide for another generation, he gave his eldest son a mate, and took care to match the rest as fast as they grew up and were capable. And, lest they should incumber one another, he appointed his sons' habitations at some distance from him; for, growing in years, he did not like the wanton annoyance of young company.

After having lived to the sixtieth year of his age, and the fortieth of his being in possession of this island, he summoned his whole people together, children, grand-children, and great grand-children, amounting to 565, of all sorts. He took the males of one family, and married them to the females of another, not permitting any to marry their sisters, as they did at first out of necessity.

Having taught some of his children to read, he laid them under an injunction to read the bible once a month at their general meetings.

Three of his wives being dead, viz. the negro woman, and the other two who had been servant maids to his master, she who was his master's daughter survived them twelve years. They were buried in a place he had set apart for that purpose, fixing for his own interment the middle part, so that two of his wives might lie on one side of him, and two on the other; with his chief favourites, one on each side, next to him.

Arriving to the eightieth year of his age, and sixtieth of coming to this island, he called his people together a second time; the number of which amounted to one thousand seven hundred and eighty nine; and having informed them of the manners of Europe, and charged them to remember the Christian religion, after the manner of those who spake the same language, and to admit of no other, if any should come and find them out; and praying to God to continue the multiplication of them, and send them the true light of his gospel, he dismissed them.

He called this island the isle of Pines, and gave the people, descended from him, the name of the English Pines, distinguishing the tribes of the particular descendants by his wives' names, viz. the Englishes, the Sparks's, the Trevors, and the Phills, Philippa being the name of the negro.

Being now very old, and his sight decaying, he gave his habitation

and furniture that was left to his eldest son after his decease; made him King and Governor of the rest; and delivered to him the history of these transactions, written with his own hand, commanding him to keep it; and if any strangers should come hither by any accident to let them see it, and take a copy of it also if they pleased, that the name of this people might not be lost from off the earth,

It happened that in the year 1667, Cornelius Van Sloetten, Captain of a Dutch ship called the Amsterdam, was driven by foul weather to this island; where he found the posterity of Mr. Pine, speaking good English, and amounting, as it was supposed, to ten or twelve thousand persons,

The narrative, from which this account is taken, was given by Mr. Pine's grandson to the Dutch Captain. Printed in London, being licensed June 27, 1668.

POETRY.

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

THE APOLOGY.

BY T. P.

'TIS true, my room is very small,
And only boasts a white-wash'd wall;
Each chair with rushen seat is seen,
My table is of deal, but clean.
Of plate, alas! how small my store!—
No figur'd carpet hides the floor;
No china from a corner station
Stands marshal'd out by ostentation;
And, what does most of all astound,
'Tis altogether under ground.

'Tis true, some say I might as well
Exist within a Newgate cell:
And e'en my best lov'd friends confess
The value of appearances.
Yet when at eve, my labour o'er,
My fire bright, and shut the door,
I scan, untouch'd with party rage,
The merit of th' historic page;
Or mount on Fancy's wing sublime
With some high-favour'd son of rhyme;
Or all the bright and boundless store
Of fair Philosophy explore;

But chiefly when the Drama's pow'r
Steals unobserv'd the gliding hour;
Or when, by RADCLIFFE's genius led,
The Novel's pleasing maze I tread;
Ah! what is then the world to me?
The sceptre e'en of Royalty?---
I think not of th' illustrious toy;
I only know that I *enjoy*:
And, while the substance glads my eyes,
I care not where the shadow flies.

ON SEEING

A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY IN TEARS,

WHILE LISTENING TO A FAVOURITE SONG OF HER DECEASED BROTHER.

BY THE SAME.

SOON as the much-lov'd well-known song he sings,
A dew-press'd snowdrop sinks her lovely head;
Sad, in her ear, the note of sorrow rings,
And seems the knell of the respected dead.

Remembrance, passing, tells a mournful tale,
Her trembling heart-strings vibrate to the sound;
Again she smiles---a lily of the vale,
And scatters sweetness on the friends around.

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER *.

A PASTORAL SKETCH.

BY DR. PERFECT.

" In his mid career the spaniel, struck
" Stiff with the tainted gale, with open nose
" Outstretch'd and finely sensible, draws full
" Fearful and cautious on the *latent* prey,
" As in the sun the circling covey bask
" Their varied plumes, and, watchful every way,
" Thro' the rough stubble turn the secret eye."
THOMSON.

SHALL Sorrow dash gall on my strain,
While Echo, alarm'd in the dale,
Resounds to compassionate pain,
That flows for the partridge and quail,
Responds to the merciless gun,
If cruelty harbour a joy?
Then Doriland rise with the sun,
For *Privilege* gives to destroy.

* This article has been postponed from time to time on account of its length.

I sigh at the dreadful decree,
My minstrelsy Pity implores,
As well might the Muse for the sea
Fix bounds for its stretch on the shores;
'Tis done! and the covey must bleed,
The plume of the stubble must fall;
In silence I shrink from the deed,
Since Pity is deaf to my call.

Though Nature seems prone to decay,
The coverts more russet appear,
Contracted the length of the day,
Foretokens the fall of the year,
Some mellow-ton'd songster I hear,
The wood-lark, the blackbird, and thrush,
In concert, Autumnus to cheer,
The red-wing revisits the bush.

Diminish'd in verdure the trees,
The ensigns of Autumn succeed,
Though chill and unpleasant the breeze
At morn and at eve o'er the mead,
September revolves with delight,
A coronet circles his head,
Emboss'd with those blossoms of white
The hops so luxuriously spread:

His mantle the vine leaves compose,
A holyhock sceptres his hand,
Th' arbutus, and larkspur, and rose
Disdain not their charms to expand;
Bloom lupines and sweet-scented peas,
The tamarisk modest of hue,
The bean clad in scarlet to please,
And aconite's prodigal blue:

His reign shall the cricket attend,
The green-coated herald of cold;
Does Winter this messenger send,
His embassy drear to unfold?
But why, plaintive insect, thus pine?
What Fate hath ordain'd thee to weep,
That querulous notes ever thine
Deny the refreshment of sleep?

And thou, on the wings of dull sound,
That seems the sad knell of the day,
O say, on what circumstance bound
Agility hastens thy way?
Why thus, giant beetle, dost roam,
In ebony panoply drest?
By war art thou urg'd for thy home,
Or art thou by enemies prest?

Come, Delia, thou elegant maid,
As soft and serene as the day,
The gardens of Saffrar pervade,
Or those of Pomona survey:
I'll pluck thee choice fruit from the tree,
Each garden her tribute shall pour,
The woodlands re-echo for thee,
The hazel surrender her store.

Where Ev'ning's brown shadows extend
To my cottage still crested with green,
Without invitation, my friend,
Will Celadon honour the scene:
Of Phœbus we'll catch the last gleam,
While friendship our numbers shall fill,
Respond to the lapse of the stream
That steals from the foot of the hill.

Or when with her crimson the Morn
Dispels the delusions of night,
The landscapes appear as new born,
Present early throngs to the sight,
The peasants arouz'd to their toil,
And nymphs o'er the eminence gain,
And *Cantium*, with many a smile,
Of Ceres invites the rude train.

O then we'll in early career
The *industrious vulgar* survey,
To Mirth and to Jocus give ear,
For Jocus and Mirth lead the day.
The Plant,* interdicted no more,
With floscles of silver behold,
While Planters, enrich'd by their store,
Convert them to ingots of gold.

What need that the Muse shou'd essay,
Or hint to the liberal breast,
That he, who is happy to-day,
With pity should eye the distress'd?
Want Planters the precept to learn,
When Providence, pleas'd to bestow,
Solicits their grateful return,
To *feel for the Children of Woe*?

And shall the remonstrance of Need,
(The abject and wretched unseen)
To plenty, unpitied, proceed,
Return with disconsolate mien?
Forbid it, ye Virtues! whose tears
Distill at the plaints of Distress,
Whose sympathy Sorrow uprears,
Whose arms are extended to bless.

But where, ye Pierian Nine,
Are your measures of harmony pour'd?
Inhumaniz'd cadence divine,
For whom is your melody stor'd?
The bells, o'er the mist-crested ground,
Delightfully usher a peal,
That Hymen has sanction'd the sound,
My *heart is the Muse that must feel.*

This day to her Celadon's breast
The peerless Penelope gives;
September, be ever confess'd,
What honour thy empire receives!

---

* The Hop.

Bless'd pair! for whom Hymen has wove
A wreath of unchangeable peace,
And supplicates blessings from Jove,
Their nuptial delights to increase.

Ye Graces, your beauties that lend,
Ye Virtues, that shed hallow'd fire,
Felicities beam on my friend,
The warmest first lays of my lyre:
Fill, Heaven, their measure of joys,
Be health and contentment its base,
Renown'd for *his* truth be their boys,
The girls for *her* softness and grace!

ODE

FOR THE NEW YEAR, 1796.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ. POET-LAUREAT.

WHERE is immortal Virtue's meed,
The unfailing wreath of true renown,
Best recompence by Heaven decreed
For all the cares that wait a crown,
If Industry with anxious zeal,
Still watchful o'er the public weal,
If equal Justice' awful arm,
Temper'd by mercy's seraph charm,
Are ineffectual to assuage
Remorseless Faction's harpy rage.
But the full Dæmons, urged by Hell's behest,
Threaten, with frantic arm, the Royal Patriot's breast?

Yet not, Imperial George! at thee
Was the rude bolt of Malice sped,
Even fiends *that* crown with reverence see
Where Virtue consecrates th' anointed head.
No---at that bosom's fondest claim,
Thy Britain's peace, their shafts they aim.
Pale Envy, while o'er half the world,
War's bloody banners are unfurl'd,
Beheld our coast from ravage free,
Protected by the guardian sea,
Where Commerce spreads her golden stores,
Where fleets waft triumph to our shores,
She saw, and sickening at the sight,
Wish'd the fair prospect of our hopes to blight,
Sought out the object of our dearest care,
Found where we most could feel, and try'd to wound us there.

The broken shaft that coward Malice rear'd
Shall to thy fame eternal lustre give,
Inscribe on History's page thy name rever'd,
And bid it there with endless blazon live:

For there our sons' remotest race
In deathless characters shall trace,
How Britain's baffled foes proclaim'd their hate,
And deem'd her Monarch's life the bulwark of the state.

Now strike a livelier chord: this happy day,
Selected from the circling year,
To celebrate a name to Britain dear,
From Britain's sons demands a festive lay;
Mild Sovereign of our Monarch's soul,
Whose eyes meek radiance can controul
The powers of care, and grace a throne
With each calm joy to life domestic known,
Propitious Heaven has o'er thy head
Blossoms of richer fragrance shed
Than all the assiduous Muse can bring
Cull'd from the honied stores of Spring:
For see amid wild Winter's hours
A bud its silken folds display,
Sweeter than all the chaliced flowers
That crown thy own ambrosial May.
O may thy smiles, blest Infant, prove
Omens of concord and of love!
Bid the loud strains of martial triumph cease,
And tune to softer mood the warbling reed of peace.

MASONIC SONG.

I.

THUS happily met, united and free,
A foretaste of heaven we prove;
Then join heart and hand, and firmly agree,
To cultivate brotherly love.

II.

With corn, wine, and oil, our table replete,
The altar of Friendship divine;
Each virtue, and grace, the circle complete,
With aid of the musical nine.

III.

Thus blest, and thus blessing, employment supreme!
May Masonry daily increase,
Its grand scheme of morals, our fav'rite theme,
The source of contentment and peace.

Portsea. J. R--NK--N.

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

ST. JOHN'S DAY.

MAIDSTONE, *Dec.* 28, 1795.

THIS being the day appointed for celebrating the Festival of ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST, an elegant dinner was provided at the Bell inn in this town, where the meeting of the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons was very brilliant and numerous. The Provincial Grand Master, William Perfect, Esq. was in the chair, and after dinner addressed the company on the history and merits of the Saint whose day the Craft had thus met to commemorate. After which he honoured the memory of that truly Masonic Luminary, the late Mr. Dunckerley, with due commendation, and in a pathetic speech of considerable length enumerated the virtues of the deceased; which he concluded by observing, that the spirit of Masonry was ever grateful to departed worth, and that a good name was the best legacy that could be bequeathed to posterity.

The meeting was conducted with that harmony and good fellowship which always characterises the assemblies of the ancient and honourable Society of Free and Accepted Masons.

With the following particulars respecting the Celebration of this great Anniversary we have been favoured by a correspondent in Scotland.

EDINBURGH.

ST. JOHN'S DAY falling on Sunday this year, Monday following was held in lieu thereof. The following are the Masters of the Lodges in Edinburgh for the year ensuing:

LODGES.	MASTERS.	REGALIA.	MEETINGS.
Mary's Chapel,	Mr. John Clark,	Mazarine blue,	2d Tuesday.
Canongate Kilwinning,	John Moir, Esq. W. S.	Red,	1st Thursday.
Canongate and Leith,	Mr. John Alexander,	Light blue,	1st Wednesd.
Leith and Canongate,		Ditto,	Once a quarter.
Journeymen Masons,	J. O. Brown, Esq. W.S.	Green,	3d Tuesday.
St. David's,	Will. Inglis, Esq. W.S.	Crimson,	3d Friday.
St. Luke's,	Dr. John Gardner,	Mazarine blue,	2d Friday.
St. Andrew's,	Arch. Cambell, Esq.	Green,	1st Friday.
Thistle,		Red,	3d Monday.
Royal Arch,	Mr. Alex. Veitch,	Light blue,	Once a quarter.
St. James's,	Mr. Robert Johnstone,	Crimson,	2d Thursday.
New Edinb. Kilwinning,	Mr. John Galbreath,	Green,	2d Monday.
St. Stephen's,	Mr. Robert Cummins,	Orange,	4th Tuesday.
Defensive Band,	Edward Collis, Esq.	Mazarine blue,	1st Tuesday.
Roman Eagle,	Robert Watson, Esq.	Tartan,	3d Wednesd.
Caledonian,			

PERTH.

There are three Lodges in Perth, who all met on the 28th, and celebrated the Festival of ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST with their wonted harmony, after electing their new office-bearers. The Masters' names are as follow:

Perth and Scoone Lodge,	Br. Andrew M'Culloch.
St. Andrew's Lodge, -	Br. John Halkett.
Perth Royal Arch, -	Br. William Imbrie.

The former of these only had a public procession. After the procession, the members dined, and spent the evening together, in Campbell's, the principal inn in Perth.

BIGGAR, LANARKSHIRE.

ST. JOHN'S DAY was celebrated here with more than ordinary brilliancy this year. The members of the Lodge of Biggar Free Operatives, No. 222, of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, to the number of seventy and upwards, met in the Lodge-room about ten o'clock in the forenoon; from whence, after having re-elected Brother James Bowe, M. D. Master, and their other office-bearers for the ensuing year, they walked to church in procession, where an excellent sermon, suited to the occasion, was delivered by the Rev. Brother James Gardiner, Minister of Tweedsmuir, from Prov. xi. 13. After returning from the church, and partaking of an elegant dinner, they spent the evening in a manner highly to their honour, not only as men, but as Masons.

Jan. 8, 1796. This day the ancient Lodge of Philanthropy * (No. 19), held at Stockton in the county of Durham, was removed from its former situation to an elegant hall built for the purpose by Brother Wadeson, whose judgment, taste, and liberality on the occasion do him the highest credit; as it is truly the *simplex munditiis* of Horace, uniting convenience with ornament, elegance with simplicity.

The ceremony of this translation, by permission of the Provincial Grand Lodge, was conducted in Masonic form. Brother Scarth, P. S. G. W. and a number of other visiting brethren attended. A procession was formed; and the jewels and furniture were deposited according to ancient usages: after which the Rev. Brother Brewster delivered a most excellent occasional oration, which we are happy to find, *on being requested by the brethren present, he has promised for insertion* in the FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE. Brother Wadeson provided an excellent repast, and the night concluded with that conviviality which could only be surpassed by the interesting and ceremonial part of the occasion.

Present officers.---Br. John Russel Rowntree, R. W. M. Br. John Barker, S. W. Br. Robert Christopher, J. W. Br. Matthew Crowe, P. M. Br. Richardson Ferrand, T. Br. Thomas Haw, S. Br. Charles Liddel and Br. Richard *Moose, Stewards.*

10. This morning an excellent sermon was preached at St. Dunstan's church, Fleet-street, on behalf of the Female Children supported by the Freemasons' Charity, by the Rev. Thomas R. Wrench, A. M. Rector of St. Michael's, Cornhill, &c. &c. The words of the text were, "That our daughters may be as the polished corners of the temple." Psal. cxliv. ver. 12. Previous to the sermon an anthem was sung by the children: Master Appleton played the organ; and the collection amounted to twenty-five pounds and sixpence.

A Grand Concert, under the patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, will be performed for the benefit of the above Charity early in the ensuing month.

The Meetings in Grand Lodge for this year are:

Committee of Charity	Feb. 5.
Quarterly Communication	10.
Committee of Charity	April 8.
Quarterly Communication	13.
Grand Feast	May 11.
Country Feast	July 5.
Committee of Charity	Aug. 5.
Ditto	Nov. 18.
Quarterly Communication	23.

* Vide State of Masonry in the County of Durham, Vol. II. page 245.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Dec. 21, 1795. WAS presented at Covent-Garden Theatre, for the first time, a new Operatic Pantomime, called *Merry Sherwood*, or, *Harlequin Forester*; the incidents principally selected from the legendary ballads of the Thirteenth Century. The Pantomime invented by Mr. Lonsdale; the Overture and the rest of the Music (with the exception of a few antient ballad tunes, by Mr. Reeve.

The principal vocal characters by Mr. Incledon, Mr. Johnstone, Mr. Munden, Mr. Fawcett, Mrs. Serres, Mrs. Mountain, Mrs. Clendinning, and Mrs. Martyr.

Principal pantomime characters: Robin Hood, Mr. Follet; Arthur O'Bradley, Mr. Farley; Little John, Mr. Simmons; Will Scarlet, Mr. Cranfield; Will Stukely, Mr. Williamson; Locksley, Mr. Gray; Midge the Miller, Mr. Street; Sheriff of Nottingham, Mr. Thomson; Sumner, Mr. Rees; Parson of Baronsdale, Mr. Platt; the Prince of Arragon, Mr. Holland; Two Giants, Mr. Price and Mr. Stevens; Harlequin, Mr. Simpson; and Maid Marian, Mad. St. Amand.

In pieces of this nature, if the eye is gratified, the general intention of them is accomplished.---In the present instance, however, we find the entertainment not confined to scenic decoration and dumb shew, but enriched with an Operatic treat, supported by some of the first vocal performers on the English stage.

The scenery, machinery, and dresses are entirely new, and their splendour reflects the highest honour on the liberality and spirit of the Manager. The scenes, amounting to twenty-one, are all ingeniously and happily contrived. The archery scenes had a most beautiful effect, and were managed with much order and regularity. On the whole, *Harlequin Forester* is superior to most things of the kind we have witnessed; it will, no doubt, create many *Merry* nights at *Sherwood*, and compensate the Manager for the vast expence he has been at in bringing it forward.

January 13, 1796.---At the same Theatre an historical play was brought forward, under the title of "*Days of Yore.*"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Alfred,	Mr. MIDDLETON.
Odune (Earl of Devonshire),	Mr. HARLEY.
Earl Sibbald,	Mr. MACREADY.
Alric (Earl of Northumberland),	Mr. TOMS.
Gothrun (a Danish Chief),	Mr. RICHARDSON.
Voltimur (son of Hastings, a Dane),	Mr. POPE.
Lothaire (a page),	Mrs. CLENDINNING.
Oswena (widow of Hastings),	Miss MORRIS.
Adela (daughter of Odune),	Mrs. POPE.

The fable of this piece is taken from the memorable period when the enlightened Alfred held forth an example of monarchical virtue in this country.

Odune, the Earl of Devonshire, had betrothed his daughter, Adela, to Alric, Earl of Northumberland, contrary to the wishes of Adela, who is secretly attached to Voltimur, son of the famous Danish Earl Hastings. After the death of Hastings, his son, Voltimur, remained with his mother, Oswena, in this country. Voltimur, like the ancient Brutus, pretends to be disordered in his mind, that he may not be considered as an object important enough to be mischievous, and that he may be permitted, as a harmless idiot, to reside near Adela, to whom his heart is devoted. Adela alone is acquainted with the secret of his pretended insanity. Voltimur is retained at the seat of Odune, as a kind of minstrel. While preparations are making for the nuptials of Alric and Adela, Alfred, passing with a body of troops near his castle, becomes the guest of Odune. In order to avoid this detested marriage, Adela appeals to the humanity and justice of Alfred, and betrays her affection towards Voltimur. Alfred undertakes to favour her cause. It appears, that Alric had been privately married to the sister of Earl Sibbald, who, in

behalf of this injured sister, had summoned Alric to the field, ignorant of the marriage that had taken place. Their difference is settled by an explanation before Alfred.

Though the Danes had been discomfited in the field where Hastings lost his life, yet his widow, Oswena, and a Danish Chieftain, Gothrun, had lingered in Britain, intent upon hostility towards Alfred, when opportunity should offer. Alfred, wandering at night in disguise, is seized by Gothrun and his party, who are ignorant of the rank of the illustrious prisoner. Gothrun fiercely urges his myrmidons to sacrifice the captive, as some satisfaction to the manes of their countrymen. Voltimur, though a Dane, and bitterly lamenting his father, pleads to his countrymen in behalf of the unarmed prisoner, and at length succeeds, declaring, that if the captive were Alfred himself, the enemy of the Danes, he would be the protector of so virtuous a monarch, and so wise a legislator. Alfred can no longer dissemble his feelings, but throws aside his disguise, and praises the virtue of his generous deliverer. The moment Alfred reveals himself, the furious Gothrun rushes forward to destroy him, but is prevented by Voltimur, and disarmed by his followers.

At this period the intended marriage between Alric and Adela is on the eve of celebration; but after the father of Adela understands that Alric is precluded, by a previous union, from marrying his daughter, Alfred, who had been missed by his courtiers, (about to march to rescue their beloved King) enters, and relating the danger from which he had escaped, asks Odune what that man deserves who had delivered him from such imminent peril, or whether he would even deny his daughter? Odune, in the fervour of his loyalty, declares his readiness to yield his life, and what was more dear to him, his daughter, to recompense the virtue of such a man. The King then points to Voltimur, demanding Adela as his bride. Odune cordially assents, and the happiness of the lovers terminates the piece.

This Drama, as it is called, by which term is generally to be understood a dramatic piece in which the author exempts himself from all the settled rules of the Drama, is the offspring of Mr. Cumberland's prolific muse; but, unfortunately, it possesses none of that strength and vigour which marked the productions of her early years. The plot has nothing in it that can interest the feelings, or keep attention awake. The sentiments, for the most part, are trite and common; the language is seldom elevated, frequently incorrect, and sometimes degenerates into downright absurdity. These are faults, which, in a writer of such abilities as Mr. Cumberland is known to possess, can scarcely be deemed pardonable. But-while we thus notice defects, candour demands the observation, that strong exceptions occasionally occur. The scene in which the life of Alfred is preserved, by the generous interposition of the son of Hastings, evidently betrays the hand of a master; and many of the sentiments which the integrity of the Patriot King extorts from his followers, who have daily occasion to witness his virtues, are judiciously conceived, and ably expressed. Still we cannot but think, that the author has by no means availed himself of the glorious opportunity which the introduction of such a character as that of Alfred afforded him, to excite that general and lasting interest, and to impress those salutary principles and precepts, of the beneficial tendency of which experience must have fully convinced him. We are sorry to see writers, capable of original conceptions, ape the style and manner of Shakspeare: Colman is almost the only modern dramatist who has been in any degree successful in compositions of this description. Mr. Cumberland has attempted to pursue the same path, but the shackles, which he has thus imposed on himself, seem rather to have fettered his imagination, than to have inspired him with any portion of the sublime genius of our immortal Bard. At all events, such efforts are better calculated to vitiate than to refine the national taste.

Pope supported with great ability the character of Voltimur, the most interesting in the piece. In the scene in which Alfred is attacked by a party of Danes, his tone and manner were particularly dignified and impressive. Harley, in Odune, was correct and animated. Middleton's Alfred had scarcely sufficient dignity for such a Monarch. The other parts were respectably filled.

Mrs. Clendinning's song, with the harp accompaniment, is pretty, and sung in a style that does credit to her vocal powers.

The Prologue was spoken by Mr. Toms: it breathes a commendable spirit of loyalty and patriotism.

18. At Drury-Lane, a new Pantomime called "*Harlequin Captive;* or, *The Magic Fire,*" was presented for the first time.

It will not be expected that we should enter into a detail of the plot and fable of such a production; but in order to gratify, in a certain degree, the curiosity of our readers, we present them with the following outline:

Ormandine, protected by the charm of the magic fire, has made captive many knights: Harlequin also has fallen into his power, whom he detains in a dungeon, till Columbine, with whom Ormandine is deeply enamoured, shall consent to favour his addresses. Harlequin and Columbine are, by the indiscretion of the Clown, released from bondage: Harlequin is ordered by a good spirit, who opposes Ormandine, to go in search of a consecrated sword and shield, by which he will be enabled to overcome the serpents that guard a fountain, whose waters alone can at once extinguish the magic fire, on which the power of Ormandine entirely depends, and release the knights and damsels whom the enchanter holds in confinement. The adventures that occur to Harlequin, during his search after the sword and shield, constitute the action of the Pantomime, and his finding it, overthrowing the magician, obtaining the water of the fountain, releasing the knights, and his being finally united to Columbine by Minerva, complete the fable.

Miss De Camp is the Columbine; and since the Greek statuary there has not been any head more prettily antique; and since "*incessu patuit,*" since the reference of attraction was to attitude and movement, the stage, in dumb shew, has scarcely ever exhibited more taste, more pleasing grace.

The Clown too (and clowns are mentioned even by Shakspeare) has infinite merit, as far as in buffoonery there can be merit. It is Dubois. The activity, the whim, the fertility of contrivance in the man, are admirable!

Elaborate and complex as the scenery and machinery are (and there are above thirty new scenes), there was scarcely the least embarrassment or delay. The scenes most exquisite are the view of Hurst Castle, the waterfall of Lodore, and the palace of Minerva.

It is on the whole one of the best pieces of the kind that we have ever seen.

23. A new Comedy of five Acts, entitled, "*The Man of Ten Thousand,*" was performed at Drury Lane Theatre.---The *Dramatis Personæ* were as follow:

Lord Laroon,	Mr. Barrymore.
Sir Pertinax Pitiful,	Mr. Palmer.
Dorrington,	Mr. Kemble.
Hairbrain,	Mr. Bannister, Jun.
Curfew,	Mr. Dodd.
Consol,	Mr. Suett.
Major Rampart,	Mr. R. Palmer.
Herbert,	Mr. Wewitzer.
Hudson,	Mr. Aickin.
Robert,	Mr. Trueman.
Lady Taunton,	Miss Pope.
Olivia,	Miss Farren.
Annabel,	Mrs. Gibbs.
Maid,	Miss Tidswell.

The *Fable* is simple, and may be related in a few words.

Dorrington, a rich West Indian, falls into all the fashionable follies of high life, and, as he keeps a sumptuous table, and plays deep, his house is frequented by persons of distinction in the Beau Monde. Among these are Lady Taunton, Lord Laroon, Sir Pertinax Pitiful, Major Rampart, and Curfew, to whose ward, Olivia, Dorrington is betrothed. These persons are only induced to visit him by interested motives; and his generosity being boundless, every application to his purse proves successful, and he supplies, with indiscriminate profusion, the cravings of the vicious, and the wants of the unfortunate. In the midst of Dorrington's splendour, Hudson arrives from the West Indies, with an account that a dread-

ful tornado had completely destroyed his ample possessions in Barbadoes, and *levelled all his works with the ground.* Thus deprived of the sole source of his wealth, he is immediately forsaken by his fashionable friends, whose conduct, in this instance, is contrasted with the fidelity and attachment of Hairbrain and Herbert. The former, a dissipated young man, who has lavished his fortune, but preserved his integrity, seeks, by grasping at every project which offered itself to his mind, to recover the lost favour of the fickle Goddess. He is more indebted, however, to the bounty of Dorrington, than to his own ingenuity, for the means of subsistence; and gratitude to his benefactor, joined to a liberal disposition and an excellent heart, induces him to appropriate the produce of a Twenty Thousand Pound Prize, which most *fortunately* and *opportunely* comes up at this juncture, to relieve the distress of his friend, with whose money the Ticket had been purchased. Herbert is a kind of domestic to Dorrington, who, by dint of perseverance, recovers for him an estate of three hundred pounds a year, of which he had been defrauded, and the half of which he now resolves to appropriate to the use of his ruined master. Olivia too, who loves and admires Dorrington, though she deplores and condemns his foibles and his vices, feels her attachment strengthened by the distressed situation of her lover. Finding that, by the orders of her Guardian, Curfew, *her doors had been shut against him, she determines* to visit him, and to take with her such pecuniary supplies as she supposes to be necessary in his present circumstances. These she obtains through the means of Consol, a rich citizen, who was also one of Dorrington's circle; but, like his fashionable friends, forsook him in the hour of distress. When Olivia sends for Consol, for the purpose of procuring the money, he imagines she has conceived an affection for him, and this strange misconception produces one of those scenes which appear in almost every modern comedy, where a laboured *equivoque* is kept up, in this instance, with much difficulty and little effect. The assistance of Dorrington's real friends is, however, rendered unnecessary, by the reception of intelligence, contradicting Hudson's account, and stating, that his estates in Barbadoes had received but very little damage; and, from the destruction of so many other plantations in the island, are greatly enhanced in value. This news being spread, his fashionable friends return to his door, with as much expedition as if Dorrington had sent cards of invitation for the purpose of assembling them, but are, of course, refused admittance. The piece then concludes with the union, as we are left to suppose, for the fact is not mentioned, of Dorrington and Olivia; of Herbert and Annabel, *who is his cousin, and maid to Olivia.*

The dialogue was unequal; the sallies of wit and humour were few, and *mediocre;* the serious parts were the best written; some of the sentiments were well conceived and ably expressed, though others had neither merit nor novelty to recommend them. When Dorrington is supposed to be a ruined man, Consol advises him to open a subscription, and promises, himself, to become the subscriber of---a nominal hundred.---The allusion here made struck the audience forcibly.

The introduction of the marrow-bones and cleavers, with the rabble at their heels, headed by the clerk from the lottery-office, going to announce to Hairbrain the news of his prize, is a pantomimic trick far below the dignity of comedy: and the allusion to Leake's pills, and "Alexander Mackenzie, my Coachman," is grossly indecorous, and would disgrace one of O'Keeffe's worst farces.

In Dorrington's character there is a glaring inconsistency. Though a sentimental moralist, he is made to associate with men whose foibles he despises, and whose faults he reprobates; and, by his own practice, to sanction the very vices which he loudly condemns. We do not mean to deny that this may be a natural character, but as he is not made to experience any inconvenience from his vices and misconduct, which, like those of Charles in "The School for Scandal," are rendered amiable by the numerous good qualities which accompany them, why introduce it on the stage, and give it to the hero of the piece?

But the most exceptionable character in the piece is that of Major Rampart; and we hope, for the honour of the army, that there is no such character in the service. We are convinced that it will never be a recommendation with a London audience to have a British soldier represented as destitute of the common spirit of a man: this character may with advantage be expunged. Its chief conversation

was a tiresome repetition of " D---n me," and " Do you take me ?"without connection or application. *Indeed*, the audience began at length to join in the imprecation, which they seemed inclined to extend to the whole piece.

Miss Farren's Olivia contained many noble sentiments. She reproved the destructive practices at private gaming tables, and wittily said that " blushes and bloom were become mere articles of perfumery."

The first act is the best in the piece, and was well received; the second and third were so dull, that the serpent began to twine with its fatal hiss round the piece; however it was uncurled by some generous interpoing hands, and the fourth and fifth acts going off with some applause, the piece was announced for a second representation with but few dissentient voices.

A prologue, delivered by Palmer, had not much new observation. The Epilogue, by Miss Farren, turning upon fashion, and the incidents of the day, had many good points; amongst others, the couplet,

" An Orator of note, whose name is (putting her hand to her mouth) MUM!
To make us eloquent, has made us dumb !"

A few hisses were vented against this passage, but the plaudits overcame them.

On the same evening, at Covent Garden, a New Comedy was brought forward, under the title of " *The Way to get Married.*"

CHARACTERS.

Tangent, - - -	Mr. LEWIS.
Toby Allspice, - -	Mr. QUICK.
Capt. Faulkner, - -	Mr. POPE.
Caustic, - - -	Mr. MUNDEN.
Dick Dashall, - -	Mr. FAWCETT.
Felix M'Query, - -	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Julia Faulkner, - -	Miss WALLIS.
Clementina Allspice, -	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Lady Sorrel, - -	Mrs. DAVENPORT.

Scene---A Country Village.

Captain Faulkner, who has served the state with great success, retires with his daughter Julia to a country-town, waiting in anxious expectation the decision of a law-suit in which he is involved, on account of an estate withheld from him. The person by whom he is chiefly directed is M'Query, an Irish attorney, who, by the most sordid practices, has amassed, as he professes, a fortune of twenty thousand pounds. It appears that this vile instrument of the law had officiously obtruded himself upon Faulkner, who having been engaged in the service of his country all his life, is,though a man of a good understanding, not prepared against the artifices of mankind.---Faulkner had lost a dear friend in the East Indies, Charles Richmond, who was killed by his side in action. Richmond had intrusted to the care of Faulkner a thousand pounds,which he had bequeathed to Mr.Tangent, a gay young man of this country, Tangent and he having agreed that the survivor should take the property of the other. The expences of the law-suit, and the delay that attends his application for prize-money brings upon poor Faulkner such embarrassments as tempt him to employ for his own use the money which Richmond had left to Tangent. His integrity, however, is untainted, as the constant hope of a decision in his favour, and of receiving the well-earned profit of his professional valour are his only inducements to use the money, which he means, as soon as possible, to convey to the rightful claimant. Faulkner's nice sense of honour renders him very unhappy, under the consciousness of having thus employed the property of another, and, in the anguish of his feelings, he betrays the secret to the insidious attorney. Mr. Caustic, the uncle of Tangent, is, according to the will of a whimsical old maid, lately deceased, invested with the honour of assigning thirty thousand pounds to any lady who marries with his approbation. Caustic, whose severe manners render him an object of pecular dislike to the female world, before it is known that he enjoys this enviable privilege, is now be-

sieged by the ladies, and tortured by their incessant compliments and attentions. Caustic, *from a sort of good will towards his old friend Allspice, a grocer, advises* his nephew Tangent to pay matrimonial court to Miss Allspice.

Tangent for that purpose visits the house of Allspice. The shopman, in obedience to the pride of Miss Allspice, leaves his apron in the shop while he goes to signify the arrival of Tangent. The characteristic feature of Tangent is a perpetual change of temper as to the course of life he shall pursue. He has turned his mind towards many pursuits, and in succession abandoned them all. The apron left in the shop tempts him to consider the progress of industry and the profits of *trade. In this reverie he puts on the apron, and, invoking the shade of Sir Tho*mas Gresham, falls into an apostrophe on the dignity and affluence of the commercial character. During this transport, Miss Faulkner enters the shop to order some articles of the grocery kind. Tangent is struck with the beauty of her person and the elegance of her manners, and, anxious to know her address, he pretends to belong to the shop, offering to enter the articles she wants in the day-book, and send them home. Miss Faulkner hesitates, and tells him she will call when the other man is in the way. Fearing he shall lose her, Tangent snatches *up a parcel that laid on the counter, declaring it contained exactly what she* wanted, and follows her home. When they arrive at Faulkner's house, Caustic happens to be there, and sees his nephew in this whimsical trim. Hearing the name of Tangent, Faulkner is thrown into great anxiety on account of the money he had embezzled, particularly as M'Query, the lawyer, is also present, and wants to depart with Tangent in order to tell the secret. On this occasion Tangent and Miss Faulkner conceive a strong attachment to each other. Faulkner in great disorder desires Tangent to leave the house. Lady Sorrel, a licentious woman of *quality, being enamoured with Tangent, and discovering his partiality for Miss* Faulkner, connives with the attorney, and by means of a bond, which the latter has obtained from Faulkner, throws the poor officer into prison. In the utmost distress Miss Faulkner endeavours to raise the money necessary to relieve her father. She applies to Tangent in the midst of one of his wealthy reveries, but he has no money to lend her. Her application is overheard by Dick Dashall, a bankrupt young citizen, who promises to assist her; meaning, however, to carry her off for the most dishonourable of purposes. She meets him at the gate of the *prison by appointment, and just as he is attempting to convey her away, Tangent,* who has been arrested by his uncle merely to tame his unruly spirit, is brought to the prison. He rescues Miss Faulkner, and carries her fainting in his arms to her anxious father. In order to release Faulkner, Tangent had previously borrowed money of M'Query, the lawyer, part of which he sends to Julia Faulkner for the release of her father. *Finding that a mere arrest will not subdue the wildness of* Tangent, his uncle contrives to have him put in irons, as the murderer of one of the bailiffs from whom he had attempted to escape. At last, hearing how generous*ly Tangent had behaved to Faulkner, Mr. Caustic is convinced that his nephew* possesses an excellent heart, and according to the power vested in him by the whimsical will alluded to, he agrees to his marriage with Julia Faulkner, to whom, of course, the stipulated legacy belongs. The law-suit of Faulkner is at length decided in his favour; he obtains the prize-money he so bravely earned: and the play concludes with the happiness of all the virtuous characters, and the disappointment and disgrace of those of a contrary description. The mirthful part of the fable chiefly relates to the family of Allspice, Lady Sorrel, the husband-huntress, and Dashall, *the swindling speculator, from the city.*

In this Comedy Mr. Monton (the avowed author) has displayed a degree of dramatic excellence that far exceeds the merit of his former productions. He has *constructed an interesting fable, which he has managed with considerable ability.* The characters are well drawn, accurately supported, and jucidiously contrasted. The principal part, Mr. *Tangent*, is taken from the character of *Polyphilus*, in one of the papers of the RAMBLER, and is dramatized with spirit. In the part of *Dashall*, we have an animated portrait of those vulgar and troublesome *city bucks*, who infest all places of fashionable resort, and endeavour to combine *trade* and *ton*. These coxcombs, who are at once ridiculous and mischievous, from their manners and their principles, were first sketched in an admirable way by Mr. MURPHY, in his

Young Philpot; and their practices and propensities are more fully displayed in the part of *Dasball.* We hope that this faithful portrait of the race of offensive reptiles alluded to, will check their impertinence and obtrusion. These two characters are the most conspicuous in the piece; but there are others that are drawn from real life, and are strongly pourtrayed; particularly the tradesman's daughter, who, though amply provided with the enjoyments, and even luxuries of life, looks with disdain on the calling to which she is indebted for her pleasures and subsistence. There is much entertainment in the character of *Allspice,* the grocer, who wishes to figure in the world of gallantry; and also in the dissipated woman of fashion, whose vices involve her in ludicrous embarrassments. *M'Query,* the Attorney, is, we fear, too just a representative of a set of men, who impose upon the credulous, and prey upon the unfortunate. *Faulkner,* and his daughter, strongly interest by their misfortunes and their virtues.

The Dialogue is neat and spirited; and many allusions to current manners, and temporary topics, are touched with great humour.

On the whole, this piece is highly creditable to the Author, and deserves the applause it abundantly excited. It unveils the artifices of the town, raises considerable merriment, exercises the noblest affections of the heart, and leaves a strong moral impression.

The acting was remarkably animated and correct. Pope gave a strong interest to the character of *Faulkner.* FAWCETT seems to have paid particular attention to the manners of the City-Libertine, and we hope his able personification will assist the laudable efforts of the Author, to bring them into such contempt as will repress the career of their vice and folly. We should have admired the *Julia* of Miss WALLIS much more, if she had not displayed so much of that sort of *familiar tenderness,* which is the prominent feature of her acting. It is needless to say, that QUICK and Mrs. MATTOCKS gave full effect to the whimsical grocer and his absurd daughter. JOHNSTONE, who is making rapid strides to a high degree of excellence in acting, supported the character of the attorney with admirable ability.---MUNDEN, as usual, was distinguished for a close adherence to real life; and to crown the whole, LEWIS displayed all that whim, humour, and originality, which have so deservedly rendered him one of the greatest favourites of the Public. The Prologue touched upon the ruinous practices of commercial speculation so well exposed in the character of *Dasball.* The Epilogue, which was written by Captain TOPHAM, is a very lively representation of fashionable follies. The Piece was throughout received with the warmest approbation of a crowded House.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

VIENNA, *Dec.* 9, 1795.

THE dispute, which for a while appeared to be settled, between Prince Charles of Lichtenstein, and the Prebendary of Osnabruck, Count de Weichs, having been lately renewed, was yesterday finally determined by a duel, in which the Prince of Lichtenstein fell. The parties fought with swords, in the bedchamber of the Prince de Rosemberg, a Captain in the Imperial service, and nephew to the Grand Chamberlain, who was second to the Count de Weichs. The Prince's second was his own brother, the Prebendary's Joseph Wencesley. So great was the fury of the combatants, that, not contented with the first blood drawn, they renewed the combat, when the Prince of Lichtenstein was pierced in the side, and fell dangerously wounded in the lungs. His speech soon failed him, and, though he is not yet dead, there remain little hopes of his recovery.

Examples of this kind being very rare at Vienna, and there being circumstances in the affair which aggravate the conduct both of the combatants and seconds, they have all been arrested, and will be subjected to the penalties of the

laws of Joseph II. which are very rigorous on premeditated duels. The Prince of Lichtenstein was greatly beloved, his disgrace consequently is very much regretted.---This unfortunate duel was occasioned by the love which those two rivals bore to the young and beautiful Countess of Cfernicieh, daughter of the Vice-Admiral of Russia, who remained a few months here on her return from Italy.

An article received subsequent to the above states, that "Prince Charles of Lichtenstein died at Vienna on the 24th of December, of his wounds. He preserved the greatest presence of mind to the last moment, and took a most affecting leave of his wife and mother."

If the above Prince, as the last article relates, had to take leave of his *wife* and mother, wherein was he warranted, being a *married man*, in his love for the Countess?

THORN. The unfortunate King of Poland's renunciation of his throne was very far from being voluntary, though the possession of it had been lately so painful. The eve of the day which would have completed the 30th anniversary of his reign was cruelly chosen for the conclusion of his royal functions. A letter was then delivered to him by Prince Repnin, from the Empress of Russia, the substance of which was, "that the cessation of his royal authority was the natural effect of the arrangements made with respect to Poland; it was therefore referred to his judgment, whether a formal abdication would not be suitable."

This crisis, though it had been foreseen, did not give the King the less emotion, and he was for some hours much agitated. At length he signed the act. The same Prince Repnin, who had been his principal agent in obtaining the crown, and who had assisted at the coronation as the representative of his friend and protectress, the same Prince Repnin, thirty years afterwards, brought him the decree of his deposition.

PARIS.

The following are the particulars of the departure of the daughter of Louis the Sixteenth from Paris:---Charlotte Antoinette set out the 28th Frimaire (Dec. 19), at four o'clock in the morning, accompanied by Madame Soucy, daughter of Madame Machau, nurse to Louis the Sixteenth; Hue, his former valet de chambre; a captain of horse, one of the guardians of the tower of the temple; and one Caron, a servant lad. The preparations for her departure were made with all the secresy which prudence required by Cadet de Vaux. The Minister of the Interior took Charlotte Antoinette from the Temple to his hotel, where a travelling carriage waited for her. She was furnished not only with every thing necessary, but with every thing she could desire. When arrived at the place where she was to be exchanged, she refused to accept of the wardrobe which had been sent with her, saying she would receive nothing from the nation; that she forgave the French all the evils they had occasioned to her; but that she was very glad to be out of their hands.

HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTIONARY TRIBUNAL.

"Quis talia fando
Temperet a lachrymis?"

THIS Tribunal, which posterity will hardly credit could have existed in the 18th century in one of the most polished nations of Europe, had its origin in the dark manœuvres of Maximilian Robespierre, a Member of the Convention, to destroy his opponents, and to afford him an opportunity of removing every obstacle between him and the crown of France; it was established by a decree of the Convention, on the 17th day of August 1792, and terminated its career with the execution of a colleague of its founder and his accomplices, on the 15th day of December 1794.

The crimes which it recognized as revolutionary were, as appears by the sentences, carrying on correspondence with the enemies of the Republic, opposing the inlistment of recruits, importing false assignats, compassing and publishing writings in favour of Royalty, blaspheming the people and constitution, concealing gold and silver coin, refusing to take the constitutional oath, cutting down and

defacing the tree of liberty, frauds in the articles of clothing, provision, or forage for the armies, exclaiming *Vive le Roi*, furnishing money to Emigrants, checking the circulation of assignats, attempting to re-establish Royalty, trampling on the National cockade, and substituting the black cockade, ridiculing the decrees of the Convention, proposing an *Agrarian law, proclaiming Louis XVII. conspiring against* the unity and indivisibility of the Republic.

From its institution in August 1792, to the 27th day of July 1794, the memorable day when Robespierre was deposed, the persons who suffered its dreadful sentence of decapitation were

Marie Antoinette the Queen of France.
The Princess Elizabeth, sister of the late King.
6 Princes.
3 Princesses.
6 Dukes.
2 Duchesses.
14 Marquisses.
2 Marchionesses.
3 Barons of the Empire.
23 Counts.
6 Countesses.
3 Viscounts.
214 Ex-nobles.
12 Knights of Saint Louis.
127 married women, wives of Ex-nobles, and others.
45 single women and women divorced.
76 widows of Ex-nobles and others.
4 *Abbots and Abbesses.*
2 Constitutional Bishops.
14 Friars and Monks of the different Orders.
153 Priests, Curates, and Vicars.
17 Constitutional Priests.
23 Nuns of the different Orders.
2 Marshals of France.
13 Marshals des Camps.
47 Generals, Lieutenant-Generals, and Brigadiers.
22 Colonels and Lieutenant-Colonels.
8 Majors.
50 Captains of Cavalry and Infantry.
17 Aides des Camps and Adjutants.
2 Admirals.
1 Commodore.
8 Captains of Vessels.
41 Lieutenants of the Army and Navy.
7 Officers of the Artillery.
84 Soldiers, National Guards, and others.
33 Members of the National Convention.
4 Members of the Legislative Assembly.
29 Members of the Constituent Assembly.
3 Ministers of State.
30 Mayors of Cities and Towns.
22 Judges.
19 Justices of the Peace.
24 Authors, Literary Men, and Editors of Newspapers.
178 Counsellors, Presidents of Parliaments, Lawyers, Attornies, and Notaries.
109 Gentlemen.
12 Bankers.
38 Merchants and Factors.
105 Commissaries of War, Marine, National Agents, and Contractors.
166 Municipal Officers, Clerks in Public Offices, Administrators of Districts and Departments, Police, &c. Auditors of Accounts, Registers and Receivers, and
941 Persons of different Trades and Descriptions.

Making together 2774 persons. The oldest person sentenced was Monsieur Dupin, a Counsellor of the Parliament of Thoulouse, whose extreme age of ninety-seven pleaded in vain for mercy. He and twenty-five more Counsellors of the same Parliament, and four of the Parliament of Paris, were executed at the same time.

The youngest person sentenced was Charles Dubost, aged only fourteen, who, with his brother and father, suffered the same morning. Twenty-nine times in the short period that France groaned beneath its tyranny did a parent accompany his child to death: and the conspiracy of Verdun, as it was termed, sent at the same moment three beautiful sisters, the eldest only twenty-five, to the scaffold!

From the 27th of July to the 15th December 1794, the labours of the tribunal became meritorious, as during that interval no persons received sentence but Robespierre himself, and about one hundred of his accomplices; and it will be recollected with satisfaction, that shortly after, the Judges and Jurymen of this never-sparing Court shared the fate of their patron and protector.

NARRTIVE GIVEN BY DROUET, THE POSTMASTER OF VARENNES, OF HIS BEING TAKEN BY THE AUSTRIANS, AND OF HIS ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE FROM THE PRISON IN WHICH HE WAS CONFINED.

ON the 17th of September 1793, I was sent to the army of the North. On the 29th the army of Maubeuge was surprised and repulsed on every point. The Austrians blockaded the town, in which there were but 15 days provisions. Franchville represented to us, that we should not be able to hold out long, and that it was necessary a trusty man, able to shew an imposing countenance, should leave the town, pass through the Austrians, and communicate to the Convention, and to the Minister, an account of our critical position.

I felt that it would be infinitely useful to the Republic that I should charge myself with this enterprize. If I perished, my death would animate the soldiers with vengeance, which would double their force; if I succeeded, I should rouse the surrounding departments. I should hasten to collect the provisions, the forage, and assemble the men in particular; I would fall upon the enemy, after having made signals which could be heard from the town; I could save Maubeuge and the Republic. A few hours before my departure, I took care that the rumour of it should be circulated amongst some battalions. "What! (said the soldiers) should we not be determined to fight to the last extremity, whilst a Representative of the People undertakes to pass through the Austrian army, in order to procure succours?" This finally determined me.

I took 100 chosen dragoons, and on the 2d of October, at midnight, I penetrated into the middle of the Austrians; we had agreed to march slowly and very close, for fear that, in the dark, we should throw ourselves into some of the outworks of the enemy. Unfortunately, however, we could not avoid passing near a camp of infantry. The whistling of the balls and the explosion of powder set our horses a galloping: what I had foreseen happened; we fell into a ditch. Several of our dragoons and myself were dismounted; I got up, and laid hold of the first horse which presented itself; a dragoon had lost his, and entreated me not to abandon him in the midst of the enemy; I allowed him to get up behind me, but the horse being young and ardent was much agitated; five minutes passed away, and my escort had already got so far before me, that in the dark I could not discover the road they had taken.

The soldier and myself found ourselves in the midst of the enemy; a few steps farther we met with a patrole of the enemy, consisting of five hussars. The dragoon talked of surrendering; I charged them by hallooing out, "Follow me, dragoons!" They retreated, but soon returned in a greater number. It was necessary to avoid them; I pushed my horse forward, but soon after fell into a deep ravine, where I lost my senses. The hussars found me, wounded me with their sabres, and then carried me off almost dead. When I recovered, I said I was a French officer. They dressed my wounds with tolerable care. I afterwards declared that I was a Representative of the People, and when they knew that I was that Drouet who had stopped Louis XVI. at Varennes, they treated me very badly. I asked for bread, after fasting forty-eight hours; a young officer said to me, "March, rascal; it is not worth while to give you any for so little time:" I was thrown naked upon a cart. The emigrants, above all, loaded me with insults. Prince Colloredo, before whom I was brought, said to me, that the French were a faithless people; that they had just sent to La Vendee the garrison of Mentz, who had promised not to serve against the Emperor during this war. Colloredo made me this reproach, as if we ought to have understood in the capitulation, that the Vendeans and Austrians were equally armies of the Emperor.

Soon after I was conducted to General Latour, I was loaded with irons and wounds; in a state, which, at least, proved me courageous, and ought to have inspired a warrior with some regard. The latter struck me with his fist in the stomach, which brought me to the ground; and he spit in my face. "I am without any defence," said I to him, "and you insult me." Dare to put off from me these chains, however wounded I am in every part of my body, you will not dare to look in my face." He then became very furious, and his guards carried me off. Do not believe, however, that I met the same atrocity every where. Many Ger-

mans have shed tears over my fetters; and of how many generous actions could I not render you accounts. I could procure immortality to some individuals of that nation which is called our enemy.

I was dragged along. They threw me upon straw, almost naked, with handcuffs and fetters, in a dungeon of the fortress of -------. I remained there several months: I remained there until the triumphing Republic had made the Imperialists feel the strength of their bayonets; then they began to have some regard for me. They took me out of my grave, and put me into an habitable room. But it would be wrong to remain in laziness, while our brave defenders were fighting day and night. I then dreamt of nothing but the means of making my escape.

My prison was the fortress of Spielberg, in Moravia. It is situate upon the river Schwartz, which evacuates itself into the Danube. From my windows I perceived a small boat, which I wished to get into my power. If I had abandoned myself to the current, I could have run down the Danube, and from that river into the Black Sea, from whence I hoped that it would not be difficult to arrive at Constantinople. But in order to get to the boat, it was necessary to break the iron bars at my windows; to throw myself upon a terrace, from whence, in order to arrive on the plain, it was necessary to precipitate myself into an abyss; for, from the terrace of that fortress, situated upon the point of the rock, there were 200 feet depth.

I began to tear a lath, which supported my curtains, and afterwards two strong iron spikes, of a foot and a half in length, which had been but lately placed, in order to secure my iron bars. I assure you, that with these instruments, if they had but let me work at pleasure, I should in a very little time have demolished the whole fortress. I succeeded soon to undo and conceal my window-bars, which I replaced in a manner that my labours could not be perceived. At last I was perfectly insured of the means how to escape from my room; but was not sure how I was to get out of the fortress, or to arrive at the bottom of this precipice of 200 feet deep, where, besides, sentries were placed at 200 paces from each other. I had no means to procure me ropes. I determined to undertake making a parachute, in the form of an umbrella, to prevent my falling with violence from such a height; imagining that the soldiers, when seeing such a mass tumbling from heaven, would run away frightened, when I should launch into my boat.

I immediately went to work. I tore cotton night-caps and stockings, of which I made thread; a small fish-bone served as a needle; with pieces of cloth sewn together, and supported by pieces of wood broken from my prison, I succeeded to make a sort of an umbrella. The roof of my chamber was very high: the chapiter of one of the pillars was eight feet high. Several times I threw myself from thence with my machine, without feeling any shock. I thought that abroad the column of air must be much stronger, and support me better, without calculating the effect which must be produced from the weight of my body, proportionably multiplied by the acceleration of my fall.

Every thing was at last ready; the time was not far from the 21st of June 1794, the anniversary of a famous period in the annals of the Republic, and in the history of my life.* I pointed out this day for my delivery; but thinking on the means how to exist in my boat, I made a parcel of my clothes, and put some pieces of bread into it, the whole weighing nearly 30lb.

An indisposition prevented my expedition on the 21st of June. It was on the night of the 6th of July, when I undertook to execute my experiment. I hastily collected all my effects: I constructed my machine, and tore off the grate from the window. I threw myself into the Terrace, and disposed to precipitate myself down the fortress. Twice had I attempted to launch myself into the air, and twice an invisible power seemed to retain me; and nature, on the approach of my destruction, was repugnant to follow the movement of my heart. At last I walked a few steps backwards, afterwards advancing with activity, the eyes closed; I precipitated myself in that profound abyss.

The rapidity of my fall was such, that I cried out, I am dead! But I was mis-

* The 21st of June 1791 was the day when Drouet betrayed the unfortunate Louis XVI. at Varennes.

taken. I only felt one of my feet entirely immoveable. A wall was there before me. I attempted to rise, in order to climb over it; but my foot, which was broken, refused me this service, and violent pains began to prevail. The pains were so excruciating, that I cried as loud as possible.

I found I had not been wrong in my former conjectures. The enormous mass which, in the dark, my umbrella had presented to the uncertain look of the sentries, frightened them to such a degree, that they could not determine to abandon the watch-house; whither they had taken flight; and not one of their comrades on duty had the courage to appear abroad. It was not discovered before sun-rise. They brought me back to my chamber, where they threw me upon the floor. They left me for eight hours, persuaded that I must die: when they saw that, with all this, I did not die, they brought a surgeon, who dressed my foot. I remained three months in bed, and used crutches above a twelvemonth.

REPORT, MADE BY CAMUS, ON THE TREACHERY OF DUMOURIER---THE ARREST OF THE FOUR DEPUTIES, AND THE MINISTER AT WAR--THEIR SUBSEQUENT TREATMENT, &c.

The victory of Jemappe, said the reporter, was the source of all the treasons of Dumourier. That brilliant day inflated his heart.----He attributed to his own talents, that which was the effect of republican courage. Belgium appeared to him as a lawful conquest, to which he had more claim than any other person. But soon discovering that his plans were not well received in Belgium, he made an incursion into the United Provinces, where he hoped to reign more absolutely than in the Austrain Netherlands.

But his projects were soon disclosed. He then began to declaim against the Convention and its commissaries. He issued proclamations in contradiction to its decrees. The enormous popularity he had acquired with the army made it necessary for the Commissioners to act with caution. But Dumourier broke out abruptly: "They accuse me," said he to Camus, "of wishing to be a new Cæsar, but if I am attacked, I shall know how to defend myself." In speaking these words, he laid his hand to the hilt of his sword. "If you wish to be a Cæsar," replied Camus, warmly, "I can be a Brutus." He clapt at the same time a pistol to the breast of Dumourier.

The plan of the latter was to abandon the Netherlands to the Austrians, to resign to them the territory as far as the ancient frontier. He was to sell to them the keys of the country, to divide the troops of the line from the volunteers, and to create a schism in the Convention, by complaining of its principal Members.

Behold him at length denounced. The Commissioners on mission in Belgium summoned him to surrender himself at Lisle. He refused, and by this refusal threw off the mask. He was ordered to the bar, and the Committee of General Defence sent off four new Commissioners, Camus, Bencal, Quienette, and La Marque, accompanied by Bournonville, the minister at war. On their arrival at Lisle, Miranda denounced to them Dumourier. "I owe no obedience but to the Convention," said that republican general, when the treacherous Dumourier wished to induce him to march against Paris.

Here Camus mentioned a strong circumstance. He said, that several chests of gold medals were seized at this time from the Governor-General of the Low Countries. These were offered in charge to Camus. He refused the trust, on account of his departure for the camp of Dumourier, and desired that they might be deposited with the Commission of Archives.---Since his arrival from prison, he learned that this deposit had never been made.

The Commissioners arrived at the camp without any escort. But a detachment of the hussars of Berchigny surrounded their carriage and that of Bournonville. "Who are those armed men who surround us?" said the Commissioners. "It is a guard of honour which Dumourier has sent you," said some one of the troop. On hearing those words, they had no longer a doubt but that this perfidious General meant to secure their persons.

On their arrival they found Dumourier disturbed in his mind; but with an assumed calmness, "You come," said he, "to arrest me." "Not at all, we bring to you the order of the Convention." The decree was read, ordering him to the bar. Dumourier refused to repair to Paris; and declaimed against Marat and the Jaco-

bins. All communication was still cut off between the Commissioners and the Army.---*Baptiste*, the valet of Dumourier, entered the room, quite out of breath. "Whilst you deliberate," cried he, "the enemy is advancing in three columns." The Commissioners ordered this man to be arrested. "What," said Bournonville, "it is six o'clock in the evening, and yet you say that the enemy is advancing?" "Go," said Dumourier, to an old officer who could scarcely move, "and see what is going forward."

The Commissioners returned to the charge. They attacked Dumourier on the ground of his principles. They told him, that it was not the office of a General to judge of the law---that the army belonged to the Republic, and he could issue no order contrary to its laws. They placed before him the example of La Fayette, &c.---Dumourier replied, that France was advancing to her ruin, and that it was his wish to save her. He asked, who could save his army from the peril which threatened its being attacked by an immense cavalry? "I will," said Bournonville. "That is to say," rejoined Dumourier, "that you evince him to stifle my command." The burden of his plaint, however, was, that it was intended to have him assassinated in Paris.---Quinette and La Marque offered to accompany him. He gave to both the epithet of assassins. He concluded, by recommending it to the Commissioners to withdraw to Valenciennes.

It was now eight o'clock. The Commissioners repaired to a closet, where they framed a decree, suspending Dumourier from his function as a General, and naming in his place Valence, whose perfidy was not then suspected.---They entered the hall, which was filled with the officers of the staff, having Dumourier at their head. The Commissioners sent for Valence; the Officers kept a profound silence.---Camus addressed himself to Dumourier.

"You know of the decree by which you are ordered to the bar?"

Dumourier. "No."

Com. "You then disown the law?"

Dum. "I am necessary to the army."

Com. "We order the seals to be put upon your papers."

Dum. "Let them be placed in a state of security."

Com. "Considering your disobedience to the law, we declare you to be suspended.

Officers. "So are we all. You take from us our General, our Father.

Dum. "It is time this scene should end.--- Officers do your duty."

At that instant the hussars approached. The representatives of the people were surrounded, and made prisoners. "Come, my dear Bournonville," said Dumourier, taking him by the hand, "you are also arrested."

The Commissoners were conducted into a cabinet. Our first reflection was completely satisfactory---for we thought, that as Dumourier was found out, he would be no longer dangerous. "The army will abandon him, as it abandoned La Fayette. Dumourier was a knave; he is now a villain. The Republic is out of danger. Five individuals are but too happy to be arrested for the safety of twenty-five millions of men. They seized our effects, our port-folios, and those of the ministry. They endeavoured to seduce one and then the other; they offered us security from all dangers, and advised us to distrust the disorganizers, as they called them. Bournonville replied, "I know what is to be apprehended in all revolutions; I will die at my post, but I never will desert it. Tell Dumourier that I will never speak more to a traitor."

An Officer came forward. "You remember, said he, that we leaped together into the lines of Jemappe?" "Yes," replied Bournonville, "and I never thought that the troops which fought under my orders against the Austrians, would have surrounded me this day as a prisoner, and that you would be at their head.

The order was, however, given to depart. We desired a written copy. "Go," said Dumourier to his guards; if they refuse to obey, force must be employed. We departed in three carriages, full of the people of our suite, who would not abandon us. In each carriage was an Adjutant of Dumourier. The night was dark, and they took a circuitous route. "Whither are we going?" said Bournonville.

"To Valenciennes," said an Adjutant, named Rainville.

"Take care; if you tell me a falsehood, I shall kill you on the spot."

The Adjutant, who knew Bournonville to be a man of his word, leaped shortly after from the carriage, under the pretext of a necessary occasion, and followed us on horseback. Bournonville then asked the coachman whither we were going? "To Ramilly," said the man, who was not in the secret. We were on the road to Tournay.

Bournonville observed, "The escort is weak; it amounts, I believe, only to twenty-five men---my sabre cuts well---we shall soon disperse them." No sooner said than done. He sprang from the vehicle, and with the first stroke cut down the officer. The whole troop was collected. It amounted to 200 men. Bournonville was attacked, he parried their strokes with his sword; but having at length received a deep wound in the thigh, he was forced to yield to numbers, and was replaced in the carriage. The hussars in their resentment broke the glasses, and cut the carriage in several places.

If the Commissioners were obliged on any occasion to quit the vehicle for a moment, they were accompanied by two hussars, who crossed their sabres over their neck, and threatened to cut it through. When we arrived at Tournay, the hussars of Berchigny withdrew, consigning us to the dragoons of Latour, and thus the treason was consummated.

We were announced to Clairfait. "We cannot (said he) refuse the good which is offered to us." It was not thus that Camillus answered to the schoolmaster of the *Falisci*, who offered to betray the children committed to his care, But Camillus was a Republican, and the General of Roman soldiers: but Clairfait is * * * * *

An officer said to one of us, who spoke with his hat on---"Sir, equality has no place here; I am one of the staff." "It is very well," replied the other, fixing his hat more firmly on his head.

On their arrival at *Mons*, it was announced to the Commissioners, that they were to be detained as hostages for the Queen, and that if any attempt was made on her life, they must answer it with their heads.

"Tell Cobourg," said Bournonville to a troop of Austrian officers who surrounded him, "that a Prince Eugene would have set me at liberty. I am now *detained* only because I am *feared*!"

On their arrival at Brussels, the prisoners were received by the hisses of the multitude, composed of priests, monks, emigrants, *filles de joie*, and hair-dressers. No decent citizen appeared at the *fete*. A female emigrant exclaimed---"These are the gentlemen who have been taken in!"

During the short stay which the prisoners made at Brussels and Maestricht, they saw on the one hand that the emigrants were every where held in sovereign contempt; and that, on the other hand, there was not only a misunderstanding, but a marked hatred, between the Austrians and Prussians.

The continuation of this report was postponed to the 26th Nivose, Jan. 16.

HOME NEWS.

WE are happy to announce that a suspension of arms has taken place between the Austrians and the French.

Jan. 7. This morning, between nine and ten o'clock, the Princess of Wales was happily delivered of a Princess. His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President of his Majesty's Council, his Grace the Duke of Leeds, his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, the Earl of Cholmondeley, Lord Chamberlain, and the Earl of Jersey, Master of the Horse to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, the Right Honourable Lord Thurlow, and the Ladies of her Royal Highness's bed-chamber, were present.

This happy event was immediately made known by the firing of the Tower guns, and other demonstrations of joy in London and Westminster.

In the High Commission Court, Dublin, sentence of death has been passed in the usual manner on James Weldon, convicted of high treason, viz. Defenderism.

Weldon entreated a long day; declared that he had served his Majesty for three years, and was never confined; and before he was brought into this, was never accused of any crime. The Court were pleased to appoint Wednesday the 2d of March for his execution.

List of MARRIAGES, DEATHS, *&c. &c. in our next.*