



*The Jewels of the R.W.M.
Of the Lodge of
The Nine Muses.*

London, Published for S. Stephenson, by J. Parsons, Pater Noster Row, 1st Mar. 1796.

THE
FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,
 FOR FEBRUARY 1796.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ELEGANT ENGRAVING OF

THE MASTER'S JEWEL OF THE LODGE OF THE NINE MUSES.

CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
Account of the Lodge of the Nine Muses	75	Stanzas to Winter	122
Address from the Grand Lodge of Madras to the Grand Lodge of England	77	To Friendship	123
Address to the Lodge of St. John, at Lancaster, by the Rev. James Watson	78	Monody on the Death of John Howard, Esq.	124
Observations made in a visit to the Tombs of Westminster Abbey, in December 1784. By W. Hutton, F.S.E. Sco. of Birmingham, concluded	81	Strictures on Public Amusements	126
On the Passions of the Ancients	88	Account of the New Farce of the LOCK AND KEY.	
The Modern State of Friendship	91	Prologue to The Way to get Married	127
Original Letter from Oliver Cromwell to General Fleetwood	93	Epilogue to the same	128
The Stage. By John Taylor, Esq. continued	94	Extracts from Mr. Oulton's History of the Theatres of London, from 1777---Anecdote of Mr. Garrick	
Further Particulars of the late T. Dunckerley, Esq.	96	---Mr. King appointed Deputy Manager of Drury Lane Theatre	
On Parental Partialities	100	---Mrs. Yates	129
Account of Dr. Dee, the Astrologer	102	Masonic Intelligence	134
On the Absurdity, Folly, and Inconsistency of various fashionable Customs and Ceremonies	108	MONTHLY CHRONICLE.	
Two Letters from Mr. Addison to the Earl of Warwick	112	Foreign Intelligence	135
History of Masonry, continued	113	Home News.---Trial of Mr. Stone for High Treason---Conduct of the London Jury the Indictment for High Treason against Crossfield, Smith, Higgins, and Le Maitre---Insult to their Majesties on their return from Drury Lane---Baptism of the Princess Charlotte Augusta---Trial of Mr. England for the Murder of Mr. Rowlls	136
On the various Modes of Eating in different Countries	119	List of Sheriffs for 1796	142
POETRY.		Interesting Tythe Cause	ib.
Masonic Song	121	Marriages	143
Sea Song	ib.	Deaths	ib.
		Bankrupts	144

L O N D O N :

Printed for the PROPRIETOR;

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

TO READERS, CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

WE are desired to state, that Anonymous Letters to Grand Officers cannot on any account be attended to.

The Lines sent by "*A Subscriber*" are too incorrect for publication.

Our Rev. *Brother Wells's Masonic Sermon* in our next.

This Magazine may now be had Complete in FIVE VOLUMES, bound according to the Taste of the Purchaser. A very few complete Sets remain on hand; so that an early application is recommended to such Persons (Brethren or others) as desire to possess themselves of the most elegant and entertaining Miscellany hitherto published under the denomination of Magazine.

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

A few Proof Copies of the ENGRAVING, given in this Number on large Paper, may be had, price 2s. 6d. each. On Satin 5s. each.

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

PRICES OF BINDING PER VOLUME.

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

THE
FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

AND
CABINET OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE,
FOR FEBRUARY 1796.

SOME ACCOUNT OF
THE LODGE OF THE NINE MUSES,
WITH AN ELEGANT
ENGRAVING OF THE MASTER'S JEWEL.

ON the 14th of January 1777, a Meeting was held at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's Street, by the following

BRETHREN :

JOHN HULL, Esq. as R. W. M.
RAPHAEL FRANCO, Esq. as S. W.
The Rev. Dr. WILLIAM DODD*, as J. W.
ROBERT BIGGIN, Esq. as TREASURER, and
The CHEVALIER BARTHOLOMEW RUSPINI.

VISITORS :

RICHARD BARKER, Esq.
WILLIAM PORTER, Esq.
JEAN BAPTISTE CIPRIANI, Esq.
——— BORGHI, Esq.

On the 23d following, having obtained permission of the Grand Master to assemble as Masons, and to make and raise Masons, till a Constitution could be made out, Brother Cipriani was raised to the degree of a Master Mason.

At this Meeting Brother Biggin very generously offered to furnish a Bible and Jewels; at the same time Brother Cipriani engaged to suggest suitable and proper designs.

An Engraving from the elegant Painting of the Right Worshipful Master's Jewel is given in this Number, executed by Leney, of whose abilities as an Engraver we consider it as no inconsiderable specimen.

Brother Raphael Franco, not willing to be outdone in liberality, engaged to supply the Lodge with three candlesticks; of which peculiarly elegant furniture we shall give a particular description at a future opportunity.

Among those who have been made Masons, and admitted Mem-

* He was expelled on the 13th of February following, "having behaved unbecomingly a man of honour and a Mason."

bers in this respectable Lodge at different periods since its institution, we find the following distinguished characters, and have considered it *not unimportant to annex the dates respectively of their initiations or admissions.*

Francis Bartolozzi, Esq. made Feb. 13, 1777.

Augustus Carlini, Esq. and Charles Frederic Abell, Esq. admitted Dec. 11, 1777.

----- Cramer, Esq. admitted Jan. 8, 1778.

Felici Giardini, admitted March 12, 1778.

Count Siedlecki, Chamberlain to the King of Poland, admitted June 11, 1778.

Lord Viscount Tamworth, made Dec. 8, 1778.

His Excellency General Paoli, Count Guiseppe Poli, Count Aurbani Gentili, and Count Cambiagi, made Jan. 14, 1779.

Earl Ferrers, admitted June 1779.

His Excellency Count Cavelli, Venetian Ambassador, admitted Feb. 15, 1779.

Earl of Effingham, admitted March 15, 1779.

His Excellency Francis D'Ageno, Minister from the Court of Genoa, made April 19, 1779.

Right Hon. Lord Cranstown, made Dec. 10, 1779.

John Zoffani, Esq. and Right Hon. Earl Kelly, admitted Dec. 20.

Sir Robert Salusbury Cotton, Bart. admitted April 17, 1780.

The Hon. Washington Shirley, made April 4, 1782.

Hon. Wm. Ward, made Jan. 9, 1783.

Marquis Paul de Arconati, Viscount of Milan, made Feb. 13, 1783.

Lord Macdonald, admitted ditto.

Count de Ceyras, made Nov. 7, 1783.

Count Soderini, Venetian Ambassador; made Feb. 2, 1787.

Count Gaetano Tosio of Venice, and Count Barziza, made Feb. 13, 1787.

Marquis Trotti, admitted ditto.

Count Andrea Boselli, made March 2, 1787.

Count Savedra, admitted ditto.

Count Lavezari, Venetian Resident, admitted June 6, 1787.

Sir Nicholas Nugent, Bart. admitted 1785.

Baron de Starck.

Sir John Ingleby, Bart.

This Lodge continues to meet numerously and respectably, on the 2d Friday in the month, at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's-street.

THE PRESENT OFFICERS ARE:

The CHEVALIER B. RUSPINI, R. W. M.

WILLIAM BLACKSTONE, Esq. S. W. *

SAMUEL BEAZLEY, Esq. J. W.

CHARLES CARPENTER, Esq. TREASURER.

Mr. SIMON STEPHENSON, SECRETARY.

THOMAS TINSON, Esq. MAS. CER.

* Son of the late able Commentator on the Laws of our Country.

AN ADDRESS
FROM THE
PROVINCIAL GRAND LODGE OF MADRAS
TO THE
GRAND LODGE OF ENGLAND.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES,
Grand Master of the Most Ancient and Honourable Fraternity
OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS;
THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL DEPUTY GRAND MASTER;
GRAND WARDENS;
GRAND OFFICERS, AND
MEMBERS OF THE GRAND LODGE OF ENGLAND.

ROYAL BROTHER,
RIGHT WORSHIPFUL SIR,
AND MOST RESPECTABLE BRETHREN,

WE have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your Secretary's letter of date the 8th of June 1793, transmitting the accounts of your most respectable Lodge up to that period, with sundry packets addressed to the Lodges under our jurisdiction, all of which were duly delivered.

The Address to his Most Excellent Majesty on the present situation of affairs, as inclosed in your packet, was read with infinite satisfaction at our first Quarterly Communication after the receipt of it; and, as the sentiments which that elegant and loyal production conveys corresponded with the feelings of all the Brethren here, it was not only entered on the records of the Provincial Grand Lodge, but also on the records of the different Lodges under our jurisdiction.

From the situation which our Right Worshipful Provincial Grand Master, Brother Chamien, has for some years been in, as chief of Vizagapatnam, an opportunity had not offered to instal him in the high office to which he has been raised; but, as he has lately arrived at this Presidency, and will now remain, the ceremony will be performed as soon as possible with every honour.

From the knowledge which both he and our Right Worshipful Deputy Provincial Grand Master, Brother Cahagan, have of the Masonic duties, and from the zeal they have uniformly manifested in performing them, we may reasonably indulge the hope, that the Lodges on the coast of Coromandel will flourish under their auspices.

We do not send you by this opportunity a return of the Lodges under our jurisdiction, expecting that we shall be enabled to do it

better by the next dispatch, when the Military Lodges, which were somewhat disturbed in their operations by the late war with Tippoo, will be fixed in their residence and places of regular meeting.

Brother Linley, who is on the eve of proceeding to Europe for the recovery of his health, will have the honour of delivering this letter, and paying our donation of 20l. towards the Grand Charity. Although a young man, he is nevertheless a very well informed Brother: indeed, his zeal for the Craft, and the interest he took in prosecuting the Masonic duties, were the means of raising him in our estimation and procuring him a seat in the Grand Lodge. Upon these grounds we beg leave to recommend him to the notice of your most respectable Lodge.

With the most lively sentiments of esteem and regard, we have the honour to subscribe ourselves,

Royal Brother,

Right Worshipful Sir,

And most respectable Brethren,

Your faithful and affectionate Brethren,

JOHN CHAMIEN, P. G. M.

T. GAHAGAN, P. D. G. M.

W. R. A. PORCHER, T. G. W.

THO. COEVAM, G. T.

BENJ. P. JULIVAM.

COLLEY LYONS LINCAS.

WILLIAM LINLEY.

THO. LEWIN.

*Freemasons' Hall, Madras,
February 22, 1795.*

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

AN ADDRESS,

DELIVERED TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JOHN'S LODGE,

NO. 534, LANCASTER.

BY THE REVEREND JAMES WATSON,

ON HIS TAKING THE CHAIR, DEC. 27, 1794.

SIRS AND BROTHERS,

PLACED by your unanimous option in the chair which I now have the honour to fill, I feel the compliment highly flattering indeed, when, in the first place, I reflect that an humble and obscure individual succeeds ONE* who, with the highest credit to himself, occupies a seat in the most august assembly upon earth—the BRITISH SENATE. The consideration also of my infancy † in this laudable fraternity would have deterred me from undertaking so responsible

* John Fenton Cawthorne, Esq. M. P. † Initiated only in January preceding.

a station, had not your partiality superseded my own diffidence. Animated, however, by a veneration for the institution, a high sense of obligation, and a personal regard for each individual around me, I am ready to offer up my utmost exertions in my office, as the best atonement for my defects and imperfections.

MASONRY having the Omnipotent ARCHITECT of the universe for the object of its adoration and imitation; his great and wonderful works for its pattern and prototype; and the wisest and best men of all ages, nations, and languages, for its patrons and professors (comprehending* all sciences, divine and human); must be a subject of boundless extent. Suffice it, for the present, if I humbly attempt to delineate some small part of its nature and excellencies, leaving a more ample display of them to more exalted abilities and sublimer eloquence.

No sooner was man formed, and dignified with a ray of the Divinity, than that light directed him to contemplate and admire the works of his great Creator, and to copy that grand Exemplar into every infant art. Thus Masonry is coeval with mankind. But that celestial beam being deplorably obscured and weakened "by man's first disobedience †," we find the wanted aid of *Divine instruction*, benignly vouchsafed in the institution of *naval architecture* by the building of the ARK, which has served for a model to all succeeding ages. The same Heavenly Oracle dictated the construction of the ark of the covenant and its *protecting* TABERNACLE in the wilderness, and the magnificence of King Solomon's TEMPLE afterwards, the two other patterns of *stone* and *military architecture*.

Leaving holy ground, we trace Masonry amongst the Eastern Magi and in the renowned learning of Ægypt. From whence, like other sciences, taking a westerly direction, it was brought by that European Apostle of Masonry, Pythagoras, from whose propagation it reached the British isle ‡. Its principles were respected and disseminated by Bramins, Philosophers, Artists, and Saints, and diffused the light of science to the remotest corners of the earth. It taught natural religion, philosophy, subordination, and arts, on the banks of the Ganges, in the hieroglyphics of Ægypt, the sanctuaries of Eleusis, the schools of Sages, and the caves of Druids.

Though it derives its name from *scientific*, and its badges from *operative architecture*, it comprehends the whole circle of arts and sciences; has been the depot of learning in all former ages, and a focus combining every ray of genius in all climes of the earth. A *Lodge* is in foreign countries eminently stiled an *Academy*, and MASONRY considered as synonymous to GEOMETRY §, the science re-

* ΑΡΧΙΤΕΚΤΟΝΙΚΗ Aristoteli dicta est Philosophia, ut quæ alias artes quasi satellites habeat. † Milton's Paradise Lost. I. 1.

‡ But probably long before, from the western population of Japhet, or the migrations from Asia under Odin, Gog, and Magog, &c. Witness Stonehenge, &c. temples to those early Deities. The first Grand Lodge (called Assembly) was established at Verulam (St. Alban's) by St. Alban, Prime Minister of King Carausius, A. D. 287.

§ Ο ΘΕΟΣ ΓΕΩΜΕΤΡΕΙ.

lating to the measurement of the earth, and emphatically referring to its creation; a *liberal* or *free* MASON signifying a friend and admirer, or a professor of *liberal science*, in contradistinction to an *operative* Mason.

But, though Masonry primarily inculcates morals and the religion of nature, it has caught an additional spark from the light of revelation and *the Sun of righteousness**. And though Masonry continues to burn with subordinate lustre, it lights the human traveller the same road: it breathes a concordant spirit of universal benevolence and brotherly love; adds one thread more to the silken cord of evangelical charity, which binds man to man, and crowns the cardinal virtues with christian graces. Thus it aids the cause of virtue, by giving additional weight to moral obligations; and promotes public happiness, by enjoining a *peaceable submission to every existing mode of government*.

But it may be said, why has it been always locked up in secrecy? The Almighty locks up gold in the earth and pearls in the ocean, not to bury them unkindly from human use, but to reward human industry for its search of them. And why do men lock up precious things, but to keep them from pilfering and unhallowed hands? Moreover, silence and secrecy inspire awe and solemnity. Hence the moral precepts, Illustrations, Allegories, Signs and Tokens, of Masonry, are prohibited from being written or printed, and have been with oracular caution transmitted by *oral tradition* from generation to generation. But after all, it must be confessed, that its harmless secrets are but centinels and guards against imposition; and to the credit of human nature be it said, that they have never been betrayed, even by those who have basely deserted almost every other conscientious engagement.

Let each of us, then, in our respective spheres as Men and Masons, be the generous friends of every useful and ornamental art and science; cultivate each moral and social virtue; and make our fundamental principles live by exhibiting in our lives and actions an unfeigned BROTHERLY LOVE to each other and all mankind; a cheerful communication of RELIEF to distressed brethren and fellow-creatures; and an invariable adherence to TRUTH and sincerity in all we say or do.

Let sobriety temper all our social moments, and good hours procure us the praise of regularity from our families and friends. Let strict caution and discretion guard us from making any undue discoveries to the uninformed. And let us by our exemplary conduct convince the world, that by being *Masons* we are *better men*; remembering that an impious and dissolute Mason is a disgrace to human nature, by having broke his initiating vows and obligations, both as a Christian and a Brother.

Then may we humbly hope that a blessing will descend from the Most High upon our labours and our meetings; and that, from associating as *Brethren in unity* † here, we shall meet again as BRETHREN in BLISS hereafter.

* Mal. iv. 2.

† Psalm cxxxiii. 1.

OBSERVATIONS MADE IN
A VISIT TO
THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY,
IN DECEMBER 1784.

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

(CONCLUDED FROM P. 21.)

ST. EDWARD'S CHAPEL.

RISING about twenty steps on the other side of the same aisle, we enter a kind of chamber, twenty feet square, called St. Edward's chapel, joining the choir on the west, where we become acquainted with another little group of kings. The first object which strikes the eye is the tomb of the saint, about nine feet high, fixed in the centre, as lord of the place.

Henry the Third erected it, in honour of the quondam saint, of whom he was very fond; nor shall we be surprised, as every animal loves its like, that one weak prince should love another.

One of St. Paul's injunctions is, *Be not righteous over-much.* We may infer, that too much religion may do mischief, as well as too little. If an over-stock of righteousness is prejudicial in a private man, who moves in a narrow circle, what must it be in a sovereign, who influences a nation?

We have only two instances upon record, since Egbert annihilated the heptarchy, of princes, whose characters come under this description; Edward the Confessor, and Henry the Sixth; and they both ruined their country. Edward, from a religious design of mortifying the flesh, neglected every conjugal duty, and foolishly disposed of that crown for which he ought to have provided a rightful owner. This furnished William the Conqueror with a pretext for overturning the kingdom. She sustained a depression, unknown in our annals.

Henry the Sixth paid so much attention to divine things, he could scarcely be pronounced a man of the world. The duties of the Christian swallowed up those of the man. The ponderous chariot of government ran madly, for want of an able hand to direct the reins. The whole machine overturned, and destruction ensued.

The black characters of Richard the Third and Henry the Eighth were preferable to these tame spiritual kings; for they only destroyed individuals; but these, whole nations. A kingdom is not conducted by the innocence of a child, but the spirit of a man. The frogs were ill governed by King Log.

A Mr. Keep, in the reign of James the Second, made a bold attack upon the coffin of St. Edward. In rifling the bones, he found

a chain of gold twenty inches long, with a crucifix, enamelled and curiously wrought. This the king undoubtedly wore upon his breast while living. The silent language of Edward through the little image, to every beholder, was, "I am more righteous than thou." The friendship contracted between Edward and his crucifix did not terminate with life, for he ordered it to hold the same honourable place near his heart, in the tomb. Keep presented this rich relic to King James, being exactly in his own way. James wisely considering it might be more useful to the living than the dead, and that it bore a high value, made no scruple to keep it, but ordered the bones of the saint, which bore none, to be carefully replaced. I submit to the judgment of every catholic in christendom, whether the king did not commit sacrilege? I submit to every man's conscience, whether he himself would not have done the same?

EDWARD THE FIRST'S TOMB.

The first tomb on the right, as we enter, is the plainest in the whole Abbey, and belongs to one of the greatest monarchs, Edward the First. It is about nine feet long, four high, and three broad. The top, I think, consists of one coarse marble slab. The man who has raised an immortal name by his actions, can add but little by a monument.

We are told, the Society of Antiquarians in London, having observed that Rymer, in his *Fœdera*, mentions Edward the First, called Longshanks, being interred in a stone coffin, and in a stone tomb, in one of the chapels in Westminster Abbey; that he was covered with wax, and that a sum of money was allowed to preserve the tomb; they applied to the Dean, in 1774, for leave to open it, who granted the request. Upon taking off the slab, the stone coffin was seen immediately below it. On removing the lid, a plain coarse linen cloth offered itself to view; which being taken away, a royal mantle of crimson velvet was found, immediately covering the royal corpse. When this was removed, the king appeared, dressed in his own robe of gold and silver tissue, which was white. He was adorned with a profusion of jewels, which were very brilliant, nor had the robes undergone the least decay, but were firm to the touch. He held a sceptre in each hand, bright as the jewels. That in the right, four feet six inches long, terminated with a cross: that in the left, five feet and half an inch, with a dove.

They raised up the crown; and his head appeared bare. His face and hands were perfect, and, like his robes, were solid, and without any symptom of decay. The eye-balls moved in their sockets. The whole body was neatly covered with a cere-cloth, which every where adhered to the skin, as if a part of it. The colour was that of chocolate; the upper part of the nose, between the eyes, was not prominent. Between the chin and the under lip appeared a considerable hollow. There was no beard. He was not uncovered lower than the face. The feet felt sound, nor did there seem a disproportion in the legs, by which he could acquire the name of Longshanks. He

measured six feet two, which is three inches and a half less than the statue that formerly lay over his tomb.

Such a sight is alone worth a journey to London. An eye in 1307, and an eye in 1774, saw the same human body, in the same dress, without the least alteration; an instance without parallel.

The Society, I am informed, applied, but in vain, for another view. I know no greater excitement to a second, than a first. The small time spent in one must be too short to gratify; nor can I see any cause of refusal: the living are delighted and instructed, the dead cannot be injured; they are only dust, preserved a little longer from their native dust. Those who wish most to see them are the least likely to injure them.

As Edward, a few days before his death, ordered his body to be carried through Scotland, at the head of the army, his being interred in this place and dress must have been the act of his son, Edward the Second.

Being debarred both a sight and touch of this unparalleled curiosity, I could not refrain moving my hand along the side of the tomb, which I knew must be within a few inches of the royal body.

EDMUND, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

About four feet from Edward's tomb, on the right, and two feet above the floor, lies in state the effigy of the Duke of Buckingham, in wax; the last of the house of Sheffield, who died at Rome, in 1735, at the age of nineteen. He lies in a glass case, dressed in his ducal robes and coronet, both fresh. His hair is long and bushy, the fashion of his day; the stockings white silk, and the shoes yellow leather, very long.

I should think the representation exact, and, by the thinness of the visage, taken rather from death than life. One cannot view this emblem of fallen greatness, without commiseration. The only fruit of an ancient stem, blasted in an early stage. He was said to possess many excellent qualities, but death often doubles our virtues.

CORONATION CHAIRS.

Three or four feet on the duke's right stands a plain wooden two-armed chair. None of the furniture in this room is less than four or five hundred years old, except the duke and this chair. The latter was made for the coronation of Mary the Second, wife of King William, in 1688.

Near this chair stands the king's, in which all the English sovereigns have been crowned since Edward the Confessor. There appears no difference between them but age.

The antiquary, who values modern cash less than ancient timber, would give five hundred guineas for this venerable piece of lumber, which has supported the British Crown, in its highest lustre, during seven hundred years; but under Christie's hammer, at a common auction, it would not bring more than eighteen pence.

No seat in the whole nation, though uneasy to many of its pos-

sessors, has been so much coveted. Some have waded through streams of blood to attain it. William the First could not succeed till he had slain 60,000 people. His eldest son Robert had his eyes put out that he might not find his way to it. Stephen gained it with great labour, and kept it with greater. To be seated here, John promised what he never performed. The Earl of Pembroke bravely kept it for Henry the Third, while an infant; and his son, Edward the First, as bravely kept it for himself. Edward the Second and Henry the Sixth were ousted by their wives. Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, lost his life for placing in it Richard the Third, and Hastings lost his, that he might not prevent it. To be seated here, Mary the First promised to preserve those lives she afterwards took away. Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, sacrificed his own family, in endeavouring to place them in this chair. Of all the blessings in heaven, or on earth, the invincible Oliver thought this the first. Much power attends the man who holds possession; but the Stuarts lost it, by attempting all. One would think, the extreme value for this seat during life was retained after death, for seventeen of our kings are assembled near it. Whoever commands it, commands the prayers of the righteous. The supplications of the whole British church, assisted with the united voice of the sectaries, solicit heaven, that the race of Brunswick may hold it for ever.

CORONATION STONE.

Upon the frame of the royal chair, under the seat, lies the famous coronation stone, brought from Scoon; which a Scot, with a serious face, will tell us, was Jacob's pillow, on which he lay all night in the open field at Bethel, when he went a wooing to Miss Rachel Laban. ---When authors disagree about a piece of antiquity, it is no wonder it shoots into fable.

Upon this sacred stone, however, all the kings of Scotland were crowned, for more than a thousand years. Its being hard and cold, might very well suit the brawny posteriors of a northern monarch; but modern luxury, as if to avoid those two insupportable evils, has placed it a foot below the seat, to make way for the velvet cushion. If I had entertained the least idea of writing this journey, I should certainly have measured it, for it is requisite an author should sometimes be correct.

This curious stone, which possesses the same bewitching powers as the chair on which it lies, is called, by some writers, the royal throne of Scotland. Patten calls it a marble chair. The form, if it would bear the name, is flattish, about two feet long, one broad, and six inches thick. But it is without form or comeliness; is jagged in every direction, as if broken; is of a darkish colour, as every stone must be which has lain five hundred years in the smoke of London; it is near one hundred weight, and is much like the stones we often see in a rocky field.

As the English and the Welch had cut one another's throats for thirteen hundred years, Edward the First wished to promote a union

by incorporating them into one people, which he wisely effected. The last peaceable five hundred years has proved the utility of the measure.

The animosity between England and Scotland, and their dreadful devastations, which had continued a much longer space, excited the same wish, but the means to accomplish it were not quite so prudent. Even the man without knowledge, and without reading, will discover this animosity, by seeing Severus's or Adrian's wall, or by only hearing the old song of Chevy Chace.

All wise politicians, who mean to reduce a country, begin with sowing dissensions. A nation firmly united is not easily reduced; but, we have long been told, when divided against itself, it cannot stand.

Edward, under the idea of assisting one of the parties, carried his victorious arms twice through Scotland, and reduced it to the utmost distress.

In one of these excursions he seized the whole regalia, of great value, and brought it with him to London. As Edward the Confessor's tomb was in high repute, and as it was the practice of that day to make costly offerings at his shrine, Edward offered at this altar the whole regalia of Scotland. Every thing of value has been long since carried away, as would the stone, had it been silver. Its base materials protect it.

Henry the Seventh, who, perhaps, was the only prince of the Norman line wiser than Edward, laid the foundation of that desirable union, which subsists between England and Scotland; and Queen Anne completed it without blood.

No argument is required to prove that the inhabitants of Britain should be one people; nature has produced one, unanswerable, by forming us an island. This consolidates their interests in one. Scotland has been much a gainer by the union, England has been no loser. To call them brethren is too distant a phrase; they are ourselves.

When the unfortunate Stuarts attempted to regain the lost dominions in 1715, and in 1745, one of the fallacious promises held up to the unthinking was, *to dissolve the union*. Had I been a friend to that family, which I pity, I should have opposed every measure, in this.

As Ireland, who knows not what she has, nor what she wants, is nearly in the same situation, I have wondered why she did not send sixteen of her members into one house, and forty-five into the other.

RICHARD THE SECOND.

The next monument which presents itself is that of Richard the Second, and his Queen. Being too short by four feet, for a full view of the figures, I climbed to the top, which proved a dirty climb. One would think the dust without as sacred as the dust within, for neither are disturbed.

The figure of Richard is much like what I have often seen. Per-

haps it is a likeness, but it is too large for life. The amiableness of his Queen, and his love for her, were remarkable. He cursed the palace of Sheene, because it was the place of her death, and ordered it to be destroyed; which shewed his affection as a husband, and his weakness as a man.

EDWARD'S SWORD.

In a small space between Richard's tomb and that of his grandfather are the sword and shield of Edward the Third. The shield seems to have been more injured by time than by fighting. The sword rests in a small niche cut in the moulding, to keep it upright; is about seven feet long, much too heavy for use, and was carried before Edward, through France, during the conquest of that kingdom. Perhaps this terrible weapon never killed a man; if it did, I should be inclined to think it was the man who carried it.

HIS TOMB.

Edward the Third, with his great beard, and his Queen Philippa, with her great hips, lie together.

Her father, the Earl of Hainault, had many daughters. A marriage having been proposed in council, between Edward and a daughter of that house, it was thought necessary to send over an embassy, in which was an English Bishop, who deemed it highly prudent to choose that lady who had the largest hips, as the most likely to establish a race of robust warriors. The design produced the effect; for from her broad hips descended a numerous race of savages, who butchered one another for one hundred and seventy years, till they extinguished the very name of Plantagenet; and till only two persons remained of that fertile house, Henry the Seventh and his wife; and *they* retained a sovereign contempt for each other, merely because one wore a white rose, the other a red.

HENRY THE THIRD.

At the feet of Edward the First lies his father, Henry the Third, in a superb tomb, which carries the striking marks of finery, although it has stood the batteries of time five hundred years.

If we compare this shewy sepulchre with the plain one of his son Edward, and compare their characters, it inclines us to think, the weaker the man, the fonder of ornament.

Henry is much the same *in* his tomb, as out, asleep. In 1229, during the very fire of youth, if fire can be said to exist which never warms, at the age of twenty-five, he led a fine army into Bretagne, to play at marbles. Nothing tends more to enervate that martial spirit of a people which is ever necessary for their protection, than introducing trifling amusements, instead of regular discipline. The want of this spirit was severely felt by the Britons, who, instead of repelling their invaders, called in the Saxons, who conquered both. The same want of spirit was felt after the battle of Hastings, when the English tamely submitted to be robbed of their all.

QUEEN CATHERINE.

In an obscure corner, in an old worm-eaten chest, sorely battered by time, and only fit for the fire, lie the wretched remains of one of the greatest beauties that ever existed; Catherine of France, wife of Henry the Fifth of England, and daughter of Charles the Sixth; whom Henry, at first view, fell in love with, and determined to marry. Fearful lest he should not gain his point, he threatened to drive the King and the Duke of Burgundy from their dominions, if they retarded his suit. One would think, however, there could be no great difficulty in a handsome young fellow, and a victorious prince, gaining the affections of a lady.

She died at thirty-eight, and was interred in the chapel of Henry the Third. But when her grandson, Henry the Seventh, took down this chapel to erect his own, her body was taken up. The bones seemed firmly united, but thinly covered with flesh. Her coffin being decayed, the frugal king did not choose to treat his grandmother with a new one, but thought this paltry coffer might secure the remains of beauty, which was insufficient to secure his wealth.

A gentleman approached me, whom I knew belonged to the Abbey, because I had seen him carry the silver verge before the Sub-dean. "Sir," said he, "you seem more attentive than the generality of strangers who visit here."

"I am among numberless curiosities, which I have never seen, though I have long wished it, and am the more attentive, because I know some of the characters which once animated the dust of the place."

"Perhaps it is in my power to assist your inquiries, which I shall do with great pleasure."

Can a favour, much wanted on one side, and politely offered on the other, be rejected? He pointed out many things which had escaped my notice, and others which I could not have known.

I was solicitous about Edward the Confessor's tomb, and asked if he could favour me with a short ladder, that I might survey the top? He answered in the negative, but observed, if I could ascend, I should see an old iron chest, one foot below the surface, which held the remains of the royal saint.

Could I have found a way to the holy dust of St. Edward, I should have been particular in my researches. I would not, like our pious ancestors, have added to the bulk, by offerings, but have freely fingered the saint; not because I revered the man, the character, or the king, but the relic of antiquity.

He shewed me, in the cornice next the choir, several carvings in wood, not ill done, representing the principal transactions of Edward's life, particularly his charities.

After many informations on his side, and inquiries on mine, the verger begged pardon for being obliged to leave me.--I continued my amusement.

In an hour or more he returned, and still found me the only living animal in the place. The reader may think it probable, he went to

dinner, and I did not. It is, however, extremely probable, he had dined upon the *dead*; so had I.

He renewed his civilities, and seemed pleased when he could open a treat I had not tasted. Upon my inquiries about the vault erected by George the Second, he informed me it was under the chapel of Henry the Seventh, into which I could not enter without a stone mason. He pointed out the spot where lie Frederic, Prince of Wales, his brother, the Duke of Cumberland, George, and his Queen; and said, that by order of George the Second, the right side of Queen Caroline's coffin was taken away, and the left of his own, and their arms were linked together after death, as their affections had been before.

Our pleasures must have an end. It is well they must, or what would be the consequence in our pains? Time removes both. I left this interesting place, with that solemn regret which a man feels, who quits a favourite curiosity he has not seen half enough, and which he probably will never see more.

ON THE

PASSIONS OF THE ANCIENTS.

THAT love was (far beyond all others) the most predominant passion in the breasts of the ancients, is a truth so evident, that I presume it will not admit of any dispute: for if we examine the annals of antiquity with the most minute circumspection, we shall find that the greatest heroes, as well as the best and wisest of men, have, in all ages, yielded an implicit obedience to the resistless impulses of that passion, and have felt the displeasure of the fair sex with much greater sensibility than the loss of their most respectable friends. It is true they will give us instances of the most generous and disinterested friendship, such as are indeed highly worthy of our emulation; but, alas, how infinitely insufficient are they to counterbalance the weaknesses which are peculiar to that effeminate passion of love!

Should we, with the historian, follow an Achilles, an Alexander, or a Hannibal, to the field of battle, how would our bosoms glow with a transport of admiration even at the bare recital of their glorious actions! But how ridiculous and contemptible will those very heroes appear to us, when we behold them sobbing and sniveling at the feet of their false mistresses, or expiring at the frowns of an infamous woman!

The heathen mythologists were so well convinced of the influences of love over the soul, that they have represented their imaginary deities not only susceptible of that passion, but entirely enslaved by it; for we find that Jupiter himself condescended to quit his celestial man-

sions incognito, that he might have the pleasure of enjoying a *tete-a-tete* with Alcmena, in the absence of Amphytrion; and his various metamorphoses to possess himself of Europa, Leda, and the rest of those celebrated heroines of antiquity, are incontestible proofs of his passion for intrigue, and that he was subject to the power of that little blind bastard Cupid as well as Alcides, who (though the strongest of all the immortals) was content to yield the breeches to his fair helpmate, with all the complaisance of a modern well-bred husband.

Though the Greeks in former ages always considered marriage as their *summum bonum*, or summit of earthly felicity, Socrates, who was one of their most distinguished philosophers, dissented from the general opinion, as appears by an epistle which he wrote to one of his old acquaintances, in which he cannot help wondering what could induce him to enter into the matrimonial state while he had two-pence left in the world to purchase a rope, with which he might have put an instant period to his miseries; and concludes the epistle with just hinting that if, like Orpheus, he should be tempted to take a short trip to the infernal regions on his wife's account, it should be to request the devil's acceptance, rather than his restitution of her.

The reflections of this bald-pated cynic (however applicable to his own circumstances) are tinged with a severity which I cannot approve; and though they will certainly find a vindication in the infamous conduct of a Rhodope, a Messalina, and a Lais, the conjugal fidelity of an Andromache, a Lucrece, or a Porcia, will by no means admit them either just or generous; and if we would ill-naturedly censure Helen as the sole cause of the destruction of old Troy, we should, in justice to the fair sex, acknowledge that the Romans were indebted to the injuries of Lucrece for the foundation of that liberty for which their republic was once so universally famed.

Brutus, though a man in whom all the tender passions seemed dead, reposed the most generous confidence in a woman, when he trusted that glorious plan which he had concerted for the restoration of the Roman liberties, to the discretion of Porcia, whose conduct at that important crisis can never be sufficiently admired or applauded.

The vanity of the fair sex (however it may be tickled at the admirable conduct of Porcia) will be very sensibly mortified when they reflect that Mark Antony lost the world, and was betrayed into the hands of Cæsar, by the infidelity of Cleopatra; though it must be confessed that Antony (begging his pardon) was a fool, and met with the fate he deserved, for putting it in the power of that mischievous gipsy to do him so great a prejudice.

The boasted friendship of Alexander the Great to the family of the injured Darius, seems rather the result of love, than any real magnanimity of soul. For the man who could with his own hands inhumanly sacrifice the most faithful of his friends, for nobly disdaining to sooth his mad ambition, by paying him the adoration of a deity, can have no pretensions to a flame so generous as friendship: nay, the most candid retrospect of the life and actions of this vain-glorious monster, however they may be extolled, will justify me in pronouncing

him either an egregious fool, or a mad barbarian, to run from one end of the world to the other, to cut people's throats, and then sit him down and cry, because it was not in his power to do them any more mischief.

The conduct of Achilles seems altogether as exceptionable as that of Alexander; for though it is probable that he meant to appease the manes of his friend Patroclus, in the insults he offered to the expiring Hector, as well as to the remains of that immortal hero, it is, for the sake of his reputation, much to be wished that he could have given a more generous proof of his affection, as this circumstance proves him entirely divested of every sentiment of that humanity which should adorn the heart of a conqueror.

The exemplary friendship of Cato and Lucius demands our admiration, though the former, notwithstanding all that can possibly be urged in his behalf, has, upon the whole, but little claim to our esteem. When we see him pent up in Utica with a few faithful friends, making a noble stand against the arms of Cæsar, we commiserate his misfortunes, and while we admire his inflexible perseverance in a virtuous cause, see in him (as Mr. Pope elegantly expresses it) "A great man struggling in the storms of fate." But oh what a falling off was there! Had Cato, after a glorious though ineffectual struggle to preserve the liberties of his country inviolate, submitted to the clemency of Cæsar (who certainly held his virtues in the highest veneration), it is not to be doubted but he would have treated him as became a generous conqueror: but Cato's pride absolutely forbade a submission to the victor, and made him prefer an inglorious death to a life of virtuous obscurity. For if we even admit that there was a necessity that he should die (which I cannot conceive there was) it was certainly in his power to have met death in a more honourable manner: for by this last action of his life he has not only cancelled all its former glories, but, in my opinion, forfeited all pretensions to the character of a good and virtuous man.

The admirers of Cato, aware of the infamy which his fall will reflect on his memory to the latest posterity, have attempted to exculpate the action, by taking a comparative view of the age in which he lived, and the present; but, unfortunately for them, this palliation cannot reasonably be admitted; for though the moderns are blessed with superior conceptions of the rewards and punishments of futurity, the Greek and Roman philosophers furnished them with precepts which expressly forbade a practice so horrid as suicide.

All the indulgences and favours which Julius Cæsar was continually showering on Afranius, could not secure him the friendship of that ungrateful villain, who had actually formed a conspiracy to assassinate Cæsar, which was ripe for execution, when Servillus, one of Afranius's slaves, who was admitted among the number of assassins, flattered by the hope of a great reward, discovered the plot to Cæsar: but upon finding himself disappointed in his expectations, he had the insolence to charge Cæsar with ingratitude, before the assembled senate, for not having rewarded him according to his demerits, for discovering the

treasons of his master ; for which service he insisted on the privileges of a freed man, and solicited certain places of public trust which were at that time vacant.---Cæsar listened to his reproofs with the greatest composure, and, rising from his tribunal with an air of inexpressible dignity, replied, " Reproach me not, O Servillus ! with thy boasted services, nor on thy life presume to ask a reward for them ; Afranius has paid his life, the forfeit of his crimes, therefore suffer his ashes to rest undisturbed ; thou hast ungenerously betrayed the confidence he reposed in thee, for what ends thyself and the gods can only tell : if from a desire to preserve Cæsar to assert the liberties of his country, let our safety and the approbation of thy own heart be thy reward ; but if from motives of avarice, may the gods suffer me to perish rather than basely purchase the blood of a fellow-citizen to redeem my own. We lament, O Servillus, that the safety of Cæsar, and (what is far more dear to him) the preservation of his country, compelled him to accept thy treasons ; but know, perfidious wretch ! that traitors like thee, however exalted, will always be the object of a generous man's contempt.

We have an admirable instance of continence and greatness of soul in the conduct of Scipio, which has, and I fear will ever remain unparalleled.

When that immortal hero had subdued Carthage, a young lady of distinguished beauty was presented to him as his indisputable prize, by the law of arms ; but, upon enquiry, finding that she was espoused to the prince of that country, who was himself a prisoner in the Roman camp, and inconsolable for her loss, he commanded the Carthaginian to be brought into his presence, and having freed him from his chains, restored the fair captive unviolated to his arms, withdrew his army, and left them in quiet possession of the conquered country.

An action like this is in itself sufficiently glorious to immortalize the name of Scipio to endless ages : for though love and friendship, by soothing our passions, teach us a sympathetic feeling for the distresses of mankind, and elevate the soul of man beyond itself, " It is humanity ennobles all."

J. A. K.

THE MODERN STATE OF FRIENDSHIP.

THE world is full of changes and revolutions, and vicissitude is the only certain thing in it : but of all living beings, none is so variable as Man : he is a creature perpetually falling out with himself, and sustains two or three opposite characters every day he lives ; is cheerful and angry, pleased and despairing, cynical and good humoured, and all, perhaps, in the space of half an hour.

I sometimes pay a visit to my old friend Tom Weathercock, and should oftener, were he always in the same humour, or even near it : but he is in a continual state of war with himself ; he is an enemy to

his own peace, therefore cannot be any great friend to that of any body else. As soon as Tom hears me at the bottom of the stairs, he meets me at the top with all the joy imaginable, and professes the utmost pleasure at my visit; but scarce has one half hour passed away, but he grows quite tired of himself and me. As I please him in coming to him, I humour him no less in going from him: he is sorry when I do not come, and would be equally sorry if I did not go: I am never from him, but he wants to see me; and he never sees me, but he wants to be from me again. Some evenings I spend in a company where there is an old humourist much of this turn of mind: the first time I saw him I happened to drop in when he had about finished his first bottle, and by the songs he sung, and the pleasant tales he told, I took him for one of the best-natured old gentlemen I had ever met with. The next night I saw him at the Grecian disputing on politics over a dish of coffee, and found him the dullest, conceited, positive old fellow that ever lived. Nothing could please him; he found fault, snarled, and censured every thing that was said. We adjourned with some friends to the tavern, and after three or four glasses of good claret, I found that gloominess began to dispel; he grew wondrous kind and facetious, and kept up this good humour till repeated bumpers settled him in a sound nap; after which he was awaked that dogged surly cynic we found him at the Grecian. This gentleman I found was never agreeable but when he was near drunk, and never disagreeable but when he was quite sober.

But of all the variable creatures none can compare with Limberham, whose whole life is a strange medley of religion and debauchery: he lives in a brothel-house four days in a week, and spends the other three in prayer and repentance; and when he thinks he may have reconciled himself to heaven, and set aside his sins, he returns to them again, and makes new work for new devotion.

Thus whim, wine, and affliction can make a man differ from nothing so much as he does from himself; but let us inquire whether pride, good fortune, &c. have not the same power, and produce the same effects.

We are generally so partial to ourselves, that whatever good fortune we have, we immediately ascribe it to our merit rather than providence, chance, or the friendship of others, and value ourselves on our worth when we should rejoice at our fortune. If you approach a man after any new acquisition of wealth or honour with that degree of freedom and familiarity you before used, his haughty behaviour will soon inform you that you are unacquainted with a new accumulation of merit, which should command a greater deference and respect.

Jack Myrtle was a good natured, affable, honest fellow about five months ago: I was intimate with him, and many agreeable hours have we spent with a familiarity that is necessary for friendship: I perceived indeed some time ago the seeds of grandeur and haughtiness rising in him, on his elder brother Harry being taken ill. His brother's disorder increased, and consequently my friend's pride; but still he retained a decent respect to me till his brother died. When I came to

congratulate him on his succeeding to his brother's estate, I immediately found that John Myrtle, Esq. was in no way the same person I was before acquainted with, called Mr. Myrtle. His indifference increased as his liveries came home, and by the first day he went out in his new chariot he intirely forgot me ; but as he had forgot himself it gave me no surprize nor uneasiness that he should not remember me.

But Will Lace differs from himself not according as he himself appears, but according to the appearance of his friends ; and is intimate more or less just as the dress they wear makes any figure. A person who is sometimes his crony may pass him in the Park twenty times, and if he is not dressed Will always takes care to turn his head another way, and betrays a great deal of concern for fear of receiving a bow. Meet him in the side box in the evening, he'll protest a prodigious joy at the sight of the person he in the morning so industriously shunned ; he laughs aloud, talks aloud with you, and takes care that the whole play-house shall know that he and you are particularly intimate. Next morning you appear in another dress, and he in another opinion.

Inner Temple.

H.

ORIGINAL LETTER FROM

OLIVER CROMWELL,

TO HIS SON-IN-LAW, GENERAL FLEETWOOD,

WRITTEN AFTER HE HAD ARRIVED AT THE SUMMIT OF HIS AMBITION AND POWER.

Dear Charles,

Although I doe not soe often as is desired (by mee) acquaint you how it is with me, yet I doubt not of your prayers on my behalfe, that in all things I may walk as becometh the Gospel. Truly I never more needed all helps from my Christian friends than now; fain would I have my service accepted of the saints (if the Lord will) but it is not soe, being of different judgments, and of each sort some seekinge to propagate their owne, that spirit of kinnesse that is to them all is hardly accepted of any : I hope I can say it, my life has been a willing sacrifice, and my hope is for them all, yet it much falls out, as when the two Hebrews were rebuked, you knowe upon whome they turned their displeasure: But the Lord is wise, and will I trust make manifest that I am no enimie.

O how easie is mercie to be abused ! Persuade friendes with you to be very sober ; if the day of the Lord be so neare (as some say) howe should our moderation appear : If every one, instead of contendinge, would justifie his forme by love and meeknesse, Wisdom would be justified of her children ; but, alas ! I am in my temp-

tation ready to say, O would I had wings like a dove, then would I fly away and be at rest ! But this I fear is my haste.

I blesse the Lord, I have somewhat keeps me alive, some sparkes of the light of his countenance, and some synceritye above man's judgment: excuse me thus unbowelling myselfe to you, and pray for me, and desire my friendes to doe soe also: My love to thy dear wife, whome I indeed entyrelly love both naturally, and upon the best account; and my blessing, if it be worth anythinge, upon thy little babe.

Sir George Ascough having occasions with you desired my letters to you on his behalf; if hee come or send, I pray you show him what favour you can; indeed his services have been considerable for the state, and I doubt he has not beene answered with suitable respect; therefore again I desire you and the commissioners to take him into a very peculiar care, and help him soe farr as justice and reason will any waies afford: Remember my hearty affections to all the officers; the Lord blesse you all, soe prayeth

Your truly loving father,

Aug. 22, 1653.

O. CROMWELL.

THE STAGE.

BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

(CONTINUED FROM P. 22.)

DISDAINING imitation's servile plan,
Vers'd in the various whims of changeful man,
As long as genuine humour can invite,
PARSONS will still be welcom'd with delight.

His chief success is seen in lower life,
In noisy drunkenness and rustic strife;
And in the envious petulance of age,
With happiest skill he props the comic stage.

Perhaps the common passion for applause
Sometimes aside his better judgment draws;
Perhaps extravagance and wild grimace
Too oft are seen usurping humour's place;
But in the scenes our living CONGREVE drew,
Where Spite her image may in *Crabtree* view,
Or where *Sir Fretful* struggles with the smart
Of rankling passions that disgrace the heart,
Malice herself must own he's rarely found
To pass o'er modest nature's simple bound.

Ah! PARSONS, keep to nature's simple style,
Let not the roar of vulgar praise beguile,

And sternest critics shall confess thy claim
To join the highest rank in comic fame.

AICKIN, in characters of rugged mould,
Is always justly strong, and chastely bold;
Untouch'd by pride, he always seems intent
To be exactly what the author meant.
Where blunt integrity, undaunted, shews
The roughest feeling that the bosom knows.
Dares flippant folly openly despise,
And view the vicious with indignant eyes,
The part with native vigour he portrays,
And to the heart with sense and feeling plays.

At MOODY'S call the muse resumes her strain,
MOODY, a vet'ran on the comic plain,
Whose talents might our warmest praise engage,
In low-bred humour and in rustic age,
But that, too conscious of his former name,
He yields to sluggish indolence his frame,
Glares with a vacant visage on the throng,
And idly drags his torpid limbs along.

Candour herself must own, he oft is seen
As if his mind were sunk in stupid spleen.
Critics, who ne'er his former merit knew,
With cold contempt the lifeless lumber view,
And scarce believe, that one unhurt by age
Can thus obscure a genius for the stage.

Strange! that an actor who could once excite
With humour's genuine force, no mean delight,
Who drew from nature ev'ry simple clown,
And in *Hibernia's* sons rais'd iust renown,
Should, by so vile a negligence betray'd,
His public character so far degrade.

MOODY, for shame! bring all thy talents forth,
Let rising critics know thy native worth,
That worth, to careless indolence a prey,
That else would brightly deck thy closing day.

Though HULL from nature few externals owns,
No striking features, no expressive tones,
Yet has she giv'n an ample recompense,
In firm integrity and manly sense.

Where cautious age, from long experience wise,
To check wild youth's impetuous ardour tries,
The rev'rend monitor he justly plays,
And boasts substantial claim to critic praise.
But with most force he strikes upon the heart
Whene'er he personates a worthy part;

Warm with congenial fire, we always find
 The genuine workings of an honest mind ;
 The virtuous fervour mounts into his face,
 And the man's worth we in the actor trace.
 When from these kindred characters he flies,
 To wear the hoary villain's base disguise,
 His gen'rous feelings counteract the part,
 And nature triumphs o'er his baffled art.

The honest muse at first may only mean
 To paint the worth that decks the public scene ;
 But when, among the stage's careless train,
 She finds a character exempt from stain,
 Pleas'd she deserts the critic's nicer plan,
 And leaves the actor to applaud the man.

With comic pow'rs abundantly supply'd,
 Quick draws from feeling, and makes life his guide.
 While parts from nature caught, with artless ease,
 Of crabbed age or rustic youth can please ;
 While the quaint characters in various life,
 Of noisy humour and of vulgar strife,
 Display'd with spirit as with skill design'd,
 Receive the welcome they deserve to find,
 Quick must a fav'rite with the public stand,
 And rank conspicuous 'mid the comic band.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THE LATE

THOMAS DUNCKERLEY, ESQ.

COMMUNICATED IN HIS OWN HAND-WRITING BY HIS EXECUTORS ;

WHICH FULLY CONTRADICT THE MANY IDLE STORIES THAT HAVE FOR SOME TIME BEEN
 IN CIRCULATION RESPECTING HIM.

JAN. 9, 1760, soon after my return from the siege of Quebec I received an account of my mother's death ; and having obtained permission from my captain to be absent from duty, I went to London and attended her funeral. Among the very few that I invited to this ceremony was Mrs. Pinkney, who had been many years a neighbour to my mother in Somerset-house. On our return from the burial, she desired I would call on her the next day (and not bring my wife with me) having something of consequence to tell me. I waited on her accordingly ; and the following is the substance of what she related to me, as I took it in writing.

“ Mary Dunckerley, being dangerously ill with the gout in her stomach (Jan. 2, 1760), and believing it will be her death, is desirous at the request of her friend Mrs. Pinkney, that the following account

may be made known to her son in the most secret manner, and to none but him.

“ At the latter end of November 1723, Mr. Dunckerley went to Chatsworth, in Derbyshire, on some business for the Duke of Devonshire, and did not return till the May following. At Christmas I went to see Mrs. Meekin at Lady Ranelagh’s. Mr. L——y happened to come there, and paid me the greatest respect; and hinted that I stood in my own light, or I might be the happiest woman in England. I knew his meaning, but made no reply, and went back to Somerset-house the next day. A fortnight after, I had an invitation to Lady Ranelagh’s, and her coach was sent for me. I was surprised to find Mr. L——y there again. He handed me from the coach to the parlour; where, to my future unhappiness, I found the Prince of Wales, whom I had *too well known* before my unhappy marriage. At his request (for I could deny him nothing), I stayed several days; during which time he made me *five visits*, and on Candlemas-day I went home.

“ Soon after, I found myself sick and breeding, and was resolved to make an end of my life. I was taken very ill. Lady Stanley came to see me; but I could not let her know my disorder. Mrs. Meekin came to see me; and I told her the consequence of what had happened. The next day she came again, and brought me Bank bills for 50*l.* inclosed in a cover from Mr. Lumley, acquainting me it was by the Prince’s command. She said, Lady Ranelagh was coming to see me; and in less than an hour her ladyship came: they advised me to go in the country, and said a house was taken for me at Richmond; but I was obstinate, and said I would not go out of the house till I was brought to-bed. I desired that they would never let the Prince of Wales or Mr. L——y know that I was with child; and I never found they did. Dr. Mead attended me. He ordered me to be bled, and in two days I could sit up.

“ Mr. Dunckerley came from Chatsworth in May, and seemed not displeased to find me with child. I disdained to deceive him; and told him what had happened. He commended my conduct with so much joy, that I could not help despising his meanness; and his barbarous behaviour to me in the last month of my time was what I always resented, when he threw a cat in my face, and swore that he would mark the bastard. Our separation soon followed after my delivery; and he kept the secret on his own account; for he had two places, and several considerable advantages, as the price of my folly.

“ My son might have been known to his royal father, and I might have lived in as elegant a manner as Mrs. H. or Miss B.; but my dear mother reclaimed me from so criminal a passion; and dread of public shame prevented my making it known.”

This is what Mrs. Pinkney assured me was my mother’s declaration on her death-bed; for she departed this life five days after. She also told me, “ that my grandmother Bolnest, Mrs. Cannon a midwife, and herself, were present at my birth, Oct. 23, 1724; that my mother then declared the Prince of Wales was my father; and that my grandmother and mother requested it might be kept a secret.”

Mrs. Pinkney also informed me, "that my mother was a physician's daughter, and lived with Mrs. W. when the Prince of Wales debauched her; but that Mrs. W. discovered what had happened, and had her married to Mr. Dunckerley, who was then attending the Duke of Devonshire, on a visit to Sir R. W. at Houghton."

This information gave me great surprise, and much uneasiness; and, as I was obliged to return immediately to my duty on-board the Vanguard, I made it known to no person at that time but Captain Swanton. He said, that those who did not know me could look on it to be nothing more than a gossip's story. We were then bound a second time to Quebec: and Captain Swanton did promise me, that, on our return to England, he would endeavour to get me introduced to the king, and that he would give me a character; but, when we came back to England, the king was dead.

I had flattered myself that my case would be laid before the king; that I should have the honour and happiness to be presented to my royal master and *father*; and that his majesty, on recollecting the several circumstances, would have granted me an appointment equal to my birth: but, by the demise of my most gracious sovereign, my expectations were frustrated, and all my hopes subsided.

In January 1761, I waited on Sir E. W. and asked his opinion, if I was like the late king? But, as he was pleased to say that he saw no resemblance, I did not, *at that time*, acquaint him with my reason for asking such a question.

Soon after, I was appointed by Lord Anson to be gunner of the Prince (a ship of the second rate); but being *too well* convinced that the late king was my father, I could not suppress a pride that rose superior to my station in the navy: yet I remained in that sphere till the war was ended; and, in 1764, I was superannuated by the interest of Lord Digby.

At the siege of Louisburg, Admiral Boscawen granted me a warrant as teacher of the mathematics on-board the Vanguard, in addition to my being gunner of the same ship: and, though I discharged both duties for three years, to the satisfaction of my captain, yet, when I expected to have received my pay, 130*l.* as teacher of the mathematics on-board the Vanguard, it could not be obtained, because Lord Anson had not confirmed the warrant which I received from Admiral Boscawen. This unexpected loss, in addition to sickness in my family, and the expence of having my daughter's right leg cut off above the knee (which was occasioned by a fall), brought me in debt 300*l.*

Mrs. Pinkney being dead, I knew of no person living that could authenticate the story she had told me; and, as I was unskilled in the ways of court, I saw no probability of gaining access to the royal ear, or his majesty's belief of what I had been told concerning my birth.

Fearful of being arrested, I left the kingdom in August 1764; and, having ordered the principal part of my superannuation-pension for the support of my wife and family during my absence, I sailed with Captain Ruthven, in the Guadaloupe, to the Mediterranean; and

here it was that I had the happiness to be known to Lord William Gordon, who was going to join his regiment at Minorca.

In June 1765, I was put on shore at Marseilles, being seized with the scurvy to a violent degree; but, by the blessing of God, and the benefit of that fine climate, I was perfectly restored to health in less than six weeks; when I received a letter from Captain Ruthven, inclosing a recommendation of me to his Excellency Colonel T. at Minorca.

I took an opportunity of sailing for that island, and waited on Col. Townsend, who received me with great friendship. I remained there six weeks, during which time I was constantly at his Excellency's table; but no employment offered that was in his power to dispose of.

I had (in the confidence of friendship) acquainted several officers in the army and navy with the account I had received from Mrs. Pinkney; and they were all of opinion, I should endeavour to get it represented to some of the royal family.

Some gentlemen of the LODGE at GIBRALTAR, knowing my distress, sent me 20*l.* to Minorca; and on the same day I received a letter from Mr. Edward M. at Marseilles, with an order to draw on him for 10*l.* Thus being enabled to undertake a journey through France, I resolved to return to England, and try to get my case laid before the Duke of Cumberland.

I sailed from Minorca on the first of October, and landed two days after at Toulon; whence I went through Marseilles to Nismes, in Languedoc, to wait on Captain Ruthven, and my good friend Mr. M. Captain R. gave me a letter to Admiral Keppel, requesting his assistance for my obtaining 130*l.* due to me for having taught the mathematics on-board the Vanguard: and, after staying three days at Nismes, I set out for Paris.

When I entered the capital of France, I had only two louis-d'ors left, and a small bill which Mr. M. had insisted on my taking.

Soon after I came to Paris, I had the honour of an invitation to breakfast with Lord William G. at l'Hotel Deltragnes. His Lordship, knowing how much I was distressed, begged (with the greatest politeness) that I would give him leave to present me with 200*l.*; assuring me that he should receive as much pleasure in bestowing it as it was possible for me to enjoy in the possession.

My surprise at this instant could only be exceeded by my gratitude to this generous young nobleman.

After staying five days at Paris, I went by the route of Lisle to Dunkirk, and thence to Calais, where I arrived on the 5th of November, and was informed (to my great grief and disappointment) that the Duke of Cumberland was dead.

I embarked the next day for Dover; on the 7th got to London, and had the happiness to discharge 150*l.* of my debt. I removed my family from Plymouth to the apartment in Somerset-house where my mother had resided near forty years; and at her decease it was continued to me by an order from the late Duke of Devonshire.

The next year (1766) I was honoured with the notice and friendship of several persons of distinction, who endeavoured to convey the knowledge of my misfortune to the Princess Dowager of Wales and Princess Amelia; but it did not meet with success. In April 1767, General O. (who had known me for several years) acquainted Lord H. with my situation: and that nobleman, with the assistance of Mr. W. laid my mother's declaration before the king.

His majesty read it, seemed much concerned, and commanded that an inquiry should be made of my character from Lord C. and Sir E. W. who had known me from my infancy. The account they gave of me was so satisfactory to the king, that he was graciously pleased to order me a pension of 100l. a year, from his privy purse; May 7, 1767.

The next morning I received the following letter from Lord H.

" Sir, I saw General O. last night, and am happy to find that we have not been unsuccessful in our attempt to serve you, and hope it will be an earnest to something better. My friend Mr. W. had the happiness to lay your case before a king, possessed of every virtue that can adorn a crown. Don't call on me to-morrow; for I am going to Chatham with the Duke of Gloucester; any other time, I shall be happy to see a man possessed of so fair a character, which I value above every thing in this life.

Your friend and humble servant,

Friday morning.

H-----."

I had also the honour of congratulatory letters from the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Viscount Townshend, General Oughton, and many of my friends.

ON PARENTAL PARTIALITIES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE partiality of a Parent to a particular child, when his children are equally deserving, is an act of injustice so extremely oppressive, that one would imagine a father, capable of any paternal tenderness at all, must be shocked at the least inclination to it. Nothing is more plainly dictated by Nature, than an equal and orderly distribution of parental care and attention. It is a lesson we may learn from every species of Animals, whose unerring Instinct is never warped by prejudice or passion. Man only presumes to sin against this universal law, and usurps an arbitrary and absolute right, to cherish or neglect his offspring, to lavish away the superfluities and luxuries of life upon one, and deny the common conveniencies of it to the other, as humour and caprice direct him.

For my own part, Sir, I am the son of honourable and wealthy parents; and though I have never suffered their discouraging neglect of me to relax my attention to my duty; though they have never complained, or had reason to complain, of my behaviour; I see myself marked out for the victim of their Partiality; and, without having even incurred their displeasure, am doomed to be disinherited and abandoned; turned adrift in a profession where success is more uncertain than in any other, where it depends infinitely more on accident, than either industry or abilities: my profession, however, is likely to be all my portion; and unless I can controul the uncertainties of chance, and command good fortune, I have nothing but penury and distress before me.

My anxiety, however, is not wholly upon my own account. The eldest of my two sisters, who is dearer to me perhaps for being a fellow-sufferer by the same misfortune, is a source of perpetual concern to me. My mother, who was entirely entrusted with the education of her daughters, had her favourite, as well as my father. No expence or pains were spared in instructing the youngest, while the talents of her sister were disesteemed, and thought unworthy the trouble of improvement. And so unjust was her opinion of their several merits, that the accomplishments of the one, which were hardly answerable to the sums they had cost, were imputed solely to the force of genius, while the other was cruelly reproached with want of skill in those arts which she had never been suffered to learn; and her ignorance pronounced stupidity. My mother, however, before she died, had occasion to repent of the cruel distinction she had made between them, her favourite having disgraced her family by a match of her own contriving, and the eldest having been made completely unhappy by an improper match contrived and forced upon her by her parents.

But to return to myself, for the miseries of my unfortunate sister are out of the reach of remedy or redress. There is a meanness in attempting to supplant a Brother, though he ingrosses that share of his Parent's love which is naturally due to the rest, that no ingenuous disposition can submit to. This partiality, therefore, were it the only obstacle to my welfare, would be insurmountable to me. But I have another prejudice to cope with, as deeply rooted, and not less likely to prove fatal to my interest. There must be a *head of the family*; to establish the other son in a state of security and independence, would be diminishing his importance. The whole estate must roll down in a bulk to him; and the very scraps and gleanings, that would be sufficient for the maintenance and happiness of a younger brother, must be swept together to increase it. Thus shall a man of the strictest probity, scrupulously just in his dealings with all the world beside, commit a deliberate act of injustice against his own Son, and be instrumental in the ruin of his fortune. But surely it might be proved, if family importance is so much to be attended to, that a family must derive greater honour from the independence of every part, than from the over-grown dimensions of a single one;

while a neglected member of it, that might have been easily sustained, is languishing and dwindling in obscurity.

It is strange that the ill consequences of such a conduct should be manifest to every body but the person who is most concerned in preventing them. The jealousies that prevail in his family at present, and the future dissensions that must inevitably proceed from them, are circumstances that might reasonably alarm a Father: but the Father himself, whose indiscretion occasions all the mischief, is the very person who will never apprehend it. Blest with the means of providing for his whole family, he chooses to leave one part of it in the hazardous state of dependence upon the other, and to trust, that when he is dead, his heir will execute what it is in his own power to execute while he lives.

There is little reason to hope that this complaint will ever reach the mark I aim at; but, as many more Fathers than mine are equally debauched by pride and partiality, there can be no harm in laying down two maxims for their contemplation:

First, That the Head of a family has no great cause to exalt himself, while all the world is trampling upon the Tail of it.

And secondly, That though a Father of many children should be allowed to choose a Favourite from among them, yet if he is able to provide for them all, they have all a right to be provided for.

I am, Sir, &c.

P.

ACCOUNT OF

DR. DEE, THE ASTROLOGER.

From Lysons's *Environs of London.*

DR. Dee was the son of Rowland Dee, Gentleman Sewer to Henry VIII. and grandson of Bedo Dee, Standard-bearer to Lord de Ferrars at the battle of Tournay; if any credit is to be given to his pedigree in the British Museum, drawn up by himself, he was descended in a direct line from Tudor the Great. His father was imprisoned in the Tower in the year 1553. His mother, Johanna Dee, lived at Mortlake, as early as the year 1568. The greater part of the following account, except where other authorities are quoted, is taken from the MS. narrative of his life, which he read to the commissioners at his house at Mortlake.

John Dee was born in London A. D. 1527. At the age of 15, he went to the University of Cambridge, where he applied himself to his studies with such diligence that he allowed only four hours for sleep, and two for his meals and recreation. In 1547 he went abroad to converse with learned men, particularly mathematicians; and on his return the ensuing year was elected fellow of Trinity Col-

lege, and made under-reader of the Greek language. He went to the Continent again soon afterwards; and, being then only 23 years of age, read public lectures at Paris upon the Elements of Euclid to crowded audiences, and was visited by persons of the highest rank, who were anxious to become his pupils. In 1553, Edward VI. took him under his patronage, allowed him a pension, and gave him the rectories of Upton-upon Severn in Worcestershire, and Long Lednam in Lincolnshire. About this time he was offered a handsome salary for reading lectures upon natural philosophy at Oxford. In Queen Mary's reign he was out of favour; and being suspected of treasonable designs, was committed to the custody of Bishop Bonner, but escaped better than his fellow prisoner Green, who suffered at the stake. Queen Elizabeth, upon her accession to the throne, immediately took Dee under her patronage, and among other marks of her favour appointed him, though a layman, to the deanery of Gloucester; of which, however, he never got possession. In 1575, the Queen, with several of the nobility, came to his house at Mortlake, with an intention of seeing his library, but hearing that his wife was lately dead, they did not enter the house. Dee attended her Majesty at the door, and explained to her the properties of a glass which had occasioned much conversation, and given rise to a report that he was a magician. In 1578 he married Jane, daughter of Bartholomew Fromound, Esq. of East-Cheam. In 1581 he first began his incantations in concert with one Edward Kelly. Albert Laski, a Polish nobleman of high rank (and I have no doubt of large fortune, or he would not have answered their purpose), was admitted into a kind of partnership with them. They pretended to carry on their conversations with spirits by means of a show-stone, which Dee affirmed was given him by an angel. Kelly was the seer, who, when they had finished their invocations, was to report what spirits he saw, and what they said; whilst Dee, who sat at a table, noted all in a book. A folio volume of these notes was published by Casaubon, and many more remain in MS. in the British Museum. They contain the most unintelligible jargon. The consecrated cakes of wax used in these ceremonies, marked with hieroglyphics and mathematical figures, are also in the Museum. The show-stone, which is a round piece of volcanic glass finely polished, is in the Earl of Orford's collection at Strawberry-hill. This farce was carried on for some time, till at length the whole party having involved themselves in debt, they were obliged suddenly to quit England. They left Mortlake Sept. 21, 1583; the mob, who had always been prejudiced against him as a magician, immediately upon his departure broke into his house, and destroyed a great part of his furniture and books. Meanwhile Dee and his friends hastened to Poland, where they flattered themselves that they should meet with great encouragement through the interest of Laski; but were grievously disappointed in their expectations, and reduced to great distress. They then bent their course to Germany, but the Emperor banished them his dominions: At length in the year 1580

the Queen ordered him to return, being then in Bohemia*. On his arrival in England he waited upon her Majesty at Richmond, and was very graciously received. She assured him that he might rely upon her protection in the prosecution of his studies. Having been in England three years without reaping any advantage from the promise which had been made him, he was induced to present a petition to the Queen, praying that she would appoint commissioners to inquire into the losses and injuries which he had sustained, the services he had done her Majesty, and the various disappointments which he had encountered. In consequence of this application, Sir Thomas Gorge, Knt. and Mr. Secretary Woolley were actually appointed commissioners to hear his grievances, and sat as such at his house at Mortlake, Nov. 22, 1592, to whom, sitting in his library, he related his case at large. In the mean time two tables were placed near him; on one of them were the proper vouchers for the facts he asserted, to which he constantly referred; on the other, all the printed books and MSS. which he had written. Among the services which he had rendered to the Queen he reckons some consultations with her Majesty's physicians at home, and a journey of 1500 miles, which he undertook in the winter season, to hold a conference with the most learned philosophers on the Continent upon the means of restoring and preserving her health. In enumerating his losses, he estimates the damage sustained in his library at 390*l*. His whole collection, which consisted of 4000 books, of which a great part were MSS. he valued at 2000*l*. Among the latter he mentions a large collection of deeds and charters relating principally to estates in Ireland which he got out of a ruined church. He says, they had been examined by heralds, clerks of the office of records in the Tower, and other antiquaries, who had spent whole days at his house in looking them over; and had taken away to their liking. His chemical apparatus, which cost him 200*l*. was entirely destroyed by the mob when he left Mortlake in 1583: at the same time they beat in pieces a fine quadrant of Chancellor's which cost him 20*l*. and took away a magnet for which he gave 33*l*. Among the many promises of preferment which had been made him to so little

* The following prayer (taken from Dee's MSS. in the British Museum), which is in itself a curiosity, will give some idea of the distress to which they were reduced whilst in Bohemia. It is dated at Prague, 1585.

"We desire God, of his greate and infinite mercies, to grant us the helpe of his hevenly mynisters, that we may by them be directed how or by whom to be ayded and released in this necessitie for meate and drinke for us and for our family, wherewith we stand at this instant much oppressed; and the rather because it might be hurtful to us, and the credit of the actions wherein we are linked and vowed unto his hevenly Majesty (by the mynistry and comfort of his holy aungels) to lay such thinges as are the ornament of our howse and the co-verage of our bodies in pawne, either unto such as are rebels agaynst his Divine Majesty, the Jewes, or the people of this cyttee, which are malicious and full of wicked slaunder.--I Jane Dee humbly request this thing of God, acknowledging myself his servant and hand-mayden, to whom I commit my body and soule. Edward Kelly wrote this for Jane Dee."

effect, he particularly specifies Dr. Aubrey's benefices in the diocese of St. David's, and the mastership of St. Cross. He concludes with desiring speedy relief, and gives his reasons for preferring the mastership of St. Cross to any other appointment, it being a retired situation, well adapted for his studies, with a good house annexed; whereas his present situation at Mortlake was too public, and his house too small to entertain the foreign literati who resorted to him. Upon the report of the commissioners, "the Queen willed the Lady Howard to write some words of comfort to his wife, and send some friendly tokens besides;" she commanded Sir Thomas Gorge to take him 100 marks, and said, "that St. Cross he should have," and that the incumbent, Dr. Bennet, might be removed to some bishopric; and assigned him a pension of 200*l.* per ann. out of the bishopric of Oxford till it should become vacant. All these promises, like the former, came to nothing; the mastership of St. Cross he never got. The next year, indeed, he was presented to the chancellorship of St. Paul's; but this was by no means adequate to his expectations; and he continued to memorialise her Majesty, till at length he procured the wardenship of Manchester in 1595. Here he continued seven years, leading a very unquiet life, and continually engaged in disputes with the fellows. He returned to Mortlake in 1604. King James at first patronised, but was afterwards prejudiced against him and his studies; upon which Dee presented a petition to his Majesty, and another in verse to the House of Commons, praying that he might be brought to trial, having been accused of calling up evil spirits. Dr. Dee died at Mortlake in the year 1608, having been so poor in the latter part of his life as to be obliged to sell his library piece-meal for subsistence. He was buried in the chancel of Mortlake church, where, Aubrey says, an old marble stone was shown as belonging to his tomb.

The house where Dr. Dee lived is now the property of Richard Godman Temple, Esq. as appears by a survey of Mortlake*, taken A. D. 1617, where it is called an ancient house. It was most probably built in the reign of Henry VII. An old room ornamented with red and white roses existed a few years ago.

It is the opinion of some writers, that Dee was employed by Queen Elizabeth as a spy†, and some have gone so far as to suppose that all the notes of his pretended conversations with spirits were, in fact, political intelligence, couched in cyphers. As they contained a kind of jargon, meaning nothing in itself, they might undoubtedly be used occasionally for such purposes. Dee himself avers in his narrative, that he was taken into the Queen's service on her accession to the

* In this survey Mr. Temple's house is described as belonging to the heirs of Bartholomew Brickwood; in the parish accounts about the same date, the house, which is assessed as Bartholomew Brickwood's, is said lately to have belonged to Mr. Dee.

† Lilly, who lived soon after Dee, avers positively that he was Queen Elizabeth's Intelligencer.---*History of his Life and Times*, p. 146.

throne, when she promised, that where her brother had given him a crown, she would give him a noble. The instances of her Majesty's attention to him were *striking and numerous*, and certainly prove either that she was indebted to him for real, or that he duped her by magnifying the importance of imaginary, services. When he was sick, the Queen ordered her own physicians to attend him, "sent him divers rarities to eat, and the Hon. Lady Sydney to attend on him, and comfort him with divers speeches from her Majesty, pithy and gracious!" The Queen frequently visited him at his house at Mortlake; one day she came on horseback, and "exhorted him to take his mother's death patiently." Another time, as he describes it himself, "she came from Richmond in her coach, the higher way of Mortlake field, and when she came right against the church, she turned down (says he) towards my house, and when she was against my garden in the field, her Majesty staid there a good while, and taen came into the field at the great gate of the field, where her Majesty espied me at my door, making reverent and dutiful obeysances to her; and with her hand her Majesty beckoned me to come unto her, and I came to her coach-side; her Majesty then very speedily pulled off her glove, and gave me her hand to kiss; and to be short, her Majesty willed me to resort oftener to her court, and by some of her privy chamber to give her to weete when I am there."

Dee was undoubtedly a man of very great research and singular character and learning, as is evident by his various writings both printed and MS. in almost every science. He wrote upon the reformation of the Gregorian calendar; on the mode of propagating the Gospel on the other side of the Atlantic; on geography; natural philosophy, particularly optics; mathematics; metaphysics; astronomy; astrology; and the occult sciences. He wrote an account also of his voyage to St. Helena, and a treatise on the Queen's right to certain foreign countries; and projected a scheme for the preservation of ancient MSS. by establishing a general repository, a plan which is in a great measure realised by that noble national collection at the British Museum. Whether with all his learning he was himself the dupe of an enthusiastic imagination, or whether he availed himself of his knowledge to dupe others in an age when all ranks were given to credulity, may perhaps admit of a question. I own I am rather inclined to the latter opinion. As a proof of the superstition and credulity of the age, it will not be amiss to mention that Dee was employed to determine according to the opinion of the ancient astrologers, what day would be the most fortunate for Queen Elizabeth's coronation. Some time afterwards he was sent for by the lords of the council to counteract the ill effects which it was apprehended would befall the Queen from a waxen image of her Majesty stuck full of pins, which was picked up in Lincoln's-inn fields. This we are told he performed "in a godly and artificial manner," in the presence of the Earl of Leicester and Mr. Secretary Wilson. Dr. Dee was much connected with the Earl, and has been accused of being an instrument

in his nefarious designs. He was much patronised and encouraged by Henry Earl of Northumberland, the Earl of Oxford, Sir Christopher Hatton, Sir Henry Sidney, and other great men belonging to the court. So great was his reputation abroad, that he was offered great salaries by various foreign princes, if he would settle in their courts. The Emperor of Russia in particular sent him a rich present, with an offer of conveying him and all his family to Petersburgh, and promising to settle an annuity of 2000*l.* per annum upon him, and to grant him the rank of a privy counsellor. These offers, it must be observed, were made before his last unsuccessful journey to the Continent.

Notwithstanding the Queen's patronage, and the various and rich presents which he was constantly in the habit of receiving, his unbounded extravagance kept him always poor. His journey from Bohemia in 1589, which cost him near 800*l.* will afford some idea of his ostentation. He was attended by a guard of horse, and travelled with three coaches, besides baggage-waggons. The coaches, with harness for twelve horses, he bought new upon the occasion. When he arrived in England, he appears not to have been worth a penny, and to have subsisted for the next three years upon the precarious bounty of his friends. During this period he received 500*l.* in money, besides vessels of wine, whole sheep, pigs, wheat, sugar, and other commodities; he sold his wife's jewels, his own rarities, and whatever could be spared out of his house; at the end of the three years he was 333*l.* in debt. With these expenditures, which according to the present value of money we must estimate at more than 1000*l.* per annum, he tells us, that "with great parsimony used, he preserved himself and his family from hunger, starving, and nakedness." Dr. Dee carried on his conversation with spirits till the year before his death, at which time he seems to have applied his pretended art to the discovery of hidden treasure and stolen goods, probably with the view of procuring some present subsistence from those who were silly enough to employ him. A portrait of Dr. Dee, taken at the age of 67, as appears by an inscription upon the canvas, is in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, where many of his MSS. are deposited. Dr. Dee bore for his arms *Gules, a lion rampant, Or, within a border indented of the second.* The following crest was granted him in 1576: *A lion seiant gardant, Or, holding in his dexter gamb a cross formee fitchee, Azure; on the cross, a label with this motto, "Hic labor;" and his sinister gamb on a pyramid, Argent; on it a label with this motto, "Hoc opus."* Francis Dee, Bishop of Peterborough, was cousin of Dr. Dee, being descended from his grandfather Bedo, called, in the Visitation of the county of Salop, the Great Bedo Dee.

ON THE
ABSURDITY, FOLLY, AND INCONSISTENCY

OF VARIOUS FASHIONABLE

CUSTOMS AND CEREMONIES

PRACTISED IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE COMPANIES.

Vivere est cogitare et videre.

I HAVE been led into a reflection upon the many useless, superfluous, inconsistent, and troublesome customs and ceremonies which still subsist among us in our most social and entertaining meetings; and which are so absurd and ridiculous in themselves, that they rather serve to confound and perplex, than to support the dignity of society, or give consequence to individuals.

True politeness consists in ease, to which good sense is a happy auxiliary. Form and false parade stick close to the ignorant and the vulgar.

I have seen two ladies from Petticoat Lane stand for five minutes curtsying with, "*No, Madam, indeed, Ma'm--pon my honour---I cannot go first, Madam,*" it raining perhaps all the time:--and all this about who should first ascend the step to a greasy hackney coach.

In entering a room, public or private, you will frequently find two old dames drawn forth in their stiffest silks, wrangling who shall first advance; by which tiresome ceremony, the rear is thrown into disorder.

At dinner, again, if the mistress of the house help some lady first, the sweet creature, to shew her politeness, will not touch her victuals till the table is served round; by which means she loses the comfort of her dinner, her meat being quite cold before she tastes it; and if any thing better than usual is provided for her, she is sure not to touch it, by way of shewing her manners.

I went a few days ago to dine in the country with a lady, who was lately initiated into the mysteries of the carving knife, which she handles to admiration; and nobody cuts up the wing of a chicken, or parts off the leg of a pigeon, woodcock-fashion, with greater elegance and grace than she does: in short, she helps her guests to fish, flesh, and fowl, vegetables, puddings, and pies with that politeness, neatness, and propriety, that none come to her table but go away satisfied and charmed. We had a genteel repast, the most exquisite wines, and what rendered the whole more agreeable, mirth and good-humour, till there remained only, to fill up the chinks, a delicious plum tart and some macaroni, with toasted Parmesan cheese.---Here the good lady beginning to cut the tart, was interrupted by another lady, who observed that the macaroni and Parmesan should be eaten first.---*"Dear Madam, I never saw such a thing in my life---give me leave,"*--

"O, Madam, you surprise me."---"Nay, Madam, only *à la* the company." "Pshaw, Madam!"---Words went very high. The company was unwilling to decide on either side for fear of offending either party. Mr. Joseph, the butler, was appealed to, who gave it in favour of his mistress.

This only exasperated the other lady. Her brilliant eyes, which only used to dart the fire of love, now flashed revenge. Six times in a second the knife and fork were tossed about. Her fingers began to aim at something which her antagonist seemed to be aware of by settling the pins in her cap, and drawing her chair a little farther off from her: and here it would have ended, had not a contemptuous smile from the mistress of the table been insupportable; for now the plum tart, the macaroni, and Parmesan, all went sousé into the lady's face, which from the most delicate white became yellow, brown, blue, and of divers hues. The company all rose; prayers and entreaties for peace were urged in vain; hands were held, the lady's woman called, hartshorn, lavender water, towels; and the ladies were both conducted into separate retirements, in order to cool. I sent next day to know how they did, and find the mighty point of contest remains yet *alta mente repostum*, as Virgil calls it. But I have some hopes, hands may be shaken, if this dubious matter were determined by better authority than Mr. Joseph's. I therefore beg leave to subjoin the following card:

"To all ladies, mistresses of a polite table, this question is humbly proposed and submitted, whether fruit-pies and puddings should be eaten after or before macaroni and Parmesan?"

There is another most dissonant and perplexing custom, which is that of drinking healths at table; and we certainly have the best reason for dropping such a troublesome custom, when we have so good an example in all crowned heads, who, I am informed, never suffer so teasing a ceremony among them.

It is my misfortune to visit some houses where six children dine at table; and mamma, to shew her good breeding and manners, has taught all her squeaking brats to drink every person's health at the table; we have therefore nothing in our ears but the dull repetitions of these children, to shew their observance of mamma's dictates.

Drinking of healths does not stop here, but in large societies is the pest of every sensible ear, where you will have a pudding-stuffed alderman echo some common councilman's health, and desire the vibration to be continued ten deep, when a culinary echo is returned of, "Thank you---thank you---thank you, Sir."

I belong to one of the most vociferous clubs in town, where, independent of their natural and acquired noise, they keep eternally bellowing the president's health---so that before one mouthful can succeed to another, I am continually interrupted with, "Doctor---Sir, your health!" For the universal peace of every table I mention this, in the hope that an universal reformation in the custom may be adopted. Sometimes I have pretended not to hear this offensive salute, in the hope that thereby I might escape making a reply; when, to my mortification, some formal big-nosed old fellow waited till I was ready--

nor would his good manners suffer him to drink till he had received my bow and thanks.

The origin of this custom is traced to the time when the natural enemies of the British Islanders were often wounded or murdered by their invaders at the very time the cup was at their mouths--whence the expression of "I pledge you" was introduced; that is, a second person pledged himself for the safety of him who was drinking; and he that took the cup drank health to him who pledged himself for his safety.

Now, since religion and education have rather modelled and reformed us, and that while we are drinking there is no great danger of having one's throat cut,--there is no pressing occasion to drink every body's health, as we do not look for any protection at their hands; and therefore I would recommend all my readers to abolish this troublesome and ridiculous custom, in which there is such a repeated sameness.

The French, who have more vivacity, used to carry off these trifles with more grace, and cry with sparkling eyes, while they rattled their glasses, *Vive la bagatelle*. John Bull cannot do this; but John Bull will solemnly and dully sit down to his pipe and bowl with a fellow of the same serious liver, and get abominably drunk without any conversation, but the dull repetition of "*Here's to you!*"

As long, therefore, as there is not any thing to recommend this stale and insipid custom, I recommend that it be cried down by all parties.

Our good friends in Ireland, I believe, may be more grieved than the rest of the community in parting with this ceremony, as it helps to make out their festivities; for no English gentleman ought to sit at an Irish table without a chonological dictionary. I confess I have been puzzled to know the meaning of their toasts; for they rarely give you more for a guide than the day and the year of the event, believing, according to their own warm souls, that every body should know those days which proved an universal benefit to *dear little Ireland*. When I first dined in Ireland, I was charmed with the ease and condescension of the ladies; and the brilliancy of their eyes, and the poignancy of their wit, inspired me with universal admiration. Their convivial sentiments were new, lively, and applicable, and gave a new zest to good claret; but when they withdrew, I stared at the master of the house, who coolly rose from his seat, and locked the door with the most solemn and deliberate countenance I ever beheld. This manœuvre confounded me, till he resumed his chair, when I soon found the purport of fastening the door; for in a vessel, or moving cellar, some dozens of wine were left within his reach. Now, to the pleasing, innocent sentiments of the ladies succeeded the most profligate and abandoned toasts, when all the company appeared to be emulous in excelling in the most meretricious and debauched sentiments. Obscenity was succeeded by politics and religion--disputes upon these topics produced quarrels--and a duel or two concluded this barbarous and most savage bacchanalian debauch.

Our most celebrated painters had certainly an eye toward these profligate orgies, when they drew those riotous scenes of Silenus, the Fauns, and Satyrs; wherein the drunken crew are excellently depicted with the horns and hoofs of the most lewd and noxious brutes; by which Titian always meant to satyriize Man, who is a mere brute when drunk. What I mean by these observations is, to banish the stale custom of drinking common healths. I would not wish to banish the toast that celebrates a blooming wench, nor forget the hero, or the memorable event. These serve to stimulate to great and glorious actions, and they give a zest to the wine, which often without them would lose its flavour, and tire upon the palate:

It is the Hero's name; and blooming Lass,
That give new flavour to the circling glass.

There is yet another custom which, of all others, tires the senses, and stupifies the fancy. This is the absurd parade of asking some pouting Miss to sing, who will bear teasing for a full hour before she complies; and then in a most wretched squall she disturbs your ears for an hour: for when once set off, she rattles away like the clack of a mill, while all the company are under the necessity of praising this screaming devil for the very torture she has given them.

Others, again, are plaguing some dull he-animal for a song; who begins braying in a most dissonant tone, without one requisite to please; and if you do not keep renewing your solicitation for the continuance of his noise, he thinks himself used very ill.

There are a set of men in this Town who have a few songs ready cut and dried, and are uneasy until they have shot them all off upon the company. * * * * * is a lad of this kind; he has no conversation; so that all the entertainment which you can promise yourself in his company is the songs that he gives you: these you must keep demanding, until he has twittered away all his stock.

Whenever a lady or a gentleman has a fine voice, it is natural to ask them to sing, and it is good-natured when they comply; but when the resolution is made of a whole company singing alternately, it is enough to confound one's senses, and make a philosopher vow, that he will never go into the society of men more. Besides, I have ever made it an invariable observation, that these singing companies in general consist of impenetrable blockheads, who have neither fancy, nor education, nor sense, to furnish out an evening's entertainment with any sensible conversation; indeed, wherever *such* singing is introduced, it is sure to destroy all conversation; so that you are under the necessity of proceeding from ballad to ballad till your coach relieves you.

What ear, ye Sirens, can endure the pest
Of a man roaring like a storm at West?
Or who can bear, that hath an ear at all,
To hear some hoyden Miss for ev'nings squall?
Give me, ye Gods! my cabbin free from care,
And jugging Nightingales in darkling air.

TWO LETTERS

WRITTEN BY MR. ADDISON,

IN THE YEAR 1708,

TO THE EARL OF WARWICK,

AFTERWARDS HIS SON-IN-LAW, WHEN THAT NOBLEMAN WAS VERY YOUNG.

THOUGH the subject is puerile, yet, as they are full of that good-nature and humour for which Mr. Addison was so eminently distinguished, we doubt not but that they will please many of our readers.

MY DEAR LORD,

I HAVE employed the whole neighbourhood in looking after birds' nests, and not altogether without success. My man found one last night; but it proved a hen's with fifteen eggs in it, covered with an old broody duck, which may satisfy your Lordship's curiosity a little, though I am afraid the eggs will be of little use to us. This morning I have news brought me of a nest that has abundance of little eggs, streaked with red and blue veins, that, by the description they give me, must make a very beautiful figure on a string. My neighbours are very much divided in their opinions upon them: some say they are a sky-lark's; others will have them to be a Canary bird's; but I am much mistaken in the colour and turn of the eggs, if they are not full of tom-tits. If your Lordship does not make haste, I am afraid they will be birds before you see them; for, if the account they give me of them be true, they can't have above two days more to reckon.

Since I am so near your Lordship, methinks, after having passed the day among more severe studies, you may often take a trip hither, and relax yourself with these little curiosities of nature. I assure you, no less a man than Cicero commends the two great friends of his age, Scipio and Lælius, for entertaining themselves at their country-house, which stood on the sea-shore, with picking up cockle shells and looking after birds' nests. For which reason I shall conclude this learned letter with a saying of the same author, in his treatise of Friendship. *Absint autem tristitia, & in omni re severitas: habent illa quidem gravitatem; sed amicitia debet esse lenior & remissior, & ad omnem suavitatem facilitatemque morum proclivior**. If your Lordship understands the elegance and sweetness of these words, you may assure yourself you are no ordinary Latinist; but if they have force enough to bring you to Sandy-End, I shall be very well pleased. I am, my dear Lord, your Lordship's most affectionate, and most obedient,

May 20, 1708.

J. ADDISON.

* But far be stateliness and severity from us. There is, indeed, a gravity in these: but friendship ought to be gentle and relaxed, condescending to the utmost sweetness and casiness of manners.

MY DEAREST LORD,

I CAN'T forbear being troublesome to your Lordship, whilst I am in your neighbourhood. The business of this is to invite you to a concert of music, which I have found out in a neighbouring wood. It begins precisely at six in the evening, and consists of a black-bird, a thrush, a robin-red-breast, and a bull-finch. There is a lark that, by way of overture, sings and mounts till she is almost out of hearing, and afterwards, falling down leisurely, drops to the ground, or as soon as she has ended her song. The whole is concluded by a nightingale, that has a much better voice than Mrs. Tofts, and something of the Italian manner in her divisions. If your Lordship will honour me with your company, I will promise to entertain you with much better music, and more agreeable scenes, than you ever met with at the Opera, and will conclude with a charming description of a nightingale, out of our friend Virgil :

*Qualis populeâ mœrens Philomela sub umbrâ
Amisso queritur fœtus, quos durus arator
Observans nido implumes detraxit ; at illa
Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
Integrat, & mœstis late loca quæstibus implet.*

So, close in poplar shades, her children gone,
The mother nightingale laments alone :
Whose nest some prying chiurl had found, and thence
By stealth convey'd th' unfeather'd innocence.
But she supplies the night with mournful strains,
And melancholy music fills the plains.

May 27,
1708.

Your Lordship's most obedient
J. ADDISON.

HISTORY OF MASONRY.

CONTINUED FROM VOL. V. P. 374.

TIBERIUS, the colleague of Augustus, having attained to the imperial throne, became a patron and encourager of the fraternity. [A. M. 4036. A. D. 34.] Under his reign the Lord Jesus Christ was crucified without the walls of Jerusalem, by Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor of Judea, and rose again the third day for the justification of all that believe in him. Tiberius afterward banished Pilate for his injustice to Christ.

The Augustan stile was much cultivated, and the expert craftsmen met with great encouragement; even Nero raised his own statue of brass, 110 feet high, and built a most superb gilded palace.

Vespasian sent his gallant son Titus to subdue the Jews, and take Jerusalem; when a soldier, in the sack of the town, contrary to the

orders of that generous conqueror, set fire to the temple. Soon after this sad conflagration, the whole city was levelled with the ground, *not one stone being left upon another*; and the conqueror ordered a plough to pass over the ruins thereof, as a testimony of its irrecoverable state and final desolation, agreeably to the prophecies that foretold its destruction!

Vespasian shut the temple of Janus, and built the temple of Peace. [A. D. 70.] He raised his famous amphitheatre; in which the rich Composite order was first used. He ordered the Jewish temple in Egypt to be demolished, and died A. D. 77.

Upon the return of Titus from the overthrow of the Jewish nation, he caused a triumphal arch, adorned with splendid engravings and sculptures, to be built; and soon after, his noble palaces, with the famous statue of Laocoon of one stone.

Domitian built the temple of Minerva, and rebuilt that of Capitoli- nus, which he overlaid with plates of gold; and had all the columns cut out at Athens. He also built a palace more rich and grand than that of Augustus, with stately galleries in the portico, beside halls, baths, and beautiful apartments for his women. He died A. D. 63; succeeded by Nerva, who died in 95, after he had adopted Trajan.

Trajan, by his warden, the renowned architect Apollodorus, laid a wonderful bridge over the Danube, built a noble circus and palace, two triumphal arches, and his famous column, that exceeds all admiration; being 128 feet high, and the ascent to the top of it by 123 stairs, with forty-four windows. [A. D. 114.] The ashes of this emperor, inclosed in an urn, are deposited on the top of this stately column; which is moreover adorned with figures in basso relievo, ascending in spiral lines from the base to the capital; representing the military achievements of that emperor against the Daciæ. The Roman columns were not raised without some mystical signification, or historical reference; and in this respect they followed the Egyptian masons; some being monuments of stability and firmness; some to commemorate noble achievements; and others, captivity, reproach, and overthrow. Adrian repaired the public buildings, and first built the Roman rampart in Britain, of earth covered with turf, between the river Tyne and the Solway Firth, eighty miles in extent, to check the inroads of the Caledonians. [A. D. 130.] This rampart not being sufficient to answer its purpose, the Emperor Severus afterward built a wall of stone, whose remains are yet to be seen in Northumberland, where it is distinguished by the name of the *Picts' wall*. This wall was 12 feet high, and 8 feet thick, with castles and turrets at proper intervals for guards and centinels to be within call of each other, from one extremity of the wall to the other. Antoninus Pius raised his curious column of white marble, 168 feet high, beside 7 feet of the pedestal, now under ground. [A. D. 159.] Marcus Aurelius countenanced the artists; [A. D. 178.] but Commodus, though educated with care by an excellent father, turned vicious; and, in his time, painting and sculpture began to decline at Rome; though Caracalla afterward erected a splendid circus. [A. D. 306.]

Thus flourished the royal art down to Constantine the Great, who reared at Rome the last triumphal arch of the Augustan stile; for he removed his throne to Byzantium, which he named Constantinople; and carried away all the portable monuments of art from Italy, and the best artists, to embellish his new metropolis. He built there many artful piles, forums, hippodromes, temples or churches, porticoes, fountains, a stately imperial palace and senate-house, a pillar of porphyry of eight stones, about 87 feet high above the pedestal, and the amazing serpentine pillar with his equestrian statue, &c. [A. D. 336.]

Constans brought with him to Rome the famous architect Hormisdas, the king of Persia's son, who was justly astonished at the ancient structure and statues, and declared them inimitable: for now all the arts dwindled at Rome, as they flourished at Constantinople. Nay, the Christians, in zeal against heathen idolatry, demolished many curious things, till the Roman empire was partitioned between two brothers, Valentinian and Valens.

Valentinian was emperor of the west at Rome; but this empire was soon engrossed by the eastern: Valens, emperor of the east at Constantinople, was distressed by the Goths, and died without issue.

To the empire of the east succeeded Theodosius the Great, who gloried in being a patron of all the designers and operators, the same as grand master: and loved them so well, that by a law he exempted all the craft from taxation. [A. D. 378.]

The northern nations of Europe, the Goths, Vandals, Huns, Allemans, Herules, Sueves, Dacians, Alans, Franks, Gepidans, Saxons, Angles, Longobards, and many more, had gradually grown strong as the Roman power decayed, and invaded divers parts of the empire, even Italy itself; over-running the polite world like a deluge, with warlike rage and gross ignorance, the enemies of arts and sciences. But Theodosius for a while checked their career, and established himself sole emperor of the east and west. Unhappily he partitioned it again between his two sons, Honorius and Arcadius; the latter of whom enriched the city of Constantinople with many superb structures, and a lofty pillar, with a flight of stairs in the centre of it, 147 feet high. Theodosius the Younger also enriched the same city with many spoils of war from Greece, Egypt, and Asia; and employed the craft in repairing and erecting additional works to the great church of St. Sophia.

Justinian I. supported the lodges of artists or craftsmen, and restored the Roman empire to some degree of respect. [A. D. 526.] In pure zeal for the sciences, now in the extremest peril of being lost, he sent his general, Belisarius, with a powerful army against Totila, the Goth, who with a multitude of savages had taken old Rome, and set it on fire! The city continued burning for thirteen days together; when about about two thirds of it was laid in ashes; and all must have undergone the same fate, but the dastardly crew were forced to fly on the approach of Belisarius. What they had demolished, soon brought on the destruction of the rest; so that at this period may be

fixed the total departure of arts and learning from Italy and the west; the Augustan stile, with all its improvements; the craft of masonry, and the harmony of the lodges being subverted by Gothic ignorance, and forgotten! [A. D. 547.]

Justinian collected the body of the civil law, or *Codex Justinianus*, which, by the judgment and industry of Trebonian, and other coadjutors, was digested into the form we now have it; he also expended thirty-four millions of gold, in rebuilding the church of St. Sophia, which he intended should equal, if not excel, the temple of Solomon; but in vain. [A. D. 560.] This emperor is reported to have caused the eyes of Belisarius to be put out, on a charge of being engaged in a conspiracy against him: and it is added, that the old veteran general was afterward forced to beg at the great gate of St. Sophia, *Date obolum Belisario, quem virtus extulit, invidia depressit.** Many great and noble actions were performed by Justinian; but all of them would not atone for his ingratitude to so worthy a man, if the fact be true; but there is some consolation in finding authors who dispute the worst circumstances of the story.

From this period the sciences and arts began to decline apace in the east, as we have already observed they had done in the west. Bloody persecutions and wars were for several ages carried on; most of the emperors being murdered by their successors; with millions of other brutal actions that degraded and disgraced the Christian name: their wickedness did not, however, go unchastised; for the Mahometans † now began to be very powerful, and every where triumphed over their wretched and wicked opponents; overthrowing with fire and sword all the monuments of art in their way. Every thing that had the least appearance of elegance, or of being dedicated to learned uses, was doomed to immediate destruction: so that arts and sciences, with the craft of masonry, now suffered more in Asia and Africa than at any period of time before; and the Augustan stile in the east is thereby, in all probability, buried for ever in oblivion. [A. D. 710.]

When the Goths, and those whom they conquered, began to affect stately buildings, their architecture, which probably they had but at second hand from the Arabs and Moors, was so coarse, that the greatest of their architects knew nothing of just designing: they wanted both heads and hands to imitate the ancients; nor could they do it for many ages. Yet, neither wanting wealth nor ambition, they did their best; and so the more ingenious gradually drew together in societies or lodges, in imitation of the ancients, according to remaining traditions not quite obliterated; and cultivated a stile of their own, called the *Gothic*.

* "Give a halfpenny to Belisarius, whom virtue had raised, and envy depressed."

† In the year of our Lord 622, the Mahometans began their era called the *Hegira*, commencing with the retreat of their prophet Mahomet from Mecca.

Authors distinguish two kinds of Gothic architecture; ancient and modern, with respect to each other. The ancient is that which the Goths brought with them from the north in the fifth century; and was probably no more than rude imitations of Roman buildings, unassisted by any knowledge of architectonic principles. The edifices built in this stile are exceedingly heavy and coarse; their characteristics are, that the walls are very thick; and generally without buttresses; the arches semicircular, supported by clumsy columns; with a kind of regular base and capital. In short, plain solidity is the striking feature of this mode of building; though ornament was not wholly unattempted, as may be seen in some remains of the old Saxon architecture still existing in this country.

The modern Gothic, or, as it should rather be called, the Arabesc, or Saracenic, was introduced about the tenth century, when pilgrimages and crusades to the Holy Land become fashionable; for there were no people at that time known by the name of Goths. This improved stile ran into the other extreme; being light, delicate, and rich to excess: witness Westminster abbey, the cathedrals of Litchfield and Salisbury, the cross at Coventry, &c. This last kind continued long in use, especially in Italy; all the old cathedrals, from the thirteenth century to the restoration of Grecian architecture in the sixteenth century, being in this stile. The marks which constitute the character of the modern Gothic, are its numerous and prominent buttresses, its lofty spires and pinnacles, its large and ramified windows, its ornamental niches or canopies, its sculptured saints, the delicate lace work of its fretted roofs, and a profusion of roses, crosses, and other ornaments, lavished indiscriminately over the whole building. But its more peculiar characteristic is, to see lofty vaults of pointed arches raised on slender clustered pillars, which, though they have stood for ages, a timid spectator is in apprehension of their tumbling every minute! The first appearance of this stile in our country, was toward the latter end of the reign of Henry II. and hence it is, that our ancient cathedrals and churches are in the modern Gothic. About the time of Henry VIII. it began to decline, being succeeded by a mongrel stile, in which the Gothic and Grecian are incongruously blended together.

Being therefore now in possession of sufficient *data*, the speculative mason will scarcely be displeased at an invitation to pause a little; to try if we cannot discover the primitive ideas, or original models, on which architecture was founded. These *data* are the Grecian and Gothic stiles, or, which are nearly the same, the two Gothic stiles; assuming the former of them for the rude infancy of the Grecian architecture, and the latter as a stile distinguished by peculiar characteristics. The trunk of a tree presented to the first builders a column fashioned by the hand of nature; the swell, where it expands into roots below, and a corresponding enlargement, where it parts into branches above, might suggest the idea of a base and capital; and by such columns, in all probability, were the primitive habitations of mankind supported. The column being thus found, variation and orna-

ment might be dictated by those sparry concretions sometimes observable in caverns. In such subterranean recesses, when water, loaded with stony particles, distils from any part of the roof, it forms a petrification hanging down like an icicle; while on the floor, where the drops fall, a similar conical concrete rises. If the roof be not too high, and if the operation be constant, the two points at length meet, and, thickening at the junction, unite into a column, which seems designedly placed for support; and the very irregularities of its form might assist invention in fluting, and other fanciful decorations.

The Grecian column being suggested by the trunk of a tree, felled, and dismembered of its branches, some bold genius, at the revival of architecture, struck out a new design, which was, to adopt the tree in full growth; and, as far as the nature of the materials would admit, to imitate in stone those awful sacred groves, wherein the heathen nations used to worship their divinities. Then it was that mankind saw churches formed, as it were, by assemblages of trees, whose lofty intersecting branches composed a vaulted roof, with many ribs, angles, and points of junction, where they met; light being received through windows of painted glass, divided into compartments by stone ribs, that meeting also in angles, resembled the branches and leaves of an opening grove! There was sublimity in the idea; and with what art it was executed, will appear from the long vistas in a Gothic cathedral, and of a close lofty grove, mutually exciting the recollection of each other.

It has perhaps been too much the fashion to depreciate the Gothic architecture out of compliment to that of Greece and Rome; but while the great age of many of our churches and collegiate buildings justifies the principles and proportions of the former, there appears no reason to sacrifice the one to the other, as their merits are sufficiently distinct for both to be received. Good designs in either will be a source of sublimity; but the impression will depend on the agreement of the stile with the purpose of a building. It is not easy in all cases to define our feelings; and to attempt discriminating the sublimity of architecture into species, is perhaps an act of temerity: but under this acknowledgment, the Greek architecture appears calculated to elevate the mind to an admiration of beauty and magnificence; and the Gothic, to impress us with emotions of solemnity and awe! The cathedral of St. Paul, in London, surprises us, indeed, by the harmony and grandeur of the several parts of so vast an edifice; but that of St. Peter, in Westminster, strikes us, moreover, at the first entrance, with reverential awe, that disposes the mind to pious meditation, and offices of devotion. If there be any justice in this distinction, the inference will be, that the five Grecian orders are best adapted to civil purposes; and that the Gothic may rank as a sixth, peculiarly applicable to ecclesiastical structures, and might be termed---the *Collegiate order*.

ON

THE VARIOUS MODES OF EATING

IN DIFFERENT COUNTRIES.

THE Maldivian islanders eat alone. They retire into the most secret parts of their houses, and they draw down the cloths that serve as blinds to their windows, that they may eat unobserved. This custom probably arises from the savage, in the early periods of society, concealing himself to eat; he fears that another, with as sharp an appetite but more strong than himself, should come and ravish his meal from him. Beside, the ideas of witchcraft are widely spread among the barbarians; and they are not a little fearful that some incantation may be thrown amongst their victuals.

In noticing the solitary meal of the Maldivian islander, another reason may be alledged for this misanthropical repast. They never will eat with any one who is inferior to them in birth, riches, or dignity; and, as it is a difficult matter to settle this equality, they are condemned to lead this unsociable life.

On the contrary, the islanders of the Philippines are remarkably sociable. Whenever one of them finds himself without a companion to partake of his meal, he runs till he meets with one; and we are assured, that, however keen his appetite may be, he ventures not to satisfy it without a guest.

The tables of the rich Chinese shine with a beautiful varnish, and are covered with silk carpets very elegantly worked. They do not make use of plates, knives, or forks: Every guest has two little ivory or ebony sticks, which he handles very adroitly.

The Otaheiteans, who are lovers of society, and very gentle in their manners, feed separate from each other. At the hour of repast the members of each family divide; two brothers, two sisters, and even husband and wife, have each their respective basket. They place themselves at the distance of two or three yards from each other, they turn their backs, and takes their meals in profound silence.

The custom of drinking at different hours from those assigned for eating, is to be met with amongst many savage nations. It was originally begun from necessity, and soon became a habit. "A people transplanted," observes an ingenious philosopher, "preserve in another climate modes of living which relate to those whence they originally came. It is thus the Indians of Brazil scrupulously abstain from eating when they drink, and from drinking when they eat."

When neither decency nor politeness are known, the man who invites his friends to a repast is greatly embarrassed to testify his esteem for his guests, and to present them with some amusement; for the savage guest imposes on him this obligation. Amongst the greater part of the American Indians, the host is continually on the watch to solicit them to eat; but touches nothing himself. In New France,

he wearies himself with singing, to divert the company while they eat.

When civilization advances, we wish to shew our confidence to our friends: we treat them as relations: and it is said that, in China, the master of the house, to give a mark of his politeness, absents himself while his guests regale themselves at his table in undisturbed revelry.

The demonstrations of friendship in a rude state have a savage and gross character, which is not a little curious to observe. The Tartars pull a man by the ear to press him to drink; and they continue tormenting him till he opens his mouth: and then clap their hands and dance before him.

No customs seem more ridiculous than those practised by a Kamtschadale, when he wishes to make another his friend. He first invites him to eat. The host and his guest strip themselves in a cabin, which is heated to an uncommon degree. While the guest devours the food with which they serve him, the other continually stirs the fire. The stranger must bear the excess of the heat, as well as of the repast. He vomits ten times before he will yield; but, at length obliged to acknowledge himself overcome, he begins to compound matters. He purchases a moment's respite by a present of clothes or dogs; for his host threatens to heat the cabin and to oblige him to eat till he dies: The stranger has the right of retaliation allowed to him: he treats in the same manner, and exacts the same presents. Should his host not accept the invitation of his guest, whom he has so handsomely regaled, he would come and inhabit his cabin till he had obtained from him the presents he had in so singular a manner given to him.

For this extravagant custom a curious reason has been alledged. It is meant to put the person to a trial whose friendship is sought. The Kamtschadale, who is at the expence of the fires and the repast, is desirous to know whether the stranger has the strength to support pain with him, and if he is generous enough to share with him some part of his property. While the guest is employed on his meal, he continues heating the cabin to an unsupportable degree; and, for a last proof of the stranger's constancy and attachment, he exacts more clothes and more dogs. The host passes through the same ceremonies in the cabin of the stranger; and he shews, in his turn, with what degree of fortitude he can defend his friend. It is thus the most singular customs would appear simple, if it were possible for the philosopher to contemplate them on the spot.

As a distinguishing mark of their esteem, the negroes of Ardra drink out of one cup at the same time. The king of Loango eats in one house, and drinks in another. A Kamtschadale kneels before his guest; he cuts an enormous slice from a sea calf; he crams it entire into the mouth of his friend, furiously crying out---"*Tina!* ---There!" and cutting away what hangs about his lips, snatches and swallows it with avidity.

A barbarous magnificence attended the feasts of the ancient monarchs of France. We are informed that, after their coronation or consecration, when they sat at a table, the nobility served them on horseback.

POETRY.

MASONIC SONG.

Tune, "*Hearts of Oak.*"

NO sect in the world can with Masons compare,
 So ancient, so noble the badge is they wear,
 That all other orders, however esteem'd,
 Inferior to Masonry justly are deem'd.

CHORUS.

We always are free,
 And for ever agree ;
 Supporting each other,
 Brother helps Brother,

No mortals on earth are so friendly as we.

When first attic fire mortals' glory became,
 Tho' small was the spark, it soon grew to a flame ;
 As Phœbus celestial transcendently bright,
 It spreads o'er the world a fresh torrent of light.

We always, &c.

The greatest of monarchs, the wisest of men,
 Freemasonry honour'd again and again ;
 And nobles have quitted all other delights,
 With joy to preside o'er our mystical rites.

We always, &c.

Tho' some may pretend we've no secrets to know,
 Such idle opinions their ignorance show ;
 While others, with rapture, cry out, " They're reveal'd !"
 In Freemasons' bosoms they still lie conceal'd.

We always, &c.

Coxcomical pedants may say what they can,
 Abuse us, ill use us, and laugh at our plan ;
 We'll temper our mortar, enliven our souls,
 And join in a chorus o'er full-flowing bowls.

We always, &c.

SONG.

FAIR blew the wind, and the morn was serene,
 When orders were giv'n to prepare us for sea,
 The topsails were loos'd, and all ready were seen,
 " Heave short," went the word, and we answer'd
 Yo yeal!

My heart beat a stroke, while at every pull
 At the windlass I hove the anchor to weigh ;
 For my girl was in view with her eyes brimming full,
 And she sigh'd ev'ry time that she heard the
 Yo yeal!

At length under weigh, she wav'd her white hand,
 As smoothly before it we put out to sea,
 From the top I beheld her lov'd form on the strand,
 And still went my heart to the tune of
 Yo yea!

Tho' long we've been parted, my love is the same,
 In every clime, dear Anna, for thee;
 When the dark beating storm o'er us threat'ningly came,
 Still I remember our parting
 Yo yea!

But what sweet delight steals over my mind,
 As homeward we're steering our prosp'rous way!
 My Anna to meet, and to find her still kind,
 Makes my heart dance for joy while singing
 Yo yea!

W.

STANZAS TO WINTER.

O! come, rude Winter, pale and sad,
 Congenial to my pensive mind,
 In silver-seeming mantle clad,
 All frozen by the northern wind.

Though rough the blast, and rude the day
 That ushers in thy stormy power,
 Yet shall my bosom court thy sway,
 Undaunted, 'mid thy darkest hour.

Not Spring array'd in richest green,
 And deck'd with drops of pearly dew,
 Not Summer with his jocund mien,
 Nor Autumn with his golden hue,

Can with their flatt'ry sooth a heart,
 An anxious heart, that feels like mine;
 Nor to the soul a charm impart,
 So simply pure, and keen as thine.

When thy dim morn but faintly glows,
 And languid rears her drowsy head,
 And Nature's herbage, deck'd with snows,
 No more the pearly drop can shed,

O'er the rough waste my steps shall bend,
 Or climb some rude cliff's slipp'ry steep;
 And while thy blasts the welkin rend,
 Or o'er the desert fiercely sweep,

Thy wild scenes shall my fancy warm,
 And sooth my troubled heart to rest:
 No vulgar joys like these can charm,
 Or deeply touch the conscious breast.

Here beauteous Nature dreadful glows,
 Nor cheats the heart with *Pleasure's* lure ;
 No Siren bait th' enchantress throws,
 But all is simple, grand, and pure.

Anon the threat'ning Boreas scowls,
 And shiv'ring Nature stands dismay'd ;
 From Ocean's cave loud Eurus howls,
 Till Neptune's self is half afraid.

Yet the pure mind, by vice unstain'd,
 Hears the loud roar, nor recks the storm ;
 For where *Instruction* can be gain'd
 She seeks her in her boldest form.

Now let me feel the bitter cold,
 Let the rude blast my breast assail :
 I need no more the tale be told ;
 I *know* myself, and *feel* the gale.

And thou, poor friendly child of woe !
 That keenly feel'st the wintry wind,
 Thy helpless suff'rings too I know ;
 And can my bosom prove unkind ?

Ah! no---Though in my breast of steel,
 No drop of pity e'er was shed,
 Yet Nature's self would bid me feel,
 And give thee where to hide thy head.

Ye giddy, gay, fantastic croud,
 Who offer still at Folly's shrine,
 Here come, and be no longer proud,
 But let your feelings mix with mine.

Here learn to know the wretch's fate,
 Who asks a pittance at your door ;
 Spurn'd from the guilty rich man's gate,
 He sinks beneath the drifted show'r.

Come then, and give with lib'ral hand,
 And snatch him from his deep despair.
 Soft Pity's voice shall man withstand,
 And pleasure be his only care ?

Ah! no---The crystal drop shall start,
 Kind Charity his breast shall warm ;
 Benevolence dilate his heart,
 And Virtue be his only charm.

J. T. R.

TO FRIENDSHIP.

O! softest of passions, sweet soother of woes,
 On the heart that adores thee benignantly smile ;
 Still let my wrung bosom enjoy thy repose,
 Tho' indignant, with fortune, I struggle the while.

Tho' the time be no more which this bosom has known,
 When my simple young heart had not tasted of pain;
 When health and contentment and peace were my own,
 And friendship first bade me awaken the strain.

Yet shall not oblivion her standard display,
 But mem'ry, still ling'ring, shall think on the past,
 And pleas'd retrospection shall mark the glad day,
 That gave birth to pure friendship, and thought it would last.

Let the bosom of him whom dull apathy steels
 In the moment of absence, drink Lethe's dark stream;
 Let him who the finer emotions ne'er feels,
 Still laugh at fair friendship, and call it a dream.

Why let it be so, 'tis a dream most divine,
 And long may the vision my senses delude;
 May the sleep that produc'd it for ever be mine,
 And the morn of indiff'rence ne'er dare to intrude.

Sunderland.

J. T. R.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN HOWARD, ESQ. .

Spoken by Mrs. O'KEEFE, in the Character of ARABELLA (a female Captive just set free by the HOWARD of the Drama), in Mrs. Inchbald's Play of *Such Things Are*.

WRITTEN BY J. F. STANFIELD.

RAIS'D from despair---snatch'd from the dungeon's gloom---
 And bade the paths of peace and love resume,
 Should not the sun-shine of my fate inspire
 The strains of joy---and gratulation's fire?
 Ah! no---the honour'd hand that freedom gave,
 Now cold and lifeless, moulders in the grave;
 The eye where mercy beam'd in darkness lies;
 Mute are those lips that bade the captive rise!

Hark! from yon somb'rous caves the mingled sound
 Of anguish, pealing thro' the vaulted ground!
 What new distresses raise the tumult high?
 What recent sufferings force the frantic cry?
 Can deeper horror swell the captive's woe?
 Can sharper misery bid his sorrows flow?
 Has ruffian pow'r increas'd the galling chain?
 Has grim disease let loose his wasteful train?
 Has famine drain'd the current of the heart?
 Does death insatiate shake his reckless dart?

Alas! severer pangs their bosoms-tear---
 Fiercer than pain, and dreadful as despair.
 For---through the low roof'd cells, thick murmurs pour
 The sorrowing sound---"Our guardian is no more!"
 "HOWARD'S no more!"---Disseas'd despairing cries.
 "HOWARD'S no more!"---Captivity replies.

Lent, but to guide us thro' these mortal glooms,
 His mission's o'er---and heaven its saint resumes.

Ah! let fond gratitude her strain renew---
 Let memory raise his hallow'd form to view---

Break thro' the mortal barriers that divide ;
And once more, wondering, clasp our sainted guide.

See him, when mellowing years his hopes matur'd,
When affluence, honours, ease and interest lur'd---
See him go forth, a delegated chief,
Sent by high heaven, th' apostle of relief.
By virtue led, and arm'd with sacred powers,
See him assail the prison's murky towers !
The massy portals, bursting wide, disclose
The dungeon, teeming with contagious woes.
To bar the bold intruder's dareful way,
Repressive exhalations load the day.
Disease, with purple plagues, and putrid bands---
And death, with mace ensanguin'd, threat'ning stands.
But vain the pow'rs of earth and hell conjoin,
T' oppose the ardour of the vast design.
Thro' damps putrescent, sickly mists and shades,
Wrapt in ethereal garb, he fearless wades.
To reach the wretched, sooth the sufferer's woes,
Nor toils fatigue, nor dangers can oppose.

Behold that fainting form---whose nerveless arm
Once strung with health, and with young vigour warm,
Bore, thro' embattled foes, a sword of fame ;
And fought, and bled, to aid his country's claim---
That fainting form, which rankling pain distorts---
Whose meagre limbs a weeping wife supports,
Now struck by pow'r---bent by the massive chain---
Sinks deep, beneath oppression's iron reign.

See (once his bliss!) a prattling, feeble brood,
Cling to his straw, and lift their cry for food!
Alas! in vain, they pour their infant grief---
The wretched pair can furnish no relief.

“ And must they perish? Will their little cry
“ Pass unregarded!---Must we see them die !”

No---wretched group, the hour of comfort's given,
A HOWARD sent by all-regarding heaven.
Thro' yon dark port, he beams with light humane---
Relief and freedom follow in his train.
He bursts the fetter; the rank wound embalms ;
Gives the ripe cordial; the rack'd bosom calms :
The vulture famine stills; med'cines your woes ;
And---best of gifts---he liberty bestows.

O would ye view this scene---that shakes the heart,
Behold the canvas warm'd by Gillray's art*.
His magic pencil wakens into life

The speechless rapture of th' adoring wife :
Th' o'erpowering joy, that sinks the feeble sire ;
The infant looks that beam with grateful fire.
While the GREAT COMFORTER, erect, serene---
Stands, ministr'ing angel of th' affecting scene.

Such the pursuits this godlike mortal form'd :
Such the sweet charities his bosom warm'd.
O may his great example rouse the isle
To emulate the wonders of his toil!

And while fond Britain glories in his name,
Erects the column to his deathless fame,

* Gillray's celebrated picture of Mr. Howard relieving a sick officer and his family in prison.

The monumental pile and statue rears,
 And wets his urn with true maternal tears---
 O may the CAUSE that bid his bosom blaze
 Survive the tomb, and spread its chearing rays!
 May it induce the affluent and gay
 To turn a thought from pleasure's gilded way---
 To view the *lowest* of the sons of care;
 And sooth the wretched mansions of despair!
 This will, indeed, give lustre to his fame:
 The best memorial of his honour'd name.
 Lasting as fate *this* Monument will be---
 And such as HOWARD's self would smile to see.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Feb. 2, 1796. **A** NEW Musical Farce, called the *Lock and Key*, from the pen of Mr. Hoare, was performed for the first time, at Covent-Garden Theatre.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Cheerly,	-	-	-	Mr. INCLEDON.
Brummagem,	-	-	-	Mr MUNDEN.
Ralph,	-	-	-	Mr. FAWCETT.
Vain,	-	-	-	Mr KNIGHT.
Fanny	-	-	-	Mrs. MARTYR.
Dolly,	-	-	-	Mrs. NORTON.
And Laura,	-	-	-	Mrs. SERRES.

The PLOT is as follows:

Ralph, the whimsical servant of old Brummagem, angry at witnessing the harsh treatment that Laura, his young mistress, the niece of Brummagem, receives from her uncle, determines to rescue her; and to that purpose forms a plot with Captain Cheerly, her lover, and Fanny, a female servant; in consequence of which, the two latter effect Laura's escape, while Ralph amuses the old man's attention by a story he pretends to relate. Cheerly is assisted by Vain, an adventurer, who engages for 100l. to carry off Laura; but being disconcerted by Ralph's scheme, of which he was not apprised, is completely baffled.--Laura and Cheerly are married, and ask Brummagem's forgiveness, which is granted them.

This simple story is well managed, and the business enlivened throughout with a series of comical and laughable incidents. Many of the scenes are indeed extremely ludicrous, but they are pleasant, and fully answer the purpose for which all productions of this nature are intended, of keeping the audience in a continual merry roar.

The dialogue is sprightly, and the *equivoque* neat and striking.

The music of the songs is worthy of *Shield*.

The overture, by the junior *Parke*, is one of the best compositions we have heard for a long time.

The performers acquitted themselves throughout with the utmost credit, and the piece is likely to undergo many repetitions.

PROLOGUE

TO

THE WAY TO GET MARRIED.

WRITTEN BY W. T. FITZGERALD, ESQ.

SPOKEN BY MR. MACREADY.

THE Stage should be to life a faithful glass,
 Reflecting modes and manners as they pass :
 If these extravagant appear to you,
 Blame not the drama---the reflection's true.
 Our author makes of virtue no parade,
 And only ridicules the *vice* of trade ;
 Exposes folly in its native tint,
 And leaves mankind to profit by the hint.
 The modern buck, how diff'rent from the beau
 In bag and ruffles sixty years ago ?
 The City Coxcomb then was seldom seen
 (Confin'd to Bunhill Row, or Bethnal Green) ;
 West of Cheapside you then could scarcely meet
 The *gay Lotbario*---of Threadneedle-street !
 His folly rarely met the public eye,
 Or like a shadow pass'd unheeded by :
 Tradesman and Rake were then remov'd as far
 As gay St. James's is from Temple-bar.
 But now the Cit must breathe a purer air ;
 The 'Change he *visits*---*lives* in Bedford-square ;
 Insures a fleet---then *BOOTLE*'s club attends,
 Proud to be noticed by his titled friends,
 And strives to join, by Dissipation's aid,
 The Man of Fashion with the Man of Trade.
 Vain to associate with superior rank,
 He quits his Ledger---for the Faro Bank ;
 His dashing curricule down Bond-street drives,
 Risking his own---and *worse*---his horses' lives ;
 Till, urging Fortune's glowing wheel too fast---
 This empty air-blown Bubble breaks at last !
 Though Trade may give such upstart mushrooms birth,
 The Muse pays homage to its real worth.
 This Isle to Commerce owes her splendid state,
 The source of all that makes her truly great ;
 And 'midst her busy sons enough are found
 To raise dejected *Mis'ry* from the ground.
 While Commerce, with a lib'ral heart bestows
 Her wealth to mitigate the poor man's woes ;
 Seeks out the wretch, his gloomy prison cheers,
 And wipes with pitying hand the widow's tears ;
 Th' applauding world will say (such bounty giv'n)
 The English Merchant is the Steward of Heav'n !
 Our Author now that candour would implore
 Which your indulgence has bestow'd before ;
 Still on a gen'rous Public he depends ;
 Give your support---he asks no better friends.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

WRITTEN BY CAPTAIN TOPHAM.

SPOKEN BY MRS. MATTOCKS.

THE dubious title of our play this night
 Might fill Mama with joy, or Miss with fright---
 "The way to get an Husband," and what not---
 But are they *worth* the getting when they're got?
 "Yes," cries bold Miss, whom mother's kind regard
 Has led at young fourteen to "cock her card,"
 "Yes," cries bold Miss, "whate'er the formals say,
 They are worth getting, and I know the way.
 The way's up Bond-street,---where we daily range,
 Where saunt'ring Bloods croud Fashion's full exchange;
 There---(charming scene!) as undismay'd we strut,
 Dogs, Misses, Dukes, and Draymen. meet full butt!
 There, lounging arm in arm, half-booted Crops,
 With heads so dark--you'd swear they were black mops;
 There muslin petticoats, with mud so laced;
 Here scarlet spencers with an inch of waist---
 So scarlet, all my rouge they seem to scoff,
 And look like lobsters with their tails cut off.

Here for a husband is the scene to dash!
 Here for a town-bred Miss to---"make a splash."
 The plump, brisk widow takes a different road,
 She cannot walk down Bond-street---she's a load:
 Good sixteen stone to carry---but yet strong;
 She rolls a wool-pack VENUS---broad as long.
 Yet she's a tender passion for the stage,
 With her, dear *private acting* is the rage:
 SHAKESPEARE confesses beauties not his choice,
 And JULIET grieves in a fine manly voice.
 Her ROMEO, a Lord, might suit your pocket,
 Looks like a candle sunk into the socket.
 In tones like these their mutual passions run---

Says HE, (lisp'ing effeminate voice)

"It is the East and Juliet is the Sun!
 "To Heaven respectful lenity! Adieu!
 "And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now!"

Then SHE, (very hoarse tone)

"Good Nurse, I am a child! But do not speak,
 "Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
 "For all that thou hast heard me speak this night!
 "I am an infant wife scarce wedded quite."

Accents so sweet what mortal can withstand?
 The Stage-struck Peer makes tender of his hand,
 JULIET exclaims, as not consenting quite,
 "What satisfaction can'st thou have to-night?"

If to get married this be *not* the way---
 What grace, what charm more potent can have sway?
 A maiden in the country---on whose cheek,
 Pure as the primros'd morn, the blushes speak,
 Whose mind, illum'd by Nature's sober ray,
 Disdains to rule, and chuses to obey---
 Who, like the BRITON, conquers to increase
 Domestic happiness and lasting peace!

EXTRACTS FROM MR. OULTON'S

" HISTORY OF THE THEATRES OF LONDON,

FROM 1771 TO 1795."

Just published.

MR. GARRICK.

IN the year 1777 Mr. Garrick was desired to read a play before the king and queen at Buckingham house in the manner of Mons. Le Texier, who had obtained great reputation by reading them, sitting at a table, and acting them as he went on. Mr. Garrick fixed upon his own farce of *Letbe*, in which he introduced for the occasion the character of an ungrateful Jew; there were present the king-queen, princess royal, duchess of Argyle, and one or two more of the ladies in waiting; but the coldness with which this select party heard him, so opposite to the applause he had always been used to on the stage, had such an effect upon him, as to prevent his exertions; or, to use Mr. G.'s own words in relating the circumstance, "it was," said he, "as if they had thrown a wet blanket over me."

MR. KING APPOINTED DEPUTY MANAGER OF DRURY LANE THEATRE.

THIS gentleman was received in his new character of acting manager (Sept. 17.) with marks of peculiar esteem: on this occasion he came forward previous to the play, which was the *Clandestine Marriage*, to deliver a new serio-comic *Dramatic Olio*. A considerable time elapsed in congratulations on the part of the audience, and thanks on the part of the actor, before he was suffered to begin the address. It commenced with a parody on the speech of Othello, to the following effect---

"Most potent, grave, and reverend critics,
My very noble and approved good masters;
That I have ta'en the conduct of this old House,
True,-----true---I am Manager," &c.

The *old* house was a sarcasm against the Managers of Covent Garden, who had now stiled theirs the *new* house; the parody was carried on to the passage that, "he would a round unvarnish'd tale deliver:" whereupon he requested permission to change his stile for blank verse, as heroics hobbled ungracefully on his tongue. Then, in an admirable vein of humour approaching the burlesque stile, he gave the supposed different opinions of various descriptions of persons, respecting his new undertaking.---A veteran lord in a fashionable circle, west of Drury, gives it as *his* opinion, that the pupil and last friend of Mr. Garrick cannot act wrong in the situation of Manager; and a citizen also declares his approbation, as he had constantly paid regard to the main chance, and appeared three times a week on the Change. An alderman suspends his judgment, as he conceives the "Proof of the pudding is in the eating." Such were the opinions of those *before the curtain*, and now he proceeded to take a *peep behind*. The tragedians consider it as a very mournful omen of their dissolution, and conclude a very dire and doleful farewell to all their greatness, in another parody on Othello,--- for now

"The tragic Hero's occupation's o'er."

The comedians acknowledge, that when one of *themselves*, he was very good-natured and free, like Grumio in the farce; but now that he was *bona fide* KING, they were afraid that he would lord it over them, with a high hand like Major Domo Bentivoglio. As to the vocal performers and the Sons of *tweedle dum* and *tweedle dee*, it was their opinion that he would do much better to attend the tumbling of Sadler's Wells, than undertake the management of music, without ear or voice. These sentiments were delivered in a song which Mr. King sung with infinite pleasantry. After having gone through the different opinions of different societies, he acknowledged the difficulty of the undertaking, but trusted to the generosity of the public. This Olio had a very good stage effect, and received considerable applause.

MRS. YATES.

1787. Mrs. Yates, a member of Covent Garden Theatre, after undergoing much pain and languor, died at her house in Pimlico, May 2d, aged 59: her disorder was dropsical, which had for some time encroached on her constitution.

This lady, whose maiden name was Graham, and supposed to be born at Birmingham, made her first appearance at Dublin, in *Anna Bullen* in *Henry VIII.* under the auspices of Mr. Sheridan, who, deeming her abilities very indifferent, was glad to dissolve the engagement by a present. This was about the year 1752. The lady herself thought Mr. Sheridan's opinion very just, and despaired of ever attaining any degree of eminence in the theatrical line; for at this time, though in the bloom of youth, her voice was very weak, and her figure incumbered with corpulence.

She now gave up her theatrical pursuits; but as the early part of her life was marked with unhappiness, it is supposed that necessity urged her to another attempt, and accordingly she became a candidate at Drury-lane, in 1754. Mr. Garrick introduced her to the town in the character of Julia, in a new play, first acted then (Feb. 25) called *Virginia*, and as he spoke a prologue (written by himself) wherein he mentioned the fears of the new actress with some address, it is imagined he entertained hopes, if not of her future eminence, at least of her utility; the lines in the prologue respecting the fair candidate, and with which Mr. Garrick concluded, are as follow:

“ If novelties can please, to night we've two;
 “ Though English both, yet spare them as they're new.
 “ To one at least your usual favour show,
 “ A female asks it.—Can a man say no?
 “ Should you indulge our novice yet unseen,
 “ And crown her with your hands, a tragic queen;
 “ Should you with smiles a confidence impart,
 “ To calm those fears which speak a feeling heart;
 “ Assist each struggle of ingenuous shame,
 “ Which curbs a genius in its road to fame;
 “ With one wish more her whole ambition ends,
 “ She hopes some merit to deserve such friends.”

This tragedy, which was deemed the most indifferent Mr. Garrick ever brought out, was acted nine nights, but this temporary success must be imputed to his own performance in it, Mr. Mossop's, and Mrs. Cibber's, for our heroine afforded, as yet, no promise of excellence, and was dismissed the ensuing season; but on her marriage with Mr. Yates, she was received again by Mr. Garrick the year following.

That this lady was a very unpromising actress at first, there is no reason to doubt, nor indeed to wonder at, when we consider the remarkable change which took place in her disposition. On her first introduction to the public, she seemed formed of the mildest materials, so much so, as to appear quite unsusceptible of resentment upon any provocation; but a total change soon took place, and she was afterwards as remarkable for the high impetuosity of her spirit: notwithstanding, she was always—A FRIEND!

To her husband, an experienced actor, she was no doubt indebted for her theatrical improvements; but she was some time before she displayed her brilliancy; the indisposition of Mrs. Cibber gave her at last an opportunity of acquiring some reputation, and she established her fame by her performance of Mandane, intended for Mrs. Cibber, in Mr. Murphy's tragedy of the *Orphan of China*, which Mr. Garrick brought out, greatly against his inclination. She now became a favourite with the public, and mended the chief of her defects, which were marked by the satirist Churchill with severity, but not without truth. On the death of Mrs. Cibber (1766) she became the unrivalled actress of the day, and was paid the following compliments by Kelly in his Thespis:

“ Yates, with such wond’rous requisites to charm,
 Such powers of face, and majesty of form,
 Such genuine grandeur with such sweetness found,
 So clear a voice and accurate a sound,
 In fame’s first seat must certainly be plac’d,
 While Britain boasts of judgment and of taste.
 Say in what walk of greatness or of grace,
 This matchless woman justly shall we place,
 In which she still possesses not an art
 To melt, to fire, to agonize the heart?
 If in Cordelia to our minds we raise
 The more than magic softness she displays,
 Will not a gush of instant pity spring,
 To mourn the father, and lament the king?
 Or, when the hapless Belvidera’s tale
 Of brutal Renault turns her husband pale,
 Does not the force with which she then exclaims,
 Light every eye-ball into instant flames?
 Rage with a fire too big to be express,
 And spread one Etna thro’ the bursting breast?
 But tho’ unequall’d in those tragic parts
 Which fall with weights, and hang about our hearts;
 ’Tis not on those she wholly rests her name,
 Or builds a title to dramatic fame.---
 Mark, in the gayer, polish’d scenes of life,
 The sprightly mistress, or the high-bred wife,
 What wond’rous grace and dignity unite
 To fill us still with exquisite delight:
 Mark, how that nameless elegance and ease
 Can teach e’en ————’s ribaldry to please;
 With actual life his cold *Belinda* warm,
 And tell that whining *Lovemore* how to charm.---
 Peace to thy shade, and may the laurel bloom
 With deathless green, O Cibber, on thy tomb!
 Peace, wond’rous Oldfield, ever wait thy shrine,
 Thou once-chos’n priestess of the sacred nine!
 For while this Yates the utmost reach can show
 Of comic grace, or soul-distracting woe,
 We find no reason for the sorrowing tear,
 Which else would fall incessant on your bier,
 Curse on that bard’s malignity of breast,
 How bold soe’er, or exquisitely drest,
 Who once through Yates’s requisites could trace,
 Yet find no dawn of meaning in her face.---
 Oft Churchill, often when Bellario’s fears,
 His faith, his wrongs, have plunged us into tears---
 Has the sweet anguish in this Yates’s sighs
 Forc’d that stern bosom instantly to rise.
 Oft, as a fine ductility of breast,
 Some new-born passion on her visage prest,

Taught the soft ball more meltingly to roll,
 And drew out every feature into soul;
 Then have I seen the censor who cou'd find
 No glance whatever vivified with mind,
 Lost in a storm of unaffected woe,
 Till pitying nature bid the torrent flow;
 Reliev'd the tortur'd bosom thro' the eye,
 And gave his sentence publicly the lye.---
 Yet high soever as the poet rates
 The well-known worth and excellence of Yates,
 He cannot give perfection to her share,
 Nor say she's wholly faultless as a playcr.---
 Sometimes her sense, too vehemently strong,
 By needless force will deviate into wrong;
 And sometimes too, to throw the fault aside,
 She blends too little tenderness with pride;
 What need Calista, entering on the stage,
 Exclaim, "Be dumb for ever," in a rage!
 Her faithful woman gives her woes relief,
 And Justice calls for temper, tho' for grief.---
 Again, when Modely stands reveal'd to view,
 And comes all suppliant to a last adieu,
 What need that cold indiff'rence of air,
 That stiff unbending haughtiness of stare;
 'Tis true, the wretch deserves our utmost scorn---
 Yet her resentment is but newly born;
 And we should read distinctly in her eyes,
 That still she loves, howe'er she may despise---
 Where women once a passion have profess'd,
 They may resent, but never can detest;
 Nor, where the basest fav'rite they discard,
 Conceal all marks of pity and regard."---

On Mr. Powell's becoming Manager of Covent-Garden, Mr. and Mrs. Yates were engaged by that gentleman, the former at 100l. a week, and a benefit, and the latter at 500l. for the season and a benefit.

In 1768 a difference arose between Mrs. Bellamy and our heroine, as appears by the following letters:

MRS. YATES TO MRS. BELLAMY.

"MADAM,

"Upon seeing my name advertised for the part of Hermione in the *Distrest Mother*, for your benefit, a part which did not belong to me, but done merely to prevent confusion last season, I immediately acquainted Mr. Younger, that as I had refused playing it for the managers, I could not with propriety do it for any performer; therefore desired he would acquaint you, that you might not be disappointed; but as you still continue advertising the same play, hope you will not take it amiss (lest any mistake should have happened between you and Mr. Younger) that if you rely on me for the part, you will be disappointed, as it will be impossible for me to play two such fatiguing parts as Hermione and Medea two nights successively---beg you'll not attribute it to any want of inclination to oblige, but really the want of ability.

I am, Madam, your humble servant,

M. A. YATES.

MRS. BELLAMY'S ANSWER.

"MADAM,

"I am very sorry I did not know your resolution before my tickets were printed, and many of them dispersed. Could I have supposed any performer had a right to refuse a part they had done in the company, I certainly should not have fixed upon the play, as I would on no account have an obligation to a performer.

“ Indeed the chief motive of my resolving upon that piece was, that Andromache was a very easy part, and my late severe indisposition prevents my being able to perform any other. It gives me concern that any uneasiness of this kind should happen, as theatrical disputes are what I always wished to avoid.

“ I am, Madam, your humble servant,

“ G. BELLAMY.”

*James's-street, Golden-square,
Wednesday, 9 o'clock.*

“ P. S. If I am obliged to change the play, I must give the reasons for it--- and I fear the public will not think Mrs. Yates's playing Medea for Mr. Yates the next night, a sufficient reason for not playing for the benefit before.”

MRS. YATES'S REPLY.

MADAM,

“ I am as sorry as you can be that you should be deprived of the play you intended; but the cogent reasons I have already given you should (I may say ought), to any reasonable lady, plead my excuse; therefore, I think the sooner you advertise your reasons for altering your play the better, that the public, to whom I have the greatest obligations, may not be deluded: The Managers have long since known my determination never to play Hermione again.

“ I am, Madam, your humble servant,

“ M. A. YATES.”

This correspondence not having produced a settlement of the matter in dispute between the two actresses, and Mrs. Bellamy continuing her advertisement, Mrs. Yates published the letters; adding, in her own justification to the public, for still declining to play the character she had objected to, as follows:

“ Mrs. Yates desires Mrs. Bellamy would inform her, why, in her advertisement of yesterday, she concealed the reasons Mrs. Yates had given her for declining the part of Hermione, which if she had done, Mrs. Yates flatters herself she must have stood excused to the public; Mrs. Yates has therefore (to exculpate herself from any imputation) published those letters which passed between them on the occasion. The public may now judge whether it was in Mrs. Yates's power to play Hermione, Medea, and Mandane in Cyrus, three successive nights.

“ Mrs. Yates likewise desires Mrs. Bellamy will publish the many notices she received from Mr. Younger the Prompter, wherein he informed her, that Mrs. Yates had given up the part of Hermione long since, and that he had given her the last year's bill by mistake, and begged her to decline advertising it.”

TO WHICH MRS. BELLAMY REPLIED,

“ Mrs. Bellamy thinks the postscript of her letter might have informed Mrs. Yates, why the reasons she gave for declining the part of Hermione were not inserted in the advertisement. If Mrs. Yates is overburthened with business, she should apply to Mr. Yates, and the Manager, to unload her of Medea and Mandane, not to Mrs. Bellamy, to ease her of Hermione; and for the following equitable as well as cogent reason, that Tuesday precedes Wednesday and Thursday.

“ Mr. Younger never *did* inform Mrs. Bellamy, that he had given her last year's bill by mistake; nor did he write to her at all concerning Mrs. Yates having declined the part of Hermione, till she had published her bills and tickets, and dispersed many of them; and Mrs. Bellamy will venture to affirm, that Mr. Younger never knew Mrs. Yates had refused to play Hermione for the Managers, till after the play was advertised; and if Mrs. Yates had really acted Hermione last year, to prevent confusion only, the Managers, surely, would never have ventured to have advertised The Distressed Mother for Friday the 8th of October last.

“ As Mrs. Bellamy means to trouble the public no more with the impertinent disputes between herself and Mrs. Yates, she will finish with asking that lady one question, viz. Would it not have added to Mrs. Yates's *wanted benevolence*, if she had descended to have played Hermione *once more*---particularly as Mrs. Bellamy had distributed many of her tickets, and had declared in her letter, that her

late severe indisposition had rendered her incapable of performing any other character, but the very easy * one of *Andromache* ?

The *wonted benevolence* of Mrs. Yates was, however, *proved* more than once, when Mrs. Bellamy's circumstances required her theatrical assistance. This lady's *last performance* was for Mrs. Bellamy's benefit at Drury-Lane (1785), which we have already noticed ; but her last *engagement* was at Covent Garden.

Some few months before the death of Mr. Henderson, this lady, as it is said, intended to have united with him in continuing the readings at Freemasons' Hall ; a task for which she was extremely well qualified, as her chief excellence lay in recitation. It was likewise Mrs. Yates's wish to return to the Theatre, had not the stroke of death made her exit final !

Her funeral procession moved at twelve o'clock, on the Monday following her death, from Pimlico to the chancel of Richmond church, where, as she had requested, her remains were interred : those of her father having mouldered in the same place. At five o'clock the procession reached Richmond ; but the church, and the avenues, being so extremely crowded, it was with the utmost difficulty access could be obtained. Among the principal attendants on that occasion, were, Dr. Roberts, Master of St. Paul's School, Dr. Robinson, Mr. Murphy, Mr. Palmer, of Drury-Lane Theatre, Mr. Grindall, Surgeon, Mr. Keate, and Mr. Hull.

Great as this actress was, it is remembered, that she once performed in the *Plain Dealer*, with Holland, King, Weston, and Miss Pope, to an audience consisting, at the beginning of the play, of four persons only in the whole lower tier of boxes, and of eighteen in the pit : the gallery had about an hundred ; the upper boxes about seventy persons.

The present receipts of the London Theatres, compared with those usual some years past, convince us, that the passion for theatrical exhibitions is by far greater than before ; otherwise, to build larger theatres would have been impolitic. Two hundred pounds are now considered as a bad receipt : the sum of nearly six hundred pounds has been frequently taken.

Mrs. Rich was accustomed to say, concerning the receipt of Covent Garden Theatre, that, if the Treasurer's account consisted of three figures in the column of pounds, she was satisfied ; however, it happened to this Theatre, a few years ago, that the play was performed to an audience paying only sixty pounds.

* Yet one would think, to give a just picture of an injured Queen---her affliction as a widow, and her distress as a mother, was no very easy task.

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

OFFICERS OF LODGE No. 534, GRAPES, LANCASTER,

Made on St. John's Day, held Monday, Dec. 28, 1795.

R. W. MASTER,

RICHARD JOHNSON, Esq. Mayor of Lancaster, vice the Rev. James Watson.

SENIOR WARDEN,

Mr. James Tinning, Merchant, vice Mr. William Walker, merchant.

JUNIOR WARDEN,

Mr. John Dowbiggins, Gent. vice Richard Johnson, Esq.

SECRETARY,

Mr. Joseph Rowley, A. B. vice Mr. John Dowbiggins.

TREASURER,

Mr. John Higgins, vice Mr. James Tinning.

PAST MASTERS,

John Fenton Cawthorne, Esq. M. P. Mr. William Shaw, Architect, Acting Master, and the Reverend James Watson.

PAST SENIOR WARDEN,

Mr. William Walker, Merchant.

TYLER,---Charles Dwyer.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

New York, Dec. 22.

WHAT was at the time suspected is at length discovered, that the dispute respecting the frontier forts on the Miami River was fomented entirely by French Emissaries and their poisoned hirelings in the different States, under the direction of the French Minister Fauchet, which is proved by the correspondence of that Minister with Mr. Randolph, our Secretary of State, lately intercepted. Their plan appears to have been, to irritate the British settlers to act hostilely towards them, and then make that hostility a pretence of declaring war. Fortunately for both countries, the British Commander, Major Campbell, was aware of their intentions, and conducted himself, notwithstanding the wanton aggressions and ill-founded charges of the American General Wayne, and the clamour of the French party, in such a way as to procure an amicable termination to so unpleasant a dispute. Fauchet, upon the discovery of his letters, very prudently made his escape from America. Randolph resigned. The papers insinuate that the French party was strong in Virginia; but notwithstanding all the intrigues of the French faction to overturn the American Constitution, a very great majority in all the States, among whom were almost all the respectable people, were resolved firmly to support the Constitution. In most of the States resolutions had been passed, highly applauding the conduct of their venerable President Washington, reprobating the insidious arts which had been used against him, and approving of the Treaty of Amity and Commerce betwixt Great Britain and the United States, as mutually beneficial to both countries.

In Fauchet's dispatches, above alluded to, is the following remarkable passage:—"It appears to me, that these men (the Popular Societies) with Randolph at their head, were beginning to decide on their party. About two or three days before the Proclamation was published by the Western States, Mr. Randolph came to see me with an air of great eagerness, and made to me the overtures, of which I have given you an account in my No. 6. Thus, with some thousands of dollars, the Republic could have decided on Civil War, or on Peace: thus the consciences of the pretended Patriots of America have already their prices."

Hague, Jan. 2. On the 30th ult. at nine o'clock at night, the important business concerning the convening of a National Convention was at length definitively settled. It was decided by a majority of three votes, that the National Convention shall be convened on the 18th of next month. The Provinces of Zealand and Friesland as yet persist in their opposition to this measure; but we hope they will likewise accede to it, as the preservation of the union of the Dutch Republic depends on their consenting to it.

It is now decided, that at the future National Convention the Provinces are to resign their territorial sovereignty; but to retain their names, the regulation of their finances, and every branch of administration which concerns the interior government of the Provinces. They are not allowed to send Representatives to the Convention, as this is entirely to be composed of Representatives of the People, the National Representation being founded on the numbers of people inhabiting a district, and not on the extent of the Province; by which means the Province of Holland will send as many Representatives to the Convention as all the other Provinces together.

Paris, Jan. 21. At the celebration of the anniversary of the death of Louis XVI. by the Council of Five Hundred, one of the members having added to the oath requiring eternal hatred to all royalty---"and hatred to all sorts of tyranny"---the President called him to order, and bid him to remember that the words of the law

were only the oath of hatred to royalty, and he invited all his colleagues to conform exactly to the oath prescribed by the law.---The Council of Ancients took the oath in these words; *I swear hatred to royalty*. Each member repeated the oath at the tribune, and several added, *and hatred to all tyranny*. Dupont de Nemours said, "I swear hatred to royalty, and an intrepid resistance to all tyrants, let their numbers and powers be what they may, whether they wear the red cap or a crown."

Warsaw, Jan. 9. At eleven o'clock in the morning 12,000 Prussian troops, with a numerous train of artillery, entered Warsaw. The Russians immediately left it. The ratifications of the partition treaty of Poland have been exchanged between the Court of Vienna and that of Petersburg.

HOME NEWS.

DISASTERS AT SEA.---The Sandwich packet met with severe gales of wind on her passage from Tortola, and had nearly been lost.

On the 11th of January, at three o'clock P. M. a sea broke upon the ship, and laid her upon her beam ends, when she broached to, and lay on her side, to all appearance water-logged. At the same instant, three of the seamen were washed overboard, and never more seen; the man at the helm was also swept away, but providentially washed into the ship again by a lee surge. Much confusion and difficulty ensued, to clear the deck; every exertion was made to throw the guns overboard, but the carriage pins had been so fastened, that all efforts to unlock them (for want of proper tools) were for a time ineffectual, and the ship seemed gradually settling in the water; every one was preparing for death: this dreadful state continued for about ten minutes. At length an axe was found; the ringbolt stanchions being cut away, the guns and their carriages were committed to the deep. The ship then shewed, as it were, signs of life, and began, though very slowly, to right again; and the reefed foresail being set upon her, she felt her helm, and scudded before the sea. At this time the vessel was two hundred leagues from land; she continued her course, experiencing much blowing weather, until the 28th of January, when she made the little harbour of Ilfracombe, in Devonshire. The day after the accident, Mr. Hawke, a passenger, was found dead in his bed. A fine little boy about eleven years of age, who used to attend the cabin, was missed after the accident, and never since seen or heard of.

28. The Court of King's Bench met at nine o'clock, when Mr. Stone, accompanied by Mr. Kirby, the Keeper of Newgate, arrived with the retinue of only a few peace officers.

The gentlemen returned by the Sheriff to serve on the jury were 178, of whom 130 answered to their names. About 50 names were called over before the jury was formed, several being excused on account of age or illness; many because, though returned as freeholders, they were not so, and twelve or fourteen being challenged by Mr. Stone's counsel; but the most singular apology was that of a Mr. Smith, who very earnestly and successfully intreated that he might be exempted from sitting on the trial of a gentleman with whom he had been intimately acquainted for twenty-five years. Lord Kenyon remarked, that the return of so many persons who were not freeholders, was a matter of great blame somewhere, he could not say where.

After all these obstacles had been removed, the following gentlemen were returned and sworn upon the pannel: John Leader, John Mayhew, John Etherington, Thomas Cole, Charles Minier, Daniel Dyson, Thomas Burnet, William Somner, John Lockyer, Peter Taylor, William West, and Isaac Dimsdale, Esqrs.

Serjeant Adair, the leading counsel for the prisoner, requested that the Court would give Mr. Stone leave to sit during his trial, being a good deal indisposed; which was granted.

The indictment was then read, which consisted of two counts. The preamble and the first count stated, that on the 1st day of March 1794, in the 34th year of his Majesty's reign, and long before and continually from thence hitherto, war was and is carried on between the King and the persons exercising the powers of government in France; and that William Stone, late of Old Ford in the county of

Middlesex, merchant, did compass, imaginé, &c. and to fulfil his treasonable compassings and imaginations, on the 1st of March aforesaid, and on divers other days, as well before as after, at Old Ford aforesaid, &c. The count contained eleven overt acts.

The second count was, that the said William Stone was adhering to, aiding, and assisting the powers exercising the powers of government in France. Overt acts, the same as in the first count.

Mr. Wood opened the case for the prosecution. The Attorney General then rose, and spoke for three hours with the greatest candour. Several witnesses were called to prove the handwriting of the prisoner.

Mr. Cockayne, Attorney at Law, of Lyon's Inn, was cross examined by Mr. Serjeant Adair, Counsel for the prisoner; and the Court, having sat till near eleven at night, adjourned till nine the next morning.

29. The Court met at nine o'clock, to proceed on the trial; the Jury had been accommodated with beds, &c. at a neighbouring tavern, but were under the custody of Sheriff's officers, and not permitted to have communication with any person, or suffered to read any newspaper.

Two witnesses were examined on the part of the prosecution respecting letters which were found in the possession of Mr. Stone at the time of his being apprehended, and were produced in evidence. At eleven o'clock the evidence for the prosecution being closed, Serjeant Adair entered upon the defence. After the learned Gentleman had concluded his speech, he called several witnesses, who chiefly spoke to the character of Mr. Stone; they all agreed in an excellent report of him.

Mr. Erskine next rose in behalf of the prisoner, and with his usual eloquence went through the whole case. The defence being closed, the Solicitor General rose in reply; after which, the Lord Chief Justice judiciously summed up the evidence. At ten minutes past eight o'clock the Jury retired, and at eleven they returned, when the Foreman pronounced a verdict of "Not Guilty."

The instant the words were uttered by the Foreman, a burst of applause broke out in the Court, and out of it in the Great Hall, in which there was a vast concourse of people, who shouted loudly for a great while. In the Court a Gentleman stood conspicuously forward in the uproar, and Lord Kenyon observing him, ordered him to be taken into custody. When he was brought forward before the Bench, he said he hoped the Court would excuse him for the excess he had been guilty of, for that he really could not controul his feelings.

Lord Kenyon.---"It is the business of a Court of Justice to correct those who cannot controul their feelings. Let him be fined 20l. and be confined until the fine be paid."

It is thought necessary, for public information, to state more fully than has hitherto been done, the conduct of the Grand Jury of the city of London, at the late sessions at the Old Bailey, on Tuesday, January 12, on the indictment for high treason against Crossfield, Smith, Higgins, and Le Maitre. It is given by one of the Jurors, and we therefore readily insert it.

It may not be improper, he remarks, previously to mention, that the Recorder, in his charge (if it may be called a charge) barely intimated to the jury, "that as there was no material matter to come before them, it was needless to take up their time;" and therefore "dismissed them." Hence it may be presumed, that the Recorder had not been apprized of the black catalogue of crimes, being more than usually filled with indictments for treason, forgery, perjury, burglary, &c. Be that as it may; the Jury had not sat many hours, before the Clerk of the Arraignment delivered to them the indictment above mentioned, and observed, "that when the Jury entered upon it, the Solicitor of the Treasury, who acted for the Attorney General, would attend the examination of the witnesses."

Upon his retiring, the Jury deliberately debated for some time on the intimation they had received, and on the nature of the oath they had taken, having been sworn to secrecy, and to act without favour or affection; that no person under heaven, however exalted his character or station, could stand for them between God and their consciences; that if the unhappy men they had already found bills

against, had requested their Attornies to be present at the examination of the witnesses, it would not have been complied with. How then could they admit the Attorney General, or the Solicitor of the Treasury, without perjuring themselves? If our wise ancestors had thought it fitting and necessary that Attornies should have access at such conjunctures, the law would have provided for it accordingly. The Jurors then exhorted each other to arm themselves with firm, sound, and well-grounded consciences, with clear minds, free from fear, hope, or favour, lest by inconsiderately laying the basis on which others are to be judged, they worked their own condemnation, and stand in the sight of God, the Creator and Judge of all men, as unworthy of his protection.

The Jury then sent for the Clerk of the Arraigns, who was desired to inform the Solicitor, that they conceived themselves competent and duly authorised (let the indictment contain what it may) to examine the witnesses, and therefore his attendance would not be admitted. The Clerk of the Arraigns replied, "That the Attorney General had been admitted in cases of the like nature, and if the Jury had any doubts about the matter, the Court; if applied to, would readily give their opinion." The Foreman of the Jury, therefore, on delivering into Court the bills of indictment which had been before them, requested the opinion of the Lord Chief Baron, whether the Solicitor of the Treasury, who demanded admittance during the examination of witnesses to this indictment, demanded it as a matter of right?

His Lordship replied, "that the Attorney General had an undoubted right to be admitted during such examination, and which had lately been the case on some recent indictments; and the Solicitor *may* be admitted for the Attorney General, whose time was perhaps occupied by other matters of importance."

The Jury respectfully left the Court and retired to their chamber, not at all reconciling the opinion of his Lordship to their consciences. On Thursday they entered on the indictment, which having been read, they proceeded to call the witnesses, when they were interrupted by the Solicitor requesting to be admitted; which being granted, he desired the indictment to be put off till next day, as he wished to consult the Attorney General.

The Foreman of the Jury observed, "that his request could not be complied with; they had taken up the indictment in the usual regular manner, and should proceed to investigate the truth of the allegations contained in it." They did so for some hours, and returned it to the Court a true bill.

Feb. 1. As the Royal Family were returning through Pall-mall, to Buckingham-house, from Drury-lane Theatre, some evil-disposed person flung a stone at the coach, in which were their Majesties and the Lady in waiting, with such violence as to break the window, and enter the carriage, where, after striking the Queen on the cheek, it fell into Lady Harrington's lap. The King took it up, and carried it with him to Buckingham-house. A deposition on the above business was taken at the Secretary of State's Office, Whitehall, before his Grace the Duke of Portland, and some of the Magistrates from Bow-street, when the stone was produced, and four of the King and Queen's footmen were examined as to the fact and the circumstances. A reward of 1000*l.* has been offered for the discovery of the offenders, but hitherto (we are sorry to say) without effect. The Prince of Wales, the Duchess of York, and several Nobility, paid their respects to the Royal Family on the occasion.

4. At night, a most horrid murder was committed at Luttrellstown, in Ireland, the particulars of which are nearly as follow: two brothers of the name of M'Cornick, who were bound to give evidence against a principal Defender, had been lodged by Lord Carhampton in a mill-house at the corner of his Lordship's domain, in order to prevent them from being seduced or terrified from giving their testimony; at the hour of midnight, twenty men armed, and habited in brown clothes, broke into the house, and meeting a woman who resided in it, and whose fear upon their appearance acted so forcibly as to produce fits, they assured her that she had no cause to be alarmed, that they meant not in the least degree to injure her, but desired that they should be shewn to the chamber of the M'Corricks; they then proceeded to the room in which those unfortunate brothers lay,

the younger of whom (a lad about 14 years old) they shot through the heart, and the elder through different parts of his body; not satisfied with the wounds which they had inflicted on the latter, they stabbed him when he fell, and beat his head with a musket till the instrument broke. The unhappy victims of this cruelty died before morning.

The many shocking murders and outrages committed in various parts of Ireland were taken into consideration by the House of Lords there on Friday last; and it seemed to be the general opinion that some parts of that kingdom should be abandoned to martial law.

11. In the evening, between eight and nine o'clock, her Royal Highness the infant Princess, daughter of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, was christened in the Great Drawing-room, at Carlton House, by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury: her Royal Highness was named Charlotte Augusta: the sponsors were, their Majesties in person, and her Royal Highness the Duchess of Brunswick, represented by her Royal Highness the Princess Royal.

As the intention was, that the ceremony should be considered as of a private kind, a few of the Nobility only, who are usually honoured with invitations to their Majesties private parties, were invited by his Royal Highness the Prince, in the name and by command of his Royal parents.

The cards of invitation were for eight o'clock. At that hour his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London arrived, and soon after the ceremony of churching the Princess was privately performed by the Archbishop in the tapestry room.

Their Royal Highnesses the Duke, Prince William, and Princess Sophia of Gloucester, and their Serene Highnesses the Prince, Princess, and Hereditary Prince and Princess of Orange, mean while, arrived, and were ushered into the yellow room.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of York was prevented from being present by indisposition.

The State Cradle of the Royal infant, a present from the Queen, was placed under the State Canopy of the Prince.

At half past nine, the Royal family ascended from the dining-room into the gold-room, where the ceremony was to be performed, the Princess of Wales having previously entered that room.

The company present at the ceremony were, besides the Royal family, the family of Orange, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, the Rectors of the parishes of St. James, St. George, and St. Martin in the Fields, the Lord Chancellor, the Lord President, Lord Cholmondeley, Lord Jersey, the Vice-Chamberlain to the Prince, Generals Hulse and Lake, the Ladies attendant on the Princess, and some other of the Prince's family.

The ceremony commenced about a quarter before nine, and was performed by his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, in a very solemn and impressive manner.

Her Majesty held the Royal infant in her arms during a great part of the ceremony--after the name was given, the Princess Royal received it from the Archbishop.

The attendants upon the Royal family, and the Nobility who were invited, were shewn into the great dining-room.

After the ceremony, all the Royal family saluted the infant, and it was afterwards placed in the cradle, attended by Lady Jersey, Lady Carnarvon, Lady Dashwood, Miss Garth, and the bed-chamber woman. The doors were then thrown open, and all the company invited were permitted to enter, to pay their respects to the Royal Family, and see the Royal infant.

Card tables were placed in the gold room for the Royal family, and in the adjoining apartments for the Noble guests. About twelve the Royal family retired, and the rest of the company soon after took their leave.

The gold room was for the first time lighted up upon this joyful occasion.

12. A duel was fought on the race ground near Exeter, between Capt. Towers, of the Sussex light dragoons, and Captain Curling, of the same regiment, when the former was shot through the body.

13. In the evening a young woman, in mean apparel, went to the lodge at Buckingham-house, and insisted on being conducted into the Queen's presence, saying she was her Majesty's daughter, and that the late Duke of York was her father. On being asked her business, she said she came to demand some writings of great consequence belonging to her, and which if not restored, she would have her Majesty's head off, and trample it under her feet, with many other expressions equally horrid, which induced the porter to send for one of the Bow-street officers, who took her into custody; and she underwent an examination before William Addington, Esq. when her conduct was that of a complete lunatic, still persisting in the same story, and that her name is Charlotte Georgina Mary Ann Guelph, born at Rome, where she was educated in the most finished manner, being able to speak ten different languages; that from thence she went into Spain, and was sold to a gentleman, with whom she lived till she came to this country, about three months ago. Mr. Addington directed, that she should be kept in custody till further inquiry could be made about her.

13. James Raleigh, Schoolmaster, the wretch who abused three female children under eleven years of age, stood in the pillory, in St. Giles's.

15. An inquisition was taken at Exning, Norfolk, by John Bate, Gent. coroner, on the bodies of Mary Level, and Mary Nixon, the former aged 15 years, and the latter 10 years, who were accidentally killed by the caving in of a sand pit the Saturday previous. Another child had very nearly experienced the like fate, being covered up with the sand, except one of its eyes, which a fourth child about four years of age, that was also playing near the spot, discovered, and scraped the sand off its face with its fingers, by which means the child's life was happily preserved.

16. Forty-four persons, chiefly females of the *Cyprian Corps*, who had been apprehended the preceding evening at a house in Brewer-street, where they had assembled for the purpose of dancing, were brought before Mr. Addington, at Bow-street, and, after a short examination, discharged. The musicians to the *hop*, who were apprehended at the same time, appeared quite *out of tune* on being ordered to find bail.

18. Came on to be tried in the Court of King's bench, an action, in which Mr. Jefferies, jeweller to the Prince of Wales, claimed of the Commissioners appointed by Parliament the sum of 54,685*l.* when a verdict was found for the plaintiff for the sum of 50,997*l.* 10*s.*

Maria Theresa Phipoe, who was capitally convicted in May sessions last, for that she, by threats and violence, feloniously did put in fear John Courtois, and took from his person, and against his will, a promissory note, value 2000*l.*; and James Knewland and Nathaniel Wood, capitally convicted last Sessions, for feloniously assaulting Sarah Wilson, in the dwelling-house of the said Knewland, the auction-shop near Temple-Bar, putting her in fear, and taking from her person, and against her will, 1*s.* whose cases were severally reserved for the opinion of the twelve Judges, were put to the bar at the Old Bailey, and the Judges' opinions were delivered by Mr. Justice Ashurst, which were, that neither of the indictments were substantiated, and the prisoners were acquitted, but ordered to be detained, they standing indicted at the Sessions of the peace, Clerkenwell, for assaults.

19. Captain Snell, of the Guards, and Aid-de-Camp to Prince William of Gloucester (a very deserving young officer, blew out his brains with a pistol, in Kensington Gardens.

Richard England was put to the bar at the Old Bailey, charged with the wilful murder of Mr. Rowlls, brewer, of Kingston, in a duel at Cranford-bridge, on the 18th of June 1784. Lord Derby, the first witness, gave in evidence, that he was present at Ascot Races; when in the stand upon the race course he heard Mr. England cautioning the gentlemen present not to bet with the deceased, as he neither paid what he lost nor what he borrowed; on which Mr. Rowlls went up to him, called him rascal or scoundrel, and offered to strike him; when England

bid him stand off, or he would be obliged to knock him down, saying at the same time, "We have interrupted the company sufficiently here, and if you have any thing further to say to me, you know where I am to be found."---A further altercation ensued, but his Lordship being at the other end of the stand, did not distinctly hear it, and then the parties retired.

Capt. George Donisthorpe, one of the seconds in the duel that ensued, was called, but not examined, lest he might criminate himself.

John Sandiford, a coachmaster, witnessed the duel between Mr. Rowlls and Mr. England, in a field behind Mr. Goddard's house, at Cranford-bridge; several shots were fired; he saw Mr. Rowlls, when shot, reel and fall.

John Farmer, a collar maker at work at the inn, saw part of the transaction, and heard a Gentleman offer 100l. on the part of Rowlls to put an end to the duel, which England refused.

Wm. Scragg, the gardener at the inn, saw only two shots fired, and he saw Mr. Rowlls fall.

Lord Dartry and his Lady, now Lord Cremorne, with a Gentleman, were at the inn at the time the duel was fought: they went into the garden, and endeavoured to prevent the duel: there were several other persons collected in the garden. Mr. Rowlls desired his Lordship and others not to interfere; and on a second attempt of his Lordship to make peace, Mr. Rowlls said, if they did not retire, he must, though reluctantly, call them impertinent. Mr. England, at the same time, stepped forward, and took off his hat: he said "Gentlemen, I have been cruelly treated; I have been injured in my honour and character; let there be reparation made, and I am ready to have done this moment." Lady Dartry retired, and his Lordship stood in the bower of the garden, until he saw Mr. Rowlls fall.

Mr. Woolhouse, a grazier, recollected Mr. England afterwards saying, he should not have shot him (Rowlls) if he had behaved like a Gentleman.

One or two other witnesses were called, who proved nothing material.

A paper, containing the prisoner's defence being read, the Earl of Derby, Marquis of Hertford, Mr. Whitbread, jun. Col. Bishopp, and other gentlemen, were called to his character---they all spoke of him as a man of a decent gentlemanly deportment, who, instead of seeking quarrels, was studious to avoid them. He had been friendly to Englishmen while abroad, and had rendered some services to the military at the siege of Nieuport.

Mr. Justice Rooke summoned up the evidence, entering on all the legal cases in point, as laid down by Coke, Hale, Holt, Raymond, &c. after which the jury retired for about three quarters of an hour, when they returned a verdict,---*Guilty of Manslaughter.*

The prisoner having fled from the laws of his country for twelve years, the Court was disposed to shew no lenity. He was therefore sentenced to pay a fine of one shilling, and be imprisoned in Newgate twelvemonths.

20. Kydd Wake was convicted of a misdemeanor in the Court of King's Bench, charged with an insult on his Majesty while going to the House of Peers to open the present Session of Parliament, by calling out, NO WAR!---DOWN WITH HIM!---DOWN WITH GEORGE! &c.---He is to receive sentence the first day of next term.

For the sake of the military character, we are sorry to have occasion to relate the following very unpleasant circumstances, the effect, doubtless, of *inebriation*, which, in this particular case, cannot be too severely censured: A poor man going home through one of the principal streets of Guildford, on Sunday evening the 14th instant, was assaulted by two officers of the 11th light horse, stationed in the barracks at that place. The cries of the poor man being heard by Mr. Waugh, one of the gentlemen of the Surrey yeoman cavalry, he immediately repaired to his assistance. On r. Waugh's coming up, one of the officers had drawn his sword, and was making a stroke at the object of their unprovoked resentment. Mr. Waugh at the instant stepped forward, and disarmed the officer; which was no sooner done than the other officer drew his sword, and gave it to his companion. Mr. Waugh again rushed upon him, and wrested the second sword from his hand, but not without being desperately cut in the scuffle. Both swords are

now in the possession of Mr. Waugh, who will not return them until the peace of the loyal town of Guildford is guaranteed from a repetition of such outrages, and an honourable satisfaction made to himself.

Sheriffs appointed by his Majesty in Council for the year 1796.---Berkshire, Michael Anthony, of Shipton, Esq.---Bedfordshire, George Brooks, of Flitwick, Esq.---Bucks, Thomas Hibbert, of Chalfont-house, Esq.---Cumberland, James Graham, of Barrock-lodge, Esq.---Cheshire, the Honourable Booth Grey, of Wincham.---Camb' and Hunt', John Gardiner, of Chatteris, Esq.---Devonshire, Sir Boucher Wrey, of Tawstock, Bart.---Dorsetshire, Thomas Bowyer Bower, of Iweru Minster, Esq.---Derbyshire, Sir Robert Wilmot, of Osmaston, Bart.---Essex, Jackson Barwise, of Marshall, Esq.---Gloucestershire, S. Peach Peach, of Upper Torkington, Esq.---Hertfordshire, John Sowerby, of Lilley, Esq.---Herefordshire, Abraham Whitaker, of Liston, Esq.---Kent, John Mumford, of Sutton at Home, Esq.---Leicestershire, James Richards, of Ashby de la Zouch, Esq.---Lincolnshire, William Earl Welby, of Denton, Esq.---Monmouthshire, postponed. Northumberland, Adam Mansfield Lawson Decardonnell, of Chirton, Esq.---Northamptonshire. Allen Edward Young the younger, of Orlingbury, Esq.---Norfolk, Thomas Brown Evans, of Kerby Bedon, Esq.---Nottinghamshire, John Wright, of Nottingham, Esq.---Oxfordshire, William Lowndes Stone, of Brightwell, Esq.---Rutlandshire, Robert Tomlin, of Edith Weston, Esq.---Shropshire, Ralph Leake, of Longford, Esq.---Somersetshire, John Tyndale Warre, of Hestercombe, Esq.---Staffordshire, Henry Vernon, of Hilton, Esq.---Suffolk, John Clayton, of Sibton, Esq.---Southampton, Henry Maxwell, of Ewshot-house, Esq. Surrey, Thomas Sutton, of Moulsey, Esq.---Sussex, John Fuller, of Rosehill, Esq. Warwickshire, Edward Croxall, of Shustock, Esq.---Worcestershire, Thomas Hill the younger, of Broom, Esq.---Wiltshire, Becket Turner, of Penleigh, Esq. Yorkshire, Godfrey, Wentworth Wentworth, of Hickilton, Esq.---*South Wales*---Carmarthenshire, John Martin, of Loughbarne, Esq.---Pembroke, Nathaniel Philips, of Slebetch, Esq.---Cardigan, Edward Warren Jones, of Llaninn, Esq.---Glamorgan, Herbert Hurst, of Gabalva, Esq.---Brecon, Philip Champion Crespigny, of Tallyllyr, Esq.---Radnorshire, John Prichard, of Dolyvelin, Esq.---*North Wales*---Merioneth, Sir Edward Price Lloyd, of Park, Bart.---Anglesea, John Morris Conway, of Celliniog, Esq.---Caernarvon, John William Lenthall, of Mainan, Esq.---Montgomery, John Dickin, of Welch Pool, Esq.---Denbighshire, John Hughes, of Horseley-hall, Esq.---Flint, Sir Edward Price Lloyd, of Pengwern-place, Bart.

Sheriff appointed by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales for the year 1796.---County of Cornwall, John Enys, of Enys, Esq.

There is to be a Musical Festival this year at St. Margaret's church, as usual, by command of the King, who is the patron of that institution.

A Mr. Booth, overseer of a parish workhouse in Yorkshire, is sentenced by the Court of King's Bench to twelve months imprisonment in Newgate, for ill-treating and neglecting a female pauper, so as to occasion her death.

The inhabitants of St. Pancras have had a trial with their Vicar, Mr. Mence, in Doctors' Commons. The charge exhibited against him was, for neglect of duty in not performing divine service every Sunday in the parish church. Mr. Mence pleaded by way of defence, that by an ancient and immemorial custom, divine worship had been performed in the parish church of St. Pancras only in the morning of the first Sunday in every month, and on every other Sunday at the chapel of ease in Kentish Town. In this plea he was sustained by the Civilians, and the inhabitants defeated.

TYTHE CAUSE.---On the 1st of February the cause which has been some time pending between the Rev. Mr. Francklin, of Attleborough, in Norfolk, and Mr. Gooch, and which in some degree involved in it a question upon the mode of tithing wheat, came on for hearing before the Barons of the Exchequer. The Bill was filed by Mr. Francklin, to recover the value of the tythe of seventeen acres of wheat, which was reaped in the harvest of 1792, a season remarkably wet. It appearing in evidence, that the Defendant, previous to cutting his wheat,

had applied to the Plaintiff to inform him in what manner he would have it tythed, which he refused doing; that Defendant gave him notice from day to day when the corn would be ready to be tythed and carried, and that the fair and just tythe had been left for him, by loading up nine sheaves, and setting out and leaving the tenth sheaf. The Barons, notwithstanding they did not admit that such mode was according to the strict legal rule of tything wheat, were of opinion, that, as there appeared no intention on the part of the Defendant either to harrass or do injustice to the Plaintiff in the mode of tything, and the weather bad, this was not a fit case to decide against the Defendant because he had not adhered to the strict legal mode in setting out his tythe, but that the cause bore too much the complexion of vexation, and therefore dismissed the Bill. It appeared in the course of this cause, that the farmer is not deemed bound by law to cut a whole field before he begins to carry any part thereof.

MARRIAGES.

At Charlton, in Kent, Captain Joseph Mac Lean, of the Royal Artillery, Aid de-Camp to the Marquis Townshend, to Miss Charlotte Congreve, youngest daughter of Colonel Congreve, of the same Regiment. The Rev. Mr. Kay, of South Bemsleat, Essex, to Miss Levett, of Northfleet, Kent. At Bradford, Wilts, Wm. Coles Medlycott, Esq. of Van-House, near Milbourne-Port, to Miss Tugwell. Mr. Searle, Banker, of Saffron Walden, Essex, to Miss Redshaw, late of Bath. At Tottenham, Mr. Samuel Rhodes, of Islington, to Miss Strange, of Tottenham. Samuel Scott, Esq. of Gower-Street, to Miss Ommanney, of Bloomsbury-square. At Clapham Church, Thomas Cecil Maunsell, Esq. of Thorp Maisor, in the county of Northampton, to Miss Jane Wrather, of Clapham. Thomas Gardiner Bramston, Esq. eldest son of T. B. Bramston, Esq. M. P. for Essex, to Miss Blaauw, daughter of William Blaauw, Esq. of Queen Ann-street, West. At Bromley, in Kent, John Reade, Esq. of Ipsden, in Oxfordshire, to Miss Scott, eldest daughter of Major John Scott, of Bromley. At Weston upon Trent, in Staffordshire, Mr. Thomas Anwell, to Miss Bosson, aged thirteen. Thomas Mercer, Esq. of Greentrees near Tunbridge, to Miss Polly Harpur, third daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Harpur, of Tunbridge. At Bristol, W. B. Elwyn, Esq. of Queen's College, Oxford, to Miss Eagles, eldest daughter of Thomas Eagles, Esq. of Bristol.

DEATHS.

The Rev. Dr. Cock, Rector of Horkesley and Debden, both in Essex. Benjamin Porter, Esq. of Gower-street, Bedford-square. At her apartments in St. James's Palace, Mrs. B. Ramus. In Italy, Lord Harvey, of the Zealous, of 74 guns, of the Mediterranean fleet: the body was landed at Leghorn, to be interred. At Oxen-heath, in Kent, Sir Francis Geary, Bart. Admiral of the White, in the 57th year of his age. At Twickenham, John Davenport, Esq. of Twickenham Lodge, in the 72d year of his age. At Cambridge, Mr. Wade, a Fellow Commoner of Trinity College, in consequence of having fallen on the railing of the College, near Grafton-street, in endeavouring to get over the wall to his own apartments. The Rev. Agmond Vesey Ward, a Fellow Commoner of Dublin College: he likewise in attempting to get over the College wall after the prescribed hour of admission, received an injury from some spikes that occasioned his death. Mrs. Taylor, widow of the late Mr. Clement Taylor, and mother of the M. P. for Maidstone. The Rev. William Freer, aged 32, Rector of Stoughton, and Thurnby, in Leicestershire, to which livings he was presented in August last. At Bath, Mrs. Pollock; the heroine of Bath and Bristol Theatres. Aged 90, the Rev. W. Salisbury, Rector of Moreton, in Essex, and formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. The Rev. John Freeman, M. A. Rector of Lyndon, in Rutland, and Orcheston, St. Mary, Wilts. At the Deepdene, Dorking, Surrey, Sir William Burrel, Bart. LL D. Chancellor of the Dioceses of Worcester and Rochester. At Chester, Sir Charles Leving, Bart. His grandfather, Richard Leving, Esq. was one of the Representatives in Parliament for that City, with Sir Thomas Grosvenor, Bart. in the year 1684. Mr. John Lush, distiller, in High Holborn. At Venice, in six hours illness, after a fit, supposed to proceed from the gout in the stomach, Charles Sackville, Esq. a partner in the banking-house of Sir Robert

Herries and Co. in St. James's street. In the 21st year of his age, after an illness of more than nine years duration, which he supported with exemplary patience and fortitude, Mr. George Robards Watson, eldest son of the Rev. Dr. Watson, of Hadleigh, Suffolk. Aged 70, John Gould, Esq. of Grundisburgh-hall, near Ipswich. Aged 97, the Rev. Wm. Gordon, A. M. of Blickling, Norfolk. At Portsmouth, Henry Gibbs, Esq. late Surveyor General of the Navy. On ship-board in the Downs, the Right Hon. Lord Belhaven, a Major in the Army. At his house in Salisbury, in the 56th year of his age, Thomas Hussey, Esq. an Alderman of that city, and nephew of W. Hussey, Esq. M. P. He served the office of High Sheriff of the county of Wilts in 1783. The Rev. Mr. Petvin, Vicar of Burnham, and also of Braintree, in Essex. William Money, Esq. of Crosby-square, one of the Directors of the East-India Company.

BANKRUPTS.

John Benson Friend of Wisbech, Isle of Ely, Cambridgeshire, woolstapler. Thomas Porter, of South-Audley-street, Grosvenor-square, coal merchant. Joseph Creswich, of Green-lane, Sheffield, cutler. Thomas Butler, of Blackburn, Lancashire, callico manufacturer. Richard Ayres, of Preston, Sussex, fish-merchant. Jacob Godfrey Hippius, of Throgmorton-street, London, merchant. Thomas Roche, of Tottenham-court-road, Middlesex, dealer. William Dalton, of Surrey-square, Kent Road, Surrey, mariner. Francis Harvey, of Thames-street, London, basket-maker. George Savage, of Knaresborough, Yorkshire, innkeeper. John Preece, of Bristol, brewer. William Hardy, of Stockport, Cheshire, hat-manufacturer. William Griffiths, of Strood, Kent, tallow-chandler. Mark Daws, of Little Tower Hill, London, upholsterer.--- Thomas Deacon, of Charles-street, Queen's Elms, Chelsea, carpenter. James Gerfaux, of Blenheim-street, St. George, Hanover-square, dealer. George Turtle, of Newton, Lincolnshire, hatmaker. Samuel John Symonds Tuckey, of St. Mary-le-Bone, Middlesex, money-scrivener. William Williams, of Mark-lane, London, Broker. Thomas Wilson, of St. Martin in the Fields, Middlesex, shopkeeper. Charles Spackman, of Bath, broker. Thomas Clarke, of Little Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, coachmaker. Samuel Davis, of Sugar-loaf-court, Leadenhall-street, London, merchant. Robert Best, of Fenchurch-street, London, watchmaker. Francis Kite, of Evesham, in Worcestershire, builder. Thomas Blomely, of Salford, in Lancashire, merchant. James Cross, of Bristol, soapboiler. John Burl, of Fulham, Middlesex, maltster. Joshua Macklin, of Reading, Berkshire, coachmaker. Edward Harris, of Edgeware-road, Middlesex, victualler. Thomas Ward, of Fenstanton, Huntingdonshire, woolstapler. John Hale, the younger, of Newbury, Berkshire, coachmaker. Richard Wilson, of Dudley, Worcestershire, draper. Thomas Ward the younger, of Shipston upon Stower, Worcestershire, maltster. William Roberts, of Bristol, linen-draper. Thomas Sims and John Saunders, of Upper Seymour-street, Portman-square, builders and copartners. John Morris, of Upholland, Lancashire, slate-manufacturer. John Cooper, of Walsall in the county of Stafford, bucklemaker. Joseph Glover, William Edwards, John Embury and William Cross, of Worcestershire, copartners, bankers. John Butler, of Bedford, Middlesex, victualler. John Merryweather, of Embassy, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner. Richard Lancaster, of Bath, linen-draper. John Weston, of Shipton upon Stour, Worcestershire, linen-draper. William Senior, of Berkley-square, haberdasher. Thomas Lloyd Anwyl, of Shrewsbury, money-scrivener. John Payne, of Chipping Wycombe, Bucks, fellmonger. Edward Roberts, of Thornbury, Gloucestershire, dealer. Richard Besley the elder, of Lawrence-street, Chelsea, schoolmaster. Jonathan Bunting and Michael Cutler, of Bedford-street, Covent Garden, woollen-drapers. William Williams, Fullwood's Rents, Holborn, victualler. John Ross, of Sun-street, Shoreditch, baker. Benjamin Lancaster, of Burnley, Lancashire, threadmaker. Richard Bruce, of Bartholomew-lane, London, insurance-broker. James Bogle, of Isleworth, Middlesex, money-scrivener. Edward Slater and Moffat Horne, of Well-street, Wellclose-square, glass-manufacturers. Richard Gates, of East Smithfield, baker. William Wingate, of Lower-street, Islington, victualler.