



Mrs. E. Caston

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THE
FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,
 FOR MARCH 1796.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ELEGANT PORTRAIT OF
 THE LATE MRS. CASLON.

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FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

AND

CABINET OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE,

FOR MARCH 1796.

 MRS. ELIZABETH CASLON,

 WITH A PORTRAIT.

THE name of CASLON has for near a century past been intimately connected with literature.

The first person of this family who distinguished himself by uncommon skill in the art of Type-founding was Mr. William Caslon, a native of Hales Owen in Shropshire, where he was born in the year 1692. At what time he arrived in London we have not heard; but when of proper age he was apprenticed to an engraver of ornaments on gun-barrels, and at the expiration of his term he set up in that business, in Vine Street, near the Minories.

Though much esteemed for his workmanship, Mr. C. did not, however, confine his attention to that single branch of business, but employed himself likewise in making tools for bookbinders, and for the chasing of silver plate.

It happened about this time that the elder Mr. Bowyer, a name ever to be venerated among printers and men of literature, accidentally observed in a bookseller's shop a bound book, the lettering on the back of which seemed to him to be executed with more than common neatness; and on inquiry finding Mr. Caslon to be the artist by whom the letters had been cut, he was induced to seek an acquaintance with him. Not long after, Mr. Bowyer took Mr. Caslon to Mr. James's Foundry in Bartholomew Close. Mr. Caslon had never before that time seen any part of the business; and being asked by his friend if he thought he could undertake to cut types, he requested a single day to consider the matter, and then replied, that he had no doubt but he could. Upon this answer Mr. Bowyer, Mr. Bettenham, and Mr. Watts lent him £500. to begin the undertaking; and he applied himself to it with equal industry and success.

In 1720, the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge deemed it expedient to print, for the use of the Eastern Churches, the New Testament and Psalter in the Arabic language. These were intended for the benefit of the poor Christians in Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, Arabia, and Egypt; the constitution of which countries did not permit the exercise of the art of Printing. Upon this occasion Mr. Caslon was pitched upon to cut the fount,—distinguished in his specimens by the name of English Arabic. After he had finished this fount,

he cut the letters of his own name in Pica Roman, and placed them at the bottom of one of the Arabic specimens. The name being seen by Mr. Palmer (the reputed author of a "History of Printing," which was in fact written by Psalmanazar), he advised our artist to cut the whole fount of Pica. This was accordingly done; and the performance exceeded the letter of the other founders of the time. But Mr. Palmer, whose circumstances required credit with those whose business would have been hurt by Mr. Caslon's superior execution, repented of the advice he had given, and endeavoured to discourage him from any further progress. Mr. Caslon, being justly disgusted at such treatment, applied to Mr. Bowyer, under whose inspection he cut in 1722 the fount of English which was used in Selden's Works, and the Coptic types that were made use of for Dr. Wilkins's edition of the "Pentateuch." Under the further encouragement of Mr. Bowyer, Mr. Bettenham, and Mr. Watts, he proceeded with vigour in his employment; and Mr. Bowyer was always acknowledged by him to be his master, from whom he had learned his art.—In this art he at length arrived to such perfection as freed us from the necessity of importing types from Holland.—Mr. Caslon's first foundry was in a small house in Helmet Row, Old Street. He afterwards removed into Ironmonger Row, and about 1735 into Chiswell Street. Having acquired opulence in the course of his employment, he was put into the Commission of the Peace for the county of Middlesex. Towards the latter end of his life, his eldest son William being in partnership with him, he retired in a great measure from the active execution of business. His last country residence was at Bethnal Green, where he died Jan. 23, 1766.

To that foundry then succeeded of course Mr. William Caslon, the son just mentioned; under whom the business was carried on with increase, greatly effected by the exertions and indefatigable attention of Mrs. Caslon, his wife, till 1778, in the August of which year Mr. Caslon died.

An arduous task now devolved on Mrs. ELIZABETH CASLON, the proper subject of our present attention. The entire management of a very large concern did not, however, come with that weight which it would have borne upon one unaccustomed to the habits of business. Mrs. Caslon, as we have before observed, had for many years habituated herself to the arrangements of the foundry; so that when the entire care devolved upon her, she manifested powers of mind beyond expectation from a female not then in very early life. In a few years her son, the present Mr. William Caslon, became an active co-partner with his mother; but a misunderstanding between them caused a secession, and they separated their concerns.

Mrs. Caslon now, in partnership with Mrs. Elizabeth Caslon, the widow of Mr. Henry Caslon, her youngest son, continued the business in Chiswell Street with talents uncommon to her sex, and with a close attention extraordinary indeed at her advanced age. A paralytic stroke, however, about eight months ago, put a stop to her exertions; and on the 24th of October 1795 the public papers announced her death.

Mrs. Caslon was the daughter and only child of Mr. Cartlitch *, an eminent refiner in Foster Lane, Cheapside, and was born May 31, 1730; so that at her death she was in the 66th year of her age.

The urbanity of her manners, and her diligence and activity in the conduct of so extensive a concern, attached to her interest all who had dealings with her: and the steadiness of her friendship rendered her death highly lamented by all who had the happiness of being in the extensive circle of her acquaintance.

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

THE HAPPINESS OF LIFE

ATTRIBUTED TO THE VARIETIES OF

HUMAN SENTIMENTS AND OPINIONS.

I HAVE often thought it no inconsiderable display of the wisdom and power of our great Creator, that he has made so manifest a distinction between every individual of the human species: That amongst so many millions of his creatures there are not two persons to be produced who perfectly resemble each other in any thing—I mean, who shew exactly the same features, speak in the same tone, think in the same manner, or write exactly the same hand.

If we give this subject the attention it deserves, view it in a philosophical light, and consider it in all the various shapes in which it will appear to a thinking mind, we shall find a wonderful scheme, or rather system of happiness, arising from this astonishing work of the Divine Wisdom. When we behold the perpetual flux and reflux of human affairs, and the good and ill which is heightened and allayed by this distinction: When we behold little wants supplied by greater, and see various distresses, misfortunes, and losses, relieved and lessened by numberless little circumstances and acts of humanity, which are every moment going forward somewhere or other, we shall find abundant reason to admire that wisdom which hath made so great a difference in the judgment, opinions, and taste of mankind. Thus, for instance, the man who builds a house, or lays out a garden, to his own fancy, finds, in his successor, a total alteration of what he had contrived; and that person the same difference of taste in the next that comes after him; and thus by a succession of wants, merely imaginary, the man whose family was ready to perish, is set to work and maintained, not by necessity, but by difference of opinion only in his employers.

The difference we see so very remarkable in the shape, voice, and features, of every individual, is no less wonderfully contrived

* Not Dr. Cortledge, as erroneously stated in the Gentleman's Magazine.

to render the scheme of universal convenience and happiness complete. For without this wise direction to our understandings, how should we be able, amongst such multitudes of created beings, to distinguish one countenance from another? Or in what manner could we be supposed to hold intercourse or society together? The resemblance we see frequently in faces of the same family is admirable, and serves to unite those of the same house or kindred together, at the same time that there is no perfect likeness either in voice or features in any two persons in any family existing! What wisdom is this? And let me ask the greatest Infidel (if Infidels there really are) whether he thinks any power less than Omnipotence could do this? But to proceed—How often does a very singular pleasure arise between two persons accidentally meeting and knowing one another at great distances of time, by something in their voices and persons, which hath thus brought them to an immediate recollection of each other? And how often hath the most consummate villain, who, perhaps, hath long concealed himself from the hand of Justice, been detected and brought to the bar, through something remarkable in his shape, his voice, or his features?

Nature, which is only another name for Providence, seems to wanton in the variety she exhibits in every part of the creation. In the animal, in the vegetable part she is wonderfully astonishing and pleasing. What can be a greater feast to the fancy than a walk amongst the glowing colours of a beautiful parterre? And what, let me ask, can be more beautiful to the eye than the train of the peacock, or the symmetry of the greyhound, or of numbers of other birds and animals, particularly of the eastern nations? But I come now to the point I next aimed at, namely, to the variety to be found in the formation of the human species, and of the different fancies it employs. I begin with that most beautiful of all the Almighty's works, a beautiful woman. I would not be understood here to mean that beauty alone which displays itself in a well coloured skin and a fine shape, but she only, who, to a fine person, adds the more attractive charms of a devout mind, and an enlightened understanding, and whose temper is all sweetness and complacency: for such a one there is no name. This naturally leads me to take notice of another instance of the supreme wisdom in varying our fancies and attractions with respect to beauty, than which nothing can be more arbitrary; for without this difference of taste and opinion, the very peopling of kingdoms, and the interests of society, could not possibly be effected or promoted, and we should live in a state of perpetual quarrel and discord among ourselves. A man of a lively turn is pleased to see a good deal of vivacity in the mistress of his affections, whilst a man of a milder temper chuses one whose passions appear more gentle. One likes a woman of a brown, and another of a fair complexion; some fancy a woman with a large, and others with a slender shape; some see most beauty in a tall, and others in a short person; and the soldier with his brawny shouldered wench, whose skin, perhaps, is as coarse as her gown, is equally happy and equally as contented as the Captain with his military mistress. To shift the scene—Do we not frequently see

women (strange as it seems to be) fancying and preferring the hobbling gait of a man with a wooden leg, before the nimble motions of the most graceful dancing-master? Others chusing black men or tawnies, or men with one eye, one arm, or a broken nose, and sometimes without either: others preferring a crooked back to a straight one, or a face uncommonly hard and ordinary, to the most regular set of features? Thus every one chuses what particularly hits his own fancy, and an infinity of that produces an infinity of beauty; and though few people may be beautiful upon comparison, yet every body may be beautiful in the imagination of some one or other; and to the mind of the lover supposed beauty is full as good as real, and has the same effect. Heaven is certainly very merciful in making us capable of all this variety of mistakes, for if every one judged of beauty according to the real proportions that constitute it, every man's affections would centre upon the same object, which would create jealousies and animosity without end, and what in such a case must become of the ordinary men and women we have been speaking of? The superior beauty of each object would be the hatred and malice of all the rest, and there would be nothing more wanting than this universal right judgment of beauty to render the whole world a scene of blood and misery. Thus, I think, have I given sufficient proof of the wisdom and goodness of our Maker, in varying our fancies and affections.

Many a villain who has skulked about and invaded the rights of his neighbours, with the dark lanthorn of forgery, has been traced and detected by his hand-writing, which (like a man's face) is generally so much his own, as to prevent him from succeeding where he would defraud; and it is lucky that *this* also is so peculiar almost to every body as seldom to pass but under the greatest artifice: otherwise private welfare, in a commercial nation, might be injured and distressed beyond the power of a remedy. This, however, not being among the natural gifts we receive, is very wisely, on every offence, punished by the Legislature with exemplary rigour.

COURT OF CHANCERY.

FELLS AND OTHERS v. READ.

A CAUSE of a singular nature was lately heard and determined, by the Lord Chancellor, at Lincoln's Inn Hall. It was a suit instituted by the Plaintiffs, who were members of a society or club held in Westminster, consisting principally of inhabitants who had served the office of Overseer of the parish, to compel the defendant to restore an antient ornamented tobacco box belonging to the club, and which had been in their possession upwards of fourscore years.

It appeared in evidence that the tobacco box in question was from its antiquity, ornaments, and other circumstances of great value, held in high estimation by the club, and that it was delivered to the defendant according to the usual custom, to be by him delivered to the

to the succeeding senior Overseer, for the use of the members of the society.

The defendant retained the box in his possession with a view to compel the Vestry (some of whom were members of the club) to pay him certain sums of money he had expended as Overseer—but which they refused to allow in his account, deeming them improper expenditures.

The Lord Chancellor, after hearing the whole of the arguments on both sides, ordered the tobacco box to be restored to the club, and that the defendant pay the costs of the cause.

MR. HOWARD.

THE Inscription upon the Statue of Mr. Howard in St. Paul's is as follows :

This Extraordinary Man
 Had the fortune to be honoured, whilst living,
 In the manner which his Virtues deserved.
 He received the Thanks
 Of both Houses of the British and Irish Parliaments,
 For his eminent Services rendered to this Country and Mankind.
 Our National Prisons and Hospitals,
 Improved upon the suggestion of his Wisdom,
 Bear Testimony to the solidity of his Judgment,
 And to the estimation in which he was held
 In every part of the Civilized World,
 Which he traversed to reduce the sum of Human Misery.
 From the throne to the dungeon, his name was mentioned
 With respect, gratitude, and admiration !
 His Modesty alone
 Defeated various efforts that were made during his Life
 To erect this Statue,
 Which the Public has now consecrated to his Memory !
 He was born at Hackney, in the County of Middlesex, Sept. 2, 1726.
 The early part of his life was spent in retirement,
 Residing principally on his Parental estate at Cardington,
 in Bedfordshire,
 For which County he served the office of Sheriff in the year 1773.
 He expired at Cherson, in Russian Tartary,
 On the 20th January 1790 ;
 A victim to the perilous and benevolent attempt
 To ascertain the cause of, and find an efficacious remedy for,
 The Plague.
 He trod an open, but unfrequented, path to Immortality,
 In the ardent and unintermitted exercise of
 Christian Charity.
 May this Tribute to his Fame
 Excite an emulation of his truly glorious Achievements !

A SERMON,

PREACHED AT THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER'S, IN THE ISLE OF THANET,
AND COUNTY OF KENT,

On Monday the 12th of June 1786,

BEFORE

THE PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER,

AND

THE PROVINCIAL GRAND LODGE OF FREEMASONS,

OF THE COUNTY OF KENT.

BY THE REV. CH. WELLS, A. M.

CHAPLAIN TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE EARL HARCOURT, AND RECTOR OF LEIGH,
IN THE COUNTY OF WORCESTER.

MICAH, chap. vi. ver. 8.

*He hath shewn thee, O Man, what is good; and what doth the LORD
require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly
with thy God?*

THE essentials of religion may be said to be comprehended in these words of the Prophet:—All that is necessary to the happiness of any individual of society, or that of the community at large, as far as it can depend upon a system of moral virtue, and it surely will be admitted that the strongest faith (even such a one as, in the metaphorical language of the Apostle*, could remove mountains), the most fervent zeal, and the most scrupulous regard to the external rites and ceremonial part of religion, would fall infinitely short of that measure of duty which can alone render us acceptable in the eyes of an all-wise and righteous God, if our lives are not distinguished by the practice of those moral virtues which should be the fruits of such a faith, and are so well calculated, not only to exalt the human character, but to alleviate also, if not remove, the calamities and evils of this state of existence. True religion consists not in a minute and accurate examination of an intricate passage of scripture, deep researches into the mysteries of revelation, or in fine-spun useless speculations respecting the most inconsiderable objects of faith; but was manifestly designed by its divine author, to regulate, direct, and govern the whole human conduct; and thereby to promote the felicity of his creatures here, and prepare them for a state of purity and bliss hereafter.

He hath shewn thee, O Man, what is good; and what doth the Lord

* St. Paul's First Epist. Cor. ch. xiii.

require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

The two former of these precepts comprize every moral, social, and relative duty due from man to man.---The latter relates more immediately to the principle of piety towards God, which should be the grand basis or ground-work on which the beautiful fabric of human virtue should be built.

I shall therefore change the order in which they are placed in my text, and as I design to offer some animadversions on each, I shall begin with the religious duty---the duty of piety towards God.

But the necessity of this injunction is so very clear, that, in a Christian assembly, I shall have the less occasion to be diffusive on this head. Nor need I detain you by a long chain of argument, to prove that there is a God. Universal nature loudly proclaims the important, awful truth, in a language, which cannot be misunderstood, and which conveys conviction to every intelligent mind. And if the mind is thus convinced of the *existence* of a supreme eternal being, it cannot but be persuaded of his attributes.---That he is almighty in power, and infinite in goodness---That his wisdom, justice, and purity are commensurate with each other; and that he should be, consequently, the great object of our adoration, reverence, and love.

The mind which is fully convinced of this must necessarily be disposed and resolved to act in a manner most pleasing to the supreme ruler of the universe from a principal of piety; for without piety there can be no real virtue. They who aspire at the name of good, without any regard to this principle, are far, very far, from deserving that exalted title, and render themselves incapable of enjoying the true delights of virtue. These must flow from God's approving smile.

There will be found in the course of this state of existence, seasons of adversity, when no reflections can support us, but a confidence in the supreme father of the universe. The satisfaction which proceeds from moral actions may perhaps appear sufficient, when all is smooth and prosperous; but it is not of itself adequate to the support of the trembling soul in the dark hour of misfortune, or at that awful period when *this mortal must put on immortality* *.

Indeed, the principle of piety is that source from which all the duties of morality---justice, benevolence, and charity, must derive their origin. For to attempt to effect a reformation in the minds and lives of men, and to give virtue a footing in the world, without the aid of religious and pious principles, is to raise a fabric in the air, or, as our Lord speaks, "to build a house upon the sand." For what security can we have for propriety of conduct in the different orders of society, for the fidelity of servants, the obedience of children, the performance and observance of those civil and relative duties which are absolutely essential to the peace, comfort, and happiness of our ordinary life, if men have all religious awe, and all the deference due to religious obligations, wholly eradicated from their minds, and so to "live as with-

out God in the world?" To have no sense of the influence of religious principles upon the moral conduct, is the consummation, the very apex of depravity, and will subvert the power of conscience itself; for an uninformed conscience can be no guide, and a misinformed conscience must prove a false one.

From this religious principle as the basis, pass we on to the moral duties pointed at in my text, designed to form the beautiful superstructure--*and what doth the Lord thy God require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?*

Placed as we are in a state of dependence upon each other, there must of necessity exist a certain intercourse among us, supported by the reciprocal exertion of virtues, which connect and advance the general good; and none, in the number of these, is of greater importance to the welfare of mankind than Equity.

By the influence of this excellent principle, men are cemented together in bonds of unity; the rights of private property are guarded; the peace of society is secured from the rude hand of violence; injured innocence is relieved, the poor are free from oppression, and mutual confidence pervades the various walks of civil life.

With respect to the measure of this duty, we cannot be at a loss; it is by one sentence of the Gospel rendered remarkably clear and comprehensive--*whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do unto them.*--A law, by which every claim of right may be immediately adjusted, as far as the private conscience requires to be informed.--A law, of which every man may find the exposition in his own breast; and which may always be observed without any other qualifications than honesty of intention, and purity of will.

The exact observance of Equity, however, is by no means the sole criterion to form our idea of moral goodness; to complete the good character, some other virtues must be associated with it. The Apostle, therefore, by a very proper gradation, has connected Mercy with it.

By Mercy, in this place, he certainly understands Brotherly Love, and Charity--disinterested generous love and charity, formed of the tenderness of compassion, and the noble aims of beneficence.

The end and office of compassionate Charity is to lessen the miseries of human life.

Notwithstanding the many clear and undoubted marks of wisdom and goodness, which are found in all those parts of the creation of which we have any knowledge, it must be confessed, that the present world, from the very settlement and condition of it, abounds with misery, and that men, instead of prudently availing themselves of those remedies which Nature has, in pity, provided against the evils to which they are necessarily exposed, have, by their own mismanagement and perverseness, added to them numberless others which might have been avoided.

Hence it became requisite, that both the accidental and the necessary defects of reason should be supplied by the active, uniform, instinctive principle of compassionate Charity.

For by giving to all men this principle, and placing them in a state

of mutual dependency, God hath plainly constituted them the guardians and protectors of each other's welfare, and made their own sympathetic feelings, and conscious expectations, the rule and measure of their mutual dealings.

Of Sympathy, indeed, all men are not equally susceptible. They who have a lively imagination and keen feelings are most apt to confess its energy. But it is, in a degree, to be attained by those of a different description. Habits of attention; the study of the works of nature; experience or the contemplation of adversity, and the love of virtue and of mankind, tend greatly to cherish it. Or, should these means fail; should the view of the miseries of others not be able to excite sympathetic compassion; yet, the apprehension of our own must infuse into the most obdurate breast a quick sense of the condition of human nature, and dispose it to the exercise of compassionate and diffusive charity.

When miserable objects of any kind present themselves to us, or are recommended to our notice or commiseration, methinks it would be hardly possible for us to be unaffected by their distresses, did we properly reflect on the wretched and helpless state in which we were introduced into the world, or consider how soon we might be reduced to it again. The due consideration of the level to which high and low, rich and poor, one with another, shall be reduced in a future state, is enough to annihilate all adventitious distinctions of rank and fortune. It is, at least, more than sufficient to check the insolence of human vanity, and possess the mind with benevolent and tender sensations; since the proudest son of prosperity, who to-day, regardless of the wretchedness of his indigent neighbours, plumes himself on the splendor of his condition, and the apparent stability of his eminence, may the next, by the inexplicable vicissitudes of all human affairs, find himself an object of that charitable attention, which, alas! he so recently denied to others.

Would we but contemplate and reflect on the daily providence of the all-wise and good Creator towards us, we cannot but be sensible of the obligations we are under to assist mankind in general, but particularly that part of them whose distressed situation more immediately claims our attention. The benevolent man, who derives his chief pleasure from affording relief to the distresses of his fellow-creatures, enjoys more real satisfaction in one charitable deed, than the luxuriant sensualist finds in all his pride, pomp, and extravagance. And the wretched (yet fortunate) object of his charity, while he experiences every mark of kindness from, and is snatched out of ruin and disgrace by those to whose liberality he thought he had no pretensions, is wrapt in pious astonishment at the goodness and providence of that God who has thus so miraculously raised for him friends in his distress.

Bring before your imagination a hapless, helpless, distressed family, labouring under all the complicated miseries and destruction of poverty and woe. At this critical moment, when their distresses have reduced them to their last mite; and when---hardly able to struggle longer under this dreadful conflict, Death is rendered a welcome guest;

perhaps is even invited, or at least loses half the venom of its sting --at this interesting period, I say, see the preserving hand of Benevolence stretched out to relieve and comfort; and the hapless victims of despair snatched from this scene of nameless misery into another which affords them every comfort, and excites the liveliest sensations of gratitude to their benefactor and their God!

Oh lovely Christian Charity! when that awful period shall arrive that drops the curtain over the present scene, and levels the un pitying Dives, with the despised and suffering Lazarus; when all distinction, except moral and religious, shall vanish; when the great luminaries of the firmament shall cease to diffuse their cheering light, and this planet on which we stand shall drop from her orbit, and be consigned to irretrievable destruction; even then thou shalt survive thy votary's immortal friend; thy lustre shall enlighten the obscurity of human infirmities; and thy glory obliterate even *a multitude of sins!*

But as Christianity does not confine the duty of Charity to the single act of relieving the wretched, but extends it to the uniform cultivation of the most benevolent sentiments, and the practice of all social and relative duties; so do the principles and precepts of the Society before whom I have the honour of appearing here, inculcate the observance of it in its greatest latitude, and enforce it by the best sanctions.

Notwithstanding the undistinguishing censures passed upon the Society (often for the faults of a few individuals) by those who are (indeed who *must* be) totally ignorant of its excellence, yet, like Christianity, it has stood the shock of ages, and the force of undiscerning prejudice. Indeed, it may also, perhaps, like Christianity, thank its opponents for much new light, from time to time thrown in upon the sublime excellence of its nature, and the stability of its institution; --*opponents*--in some sort, more welcome than its *friends*, as *they* do it a signal service without disgracing it, and have no demand on our gratitude for the favours *they* confer. The stronger its adversaries, the greater its triumph. Like Christianity--- that great support of human welfare, and of human hope---the virtuous institution of MASONRY (which by the bye is admirably calculated to extend the faith and interests of Christianity*, the virtuous institution of MASONRY. I say), like a well built arch, stands the firmer in proportion to the load of opposition.

* I had in this place made some observations on the practicability of rendering MASONRY very instrumental to this end, from the universality of the institution; but previous to my delivering the discourse, I happened, by mere accident, to meet with Mr. Wright's Publication on Brotherly Love, and the Design of the Institution of MASONRY, and there found this subject (as well as every other which he proposed to treat of) so ably and judiciously handled, that I resolved to suppress the few crude and undigested ideas I had thrown together, considering them of little or no value, while the world was possessed of Mr. Wright's thoughts on this interesting part of the subject.

N.B. The work alluded to is published in 8vo. by Dickson, Edinburgh, and Murray, London, 4s. boards.

A Masonic Sermon by the same Rev. Brother will be found in Vol. V. p. 105; of this Magazine.

But, my brethren, be it our care to select the best materials, and then to apply them properly; thus shall we raise the walls of an impregnable fortress, instead of furnishing our adversaries (if any such there really be) with ammunition for the warfare. For though no attacks can affect the intrinsic worth of the Institution, yet, to us, as individuals and as Christians, it must give pain.

You well know there are some mysteries which cannot be touched upon in this assembly, though their solemnity and efficacy would be fit subjects of eulogium; but on the great moral duties of a Mason I cannot be wholly silent.

It is scarcely necessary to observe to you, my friends of this Society, that our Institution is founded on the solid basis of religious Piety, zealous Loyalty, rigid Equity, unbounded Philanthropy, and refined Benevolence. *Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise**, remember, they are all collectively and separately included in the code of MASONIC precepts. Remember, my brethren, ye should be strangers to the machinations of envy—the snares of treachery—the malice of dissimulation—and the clandestine stabs of calumny. Ye should be pious without hypocrisy—just without evasion †—and charitable without ostentation.

So many qualities indeed are requisite to the possibility of becoming a good and worthy member of this Society, and so many incidents happen to put virtue to the test, that some of the fraternity, perhaps, are willing to content themselves with the name, without aiming at its perfections, and supply their place, as they can, by accommodating themselves to its precepts, only while, or when, they are subservient to their interests.

But let me caution you against so dangerous an error; the dignity, the excellence of the private character are risked, and the public reputation of the Society is sacrificed.

To establish that reputation, and to ascertain that credit which the Institution has just pretensions to, the most exemplary discharge of all moral, social, and relative duties should seem necessary.

In relation to your friends, be warm, steady, and disinterested.—To your enemies, forgiving, benevolent, and hearty in prayer for their conversion. Let the poor and needy be sure to find in you the compassionate Christian, and you will do well to esteem it your privilege, as well as duty, to relieve their wants, and lighten the burthen of their griefs. As men yourselves, ye should glory in the title of friends to mankind. Say, shall it be asserted, that indigence or distress ever *raises its hands to you in vain*? Shall the wants of modest, unsoliciting merit be left for a moment unpitied? Shall the tear of pity, or the

* Phil. ch. iv. ver. 8.

† ——— Sanctus haberi
Promissisque tenax dictis factisque mereris?
Agnosco procerem.

sigh of sympathy, be ever refused to the throbs of agonizing grief?—No; sure I am, that the afflicted in body—the distressed in mind—will equally engage a portion of your care; that with a delicacy, only equalled by your charity, you will take pleasure in alleviating their sorrows, administering the lenient balm of consolation, arming their souls with patience, and smoothing their passage through this vale of tears.

Pursue then, with ardour, a manly, rational, steady course of piety and intrinsic goodness; and take especial care that you be not deceived in the weightier matters of religion. Let no difference of opinions, either religious or political, disturb the friendly affections, but remain firm and united like an inseparable mass of ancient cement. In a word, let every religious, every moral, private and social virtue shine forth in every character. And when the powers of nature grow languid, when the wheels of life drag heavily on, and announce the approach of the time when our great change shall come *, when these mortal frames must put on immortality, Oh! may our faith and practice be such, as will fix us in those blessed abodes where pain and sorrow are not known; where terrestrial finite sufferings will be converted into endless felicity; and where, even to recollect the storms of life, will, perhaps, be inconsistent with its blissful state!

THE HISTORY OF A RACEHORSE.

THE sire of this animal was a native of Arabia Felix, where he ranged, without controul, in the most fertile and extensive plains, enjoying all the luxuries of nature. He was the leader of a herd, which consisted of more than five hundred of his species; and thus supported by the united force of numbers, no beast of the forest durst attack him. When his followers slept he stood as centinel, to give notice of approaching danger; and if an Arab happened to advance, he sometimes walked up boldly towards him, as if to examine his strength, or to intimidate him; then instantly he gave the signal to his fellows, by a loud snorting, and the whole herd fled with the swiftness of the wind. In one of these flights he was taken by a trap, concealed upon the ground; which entangling his feet, made him an easy prey to the hunter. He was carried to Constantinople; sold to the British envoy there; and brought by him into England, to improve our breed of horses. The first colt he got was the animal of whom we are speaking. He was fed in a large pasture, where he used to gallop round and round; trying every active movement of his limbs, and increasing his strength and agility by those gambols

* Nemo tam dives habuit faventes,
Crastinum ut posse sibi pollicerj.

and exercises, which jocund nature in early youth inspires. Thus passed the first period of his life; but now his state of servitude and misery commenced. To render him more tame and passive, a painful operation was performed upon him, by which the size and firmness of his muscles were impaired, his spirit was depressed, and he lost, with the distinction of his sex, one essential power of usefulness and enjoyment. Nature had furnished him with a flowing tail, which was at once an ornament, a covering for what should be concealed, and a weapon of defence against the flies in summer. But false taste decreed the extirpation of it; and several joints were taken off by a coarse instrument and a blundering farrier. The blood gushed from the wound; and to stop the discharge, the tender part was seared with a red hot iron. When the tail was thus reduced to a ridiculous shortness, it was thought that a turn upwards would give additional grace to it: And to produce this effect, several deep cuts were made on the under side of it; and the tail was drawn by a cord and pulley into a most painful position, till the granulation of the flesh was completed. He was now trained, or broken, as it is usually termed, for riding; and during this season of discipline, he underwent all the severities of the lash and the spur. Many a time were his sides covered with blood, before his aversion to the ass could be fully subdued. The dread of this animal he derived from his sire; for in the state of nature, the ass and the horse bear the utmost antipathy to each other: And if a horse happen to stray into the pastures where the wild asses graze, they attack him with fury; and surrounding him to prevent his flight, they bite and kick him till he dies. When rendered perfectly tractable, he was sold to a gentleman, whom he faithfully and affectionately served during ten years. He was a companion to him in various journies; bore him with ease and security many thousand miles; contributed to restore him from sickness to health by the gentle exercise which he afforded; and by the swiftness of his feet twice rescued him from robbers and assassins. But growing old, his joints became stiff; his wind failed him; and, urged beyond his speed, on a sultry day, he fell breathless on the course. In a few hours he recovered himself, and the owner disposed of him, at a low price, to a master of post horses in Manchester. He is now to be ridden as a common hackney, or to be driven in a chaise; and he will be at the mercy of every coxcomb traveller, who gallops, night and day, through different countries, to acquire a knowledge of mankind, by the observation of their manners, customs, laws, arts, police, and government. It is obvious, that the horse will soon be disqualified for this violent and cruel service; and if he survive, he will, probably, be sold to grind in a mill. In this situation, his exercise will be less severe, but almost without intermission; the movement in a circle will produce a dizziness of the head; and in a month or two he will become blind. Still, however, his labours are to continue; and he may drag on years of toil and sorrow, ere death closes the period of his sufferings.

THE TRUE CIRCUMSTANCES ATTENDING
 THE DEATH OF MR. HAMPDEN

DISCOVERED.

IT has been hitherto falsely supposed, that Mr. Hampden received his death's wound in Chalgrove-field from the enemy; and Lord Clarendon says, that "being shot in the shoulder with a brace of bullets, which broke the bone, within three weeks after he died with extraordinary pain:" But the following relation, given by Robert Earl of Oxford, will shew the true cause of his death.

SIR Edward Harley happened to go out of town towards his seat in Hertfordshire, with Sir Robert Pye, of Farringdon: They were relations, and both of them lived at that time pretty near one another at Westminster. Sir Edward went in the same chariot with Sir Robert as far as Farringdon, and both of them having been military men, entertained one another with the relation of many adventures of that kind: and, amongst other matters, Sir Robert, who had married Mr. Hampden's daughter, acquainted his companion with the true history of his father-in-law's receiving his death's wound on Chalgrove-field. When they were at supper at Farringdon, Sir Edward requested his kinsman, Sir Robert Pye, to repeat the account he had related on the road, before his son Robert (afterwards Earl of Oxford) and one of the Foleys, then likewise in company with them, as a matter of fact, which it might be useful for curious persons to know, and upon the certainty of which they might depend: And you are to read the following account, as coming out of the mouth of Sir Robert Pye, addressing himself to his kinsmen after this manner:

"You know, says he, it is commonly thought that my father-in-law died by a wound he received on Chalgrove-field from the enemy; but you shall hear the exact truth of the matter, as I had it from my father himself some time before he expired. The Earl of Essex lay at that time with his army before Reading, and Mr. Hampden attended him there, as one of the Committee from the Parliament, who were always to be with the General. Major Gunter was with a considerable party quartered towards Thame and Chalgrove, and those parts. The General had intelligence, that Prince Rupert was going to make an excursion from Oxford, by which he would probably make great havoc amongst Gunter's party with his horse, if timely care was not taken to prevent it, by immediately dispatching proper succours. Upon this a council was called, and Colonel Hampden voluntarily offered himself to command the detachment to be sent on the expedition, being a person very particularly acquainted with those countries through which Prince Rupert was to pass; for he had been a very great sportsman in his time, and had often traversed those countries

as such. His proposal was accepted, and away he went. Prince Rupert came, and did the havoc and execution designed, and which could not by this intelligence and precaution be entirely prevented. In a skirmish on this occasion, Mr. Hampden drew one of his pistols, and, as he gave fire, it burst to pieces in his hand, and shattered his arm in a very dismal manner: upon this he made the best of his way off: he was very well mounted, as he always used to be. When he was come to a considerable rivulet (as there are many such in those parts betwixt the hills) he was much put to it what to do. He thought, that if he alighted and turned his horse over, he could not possibly get up again; and how to get over upon him, he could not well tell: but he resolved at last to try what his horse could do, and so clapped his spurs to, and got clean over. As soon as he possibly could, he sent for me: he was in very great pain, and told me, that he suspected his wound was mortal: but what makes it still more grievous to me, says he, is, that I am afraid you are in some degree accessory to it; for the hurt I have received is occasioned by the bursting of one of those pistols which you gave me. You may be sure I was not a little surprised and concerned at hearing this, and assured him that they were bought from one of the best workmen in France, and that I myself had seen them tried. You must know, it was Mr. Hampden's custom, whenever he was going abroad, always to order a raw serving boy that he had, to be sure to take care that his pistols were loaded: and it seems the boy did so very effectually; for, whenever he was thus ordered, he always put in a fresh charge, without considering or examining whether the former charge had been made use of or not; and, upon examining the remaining pistol, they found it was in this manner, quite filled up to the top with two or three supernumerary charges; and the other pistol having been in the same condition, was the occasion of its bursting, and shattering Mr. Hampden's arm in such a manner, that he received his death by the wound, and not by any hurt from the enemy."

To the foregoing account we shall add, from Mr. Seward's interesting "Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons," the following circumstance: "The King, on hearing of Mr. Hampden's being wounded at Oxford, desired Dr. Giles *, who was a friend of Mr. Hampden, to send to enquire after him, as from himself; and, adds Sir Phillip Warwick, "I found the King would have sent him over any surgeon of his, if any had been wanting; for he looked upon his interest, if he could gain his affection, as a powerful means of begetting a right understanding between him and the two Houses."

* Dr. Giles, according to Sir Philip Warwick, was a near neighbour of Mr. Hampden's, in Buckinghamshire, and being an opulent man, had built himself a good parsonage-house, in which structure Mr. Hampden had used his skill.

ON

THE DEPRAVITY OF MANNERS

IN DIFFERENT RANKS OF LIFE.

IT has been often remarked, that the English plume themselves much upon their public spirit, as they are pleased to call it; but this is very widely different from that which warmed the breasts of their boasted progenitors, the Romans. Theirs, as well as the people of Greece, flowed from the veneration of the religious and civil establishment of the country, which was kept inviolate from insult and contempt. If, perchance, a single Diagoras appeared to loosen these principles, he was proscribed, and a price set upon his head.

The music, wit, poetry, and conversation of the ancients, were applied to aggrandize religion, and make it appear in the utmost splendor; their point of ambition was the glory of making acquisitions to the public, and they despised the distinction of table and equipage, as much as we admire them. Hence a noble simplicity of manners reigned among all orders, and excluded luxury with its attendants, fraud and rapine; great in the council and in the field, they grew illustrious, not rich; and contented to think and act above the vulgar, they lived and died like them. Disinterested ambition was catching among a people thus devoted to their country, and the trophy of one hero would not let another sleep till he had raised a second.

It was the judgment of antiquity, that national security could not subsist without national virtue, and that general looseness and profaneness were the seeds of ruin to a state: in consequence of this judgment, the opinion and lives of the populace were a principal concern, and they were not suffered to be corrupted in jest or in earnest.

A vicious sentiment in a theatrical performance at Athens would have cost the poet his liberty or life: when Euripides made one of his actors say,—“ Riches are the supreme good, and with reason excite the admiration of the gods and men,” the whole theatre rose upon him, and he had been immediately banished, if he had not desired patience till the end of the piece, where the speaker of this sentence perishes miserably. But impiety and frivolity are permitted to tread our stage, and are encouraged by acclamations to debauch the people: our taste for what is fine is gone, together with our relish for what is good.

If our gentry will countenance diversions of a dangerous tendency, if the conversation of their tables, and the entertainments of their theatres, shall conspire to infuse into their domestics (who will always be copies of their superiors, and fine gentlemen at second-hand) a spirit of irreligion, licentiousness, and misrule, I shall not wonder if in time they change stations with their party-colour'd attendants, and three or four fellows, from behind the coach, cut the owner's throat, and step

into it themselves: I am sure I was in pain for the future safety of a Gentleman whose servant I followed in the street, when I heard him say to his comrade, with an air of joy.—“Jack, what do you think my master says? why that there is no such place as hell.”

I know not how it is, but every thing seems to conspire to remove the horror from evil, and throw ridicule on what is for the good of society. Our very fashions are criminal, and our amusements injurious to virtue.

When Solon saw a representation of Thespis, who first introduced a speaker in tragedy, whose office was to repeat some fictitious story between the chorusses, he struck his stick against the ground, and said, he wished this might not bring in a neglect of truth in the common transactions of life: but what would he have said, if informed that it was the entertainment of persons of figure and genius, to throw a parcel of lies into a cap, and then draw out one, which was to be current for the week, and be spread with great industry to every quarter of a populous city? I would not be severe, but allow this to be wit, since persons of taste are said to be concerned in it, and would willingly hope it may be done with design to expose the malicious credulity of the town, and, by frequent impositions of this kind, cure it of the infamous practice of greedily telling and receiving injurious falsehoods; but I cannot dissemble my apprehension, that what may be play to some, may possibly be death to others.

In such circumstances and times as these, to look for public spirit is to look for an effect without a cause: shall we expect to find it among the lower classes of men, when those above them have discarded it? Will the little illicit trader think on the injury done to the community, when those of the first rank will buy his goods, and with emulation wear them? When people in high life run into the silly contention of vieing with each other in luxury, show, and extravagance, will those in lower stations be sober, industrious, and frugal? the contrary is surely to be expected, is to be seen every day. The corruption of a whole people is not a trivial concern, it is big with the most dismal consequences; and to recover a nation, thus debauched, will require great attention, and universal application.

CURTIUS.

REMARKABLE DREAMS.

THE Emperor Charles V. having one day lost his way as he was hunting in a forest, and being pretty far distant from his company, found himself, after wandering about some time, near an inn, which he entered to refresh himself. Being seated, he saw four men, whose appearance boded him no good; however, he took no notice of them, but called for what he wanted. These men at first were laid down, and pretended to sleep. But one soon rose up, and approaching the

Emperor, told him, not knowing who he was, that he had dreamt he ought to take away his hat, and in saying so, snatched it from him. A second then came to him, and saying he had dreamt that his surtout coat would fit him very well, took that from him. A third cast his eye on his buff waistcoat, and stript him of that also. The fourth dreamt likewise in his turn, and tells the prince not to take it amiss, if he gave himself the trouble to search him; and seeing a gold chain about his neck, to which hung a flagelet, he went to take it from him. Stay, my friend, said the Emperor to him; before you rob me of this dear whistle, suffer me to shew you the property of it; and at the same time he began to whistle. His attendants, who had sought for him throughout the forest, happily arrived near the inn just as he began, and on whistling, hearing the sound, went in, and were much surprised to see him in that condition.

Behold, said the Emperor, on seeing them, a set of people here, who have dreamt just what they pleased concerning me; I too am disposed to dream in my turn; and having dosed a little, he said to his attendants, I have dreamt that those gentlemen, the dreamers, all four deserve the gallows; and it is my will that my dream be fulfilled directly. They accordingly hanged them all four opposite the inn.

USEFUL HINTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

NEGLIGENCE sometimes suffers a child to grow up left-handed. But why are we all to be only *right-handed*? The right-hand was made stronger and more convenient by habit, not by our Creator; the wisest of God's creatures suffer habit, when they have two arms, to confine them almost totally to the use of *one*. Let us copy the skilful fencing master, and teach our children the use of both arms indiscriminately. Cases may be put, in which the left arm, which now seems to be fixed to the body only for the sake of uniformity, may truly save the wearer's life.

Every man, in the moment of deep thought, is addicted to some particular action. Swift used to roll up a slip of paper with his finger and thumb. Many people have contracted habits of this sort, which are disgraceful; and some, even habits of indecency. Beware of bad *habits* as well as bad *company*.

Have you a daughter? Do not christen her from novels and romances. Louisa and Clementina may betray her into situations, of which Elizabeth and Mary never dream. Shenstone thanked God his name was liable to no pun. Never give your daughter a name which sentimental writers would prefer to weave into a novel, or "hitch into a rhyme."

When you accost a friend, stay to answer his question, and don't

be in the same hurry that he is: or you will both ask the same questions, and neither of you receive an answer.

Listen to the two gentlemen who have met at the corner of yonder street. One says, "How do you do? I am very glad to see you. How do you all do at home?" &c. &c. &c. The other says, "How do you do? I am very glad to see you. How do you all do at home?" &c. &c.

By the way, "How *do you do*?" however idiomatic it may be, is a very uncouth phrase.

When you come, or find yourself coming *full butt*, as it is called, against another person, you endeavour to get out of his way. Let an old man advise you not to do so. Stand still. He will endeavour to get out of *your* way, and, by your standing still, he will effect it.—If you both endeavour to get by at the same time, as there are but two sides, it is an even wager but that you run against each other.

I once broke my nose and spoiled a new coat, by encountering a hair-dresser thus in St. Paul's Church-yard. Another time I was almost killed by getting out of a smuggler's way on the Sussex road. Now, if I am on horseback, I ride straight forward; if I am on foot, I stand stock still; by which precautions I have not been knocked down these *thirty* years.

If you have occasion to travel frequently to one place, take all the cross cuts and endeavour to find out the nearest way—but when you make a journey for once and no more, keep the high road,—for though it may be the longest way, you will get the sooner to your destination.

NATIONAL CHARACTERS.

THE Turk is a lover of rest; seated upon a sofa with his pipe, he will continue in this exercise six or seven hours without intermission; or else, shut up in the seraglio among his mistresses, he will neglect affairs of the utmost importance, to indulge himself in that voluptuousness.

The Arab is fond of his horse, almost to a degree of infatuation: when the weather will permit, he is continually hunting; when at home, fretful; shunning the society of his family, and sooner chuses to be along with his hunter than his children.

A Frenchman's love is principally directed to himself. So far from being a lover of rest, he seldom chuses to stand still. He is fond of dress, and perpetually boasting of his amours.

A Spaniard is jealous of his honour: brave, faithful, patient in adversity, capable of enduring every fatigue, and romantic in his projects.

A German is ever studious in the secrets of nature, indefatigable in his pursuits after chymistry, and as indefatigable in drinking.

The Dutch are pack-horses in trade, who plod on in one track; strangers to the sweets of a scientific life, and disregarding the nice works of genius and art.

The Italians are revengeful by nature, and politicians by habit.

The Portuguese insincere and bigots.

Now, if I were to ask an impartial observer of us, which of these characters were most like our own; he would say, he had seen an Englishman act all but the last.

Are not my countrymen as fond of tobacco as the Turks? Will they not sit as many hours smoking as any Mahometan? and will they not be as much misled by common mistresses at a bagnio, as any turban-wearer in his seraglio?

Will they not, like Arabs, neglect their families for hunting matches? and do they not value their horses more than their wives?

Are they not, like Frenchmen, self-lovers, vain of dress; and great talkers of their success with women?

Like Spaniards, they are brave, faithful, patient, and have constitutions capable of enduring the most extreme fatigues; are romantic in their projects, and will rush into dangers for the sake of glory.

They are as curious as Germans in prying into the first workings of creation; and as to drinking, I believe they'll take the field against any nation.

Yet we are as great drudges in trade as Dutchmen, almost as revengeful as Italians, and as to our being politicians, mercy upon us! but what nation, except ours, could or would support such a number of newspapers, loaded with acrimonious altercations and political common place?

TANTARABOBUS.

A SATYRICAL HARANGUE,

DELIVERED LATELY BY A YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN THE CHARACTER OF A PEDLAR.

GENTLEMEN AND LADIES,

I AM an *itinerant* merchant, who make a trading voyage from town to town, and from street to street: and as for my *gimcracks* here, I sell them cheap enough: you shall have them for a laugh, but then I never give credit. Here is a purse to hold *honesty*; it is worn, with *simpli-city* and *plain-dealing*, a little out of fashion I must confess, but not the worse for wear. I need not tell you how much it is wanted by *stewards*, *overseers*, *custom-house officers*, and *voters* at an election.

What say ye to these *masks*; they are neither French nor Venetian, but true English ones; they are called *masks for knavery*, and worn by people of the best *fashion* of all professions. This *smiling smooth-*

fac'd one will conceal the rancour of a courtier's heart.* This, with the white of the eye turn'd up, the atheism of a priest; and that, with the supercilious brow, the ignorance of a quack.—What! no one buy! but no matter—I can dispose of them either at the Temple, Charing-cross, Whitehall, or St. James's.

This smelling bottle may, perhaps, have a better recommendation: it is filled with the quintessence of ignorance, some drops of stupidity, with a few grains of impudence, extracted from the speech of a coffee-house politician, the pericranium of a proctor in the Commons, and a billet-doux of an ensign of the guards. Lady Prattle uses this sort in all assemblies; and Lady Scandal was seen to pull it out more than once at church last Sunday, while she kept a correspondence with Mrs. Modely, a pew or two from her. It assists thought infinitely better than Rappee or Havanna, and produces a *je ne sçai quoi* in stile.

The next thing I offer is a pocket looking glass; in it a side-box lady may view her new complexion; and a beau be sbock'd at his own grin, notwithstanding the charms of a well-dressed head. Should an alderman peep in it, possibly he might startle at his branching frontlet; and takers of bribes may see in it the price of their conscience. It will shew a vicar what he presented the 'squire for his presentation; and to a dean it may exhibit the three years purchase that was stipulated with my lord: but an usurer will not be able to see his conscience in it; a quaker, his sincerity; or some fellows of colleges, their learning. Now I look upon it myself, I see my own folly, and that none of these toys are wanted by this company*; so your servant, Sirs.

A NEW TAX SUGGESTED.

Valeat res ludicra.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

AMONG the several ways and means recommended for assisting the Finances of our Country, no one at first sight appears so effectual, as that of laying a tax upon POLITICIANS. Did not the general poverty of these *Qui.xotes* render such a scheme abortive, an immense sum might be raised at 6d. a head; but a modern Politician generally carries his head as full, and his pockets as empty, as one of Swift's projectors.

In the present age of Bankruptcy and Patriotism, there is scarcely an alley in London, but can boast of its Committée of Politics, whose worthy Members are so intent upon the views and designs of foreign

* Few people see their own failings, or, if they do, like to acknowledge them; more the pity.

Princes, that they quite forget their starving families, their gaping creditors, and the harpy-clawed Bailiff, who waits without, to convey these redressers of public grievances to the spunging-house.

This increase of *public spirit* among the lower class of Mechanics has been attended with many inconveniencies, as well to their employers as themselves. Since my *Taylor* was made chairman of his *Club*, he has lost most of his customers, the complicated business of his high office not permitting him to work at his trade; and since his elevation to the chair, his attention has been so much turned upon ways and means for reducing the high price of provisions, that Mrs. *Cabbage* has actually been obliged to pawn his goose, to satisfy the craving appetites of her starving children.

My *Cobler* I have been forced to turn off, after having gone bare-foot above a week in regard to his numerous family; and on my remonstrating with him on his unaccountable neglect, Mr. *Last* replied very gravely, "That he really could not attend to every body's business at once." The fellow (I find) is secretary to a club.

But if the increasing numbers of *eloquent Porters*, *speculative Lamp-lighters*, and *learned Draymen*, convinced me of the rapid progress of political literature in town, how surprised was I, on my return into the country, to find several shrewd politicians threshing in a barn, and many an *able Statesman* following a dung-cart. In the village where I now reside, the reins of government are held by a weekly meeting of Ploughmen and Waggoners, assisted by the Parish Clerk and grave-digger, who are severally bound by oath to accept of neither *Post*, *Peerage*, nor *Pension*. At the period when the Habeas Corpus Suspension Bill threatened the Ministry with a formidable opposition, this Society was upon a respectable footing; but Mr. President being lately hanged for sheep-stealing, and three of the most eloquent Members sent to prison for debt, its number has greatly decreased; yet the flame of patriotism burns as bright as ever; and if not interrupted by their wives, or the parish Constable, they still continue their laudable custom of getting drunk once or twice a week for the good of their country.

Somerset, Dec. 1795.

IRONICUS.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE

EXTRAORDINARY.

SOME itinerant sons and daughters of Thespis, at a village a few miles from Epsom, performed the other night in a barn, to a very crowded and polite audience, the Beggar's Opera, to which they added, for an entertainment, the Miller of Mansfield; the Miller's supper consisted of boiled fowls, bacon, and greens, puddings, tarts, &c. at which the Actors sat at least three quarters of an hour, and ate, till all their appetites were satisfied, with the greatest composure and calmness, to the great satisfaction of the spectators, who seemed as well pleased as if they had been at Drury Lane or Covent Garden.

ANECDOTE OF MONTECUCULI,

THE ITALIAN GENERAL, AND COMPETITOR TO THE GREAT TURENNE.

THIS General, when he commanded the Imperial army, had on a march given orders, on pain of death, that no one should walk over the corn. A soldier returning from a village, ignorant of the orders, came through a path in a corn field. Montecuculi, who perceived him, commanded the Prevot to hang him. In the meanwhile the soldier advanced towards the General, and pleaded his ignorance; to which Montecuculi replied, "The Prevot shall do his duty." As all this occurred almost in an instant, the soldier was not yet disarmed, when, full of rage and revenge, he said, "I was not guilty before, but now I am," and at the same time fired his piece at the General. It missed, and Montecuculi pardoned him.

CHARACTERISTICS OF POLITENESS

IN DIFFERENT NATIONS.

IN the kingdom of Juida, when the inhabitants meet, they throw themselves down from the hammocks in which they are, place themselves on their knees over against each other, kiss the ground, clap their hands, make their compliments, and rise.

The inhabitants of the Manillas say, that politeness requires that they should bow their bodies very low, put each of their hands on their cheeks, and raise up one foot from the ground, keeping the knees bent.

The savage of New Orleans maintains, that we fail in politeness towards our Kings. "When I present myself (said he) to the Great Chief, I salute him with a howl, then I run to the bottom of the cabin without casting a single glance to the right side, where the Chief is seated. There I renew my salutation, raising my hands upon my head, and howling three times. The Chief invites me to sit, by a loud sigh, upon which I thank him with another howl. At every question the Chief asks me, I howl once before I answer him, and I take leave of him by drawling out a howl till I am out of his presence."

The inhabitants of the Marian islands pretend, that politeness consists in taking hold of the foot of him to whom they would do honour, in gently stroking the face, and in never spitting before a superior.

The Chiriguanes maintain, that it is proper they should have breeches, but that the politest manner of wearing them is under the arm, as we do our hats.

At Pegu, the most polite and decent behaviour for the King, is to advance into the audience chamber with a fan in his hand, preceded by four of the most beautiful young men of the Court, who are his interpreters, and the heralds who declare his will.

At Monomotapa, politeness consists in sneezing: who can doubt but there are some courtiers, who value themselves in sneezing in a more noble manner than other men? They treat as bad company, or as barbarians, every individual, and all other nations, whose sneezing appears to them less harmonious than their own.

COPY OF A LETTER FROM

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON

TO PRINCE HENRY, SON TO KING JAMES I.

CONCERNINGE HIS DOGGE.

MAY it please your Highnesse to accepte in as goode sorte what I now offer, as it hath done aforetyme; and I may saie, *I pede fausto*; but havinge goode reason to thinke your Highnesse had good will and likinge to reade what others have tolde of my rare Dogge, I will even give a brief historie of his good deedes and straunge feats; and herein will I not plaie the curr myselve, but in goode soothe relate what is no more nor lesse than bare verity. Although I mean not to disparage the deedes of Alexander's horse, I will match my Dogge against him for good carriage, for if he did not bear a great *Prince* on his back, I am bolde to saie he did often bear the sweet wordes of a greater *Princesse* on his necke. I did once relate to your Highnesse after what sorte his tacklinge was wherewithe he did sojourn from my house at the Bathe to Greenwich Palace, and deliver up to the Cowrte there such matters as were entrusted to his care. This he hathe often done, and came safe to the Bathe, or my howse here at Kelstone, with goodlie returnes from such Nobilitie as were pleasede to emploie him; nor was it ever tolde our Ladie Queene, that this messenger did ever blab aught concerninge his highe truste, as others have done in more special matters. Neither must it be forgotten as how he once was sente withe two charges of sack wine from the Bathe to my howse, by my man Combe; and on his way the cordage did slackene, but my trustie bearer did now bear himselfe so wisely as to covertly hide one flasket in the rushes, and take the other in his teethe to the howse, after whiche he wente forth, and returnede withe the other parte of his burden to dinner; hereat yr Highnesse may perchance marvele and doubt, but we have livinge testimonie of those who wroughte in the fieldes and espiede his worke, and now live to tell they did muche longe to plaie

the Dogge and give stowage to the wine themselves; but they did refrain and watchede the passinge of this whole businesse. I need not saie howe muche I did once grieve at missinge this Dogge, for on my journiee towards Londone, some idle pastimers did divert themselves with the huntinge mallards in a ponde, and conveyd him to the Spanish Ambassadors, where in a happie houre after six weekes I did heare of him; but suche was the cowrte he did pay to the Don, that he was no lesse in good likinge there then at home. Nor did the household listen to my claim, or challenge, till I rested ny suite on the Dogges own proofs, and made him perform such feats before the nobles assembled, as put it past doubt that I was his master. I did send him to the hall in the time of dinner, and made him bringe thence a pheasant out of the dish, which created much mirthe, but much more when he returnede at my commaundment to the table again, and put it again in the same cover. Herewith the companie was well content to allowe me my claim, and we bothe were well content to accept it, and came homewarδες. I could dwell more on this matter, but *jubes renovare dolorem*; I will now saie in what manner he died: as we traveld towards the Bathe, he leapede on my horses neck, and was more earneste in fawninge and courtinge my notice than what I had observed for time backe, and after my chidinge his disturbing my passinge forwardes, he gave me some glances of such affection as movede me to cajole him; but alas, he crept suddenly into a thorny brake, and died in a short time. Thus I have strove to rehearse such of his deeds as maie suggest much more to yr Highnesse thought of this Dogge. But havinge saide so much of him in prose I will say somewhat too in verse, as you may find hereafter at the close of this historie. Now let Ulysses praise his Dogge Argus, or Tobite be led by that Dogge whose name doth not appeare, yet could I say such things of my *Bungey*, for so was he styled, as might shame them both, either for good faith, clear wit, or wonderful deeds; to say no more than I have said of his bearing letters to London and Greenwich more than an hundred miles. As I doubt not but your Highnesse would love my Dogge if not my selfe, I have been thus tedious in his storie, and againe saie that of all the Dogges near your father's Courte not one hath more love, more diligence to please, or lesse pay for pleasinge, than him I write of; for verily a bone would contente my servante, when some expecte greater matters, or will knavishly find oute a bone of contention.

I now reste youre Highnesse friend in all service that maye suite him,

JOHN HARRINGTON.

P. S. The verses above spoken of are in my book of epigrams in praise of my Dogge Bungey to Momus. And I have an excellent picture curiously limned to remain in my posterity.

Kelston, June 14, 1608.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS AND REFLECTIONS

MADE IN

A TOUR THROUGH LONDON,

IN DECEMBER 1784.

BY W. HUTTON, OF BIRMINGHAM,

F. S. A. SCO.

THE Remarks of this Gentleman in "A Tour through Westminster Abbey," inserted in our last two Numbers, having been spoken of with Approbation by many of our Readers, it is our Intention occasionally to furnish them with further Amusement from the same Source.

LONDON.

ALAS! how shall I see London in a black December? The sun, and the people of distinction, have left it. It is counted forlorn by its own inhabitants. The weather is dark, cold, and wet; and a hackney coach is but ill calculated for a man to view London. The Court is at Windsor. The two Houses of Parliament are not open. Vauxhall, Ranelagh, Astley's, Sadler's Wells, Hughes's, and the Courts at Westminster, are shut, as is every place of resort, but the theatres; nay, even Kensington and the Park are locked up by the weather. I shall see but a small part of London, and that by candle-light.

If a work be forced upon us, it immediately becomes a burden; but if we take it from choice, it is no longer a task, but an amusement. Perhaps there is not a man in London, who would choose to walk the dirty ground twice over, in a winter's night, between St. James's and Mile-End turnpike. This journey of unaccountable pleasure cost me four hours and a half.

LAMPS.

The lamps are well disposed. Not a corner of this prodigious city is unlighted. They have every where a surprising effect; and in the straighter streets, particularly at the west end of the town, and where those streets cross each other at right angles, the sight is most beautiful. But this innumerable multitude of lamps affords only a small quantity of light, compared to the shops. By these the whole city enjoys a nocturnal illumination; the prospects are preserved, and mischief prevented. I have counted twenty-two candles in one little shop.

By the vast profusion of oil, wax, and tallow, the stranger will naturally suppose they cost nothing, or that money flows in with the same ease as the tide, and that a fortune is burnt up every night.

HOUSES.

The houses are, on the average, about one story higher than I have ever seen. These elevated buildings tend to darken the streets, particularly in the winter, and where those streets are narrow. The smoke and effluvia of this vast city add to the darkness; consequently the days are shorter than with us*, though we are almost two degrees nearer the pole. In some of the confined streets, day-light, in this season, is nearly excluded.

There seems nothing in London so much wanted as room; no, not money, nor even health; for there is money to buy, but no space to be bought. And if one in forty wants health, thirty-nine want room. They have power to penetrate down toward the centre of the earth, and up toward the heavens; a power well preserved; but no room can be gained on the sides.

STREETS.

If we attend to the sentiments of a few citizens, who, by mere industry, have each acquired £100,000. and who look down on every person who has not, we shall learn, that the inhabitants are little better than paupers; that very few can pay their way with credit; that the commercial interest would fall, if not supported by the Bank; and that there will not be room in the Gazette for any thing but bankrupts and their dividends.

But these sober citizens forget to remark, that *one* man cannot acquire such a fortune, without inspiring an emulation in *two* to follow him; that trade and the Bank, like a prudent husband and wife, support each other, or matters would run into confusion; that the prodigious sums spent in luxury prove, that those sums were first acquired, either by the spender, or somebody else; and that in any public undertaking money seems out of the question.

The stranger will be astonished at the improvements which have been introduced during the last thirty-five years, and how money could be procured to complete them. He will find, during that small space, three grand bridges erected, each of which is an honour to the place, and would cost an immense sum. That besides many superb edifices, of a public and a private nature, every street and passage in the whole city and its environs has been paved in one regular and convenient stile; an expence equal in value to the whole dominions of some sovereign princes. Public structures of grandeur never indicate poverty.

As the connexions of the people of Birmingham frequently draw them to London, where they must observe the conveniency arising from open streets, the centres of which are regularly paved, and the sides, from one foot to sixteen, according to the width of the street, laid with flat stones, for the benefit of the passenger, it is surprising they do not, at humble distance, wish to imitate the metropolis; There can be no disgrace in following those who lead us right.

* It will be remembered, that the writer was resident in Birmingham.

Every thing, however, is not to be imitated, even in London. There are defects, which loudly call for redress, such as obstructive buildings in some of the principal streets, particularly in High Holborn, Fleet-street, the Strand, &c. If a man wishes to see darkness by day-light, to hear a few new coined oaths, or see the height of confusion, let him go into Thames-street: if he wishes to avoid a broken limb, or being splashed from head to foot, let him keep out of Thames-street.

The city abounds with beggars, which shews a defect in the police. It is hardly possible to travel the streets of London, and keep money in one's pocket; not because it is picked out, but drawn by our own consent. Distress and compassion are inseparable companions. This kind of mistaken charity, however necessary, defeats its own intent, by encouraging the beggar in his practice. There appears but one way to obviate this evil, which is not by punishment; for if we punish the beggar, it drives him to greater crimes. Every parish or district ought to be provided with some kind of employment, which might be learnt in an hour, where every one who is able should labour: for when a man finds he must work for the public, he will quickly learn to work for himself. It is possible to teach people to do right, even by gentle means. Those who are not able to labour ought to be maintained by the community. This was the intention of the workhouse, which is still preserved in every part but the chief, which is the laborious.

WATER.

There are benefits too great to be rewarded; nay, some have been rewarded with injury. Thus Henry VII. cut off Stanley's head, who had set the crown upon his own.

The greatest benefit ever conferred upon London was, of all others, the soonest forgotten; that of Sir Hugh Middleton, who brought the New River to supply the city with water, at the expence of many years labour, many law-suits, much peace of mind, an immense fortune, and the ruin of his family.

Although thousands have arisen to affluence by the means which brought him to poverty, yet his successors are not of that number. Exclusive of multitudes who procure a daily relief from this valuable river, it is thought, by promoting cleanliness, to prevent the plague, as no interval has been so long as the present, which is 120 years.

If the descendants of this steady and enterprizing genius are not in affluence, it is not too late to display a grateful return.

CHURCHES.

The taste of a nation is ascertained by the stile of their public buildings; they rise and subside together. Elegance in architecture originates from the people, although Inigo Jones, or Sir Christopher Wren, may stand at their head. A genius can only express what others wish to be expressed.

Good sense, and good taste, are in some degree the portion of every

person; he may improve them by cultivation, like the flowers in his garden; or, if neglected, like them, they run wild: but in either case there will be a difference, according to the difference of the soil.

The churches in London are beautiful. They are an honour to the taste of the people, and will be remarked with pleasure by the stranger.

They may be said to be *closely attended*: for wherever we find one, we find it pent up by the houses, as if with design to squeeze it into a narrower compass. In some parts of London, particularly at the west end of the town, they are thinly scattered; but, perhaps, they are as numerous as necessary. *Within*, they are not quite so much attended as in Birmingham. A Bishop, with us, would draw an innumerable multitude after him; but in London I attended divine service, at St. Mary Aldermary, where the Bishop of B—— preached, almost to an empty church. However, it should be remembered, he preached a charity sermon.

During prayers at Westminster Abbey, which were performed by the Sub-Dean and Chapter, the whole congregation, during a considerable part of the service, consisted solely of myself. This brought to mind the celebrated story of Dr. Swift, and his dearly beloved Roger.

I considered, that I composed the whole congregation of the first church in Great Britain; that I had an exclusive right to the benedictions solicited by this reverend body; that under this lofty roof were assembled two congregations, a dead and a living; that the congregation of the dead was, perhaps, the grandest in Europe; that of the living was *next to it*. But I did not wish both to sleep; one half, as in other places of worship, was enough. I entertained a sincere value for each. Before the conclusion of the service, the congregation, for which I had the greatest regard, was recruited by an old woman and two cripples, which convinced me, that the people who attended public worship were those only who were unfit for every thing else.

When I visited St. James's, being drest in black, a gentleman accosted me, "Sir, do you perform the duty of the chapel this morning." "No, Sir, it is not my turn. Why, you have no congregation!"

"No, Sir, the weather is so bad, I think nobody will attend."

I was much inclined, however, though a dissenter, to have assumed the surplice, and attempted the service; for if I had committed a blunder in the rubric, there were none to detect me.

THAMES.

To a stranger, who resides in an upland country, like that of Birmingham, where the largest rivers might almost be skipped over by an active man, a prospect of the Thames from London Bridge, especially to an Englishman, is peculiarly pleasing. Whether it would please a Frenchman, is another question.

If a citizen passes over this bridge, perhaps he thinks of nothing

but the Borough; but if a stranger goes upon it, he hardly knows how to go off.

His thoughts will flow faster than the river, in contemplating that the present riches of the kingdom sailed up this channel; that the manufactures produced by thousands press it; that if water quenches fire, according to the old adage, it must be in other places; for here, the river, supplying the city with fuel, may be said to kindle it; that this key opens a passage to every country in Europe, and, on the contrary, opens London to them; that every language and every luxury are wafted up. Down this passage James the Second, the last of the Stuart race, fled from a crown; and George the First, to enjoy one, through the same passage led up the line of Brunswick.

Among the prodigious number of vessels which compose this grand prospect, seems one in which is a young sailor, who casts many a wishful look on a woman with a child, standing on the shore. The ship takes in her cable, and glides gently with the tide. A vast ocean is going to separate, perhaps for ever, a fond husband from a wife, who appears lovely in distress, and a tender infant. He still moves on; her heart moves with him, and her tears follow. The winding river terminates their sight, but not their grief.

Another seemed a new vessel just arrived, having three masts; and as I had never been on board a ship, nor seen one of that magnitude, I descended from the bridge with a design to board her. A plank facilitated my passage; but, to my disappointment, the people were all Spaniards from Bilboa; not one of them understood a word of mine, nor I of theirs: however, they treated me with great civility, and we parted better friends than the English and Spaniards often do.

ST. JAMES'S.

We pride ourselves on visiting the abode of Kings. This place has more the appearance of a prison than a palace. It is ancient, low, extensive, dark, and abounds with irregular chimnies. My chief view was to see the head of a family which has long had my best wishes. The pleasure grounds, which form the Park, are extremely delightful, and well furnished with live stock.

In the first room I entered were placed in order a great number of arms. "I seem," says I, "to be arrived upon peaceable ground, for these arms appear out of use, by the dust upon them." "They are cleaned, Sir, once in two years." "Then I suppose the two years are nearly expired?"—A smile was the answer.

I passed through two or three other apartments, when a gentleman approached me—"Sir, it is not customary for any person to appear in the King's Court with his hat on." "I beg pardon, Sir; I was so attentive to the objects before me, I forgot I had one."

In the grand council room I was indulged, like other children, with the chair of state. The chandeliers and girandoles were of silver; rather heavy, and not very elegant; and though the furniture was rich, not too rich for a sovereign prince.

THE BANK.

If King William had performed but one action in his whole life, that action was sufficient to immortalize his name, instituting the Bank. The company, sensible of the unparalleled merit of this act, erected a statue to his honour in one of the courts. No domestic regulation, no treaty with foreign States, has been so beneficial to trade as the Bank.

The building is odd, low, and regular, but well adapted to the design. It is an edifice which appears better to the eye delineated upon paper, than upon the ground where it stands.

This vivifying body, replete with shining particles, like that in the heavens, nourishes the commercial world. Rays of bright influence, collected into this point, are diffused through every latitude. Private banks, dispersed through the British vortex, like the lesser orbs, shine with borrowed light from this grand luminary.

Public credit, when shaken by political violence, as in 1745, has been restored by the Bank to its basis.

Ignorant of etiquette, I entered this depository of riches, as I had done those at St. James's, much inclined to proceed from one apartment to another, except some person should interrupt me; in which case I should have made the best apology I was able. An apology will generally pass, where no injury is intended.

Every man would be deemed honest. By the precautions at the Bank, one should be inclined to think every man a rogue. Perhaps there is not an institution conducted with more wisdom.

The time is not very remote, when the commerce and the cash of the kingdom were equal, except what little was transacted by barter. These two pillars of the state must ever answer each other, or some remedy must be found to cure the evil. Four hundred years has made an amazing alteration in both. The cash in currency has increased to twenty times its quantity; and commerce to that number multiplied by itself. A want of cash was the consequence; but that want is supplied by bills of exchange. Artificial cash makes up the real. As we cannot erect our commercial fabric upon bullion, we make up the defect with paper. The most substantial is that of the Bank.

Their paper alone is taken without objection. Their credit is sterling.

The money-changers who resort to this temple are of two kinds, those who want, and those who abound.

The influence of the Bank is not limited to trade. One of their notes, which is *value without weight*, in the hands of a lover, would soften the obdurate heart of his mistress; would roll the gilt chariot, and furnish six footmen in livery; preserve a grove from the axe, whose master was duped by the sharper; purchase what one lady wishes to keep, and keep another from the town; make one man forget his friends, and another himself. It will purchase a good benefice, and spoil a good preacher; remove our present wants, and open a way to greater. It will not, however, as Solomon says of

money, *buy all things*; it cannot furnish wisdom to line the inside of a head, nor change one grey hair without.

This desirable paper, which sometimes lies snug in the corner of a snuff-box, has fallen into the hands of those who have despised it; such as the willing lady, who, having conferred all the favours she had to confer upon a prince of the blood, received, in return, a bank note; but as the black letters upon its face composed only the word *twenty*, she instantly dissolved it in a glass of wine, and drank it in his presence: an injury to herself was a favour to the Bank. A private sailor, belonging to a ship which was paid off in 1782, having received his arrears, threw two ten pound Bank notes into the sea, near Bristol, in each of which he had wrapped a guinea, to make it sink. As the lady would not have performed her curious exploit in public, we may pronounce it sprang from revenge. As the sailor would not have performed his in private, it sprang from ostentation.

One of my friends had this authentic history of the sailor's folly from the Captain himself; who, while they were in conversation together, saw the very man in the street at Bristol.

"John," says the Captain, "do you remember making shipwreck of the Bank notes, and feeding the sea with guineas?" "Yes, Sir,"—half ashamed. "Did you ever repent it?" "I have since wanted the money."—Perhaps without pity.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE STAGE.

BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

CONTINUED FROM P. 96.

NOW should deep awe the modest strains indite,
 For great LEE-LEWES meets the marv'ling sight.
 Lo! here's the man who boasts the wond'rous skill
 To mend the poet's brightest thoughts at will;
 Whose fertile mind, whate'er dull critics say,
 At once can elevate the noblest lay.
 Shakspeare, indeed, instructed once the clown
 Not to say more than what the bard set down;
 But Shakspeare was not able to presage
 The genius form'd to grace this happy age,
 And in a moment raise his matchless page.
 Yet say, what grounds support this bold pretence
 At will to wanton with the poet's sense?
 What talents has the great Lee-Lewes shown?
 Holds he just title to the critic throne?

Is he the noblest poet of the age?
 Or brightest planet that illumes the stage?—
 No more, dull Spleen, these surly questions ask,
 For know he shines, in *jumping through a cask!*
 Oh! mighty man! confine this active flame,
 That thus impels thee in pursuit of fame:
 Remain, with pantomimic fancies stor'd,
 The motley hero of the wooden sword.
 Or, if ambition prompts thee to aspire
 At characters that speech and sense require,
 No more presume, with sacrilegious rage,
 To mar the poet's consecrated page;
 Deign to the simple meaning to submit,
 And let dull duty check thy eager wit.

Once more, Digression, rambling fool, adieu,
 The actor's merit let us briefly view:
 Lee-Lewes here is in his proper light,
 And, with true humour, pleasure can excite.
 In comic pow'rs, though nature has been kind,
 Yet to few scenes his talents are confin'd:
 Too flippant for the sphere of well-bred ease,
 And yet too coarse in airy fops to please,
 Warm, but too rough, he chiefly seems design'd
 For sprightly parts, nor rugged nor refin'd;
 Where taste and fashion fire the buckish Cit,
 Who fondly deems his noise and nonsense wit;
 Or where the easy valet, pert and vain,
 Salutes his master in familiar strain,
 Dares at each modish folly to pretend,
 And, being pandar, is receiv'd as friend.

With crest erect, and with impetuous force,
 See vent'rous HOLMAN urge his fiery course;
 Like the bold steed, just starting from the rein,
 That rears, that bounds, that flies along the plain:
 Amply endow'd with figure, voice and face,
 And fashion'd well for the heroic race.

Next POPE advances, with a milder mien,
 A graver step, and passions more serene:
 Their mutual pow'rs, like mingling light and shade,
 With spirit, force, and truth, the drama aid.
 This sweetly plains *Castalio's* tender woe,
 That nobly vents *Chamont's* indignant glow;
 One well supports *Horatio's* moral strain,
 The other proud *Lotbario's* taunting vein;
 Or, higher to enroll each diff'rent plea,
 Holman an *Anthony*, a *Brutus* he.

The junior BANNISTER, a lively wight,
 To public favour boasts a solid right.
 O'er Edwin's track, by kindred genius led,
 Yet in his steps he nobly scorns to tread ;
 Acts from himself, in native humour bold,
 And, if at times too free, in nothing cold.

Whate'er eccentric humour may require,
 When coxcomb follies pass for wit and fire ;
 Where rustic vassals, strongly urg'd by fear,
 Would yet heroical and gay appear ;
 Or where the Cit, half blockhead and half beau,
 In higher circles would his whimsies show—
 There pealing laughter testifies his worth,
 And spleen herself must own the kindling mirth.

To worthier scenes too, will his talents bend—
 The sportive lover and the active friend ;
 Yet when Thalia on the infant smil'd,
 She mark'd him for the ludicrous and wild.

Close follows SUETT, whimsical and quaint,
 A waggish coward, or a canting saint ;
 An aged miser, or a sportive clown,
 In all, a pleasant fav'rite of the town.

JOHNSTONE to praise maintains a fair pretence,
 Who strengthens music with the charm of sense.
 'Tis his to vindicate his native race
 With easy humour or with manly grace,
 And, man or master, his *Hibernians* show
 They melt with kindness, as with honour glow.

'Tis MUNDEN's praise to heed his author's aim,
 And ev'ry fond ambitious impulse tame ;
 Hence we behold him wear, with careful art,
 Not more the dress than manners of the part.
 His clowns, his coxcombs, and his peevish age,
 He takes from life, as well as from the page,
 And hence a faithful portrait holds to view—
 If dry the col'ring, yet the outline true.

See KELLY next, and beauteous CROUCH appear,
 With mutual aim to grace the vocal sphere,
 And hence their pow'rs in happy union move,
 To aid the scenes of harmony and love.

Fain would the muse, ere yet she ends the lay,
 To other worth the debt of justice pay,
 But fears her idle comments to prolong,
 Lest the tir'd reader loathe the lengtnen'd song.

Else BARRYMORE might claim the tribute due,
 Who acts with spirit—Kemble in his view;
 And WHITFIELD, doom'd to linger in the shade,
 While meaner talents glare in vain parade;
 FARREN, who climbs not to the heights of fame,
 But treads on solid ground with steady aim;
 Or modest HARLEY, who, himself a bard,
 Still eyes his author with a deep regard:
 And MIDDLETON, with youthful spirit warm,
 Whose daring hope the rival muses charm;
 FAWCETT, who EDWIN's loss would fain atone,
 And who, though coarse, has humour of his own;
 MOUNTAIN the placid, and DE CAMP the gay,
 Alike with taste to sing, and sense to play;
 LEAKE, high already 'mid the tuneful band,
 The gentle GOODALL, and the sprightly BLAND;
 The buxom MARTYR, milder CHAPMAN's claim,
 And more, with talents not unknown to fame.
 On these we haply may renew the plan,
 And their respective merits fairly scan;
 But lo! the SCENIC SUN displays its beam,
 And hence we hasten to a prouder theme.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ADVICE TO AN ATTORNEY'S CLERK.

YOU are to consider yourself as one of the limbs of that noble profession, the head of which takes precedence of all the lay Peers in England, and whose members have swelled the Right Honourables of the Court Calendar more than the navy, army, and the church put together. You ought therefore to imagine yourself a man of some consequence, especially during term time, and are entitled to act accordingly.

For this purpose you must affect to be very familiar with the names of the leading counsel, and should quote your friends Erskine, Bearcroft, and Scott, upon all occasions. As you have then but a step between you and the bench, after the second pint, I see no good reason (as I am sure that you are equally well acquainted with them) why you may not make free with your old friends Kenyon and Loughborough. A smutty story told you on the circuit by Willes, or a little anecdote about Lord Thurlow, if accompanied with a few oaths, a dark complexion, and a protusion of the eye-brows, will give you some consequence at a Sunday ordinary.

If your master—I beg your pardon, your employer—is of a lazy disposition, you also may indulge yourself of a morning: no gentle-

man should be in office before ten o'clock, more especially if the fumes of his last overtaker of Burton ale have not evaporated, or if he has fatigued himself during the preceding evening by his legal exertions, in mimicking any of the twelve judges.

In the moments of relaxation, more especially during the long vacation, you will find a constant source of amusement in making love to the daughter of the attorney with whom you live. As a symbol of your constancy, you may write the first letter on parchment in a strong engrossing hand. If she has been much used to her father's clerks, you may indulge in the Saxon character, or black letter, as you need not then be in any fear of a discovery from the mother or servants—or perhaps, good man! even from the father himself.

An intrigue of this kind will answer two purposes; for, first, it will divert your mind after the fatigues of business; and, secondly, it will moisten your lips after the dry study of the law, as you will be always certain of a cup of tea, when mama happens to be engaged at Mrs. Latitat's rout, and papa is drinking his crank at Nando's with an officer of—the four counties.

If you have been but a short time in the business, perhaps your own heart, or, more likely, a friend from the country, may reproach you with baseness and ingratitude; in such a case, be sure to affirm with boldness—for without boldness, and even brass, what figure can you make in the profession?—that attornies' clerks have a right to court attornies' daughters, by immemorial custom; and then jocularly add, that you have not only precedent, but even law, on your side; for Jacob and Lord Coke both assert, "that custom is the soul of the common law."

There is one lucrative part of your business, which I would specially recommend to you. If you come from Norfolk, or indeed any of the game counties, you must undoubtedly know what a setter is. Be sure, when you have got a writ to execute for a generous plaintiff, to make yourself acquainted with the person of the defendant, the coffee-house he frequents, the residence of his mistress, &c. so that by means of this intelligence you will be able to point with such staunchness to an ignorant or shame-faced bailiff, if ever in the course of a long practice you should meet with such a phenomenon, that he may be enabled to spring the forlorn partridge at a moment's notice, and bag him till the next insolvent act.

If, during the sittings at Westminter, you should happen, either by the absence or indisposition of your principal, to be intrusted, like Judas, with the bag (indeed some of the commentators have affirmed that his, like the lawyers', was of the blue damask), in such a case, you will have no merit, unless you exactly resemble your great prototype. I would therefore advise you to look over the paper of causes, and about the middle of the one immediately preceding yours, to hop off with some other fellow-labourer in the vineyard, to the Exchequer coffee-house, and there, over a beef-steak and a bowl of punch, wish better success to your client next term—at his own expence. You can never be in want of a good excuse for your conduct; the counsel

were not prepared—the witnesses were not in the way—and, if you are hard pushed, you may swear that the judge was in an ill humour, and that you chose rather to be nonsuited, than lose your cause irretrievably.

If the client is rich, you may tip your employer the wink, and he will back you with a thousand cases in point, as he cannot in conscience be angry with the nursing a fat cause for six months longer, which, had not your prudence interfered, the Lord Chief Justice might have weaned immediately.

After having acquired the learning—which some silly people define to be the quirks and quibbles of your trade—you will undoubtedly have some thoughts of setting up for yourself; as it will therefore be necessary to frequent good company on the score of practice, I would advise you to dine at the Go, drink ale and smoke at the Blue Roarer, sup at the Glue, and take your morning coffee at the Finish.

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

ORIGIN OF THE MAY-POLE.

AN attempt has been made in this age of discovery, to prove the *May-pole* of Saxon invention, and that it originated in the days of rustic freedom; on which account it has been called the English *Tree of Liberty*. It has also been asked, with peculiar emphasis, *Are there many such?* I answer, as boldly, *Yes*—and will add, by way of illustration, that every *sign-post* may be called a *Tree of Liberty*, as it indicates that *freedom and ease* are to be enjoyed in the house to which it invites. There is likewise to be found in it full freedom of debate; nor does oppression prevent a manly and decent observation on public affairs from being made therein. I shall again add, that every reverend oak on the village plain, or solemn yew in the country churchyard, is a *Tree of Liberty*—under which the happy peasants of this land can talk on matters of church and state as they please.

The origin of the *May-pole* is much earlier than has been described by the sagacious observer to whom I allude.

I can have no doubt but that the Spring was very early a season of rejoicing among all the inhabitants of the earth. Certain it is, that as early as the time of Solomon it was considered as the peculiar season of joy and love. In the Canticles, chap. ii. ver. 10, the spouse represents her lover as saying, “My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and

the vines with the tender grape give a good swell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."

Nothing can, in fact, be clearer, than that, at such a season, the decorating the village-green with a pole and garlands of flowers, is merely the result of youthful mirth and attachment.

Under all governments, and almost in every clime, some such expression of joy will take place at this season. But what has all this to do with politics?—In addition to these remarks I shall subjoin the following account of this ceremony from a writer whose celebrity has not kept pace with his merit and industry.

"On the calends, or the first day of May, commonly called May-day, the juvenile part of both sexes are wont to rise a little after midnight, and walk to some neighbouring wood, accompanied with music and the blowing of horns; where they break down branches from the trees, and adorn them with nosegays and crowns of flowers. When this is done, they return with their booty homewards, about the rising of the sun, and make their doors and windows to triumph in the flowery spoil. The after part of the day is chiefly spent in dancing round a tall pole, which is called a May-pole; which being placed in a convenient part of the village, stands there, as it were consecrated to the Goddess of Flowers, without the least violation offered it in the whole circle of the year. And this is not the custom of the British common people only, but it is the custom of the generality of other nations, particularly of the Italians, where, Polydore Virgil tells us, the youth of both sexes were accustomed to go into the fields, on the calends of May, and bring thence the branches of trees, singing all the way as they came, and so place them on the doors of their houses*."

London, March 16, 1796.

CASTIGATOR.

BRIEF MEMOIRS OF
THE HONOURABLE JOHN FORBES,

ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET, AND GENERAL OF MARINES.

THIS celebrated Officer, who died at his house in Saville-row, on Thursday, March 10, aged 82, was remarkable, above all other men, for his extensive and universal knowledge of naval affairs, having studied them, in all their branches, with a perseverance, and observed upon them with an acuteness and judgment, altogether unparalleled. His mind was capable of embracing the greatest and most complicated objects; and having bent it towards the study of that

* Est autem consuetudinis, ut juvenus promiscui sexus Lætæbunda cal. Maii exeat in agros, et cantitans inde virides reportet arborum ramos eosque ante domorum fores ponat præsertim apud Italos, &c. POLY. VIRG. 302.

profession, of which he was allowed by the universal voice of his contemporaries to be a principal ornament, he attained such a summit of nautical skill as rendered him the oracle of all those who were most eminent; whether in the direction of the fleets of this nation, or in the equally arduous task of superintending the civil departments of the different branches of the Marine.

In the earlier part of his life he was peculiarly noticed as an able, enterprising, and intrepid officer. He served with much reputation under Sir John Norris; and was no less distinguished as Captain of the Norfolk, of 80 guns, in the action of Mathews and Lestock with the combined fleets of France and Spain, when his gallantry contributed in a high degree to save his brave friend Admiral Mathews, whose second he was in that engagement. So bright was his honour, and so clear his reputation in those turbulent days, that, though his evidence on the trial of the Admirals went wholly against Admiral Lestock, yet that Officer was often heard to declare, "that Mr. Forbes's testimony was given like an Officer and a Gentleman."

In Lord Chatham's glorious war Admiral Forbes was selected as the ablest assistant the First Lord could have in the management of the Admiralty, and conducted himself in a manner highly creditable to his abilities, and eminently serviceable to his country.

When the warrant for executing the unfortunate Admiral Byng was offered for signature at the Admiralty Board, Admiral Forbes refused to sign it, at the same time humbly laying at his late Majesty's feet his objections. A copy of the paper given by the Admiral to his Majesty on that occasion may be seen in Smollet's History of England: it is well worthy the attention of all men of honour, as it contains, perhaps, the best specimen of an upright and independent mind, and honest and benevolent heart, that is to be found in any language.

To detail the meritorious deeds of the venerable character before us, would lead to a discussion too extensive; but the writer of this tribute to departed greatness cannot conclude it without inserting an anecdote, well known in the naval and political circles, and which, it is believed, even Majesty itself will recollect with such feelings as are excited in benevolent minds by acts of genuine spirit and disinterestedness.

During a late Administration it was thought expedient to offer a noble Lord, very high in the naval profession, and very deservedly a favourite of his Sovereign and his country, the office of General of the Marines, held by Admiral Forbes, and spontaneously conferred upon him by his Majesty as a reward for his many and long services. A message was sent by the Ministers, to say it would forward the King's service if he would resign; and that he should be no loser by his accommodating the Government, as they proposed recommending it to the King to give him a pension in Ireland of 3000*l.* per annum, and a peerage, to descend to his daughter. To this Admiral Forbes sent an immediate answer: he told the Ministers, the Generalship of the Marines was a military employment, given him by his Majesty as

a reward for his services; that he thanked God he had never been a burthen to his country, which he had served during a long life to the best of his ability; and that he would not condescend to accept of a pension, or bargain for a peerage. He concluded by laying his Generalship of the Marines, together with his rank in the navy, at the King's feet, entreating him to take both away if they could forward his service; and at the same time assuring his Majesty, he would never prove himself unworthy of the former honours he had received, by ending the remnant of a long life as a pensioner, or accepting of a peerage obtained by political arrangement.—His gracious Master applauded his manly spirit, ever after continued him in his high military honours, and, to the day of his death, condescended to shew him strong marks of his regard.

Such are the outlines of the public character of Admiral Forbes. Infirmary deprived him of exerting his great talents in his latter days publicly for the service of his country; but all who had the happiness of his acquaintance will agree, that in private life he continued to his last breath an example of the brightest virtues which can adorn the human character.

A CHARACTER.

CHARLES EASY prefers politeness to principle, and, in order to be all things to all men, is in himself little better than a non-entity. According to the company he keeps is Charles's party in religion or politics. With a dignified ecclesiastic he is a strong advocate for the hierarchy, but freely owns in a *tete-a-tete* with a Quaker, that Priests are a very unnecessary set of people. He is every man's friend, and every woman's lover; yet, as a numerous acquaintance would only load his memory, he never thinks of the absent. Charles wears his clothes precisely in the fashion, however disagreeable they may be to his taste, or however unbecoming they may be to his person. He goes to the Opera, though he can hardly distinguish the musical difference between the finest airs of Banti and "Round about the May-pole." With great regularity he goes to Bath in the season, to drink the waters, without previously saying to himself, "Why do I drink them?" The only man in the world for a party of pleasure; for he always appears pleased. He is certainly a very harmless character; but poor Charles, with all his politeness, is generally pronounced to be, even by those to whom he is most studious to recommend himself, a contemptible character.

A CHARGE,

DELIVERED IN

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE AT TAUNTON,

IN THE COUNTY OF SOMERSET,

ON THE FEAST OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST,

A. L. 5765, A. D. 1765.

BY THE RIGHT WORSHIPFUL BROTHER JOHN WHITMASH,
ON HIS RESIGNING THE CHAIR.

WORTHY BRETHREN,

PROVIDENCE having placed me in such a sphere in life, as to afford me but little time for speculation, I cannot pretend to have made mankind my particular study; yet, this I have observed, that curiosity is one of the most prevailing passions in the human breast. The mind of man is kept in a perpetual thirst after knowledge, nor can he bear to be ignorant of what he thinks others know. Any thing secret or new immediately excites an uneasy sensation, and becomes the proper fuel of curiosity, which will be found stronger or weaker in proportion to the time and opportunities that individuals have for indulging it. It is observable further, that when this passion is excited, and not instantly gratified, instead of waiting for better intelligence, and using the proper means of removing the darkness that envelops the object of it, we precipitately form ideas which are generally in the extremes. If the object promotes pleasure or advantage, we then load it with commendations; if it appears in the opposite view, or if we are ignorant of it, we then absurdly, as well as disingenuously, condemn, and pretend at least to despise it. This, my brethren, has been the fate of the most valuable institution in the world, Christianity excepted, I mean Freemasonry. Those who are acquainted with the nature and design of it cannot, if they have good hearts, but admire and espouse it; and if those who are in the dark, or whose minds are disposed to evil, should slight or speak disrespectfully of it, it certainly is no disgrace. When order shall produce confusion, when harmony shall give rise to discord, and proportion shall be the source of irregularity, then, and not till then, will Freemasonry be unworthy the patronage of the great, the wise, and good.

To love as brethren, to be ready to communicate, to speak truth one to another, are the dictates of reason and revelation; and you know that they are likewise the foundation, the constituent parts of Freemasonry.

None, therefore, who believe the divine original of the sacred volume, and are influenced by a spirit of humanity, friendship, and

benevolence, can with the least propriety object to our ancient and venerable institution.

For my own part, ever since I have had the honour to be inrolled in the list of Masons, as I knew it was my duty, so I have made it my business, to become acquainted with the principles on which our glorious superstructure is founded. And, like the miner, the farther I have advanced the richer has been my discovery; and the treasure constantly opening to my view has proved a full and satisfactory reward of all my labours.

Conscious that the same pleasure would attend others in the same pursuits, I sincerely wished for the establishment of a Lodge in this town: but as wishes, without endeavours, are not the means of accomplishment, I became, therefore, actively concerned for the completion of so valuable a design. And you, and only you, who are masons in heart, can form the least idea of the joy I felt, when, upon inquiry, I found that this neighbourhood was not destitute of faithful brethren; brethren fired with an equal ardour for the prosperity of Masonry, and who, with equal alacrity and pleasure, embarked in the noble design, and, like true craftsmen, laboured in this long wished-for fabric: the strength of whose basis, the beauty of whose symmetry, the order of whose parts, have rendered it the admiration of some, the model of others, and the delight of ourselves.

You will therefore give me leave most sincerely to congratulate the Lodge on the success that has attended our united labours for the honour of the Craft in this town, as likewise on the return of this festival, the general day of instalment of new officers. May we all live to celebrate repeatedly this anniversary with increasing felicity and honour; and may the true masonic spirit of generosity, kindness, and brotherly love, be our lasting cement.

By the rules of this Lodge I am now to resign the chair. But I cannot do this with entire satisfaction, until I have testified the grateful sense I feel of the honour I received in being advanced to it.

Your generous and unanimous choice of me for your first Master demands my thankful acknowledgments: though at the same time I sincerely wish that my abilities had been more adequate to the charge which your kind partiality elected me to. But this has always been, and still is my greatest consolation, that however deficient I may have been in the discharge of my duty, no one can boast a heart more devoted to the good of the institution in general, and the reputation of this Lodge in particular.

Though I am apprehensive I have already trespassed on your patience, yet, if I might be indulged, I would humbly lay before you a few reflections adapted to the business of the day, which, being the effusions of a heart truly masonic, will, it is hoped, be received with candour by you.

Every association of men, as well as this of Freemasons, must, for the sake of order and harmony, be regulated by certain laws; and for that purpose proper officers must be appointed, and impowered to

carry those laws into execution, to preserve a degree of uniformity, at least to restrain any irregularity that might render such associations inconsistent. For we may as reasonably suppose an army may be duly disciplined, well provided, and properly conducted, without generals or other officers, as that a society can be supported without governors, and their subalterns, or (which is the same) without some form of government to answer the end of the institution. And, as such an arrangement must be revered, it becomes a necessary pre-requisite that a temper should be discovered in the several members adapted to the respective stations they are to fill.

This thought will suggest to you, that those who are qualified to preside as officers in a Lodge will not be elated with that honour, but, losing sight of it, will have only in view the service their office demands. Their reproofs will be dictated by friendship, softened by candour, and enforced with mildness and affection; in the whole of their department they will preserve a degree of dignity tempered with affability and ease. This conduct, while it endears them to others, will not fail to raise their own reputation, and as envy should not be so much as once named among Freemasons, it will effectually prevent the growth of it, should it unfortunately ever appear.

Such is the nature of our constitution, that as some must of necessity rule and teach, so others must of course learn to obey; humility therefore in both becomes an essential duty, for pride and ambition, like a worm at the root of the tree, will prey on the vitals of our peace, harmony, and brotherly love.

Had not this excellent temper prevailed, when the foundation of Solomon's temple was first laid, it is easy to see, that glorious edifice would never have risen to a height of splendour, which astonished the world.

Had all employed in this work been masters, or superintendants, who must have prepared the timber in the forest, or hewn the stone in the quarry? Yet, though they were numbered and classed under different denominations, as princes, rulers, provosts, comforters of the people, stone-squarers, sculptors, &c. such was their unanimity, that they seemed actuated by one spirit, influenced by one principle.

Merit alone then entitled to preferment; an indisputable instance of which we have in the Deputy Grand Master of that great undertaking, who, without either wealth or power, without any other distinction than that of being the "widow's son," was appointed by the Grand Master and approved by the people for this single reason, because he was a skilful artificer.

Let these considerations, my worthy brethren, animate us in the pursuits of so noble a science, that we may all be qualified to fill, in rotation, the most distinguished places in the Lodge, and keep the honours of the Craft (which are the just rewards of our labour) in a regular circulation.

And as none are less qualified to govern, than those who have not learnt to obey, permit me in the warmest manner to recommend to

you all a constant attendance in this place, a due obedience to the laws of our institution, and a respectful submission to the directions of your officers, that you may prove to mankind the propriety of your election, and secure the establishment of this society to latest posterity.

ANECDOTES.

OF THE LATE MR. GIBBON.

IT is well known, that this celebrated Historian wrote a "Life" of Himself. It is just published. We give the following curious extract from it, by which it appears, that he at one time was on the eve of marrying the celebrated Madame Necker :

" I hesitate, from the apprehension of ridicule, when I approach the delicate subject of my early love. By this word I do not mean the polite attention, the gallantry without hope or design, which has originated in the spirit of chivalry, and is interwoven with the texture of French manners. I understand by this passion the union of desire, friendship, and tenderness, which is inflamed by a single female, which prefers her to the rest of her sex, and which seeks possession as the supreme or the sole happiness of our being. I need not blush at recollecting the object of my choice ; and though my love was disappointed of success, I am rather proud that I was once capable of feeling such a pure and exalted sentiment. The personal attractions of Mad. Susan Curchod were embellished by the virtues and talents of the mind. Her fortune was humble, but her family was respectable. Her mother, a native of France, had preferred her religion to her country. The profession of her father did not extinguish the moderation and philosophy of his temper, and he lived content with a small salary and laborious duty, in the obscure lot of Minister of Crassy, in the mountains that separate the Pays de Vaud from the Country of Burgundy. In the solitude of a sequestered village he bestowed a liberal and even learned education on his only daughter. She surpassed his hopes, by her proficiency in the sciences and languages ; and in her short visits to some relations at Lausanne, the wit, the beauty, and erudition of Mademoiselle Curchod, were the theme of universal applause. The report of such a prodigy awakened my curiosity. I saw and loved. I found her learned without pedantry, lively in conversation, pure in sentiment, and elegant in manners ; and the first sudden emotion was fortified by the habits and knowledge of a more familiar acquaintance. She permitted me to make her two or three visits at her father's house, I passed some happy

days there in the mountains of Burgundy; and her parents honourably encouraged the connection.—In a calm retirement, the gay vanity of youth no longer fluttered in her bosom. She listened to the voice of Truth and Passion, and I might presume to hope that I had made some impression on a virtuous heart. At Crassy and Lausanne I indulged my dream of felicity; but on my return to England, I soon discovered that my father would not hear of this strange alliance, and that without his consent I was myself destitute and helpless. After a painful struggle, I yielded to my fate; I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son: my wound was insensibly healed by time, absence, and the habits of a new life. My cure was accelerated by a faithful report of the tranquillity and cheerfulness of the Lady herself, and my love subsided into friendship and esteem. The Minister of Crassy soon afterwards died; his stipend died with him; his daughter retired to Geneva, where, by teaching young ladies, she earned a hard subsistence for herself and her mother; but in her lowest distress she maintained a spotless reputation, and a dignified behaviour. A rich banker of Paris, a citizen of Geneva, had the good fortune, and good sense, to discover and possess this inestimable treasure; and in the capital of taste and luxury she resisted the temptations of wealth, as she had sustained the hardships of indigence. The genius of her husband has exalted him to the most conspicuous station in Europe. In every change of prosperity and disgrace, he has reclined on the bosom of a faithful friend, and Mademoiselle Curchod is now the wife of M. Neckar, the Minister, and perhaps the Legislator of the French monarchy.”

OF THE EARL OF ROCHESTER.

IN the reign of Charles the Second, Lord Lauderdale coming one day to Court, in Lord Rochester's week of waiting, desired admittance to his Majesty, was refused, and told by Rochester that he was very ill: Lauderdale came constantly every day during Rochester's week, and as regularly received the same answer; at which being surprised, he asked Rochester what was the nature of his Majesty's illness? who told him the King had got a sore nose. Lauderdale came to Court the next day, and, another Lord being in waiting, was immediately introduced to the presence chamber: the King expressed his amazement at not seeing him for so many days, and on being informed of the impediment, the King called for Rochester, and demanded his reasons for saying he had got a sore nose: Rochester replied, “May it please your Majesty, had I been led so long by the nose as you have been by Lauderdale, I am sure mine would have been sore; so I conceived it at least my duty to deny all access to the immediate cause of your Majesty's disorder.”

POETRY.

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

TO THE PRIMROSE.

BY T. P.

THOU modest harbinger of Spring!
 Whose snowy bosom, half display'd,
 Would fain the rays of Phœbus bring,
 To court thee in thy lowly glade;

Well do I greet thy glad return,
 Hateful to tyrant Winter's eyes;
 Who now, on winged tempests borne,
 In darkness hides his face and flies.

For now no more the shiv'ring swain
 His fingers blows, and strikes his chest;
 Or seeks, thro' driving snow and rain,
 His hovel's wonted warmth and rest.

No more his wife's fond bosom aches
 (Her darling wedded to the wave),
 When in the gloom of night she wakes,
 And hears abroad the tempest rave.

E'en savage War, with all his train
 Of sighs, and tears, and cries of woe,
 His mangled living heaps of slain,
 Assumes a less terrific brow.

And now the brakes, with eager haste,
 Their light green foliage expand,
 Anxious to guard their tenant's nest
 From truant schoolboy's cruel hand.

At home the patient female sits,
 And waits the chirping callow throng;
 Th' enraptur'd mate around her flits,
 And cheers her labours with his song.

And now once more I hope to gaze
 On scenes my early childhood knew,
 When yet unknown to care my days,
 And wing'd with joy the moments flew.

She too shall visit the blest isle*,
 The object of my fondest love!
 And I will banquet on the smile
 Which shall my childhood feats approve!

* Isle of Wight.

Together will we scale the brow
 Of rock that high o'erhangs the deep,
 And trace the winding vale below,
 Where streams thro' sedgy mazes creep.

There shall the abbey's ruin'd wall
 Devotion's warmest thoughts engage,
 The castle's battlements recall
 The wonders of th' historic page!

There, in profoundest silence sunk,
 The forest shadows shall invite,
 What time the old oak's wither'd trunk
 Reflects the pale moon's trembling light.

There shall we taste the pleasing dread
 That Ratcliffe's genius can inspire,
 To mark, as homeward now we tread,
 The glow-worm train her little fire.

There shall a mother's eager arms
 Fold a new daughter to her heart,
 And kindred spirits feel the charms
 Which kindred spirits can impart.

Well do I greet thy glad return,
 Meek tenant of the lowly glade!
 May Phoebus' brightest rays adorn
 The dew that sparkles on thy bed!

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

A NEW MASONIC SONG.

IN times of old date, when (as stories relate)
 Good men to the Gods had admission,
 When those who were griev'd might with ease be reliev'd,
 By offering an humble petition;
 Some few, who remain'd in their morals unstain'd,
 Submissively made application,
 To build a retreat, if the Gods should think meet,
 To shield them from wicked invasion.

Delighted to find there was yet in mankind
 Some laudable sentiments planted,
 Without hesitation they gave approbation,
 And instant their wishes were granted.
 Then for artists they sought, and fam'd architects brought,
 Who the various employments were skill'd in;
 Each handled his tools, and by science and rules
 They straightway proceeded to building.

Fair *Wisdom* began first to sketch out the Plan
 By which they were all to be guided;
 Each Order she made was exactly obey'd,
 When the Portions of Work she divid'd.

The great Corner-stone was by *Charity* done,
 But *Strength* was the principal Builder ;
 When for Mortar they cry'd, 'twas by *Friendship* supply'd,
 And *Beauty* was Carver and Gilder.

Having long persever'd, a Grand Temple they rear'd,
 A refuge from folly and scandal ;
 Where all who reside are in virtue employ'd,
 Nor fear the attacks of a Vandal.
 But if in their rage they should ever engage
 In th' attempt, 'twould be always prevented ;
 The door is so high, 'twould be madness to try,
 And the walls are all strongly cemented.

The Gods all agreed 'twas an excellent deed,
 And to shew the affection they bore 'em,
 A treasure they gave, which the tenants still have,
 Secur'd in the *Sanctum Sanctorum*.
 Thus bless'd from above with a token of love,
 Each Brother with joy should receive it ;
 Safe lock'd in his heart, it should never depart,
 Till call'd for by Heaven that gave it.

 SONG.

WHY does that gentle bosom heave ?
 For whom escapes that tender sigh ?
 Can any woes Amanda grieve,
 Or force a tear from that bright eye ?

Has any false deceitful youth
 Betray'd thy unsuspecting heart ?
 Say, has he broke his plighted truth,
 And made thy peaceful bosom smart ?

Ah! had he but a heart like mine,
 No tears should fill Amanda's eye ;
 That gentle breast should ne'er repine,
 Nor ever heave one anxious sigh.

With fondest care he'd calm thy woes,
 And watch thee all the live-long day ;
 At night would sooth thee to repose,
 And drive thy sorrows far away.

Then, fair Amanda, turn to me,
 And let my bosom share thy pain ;
 That tender sigh, which stole from thee,
 My breast shall pay thee back again.

Ah! could a hope that breast inspire,
 These little sighs might kindred prove,
 Awaken'd by the same desire,
 And that desire be mutual love.

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. DR. KIPPIS.

BY HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

PLAC'D 'midst the tempest, whose conflicting waves
 The buoyant form of Gallic Freedom braves,
 I from its swelling surge unheedful turn,
 While, o'er the grave where Kippis rests I mourn.
 Friend of my life! by every tie endear'd,
 By me lamented, as by me rever'd!
 Whene'er remembrance would the past renew,
 His image mingles with the pensive view;
 Him through life's length'ning scene I mark with pride,
 My earliest teacher, and my latest guide.
 First, in the house of prayer his voice imprest
 Celestial precepts on my infant breast;
 "The hope that rests above," my childhood taught,
 And lifted first to God my ductile thought.—
 And when the heaven-born Muses' cherish'd art
 Shed its fresh pleasures on my glowing heart;
 Flash'd o'er my soul one spark of purer light,
 New worlds unfolding to my raptur'd sight!
 When first with timid hand I touch'd the lyre,
 And felt the youthful poet's proud desire;
 His lib'ral comment fann'd the dawning flame,
 His plaudit sooth'd me with a Poet's name;
 Led by his counsels to the public shrine,
 He bade the trembling hope to please be mine;
 What he forgave, the Critic eye forgives,
 And, for a while, the verse he sanction'd lives:
 When on that spot where Gallic Freedom rose,
 And where she mourn'd her unexampled woes,
 Scourge of his nature, and its worst disgrace,
 Curse of his age, and murd'rer of his race,
 Th' ignoble Tyrant of his country stood,
 And bath'd his scaffolds in the Patriot's blood;
 Destin'd the Patriot's fate in all to share,
 To feel his triumphs, and his pangs to bear;
 To shun the uplifted axe, condemn'd to roam
 A weeping exile from my cherish'd home*;
 When malice pour'd her dark insatiate eye,
 Call'd it, tho' death to stay, a crime to fly;
 And, while the falsehood serv'd her hateful ends,
 Congenial audience found in hollow friends;
 Who to the tale "assent with civil leer,
 And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;"
 His friendship o'er me spread that guardian shield,
 Which his severest virtue best could wield;
 Repell'd by him, relentless Slander found
 Her dart bereft of half its power to wound.
 Alas! no more to him the task belongs
 To sooth my sorrows, or redress my wrongs;
 No more his letter'd aid, enlightened sage!
 Shall mark the errors of my careless page;

* Miss W. took refuge in Switzerland during the reign of Robespierre.

Shall hide from public view the faulty line,
 And bid the merit he bestows be mine.
 Ah! while, with fond regret, my feeble verse
 Would pour its tribute o'er his hallow'd hearse,
 For him, his country tyines her civic palm,
 And learning's tears his honour'd name embalm;
 His were the lavish stores, her force sublime
 Thro' every passing age has snatch'd from time;
 His, the Historian's wreath, the Critic's art,
 A rigid judgment, but a feeling heart;
 His, the warm purpose for the gen'ral weal,
 The Christian's meekness, and the Christian's zeal;
 And his, the moral worth to which is given
 Earth's purest homage, and the meed of Heaven.

Paris, Oct. 26, 1795.

HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

THE SHIPWRECKED SAILOR.

FAR from his home, the humble cot
 Where dwells the partner of his breast;
 Where oft his babes inquire his lot,
 When storms disturb the mother's rest;

Far on the rude unfathom'd deep,
 Where the wild tempest roars aloud:
 Where billows, like the mountains steep,
 The lifeless Mariner inshroud:

There the rough surge he dauntless braves,
 Which o'er the ship with fury breaks;
 Nor fears the midnight flushing waves,
 Nor when the storm its madness wrecks.

But driven near the fatal shore,
 Where skill and courage nought avail;
 When the bold pilot's hopes are o'er,
 The vessel drifting with the gale;

Dash'd 'gainst the cliff, or sea-beat bank,
 And crush'd by the o'erwhelming shock:
 Behold him swimming on the plank,
 Or clinging to the craggy rock!

Around he looks with fright aghast,
 Trembling implores some saving hand;
 Whilst o'er him blows the cutting blast,
 Which strews the wreck along the strand.

Spent with fatigue, benumb'd with cold,
 The dreary land at last he gains:
 But still fresh horrors to behold!--
 The dismal desert's barren plains!

Or if he views the peopled coast,
 The plund'ring savages await
 To strip the wretch whose all is lost,
 And leave the victim to his fate.

But should some friendly form appear,
 To raise from earth his fainting frame;
 To wipe away the falling tear,
 Or vivify the dying flame;---

Restor'd to life, his grateful heart
 The gen'rous saviour quits with pain:
 But, from his friends still wide apart,
 Again he 'tempts the boist'rous main.

Islington; Feb. 2, 1726.

M.

ODE TO FLORA.

CLAD in thy vernal honours, Goddess, bring
 The jocund beauties of the smiling Spring;
 And, O Flora, strew around,
 Over all the grassy ground,
 Opening flowers, blooming, gay,
 Of the sweetly-smelling May;
 Let there be seen the Vi'let blue,
 And Pansy of a purple hue.

Now lavish, Goddess, all thy proud array,
 Clothe ev'ry tree, and blossom ev'ry spray;
 Listen to the Muses' prayer,
 Hear, O blooming Goddess, hear;
 While sing sweet on ev'ry bush
 Philomela and the Thrush;
 And humming Bees fly from the hill,
 To sip clear water from the rill.

Oft, at cool Eve, I'll sit beneath the shade,
 While glimm'ring shadowy landscapes round me fade;
 Till the silver Moon arise,
 Casting splendour o'er the skies,
 Till the Beetle, in his flight,
 Winds his horn to greet the night;
 Till the grey Owl her visage shows,
 Warning the Hamlet to repose.

A FRAGMENT.

THE great good man, whom Fortune does displace,
 May fall into distress, but not disgrace;
 His sacred honour no one dares profane;
 He may be poor, but never can be mean:
 Remains his value with the wise and good,
 And, prostrate, is as great as when he stood.
 Thus ruin'd temples do an awe dispense;
 They lose their height, but keep their reverence;
 The pious crowd the fallen pile deplore,
 And what they cannot raise they still adore.

EPIGRAMS.

WRITTEN BY THE PRESENT DEAN OF GLOUCESTER,

ON HIS MARRIAGE WITH MRS. CROW,

HIS HOUSEKEEPER,

*And circulated in the College Green of the Cathedral on the Wedding Morn, by way of
anticipating what some witty Ladies might have said on the happy Occasion.*

WHEN Israel's sons, immers'd in sin;
Took turtle doves and pigeons in,
With hopes to be forgiven;
Our Dean, his penitence to show,
Doth for his mate now choose a Crow
To pave his way to heaven.

NO wonder that science and learning profound
In Oxford and Cambridge so greatly abound;
When such numbers take thither a little each day,
And we meet with so few who bring any away.

ON A LADY WHO DIED IN CHILD-BIRTH.

THE breath which this resigns, while that receives,
One comes into a world the other leaves.
His cares are all to come, her's are all past,
The son's first moment proves the mother's last,
His life, her death; her death his life supplies;
He kills in birth, and she in bearing dies.

SAYS Thomas to Harry,
I think, friend, to marry,
Since wedlock's accounted divine---
Says Harry, you may,
But I shan't go that way,
Since your creed so far differs from mine.

DEAR Dick, I'm not surpris'd to see
Your little tiny spite at me,
For rivals you must doubtless know,
Still think the one the other's foe.
Now it is difficult to tell
In fiction which of us excel,
You say what ill of me you please,
And I give you excessive praise.

ON BEING PRESENTED WITH AN APPLE BY A YOUNG LADY.

AN apple caus'd our present state,
 And by inevitable fate
 Condemn'd us all to die ;
 But if that apple was so fine,
 And came from such a hand as thine,
 Who from its charms could fly ?
 How can I then old Adam blame,
 When I myself had done the same,
 Had you the apple giv'n ?
 I should, like him, without dispute,
 Have eaten the forbidden fruit,
 And lost, for you, a heav'n.

THE TWO WATCHES.

QUOTH Jack, what's o'clock?---Says his namesake, 'tis two ;
 Jack replies, 'tis half past ; nay, I'm sure of it too :
 Says his namesake, 'tis not, Sir ; no more of your fun ;
 My watch is quite right, for it goes by the Sun :
 Jack archly then said, that's no reason at all,
 My watch is a Christian, and goes by St. Paul.

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF A GENTLEMAN, WHO HAD THE HONOUR OF BEING DANCED TO
 DEATH BY A YOUNG LADY.

HERE rests a wearied youth, by death reliev'd,
 Who, had he rested sooner, still had liv'd.
 Stung by a fair Tarantula, he bay'd,
 He figur'd in, he caper'd, frisk'd---and stray'd
 From the gay Ball to the Elysian shade.
 Compute by dances, and *fourscore* he pass'd,
 Man's utmost term ; *Cat'rina* * was his last.
 Yet think not, Reader, that he dares to blame
 The beauteous cause from whence his ruin came.
 Too well the nymph had by experience found
 Her eyes as fatal, tho' more slow the wound,
 So wav'd the triumph of a longer fight,
 And, from mere pity, kill'd him in one night.

EPITAPH.

AT GUILDFORD.

READER, pass on, ne'er idly waste your time
 On bad biography, and bitter rhyme---
 For what I AM this cumb'rous clay ensures,
 And what I was is no affair of yours.

* A dance so called.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Feb. 20. **A** New After-piece, with songs, called the SHEPHERDESS of CHEAPSIDE, written by Mr. Cobb, was performed, for the first time, at Drury-Lane Theatre:

The following is the plot of this *petite* piece :

Miss Indigo, a City Lady who has never been out of the sound of Bow-bell, becomes tired of London, and sighs for all the pastoral delights which, on the faith of novels and romances, she expects to find in the country. This Cheap-side Shepherdess finds an opportunity of gratifying her *penchant* for rural life, by coming into possession of Arcadia-Hall, an estate far distant from London, which devolves on her upon her brother's death.

The niece Letitia, a fine lively girl, is obliged to accompany her aunt into the country, whither she is followed by her lover Captain Belford.

The Piece opens with the arrival of these several parties: Letitia and Belford resolve to try every means of disgusting Miss Indigo with the country, and returning her to London. In this scheme they are aided by the repeated mortifications which the heroine of the piece experiences, in finding that human nature in the country is the same as in London. These mortifications arise from the litigious character of Sturdy, a country squire in the neighbourhood, the knavery and stupidity of Muddle, the steward of the estate, and the ridiculous situations into which Miss Indigo is thrown by the vanity of Diaper, a conceited silly cockney, who is a rider for a linen-draper in the city, and who pursues her with his fantastic declarations of love.

This character, which is apparently the main support of the piece, is well relieved by the character of Monsieur L'Urbane, a French Emigrant of courage and honour, with a dash of vanity which marks his nation.

Miss Indigo is relieved by Captain Belford from the embarrassment into which she has been thrown, and concludes the piece by rewarding him with the hand of Letitia.

The idea of this piece, which is taken from the Spectator, is neither new nor well managed. David Diaper, a London rider, is a good sketch in the hands of Bannister, and promised much in the outset. But the business fell off miserably in the second act.

This piece which was very unfavourably received the first night, and but little more successful on a second and third repetition, has been since withdrawn by the Author.

March 12. A new Play, written by Mr. Colman, was produced at Drury-Lane Theatre. The Dramatis Personæ are as follow :

Sir Edward Mortimer,	Mr. KEMBLE.
Captain Fitzharding,	Mr. WROUGHTON.
Wilford,	Mr. BANNISTER, JUN.
Adam Winterton,	Mr. DODD.
Rawbold,	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Samson,	Mr. SUETT.
Boy,	Master WALSH.
Cook,	Mr. HOLLINGSWORTH.
Peter,	Mr. BANKS.
Walter,	Mr. MADDOCKS.
Simon,	Mr. WEBB.
Gregory,	Mr. TRUEMAN.
Armstrong,	Mr. KELLY.
Orson,	Mr. R. PALMER.
First Robber,	Mr. DIGNUM.
Second ditto,	Mr. SEDGWICK.

Third Robber,	-	-	Mr. PHILLIMORE.
Fourth ditto,	-	-	Mr. BANNISTER.
Helen,	-	-	Miss FARRER.
Dame Rawbold,	-	-	Miss TIDSWELL.
Barbara,	-	-	Signora STORACE.
Blanche,	-	-	Mrs. GIBBS.
Girl,	-	-	Miss GRAINGER.
Judith,	-	-	Miss DE CAMP.

The Scene lies on the border of the New Forest.

Sir Edward Mortimer, Keeper of the New Forest in the reign of Charles I. is a man whose mind has been rendered by the Author a receptacle for the most heterogeneous qualities. Though mild, generous, charitable, and humane, the friend of the poor, the patron of the virtuous, and the protector of the distressed, he has, in his youth, committed a most atrocious murder, for which neither excuse nor palliation can be found, and the recollection of which incessantly goads him with the stings of remorse, and gradually undermines his health, by subjecting him to all the horrors of a guilty conscience. For this murder he has been tried, and honourably acquitted. Previous to the period at which the piece opens, Sir Edward has taken into his service, in the capacity of Secretary, an obscure youth, Wilford, who is, in fact, the hero of the piece. From the observations which Wilford has occasion to make on the state of his master's mind, who is more particularly affected when engaged in examining the contents of an iron chest in his study, he is led to expect the existence of some fatal secret, which defeats the effects of a high reputation and general esteem; and, by a conversation which he has with Adam Winterton, steward to Sir Edward, who, at fourscore, is perpetually adverting with all the garrulity, and with more than the usual tediousness of old age, to the transactions of the two preceding reigns, and who, by his love of Canary, is betrayed over his bottle, into some indiscreet communications, this suspicion becomes confirmed. Stimulated by curiosity, Wilford takes advantage of the momentary negligence of his master, in leaving the key in the lock to open the iron chest: but ere he can examine its contents, Sir Edward returns, and detecting him in the attempt, is about to stab him with his dagger; the timely intervention of reason, however, deters him from the commission of a second murder. Soon after this occurrence, Sir Edward determines to entrust Wilford with the fatal secret; and, after exacting a solemn oath of secrecy, proclaims himself an assassin. Stricken with horror at the recital, Wilford resolves to fly from a house which has become odious to him, but is intercepted by a robber, who fells him to the ground, and is afterwards conducted to the habitation of the gang, in the ruins of an old abbey, near the mansion of Sir Edward. The cruelty of the robber who wounds Wilford being resented by the captain of the gang, who is represented as an honest and honourable thief, and by his associates in general, a sentence of expulsion is pronounced against him; and, as might naturally be expected, he repairs to Sir Edward, and impeaches. By this means, Sir Edward becomes apprised of Wilford's situation, and resolves to execute a plan of revenge which he had devised, in order to prevent the fatal effects which he apprehended might accrue from the extraordinary confidence which he had reposed in his secretary. Wilford is therefore secured, and charged with having robbed his master, who secretly conveys into his trunk some jewels and papers which had been kept in the iron chest. He is accordingly brought to trial in the hall of the castle before Captain Fitzharding, an old soldier, who is on a visit to his brother, Sir Edward Mortimer; and Sir Edward himself becomes his accuser. With all the profligacy of a hardened villain, Sir Edward relies on the integrity of Wilford, as the means of his conviction; and suddenly, and indeed, miraculously, losing all that exquisite sensibility which the slightest allusion to any circumstance that can recall to his mind the fatal transaction which he has doomed him to perpetual misery invariably excites, he, with the utmost coolness and indifference, questions Wilford on the circumstance of his opening the iron chest which contained the articles said to be stolen, and is not in the smallest degree affected by the pointed appeals which Wilford makes

to his honour and his conscience---to that honour which made him an assassin---to that conscience which renders him wretched. The struggle produced in Wilford's mind by the desire of establishing his own innocence, and his unwillingness to violate his oath of secrecy, is considered as the confusion arising from a consciousness of guilt. Nothing now remains but to establish the fact; and for this purpose the trunk is opened, and the jewels are produced. In vain does Wilford assert his innocence, and appeal to Sir Edward for the truth of his assertions: his guilt appears established beyond the possibility of doubt. But just as sentence is about to be pronounced, from one of the papers which Fitzharding holds in his hand, drops a bloody knife---the very knife with which Sir Edward Mortimer had committed the murder for which he was tried. The effect produced by this extraordinary event may be easily conceived: Wilford's innocence is proclaimed; Sir Edward faints, and is taken off the stage, and the piece ends.

The novel of *Caleb Williams* has been recommended to every "tiny scribbler for the stage" as a good subject to dramatize. It could not have fallen into better hands than those of Mr. Colman; but from a flimsiness in the story itself, and from other insuperable difficulties, it disappointed the expectations of one of the most crowded audiences of this season.

Mr. Kemble, who has long been very ill, forced himself out of a sick chamber before he was near well. At the beginning of the Play he could hardly speak. At the second act Wroughton apologized for him, as his illness was much worse, and solicited indulgence for him merely to *go through* the succeeding scenes; in the middle of which a strong disapprobation appearing in the house, he came forward, professing "that he could not but feel conscious that he was the unhappy cause of much of the disapprobation the audience was pleased to express; as in consequence of his disorder the piece materially suffered; he trusted that on a second representation, when he should be able to give it its full force, the audience would have a better opportunity of deciding on the merits of the author.--- This appeal was loudly and very generally answered by a cry of "No, No, you are not;" and after some further contention the performers were suffered to proceed to the close of three of the longest acts we ever witnessed, as it wanted but a few minutes of eleven o'clock when the curtain dropped.

The whole of the music is of so superior a cast, that if Storace had never written a note before, this alone would stamp him with the

----- longe supereminet omnes.

In this piece Mr. Godwin's characters and story are nearly copied;---poetical licence has deviated but in a small degree, and that only in the catastrophe.

The Iron Chest has since been opened two or three times, but will never obtain a cordial reception.

EXTRACTS FROM MR. OULTON'S

"HISTORY OF THE THEATRES OF LONDON,

FROM 1771 TO 1795."

(CONTINUED FROM P. 134.)

ROYALTY THEATRE.

THE wild attempt to raise this Theatre (for I cannot say *its rise*, as it never attained that honour) and its speedy dissolution are instances not to be paralleled in theatrical history.

The first stone of the spacious building intended for a new Theatre, erected near Wellclose-square, was laid by Mr. John Palmer, of Drury-Lane Theatre; a grand procession being made on the occasion. Mr. Palmer, assisted by his son, deposited, in a cavity appropriated for that purpose, an inscription, which was

publicly read by John Morgan, Esq. Recorder of Maidstone; of which the following is an authentic copy:

“ The Inscription on this Scroll is intended to convey
 The following Information,---
 That
 On Monday the 26th day of December,
 In the year of our Lord 1785,
 And
 In the 26th year of the Reign
 Of our Most Gracious Sovereign
 GEORGE THE THIRD,
 The First Stone of a Building,
 Intended for a Place of Public Entertainment,
 Was laid by
 JOHN PALMER, COMEDIAN,
 In the presence of a numerous Party of
 Friends to the Undertaking;

JOHN WILMOT, Esq. being the Architect
 and Builder.
 The Ground selected for the Purpose
 Being situated within the Liberty
 Of
 His MAJESTY'S FORTRESS and
 PALACE
 Of the TOWER of LONDON,
 It has been resolved, that in honour
 of the Magistrates, the Military Officers,
 and Inhabitants of the said Fort-
 ress and Palace, the Edifice, when
 erected, shall be called,
 THE ROYALTY THEATRE.
 Sanctioned by Authority, and liberally
 patronized by Subscription.”

Mr. Palmer, of Drury-Lane Theatre, was the appointed Manager. Whether that Gentleman was deceived by the subscribers or not, cannot be said, but true it is, too true, that many a performer, author, &c. was deceived by *Him*. Among the performers were Mess. Quick, Ryder, Johnstone, Mrs. Martyr, Mrs. Wells, &c.--But when no legal authority could be produced for the opening the house, they very prudently declined any connection with it; among the authors were Messrs. Murphy, Vaughan, &c. besides a number of Composers, Painters, &c.

The opening of the Theatre was announced for June 20, 1787; but previous to this, a cautionary advertisement appeared in the public prints, signed by Messrs. Harris, Linley, and Colman, Managers of the *Theatres Royal*, showing the statute, which enacts, that persons acting contrary to the provisions in that act shall be deemed *Rogues* and *Vagabonds*; and announcing a determination to prosecute all who should offend against the law. This annunciation had the desired effect; for now all the chief actors and actresses seceded from the company. Finding they could not act legally for hire, a subterfuge was adverted to, and the theatre was opened for the benefit of the London Hospital. The house was exceedingly full, but far from brilliant, for no ladies of distinction ventured in; the contest for places was very violent; the curtain rose at seven o'clock, and a few voices calling for Mr. Palmer's patent, occasioned some disturbance---on which the Manager came forward, and in a conciliatory speech implored the audience to preserve a peaceable conduct, and not give his enemies cause of complaint. He also gave orders that the doors should be shut. When this tumult subsided, he then spoke the following address, written by Arthur Murphy, Esq.

“ WHERE'ER fair science rear'd her laurel'd head,
 In ev'ry clime, where Truth her light has spread:
 Where civil union harmoniz'd mankind,
 And join'd to polish'd manners, taste refin'd,
 Thither on eagle wings the Muse has flown.
 There fix'd, and made the favour'd spot her own.
 In Greece her tuneful strains she taught to flow,
 And the scene charm'd with imitated woe.
 Terror and pity seiz'd th' impassion'd breast,
 And the fair Moral to the heart was press'd.
 The Magistrates soon saw, in Virtue's cause,
 The stage a supplement to public laws.
 And from the nation's fund, with gen'rous aim,
 Rais'd the proud dome, and fann'd the poet's flame.
 The well proportion'd pile was seen to rise
 On marble columns tow'ring to the skies.

No more the stroller, with his mimic art,
 Rumbled about each village in his cart,
 No more bedaub'd, and grim with lees of wine,
 He outrag'd modest Nature in each line ;
 An Amphitheatre,---whose spacious room
 Could hold, uncrowded, Athens in its womb,
 Gave him the splendid scene, the gorgeous hall,
 The buskin's pride, and the long trailing pall.
 Their vagrant life the actors then gave o'er,
 Deem'd *Beggars, Rogues, and Vagabonds* no more.

In Britain long our scene neglected lay ;
 The Bull, the Globe, presented ev'ry play.
 To inns and taverns Shakspeare had resort :
 The Bard's own genius was his best support.

At length, fatigu'd with war and civil rage,
 With monarchy restor'd we rear'd the stage.
 And now, our minds, while bright ideas fire,
 We bid this night another dome aspire !
 And hope,---while your protection quells each fear,
 The Muse will find a safe asylum here.

Yet some there are who would our scheme annoy ;

'Tis a monopoly they would enjoy.

Th' Haymarket, Covent Garden, and Old Drury

Send forth their edicts ' full of sound and fury.'

Three jarring States are leagu'd in jealous fit,

And they---whom *wit* maintains---wage war on *wit*.

But wit, like day-light, nothing should restrain,

The same in Goodman's Fields and Drury Lane.

And if the Drama list on *Virtue's* side,

Say---can the moral be diffus'd too wide ?

If the sun gild yon *West* with golden ray,

The *East* may feel the beams of rising day.

Like gen'rous rivals, let all parties boast

One only struggle---Who shall please you most ;

Fines and imprisonment no more proclaim,

But praise the soil from which our *Garrick* came.

If still their rage,--- our fortune here to mar,

' Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war,'

Our means are honest ; our hearts firm and true,

The contest glorious ! for we fight for you."

After this the comedy of *As You Like It*, and the farce of *Miss in her Teens*, were performed.

After the farce Mr. Palmer, having previously requested the audience would stay, came forward and read the following address :

" LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

" I am sorry, on the first night that I have the honour of seeing this theatre graced by so splendid an appearance, to be obliged to trouble you with the peculiar circumstances of my situation.

" I had flattered myself that I should be able, during the summer months, to exert my best endeavours in your service.

" This theatre was built under a letter of approbation from the Lord Lieutenant Governor of the Tower; and being situated in a palace and fortress, in a district immediately within his jurisdiction, his consent, added to a licence obtained from the Magistrates, authorising a place of public entertainment, were deemed legal authority.

" The first stone of the building was laid on the 26th of December 1785.

" At that time the Managers of the theatres at the West end of the town made no kind of objection.

“ In the course of the last summer, when I performed at the little theatre in the Haymarket, Mr. Colman wrote a prologue, which I spoke on my benefit night, and, among others, were the following lines :

‘ For me, whose utmost aim is your delight,
 ‘ Accept the humble offering of this night ;
 ‘ To please, wherever plac’d, be still my care,
 ‘ At Drury, Haymarket, or *Wellclose Square*.’

“ As Mr. Colman knew the plan I had then in view, it was fair to conclude that he did not meditate an opposition.

“ Mr. Harris, the Manager of Covent Garden theatre, gave his consent in writing, that Mr. Quick should be engaged here.

“ After all this, to my great astonishment, when a large expence had been incurred, and this house was completely ready for opening, the three Managers thought good to publish in the newspapers extracts from different Acts of Parliament, accompanied with their joint resolution to put the Act in force against this theatre.

“ They went a step further; they served me with this notice.

(Here Mr. Palmer read a copy of a notice sent to him, signed by Thomas Linley, Thomas Harris, and George Colman, acquainting him, that instructions were given to lodge informations against him for every appearance he should make in any play, or scene of a play, at any unlicensed theatre, contrary to the statute.)

“ I have the satisfaction to find that those three gentlemen are the only enemies to this undertaking; and it will be for themselves to consider whether they are not, at the same time, opposing the voice of the public.

“ For myself, I have embarked my all in this theatre, persuaded that, under the sanction I obtained, it was perfectly legal: in the event of it every thing dear to my family is involved.

“ I was determined to strain every nerve to merit your favour; but when I consider the case of other performers who have been also threatened with prosecutions, I own, whatever risque I run myself, I feel too much to risque for them!

“ I had promised a benefit play for the use of the London Hospital; and all the performers agreed with me, that one night, at least, should be employed for so useful a purpose.

“ We have not performed for hire, gain, or reward; and we hope that the three Managers, with the Magistrate in their interest, will neither deem benevolence a misdemeanor, nor send us, for an act of charity, to hard labour in the house of correction.

“ I beg pardon for trespassing thus long upon your patience; circumstanced as things are, and a combination being formed to oppress and ruin me, it is not, at present, in my power to give out another play.

“ Under the Act of Parliament, which impowers the Magistrates to allow certain performances, I obtained a licence; and to whatever purpose of innocent amusement this theatre may be converted, your future patronage will abundantly compensate for every difficulty I have had to encounter.

“ Tumblers and Dancing Dogs might appear unmolested before you; but the other performers and myself standing forward to exhibit a moral play, is deemed a crime.

“ The purpose, however, for which we have this night exerted ourselves, may serve to shew, that a theatre near Wellclose Square may be as useful as in Covent Garden, Drury Lane, or the Haymarket.

“ All that remains at present is to return you my most grateful thanks for the indulgence with which you have honoured me this night: I forbear to enlarge upon that subject; my heart is too full---I have not words to express my feelings. I shall be ever devoted to your service.

“ Until it is announced that this house shall be again opened with a species of entertainment not subjecting me to danger, I humbly take my leave.”

This address produced a letter from Mr. Quick, in which he declared that the only writing that had passed between Mr. Harris and him on the subject was a letter dated April the 2d; of which the following is an extract:

“ And now for Wellclose Square theatre. I am a good deal concerned to perceive you are become a real warm partizan of it; by this time I suppose you all confess (for it must always have been known) that nothing but an Act of Parliament could legalize its opening. Will you, one of the heads of a profession in itself as liberal as that of law, physic, or any other, degrade, vagabondize, and, as far as you are able, ruin all theatrical property, and, in most certain consequence, all its dependents? Such must be our inevitable fate, when unprotected by legal monopoly and Royal and Parliamentary sanction.

“ If Mr. Palmer can perform plays, &c. &c. why not Mr. Hughes, Mr. Jones, Mr. Astley, and Sadler's Wells, and Freemasons' Hall, &c. Depend on it, your plan leads to the making an Actor and a Manager two of the most despicable characters in society. A physician is a most honourable employ, but who more infamous than a mountebank? Your caution to me about being the single ostensible opposer of your scheme I take exceedingly kind; but you yourself are an instance that I have hitherto not so acted; and you know I have not actively opposed you, nor any one of our Company, from agreeing with the proprietors of that place; at the same time I feel it would be disingenuous not to confess to you, that my absolute inactivity arises from conviction, that an attempt so palpably in the face of all legal authority cannot succeed. You say, 'it is talked of from Temple-bar to Woolwich, and is the prevailing topic.' I do not doubt it; but do not let that deceive you---Would not the famous * * * be as much celebrated, if he was boldly to announce to the public a scheme for erecting new rooms for E. O. and Faro? In such cases there is no trusting to the supineness or timidity of the parties most interested. And if even no one Magistrate should be enough actuated by duty to stand forward in support of the law, yet the whole scheme is always at the mercy of any single individual who thinks himself ill-treated by the property;---and pray tell me how long such a foundation will carry a theatre? I have written so much to you, because I esteem you, and see you are falling in error---but of this I shall be happy to convince you when we meet---till when, and always, I am yours,

“ THO. HARRIS.”

Mr. Palmer's address likewise produced the following from Mr. Harris:

“ Mr. Harris thinks it would be an affront to the often experienced candour of the public, to offer any thing more in proof, that the insinuation of duplicity on the part of Mr. Harris has no foundation whatever. As to the complaint, that no notice was given during the building of the theatre, it may be asked, could it be considered as incumbent on the patentees to lay down the law for Mr. Palmer? In fact, the Acts of Parliament restraining the performances of plays, interludes, &c. &c. were notorious to Mr. Palmer and all concerned in theatrical representation; but Mr. Palmer, uniformly, and with the most solemn asseverations, insisted he possessed a complete, though concealed, legal right for theatrical performances. Indeed, Mr. Palmer himself acted inconsistently with his avowal, by actually engaging himself in the beginning of February, to Mr. Colman, for his regular performances during the whole of the season at the Haymarket theatre, though at the same time he was by every means engaging others to perform for him in Wellclose Square. Still, however, this firm language (of having legal authority) he invariably held until Monday last, when it appeared to Mr. Quick and others, that he had none. To such hidden pretended authority Mr. Harris could only oppose his disbelief of the fact; and any notice of such his opinion, given formally in writing to Mr. Palmer, must have been ridiculous in the extreme.

“ Mr. Harris is much concerned to be compelled thus to obtrude himself on the public notice, being conscious that the attacks of falsehood and disappointed malevolence are the most completely repelled by perfect silence and contempt; and this method, which he conceives to be most consistent with the high respect and duty he owes the public, he will most determinately oppose to the calumny which he must expect to incur upon this occasion.

“ Mr. Harris has too much regard for the profession by which he lives not to feel, with much concern, the distresses that must be endured by numbers of the drama's dependents, who have relied on Mr. Palmer's assurances for a subsistence

the ensuing summer. He, therefore, gives this public notice, that if those under the above description can form such a company as may be able to give any theatrical performances that may probably attract the notice of the public sufficient to afford them any relief in their present situation, they are welcome to the free use of Covent Garden theatre, wardrobe, &c. &c. for three nights, at any time that may be most convenient to them, between the present and first day of August next."

The performers taking Mr. Harris's proposal in dudgeon, treated it with contempt in the public prints.

A paragraph likewise appeared on the part of Mr. Colman, stating that before the lines of the prologue in question were spoken or written, Mr. Palmer had not only covered in his Royalty Theatre, but had himself assured Mr. Colman that the plan he had adopted contained nothing that would in the least interfere with the business or interests of the Haymarket Theatre; and that so far from intending only to engage the public attention during the summer months, the chief object of the undertaking was to exhibit in the winter.

The issue of this contest appeared soon after in an advertisement, in which Mr. Palmer announced his intention of opening his theatre on Monday, July the 3d, "with a species of entertainment which the too rigid censors of his conduct could not impede." The theatre accordingly opened with trifling Burlettas, Pantomimes, &c. and so attached was Mr. Palmer to the undertaking, that he, and Mr. Bannister, sen. whose *friendship* made him forget his *interest*, absolutely refused to return in the winter to their former situations. Some interest was made to get a patent now, but superior interest baffled the design; and when the theatre lost the attraction of novelty, it soon dwindled into nothing; in short, after a rotten triumph, the Manager was obliged to lay down a power usurped, and return to Old Drury, where he was warmly congratulated.

It was said that the Managers retained so great an aversion to this theatre, its friends and supporters, that they took every opportunity of proving it; yet we find many of the actors were employed afterwards by those very Managers, and the Pantomimes of Don Juan and the Deserter, which owe their origin to the Royalty Theatre, were made use of at Drury-lane and Covent-garden. I cannot suppose that men of sense like Mr. Harris, &c. could bear an unnatural resentment against the unfortunate dupes of a mad undertaking.

OPENING OF DRURY-LANE FOR THE SEASON 1787—8.

THE opening of this house was intended for the 15th of September, and the *School for Scandal*, and the *Quaker*, advertised for the evening's entertainment; but on the unexpected secession of Mr. Palmer from the Theatre, the Managers, unprovided in a *Joseph Surface*, lost a night. And Mr. Palmer, that this loss might not be *wholly* imputed to him, published the following reasons for withdrawing from the theatre, including his correspondence on that subject with Mr. King.

"Mr. Palmer deems it a duty to lay the following circumstances and letters before the public, in order to prevent any misrepresentation of facts, respecting the cause and manner of his quitting Drury-Lane Theatre.

Considering himself as most illiberally treated by the Managers of the winter theatres, Mr. Palmer thought he could not either in justice to himself or the profession of which he is a member, perform any longer under the direction of those who have insulted him individually, and stigmatized his brethren in general: conformably to this opinion, Mr. Palmer, on Friday last, convened his subscribers, informing them of his sentiments on the occasion, and submitted implicitly to their opinion and advice: they honourably concurred with him in sentiment, that he had been extremely ill-used, and accorded with his proposal of quitting Drury-Lane Theatre. After the meeting broke up, Mr. Palmer sent the following letter to Mr. King.

"DEAR SIR,

"The hurry in which I have been kept for some days past, by the respect I owe to the public, has hitherto hindered me from taking proper notice of the insertion of my name in the Drury-Lane play-bill for to-morrow night: I think it is not too late to do it now.

“ Stigmatized as I have been for some months past with the appellations of *Vagrant, Rogue, and Vagabond*, in the newspapers,—Do the Managers of Drury-Lane imagine that I can, with any propriety, appear on their boards? I should rather conclude that they think me unworthy of so great an honour. Whatever may be their sentiments, I feel myself insulted by Mr. Linley; and the more so, as that gentleman, in conjunction with Messrs. Harris and Colman, persists in his very elegant charge; and has given notice by his solicitors, Wallis and Troward, that the King’s Bench will be moved against the justices who bailed my brother, when committed, in the phrase of the notice, as a *Rogue and Vagabond*. This, I repeat it, is persisting in the charge; and under these circumstances, I feel that it would be meanness of spirit in me to act any longer at Drury-Lane. I am therefore to desire, Sir, that in the bills for to-morrow, my name may be omitted. A person of your experience will not be at a loss for another play, or, if the same play be necessary, for another performer.

“ I am to request that you will immediately communicate this to Mr. Linley. After a long connection with you, and on my part great personal regard, I feel no small uneasiness in this separation; but I shall always remain, Dear Sir,
 Yours,
 JOHN PALMER.”

Royalty Theatre,
 Sept. 14, 1787,
 THOMAS KING, ESQ.

“ P. S. At the same time that I wish you to communicate my fixed determination of not again appearing as a performer at Drury-Lane Theatre: If it be found inconvenient to alter the play advertised for to-morrow evening, sooner than the public shall be disappointed,—I will perform.”

To this letter the following answer was returned:

“ DEAR SIR,
 “ I have not been able to see Mr. Linley, since I received your letter; but will as soon as possible make him acquainted with the contents of it. In the mean time, I take the liberty to inform you, there will not be any performance at Drury-Lane Theatre to-morrow; and am sorry to find we are not likely to have your assistance there in future.

“ I am, Sir,
 “ Your very humble servant,
 “ THOMAS KING.”

Sept. 14, 1787.
 Mr. PALMER.

“ Mr. Palmer, on the receipt of this letter, conceiving that the disappointment of the public might be imputed to him, immediately dispatched the subsequent letter to Mr. King.”

“ DEAR SIR,
 “ I this moment received your letter, informing me, that there will not be any performance at Drury-Lane Theatre to-morrow. I hope the play is not postponed in consequence of my letter; as I before informed you, and now repeat it, that sooner than the public shall be disappointed, I am ready to appear in the character designed me in the bills.

Royalty Theatre,
 Sept. 14, 1787.
 Mr. KING.
 “ I am, Sir, Yours,
 “ JOHN PALMER.”

“ Mr. Palmer having thus exonerated himself from any supposed duty to the Managers of Drury-Lane Theatre, Mr. Bannister, disdaining to be the servant of his persecutors, sent the following letter to Mr. King; which was received, but not answered.”

“ SIR,
 “ I am very much concerned, that the conduct of the Proprietors of Drury-Lane Theatre should make it an indispensable duty in me to declare my determination not to perform there, in conformity to the notice which they have given in the bills that announce the opening of their house for the winter season.

“ I have been branded with the infamous title of *vagabond*---I have been persecuted under that appellation by, and at the instance of the very men who announce me, when it is their interest so to do, “ in a contrary style.” The inference is plain. I am a rascal and a vagrant when they can get nothing by me. I am the contrary, when I am deemed an object of pecuniary advantage to their theatre.

“ Under such circumstances, I must indeed have no grateful idea of the profession to which I belong, and must pay a poor compliment to my good old friends of the West, and to that generous people by whose countenance and protection in the East of the City, I am enabled to provide for my family, if I did not personally feel the intended insult, as clearly as I perceive that palpable hypocrisy which induces, by the Manager’s advertisement, a deception upon them; for, Sir, it must have been evident to every man of understanding, that the persecuted, when he can earn a livelihood elsewhere, will never become a subservient hireling to his persecutors.

“ I am therefore to request you will, as acting Manager, take notice, that my name, in the play-bills of Drury-lane, has been inserted without my consent; and consequently I desire that it may be discontinued, for the reasons I have mentioned.

“ I wish not to give the least disappointment to those noble and numerous patrons, whose claims upon my gratitude must remain a debt which I shall never be able to discharge; and therefore, I wish it to be understood by you and the Proprietors, that my poor abilities in the Quaker are at their service to-morrow, and that I shall not charge the Managers any thing for my performance; but it is to be considered as a small token of my gratitude to the public, not as any part of my duty to the Theatre.

“ I am, Sir, with great esteem,

“ Your most obedient humble servant,

“ CHARLES BANNISTER.”

“ On the whole of the preceding circumstances, Mr. Palmer leaves the public to comment. The utmost of his desire is, to acquit himself with every respect to the town, from whom he has received so many obligations, for a series of years, that a life of professional exertion in their service will be the only means of testifying his gratitude.

Royalty Theatre, Sept. 18, 1787.

JOHN PALMER.”

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

VIENNA, Feb. 10.

HIS Imperial Majesty, after repeated solicitations, has consented to Count Clairfayt’s resignation of his command of the Imperial army on the Lower Rhine, and has appointed his brother, the Archduke Charles, to the command of that army. At the same time his Majesty has been pleased, as a testimony of his satisfaction with the Field Marshal’s glorious services, to confer on him the order of the Golden Fleece.

Warsaw, Feb. 17. War is to be immediately declared between the Russians and Turks. General Suwarrow is to have the chief command of the former, and the different Generals who are to act under him are said to be already appointed.

The National Assembly of the Batavian Republic was installed on the 1st of March; Citizen C. Paulus was elected President. The public ceremony on this

occasion appears to have called forth the emblematic genius of Batavia, of which the following may serve as a specimen :

A long waggon covered with cloth so as to conceal the wheels, and having three benches. On the hindermost was seated a man bowed down with age, and carrying a flag with these words---“ I lived in slavery, but I rejoice in dying free. My posterity who are before me will feel all the benefits ! ”

On the bench before the old man were seated two aged women, who represented his daughters, and before them were two men, with their children on their knees. The horses were led by four young men. The waggon was surrounded by six serjeants of the armed bourgeoisie, with drawn swords, preceded by a herald, carrying a banner, with the following inscription : “ We will protect those who cannot defend themselves.”

Paris, March 4. The Directory have officially announced, that Stofflet and five of his accomplices had been tried at Angers on the 6th Ventose, and shot next day. The five others who were shot were---Charles Lichtenhen, born at Prade, 24 years old, formerly an officer under the Emperor; Joseph Philit Devannes, born at Ancenis; Joseph Moreau, born at Chantelon; Peter Pinot, born at Cholet; and Michael Grolleau, also born at Cholet.

Hamburg, March 8. Count Bernstorf, the Danish Minister, has notified to all the Foreign Ministers, that M. Grouvelle would be acknowledged. It is now supposed, that M. Dreyer, Privy Counsellor, and Danish Minister at Madrid, will proceed in the same quality to Paris. As to M. Reinhard, the French Minister in this place, it remains as yet undecided, whether or not he is to be acknowledged by our Senate. Our Magistrates have hitherto endeavoured to avoid the decision of this question by evasive answers, stating to the Directory, that they should have no objection to acknowledge a French Consul; and that the residence of a French Minister at Hamburg did not appear necessary. The inhabitants of this city are divided in their opinions on this subject; some dreading the resentment of the Emperor, if M. Reinhard should be acknowledged, and others the ill-will of the French Republic if he should not. Our Senate has ordered all the Burghers to be convened on the 10th instant, for the purpose of framing a conclusum on this momentous question: but these orders have been since revoked. We still hope that this matter will be arranged in a friendly manner: its undecided state has, however, already had so much influence on our trade, that several underwriters have refused to insure our ships, lest they might be taken or detained by the French. A small pamphlet, under the title of “ A Word to Hamburg's Burghers,” which a few days since was published here, with a view to prove the necessity of acknowledging M. Reinhard in his public capacity, has been suppressed by order of our Senate.

Don Orosko, *ci-devant* Charge d'Affaires of the King of Spain at Vienna, is appointed Spanish Minister at this place.

OFFICIAL NOTE OF COUNT BERNSTORF, DANISH MINISTER OF STATE.

The system of his Danish Majesty, uninfluenced by passions and prejudices, is merely governed by reason and truth, and constantly assumes such modifications as are rendered both just and unavoidable by the obvious change in the posture of public affairs. So long as no other than a Revolutionary Government existed in France, his Majesty could not acknowledge the Minister of that Government; but now that the French Constitution is completely organized, and a regular Government established in France, his Majesty's obligation ceases in that respect, and M. Grouvelle will therefore be acknowledged in the usual form. For the rest, this step remains an insulated measure, being neither more nor less than the natural consequence of circumstances, and an additional proof of the complete and truly impartial neutrality of the King.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

MUTINEERS EXECUTED.

Sheerness, March 8. At nine o'clock this morning the signal for execution was made on board the *Defiance* man of war, by firing a gun, and hoisting a yellow flag at the fore top-gallant-mast head; a Lieutenant, in a boat manned and

armed, was immediately sent from each ship to witness the awful scene; the crews of the respective ships were called on deck, and the Articles of War read to them by their Captains, who afterwards warned them to take example from the fate of the unhappy men who were about to suffer. The Rev. Dr. Hatheral, Chaplain of the Sandwich, (who has constantly been with the prisoners since their condemnation), administered the sacrament to all of them, except Michael Cox and Martin Ealey, who were Roman Catholics: after praying with them until near eleven o'clock, they were brought on deck, and the ropes fixed round their necks, when John Flint, George Wythick, John Lawson, and William Handy, were made acquainted that his Majesty had been pleased to pardon them. Handy, who had a wife and child on board, immediately ran down to her, and fainted in her arms, which presented a most affecting scene. The tear of thankfulness and joy adorned the cheeks of the hardy tars; and Lawson, addressing the Clergyman, said, "I am afraid I shall never again be so well prepared for eternity.

At a quarter past eleven the signal for the execution of the remainder was made, by firing a gun, when Michael Cox, Robert M'Laurin, John Sullivan, Michael Ealey, and William Morrison, were launched into eternity. After hanging the usual time, their bodies were sent on shore, to the Agent at sick quarters, for interment.

The awful spectacle had a due effect upon the several ships' companies, who behaved in a very proper and becoming manner on the occasion.

15. John Fellows, one of the Yeomen of the Guards, was brought before Nicholas Bond, Esq. by Dixon and Allan, two of the Bow-street officers, who apprehended him yesterday morning at the Bunch of Grapes in Hemmings's-row, on suspicion of being the author of four anonymous letters sent to Mr. Northall, lottery-office-keeper in New Bond-street. Mr. Northall stated, that a few days since he received an anonymous letter, informing him that the writer was in possession of several policies that had been given at his office for illegal insurance in the lottery, which made him liable not only to forfeit his security given to the Stamp Office, but also to be punished as a rogue and vagabond; but all of these, he added, might be prevented by his sending 300l. inclosed in a parcel, directed for G. R. at the Somerset Coffee-house, Strand. Not having complied with this proposal, Mr. Northall said, he received the three other letters, nearly to the same effect, except that the last, which came to hand yesterday morning, demanded 300l. to conciliate matters; and that the place for the answers to be left at was altered to the Bunch of Grapes. The letters were produced and read.

Several witnesses were examined as to the fact.

The prisoner positively denied being the writer of the letters, or having any concern in the business; any more than that of calling about the parcel at the desire of a woman, whose name he could not recollect, nor did he know where she was to be found. Committed for trial for a misdemeanor.

Derby, March 16. At our assizes, which ended this morning, Susannah Morton, aged 23, for the wilful murder of her bastard child, and James Preston, aged 70, for aiding, abetting, and assisting her to commit such murder, received sentence of death, and are ordered for execution to-morrow (Thursday). Job Ward was arraigned for the wilful murder of Hannah Oldfield, his fellow servant, by administering arsenic for the purpose of procuring abortion, she being with child by him; after a long trial, and some time spent by the Jury in deliberation, they acquitted him. Thomas Fretwell was convicted of sheepstealing, and received sentence of death, but was afterwards reprieved. What most particularly engaged the attention of the public, was a charge against a woman of the name of Ann Hoon, aged 24, for the wilful murder of her infant child, about 14 months old; the circumstances of this murder were as follow: on Friday last this poor creature, who is the wife of a labouring man, was about to heat her oven, and being short of wood had broken down a rail or two from the fencing round the plantation of a gentleman in the neighbourhood; some of her neighbours threatened her with a prosecution, and told her she would be transported for it. This so much alarmed her mind, and the idea of being separated from her child, whom she had always appeared

remarkably fond of, so wrought in her imagination, that she formed the horrible design of putting her to death, in order that, by surrendering herself into the hands of justice, she might be executed for the murder, and so be for ever re-united in Heaven to that babe whom she had loved more than life: as soon therefore as her husband was gone out to his labour, she proceeded to put this diabolical design in execution; she filled a large tub with water, and, taking the child in her arms, was about to plunge it in the water, when the babe, smiling in its mother's face, disarmed her for the moment, and she found herself unable to commit the horrid fact; she then lulled the babe to sleep at the breast, and wrapping a cloth round it plunged it into the tub; and held it under water till life became extinct; then took it out of the tub and laid it on the bed, and, taking her hat and cloak, locked her street-door, and left the key at a neighbour's for her husband when he should return from his labour; she then proceeded to walk eight or nine miles to a Magistrate, and requesting admission to him, told him the whole story, concluding with an earnest desire immediately to be executed. She was tried this morning, and many strong instances of insanity for some years past appearing, the Jury found her---Not Guilty.

Birmingham, March 21. Binns and Jones (the two Delegates from the London Corresponding Society), and Barthurst, a jobbing smith, of Deretend, have been taken into custody, on charges of sedition, and are now lodged in our dungeon.

A private letter from Lisbon thus particularizes the late shocks of an earthquake felt in Portugal and Spain:

On the 17th ult. it began about ten minutes after five in the morning, and is said to have lasted about 70 seconds. According to advices from Spain, &c. it was general.

By the violence of the shaking backward and forward in my bed I was awake, and by the cries of the people who were in the house with me. The inhabitants affirm it to be the most severe felt here for many years; they also fled from their houses to the squares, &c. where they conceived themselves to be most secure; our bells of the house rung, and such an unpleasant clamour of confusion ensued for some minutes after as I never heard before, but am happy to say no damage was done by it in this capital, as I have yet heard of.

On the 23d we felt another shock, about the same time in the morning as the 17th; it did not continue so long, but fully equalled it in severity; the inhabitants again left their houses, and were much more alarmed than at first, having an idea that they were the forerunners of a similar affair to that of 1755. It appears that some of the nobility and gentry, who possess quintas, or country houses, left their town residences on account of these earthquakes, which I assure you were dreadful, hearing the different fixtures fall against each other, and expecting every instant to be smothered in the ruins.

David Downie, who was sentenced to suffer death at Edinburgh for High Treason, has been liberated from his confinement in the Castle, in consequence of the remission granted by his Majesty on the recommendation of the Jury.---The terms of the remission are, that he shall depart from his Majesty's dominions of Great Britain and Ireland within ten days after being set at liberty, and never to be found therein during all the days of his natural life, under certification of his former sentence being put into execution against him, unless he shall obtain a licence for that purpose under the Royal Sign Manual.

We are extremely sorry to learn, that a dispute has arisen between the Board of Admiralty and Rear-Admiral Cornwallis, which is likely to deprive the nation of the services of that noble Admiral.

On a matter of so delicate a nature, we shall speak with great caution. We understand, that on Admiral Cornwallis's return into port, the Board of Admiralty sent orders to him to hoist his flag on board the *Astrea* frigate, and to proceed to the *West Indies* without loss of time. It is said that the Noble Admiral hesitated to comply with these orders, on the ground of not choosing to go on foreign service without taking with him the suite of officers belonging to the Royal

Sovereign, his own flag ship. On receiving this intimation, the Board of Admiralty ordered Admiral Cornwallis to strike his flag.

The running-down of the Belisarius outward-bound West India transport is said to have been occasioned by a dispute between the Master and his Second Mate, when wearing ship. An unhappy woman, with her infant in her arms, who stood on the quarter-deck of this ship, attempted to save the life of her infant by throwing it on board the Royal Sovereign at the instant of the two ships meeting, but unfortunately it fell between the two ships' sides, and was crushed to atoms before the eyes of its unhappy mother, who, in her distraction of mind, instantly precipitated herself into the sea, and shared the grave of her child.

The following plans are laid before the Society for the Improvement of Naval Architecture, by Mr. John Clark, carpenter of his Majesty's ship London, and patronized by his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence. 1. A new improvement on hinging and securing ships' rudders, to prevent them unshipping when the ship strikes the ground. 2. An improvement in fitting and securing a substitute rudder in a heavy sea. 3. An improvement for securing magazines, store-rooms, &c. from fire. 4. An expeditious method for stopping the progress of fire on board of ships. 5. A plan for the arrangements of pumps in cases of fire, or of a ship springing a leak. 6. A plan for constructing the partners of lower masts, to admit the top-masts to be shipped with ease and dispatch in gales of wind, and also an improvement on top-mast-caps.

A duel of a very sanguinary nature took place lately at Hamburgh between General W. and Colonel I. both Officers of the Guards. It originated in a quarrel at a gaming-table. They went out to fight with broad swords. At this first stroke Colonel I. cut off the fingers of the right hand of General W. The matter ended thus for the present; but it is supposed that another meeting will take place.

Marlborough-street office was lately visited by Mess. Cramer and Giornovich, two celebrated musical performers. They were taken there on a warrant, the one for having sent a challenge, and the other for accepting it. The dispute, by the advice of the Magistrate, was amicably settled. Thus a desperate and probably a most bloody duet has been prevented by the interference of a friendly *second fiddle!* fortunately screwed up in concert pitch for the harmonic purpose. The *minor-keyed* Cramer, it seems, called out the *con-furioso* Giornovich for an orchestra insult on his father. It happening that neither of the *primos* having a bow to draw the next day, heroically agreed to draw a trigger against the *first string* of each other's life. The instruments were prepared; but, happily, the time was not duly kept, as one of them only began his *dead march* to Paddington in three flats, while the other had run his rapid *fuge* to the termination of the *passage*, marked for the *last movement*, where he remained *con poco affettuoso!* From this error in counting, a confused interval of 24 bars rest took place, in which the *two-part* friend happily threw in a melting *cantabile* of his own composing; this brought the principal performers into unison with each other, by an amicable *rondeau*, which, after a long shake, closed the performance, by a very laughable FINALE.

On the return of the *Dædalus* from Port Jackson, a short time ago, she called at Otaheite, one of the South-Sea islands. There, to the no small surprise of the Captain and crew, they found nine of their countrymen married, settled and living in the greatest ease and comfort; who, being asked how they came there, informed them, that they sailed from England in a South-whaler, belonging to Messrs. Calvert and Co. called the *Amelia*, which had the misfortune to bulge upon a rock. Finding it impossible to save the ship or any part of the stores, they got into the boat, committed themselves to the mercy of the waves, and were safely wafted to the shores of Otaheite. The natives not unaccustomed to the colour of their skin, nor the sound of their language, received them with every token of affection and joy; assigned them lands, and servants to cultivate them; adopted them into the order of Nobility, and, as a proof of the insignia of their elevation, tattooed them from top to bottom.

At a Privy Council which was lately held, the Churchwardens and Overseers of

several parishes of the metropolis attended, at the express desire of Administration, when they were informed by Mr. Pitt that it would be necessary for them to call upon the opulent part of their parishioners to contribute, by a certain rate, to the maintenance of the lower class. The tax thus proposed will be distinct from the poor-rates, and not applicable to the use of those who are at present denominated parish-poor: labourers and handicraftsmen, in a state of indigence and want, are the persons whom it is intended to relieve.

The Prince of Wales and a Board of General Officers have been for several days sitting at the Horse Guards in consultation, for the purpose of adopting an entire new form of dress and accoutrements for the cavalry. The swords are to be lengthened, and the carbines shortened. The waistcoats are to reach a good way down the thighs. The boots are to be made so strong between the calf and the thigh as to resist the stroke of a sabre. Helmets instead of hats, in a new form, are suggested; they are to clasp at the chin, like the old-fashioned hunting-caps. An alteration likewise is to take place in the saddles, and indeed in almost every part of the accoutrements and dress.

The speech of the Prince of Wales on the Anniversary of St. Patrick was distinguished by the neat and polished eloquence with which it was delivered; it was followed by conduct more valuable than the eloquence of words. As soon as he had left the room, Earl Moira informed the company that his Royal Highness had told him that it would break his heart if he was not allowed to subscribe an hundred guineas to the fund of the institution. Earl Moira, with true and manly feeling, stated the generosity to be splendid on the part of the Prince, considering that it might press hard upon the Prince, and even perhaps deprive him of comforts of which every loyal and Irish heart would wish him the enjoyment.

The Princess of Wales is said to be again "in that state in which ladies wish to be who love their lords."

The title of Duke of Cumberland is to be shortly revived in the person of his Royal Highness Prince Edward, their Majesties' fourth son, now abroad in the West Indies with his regiment.

GAME LAWS.---The following is the substance of the principal clauses of the new Game Bill:

After stating the acts to be repealed, it enacts, that every owner and occupier of land shall have liberty to hunt, course, and kill hares, pheasants, and partridges found, sprung, or started on the grounds by him so occupied.

Game-keepers, however duly authorised, are to be punished if convicted of selling the game.

The punishment of poachers is to be inflicted, and with some new severity. For the first offence the punishment is commitment to the county gaol for the space of (). For the second offence, the house of correction, and hard labour for a space to be agreed upon.

THE WET DOCKS AND PROPOSED CANALS.---These are the chief particulars of them:

The docks are to be four: the largest to hold 250 ships; the second will hold 105; the others about 30 each.

The canal begins just above the river Lea, and, passing in a straight line to Gravel-lane (where the docks will be), opens again in the Thames.

By this canal the navigation is to avoid the three reaches of Blackwall, Greenwich and Limehouse.

It is proposed to have an incorporated company. The property to be purchased must be 1700 houses, besides the ground. The funds advanced for these purchases will be a charge of 10 per cent. on the trade, and change at once violently, and therefore too probably injuriously, the property and vocations of 60 or 70,000 persons!

The City Plan, in opposition to this, is to the following effect:

To extend the quays 30 feet into the river; to widen Thames-street 30 feet; to turn Bridge-yard (four acres on the Surrey side) into quays; to buy about St.

Saviour's and Morgan's lane for the same purpose; to make wet decks in the Isle of Dogs.

Among great undertakings to be renowned for the skill of their conception and the probable public good in their execution, is the navigation now forming to connect the River Severn and the River Dec. The course must be through the country, so delicious for the exquisite mountainous inequalities, of Denbighshire and Shropshire. Among these, over one of the deepest delis, is a part of the navigation, which will be the boldest effort of the whole. It is to connect and convey the water from one mountainous point to another, across a hollow, measuring in the perpendicular rather more than 90 feet, the length between 300 and 400 feet; this part of the canal is to be a trough of cast iron.

Part of the grand plan for the improvement of London and Westminster is to reform Holborn as to width, and to continue it in a right line with Oxford-street. All narrow streets, north and south, are to be widened and straightened.

A gentleman recently arrived from Paris says, that "the Garden of the Thuilleries, once planted with potatoes when the wants of the people required this sacrifice, offers now a beautiful and correct map of the 83 Departments of France. It comprises too Jemappe, Savoy, and the other Departments which have been conquered and united to the Republic.

"This idea, which is most artfully conceived to flatter the vanity of the Parisians, is as beautifully executed. Each path marks the boundary of a Department. Every mountain is represented by an hillock, every forest by a thicket, and every river has its corresponding streamlet!

"Thus every Parisian in his morning's walk can now review the whole of the Republic, and of her conquests."

The Jury has been struck against Mr. Reeves for a Libel on the House of Commons. His trial is expected to come on the 9th of May next.

Mr. Plumptree, of Clarehall Hall, Cambridge, has written a pamphlet, to prove that Shakspeare's Hamlet was meant as a satire on Mary Queen of Scots. The Winter's Tale has by some been considered as a defence of Anna Boleyn.

Attwood has obtained the appointment of Organist of St. Paul's, in despite of a spirited opposition from Calcott. It was given by Dr. Prettyman, the Dean, with a restriction highly creditable to his musical taste; for it is expressly "nominated in the bond," that the business is not to be performed by proxy.

Lady Elcho has set an example in Bath, which will injure the *little* Fashionables there exceedingly who live by card-money; she will not visit any house where it is taken.

We hope the ladies in London who stand upon a nice point of honour will follow the example of the Bath ladies, and exclude the odious and pitiful custom of taking card-money at their houses. It is a meanness which no persons who pretend to the honour of keeping good company ought to allow. We are afraid that many a party is formed rather to derive benefit from the card-tables, than for the sake of hospitality,

At Leicester assizes a cause for *crim con.* came on to be tried, wherein the Rev. John Thornton was plaintiff, and Mr. John Whitchurch, apothecary and man-midwife, was defendant. The Jury found a verdict for the Plaintiff, with 2000l. damages. It is somewhat remarkable, that the lady's inamorato is near 60 years of age; she is 24, and her husband about her own age, by whom she has three children; the defendant is a married man, and has 18 children.

MASONRY.---In consequence of the introduction of the Russian Government into Courland, the Freemasons at Mittau have shut up their lodge; their house, library, &c. have been consigned to the College of General Provision.

* * * This Monthly Lists are unavoidably deferred till our next.