



*The Jewel of the Treasurer
of the Lodge of
The Nine Muscs.*

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Commissumque teges et vino tortus et ira. Hor:



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1796.

THE
FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,

AND

CABINET OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE.

FOR JULY 1796.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ENGRAVING OF THE
 TREASURER'S JEWEL OF THE LODGE OF THE
 NINE MUSES.

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TO READERS, CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

OUR Poetical Correspondent from Durham will, we trust, pardon the small omissions we have made in his Verses written at Sun-rise.

A Brother has promised to favour us with a full account of the ceremony and business of opening the Bridge over the River Wear, (*Vide* Masonic Intelligence for this month) which, it is thought, will be one of the most brilliant things that Masonry has ever shewn.

We rejoice at the renewal of the Correspondence of Dr. Watkins. His Favours will at all times receive every attention we can bestow.

Several other Communications have come to hand, but too late for insertion this month. We beg our Correspondents to remember, that the 20th of each month is the last day their Favours can be inserted.

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

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THE
FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,
AND
CABINET OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE.

FOR JULY 1796.

AN ADDRESS
TO
THE MASTER AND BRETHREN OF THE
PALLADIAN LODGE IN HEREFORD,
ON THE OCCASION OF
AN INSTALLATION OF OFFICERS,
A. D. 1767.

BY BROTHER WELLINS CALCOTT, PAST MASTER.

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL SIR,

BY the unanimous voice of the Members of this Lodge, you are elected to the Mastership thereof, for the ensuing half-year; and I have the happiness of being deputed to invest you with this ensign of your office. Be it ever in your thoughts, that the ancients, in particular, held this Symbol to be a just, a striking Emblem of the Divinity. The gods, they said, who are the authors of every thing established in Wisdom, Strength, and Beauty, were properly represented by this figure. May you, my worthy Brother, not only consider it as a mark of honour in this assembly, but let it ever remind you of your duty both to God and Man. And, as you profess the Sacred Volume to be your Spiritual Tressel-Board, make it your particular care to square your life and conversation according to the rules and designs laid down in that holy code.

You have been of too long standing, and are too good a Member of our Community, to require, now, any information, as to the duty of your office. What you have seen praise-worthy in others, we doubt not, you will imitate; and, what you have seen defective, you will, in yourself, amend.

We have, therefore, the greatest reason to expect you will be constant and regular in your attendance on the Lodge, faithful and diligent in the discharge of your duty, and that you will make the honour of the Supreme Architect of the Universe, and the good of the Craft, the primary objects of your regard.

We trust, likewise, that you will pay a strict attention to the laws and regulations of this Society, as more particularly becoming your present station; and that you will, at the same time, require a due obedience to them, from every other Member, well knowing, that, without this, the best of laws become useless.

As a pattern for imitation, consider the great Luminary of Nature, which, rising in the East, regularly diffuses light and lustre to all within its circle. In like manner is it your province, with due decorum, to spread and communicate light and instruction to the Brethren under your direction.

From the knowledge we already have of your zeal and abilities, we rest assured, that you will discharge the duties of this important station in such a manner, as will equally redound to the honour of yourself, and of those over whom you are elected to preside.

MY WORTHY BRETHREN,

IF ever it should happen, which Heaven avert, that our establishment should be held in little esteem by its Members, it must be owing to the want of a due sense of the excellence of its principles, and the salutary laws, and social duties, on which it is founded.

But, sometimes, mere curiosity, views of self-interest, or a groundless presumption that the principal business of a Lodge is mirth and entertainment, have induced men, of loose principles, and discordant tempers, to procure admission into our Community. This, the consequence of the unpardonable inattention of those who proposed them to their lives and conversations, has occasioned some discredit and uneasiness to the Craft; such persons being, in no way, much qualified for a Society, *founded* upon Wisdom, and *cemented* by Morality and Christian Love.

Let it, therefore, be your peculiar care to pay strict attention to the merit and character of those who, from among the circle of your acquaintance, may be desirous of becoming Members of our Society; lest, through your inadvertency, the unworthy part of mankind should find means to introduce themselves among you: by which means, respectable and worthy persons will infallibly be discouraged.

Self-love is a reigning principle in all men; and there is not a more effectual method of ingratiating ourselves with each other, than by mutual complaisance and respect; by agreement (with each other) in judgment and practice. This it is, which makes Society pleasing, and Friendship durable; which can never be the case, when men's principles and dispositions are opposite, and not adapted for Unity. We must be moved by the same Passions, governed by the same Inclinations, and moulded by the same Morals, before we can please, or be pleased, in Society. No community, or place, can make a man happy, who is not furnished with a temper of mind to relish felicity. Our wise and royal Grand Master, Solomon, tells us, and experience confirms it, that, "the Light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is to behold the Sun;" yet for this pleasure we are wholly indebted to

that astonishing piece of heavenly workmanship, the eye, and the several organs of sight. If the eye be distempered, all objects, though they remain the same in themselves, to us lose their beauty and lustre; if the eye be totally destroyed, the sense which depends upon it is lost also, and the whole body is full of darkness. So is it with that Mason, who has not a frame and temper of mind adapted to our institution; without which, the blended allurements of pleasure and instruction to be found in a Lodge, must become tasteless, and of none effect. Be assured, then, before you propose a candidate for our Order, that his conduct and circumstances in life be such, as may not have the least tendency to diminish the credit of the Society; and be ye ever disposed to honour good men for their virtues, and wise men for their knowledge: good men, for propagating virtue and religion all over the world; and wise men, for encouraging arts and sciences, and diffusing them from east to west, and between north and south, rejecting all who are not of good repute, sound morals, and competent understandings. Hence you will derive honour and happiness to yourselves, and drink deeply of those streams of felicity, of which the unenlightened can form no idea: for, by these means, excess and irregularity must be strangers within your walls. On sobriety, your pleasure depends; on regularity, your reputation; and not your reputation only, but the reputation of the whole body.

These general cautions, if duly attended to, will evince your wisdom by their effects: for I can aver from experience, that nothing contributes more to the dissolution of a Lodge, than too great a number of Members* indiscriminately made, want of regulation in their expences, and keeping unseasonable hours.

To guard against this fatal consequence, we shall do well to cultivate the virtues of Prudence, Temperance, and Frugality, the best supports of every community.

Prudence is the queen and the guide of all other virtues, the ornament of our actions, the *square* and *rule* of our affairs. It is the knowledge and choice of those things which we must either approve or reject; and implies, to consult and deliberate well, to judge and resolve well, to conduct and execute well.

Temperance consists in the government of our appetites and affections, so to use the good things of this life as not to abuse them, either by a sordid and ungrateful parsimony on the one hand, or a prodigal and excessive indulgence on the other. This virtue has many powerful arguments in its favour: for, as we value our health, wealth, reputation, family, and friends, our characters as men, as Christians, as members of society in general, and as FREEMASONS in particular, all conspire to call on us for the exercise of this virtue; in short, it com-

* It would be as absurd to imagine, that happiness were to be found in a numerous Lodge, where the Members should be indiscriminately admitted, as to think that true greatness consists in size and dimensions: for, as Mr. Pope observes, "let an edifice be ever so vast, unless the parts relate to each other in harmony, the monstrous whole will be but a cluster of littlenesses, unnaturally crowded together."

prehends a strict observance of the Apostle's exhortation, "Be ye temperate in all things;" not only avoiding what is in itself improper, but also whatever has the most remote appearance of impropriety, that the tongue of the slanderer may be struck dumb, and malevolence be disarmed of its sting.

Frugality, the natural associate of Prudence and Temperance, is what the meanest station necessarily calls for, and the most exalted cannot dispense with. It is requisite in all stations, it is necessary to the supporting every desirable character, to the establishment of every society, to the interest of every individual in the community; it is a moral, it is a Christian, virtue; it implies the strict observance of decorum in the seasons of relaxation, and of every enjoyment; and is that temper of mind, which is disposed to employ every acquisition only to the glory of the Giver, to our own happiness, and to that of our fellow-creatures.

If we fail not in the exercise of these virtues, (which are essential supports of every Lodge of FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS) they will effectually secure us from those errors which have proved so fatal to some societies: for Prudence will discover the absurdity of expecting true harmony, without a due attention to the choice of our Members; Temperance will check every appearance of excess, and fix rational limitations to our hours of enjoyment; and Frugality will forbid extravagance, and keep our expences within proper bounds.

The Lacedemonians had a law among them, that every one should serve the gods with as little expence as he could, herein differing from all other Grecians; and Lycurgus, being asked for what reason he made this institution, so disagreeable to the sentiments of all other men, answered, "lest at any time the service of the gods should be intermitted:" for he feared, if religion should be as expensive there as in other parts of Greece, it might some time or other happen, that the divine worship, through the covetousness of some, and the poverty of others, would be neglected. This observation equally holds good with respect to MASONS, and will, I hope, by them be properly applied.

I would not be understood here to mean, that, because these three moral virtues are particularly pointed out as essential to the good discipline and support of a Lodge, nothing more is required: for social must be united with moral excellencies. Were a man to be merely prudent, temperate, and frugal, and yet be unaccustomed to the duties of humanity, sincerity, generosity, &c. he would be, at most, a useless, if not a worthless, member of society, and a much worse MASON.

Permit me, in the next place, to remind you, that a due attendance on the Lodge, for your own improvement, and the reputation of MASONRY in general, is absolutely necessary: for your own improvement,—because the advantages, naturally resulting from the practice of the principles therein taught, are the highest ornament of human nature; and for the credit of the community,—because it is your indispensable duty to support such a character in life as is there en-

joined. The prevalency of good example is great; and no language is so expressive as a consistent life and conversation: these once forfeited, in the MASONIC character, will degrade a man, not only in the esteem of persons of sense, learning, and probity, but men, even of inferior qualities, will seldom fail of making a proper distinction.

I need not observe to you, that the envious and censorious are ever disposed to form their judgments of mankind according to their conduct in public life; when, therefore, the Members of our Society desert their body, or discover any inconsistency in their practice with their profession, they contribute to bring an odium on a name, which it is the duty of every Member highly to honour. Indeed, instances of the conduct here-decried, I own, are very rare; and I might say, as often as they do happen, tend more to discover the malignity of our adversaries, than to reflect on ourselves: for, with what ill-nature are such suggestions framed? How weak must it appear, in the eye of discernment, to condemn a whole society for the irregularity of a few individuals*?

But to return to my argument; one great cause of absenting ourselves from the Lodge, I apprehend to be, the want of that grand fundamental principle, Brotherly Love! Did we properly cultivate this Christian virtue, we should feel happiest when assembled together. On unity in affection, unity in government subsists: for, whatever draws men into societies, that only can cement them.

Let us recollect, that "to love as brethren," is the new and greatest commandment; all the others are summarily comprehended in this: it is the "fulfilling of the law," and a necessary qualification for the Celestial Lodge, where resides the Supreme Architect of the Universe, who is Love. Faith, Hope, and Charity are three principal graces, by which we must be guided thither; of which, Charity, or universal love, is the chief. When Faith shall be swallowed up in vision, and Hope in enjoyment, then will true Charity, or brotherly love, shine with the brightest lustre to all eternity,—

" Shall stand before the host of Heaven confest,

" For ever blessing, and for ever blest."

PRIOR on Cor. ch. xiii.

On the other hand, envy, pride, censoriousness, malice, revenge, and discord, are the productions of a diabolical disposition. These are epidemical disorders of the mind; and, if not seasonably corrected and suppressed, will prove very pernicious to particular communities, and more especially to such an establishment as ours.

Now, there is nothing so diametrically opposite to, and so powerful an antidote against them, as Charity, or true brotherly love: for, if we be tempted to envy, Charity guards the mind against it, Charity envieth not. Are we tempted by pride? Charity vaunteth not

* Though there be FREEMASONS, who coolly, and without agitation of mind, seem to have divested themselves of all affection and esteem for the Craft, we, in such men, only see the effects of an exquisite and inveterate depravation: for the principle is almost always preserved, though its effects, seem to be lost.

itself, is not puffed up. Where this virtue is predominant, Humility is its companion, and its delight: for the charitable man puts on bowels of mercy, kindness, lowliness of mind. 'It is a certain remedy, likewise, against all censoriousness: Charity thinketh no evil, but believeth all things, hopeth all things; will ever incline us to believe and hope the best, especially of a Brother.

Let, therefore, a constant exercise of this Christian virtue, so essential to our present and future happiness, prove our great esteem for it; and, by its influence upon our lives and actions, testify to the world the due cultivation of it among us; that they, who think or speak evil of us, may be thereby confounded, and put to open shame. And as it was a proverbial expression among the enemies of Christianity, in its infancy, "See how these Christians love one another!" may the same, with equal propriety, be said of FREEMASONS. This will convince the scoffer and slanderer, that we are lovers of Him, who said, "If ye love me, keep my commandments;" and, "this is my commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you." This will prove to our enemies, that a good MASON is a good man, and a good Christian, and afford to ourselves the greatest comfort *here*, by giving us a well-grounded hope of admittance into a Lodge of everlasting felicity *hereafter*.

LODGE OF BIGGAR.

OUR esteemed Brother Somerville requests us to insert the following as a Note to No. I. of 'THE HISTORY OF FREEMASONRY IN SCOTLAND.'
(*Vide* Vol. 6. Page 301.)

* * * BIGGAR, the kirktown of the parish of that name, is situated in the county of Lanark, in Scotland, 27 miles S. W. from Edinburgh. It stands on a dry and elevated situation, favoured with a southerly exposure, and is a healthy, well-aired town. The village contains 389 inhabitants, which, with those in the country part of the parish, make 937 in all. The church of Biggar, which was collegiate, was built in 1545, by Malcolm, third Lord Fleming, Lord High Chamberlain of Scotland; and largely endowed by him, for the support of a provost, eight prebendaries, four singing boys, and six poor men. It is built in the form of a cross; the fabric is entire; but the steeple and spire have never been finished. At the West end of the village is a tumulus, which appears never to have been opened. Near the East end, a battle was fought, by the Scots, under Sir William Wallace, against the English, who were 60,000 strong. Great slaughter was made on both sides, especially among the English, who were defeated.

THE
MANNER OF CONSTITUTING A LODGE,
ACCORDING TO ANCIENT USAGE:
WITH THE
CEREMONIES OF CONSECRATION AND INSTALLATION.

ANY number of MASTER-MASONS, not under seven, resolved to form themselves into a new Lodge, must apply, by petition, to the Grand Master, or Provincial Grand Master;* setting forth, "That they are regular-made Masons, and present Members of different Lodges under the Constitution of England; that they have the prosperity of the Society at heart, and are willing to exert their best endeavours to promote the principles of MASONRY: that, for the convenience of their respective dwellings, and other good reasons, they have agreed to form themselves into a new Lodge, to be named _____; and have nominated A. B. to be the Master; C. D. to be the Senior Warden; and E. F. to be the Junior Warden: that, in consequence of this resolution, they pray for a Warrant of Constitution, to empower them to assemble, and hold a regular Lodge on the _____ of every month, at the house of G. H. known by the sign of _____, in _____, and then and there to make, pass, and raise Masons, according to the regular forms of the Society, and to execute all the other duties of the Craft; that, the prayer of their petition being granted, they will faithfully obey all the edicts or commands of the Grand Master, and strictly conform to all the laws and regulations of the Grand Lodge."

This petition, being properly signed and recommended by three Masters of regular Lodges, must be delivered to the Grand Secretary; who, on presenting it to the Deputy Grand Master, and his approving of it, will grant a Dispensation, authorising the Brethren, specified in it, to assemble as Masons for forty days, or until such time as a Constitution shall be granted, or that authority be recalled.

In consequence of this Dispensation, a Lodge may be held at the place there specified; and its transactions, being properly recorded, will be equally valid, for the time being, with those of a regular constituted Lodge.

The petition is presented by the Deputy Grand Master to the Grand Master, who being satisfied of the truth of the allegations it contains, appoints a day and hour for constituting [and consecrating †] this new Lodge, and for installing the Master, Wardens, and other officers of the same.

* Where there is a Provincial Grand Master appointed, applications for Warrants of Constitution, and for all other business respecting Masonry, must be made to him, his Deputy, or Secretary; and all contributions for the General Fund of Charity, registering fees, &c. must be paid to the Treasurer, or one of the officers of the Provincial Lodge.

† This is frequently omitted.

If the Grand Master attends, with all his officers, the Lodge will be constituted *IN AMPLE FORM*; if the Deputy Grand Master and the other grand officers attend, it will be constituted *IN DUE FORM*; but if the power is vested in any subordinate Lodge, it will only be constituted *IN FORM*.

On the day and hour appointed, the Grand Master, with his officers, (or the Master and officers of any private Lodge, authorized by the Grand Master,) meet in a convenient room, and, being properly clothed, walk in procession to the Lodge room. The Lodge is opened by the Grand Master in all the degrees of Masonry. A prayer being repeated in due form, and an ode, in honour of the Society, sung, the Grand Master (or Master in the Chair) is informed, "That a certain number of Brethren then present, duly instructed in the mysteries of Masonry, desire to be formed into a new Lodge, under his Worship's (or the Grand Master's) patronage; that a Dispensation had been granted them, by virtue of which authority they had assembled as regular Masons; and that the transactions of their several meetings had been properly recorded." The petition is then read, as is also the Dispensation, and the Warrant, or Charter, of Constitution, granted in consequence of it. The minutes of all the transactions of the new Lodge, while under Dispensation, are likewise read, and, being approved, they are declared to be regular and valid. Then the Grand Master (or Master in the Chair) takes the Warrant in his hand, and requests the Brethren of the new Lodge to signify their approbation or disapprobation of the officers nominated in the said Warrant to preside over them. This being signified accordingly, an anthem is sung, and an oration on the nature and design of Masonry is delivered.

CEREMONY OF CONSECRATION. *

THE Grand Master, attended by his officers, and some dignified clergyman, form themselves in order, round the Lodge, in the centre. All devoutly kneeling, the preparatory prayer is rehearsed. The Chaplain produces his authority, and, being properly assisted, proceeds to consecrate. Solemn music strikes up, and the necessary preparations are made. The first clause of the Consecration Prayer is rehearsed, all devoutly kneeling. The Response is made, "Glory to God on High." Incense is scattered over the Lodge, and the Grand Honours of Masonry are given. The Consecration Prayer is concluded, and the Response repeated, together with the Grand Honours, as before. All rising up, solemn music is introduced; after which, the Blessing is given, and the Response made as before, accompanied with the usual honours. An anthem is then sung, and the Brethren of the new Lodge coming forward and doing homage, the Grand Master pronounces these words:

'In this my exalted character, and in the name of the MOST HIGH, to whom be glory and honour, I constitute and form these good

* This is never to be used but when specially ordered.

‘ Brethren into a regular Lodge of FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS; and God be with them.’ Amen. [Flourish with drums and trumpets.]

The Grand Honours are once more repeated, and the ceremony of Consecration ends.

CEREMONY OF INSTALLATION.

THE Grand Master * then asks his Deputy, ‘ If he has examined the Master nominated in the Warrant, and whether he finds him well skilled in the noble Science and the royal Art?’ The Deputy answering in the affirmative, he, by the Grand Master’s order, takes the candidate from among his fellows, and presents him at the pedestal; saying, ‘ Most Worshipful Grand Master, [or Right Worshipful, as it happens,] I present my worthy Brother A. B. to be installed Master of this new Lodge. I know him to be of good Morals and of great Skill; true and trusty, and a lover of the whole Fraternity, wheresoever dispersed over the face of the earth.’

The following charges are then read by the Grand Secretary [or acting Secretary] to the Master Elect.

I. You are to be a good man and true, and strictly to obey the moral law.

II. You are to be a peaceable subject, and cheerfully to conform to the laws of the country in which you reside.

III. You are not to be concerned in plots or conspiracies against Government, but submit to the decisions of legislative power.

IV. You are to respect the civil Magistrate; to work diligently; live creditably; and act honourably by all men.

V. You are to obey the Rulers and Governors of the Society, supreme and subordinate, in their different stations, and submit to the awards and resolutions of your Brethren.

VI. You are to avoid private piques and quarrels, and guard against intemperance and excess.

VII. You are to be cautious and prudent in your behaviour, courteous to your Brethren, and faithful to the Lodge to which you belong.

VIII. You are to respect your genuine Brethren, and discountenance all false pretenders.

IX. You are to promote the general good of Society, cultivate the social Virtues, and be always ready to give or to receive instruction.

The Secretary then reads the following Regulations:

I. The Grand Master, for the time being, and all his Officers, are to be duly homaged, and the Edicts of the Grand Lodge to be strictly enforced.

II. No alteration or innovation in the Body of Masonry shall be made, without the consent of the Grand Lodge first had and obtained.

* In this, and other similar instances, where the Grand Master is specified as acting, may be understood any Master who performs the ceremony.

III. The duties of the Grand Lodge are to be regularly attended, and the dignity of the Society supported.

IV. No stated Lodge is to be formed without leave from the Grand Master, or his Deputy; or any countenance given to a Mason clandestinely made in such Lodge.

V. No Mason is to be made, or Member admitted, in a regular Lodge, without one month's previous notice, or due inquiry into his character.

VI. No Visitors are to be received into a Lodge, unless vouchers can be produced of their having been initiated in a regular, constituted Lodge, acting under the authority of the Grand Master of England, or of some other Grand Master approved by him.

VII. No public processions of Masons, clothed with the badges of the Order, are to be countenanced, without the special licence of the Grand Master.

' These are the Laws and Regulations of the SOCIETY OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS.'

The Grand Master then addresses the Master Elect in the following manner: ' Do you submit to these Charges, and do you promise ' to support these Regulations, as Masters have done in all ages? ' The new Master, having signified his cordial submission, is bound to his trust, and invested with the badge of his office by the Grand Master, who thus salutes him: ' Brother A. B. in consequence of ' the recommendations I have received of you, and your cheerful ' conformity to the Charges and Regulations of the Society, I appoint you Master of this new Lodge, not doubting of your ' care, ' skill, and capacity.' The Warrant of Constitution is then delivered over to the new Master: after which, the Holy Bible, the Square and Compass, the Book of Constitutions, the Minute Book, the Hiram, the moveable Jewels, and all the Insignia of his different Officers, are separately presented to him; and the necessary Charges, suitable to each, are properly delivered*. The new Master is then conducted by the Stewards, amidst the acclamations of the Brethren, to the Grand Master's left hand, where he returns his becoming acknowledgments, to the Grand Master first, and to all the rest in their order: after which, he is saluted by the music, with a song suitable to the occasion. The Members of the new Lodge next advance, pay due homage to the Grand Master, and signify their promise of subjection and obedience to their new Master, by the usual congratulations in the different degrees of Masonry.

The Grand Master orders the new Master to enter immediately upon the exercise of his office: to wit, in appointing his Wardens, whom he accordingly names. They are conducted up to the pedestal, and presented to the Grand Master; after which, the new Master proceeds to invest them with the badges of their offices in the following manner:

* The same Ceremony and Charges attend every succeeding Installation.

‘ Brother C. D. I appoint you Senior Warden of this Lodge; and invest you with the ensign of your office*. Your regular and early attendance I particularly request; as, in my absence, you are to govern the Lodge; and, in my presence, to assist me in the government of it. Your attachment to this Lodge, joined to your knowledge of Masonry, will, no doubt, enable you to discharge the duties of this important station with honour and reputation.’

‘ Brother E. F. I appoint you Junior Warden of this Lodge; and invest you with the badge of your office*. To you I entrust the examination of Visitors, and the introduction of Candidates. I therefore request your regular and punctual attendance on the Lodge. Your proficiency in Masonry, I doubt not, will qualify you to execute faithfully the duty you owe to your present appointment.’

‘ Brother Wardens, you are both too good Members of our Community, and too expert in the Principles of Masonry, to require much information in the duties of your respective offices: suffice it to mention, that I expect, what you have seen praise-worthy in others, you will carefully imitate; and what in them may have appeared defective, you will carefully avoid. Good order and regularity you must endeavour to promote. By a due regard to the Laws in your own conduct, you can only expect to enforce a due obedience to them in that of the other Members.’

The Wardens retire to their seats, and the Treasurer † is next invested. The Secretary is then called up to the Pedestal, and invested with the jewel of his office; upon which the new Master thus addresses him:

‘ I appoint you, Brother G. H. Secretary of this Lodge. It is your province to record the Minutes, settle the Accounts, and issue out the Summonses for our regular Meetings. Your good inclinations to Masonry will certainly induce you to discharge this trust with fidelity; and, in so doing, you will justly merit the esteem and applause of the Lodge.’

The Stewards are next called up and invested; and the following Charge is delivered by the new Master:

‘ Brother I. K. and Brother L. M. I appoint you Stewards of the Lodge. The duties of your office are, to introduce Visitors, and to see that they are properly accommodated; to collect the Quar-terage and other Fees, and to keep an Account of the Lodge Expenses. Your regular and early attendance will be the best proof you can give of your zeal for Masonry, and your attachment to this Lodge.’

The Master then appoints the Tyler, and delivers over, in form, the instrument of his office, with the necessary Charge on that occasion: after which, he addresses the Members of the Lodge as follows:

* Here specify its moral excellence.

† This Officer is not appointed by the Master, but elected by the Lodge.

‘ BRETHREN,

‘ Such is the nature of our Constitution, that, as some must of necessity rule and teach, so others must, of course, learn to submit and obey. Humility in both is, therefore, an essential duty. The Brethren I have appointed to support me in the government of this Lodge, I hope, are too well acquainted with the principles of Masonry, and the rules of good breeding, to extend their power; and the other Members are too sensible of the necessity of their appointment, and of too generous dispositions, to envy their preferment. From the knowledge I have of both, I make no doubt but we shall all unite in the grand design of being happy, and of communicating happiness.’

The Grand Master gives all the Brethren joy of their Officers, recommends harmony, and expresses his desire that their only contention will be a laudable emulation in cultivating the royal Art, and the social Virtues; upon which, all the new Lodge bow together, and return thanks for the honour of the Constitution.

The Grand Secretary proclaims the new Lodge three times, with the honours of Masonry. Flourish with horns each time.

A song is then sung, with a grand chorus. After which, the new Master proceeds to explain the Lodge.

The Grand Master orders the Lodge to be registered in the Grand Lodge Book, and the Grand Secretary to notify the same to all other regular Lodges.

A song* concludes the ceremony; and the Lodge is closed with the usual solemnities in the different degrees, by the Grand Master and his Officers; after which, they return in procession to the apartment from whence they came.

This is the usual Ceremony observed by regular Masons; but the Grand Officers can abridge or extend it at pleasure.

VIRTUE.

VIRTUE is the highest exercise and improvement of Reason; the integrity, the harmony, and just balance of Affection; the health, strength, and beauty of the Mind. The perfection of Virtue is to give Reason free scope; to obey the authority of Conscience with alacrity; to exercise the defensive passions with Fortitude; the private with Temperance; the public with Justice; and all of them with Prudence; that is, in a due proportion to each other; and an entire subserviency to a calm, diffusive Benevolence; to adore and love God with a disinterested and unrivalled affection; and to acquiesce in his providence with a joyful resignation. Every approach to this standard is an approach to Perfection and Happiness: and every deviation from it, a deviation to Vice and Misery.

* Many of the songs and anthems, used upon this and other occasions, have been, and will continue to be printed, in our MAGAZINE.

ON THE TENDENCY OF
THE PAGAN MORALITY AND POLYTHEISM
 TO CORRUPT YOUNG MINDS.

IT hath been objected, that boys are too much confined to the Classics while at school, to the exclusion of more important matters. They may receive, it is apprehended, so deep a tincture from the Pagan morality and polytheism, as to vitiate the little religion they have casually imbibed. To the former they must perpetually attend, while the latter is too generally neglected.

There is something solid in this objection: since not a regular grammar-school exists in the kingdom, where Christianity divides with Paganism the attention of puerile minds. Six days in the week are devoted to the Classics—perhaps the seventh, to the Sacred Volume. This is the most favourable statement of the case; since, from many schools, the Bible and all religious books are utterly excluded; unless, indeed, the Greek Testament and the Septuagint are received, with a view to the language. But I think every master inexcusable, however circumstanced, who does not allot his seventh day to the religious instruction of his boys. The Sunday evening, at least, should be devoted to sacred studies. It seems, however, that boys are rather trained up to be Heathens than Christians.

In answer to this, we are told, by the advocates for the present mode of education, that boys, at first, do not think at all; and that, as soon as they begin to think, they perceive the absurdity of those mythological inventions, which only amuse their fancies. But, granting that they do not think at all, or turn to any purpose what they are taught, the seeds of fiction and of falsehood are gradually and imperceptibly sown in their minds: and these, though long dormant, or springing-up delightful to the eye, are too often the principles of impurity.

The fact is, that boys often reflect, while their understandings open, on the novelties they meet with in books, as well as in the world: yet they do not instantly detect the error or absurdity of false reasonings or foolish fables. They begin to read Ovid's *Metamorphoses* when very young, contract a familiar acquaintance with his stories, and are easily prepossessed in favour of his divinities. They are rather charmed, as their taste improves, and their passions and appetites gain strength, with the pleasing fiction, with the libidinous tale, than shocked at the indecency of the poet, or the gross ignorance of the idolater.

Delusions, exerting so early an influence, may grow too powerful to be dispelled by the force of truth, when late applied. The school-boy may contract so strong an esteem for the Pagan virtues and the Pagan religion, that, abandoned to his own reflexions, he may even regard Christianity as rigid, mean-spirited, and weak! Possessing a mind thus impregnated with error, he cannot but admire the heroes and the gods who have so often soothed his senses, and flattered his young, glowing, imagination. The man of taste, on a retrospect of his puerile years, may recognize many an enthusiastic moment, when

heathenism hath risen high in his esteem, to the degradation of a mild and meek religion. I do not say, that he hath ever coolly decided for heathenism, though viewed in its most alluring dress. I am inclined, however, to think, that, in consequence of having contemplated its specious and attractive beauties with too warm an admiration, the first of our English writers hath given a false colouring to many parts of his inimitable History. It must be a very feeble, or a miserably darkened, mind, that would embrace a single article of the Pagan creed as an object of faith. Yet I have lately seen a deep philosophical disquisition, in which the author seems to profess himself a convert to Paganism.

To pursue my subject—I cannot help observing, that boys are even obliged to adopt a train of false opinions and ideas, whether they are disposed to reflection, or not, while masters seem studiously and painfully to inculcate into their minds a defective morality and a vicious polytheism. I shall particularize one glaring instance of partiality for heathen ethics, as exemplified by heathen characters. The preposterous veneration, with which the Pagans are regarded, will appear in the composition of themes. It seems to be an established rule in theme-writing, to draw every observation and example from heathen sources, nor ever to admit into the composition a sentiment, or a character, from the Gospel. The irrationality of this rule cannot be sufficiently exposed. In favour of it, I have never heard a reason advanced, which deserves a moment's attention. Archdeacon Paley hath intimated, that no ethics are finished without the Christian dispensation. In the old morality, there was much false opinion, much ambiguity, many wide chasms, many defects! The Christian ethics were designed to correct the errors of the Pagan—to dissipate the obscurity—to discharge the blemishes—to supply the deficiencies—to purify and perfect the whole. The true system of morals, therefore, is really inseparable from Christianity. Our ideas of the four Cardinal Virtues by no means coincide with those of the philosophers. Our motives to virtue are very different from theirs. Christianity hath introduced, in fact, new virtues into the system, which have thrown a softening lustre over the old. Take, for instance, the *Fortitude* of Regulus, and introduce her to St. Paul. She assumes, at once, a new shape; she appears in a light, which a heathen could never have contemplated. With the Roman, she borrowed her support from Inflexibility, Disdain, and Pride; with the Apostle, she was sustained by Patience, Resignation, and Humility. Roman and Christian *Fortitude* are two opposite characters. To expect a boy, therefore, to adhere only to the morals of Socrates or Seneca, and blame him for the slightest reference to those of Christ, seems to carry with it a degree of profaneness. To this charge, however, few schoolmasters, I fear, can plead not guilty. What must a schoolboy think of Christianity, thus excluded from his thoughts? What must he think, if he have any ideas at all, of the censure that reprobates the least allusion to his religion? If he implicitly rely on his master's judgment, is it a wonder that he entertains degrading sentiments of the faith in Jesus?

There is another fault in the practice of many schools, to which I cannot but object. Young gentlemen are not only obliged to read, on their first initiation into the Latin language, a great deal of absurd and impious fiction, and to exercise their minds full soon, by drawing out into composition the false sentiments they are continually imbibing; but in many seminaries of education they are compelled to turn actors, that they may acquire, I suppose, a theatric air, and (what is worse) they are absolutely called upon to personate vicious characters. This last circumstance is, doubtless, a most shameful indecorum, which cannot be too severely censured. The licentiousness, for instance, which pervades the Eunuch of Terence, must surely operate to inflame the corrupt appetites of our nature. To familiarize young people, therefore, to such a play, by obliging them to commit it to memory, and represent it, hath so much the aspect of seduction, that one should hardly believe the circumstance to exist in a Christian country, under the sanction of grave and reverend Divines. Such, however, is the case. I need not endeavour to prove a fact, so notorious, by any particular notice of schools or schoolmasters. Let us look, for a few minutes, into the play itself. In almost every scene we have an unrestrained exhibition of licentious indulgence. The principal character communicates with his voluptuous Thais. We view him in full possession of his mistress. A rape is committed behind the scenes. The ravisher relates his story. And, in short, instead of any serious morality to counteract the ill effects of such transactions, we are presented with the most specious and imposing arguments in defence of sensuality and debauchery. Let the master of Westminster or Eton, or any other seminary of polite literature, whether conscious of having introduced the practice I have reprobated, or not, consider the following passage from the Eunuch, (and the rest is in the same strain) and decide on the propriety of its being impressed on the memories of boys, and associated with those impure ideas and heated affections which now begin to shew themselves, and the indulgence of which, at so critical a season, may determine their future characters in life:

“ --- Quem Deum? Qui templa cœli summa sonitu concutit:
Ego homuncio hoc non facerem? Ego vero illud feci, ac lubens.
* * * * *

Interea somnus virginem opprimit: ego limis specto
Sic per flabellum clanculum, et simul alia circumspecto---
Satin' explorata sint: video esse: pessulum ostio obdo.
Quid tum?---Quid? Quid tum? Fatue?---fateor
Egon! Occasionem---tam brevem---tam optatam
Amitterem? tam pol ego is essem, qui simulabar.
Sane, hercle, ut dicis.”

The conduct of Jupiter, the chief of the gods, was certainly a good excuse for the libertinism of a young Pagan, but not, it may be said, for that of a lad at Westminster. But, considering the situation of Chærea, who can hesitate to condemn this passage as highly indecent and inflammatory? Many exceptionable lines, rendered more conspicuous and attractive by marginal asterisms in the Delphin editions of Horace or Juvenal, might as well be read and construed as the

above libidinous description. A great deal of indecency follows, in reference to the rape—*de Eunucho et de vitio virginis*. But it is time to dismiss the subject. I would only submit the question to the consideration of the serious, whether they, who instil into the minds of boys such licentiousness and corruption, do not contribute greatly to the diffusion of immorality among the mass of the people, and may not justly be deemed enemies both of our civil and religious Constitution? Is it not natural to suppose, that they who are taught to look bashfully on the ground, like the character whom they personate, should secretly cherish the same feelings—that they should actually commit the same crime, when opportunity offers—and that, when released from school, they should boldly launch out on the wide waste of debauchery, to the ruin of themselves, and the depravation of the general morals?

To close the whole, then, with a view to what I have already observed—I would not banish the mythological poets, or the heathen moralists, from schools; but I would advise every preceptor to comment largely on both, as he reads them with his pupils—to pass over every licentious passage—to point out carefully every defect—to oppose the false notions of Pagan ethics or polytheism to the pure doctrines and sublime revelations of Christ—and, though he admire the Classics for their elegance, to dissipate from each obnoxious sentiment the beautiful lustre that surrounds it. I would wish, also, the Christian schoolmaster, when he gives out his thesis, to direct anew the composition of a theme. Let him no longer object to the Gospel graces, because they are unclassical; let him no more punish his boys for scriptural illustrations. And, as to acting plays, let him exclude, at least, a *Chærea* from the juvenile stage. I should be better pleased, if he would break up the whole drama—if he would utterly annihilate his theatrical school. For private entertainment of this sort, there is gone out a spirit among us, that seems to brood no unalarming evils. The whole nation are playing off their stage tricks. Every boy, and every unblushing girl, assumes the mask, the buskin, or the sock. And I much question, whether the seeds of this universal mania were not originally sown in Westminster-school.

In short, I would wish every one, who hath undertaken the delicate, the momentous, task of educating youth, to make that religion, on which the happiness of this life and the next is suspended, the chief object of his attention and concern. Let him dedicate the Sunday, at least, to the study of the Scriptures. Instead of allowing his boys to sport away the evening of the Sabbath, let him confine them to religious-books at school, read lectures to them on the Church Catechism, oblige them to take notes of what he reads, and give an account of the lecture from memory, assisted by their annotations. Let him explain the Greek Testament, or the Septuagint, which they may peruse on other days, with a view to the religious matter, as well as to the language. And let him put into their hands some abridged account of the Ecclesiastical History; so that, while they study the Revolutions of the Roman Empire, they may be somewhat acquainted, also, with the rise and progress of the kingdom of Christ.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF
EDWARD GIBBON, ESQ.

COMPOSED BY HIMSELF.

ORIGINAL LETTERS THAT PASSED BETWEEN MR. GIBBON AND SOME
CELEBRATED LITERARY CHARACTERS.

" MR. GIBBON TO THE REV. DR. WATSON, NOW BISHOP OF LANDAFF.

" Bentinck Street, Nov. 2, 1776.

MR. Gibbon takes the earliest opportunity of presenting his compliments and thanks to Dr. Watson, and of expressing his sense of the liberal treatment which he has received from so candid an adversary. Mr. Gibbon entirely coincides in opinion with Dr. Watson, that as their different sentiments, on a very important period of history, are now submitted to the public, they both may employ their time in a manner much more useful, as well as agreeable, than they could possibly do by exhibiting a single combat in the amphitheatre of controversy. Mr. Gibbon is, therefore, determined to resist the temptation of justifying, in a professed reply, any passages of his History, which might, perhaps, be easily cleared from censure and misapprehension; but he still reserves to himself the privilege of inserting, in a future edition, some occasional remarks and explanations of his meaning. If any calls of pleasure or business should bring Dr. Watson to town, Mr. Gibbon would think himself happy in being permitted to solicit the honour of his acquaintance."

" DR. WATSON TO MR. GIBBON.

" Cambridge, Nov. 4, 1776.

DR. Watson accepts, with pleasure, Mr. Gibbon's polite invitation to a personal acquaintance. If he comes to town this winter, will certainly do himself the honour to wait upon him. Begg, at the same time, to assure Mr. Gibbon, that he will be very happy to have an opportunity of shewing him every civility, if curiosity, or other motives, should bring him to Cambridge. Dr. Watson can have some faint idea of Mr. Gibbon's difficulty in resisting the temptation he speaks of, from having been of late in a situation somewhat similar himself. It would be very extraordinary, if Mr. Gibbon did not feel a parent's partiality for an offspring which has justly excited the admiration of all who have seen it; and Dr. Watson would be the last person in the world to wish him to suppress any explanation which might tend to exalt its merits."

How honourable is such a correspondence to both parties! Were all controversies conducted with such Christian charity, we should soon arrive at TRUTH.

“ MR. GIBBON TO DR. ROBERTSON.

“ SIR,

Paris, 1777.

“ WHEN I ventured to assume the character of Historian, the first, the most natural, but, at the same time, the most ambitious, wish which I entertained, was to obtain the approbation of Dr. Robertson and of Mr. Hume; two names, which friendship united, and which posterity will never separate. I shall not, therefore, attempt to dissemble, though I cannot easily express, the pleasure which I received from your obliging letter, as well as from the intelligence of your most valuable present. The satisfaction which I should otherwise have enjoyed, in common with the public, will now be heightened by a sentiment of a more personal and flattering nature; and I shall frequently whisper to myself, that I have, in some measure, deserved the esteem of the writer whom I admire.

“ A short excursion which I have made to this place, during the summer months, has occasioned some delay in my receiving your letter, and will prevent my possessing, till my return, the copy of your History, which you so politely desired Mr. Strahan to send me. But I have already gratified the eagerness of my impatience; and although I was, obliged to return the book much sooner than I could have wished, I have seen enough to convince me, that the present publication will support, and, if possible, will extend the fame of the Author; that the materials are collected with diligence, and arranged with skill; that the first book contains a learned and satisfactory account of the progress of discovery; that the achievements, the dangers, and the crimes, of the Spanish adventurers, are related with a temperate spirit; and that the most original, perhaps the most curious, portion of the history of human manners is, at length, rescued from the hands of sophists and declaimers. Lord Stormont, and the few in this Capital, who have had an opportunity of perusing the History of America, unanimously concur in the same sentiments. Your work is already become a favourite topic of public conversation; and Mr. Suard is repeatedly pressed, in my hearing, to fix the time when his translation will appear.

“ I flatter myself you will not abandon your design of visiting London next winter; as I already anticipate, in my own mind, the advantages which I shall derive from so pleasing and so honourable a connection. In the mean while, I should esteem myself happy, if you could think of any literary commission, in the execution of which I might be useful to you at Paris, where I propose to stay till very near the meeting of Parliament. Let me, for instance, suggest an enquiry, which cannot be indifferent to you, and which might, perhaps, be within my reach. A few days ago I dined with Bagmiouski, the famous adventurer, who escaped from his exile at Kamschatska, and returned into Europe by Japan and China. His narrative was amusing, though I know not how far his veracity, in point of circumstances, may safely be trusted. It was his original design to penetrate through the North East Passage; and he actually followed the

coast of Asia as high as the latitude of $67^{\circ} 35'$, till his progress was stopped by the ice, in a Streight between the two Continents, which was only seven leagues broad. Thence he descended along the coast of America, as low as Cape Mendocin; but was repulsed by contrary winds, in his attempts to reach the port of Acapulco. The Journal of his Voyage, with his original Charts, is now at Versailles, in the *Depot des Affaires Etrangères*; and if you conceived that it would be of any use to you for a second edition, I would try what might be obtained; though I am not ignorant of that mean jealousy, which you yourself have experienced, and so deservedly stigmatised. I am, &c."

"DR. ROBERTSON TO MR. GIBBON.

"SIR,

"I had the honour of your obliging Letter, and I should be a very proud man indeed, if I were not vain of the approbation which you are pleased to bestow upon me. As you will now have had an opportunity to peruse the book, which you had only seen when you wrote to me, I indulge myself in the hopes, that the favourable opinion you had formed of it, is not diminished. I am much pleased with your mentioning my friendship with Mr. Hume; I have always considered that as one of the most fortunate and honourable circumstances of my life. It is a felicity of the age and country in which we live, that men of letters can enter the same walk of science, and go on successfully, without feeling one sentiment of envy or rivalry. In the intercourse between Mr. Hume and me, we always found *something to blame*, as well as *something to commend*. I have received frequently very valuable criticisms on my performances from him; and I have sometimes ventured to offer him my strictures on his works. Permit me to hope for the same indulgence from you. If, in reading the History of America, any thing, either in the matter or style, has occurred to you, as reprehensible, I will deem it a most obliging favour if you will communicate it freely to me. I am certain of profiting by such a communication.

"I return you thanks for your frank offer of executing any literary commission for me. I accept of it without ceremony, and am flattered with the idea of receiving such aid from your hands. I know nothing of Bagniouski's Adventures, but what was published in some newspaper. If one can rely on his veracity, what he relates must be very interesting to me. If you had been writing the History of America, the question concerning the mode of peopling it, might not, perhaps, have occupied your attention very much. But it was proper for me to consider it more fully. Bagniouski (if he may be credited) has seen what it may be useful for me to know. I can see no reason why the Court of France should be shy about communicating his Journal, and the Charts which illustrate it; possibly my name may operate somewhat towards obtaining a copy of both; your interposition, I am confident, will do a great deal. It will be very illiberal indeed, if such a communication were refused. My Lord Stormont

(by whose attention I have been much honoured) would not decline to give his aid, were that necessary. But if your Court resembles that of Spain, I am afraid every proposal from an ambassador is received with some degree of jealousy. Your own private application will, I apprehend, be more effectual. As it is probable that a second edition may go to press early in the winter, it will add to the favour, if you can soon inform me concerning the success of your negotiation. As this is something in the style of the *Corps Diplomatique*, allow me to recommend one of its members to you. Mr. Fullarton, the new secretary of the embassy, is a particular friend of mine. He is a young man of such qualities, both of head and heart, that I am sure you will esteem and love him. Please remember me to him.

I have the honour to be, with great respect,

Your obliged, humble servant,

W. ROBERTSON."

" DR. WATSON (NOW BISHOP OF LLANDAFF) TO MR. GIBBON.

" SIR,

Cambridge, Jan. 14, 1779.

" IT will give me the greatest pleasure to have an opportunity of becoming better acquainted with Mr. Gibbon. I beg he would accept my sincere thanks for the too favourable manner in which he has spoken of a performance, which derives its chief merit from the elegance and importance of the work it attempts to oppose. I have no hope of a future existence, except that which is grounded on the truth of Christianity. I wish not to be deprived of this hope; but I should be an apostate from the mild principle of the religion I profess, if I could be actuated with the least animosity against those who do not think with me upon this, of all others, the most important subject. I beg your pardon for this declaration of my belief; but my temper is naturally open, and it ought assuredly to be without disguise to a man whom I wish no longer to look upon as an antagonist, but as a friend. I have the honour to be, with every sentiment of respect, your obliged servant,

R. WATSON."

" DR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON TO MR. GIBBON.

" DEAR SIR,

College of Edinburgh, May 12, 1781.

" I am ashamed of having deferred so long to thank you for the agreeable presents of your two new volumes; but just as I had finished the first reading of them, I was taken ill, and continued, for two or three weeks, nervous, deaf, and languid. I have now recovered as much spirit as to tell you, with what perfect satisfaction I have not only perused, but studied, this part of your work. I know enough of your talents and industry, to expect a great deal; but you have gone far beyond my expectations. I can recollect no historical work from which I ever received so much instruction; and, when I cou-

sider in what a barren field you had to glean and pick up materials, I am truly astonished at the connected and interesting story you have formed. I like the style of these volumes better than that of the first; there is the same beauty, richness, and perspicuity of language, with less of that quaintness, into which your admiration of Tacitus sometimes seduced you. I am highly pleased with the reign of Julian: I was a little afraid that *you* might lean with some partiality towards him; but even bigots, I should think, must allow, that you have delineated his most singular character with a more masterly hand than ever touched it before. You set me a reading his works, with which I was very slenderly acquainted; and I am much struck with the felicity wherewith you have described that odd infusion of heathen fanaticism and philosophical coxcombry, which mingled with the great qualities of a hero, and a genius. Your chapter concerning the pastoral nations is admirable; and, though I hold myself to be a tolerably good general historian, a great part of it was new to me. As soon as I have leisure, I purpose to trace you to your sources of information; and I have no doubt of finding you as exact there, as I have found you in other passages where I have made a scrutiny. It was always my idea, that an historian should feel himself a witness giving evidence upon oath. I am glad to perceive, by your minute scrupulosity, that your notions are the same. The last chapter in your work is the only one with which I am not entirely satisfied. I imagine you rather anticipate, in describing the jurisprudence and institutions of the Franks; and should think that the account of private war, ordeals, chivalry, &c. would have come in more in its place about the age of Charlemagne, or later: but with respect to this, and some other petty criticisms, I will have an opportunity of talking fully to you soon, as I propose setting out for London on Monday. I have, indeed, many things to say to you; and, as my stay in London is to be very short, I shall hope to find your door (at which I will be very often) always open to me. I cannot conclude without approving of the caution with which the new volumes are written; I hope it will exempt you from the illiberal abuse the first volume drew upon you. I ever am, yours, faithfully and affectionately,

W. ROBERTSON."

" SIR WILLIAM JONES TO MR. GIBBON.

" DEAR SIR,

Lamb's Buildings, June 30, 1781.

" I have more than once sought, without having been so fortunate as to obtain, a proper opportunity of thanking you very sincerely for the elegant compliment which you pay me, in a work abounding in elegance of all kinds.

" My *Seven Arabian Poets* will see the light before next winter, and be proud to wait upon you in their English dress. Their wild productions will, I flatter myself, be thought interesting, and not venerable merely on account of their antiquity.

“ In the mean while, let me request you to honour me with accepting a copy of a Law Tract, which is not yet published; the subject is so generally important, that I make no apology for sending you a professional work.

“ You must pardon my inveterate hatred of C. Octavianus, basely surnamed Augustus. I feel myself unable to forgive the death of Cicero, which, if he did not promote, he might have prevented. Besides, even Mecænas knew the cruelty of his disposition, and ventured to reproach him with it. In short, I have not *Christian* charity for him.

“ With regard to Asiatic letters, a necessary attention to my profession will compel me wholly and eternally to abandon them, *unless* Lord North (to whom I am already under no small obligation) should think me worthy to concur in the *improved* administration of justice in Bengal, and should appoint me to supply the vacancy on the India Bench. Were that appointment to take place this year, I should probably travel, for speed, through part of Egypt and Arabia, and should be able, in my way, to procure many Eastern tracts of literature and jurisprudence. I might become a good *Mabomedan* lawyer before I reached Calcutta, and, in my vacations, should find leisure to explain, in my native language, whatever the Arabs, Persians, and Turks, have written on science, history, and the fine arts.

“ My happiness by no means depends on obtaining this appointment, as I am in easy circumstances without my profession, and have flattering prospects in it; but if the present summer and the ensuing autumn elapse without my receiving any answer, favourable or unfavourable, I shall be forced to consider that silence as a polite refusal, and, having given sincere thanks for past favours, shall entirely drop all thoughts of *Asia*, and, “ deep as ever plummet sounded, shall drown my *Persian* books.” If my politics have given offence, it would be manly in Ministers to tell me so. I shall never be *personally* hostile to them, nor enlist under party banners of any colour; but I will never resign my opinions for *interest*, though I would cheerfully abandon them on *conviction*. My reason, such as it is, can only be controlled by better reason, to which I am ever open. As to my freedom of thought, speech, and action, I shall ever say what Charles XII. wrote under the map of Riga, “ *Dieu me l'a donnee; le diable ne me l'otera pas.*” But the fair answer to this objection is, that my system is purely speculative, and has no relation to my seat on the bench in India, where I should hardly think of instructing the Gentoos in the maxims of the Athenians. I believe I should not have troubled you with this letter, if I did not fear that your attendance in Parliament might deprive me of the pleasure of meeting you at the Club next Tuesday; and I shall go to Oxford a few days after. At all all times, and in all places, I shall ever be, with undissembled regard, dear Sir,

Your much obliged and faithful servant,

W. JONES.”

“ DR. WILLIAM ROBERTSON TO MR. GIBBON.

“ DEAR SIR,

College of Edinburgh, July 30, 1788.

“ LONG before this I should have acknowledged the receipt of your most acceptable present; but for several weeks I have been afflicted with a violent fit of deafness; and that unsocial malady is always accompanied with such a degree of languor, as renders even the writing of a letter an effort. During my solitude, the perusal of your book has been my chief amusement and consolation. I have gone through it once with great attention, and am now advanced to the last volume in my second reading. I ventured to predict the superior excellence of the volumes lately published, and I have not been a false prophet. Indeed, when I consider the extent of your undertaking, and the immense labour of historical and philosophic research requisite towards executing every part of it, I am astonished that all this should have been accomplished by one man. I know no example, in any age or nation, of such a vast body of valuable and elegant information communicated by any individual. I feel, however, some degree of mortification mingled with my astonishment. Before you began your historic career, I used to pride myself in being, at least, the most industrious historian of the age; but now, alas! I can pretend no longer even to that praise, and must say, as Pliny did of his uncle, *Si comparer ilii, sum desidiosissimus*. Your style appears to me improved in these new volumes; by the habit of writing, you write with greater ease. I am sorry to find that our ideas on the effects of the Crusades do not altogether coincide. I considered that point with great care, and cannot help thinking still, that my opinion was well founded. I shall consult the authorities to which I refer: for, when my sentiments differ from yours, I have some reason to distrust them; and I may possibly trouble you with a letter on the subject. I am much flattered with the manner in which you have so often mentioned my name. *Lætus sum laudari a te laudato viro*. I feel much satisfaction in having been distinguished by the two historians of my own times, whose favourable opinion I was most ambitious of obtaining.

“ I hope this letter may find you still in England. When you return to Lausanne, permit me to recommend to your good offices my youngest son, who is now at Yverdun on account of his health, and lives with M. Herman, a clergyman there. You will find the young man (if you can rely on the partial testimony of a father) sensible, modest, and well-bred; and, though no great scholar, he has seen much; having returned from India, where he served last war, by Bassora, Bagdat, Moussul, and Aleppo. He is now a Captain in the twenty-third regiment. If you have any friend at Yverdun, be so good as to recommend him. It will do him credit to have your countenance. I have desired him to pay his respects to you at Lausanne. Farewell, my dear Sir. - I ever am yours, most faithfully,

W. ROBERTSON.”

“ DR. ADAM SMITH TO MR. GIBBON.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

Edinburgh, Dec. 10, 1788.

“ I have ten thousand apologies to make, for not having long ago returned you my best thanks for the very agreeable present you made me of the three last volumes of your History. I cannot express to you the pleasure it gives me to find, that, by the universal assent of every man of taste and learning, whom I either know or correspond with, it sets you at the very head of the whole literary tribe at present existing in Europe. I ever am, my dear friend, most affectionately yours,

ADAM SMITH.”

Our present Number concludes the Extracts from the Memoirs of the Historian of the Roman Empire; and we hope, and trust, that our selections have, throughout, been such as have afforded our readers instruction and delight. The Letters selected this Month are truly valuable, as specimens of the epistolary style of some of the greatest men Britain has produced. We cannot close the article, without expressing our wish that Lord Sheffield had not published the correspondence between Mr. Gibbon and Dr. Priestly. Posterity will regret that the Historian treated the Philosopher with so little respect.

CURIOUS PARTICULARS

RELATIVE TO

THE JEWS.

From “ ANECDOTES HISTORICAL AND LITERARY,” just published.

THERE are no people in the world so zealously tenacious of the precepts of their religion, as the Jews. If they are sensible of the most minute omission, which, to persons of a different persuasion, would seem so trifling as not to deserve notice, they have no rest till the necessary ceremony for their purification is performed.

If we look into the New Testament, we may find sufficient instances of their exactness in observing the traditions of their elders; which they think equal, and, in some cases, even prefer, to the law of Moses: for it is an article of their creed, “ That the law which Moses left them was entirely dictated by God himself, and that it does not contain one syllable belonging to Moses; and, consequently, that the explanation of those precepts, handed down by tradition, came wholly from the mouth of God, who delivered it to Moses.” Here, then, we see they are subject to two kinds of laws; one given by Moses, and founded on tradition; both of equal validity, as both proceeding from God.

The first was delivered to them in writing by their great lawgiver, and the other given by him verbally to their elders, who transmitted

it successively to their posterity. These traditions have, from time to time, been collected into volumes, or select treatises, with various readings and expositions, by their rabbins and doctors. These books are called *talmuds*, and contain all those institutions, customs, and ceremonies, now practised by the Jews, though not directed by the law of Moses, yet, as the rabbins affirm, were given by God to Moses, and by him to the elders, and, therefore, are held in equal estimation.

I shall not pretend to determine, whether these religious ceremonies are consonant to reason, or that solemn worship which ought to be paid to the Supreme Being. Christians have very different sentiments of this matter; and even Christ often reproved the Pharisees for their numerous observances, and erroneous interpretations, of the Scriptures. But the Jews are not to be confuted by any arguments drawn from the New Testament; nor is it my intention here to enter into a discussion on the rationality of their divine service. I shall only give some extracts from the writings of their most celebrated rabbins, of the most curious and remarkable ceremonies that should be observed by the Jews. Those, who are anxious for a fuller account, may consult Rabbi Lion de Modena's "Ceremonies of the Jews," and also the industrious David Levi's book of the same name.

In the morning, when they awake, they should say, "I acknowledge praise unto thee, for that thou hast restored my soul unto me."

The word *Lord* is not mentioned in this prayer, because they may not utter it before they have washed their hands.

As soon as they are out of bed, they must endeavour to ease themselves at the temple of Cloacina, in order to cleanse themselves, if possible, before they read their prayers. This done, they wash their hands and face, thus: they take a vessel with water, and pour it first over the right hand, holding the fingers downwards, and extended;* then over the left hand, with the same ceremony; and they wash each hand three times, alternately: they then wash the face, and join the palms of the hands together, with the fingers and thumbs extended, saying, "Lift up your hands to the sanctuary, and praise the Lord." These words said, they wipe their hands and face, and go to prayers, either at home, or at synagogue.

In putting on their clothes, they observe to put on their right shoe and stocking first, and also to put the right arm and leg into the waistcoat and breeches first, from a belief that dressing otherwise would prejudice the memory: for the same reason, they have a certain mode of getting in and out of bed; nor is conjugal enjoyment exempt from certain rules of performance. They suppose, that, while their garments are off, the evil spirits get into them at night, and are apt to injure persons who put on their clothes left-handed; for which reason, they never pull off or put on a coat and waistcoat both at once, but each separately.

* The reason of holding the fingers downwards, is, that the water may run off the better, and wash away the evil spirits which, they believe, hover about men in the night.

They must not break their fast with any thing but water, until they have said their prayers.

Prayers must be said in the morning, whilst the sun is red; and, in the evening, one hour before sun-set.

To the synagogue they must walk briskly, and slowly when coming from it. This is done, to shew a readiness to serve God, and an unwillingness in leaving off the service. The men and women have distinct situations in the synagogue, fearful that the men's devotions would be interrupted by observing them.

The men are commanded to wear fringes on the borders of their garments; for which reason they wear, next their shirts, two square pieces of cloth, joined together by two straps; the one square cloth covers the breast, and the other the back; to each two ends of the breast-cloths, making together four ends or corners, the fringes thus commanded are fastened after a peculiar manner, for mysterious reasons; and this garment is called by them, in Hebrew, *arbang kanfotb*, i. e. four corners.

The fringes must be spun, from white wool, into a worsted thread, by an Hebrew woman. The fringe on each corner is of eight worsted threads, double twisted, of about a quarter of a yard in length; it is fastened to the *arbang kanfotb*, as follows: four threads of the said worsted, of about half a yard long, are drawn together, through an ilet-hole of the *arbang kanfotb*, the hole made two inches from each corner; then a double knot is made with the worsted, to make it fast to the *arban kanfotb*; after the double knot is made, each of the four worsted fringes of half a yard long, by being knotted, and hanging doubled, become eight threads of a quarter of a yard; and one of these threads, which is cut longer than the rest, is wound seven times round the other seven threads, and a second double knot is made; then, again, the same long thread is wound nine times round the other seven threads, and a third double knot is made; after which, the long thread is again wound eleven times round the other seven threads, and a fourth double knot is made; the long thread is then wound thirteen times round the other seven, and a fifth double knot is made; lastly, the eight threads are made to come of an equal length, and all the ends of the eight threads at each corner of the *arban kanfotb* are knotted with one knot at the end.

The length of the fringe, from the last double knot to the end of each thread, must be three times the length of the part from the first double knot to the fifth; and the space from the first double knot to the fifth must be equal to the space commencing from the ilet-hole down to the first double knot.

The reasons, for the mysterious manner of fastening these fringes, are as follow:

First, the eight threads of the fringe are in remembrance of the commandment of the circumcision to be on the eighth day.

Second, the five double knots are in remembrance of the five books of Moyses.

Third, the ten single knots, which are formed by the five double ones, are in remembrance of the ten commandments.

Fourth, the seven windings, after the first double knot, are in remembrance of keeping the sabbath on the seventh day of the week.

Fifth, the nine windings, after the second double knot, are in remembrance of the nine months of pregnancy.

Sixth, the eleven windings, after the third double knot, are in remembrance of the eleven stars which revered Joseph in his dream.

Seventh, the thirteen windings, after the fourth double knot, are in remembrance of thirteen attributes of compassion in the Almighty, called, in Hebrew, *Sbelosh Essry Middoth*.

Eighth, the seven, nine, eleven, and thirteen windings, making together forty, are in remembrance of the forty days that Moses was with God, to receive the ten commandments.

Ninth, the eight separate knots, at the end of each thread, are to prevent their untwisting, by which the whole of the numerical types might be unravelled.

This *arbang kanfotb* is what every Jew is commanded to wear; and the veil, which they use in synagogue, being fringed after the same manner, was instituted to be worn during the prayers, to supply the want of the *arbang kanfotb* in such as had none on, or could not, by their clothes being put over them, so conveniently kiss them, which they are obliged to do three times, when they express the word *fringe* in the prayer of *Wayomer Adonail El Mosheb*.

They are likewise obliged, every morning in the week, sabbath and holidays excepted, to put on *frontlets*. *Vide* Deut. vi. ver. 5 to 9.

These frontlets are made of a calf's skin, that has been slaughtered after the Jewish manner. Of this skin they make a little leather case, and put in it a small piece of parchment, on which is written the fourth verse of the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy, the ten commandments, and the second verse of the thirteenth chapter of Exodus. This parchment is sewed in the case, to which they make a leather loop, to draw a long strap through, made of the same materials; this strap is tied into a cross knot at a certain distance from the case, so as to make it fit the head in the manner of a wreath or diadem; the case of the head frontlet is placed high on the forehead, to be between the eyes, and near the brain, and the cross knot to come in the pole; the two straps from below the cross knot are brought over the shoulders, to hang down before.

A similar frontlet is put on the left arm, just over the hollow, in the bend, and the strap fastened to it is wound seven times round the arm towards the hand; and on the hand it is twisted over and over the fingers, so as to form the word *Shaddai*; which word has but three letters in the Hebrew, and signifies the Almighty God. The reason of its being put on the left arm, and near the middle of it, is, because that part is nearest the heart, when the arm is held in its natural position.

The frontlet, commanded (Deut. vi. ver. 5.) to be written on the

ports and gates, is likewise observed at this period, and fixed on every door-post in religious Jews' houses: it is a larger piece of parchment than the other frontlets, but contains much the same words: this parchment is rolled up, and put into a leaden, tin, or wooden case; in which case a hole is made of such a size, for as much of the outside of the parchment to be seen as contains the word *Shaddai*; and every Jew, when he goes from home, or returns, puts his finger on the word, and kisses it.

Of the customs and ceremonies for their sick, and those who die, there are too many for me to attempt giving them here. I must content myself with communicating a couple of them respecting the dead.

If any person wishes to ask pardon of the dead, which very often happens, for any difference that was between them in his life-time, the person who asks pardon should stand at the foot of the coffin, and with his finger and thumb, of each hand, take hold of each first or great toe of the dead, through the stockings, which they always have on, and say thus, "I do pray thy forgiveness: if I have committed any offence towards thee, pray, forgive me." Some Jews affirm, that often, on asking forgiveness in this manner, the dead person has bled violently at the nose, which they consider as a token of some great offence or injury committed against the deceased by the surviving person.

If there are many burials out of one family, soon after each other, the rabbins say, that the nearest surviving relation should take a padlock, and lock it when the coffin is put into the ground, and then fling the lock in the grave with the corpse, and throw the key away above ground. This mighty ceremony, it is thought by the Jews, will check the ravaging power of death.

There is scarcely any action in life, which, in the execution of, the Jews are not obstructed by a load of ceremonies, as insignificant as they are absurd. The limits of the present publication are too confined for their admission: we will, therefore, only relate such as appear most uncommon and curious, on whatever occasion they may be employed by this favourite people of the Almighty.

Their marriages are generally brought about through the medium of brokers, who are empowered to treat about the portion, settlement, marriage-contract, &c. When these matters are agreed on, the persons to be married are introduced to each other, and courtship begins. A time is then appointed by the parties for laying what they call *kynoss*, i. e. *penally*, in case either party should retract; the forfeit is generally one half of what the portion would have been to the party aggrieved. It very often happens, that the bride and bridegroom are not even personally known to each other, until they begin their courtship. The day on which maidens are married must be no other than Wednesday, except it is the day preceding a holiday. Widows are married on Mondays or Thursdays. The bride's head and face, when a virgin, is always covered with a gauze or muslin veil. This custom is derived from Rebecca's veiling herself, when she first saw Isaac. Gen. xxiv. 64, 65.

The rabbins say, that if the bedstead of any married couple stands with the head to the North, and the feet to the South, the children which are got thereon will be all boys. Their reason for this opinion is founded on the fourteenth verse of the seventeenth psalm, which, in Hebrew, runs thus—*Oozpbaneba temalay bitnam yisbebu bawnim*.—I have given the Hebrew, that every person, who understands the language, may judge how they interpret these words, to make out their opinion. Our English bibles give a very different interpretation.

The first time a new married couple bed together, the bride must, after every act of connubial intercourse, observe whether there are any symptoms of the loss of her virginity; and, as soon as she perceives it, she must tell her husband: and, if he agrees that he has had the hymen, he must quit the bed, and say the following highly curious blessing:

“Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, and the God of our Fathers, who hath planted a nut in the garden of Eden, and roses in the deep valley, for the sake of their being out of the power of a stranger, as is a well that is sealed up;—the loving hind, she hath preserved her WELL; it is a statute which she hath not destroyed. Blessed art thou, O Lord, preserver of the covenant.”

Girls are deemed marriageable as soon as they have but two hairs under their arm-pits; which hairs, they think, do not appear before eleven years of age.

Boys at thirteen years of age are called *bar mitzwab*, i. e. *sons of the statutes*, and are then thought sufficiently old to be married.

On the new year's day they salute each other, with wishing them to be *written* for a good year; from a belief, that on this holiday, which lasts two days, and the day of reconciliation, three books are laid open before the Almighty in heaven; in one of which, the righteous are marked down immediately, to live the following year; and, in the other, the wicked are marked down for death that year; and the fate of the middling sort of livers is left undetermined and unmarked in the third book, until the twenty-second day of the same month, called *Tisbri*; which day, in Hebrew, is called *boshana raba*, i. e. *the great salvation*; on which day, the conclusion, and last sentence of every man's doom, is fixed.

On the thirteenth of the month *Adar* they have a holiday, called *Purim*, from the word *Pur*. *Vide Esther*, iii. 7. It is a carnival for their deliverance from Haman; and in the evening and morning of the same festival they read the whole book of Esther in synagogue. At every time the reader pronounces the name of Haman, all the young Jews knock on the benches and floor with hammers, by way of knocking Haman down. It is done to render him as obnoxious as they can. All the ceremony out of the synagogue consists in feasting; and he who gets so drunk, that he cannot distinguish between *the blessing of Mordecai* and *the cursing of Haman*, is esteemed a most valuable Jew.

On the two first nights of their passover they read the *agadab*, i. e.

the tale of their redemption out of Egypt. When this is reading, they have, among many other things on the table, a cake, called *apbeckoman*, a piece of which they carry about them, from one pass-over to another, as a preventive of misfortunes: and they say, and believe, that if a man at sea throws a part of this *apbeckoman* over board, it will appease the most violent tempest!!!

On the seventh day of the month of *Sivan* they have a holiday, called *sbebooboth*, i. e. *weeks*, because it is celebrated seven weeks after the first day of their passover. *Vide* Levit. xxiii. 16.

They say, that it was on this day the Lord delivered unto Moses the five books of the law.

They also say, that the Lord offered to give his holy law to every one of the other nations separately; and none of them would accept of it, fearful it might be too difficult for them to observe; but as soon as God offered it to them, through Moses, they accepted of it; but still the Almighty, mistrusting that they might change their minds, when they came to receive it from Moses, at the bottom of Mount Sinai, the Lord (as the story goes among them) raised the Mount, so as to hang over their heads like the roof of a house, and told them, if they would receive his law, it was well; if not, he would let fall the Mount upon them, and they should all be buried under it: upon which, they all cried out, "We will obey it, and heart it;"—in Hebrew, *Nagasay wynishmaugh*; for which reason of their promising to obey first, before they asked to hear it, the Lord was pleased to restore the Mount to its own place, and delivered the law to them with cheerfulness.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS AND REFLECTIONS

MADE IN

A TOUR THROUGH LONDON,

IN DECEMBER 1784.

BY W. HUTTON, OF BIRMINGHAM,

F. S. A. SCO.

(CONTINUED FROM VOL. VI. P. 246.)

LONDON STONE.

THERE are situations, justifiable in themselves, in which a man may be ashamed to be found. Every man acts, in private, what he ridicules in public. The error only consists in the discovery.

It is not possible for the antiquary to pass by, unnoticed, so extraordinary an object as London Stone. It is not possible to find out its precise meaning. The small information received from history, and the smaller from tradition, prove its great antiquity. This curiosity is as little regarded as known. The numerous crowd of passengers take less notice of this stone, than of those upon which they tread. My enquiries were answered with a supercilious smile; and

all the intelligence I could gain, was, "It is a place of rest for the porters' burden." I was utterly at a loss, while I attentively examined this antique, how to face that world, who considered it beneath their notice; and, instead of considering me in the same light which I wished, might ridicule me for my attention. When a man looks ridiculous in his own eyes, it is no wonder he looks so in those of others.

This stone appears of a marble texture; near four feet high, two broad, and one thick. An ornament at the top is broken off. In the front is an oval aperture, or recess, two feet long; at the bottom of which is a broken fragment, which has supported, perhaps, an urn, or image, expressive of the original design. Time seems to have destroyed the lower part of the oval, and art has supplied the place with a patch.

Through this dark stone, perhaps, we shall see something of London in the time of the Britons, and more in that of the Romans.

Most writers consider London as a city founded by the Romans, because it is scarcely mentioned by Cæsar, Tacitus, &c. But we may observe, they did not *build* so much, as *improve* cities. There is no more reason to expect a description of London from Cæsar, than any other place. Many of the towns, nay, I am persuaded, a great number of our villages, were in being in the time of the Britons. This may be easily inferred, from a survey of their situation, their roads, pieces of antiquity often discovered, and by tradition. We know some of them do not vary ten houses in five hundred years. If London did not take its rise from the Britons, it could not have arisen to the eminence it did, so early under the Roman power.

We are told, the ancient boundaries of London were, Walbrook, on the east, Fleet-ditch, on the west, (both which proceeded from a morass on the north) and the Thames on the south; a situation admirably fortified by nature. This we must consider a city of the ancient Britons.

The prior antiquity of this part of London will appear, by surveying the ground on which St. Paul's was erected; upon an eminence, between two rivers, then of consequence. It is reasonable to suppose the mother church was first built upon this favourable spot, where it continues to the present day; and the inhabitants would naturally surround it. It was dedicated to Diana, long before the introduction of Christianity, which happened in the third century; therefore, it is probable, this was the mother church during many of the British ages.

It is no wonder, a place, thus secured by nature, and adapted for commerce, should increase its inhabitants by attraction. Extension was the consequence; and gradual possession was taken of the rising grounds towards the east, now Cornhill.

Nature seemed as friendly in the security of this extended boundary, as in the more contracted: for we find this enlarged space secured by a morass, east of the Tower, which extended from the Thames to Houndsditch; then to Moorfields, passing between Cheap-

side and Guildhall, into Fleet-ditch. These swamps are all filled up. Some are raised twenty feet above their former level; that, north of Cheapside, was done in 1414.—Still this was a British city, and in this state, there is reason to think, the Romans found it. But we are not to suppose all the ground built up; great part was taken up in gardens, fields, and waste lands.

Some writers are very apt to treat the Britons as savages. This doctrine was first taught by the Romans, as a compliment to themselves for refining them. But they forget that Cæsar found England divided into twenty-nine provinces, governed by as many sovereigns; and every one knows that provincial government is a strong feature of civilization.

The Romans, sensible of this advantageous situation, made it their emporium, placed the residence of their consul in this new suburb, and the stone was fixed in the centre of the city. This is confirmed by two remarks.

Sir Christopher Wren, removing the foundation of some old houses near London Stone, after the great fire in 1666, discovered a Roman pavement. In prosecuting his researches, he found the remains of two large buildings; one, he concluded, was the governor's palace, the other, the court of justice. The stone stood in the Forum.

One of the four Pretorian roads, called Watling-street, rises near Dover, and proceeds north-west, in a direct line to the Irish Sea, near Chester. I know no town it originally passed *through*, except London—

“Thilke wey by mony town doth wende.”

ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER.

and here it penetrated the very centre of the city, as it then appeared: in this street the stone stood, and now stands. Part of the street retains its original name of Watling-street; another has acquired the appellation of Cannon-street; another of East-Cheap, &c. Thus the Romans improved the city, caused their grand road to pass through its centre, and placed their golden stone in the road, from which they took their measurements in every direction.

When the famous Jack Cade approached the city, in 1450, as he marched by London Stone, he struck it with his sword, and exclaimed, “Now is Mortimer Lord of this city.” The only sentence of intelligence that ever escaped him; and seems to have been uttered in an ecstasy of joy, at the prospect of success. This circumstance, although forgotten by our historians, is a convincing proof, that Richard, Duke of York, was the instigator of that rebellion.

PANTHEON.

It is curious to observe the progress of that most predominant of the human passions, Pride. Love is as powerful, but his reign is short. Pride appears at an early period, and continues for life. Before the infant can lisp out a word, it rejoices at the sight of a new

pair of shoes ; and, before he quits the world, methodically plans his funeral.

It operates on our food ; or why do men of sense hold critical discourses, by the hour, upon dainties ? Or, if a man buys a piece of meat in the market, why does he order it to be carried home ; but if he buys a couple of chickens, takes a pride in carrying them himself ? Or why are we inwardly chagrined, when accidentally surprised with a table thinly spread ? Why did two frugal sisters, who chose to appear elegant, with a slender income, daily marshal the tea equipage, while they secretly breakfasted upon water-gruel ? Or why did Michael Pare seem a little confused, when caught dining upon dry potatoes, mashed with their peelings ?

Pride shews itself, even in our enquiries ; or why did I sneak a private view, on foot, like a stolen wedding between the master and the maid, of that disregarded piece of antiquity, London Stone ; while a visit to the Pantheon, like the nuptials of higher parties, will bear a coach, or a puff in the papers ?

A dark day in December is not so well adapted for a view of the Pantheon, as a dark night ; for, like other beauties, it is best seen by candle-light : yet, even then, its grandeur might easily be discovered through the dark gloom of winter.

The lamps are ranged in curious devices ; I was assured, that 20,000 lights are sometimes burning at once, though far from being the largest room I have seen. These, reflected from an immense number of looking-glasses, must have an astonishing effect. The sight, and the money for admittance, bear no proportion.

The first object which presented itself was Lunardi's balloon, suspended from the centre of the dome, like a vast umbrella just imported from Brobdingnagg ; and, instead of the soft music of the place, a round-bellied smith, (for every thing here seems executed in curve lines) who was altering it, sounded the hammer in the Birmingham tone.

Eleven beautiful ladies, also, sat in a circle, repairing it with their needles, like the nymphs, in romance, fitting out their airy knight.

FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.

A people are arrived at a distinguishing mark of civilization, when the strong support the weak. The first ten years of a man's life, and every year after seventy, in any material defect of body, or of understanding, if he does not possess property himself, he must depend upon others ; and, if those others supply him with moderate comforts, the benefit is his, the applause is theirs.

London abounds with laudable institutions : as the Magdalen, and the Asylum, for beauty in distress ; Bedlam and St. Luke's, for the insane ; Guy's and St. Thomas's, for accidental calamity ; workhouses and hospitals, for infants and old age, and the Foundling for those whom none dare own.

One cannot survey this vast collection of neglected fruits of unlawful love, without feeling for them, more than they can feel for themselves. Cut off from past generations, they stand the first of their line. They are founders of families. Each depends upon his own merit. They give instruction to their children, who have received none from their parents. They cannot, by ill conduct, disgrace them. The deeds of their fathers are shut out from the ears of their offspring. No family action is rehearsed by their sober fire. The son rises not up in judgment against his father. They are strangers to a mother's tender clasp; they know not a brother's love. We view the little urchins with pity, because they have no friends to pity them. They long for no man's death: they expect no man's wealth; they have no estate in reversion, no sable clothes to wear, no funeral tears to fall. It is as difficult to *keep* money in this place, as to acquire it in others.

It is here, alone, the pride of family never enters; one general level reigns through the whole. They seem as happy as those who are surrounded by relations. Having only themselves to depend on, they, perhaps, will be more fortunate than those who depend upon others. Self is the safest prop.

Had not this excellent institution been adopted, some of this infant race, who may become future benefits, perhaps would not now have existed: it is, therefore, *the preventer of guilt.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INSCRIPTION

ON A TOMB-STONE IN COBHAM CHURCHYARD.

To the Memory
of
PHILIP GREEN,
Private in the Grenadier Company of the East Norfolk Militia;
Who,
By the intense horrors of a dreary night,
And from the unrelenting rigour of the season,
Perished
In a field near this place,
On the 16th day of February, 1795, aged 26.
This Monument,
As a token of the respect and estimation of his fellow-soldiers,
Was erected,
By the cheerful contribution of the whole regiment,
As a pleasing remembrance of his worth,
And
A grateful consolation to his surviving relatives.

Hear Heav'n! nor chide pale Sorrow's sigh;
Behold the anguish'd beads in Pity's eye!
Affection bend, and kiss the afflicting rod;
'Wail poor GREEN's fate, and bless the world's great God!

A
DESCRIPTION OF
ICELAND.

ICELAND is one of the largest islands in the world, being near 180 leagues in length, and 80 in breadth, where broadest. It is encompassed on all sides with numbers of lesser isles, and abounds with rocks and mountains, covered with ice and perpetual snows: these rocks are often torn from their seats by the violence of the waters, and render the roads impracticable.

Earthquakes are not so uncommon here as in other northern countries; since the island has its volcano, or burning mountain, (*Hecla*) which was believed the only one in those cold regions, till another was discovered, in 1732, in the isle of *May*. The other mountains of the island seem to have been of the same kind, as almost all of them carry marks of combustions, which they had suffered in former ages: neither have they yet entirely changed their nature; for, not above 25 years ago, a new volcano vomited out flames, and large fragments of rocks, towards *Portland's Bay*: the whole island was covered with the ashes that proceeded from its mouth, and even the sea was whitened with them for above 60 leagues along the shore.

Hecla is every where known; and, therefore, we shall only relate a curiosity which we learn from *M. Anderson*, who takes notice of a burning lake, that sends forth gentle flames, pretty regularly, for 15 days together, and that this paroxysm returns thrice a year.

Volcanoes have a natural relation to hot baths. Thus *Vesuvius* had the *Baiæ* of the ancients in its neighbourhood; and *Iceland* is full of springs, naturally very hot, bubbling up like a boiling pot, so that meat has been dressed therein. This mixture of hot waters, and eternal snows, is very extraordinary.

The most curious mineral of *Iceland* is its crystal, which has employed the greatest naturalists of the last age, *Huygens* and *Newton*. There is also jet, which is very hard, and strikes fire with the steel, like agate; it seems to be a vitrified substance, produced by the subterraneous fire of that island.

They have sulphur, or brimstone, in abundance; and they meet with lumps of virgin sulphur, as big as one's fist, in marshy places. This commodity might be made an article of commerce of the island, since they send away near 300 tons of it, every year, to *Copenhagen*. But the peasants oppose these works, because they divert them from better employment, and waste that time which should be spent only in their fishery: this is their husbandry; as they draw their subsistence, not from the gifts of the earth, but from the bounty of the sea. Besides, they have an odd persuasion, that sulphur drives away the fish, and that they fly and avoid the very road that holds a ship laden with sulphur.

The vegetables make no great article: trees are rare; but you see, here and there, some bad willows, or juniper shrubs. The soil, however, is not quite sterile, as in Groenland, since it produces grass; and there are even very fine and rich pastures by the sides of brooks and torrents, which serve to feed vast numbers of sheep, that make part of the commerce of the island. *Cochlearia*, (scurvy-grass) an infallible remedy for the scurvy; the *Lichen Eryngii Folio*, (a kind of *Liverwort*, with a leaf like *Eryngo*) and the *Alga marina* (a sort of sea-weed) are the most useful herbs. This last is called *Sol* by the inhabitants; under its leaves there crystallizes a kind of sweet salt, which they honour with the name of sugar, and feed their cattle with it when hay is scarce; the people themselves, who cannot be supposed very nice of taste in these climates, eat it also.

The most remarkable animal in Iceland is a kind of little horses, peculiar to this island, and pretty much in use among young princes and nobles, when they learn to ride.

The sheep, who happen not to be housed in winter, are sometimes surprised with the snow: in this extremity, they know, by a particular instinct, the best way to preserve their lives. They huddle all together into a round close body, the united heat of which melts the snow, and raises a train of vapours, that directs the shepherd to the place where his flock is buried: he hastens thither, removes the snow, and often comes time enough to save these poor creatures. The Iceland sheep have another peculiarity, which is, that many of them have four, and some eight horns; and this is the more observable, in that those few oxen and cows which live on the island have none.

The manner in which the inhabitants kill the animals whose flesh they eat, is very particular, and a true anatomical experiment. They take a small narrow knife, and thrust it between the head and the first vertebra of the neck; this wound penetrates the spinal marrow, and the beast falls dead on the spot. No corn grows in the whole island, and they keep no poultry; but birds of prey are in great abundance: from hence are brought the finest falcons in the world. The king of Denmark sends, every year, an officer of his game to fetch them, and allows him a good salary: the price of a white falcon is ten crowns. Owls abound in this country, where the length of the nights gives them a fair occasion of exercising their talents. All the rocks and insects about the island are full of sea-fowls; hence come the finest downs, which are the plumage of a bird called *Aidur*, or *Eider*; the best of it is what this fowl pulls from itself, to make its nest. These birds lay their eggs in small crevices of the rocks, and places inaccessible to any but Icelanders, whom necessity teaches the art of clambering up the steepest rocks, for the sake of those eggs, and the dam besides, when they can surprise her.

But, though the land of Iceland be sterile and unfruitful, its barrenness is amply recompensed by the fecundity of the seas about it, which are full of innumerable shoals of fish, that make almost the whole of its commerce.

Cod, or stock-fish, more abound in these seas, than any other kind, and make the principal article of their fishery. They slit the cod in two, lengthways; then dry them under coverts of boards; afterwards string them, and carry them to the fish-ports, where they are sold to foreigners.—Whales are not scarce in these seas; and the Icelanders master these vast animals by cutting off their communication with the sea, and driving them before them with shouting and hallooing, till they are stranded in some bay.

The Northern meteors are no curiosity here; the *Aurora Borealis* shines every night, and, in some measure, supplies the long absence of the sun, which seems to leave the inhabitants of the North with some regret, and may be seen longer than is warranted by the rules of astronomy; and, even during the longest winter's night, communicates a lustrè, which makes a kind of day, that lasts an hour and a half in four and twenty. The northern cold prevents not the rising of exhalations, since thunder and tempests are more common in winter than summer. Spring and autumn are banished from these climates. A long and tedious winter succeeds a summer, which begins not till towards the end of June, and hardly lasts till September; some of the hardest frosts are in April.

The Icelanders nearly resemble the Groenlanders; but, by their commerce with Europeans, they seem to have contracted some of our vices, besides some of their own natural defects. Drunkenness is predominant among them; all ages and sexes are much addicted to drinking of brandy, though adulterated with a nauseous mixture of train-oil, or bad whey.

The natives are, however, very robust, hardy, and insensible to all injuries of the air. Distempers are very rare amongst them, and would be more so, were it not for their bad diet. They are wholly destitute of dread, and live only on fish, or flesh half-putrefied. These alkaline aliments are not duly corrected by a sufficient proportion of acid vegetables; whence a great inclination to putrefaction must, of consequence, prevail in their humours. Their slovenliness is insupportable: this, indeed, is the most general fault of the northern people, though excusable, in some measure, from the impossibility of keeping themselves clean and neat during the long imprisonment in which they are confined by the snows and ice. Their habitations are very mean and despicable; they make them under ground, to avoid the winds; their height is not above ten or eleven feet, their breadth six, their length twenty; and a cow's allantois serves, instead of glass, to cover some small holes, which deserve not the name of windows.

They are mere cowards, like the Groenlanders and Laplanders, and could never be made soldiers. Their sloth and indolence are almost invincible: none here learns a trade, but is obliged to provide himself with every little necessary, with which we are so readily furnished by our artificers.

Their trade is managed by truck, or bartering one commodity for another. The current money consists in dried fish, which must

weigh two pounds, valued at six Holland duits; and all sums are estimated on that footing.

The prevailing, or, rather, only religion, is what they call the Lutheran: but it has wrought no great change in the hearts of the inhabitants; and the Icelanders are subject to most vices, of which human nature is capable. Impurity, unknown among the Groenlanders, prevails here; and, formerly, it was under the protection of the laws.

The revenues of this island are no more than 28,000 piasters. The king exacts, in lieu of all his rights, forty fish, or about thirty-four Dutch sous, of every inhabitant worth above twenty rixdollars.

This, so poor, miserable, and slovenly race of people, cannot live out of their own country. Experiments have been made for this purpose; and some of their youth have been educated abroad, taught trades, and given specimens that they had reason and talents; yet they could by no means be reconciled to a polite way of living; and it was found necessary to transport them back to their own disagreeable and shocking country.

The *Amiantus* is found in Iceland, where it is made into small pieces of incombustible cloth. They begin with hammering it, and so reducing it to a wool; then they dip it in cold water, and work it with the hands, repeating this operation till the earth is quite washed from it, and the threads appear free and distinct. After this, they dry the separated threads, work them with a pair of cards, almost like cotton, then spin it, wetting the fingers with oil, instead of water, and the weaver finishes the piece.

REPARTÉE.

A CORDELIER, preaching on the merits of St. Francis, exalted him, in his discourse, above all the other saints in the calendar. After exaggerating his merits, he exclaimed, "where shall we place the seraphic father, St. Francis? He is greater in dignity than all other saints.—Shall we place him among the prophets?—Oh! he is greater than the prophets.—Shall we place him with the patriarchs?—Oh! he is greater than the patriarchs."—In like manner he exalted him above the angels, archangels, cherubim, seraphim, virtues, thrones, dominions, and powers; and still he exclaimed, "Where, then, shall we place him? where shall we place this holy saint?"—A sailor in the church, tired with the discourse, stood up, and said, "If you really don't know where to place him, you may place him in my seat; for I am going."

To the EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I AM frequently in company with a friend of mine, who is in some degree hard of hearing, and these people are not slow of speech, unless they are of a melancholy cast, which is not my friend's turn of mind. In one of our conversations, speaking about travelling as a part of the education of gentlemen of fortune, he told me that he had lived some years in Switzerland, and had had opportunities of seeing that a great deal of money had been, in some instances, thrown away by persons of fortune in that course, for want of properly conducting the travels of young gentlemen. I asked him where the fault lay: he said, in some cases with the travelling tutors, scarce proper for such a business; in others, with the young gentlemen themselves: that it had often vexed him, and though he wished well to all nations, yet he grudged that so much English money was so often mis-spent in foreign countries, where the traveller got so little benefit or improvement, and where the character of an Englishman was not honoured by the behaviour of the English youth. I asked him whether he did not think travelling might be rendered a means of real improvement: he said, it not only might be so, but that there were some instances where it had actually been so, and that it was scarce possible it could fail of being useful if common sense or prudence was at all made use of.

He said, the main thing required is, that the young gentleman himself should be desirous of improvement, and sometimes ask himself, why am I here? what does my country, and what does my family expect from this tour? what ought they to expect? shall I be my own enemy and neglect my own improvement? shall I use my common sense like a man, or act like a giddy puppy? If some such reflections as these are made and attended to, the first point is gained: and without that, the efforts and talents of the best qualified bear-driver (so the travelling tutors are sometimes injuriously called) cannot avail. A resolution on the side of the young gentleman therefore, a proper purpose in himself, is first to be established, and frequently renewed, and fresh resolves of that kind to be made and constantly kept in view. A sensible tutor, a faithful, calm, steady behaviour in him, can incline the pupil to make and keep up to such resolutions. His confidence he ought to deserve, and to be certain in his own mind that it is his principal view to answer the worthy ends of those that employ him. But, said I, what improvement can he meet with abroad that he may not as well meet with at home? He said, they are various and of many kinds; the sensible mind may be enlarged by travel, the scandalous part of national pride, the contempt for other people, an ignorant base preferring even the faults of Englishmen to the possible virtues of other nations, a self-sufficient arrogance, a narrow, circumscribed, partial mind, may be

changed into universal benevolence; a respect for mankind, general and impartial justice, condescendence, polite manners, and a taste for civility, which he must be a monster not to catch, as he constantly may meet with such behaviour to him, as a stranger, which is as agreeable as it is necessary and useful to himself. That sneaking selfishness is more probably removed by travel, where he has many opportunities of meeting with a kind and generous reception from strangers, than by any other method, as examples have the best influence: his situation when on his travels cannot fail giving him many lessons of this sort, if he has but the sense to make use of them himself, or has a governor or tutor who hints the use he may make of them.

In Swizerland particularly, at Lausanne and Geneva, the houses of the best families are open to sober Englishmen, especially at Lausanne; the gentry are people of sense and decency, and the ladies as they should be: cards is indeed the fashion, but not gaming, not high play. Riding, dancing, and fencing, are taught as well as in England, though riding and fencing may be practised, or the practice kept up if necessary when abroad; a graceful behaviour is a necessary accomplishment to qualify our youth for the company of the well-bred people they ought to frequent abroad. There are men of learning in every branch, with whom I would wish them to converse, and they are sufficiently communicative to youth of sense. The laws and customs, and police and proceedings of each foreign country when thoroughly known, on the spot, with their conveniencies and inconveniencies, are of certain use, and part of the knowledge gained abroad may be something of great use to an Englishman at home, not only by enlarging and mending his judgment in general, but by encreasing his knowledge, which, when more than superficial, is often of very great use. Mathematics, physics, commerce, politics, and modes of government, I will say little about; for the elements of these may be learnt at home and from books, but conversations with mathematicians, courses of experiments, insight into special branches of commerce, notions of these things, principles and practice of different countries therein cannot fail of being useful, and often applicable at home.

I am, Sir, your's,

S. N.

ON KISSING.

‘**I**N the name of *wonder*!—in the name of *nonsense*!’—says Betty, ‘never begin a speech, an essay, a chapter or a poem, in such a manner, and with such a word: for believe me, you *little rogue*,’ says Betty, with a smiling sarcastic leer, ‘your hearer, or reader, will naturally expect something *wonderfully* clever; and should he or she be disappointed, (you observe I speak with *law-like* precision)

I again repeat, should he, or she, be disappointed, it is ninety-nine chances to one, (which are great odds in betting) but you destroy all means of love, friendship, or cordiality, with he, or she, for ever and ever.' 'Good counsel,' says I, 'deserves our thanks,—it deserves that reward a sympathetic heart will sometimes repay with interest, by drawing on *gratitude*.' 'My dear Betty,' says I, putting *my left arm* round her *waist*, that is under *her arms*, for to conform to fashions' sway, Betty is become *waistless*; she has discarded those ancient, useless, and body-compressing things, called *stays*, for a reason most cogent in the book of female-logic, and which you, my dear inquisitive reader, shall know instantaneously, because I do not like to keep a female upon the summit of suspense, as I know many would rather jump down, regardless of consequences, than wait two minutes for a guide. Better (say they) to know the worst at once, than to be kept here *longing* and *wisbing*, and *doubting*, and *fearing*, and, perhaps, at last see nor hear—nothing. Now, my dear, I am ready and willing to take you by the hand, and conduct your footsteps; here is the bottom, and here stands the reason,—because she did not choose to *stay out of fashion*:—for, as she often says, a person may as well be out of the world as out of fashion—especially a *woman*.

Now, I will venture to bet six-pence three farthings, (though I am not fond of laying wagers) that you long to know what business *my left arm* has *there*, and there to continue so long. Have a little patience, my dear girl, and I will ease your longings by informing you of *all* particulars. Had I kept my arm in the situation as before described, all the time I have been talking about it, and kept my body motionless, my eyes fixed to the chimney back, and whistling lullaby—by the Lord Harry, I ought to be stigmatized as a block, as a statue, aye, a marble one, by every damsel in Great Britain; but that was not the case, 'no, my dear Betty,' says I, putting *my left arm* round her, I mean under *her arms*, throwing my right leg softly across her lap, taking hold of her left hand with my right, and giving it the *grip* of affection—see what a pretty picture—what a delightful attitude—how natural the grouping—how just the keeping—look into the mirror of imagination—and, my dear Betty, give me a kiss!' 'Take it, and be hanged to ye,' says she, 'you are for ever teasing me in this manner; you men are never contented, if you have one, you want ten, and if ten, twenty.' 'Aye, a thousand,' says I. 'A thousand! you may as well say ten thousand when you are about it,' says Betty. 'Betty,' says I, looking very grave, and making a serious-reasoning-kind of a face; 'Betty,' says I, 'it is not the *number of kisses* given that constitute balmy bliss; no, it is the *kiss reciprocal*, that vibrates to the heart, and passes, like an electric spark, through the whole animal frame: those are the kisses for my money! money! did I say? they are not purchaseable—they are only obtainable by *sincerity of affection*, *unanimity of heart*, and *reciprocity of true love*.'

Little B.

ASTONISHING PROFITS
ARISING
FROM BEES.

IT has been remarked that this year, as generally happens after mild winters, the bees are very prolific, and that the swarms are in general large. Our readers, perhaps, may not be aware of the vast advantages to be derived from this little animal, and will not, therefore, be displeased to read the following communication which has been given to the Board of Agriculture, by the Surveyor of Bedfordshire.

“The means,” says he, “of producing the greatest possible profit that can be derived from the soil, cannot be completely pursued, until the production of honey and wax is fully attended to. Upon a moderate calculation, in which I have been assisted by Mr. Wildman, of Holborn, a person who has made this species of profit his particular study for many years, every *square mile* in Great Britain, would produce in these articles, on an average 100l. sterling in value, admitting that an increase of product would reduce the price of those articles. But such an increase in the quantity of bees-wax would, consequently, tend to render the importation, not only of those articles, but of tallow, unnecessary to the present extent.

“The value of these articles, on this statement, far exceeds the idea of the most sanguine friend to the prosperity of the country. There are in England alone 40,450 square miles, and in Scotland 27,704, in all 77,244; which, at 100l. per square mile, would produce 7,724,000l. per annum: at only 20l. a square mile, the produce would be 1,544,880l. This is an object well worth attending to, being *in addition to every other profit derived from the soil.*

“If we examine the various purposes to which bees wax is applied, it will, among others, be found to be used in various manufactures, in chirurgical and veterinary healings, and various family purposes. It is an article in which luxury would be at a stand, unless it supplied the elegant and polite with light to tread in all their nocturnal mazes; it aids in the construction of dress; and even the ladies’ apparel is impregnated with it. The medical uses of honey are universal: it is a luxury upon the table; and the best of the substitutes for butter and sugar; and when the finest particles are extracted, the refuse being properly converted into wine, when it becomes of a proper age and quite dry, is not inferior to the best of foreign white wines.

“The advantages agriculture would derive from multiplying this industrious animal are not few. By means of their industrious pursuits in roving from blossom to blossom, the chives, or male parts, with more expedition and certainty impregnate the pointels, which often, without such operation being expeditiously forwarded by such means (under a suspension in the want of air, or in consequence of violent rains) the seed is washed away before the intention of Nature is performed, and the plants remain unfruitful.”

To the EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE following *dissuasive* from *Suicide* is extracted from "The Samians," a pathetic little Tale, published some years ago: The turn of thought is so striking and well expressed, that I am persuaded it will be agreeable to your readers. Your printing it, therefore, will oblige your humble servant,

HUMANUS.

"CLEON, moved with his earnest and unfeigned compassion, replied, 'Though a stranger, thou pitiest me! were I only pitied where I ought to be respected, I were not driven to this excess. Away, young man, I can bear no more! O what this afflicted heart hath suffered! I am tired of life—it hath become heavy and disgusting; death will relieve me—the grave will afford me repose.' 'Who told thee so?' said Evander, 'What stranger returning from that awful bourn, hath administered peace to thy trembling heart, and bid thee fear no danger? Prove that thy sufferings are too severe to be capable of increase; prove that no possible change in thy condition can aggravate thine affliction, then allege thine excuse. But thou canst not. Added to thy present misery, torments tearing the delicate texture of thy veins, loathsome distemper, captivity and thralldom may overwhelm thee. Plunge not therefore into another state of existence, till thou hast proved all the ills of the present; fly not for refuge to a tremendous uncertainty: worse things may befall thee. Who would not blame the mariner, if, overtaken by a storm in the wide ocean, he steered his vessel to an unknown shore, exposing his valuable cargo to be shipwrecked on rocks and hidden shelves, rather than persevere with steadiness, and by exerting his skill, elude or withstand the tempest? Exert thy fortitude; pour the balm of patience on thy bruised spirit. Fortitude and patience were given thee for the day of danger, useless else; useless in the paths of peace and security. Forgive me, royal stranger, if my arguments seem offensive. Forgive me, if zeal to preserve thine old age from ruin, animate my speech with unbecoming freedom. Know that the miseries of mankind often flow from an internal origin, from the habits and dispositions of the mind. For if our hearts are vitiated by evil passions, and our reason blinded by false opinion, we foster in our breasts the principles of discontent and despondency. If we conceive illicit desires, if we pursue unattainable enjoyments, and are afflicted with imaginary sufferings, we become morose, anxious, and despondent: for anxiety begets despair. We cherish a wayward, gloomy, and unsocial humour. Our taste for happiness becomes extinct. Hideous spectres arise, haunting, menacing, and pursuing us. For imagination, the hireling of opinion, conjures legions of infernal shapes, clothes them with terror, and pours them unrelenting on our trembling dejected spirits. Imagination exaspere-

rates the sense of pain, exaggerates offence, and gives negligence or inattention the semblance of determined malice. Casting a cloud over the fair face of nature, blotting the sun from the firmament, and letting loose the dæmons of dark disorder, she alarms us with images of horror and misrule. Thus we carry the disease in our bosoms : no change of condition relieves us ; nor fortune, nor power, nor pre-eminence. Let us fly to the remotest corners of the world, and breathe the air of a thousand regions, the fury pursues us, frowns on our hopes, and blasts our enjoyments. But we expect deliverance in the grave : vain fallacious expectation ! We lay aside the clayey vesture, but anxiety cleaves to the soul. Our bodies moulder and are consumed, but the spirit remains unaltered : our passions continue vehement, our desires unallayed, our habits adhere tenacious, tenacious as the envenomed robe of the Centaur adhered to the limbs of Alcides. Objects may be changed, and even the mode of our existence varied, but the temper of the mind will continue permanent and immutable. Fair is this world, arrayed with light and adorned with beauty, abounding in pleasures, and yielding enjoyment to every natural desire. But if the soul pines amid this variety, and scorns the proffered blessing, incapable through discontent of enjoying them, anxiety will pursue thee to the grave, will disturb thy repose, will haunt thee even in Elysium, and, in the bowers of bliss, will sting thy soul with anguish. Thou wilt fly from light to the glooms and horrors of Tartarean darkness, to wail and howl with malignant spirits, and curse thy deplorable being. O examine thine heart, summon thine opinions before the tribunal of reason, nor let imagination aggravate the evils incident to thy condition. Stay yet a little while, and heaven of its own accord will relieve thee : heaven will send the messenger of death to lay thy grey hairs peaceful and respected in the grave. Thus thy memory shall be revered : men will say, he sustained adversity with resolution, he maintained the dignity of his nature, and death coming at the appointed time, found his mind unimpaired and undaunted. O have mercy on thy soul ! the hour is fast on the wing, when all that breathe, all that are troubled and afflicted, shall enjoy repose.

ANECDOTE.

ABOUT the time of the Restoration, when, according to Mr. Baxter's account, 1800 Clergymen were deprived for nonconformity, a Fellow of Emanuel College, Cambridge, was representing to a friend the great difficulties of conformity in point of conscience, and concluded with these words—*but we must LIVE* : his friend replied, in a like number of words—*but we must DIE*.

SKETCHES
OF
CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

POLITIANO.

ON his arrival at Florence he applied himself with great diligence to the study of the Latin language, under Cristoforo Landino, and of the Greek, under Andronicus of Thessalonica. Ficino and Argypylus were his instructors in the different systems of the Platonic and Aristotelian philosophy; but poetry had irresistible allurements for his young mind, and his *stanze* on the Giostra of Giuliano, if they did not first recommend him to the notice of Lorenzo, certainly obtained his approbation, and secured his favour. The friendship of Lorenzo provided for all his wants, and enabled him to prosecute his studies free from the embarrassments and interruptions of pecuniary affairs. Entrusted by Lorenzo with the education of his children, and the care of his extensive collection of manuscripts and antiquities, he constantly resided under his roof, and was his inseparable companion at those hours which were not devoted to the more important concerns of the state.

In the intercourse which Politiano maintained with the learned men of his time, he appears to have been sufficiently conscious of his own superiority. The letters addressed to him by his friends were, in general, well calculated to gratify his vanity; but although he was, in a high degree, jealous of his literary reputation, he was careful to distinguish how far the applauses bestowed upon him were truly merited, and how far they were intended to conciliate his favour. If he did not always estimate himself by the good opinion entertained of him by others, he did not suffer himself to be depressed by their envy or their censure. 'I am no more raised or dejected,' says he, 'by the flattery of my friends, or the accusations of my adversaries, than I am by the shadow of my own body: for although that shadow may be somewhat longer in the morning and the evening than it is in the middle of the day, this will scarcely induce me to think myself a taller man, at those times, than I am at noon.'

In restoring to their original purity the ancient authors, he was himself indefatigable; and if to the munificence of Lorenzo de Medici we are to attribute the preservation of many of these works, Politiano is perhaps entitled to our equal acknowledgments for his elucidations and corrections of the text, which, from a variety of causes, was frequently unintelligible, illegible, or corrupt. Besides the advantages which he derived from various copies of the same work, which enabled him to collate them so as to ascertain the true reading, he obtained great assistance from the collection of antiques formed by Lorenzo and his ancestors; and amongst his coins, inscrip-

tions on marble, and other authentic documents, frequently elucidated and determined what might otherwise have remained in darkness or doubt.

The system of jurisprudence which in the fifteenth century prevailed throughout the greatest part of Europe, was that of the Roman or civil law, which was principally found on the pandects or constitutions of Justinian. Hence the correction and explication of the existing copies of this work became of high importance to the community. This task was reserved for the indefatigable industry of Politiano, whose labours, in this department, entitle him to rank not only with the earliest, but with the most learned modern professors of this science. In his letters he has himself given some account of his progress in this laborious work. Much additional information may be found in the narrative of his life by Menckenius; and Bandini, who has lately had the good fortune to recover the commentary of Politiano, and restore it to its former station in the Laurentian library, has published an historical narrative expressly on this subject.

POGGIO.

This extraordinary man, whose writings throw considerable light on the history of the age, and whose Latin style pleases by its unaffected simplicity, was born in the year 1381, of the noble family of Bracciolini, originally of Florence; and, having spent his youth in travelling through different countries of Europe, settled at length at Rome. He remained in this city, as secretary in the service of eight successive popes, till he was invited to Florence in the year 1452, being then upwards of seventy years of age, to succeed Carlo Mussupini as secretary to the republic. After his return to Florence, he began to write the history of that state; but dying before he had brought it to a conclusion, it was afterwards completed by his unfortunate son Jacopo. His numerous works have been several times reprinted: the most general collection of them is that of Basil, 1538. Of all his productions, his 'Liber Facietiarum' is the most singular. The gross indecency of some of his tales can only be equalled by the freedom in which he indulges himself respecting the priesthood. It is difficult to conceive how he escaped in those times the resentment of that order; but we must remember, that this work was produced in the bosom of the church, and was probably an amusement for the learned leisure of prelates and of cardinals. In a short preface, Poggio explains the motives that led him to this composition, and attempts to excuse its licentiousness.

Although Poggio was an ecclesiastic he had several children, whom he openly acknowledged. His friend, the Cardinal of St. Angelo, having remonstrated with him on the irregularity of his conduct, Poggio, in his reply, acknowledges his fault, but at the same time attempts to extinguish the glare of it in the general blaze of licentiousness that involved the age. His letter, on this occasion, affords a striking proof of the depravity of the times. He afterwards

divested himself of his clerical character, and married a young and handsome wife; in justification of which measure he thought it necessary to write a treatise, which he entitled 'An seni sit Uxor du-cenda;' and which he addressed to Cosmo de Medici. This important dissertation yet remains, though it has not hitherto been printed.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

'It happened one day,' says Mr. Aubrey, in his manuscript lives, 'that a mad Tom of Bedlam came up to Sir Thomas More, as he was contemplating, according to his custom, on the leads of the gate-house of his palace at Chelsea, and had a mind to have thrown him from the battlements, crying out, 'leap, Tom, leap.' The chancellor was in his gown, and besides, antient and unable to struggle with such a strong fellow. My Lord had a little dog with him. Now (said he) let us first throw the dog down, and see what sport that will be: so the dog was thrown over. Is not this fine sport?' (said his Lordship) Let us fetch him up, and try it again. As the madman was going down, my Lord fastened the door, and called for help.'

More's spirit and innocent mirth did not forsake him in his last moments. As he was going up the scaffold to be beheaded, he found the stairs of it so weak and crazy, that it was nearly ready to fall; he turned about to the lieutenant of the Tower and said, 'pray, master lieutenant, see me safe up; and for my coming down, I can shift for myself.' When he had finished his prayers, he turned to the executioner and said, on observing him look sad and dejected, 'pluck up thy spirits, man, and be not afraid to do thine office; my neck is very short, therefore take care you don't strike awry, for your credit's sake.' Then laying his head upon the block, he desired the executioner to stay till he had put his beard aside, 'for that,' said he, 'has never committed treason.'

KANG HI,

EMPEROR OF CHINA.

KANG HI was one of the most illustrious princes that ever sat upon the throne of China. To great talents and a comprehensive understanding, he added the graces of virtue and of piety, and from his earliest life exhibited that ardour of mind so well suited to the difficult task of governing. He came to the crown in 1661, and died in 1724.

When the emperor Cham-Chi, his father, was on his death-bed, he assembled his children together, to fix upon a successor to his kingdom. On asking his eldest son if he should like to be emperor, the latter answered, that he was too weak to support so great a burden. The second made nearly the same answer. But when he put the question to young Kang Hi, who was not quite seven years

old, he replied, 'give me the empire to govern, and we shall see how I shall acquit myself.' The emperor was much pleased with this bold and simple answer. 'He is a boy of courage,' said Cham-Chi: 'Let him be emperor.'

The pomp and the business of the throne did not interrupt the labours of Kang Hi. He used to tell his children, by way of making them study, 'I came to the throne at the age of eight years. Tching and Liu, my two ministers, were my masters, and they made me apply myself incessantly to the study of *The King*, and the annals of the empire. Afterwards they taught me eloquence and poetry. At seventeen years of age my passion for books made me get up before day-break, and sit up very late in the night. I applied my mind so much, that my health suffered by it; but my sphere of knowledge was enlarged, and a great empire cannot be well governed unless the monarch has a great share of knowledge.'

Some one representing to this prince, who was descended from the Tartar kings that had conquered China, that it was rather extraordinary he should entrust the care of his person to some Chinese eunuchs; he replied, 'I fear the *Tien* too much to be afraid of eunuchs; besides, the eunuchs make me watch strictly over myself.'

A short time before he died, he sent for the Princes his sons, and thus addressed them: 'I have diligently studied history, and I have made my reflections upon every thing that has happened in my reign. I have observed, that all those who were desirous to do mischief to others died miserably; that those who had no feeling, met with persons more cruel than themselves; and that even soldiers who were sanguinary without necessity, did not die a natural death. The *Tien* revenges one man by another, and he often makes him that has prepared the poison drink it himself. I am now seventy-two years of age; I have seen the fourth, and even the fifth generations of many families. I have constantly observed happiness, peace, and wealth, perpetuate themselves in those families who love virtue. Poverty, calamity, reverse of fortune, and a thousand accidents have before my own eyes precipitated into misery, or destroyed, those families that had enriched themselves by injustice, and who were prone to revenge, and delivered up to disorder. I have concluded then from all that I have seen, that the course of events is just. Those who act uprightly gather the pleasant fruits of their good conduct; and those who act viciously receive their punishment even in this world.'

His penetration of mind, his great knowledge, the majesty of his appearance, his bravery, his magnificence, his indefatigable application to the business of his kingdom, procured Kang Hi from his subjects the glorious appellation of 'the Father and the Mother of his People.'

REVIEW
OF
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Travels into different Parts of Europe, in the Years 1791 and 1792. With familiar Remarks on Places, Men, and Manners. By John Owen, A. M. late Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. In two Volumes. 8vo. Price 14s. Cadell and Davies, 1796.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

IN our last we made some general observations on Mr. Owen's Travels; we shall now proceed to the more pleasant task of making some partial extracts.

The following picture of Neapolitan manners is ably drawn.

‘As a transient traveller, I pretend not to assign the best investigated reasons for the characters I draw. But, here, the bold and masculine features, vice and profligacy, render it only difficult to find terms sufficiently forcible to express the genuine colours under which they appear. That the lower orders in this city (Naples) should be corrupt and abandoned, is a matter of little surprise to those who see the condition of life to which they are exposed. From twenty to thirty thousand *Lazzaronis*, almost unclothed, and totally unhoused, ranging this great city for a precarious subsistence, are a sort of people well calculated for corrupting, and being corrupted. It is natural to suppose, that evil, commencing here, will have a wide circulation, and corrupt, by a powerful leaven, the great mass of common people: for these *Lazzaroni* are not a loose and disorderly number; they are an army of ragamuffins, under an established sort of discipline, and are considered by the state as an order not to be neglected, or, more properly speaking, not to be oppressed beyond a certain point. They have, it should seem, an invisible bond of union; and, when their rights are invaded, endeavour to make their importance felt. So far, however, as I can learn, they have not yet framed a charter of rights, which might not, with equal propriety, include the dogs that follow them. Nakedness, hunger, and exposure to the elements, are grievances, which have never entered into any of their remonstrances. The members of this corps are generally selected as instruments of perjury and assassination; crimes very prevalent in this country, from the corrupt state of their courts, and the tenderness of their laws against the shedders of blood. If credit might be given to the current estimates, five thousand have perished in one year by the knife of the assassin.

‘A conference is said to have been lately held with his Neapolitan majesty upon the subject of assassinations, and the necessity of punishing the assassin with death strongly contended for. His majesty begged leave to differ from his learned advisers on the propriety of this step: for, at present, said the monarch, I lose five thousand of my subjects by assassination; if, therefore, I were to put to death every assassin, I should lose double the number. This reply will serve to shew, that, in some countries at least, the executive and legislative powers are wisely kept distinct.’

The description of the environs of Naples is just and elegant.

‘In human life there is no certainty, and much danger: but here uncertainty cannot express how little certain all things are; nor danger, how dan-

gerous. All is hollow beneath us; wherever I strike my foot, the earth returns a quivering sound; hill and valleys are perpetually admitting some change; and mountains themselves are but the growth of a night. On one hand, springs are boiling; on the other, liquid sulphur is oozing through the parted soil: here are monuments of what earthquakes have scattered; there ruins of what eruptions have dissolved: the roads are bottomed by masses of lava, and the lakes are enclosed in the craters of volcanoes!

During his stay at Vienna, Mr. Owen was present at a combat of wild beasts; a species of exhibition, which is as common in that city, as the bull-fights are in some parts of Spain.

‘ Its singularity may amuse the English reader. This is called the Hetz, or combat of wild beasts. It was exhibited on a spacious amphitheatre, not built, like the ancient Roman amphitheatres, of massy stone, but of a light construction. A triple row of galleries encircle that area which is allotted to the combats. The opening of the ceremony was announced by the firing of a pistol; when the master of the beast proceeded to the centre of the area, and cracked, with great violence, a long whip. This was the signal for the keepers to throw open the mouth of the den, and let out that beast which was to sustain the first combat. The several dens are under the galleries, upon a level with the area, the mouths opening directly upon it. The animal that first entered was a bear; upon whom two furious dogs were shortly let in. These chased him some time; till, at length, they fastened upon him, and brought him to the ground; when the master and his crew, entering, loosened the dogs from their prey, and the bear was remanded to his prison.

‘ To this succeeded many similar engagements between the dogs and other beasts; which afforded vast diversion to the spectators, who crowned every victory with shouts of triumph. The effect of these united acclamations reminded me of the singular structure which the Romans have given these edifices, appropriated to the purposes of public spectacles. The walls in the Circus of Caracalla are thickly sown with urns and hollow earthen vessels, doubtless to give the greatest possible effect to those shouts which mark the spectators’ applause.

‘ The scene, which most amused me in this representation, was that in which the whole tribe of savages were let out together. These were bears of all nations, Hungarian oxen, buffaloes, wolves, and wild boars, attacking each other in all directions, and engaging in a thousand varied combats. There was a most noble lion let out, who exhibited a majestic spectacle. He regarded the spectators with a collected aspect, and, seating himself upon his hind quarters, received all the attacks of dogs and beasts with a frown of defiance, and a roar which shook the theatre. At the close of this representation, a superb fire-work was played off from a board, which was elevated to a considerable height in the air. To this board a bear clung with his paws, and, ascending with it, continued suspended till the whole of the fire-work was played off. It was very extraordinary to see the bear, in this situation, enveloped in sparks and flames. I was curious to know how this was effected, and was informed that the board was smeared with blood; and, as these animals are nearly starved, in order to keep them furious, the scent of the blood fixes the animal. In addition to this, the actor of this great scene is constantly regaled, when he descends, with a piece of flesh prepared for that purpose. The neglect of this accustomed bounty is said to have proved fatal to the former master of these animals. The bear, descending from his frightful elevation, and not receiving, instantaneously, his expected morsel, fastened upon the master, and tore him mortally, before he could be disengaged.

‘As this is an exhibition humanity can find little to delight in, I was astonished to see, in casting my eyes around, so many female spectators attending this bloody spectacle, which seems, indeed, scarcely compatible with the police of a civilized state.’

We shall here close our review of these volumes; and we presume that the passages we have extracted will place the work in as favourable a light, as it appears to us to merit. Truth and candour are the chief requisites of a traveller, and in neither of these is Mr. Owen defective. He seems, throughout, to have taken great pains to be well informed; and, of course, he is not guilty of either error or misrepresentation.

Travels through various Provinces of the Kingdom of Naples in 1789. By Charles Ulysses, of Salis Marschlins. Translated from the German by Anthony Aufrere, Esq. Illustrated with engravings. Pages 527. 8vo. Price 8s. Cadell and Davies. London, 1795.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

WE recommend the following observations on the different kinds of lava to the serious consideration of those who endeavour to deduce, from such phenomena, arguments against the accuracy of the Mosaic Chronology.

‘Between the Torre del Greco and the Torre dell’ Annunziata I crossed a stream of lava, that broke out in 1769, at the foot of Vesuvius, not far from the road, and ran into the sea across a beautiful and fertile country, which it converted into a desert and a chaos. The place of its origin is distinguished by three moderate hills, of a conic form, and hollow in the centre. The comparison of this waste with the neighbouring elysium, exposed to a similar fate, awakens the most melancholy thoughts; but when, on the other hand, we consider that even this desolation bears within it the seeds of a still more fruitful district; that a paradise may be formed therefrom, superior to the surrounding plains; that this lava is already become earth; and that plants are cherished in some parts of its unfriendly lap; we are in some measure comforted by the universal law of nature, that even destruction contains the germ of life. Not less striking is the circumstance of this lava being so soon capable of vegetation, since some in Sicily discovers no symptoms of decomposition, though it has been exposed to a much warmer sun, and all the changes of the atmosphere, during several centuries. This difference is chiefly to be ascribed to their interior composition; the lava of Mount Etna containing feldspath and pebbles, whilst that of Vesuvius consists of schorl, granite, and argillaceous earth. They who judge of the age of lava by its progress in decomposition, must be always liable to error, unless they, at the same time, take into the account its various component parts. They, also, have been greatly wide of the truth, who have judged of the periods in which the lava has flowed, by the thickness of the layers of earth between the streams of lava that lie one above another: for, even allowing that the date of one or two might be given, as a foundation, upon which to proceed, one sort of lava will, in ten years, have a stratum of earth a foot deep upon it, and another sort have scarcely the same quantity in two hundred years.’

We have heard much of the sagacity of various animals, particularly of elephants:—the following account of a buffalo is very remarkable.

‘The following proof of the great sagacity of the buffalo, attested by the whole province, merits our utmost credit and attention. The road to the two Calabrias is traversed, between Persano and Poestum, by the river Sele,

which, in winter, is very deep and rapid, and was destitute, until lately, both of bridge and ferry-boat. A buffalo was therefore employed, to carry over the weekly courier and his mail; and learned its business so well, that every week it quitted the pasture, appeared at the river side upon the day and hour when the courier usually arrived, suffered the portmanteau to be placed upon its back, and, when that was not too heavy, gave the like permission to the man; but when the portmanteau was too weighty, it pushed the courier away with its horns, upon his offering to mount, swam across the river, suffered the mail to be taken off, and returned to fetch the courier. It continued this employment during several years; and its death, which happened lately, at a very advanced age, was a most important event in the province. It is to be lamented, that no greater advantage is made of these beasts, whose little estimation here is sufficiently testified by the low price they bear; a buffalo not fetching more than from fifteen to twenty ducats (from 2l. 16s. 3d. to 3l. 15s.)'

Upon the whole, these Travels abound in materials for the reflection of the classical scholar, the naturalist, the agriculturalist, and the statesman. To the King of Naples the observations are more particularly interesting; as they relate principally to the inhabitants of that kingdom. The translation, though faithful, is not very elegant.

Poems on various Subjects, by S. T. Coleridge, late of Jesus College, Cambridge.
Pages 188. Price 5s. Robinsons.

FROM the proofs which Mr. Coleridge has already given of considerable talents for Eloquence, in his *Conciones ad Populum*, it was to be expected, that he would be qualified to exercise, with success, the kindred art of Poetry; and the perusal of this small volume will justify the expectation. He certainly possesses a fine invention, and a lively imagination; and his Poems glow with that ardour of passion, that enthusiastic love of liberty, which give energy to poetic composition, and compel the reader into immediate admiration. The collection consists of Sonnets, (which, however, Mr. C. calls Effusions—a Monody on the Death of Chatterton,—Verses on various Occasions,—and what the author entitles Religious Musings.

The Effusions, in general, are extremely beautiful; and many of the lesser pieces must be ranked in the first class.

The superior excellence which characterises Mr. Coleridge's Poems, compels us to wish that they possessed that uniform correctness of versification, which frequently accompanies productions of far inferior merit: but Mr. C.'s blemishes are such as are incident to young men of luxuriant imaginations, which time and experience will, we doubt not, enable him to correct. His beauties are those of a very superior genius:—a richer line than the last of the three following we scarcely ever remember reading—

' O aged Women! ye who weekly catch
The morsel tossed by law-forc'd Charity,
And die so slowly, that none call it murder.'

The Monody addressed to Chatterton possesses many beautiful passages; but that irregular species of versification, in which it is written, is not, in our judgment, consistent with the laws of Poetry. We must also observe, that we frequently meet, in these Poems, with expressions which, however pleasing in Spenser and Shakspeare, accord not with the present state of the English language. The liberty, too, of coining new words, which Mr. C. sometimes uses, and the impetuosity of his imagination, hurry him into what

his readers may think exceptionable language. Every error, however, of this kind, is the error of a first rate genius; and we will venture, from the present collection, to place Mr. Coleridge in the very first rank of English poets.

Odes and Miscellaneous Poems. By a Student of Medicine in the University of Edinburgh. 4to. 2s. 6d. Johnson.

THESE Poems are loosely and incorrectly written, and abound too much with the hackneyed phraseology of common-place poetasters. Though the author certainly possesses some of the requisites to form a poet, yet we think he would do well to adhere to the study of Medicine, and not woo an ungrateful Muse, till time and experience shall secure to him a favourable reception.

Albert de Nordenschild: or, the Modern Alcibiades. A Novel, translated from the German. 2 Vols. 12mo. 7s. Boards. Robinsons. 1796.

THERE are scarcely any circumstances, in the general history of mankind, that form a more striking contrast, than the manners, principles, and characters of military and commercial nations. The novel before us is certainly an object of literary curiosity, as affording a picture of the manners in the interior parts of Germany, and, probably, rather of the last age, than the present. A national character, more remote from all that we see in this country, can scarcely be conceived; and many passages will appear in the highest degree tinctured with romance, which, we doubt not, are fair delineations of nature in the scene which the author has undertaken to depict.

Independent, however, of this circumstance, the novel before us partakes of the genius of the German literary productions: the story is wild, fanciful, and, in some measure, improbable; but it is highly interesting, and must be entertaining to all classes of readers.

Anecdotes Historical and Literary: or, a Miscellaneous Selection of Curious and Striking Passages from Eminent Modern Authors. Vernor and Hood. 1796. Pages 470. 8vo. 6s.

THIS compilation is made with considerable taste and judgment. The articles of which it consists are chiefly taken from authors not universally known, generally foreign, but more particularly French. 'In the course of my reading,' says the editor, 'I have often met with an important remark, or fact, amidst many pages of dull and uninteresting matter; these I have separated, and attempted to give them a more pleasing form than they originally possessed.' The plan adopted by the different editors of the French *Ana* has been followed in this work; each article is titled, and a copious Index and Table of Contents are given.

On the whole, we confess ourselves indebted to the compiler, for many hours of rational amusement; and very confidently recommend his work to the favour of the public.

As bearing a reference to the nature of our own Publication, the following short extract may not be displeasing to our readers:

'FREEMASONS. The society, known by the name of the Freemasons, is so called, because they who first established it understood building and Masonry; or, perhaps, the first principles of it were laid down by Masons. But, whatever may have been their origin, they are now very numerous; and there

is scarcely any country where there are not Freemasons.' * * * * *

'Notwithstanding the cloud which envelopes the proceedings of this Society, it appears, they attend to manners; and their secret is, by acts of disinterestedness, generosity, and kindness, to fasten those bonds which ought to unite mankind. If these are the principles of Freemasonry, the place wherein they meet should be considered as the Temple of Friendship, at the gate of which is the God of Silence.'

For the greater part, the authorities are given, whence the editor has drawn his materials. J.

The Chronicle of the Kings of England, from the Norman Conquest unto the present Time. By Robert Dodsley. *A New Edition, enlarged.* 12mo. 2s. Ver-
nor and Hood.

THE name of Robert Dodsley is known to every man of literature, and his memory dear to every friend of humankind. The present work had been long out of print, and now makes its appearance with the aid of all the modern improvements of graphical and typographical embellishment. The style is a happy imitation of that of the ancient Jewish historians; and the manner happily calculated at once to impress the memory by its brevity, and amuse the mind by its singular humour.

We believe the reigns of George the Second, and of his present Majesty, are additions by the present editor.

The volume is fitted for the pocket, beautifully printed, and embellished with 33 portraits and other engravings, inimitably executed by Bewick. J.

Facts addressed to the serious Attention of the People of Great Britain, respecting the Expence of the War, and the State of the National Debt. By William Morgan. F. R. S. 8vo. Price 1s. Debrett.

An Inquiry into the State of the Finances of Great Britain; in Answer to Mr. Morgan's Facts. By N. Vansittart, Esq. 8vo. Price 1s. 6d. Owen.

Additional Facts, addressed to the serious Attention of the People of Great Britain, respecting the Expence of the War, and the State of the National Debt. By William Morgan, F. R. S. 8vo. Price 1s. Debrett.

THESE three pamphlets contain so much close and solid information respecting the finances of this country, that, to detail their arguments, would be to extract the whole of them. Mr. Morgan and Mr. Vansittart espouse different sides of the question; and each with very great judgment and knowledge of their subjects. We think the Facts stated of the utmost importance, and would recommend them to the serious perusal and consideration of every friend to his country.

Werter: a Tragedy, in Three Acts, as performed at the Theatres-Royal, Covent-Garden, Bath, Bristol, and Dublin. By F. Reynolds, Esq. *Author of the Dramatist—Notoriety—How to grow Rich—The Rage—Speculation—&c.—&c.* 8vo. 1s. 6d. Longman. 1796.

THIS is a tragedy of three acts, taken from the well-known story of Werter; but touched, comparatively, with a feeble hand. In order to obviate what is generally thought the dangerous tendency of the novel, Werter is made to repent of his suicide before he expires. For other alterations, we

cannot readily see the reason. Charlotte is only betrothed at the opening of the play; nor is there any hint given of her being actually married, through the whole of it: at least, the author certainly represents her as unmarried, during the greatest struggle of her love for Werter; and Albert, as knowing of the excess of their affection; which renders the conduct of all three highly unnatural. for we cannot conceive that love would have driven Werter to such despair, while his mistress was still single; or that Albert would have accepted her hand, when he found that passion had so entirely possessed them both. Add to this, that the author has given us only half the character of the feeling Werter, who is represented by the German author as disappointed in ambition no less than in love. If expressed with the force with which it is conceived in the story, Werter would make one of the finest characters for the stage, that could any where be found. It would be unfair to criticise further this slight performance, the subject of which does not tally so well with the author's abilities, as scenes of a light and comic strain.

Vortimer; or the true Patriot: a Tragedy. By Ab. Portal. 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Kearsley.

THIS tragedy is dedicated to the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Common Council of the City of London, and is stated to be the author's *virgin tragedy*. We think that, altogether, it possesses some merit: the plot is conducted with address, and the catastrophe well produced. The language is sometimes nervous and poetical, and sometimes weak and prosaic. There is much room for improvement; and, with some alterations, it might be brought on the stage and, probably, well received.

The Roses; or, King Henry the Sixth. An Historical Tragedy. Represented at Reading School. Compiled principally from Shakspeare. 8vo. Price 1s. 6d.
Elmsly.

WE are much pleased with the spirit which prompted, and the taste which executed, this agreeable performance. We therefore recommend it to general perusal.

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AN Answer to Paine's Age of Reason. By David Wilson. 8vo. Price 2s. *Vernor and Hood.*

An Alarm to Britain, or an Enquiry into the Causes of the Progress of Infidelity. By John Jamieson, D. D. 8vo. Price 2s. *Vernor and Hood.*

A Preservative against the Infidelity and Uncharitableness of the Eighteenth Century. By John Evans, A. M. 8vo. Price 2s. 6d. *Symonds.*

Sermons on select Subjects. By Thomas Scott. 8vo. Price 6s. *Jordan.*

The Pains of Memory. By Robert Merry, A. M. 4to. Price 3s. *Robinsons.*

Camilla, a Novel. By the Author of Cecilia, &c. 5 vol. 12mo. 21s. *Payne.*

The Negro Slaves; a Dramatic-historical Piece. Translated from the German of Kotzebue. 8vo. Price 3s. *Cadell and Davies.*

Almeyda, Queen of Granada, a Tragedy. By Sophia Lee. 8vo. Price 2s. *Cadell and Davies.*

Anecdotes Historical and Literary, from eminent modern Authors. 8vo. Price 6s. *Vernor and Hood.*

The Works of Anthony Raphael Mengo, translated from the Italian. 2 vol. 8vo. *Cadell and Davies.*

Authentic Correspondence with Mr. Le Brun, the French Minister, in 1793. By W. Miles. 8vo. Price 6s. *Debrett.*

The Peeper: a Collection of Essays. By John Watkins, LL. D. 8vo. Price 4s. *Allen and West.*

Rights of the People, or Reasons for a Regicide Peace. By William Williams. 8vo. Price 1s. 6d. *Jordan.*

View of the relative State of Great Britain and France in 1796. 8vo. Price 2s. 6d. *Debrett.*

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

MAIDSTONE, JUNE 24, 1796.

(From a Member of the LODGE of FORTITUDE.)

THIS day, being the day of St. John the Baptist, the Brethren of this Lodge accepted an invitation to dine with the Brethren of Lodge TRUE AND FAITHFUL, at the White Bear Inn, in Westmalling; and were addressed, after dinner, by the Provincial Grand Master, W. Perfect, Esq. in an eloquent eulogium on the Saint, whose festival they were met to commemorate, recommending his example, and concluding with an excellent charge to the Craft. And it is but justice to allow much merit to the Provincial Grand Master, who, on this, and every other Masonic occasion, exerts himself so as to deserve the praise and approbation of the Fraternity. The afternoon was spent in that festivity and mirth, which ever attends the social Virtues, and produces Peace, Order, Harmony, and Good-fellowship.

JULY 5, 1796.

This day the GRAND LODGE met at Brother Sutton's, Canonbury House, Islington, to celebrate the Anniversary of the DEPUTY GRAND MASTER'S Feast, on which occasion there appeared a very numerous and respectable assemblage of Brethren; among whom were Brothers Atkinson, Marsh, Tutt, Galloway, Tyler, and Tegart, Past Grand Wardens; Brother White, Grand Secretary; and Brother Chev. Ruspini, Grand Swordbearer.

Brother Atkinson, as the senior Past Grand Warden present, represented the Grand Master; Brothers Tutt and Galloway, the Grand Wardens; and Brother Marsh, the Past Grand Master.

An excellent dinner was provided by Brother Sutton, under the inspection of the Stewards, whose attention to the Grand Officers and Brethren most deservedly merited the thanks they received from the Master in the chair.

After dinner, the Grand Lodge was, as usual, opened in due form; and the afternoon was passed in social and brotherly mirth, and rational and orderly conviviality; nor was Charity, that adamant pillar of Masonry, forgotten on this occasion:—the wants of that infant charity, the Cumberland School, were ably depicted by the Master of the Country Stewards Lodge, and several new annual subscribers made.

SUNDERLAND, JULY 17, 1796.

Tuesday, the 9th of August, is the day appointed for opening the stupendous bridge constructed over the river WEAR.* A Provincial Grand Lodge will be opened in the PHENIX HALL, SUNDERLAND.—A Masonic Procession will be formed; which, joined by the Magistrates, Clergy, Officers, Loyal Sunderland Volunteers, &c. will proceed over the bridge; where the usual Masonic business will be gone through. The Brethren, &c. will proceed to the church, to hear divine service, and a sermon, by the Chaplain of the Senior Lodge.

In the evening there will be an assembly and ball for the ladies.

* See Volume II. p. 404. and Volume V. p. 209. of our Magazine.

POETRY.

PROLOGUE TO SUCH THINGS ARE.

PERFORMED AT THE DESIRE OF A RESPECTABLE SOCIETY OF FREEMASONS
IN THE COUNTRY, MARCH 5, 1795.

WHILE War's terrific sounds alarm the soul,
And Discord seems to spread from pole to pole,
Mad Faction, raging with the thirst of blood,
Slays, in its fury, all that's great and good ;
Tears down Authority, breaks up the Laws,
Nor Nature's tender ties, nor Friendship knows !
The Sire, whose locks the Angels wou'd revere,
Becomes a headless corse on Faction's bier ;
And Female Grace, which charms barbaric minds,
In Rêbels' iron hearts no pity finds.
Religion's altars now no longer blaze ;
Her priests they banish, and her fanes they raze.
See, yonder, bending o'er her friendless Child,
The hapless Widow sits in sorrow wild :
Her Partner, driven by the tyrant band,
Fell Faction's victim in a foreign land.
Do such scenes touch your hearts? and ask you where
Wide-wasting horrors thus pollute the air?
On Gallia look, and say, that SUCH THINGS ARE.

Turn we the painful eye from her stain'd field,
T' where fairer skies a brighter prospect yield :
See, fix'd in Ocean's breast, the brightest gem,
And greatest boast, in Freedom's diadem !
Here laws are justice, and with equal sway
They rule the *low*, and make the *great* obey.
Beneath his spreading vine, and fruitful tree,
The peasant fearless sits—because he's FREE ;
No harpy hand can tear him from his plow,
Or rend the earnings of his sweating brow.
Hail, blessed land ! where genuine Freedom's giv'n,
The first, best, gift of all-approving Heav'n !
Tho' envious nations meditate thy fate,
Tho' some degen'rate sons disgrace thy state,
Still future ages proudly shall declare,
Of Loyalty and Freedom, SUCH THINGS ARE.
In Britain's happy isle they've fix'd their seat,
And all the Virtues on those blessings wait.
Here soft-ey'd Pity heaves the tender sigh
At human woes ; and swift-wing'd Charity

Seeks out for those o'er whom Misfortune reigns,
 To ease their couches, and abate their pains ;
 Returning wanderers from Virtue's road,
 From man's sharp censures find a sure abode,
 To gain their peace, and favour of their God !
 Hence came from Asia's wide corrupted plain,
 On Britain's shore to fix her happy reign,
 The MASONIC GENIUS, with her virtuous train :
 On party-rage she bends the pitying eye ;
 Her's is the cause of meek humanity :
 Still firm adherent to bright Honour's cause,
 She bows submissive to the KING AND LAWS :
 Love and Obedience form the MASON'S SQUARE—
 Of this may all our actions prove that SUCH THINGS ARE !

ODE

TO LAURA.

TO sing of Laura, lovely maid !
 Requires no fabled Muse's aid :
 Her charms can inspiration give,
 And make her Poet's numbers live.

Venus ! thy throne of beauty yield,
 Nor dare dispute with her the field :
 Thou ne'er hadst won the golden prize,
 Had Paris view'd my Laura's eyes.

In vain the Graces would compare
 With her for face, for shape, and air :
 In Pallas' self, alas ! we find
 But a weak emblem of her mind.

The crimson blush, that paints the skies,
 When all-enliv'ning morn shall rise,
 Is but a faint attempt to show
 The roses on her cheeks that glow.

The lily, pleasing to the sight,
 May boast, indeed, its virgin white ;
 But Laura's breasts much lovelier dawn
 Beneath their envious veil of lawn.

O Jove, and all ye pow'rs ! my pray'r
 Accept, and make the maid your care ;
 Day, after day, improve her charms,
 Till time shall give her to my arms !

SONGS
OF THE PIXIES.*

(From Coleridge's Poems. Vide our Review.)

WHEN Evening's dusky car,
Crown'd with her dewy star,
Steals o'er the fading sky in shadowy flight,
On leaves of aspen trees
We tremble to the breeze,
Veil'd from the grosser ken of mortal sight.
Or, haply, at the visionary hour,
Along our wildly-bow'r'd sequestered walk,
We listen to th' enamour'd rustic's talk ;
Heave with the heavings of the maiden's breast,
Where young-eyed loves have built their turtle nest ;
Or guide, of soul-subduing power,
The electric flash, that from the melting eye
Darts the fond question and the soft reply.

Or thro' the mystic ringlets of the vale
We flash our faery feet in gamesome prank ;
Or, silent-sandal'd, pay our defter court
Circling the spirit of the western gale,
Where, wearied with his flow'r-caressing sport,
Supine he slumbers on a violet bank ;
Then with quaint music hymn the parting gleam,
By lonely Otter's sleep-persuading stream ;
Or where his waves, with loud, unquiet, song,
Dash'd o'er the rocky channel, froth along ;
Or where, his silver waters smooth'd to rest,
The tall trees' shadow sleeps upon his breast.

Hence! thou lingerer, light!
Eve saddens into night.
Mother of wildly-working dreams! we view
The sombre hours, that round thee stand
With down-cast eyes (a duteous band!)
Their dark robes dripping with the heavy dew.
Sorceress of the ebon throne!
Thy power the pixies own,
When round thy raven brow
Heav'n's lucent roses glow,
And clouds, in watry colours drest,
Float in light drapery o'er thy sable vest;
What time the pale moon sheds a softer day,
Mellowing the woods beneath its pensive beam:
For mid the quiv'ring light 'tis ours to play,
Aye-dancing to the cadence of the stream.

* The Pixies, in the superstition of Devonshire, are a race of invisible beings, harmless, and friendly to man.

VERSES

WRITTEN AT SUN-RISE.

LOST is the empire of the night !
 No longer now her awful shade
 Usurps the boundless realms of light ;
 In splendour is the east array'd !

Ah ! see the sick'ning moon retire
 Far in the west, with languid face,
 As light which, borrow'd from the fire,
 Is lost in its more fulgent blaze.

Hail ! infinite, exhaustless source
 Of light !—of life and joy, the soul !
 By whose attractive, secret, force,
 The systems in gradation roll !

The seasons thy just influence sways ;
 Mild and serene now is the morn ;—
 Fair Nature's face thy cheering rays
 With gilded prospects now adorn.

How sad, how desolate the plain,
 How lonesome is each shady bow'r !
 Dread silence and confusion reign,
 Without thy all-enliv'ning pow'r !

But, rous'd by thee from sweet repose,
 The cheerful swains their toil renew ;
 The shepherd from his cot now goes,
 Again his flocks and herds to view.

O sweetest of revolving hours,
 That can our wand'ring thoughts beguile !
 Refreshing gales ! sweet-scented flow'rs !—
 Creation, gladden'd, wears a smile !

Transient indeed, and short's the span
 To us allotted here below !
 Yet ah ! how little doth proud man
 The sweets of life incline to know !

For you, inglorious sons of ease,
 In vain the flow'rs their fragrance yield !
 In vain Hygeia fans the breeze,
 While bounteous Nature clothes the field !

Creation's beauties to expound—
 What mind the noble task can boast ?
 The philosophic eye looks round,
 And in the boundless maze is lost !

CUPID AND SARA.

AS late each flow'r that sweetest blows
 I pluck'd, the garden's pride!
 Within the petals of a rose
 A sleeping Love I 'spied.

Around his brows a beamy wreath
 Of many a lucent hue;
 All purple glow'd his cheek, beneath,
 Inebriate with the dew.

I softly seiz'd th' unguarded power,
 Nor scar'd his balmy rest;
 And plac'd him, cag'd within the flower,
 On spotless Sara's breast.

But when, unweeting of the guile,
 Awoke the pris'ner sweet,
 He struggled to escape awhile,
 And stamp'd his faery feet.

Ah! soon the soul-entrancing sight
 Subdued th' impatient boy!
 He gaz'd! he thrill'd with deep delight!
 Then clapp'd his wings for joy.

'And O!' he cried—'Of magic kind
 What charms this throne endear!
 Some other love let Venus find—
 I'll fix my empire here.'

S. T. C.

SONNETTO THE MARQUIS LA FAYETTE.

AS when far off the warbled strains are heard,
 That soar on morning's wing the vales among,
 Within his cage th' imprisoned matin bird
 Swells the full chorus with a generous song:
 He bathes no pinion in the dewy light,
 No father's joy, no lover's bliss, he shares;
 Yet still the rising radiance cheers his sight—
 His fellows' freedom soothes the captive's cares!
 Thou, Fayette! who didst wake with startling voice
 Life's better sun from that long wintry night,
 Thus in thy country's triumphs shalt rejoice,
 And mock with raptures high the dungeon's might:
 For lo! the morning struggles into day,
 And Slavery's spectres shriek, and vanish from the ray!

S. T. C.

A SONG.

BY T. P.

LET him who, engag'd in pursuit after truth,
 To care gives his nights and his days,
 In lieu of the light waving ringlets of youth,
 E'en clothe his bald noddle with bays :
 A stranger to fear, nor acknowledging pain,
 The hero, who joys in the foe,
 Whose pleasures increase with the number of slain,
 With laurel may circle his brow.

Such honour my breast neither envies nor knows ;
 For me then a chaplet entwine,
 In unison sweet where the soft blushing rose
 Shall meet the luxuriant vine.
 In its shade shall the train of gay Fancy appear,
 And Hope her fair progeny show,
 While on visions so sweetly my spirits that cheer,
 The bowl shall existence bestow.

Can Science indeed teach us how to enjoy ?
 Then fill the first bumper to Science :
 The cares of to-day it will help to destroy,
 To-morrow to set at defiance.
 The soldier may deal death and carnage around,
 From the wide spreading bomb, or the mine,
 For me, O ye Gods ! be my enmities drown'd
 In a flaggon of generous wine.

Alexander his courage deriv'd from the bowl ;
 And as for the sage Aristotle,
 No cynic was he, but a jovial old soul,
 And his wisdom he suck'd from the bottle.
 As the honours of life I unenvying pass,
 Its sorrows O let me escape !
 No tutor I seek, but the gay sparkling glass,
 No blood, but the blood of the grape.

ON A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY WEeping.

O NOW the certain cause I know,
 Whence the rose and lilies grow
 On your fair cheeks : the frequent show'rs,
 Which you do shed, produce those flow'rs.
 If that the floods could Venus bring,
 And warlike Mars from Juno spring,
 Why may not hence two Gods arise,
This from your Cheeks, *that* from your Eyes.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF A NIGHTINGALE.

FAREWELL, thou lonely wood! and henceforth be
 Acquainted with no other Harmony,
 Than the chatt'ring Pye, or the screeching note
 Of boding Owls, and fatal Raven's throat:
 The sweetest Chaunter's dead, that warbled forth
 Lays that might tempests calm, and still the North;
 Or call down Angels from their brilliant sphere,
 To hear her song, and learn new anthems here.

M.

A PARODY

FROM HAMLET.

Written by an Attorney's Clerk.

TO cheat or not to cheat, that is the question;
 Whether 'tis better in the mind to suffer
 The stings and gnawings of a troubled conscience,
 Or bravely spurn corruption's gilded baits,
 And, by rejecting, 'scape 'em? To cheat, to need
 No more; and, by such gain, to say we end
 The thousand hardships which the poor man seems
 To be born heir to; 'tis a consummation
 Too often wish'd by us: to cheat unseen—
 To cheat—perchance be catch'd; aye, there's the rub:
 For by discovery what shame may come,
 When we have lost the necessary mask,
 Must give us pause: there is the respect
 That makes dishonesty imbitter life:
 For who wou'd bear the gibes and taunts of men,
 Th' oppressed's curse, the good man's contumely,
 The pangs of unpaid fees, the law's severity
 In taxing bills, and the harsh reprimands
 That merit often to th' unworthy gives,
 When he in peace might his quietus make
 On a poor farm? Who wou'd long parchments write,
 And scrawl and pause amidst a heap of nonsense,
 But that the dread of ghastly poverty,
 Whose horrid visage, like the gorgon's head,
 No mortal dares behold, startles the mind,
 And makes us rather chuse those ills we have,
 Than suffer others that we dread far worse?
 Thus avarice makes rascals of us all,
 And thus the comely face of honesty
 Is tarnish'd o'er by ill-designing knaves,
 Who toil among the labyrinths of law,
 In search of matter to perplex mankind,
 And leave the paths of wisdom.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE-ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

July 23. A NEW Play in five acts, written by Mr. Cumberland, entitled DON PEDRO, was brought forward at this theatre. The story of the piece is as follows :

‘ Don Pedro, called *El Diabolo*, is the son of a Spanish Nobleman ; but having been discarded by his family, on account of his libertine principles, and the savage ferocity of his character, he joins a gang of robbers ; and being of a temper more daring and mischievous than any of the crew, is raised to the dignity of being their leader. Henrique, his younger brother, who is as amiable and gentle, as Pedro is barbarous and untameable, passing near the haunt of the banditti, is ensnared and stabbed by Pedro, and left, as the latter supposes, dead. Pedro then, getting possession of the effects of Henrique, professes to be his brother, and gains admission to the house of the Count de Valdesoto, his uncle ; who, believing that he is the amiable Henrique, is on the eve of granting him the hand of Celestina, cousin of Pedro ; and daughter of the Count. The daughter Celestina is in the habit of *dreaming* ; and, by the aid of her *instinctive visions*, she is acquainted with the artifice of Pedro, and his supposed murder of his brother. The Count, fully relying upon the appearances in favour of Pedro, treats the *supernatural intimations* of his daughter as the idle suggestions of a disordered fancy. An inquiry is made by the Inquisition into the circumstances of the murder of Henrique, and a man is condemned as guilty. Pedro makes an affected parade of tenderness, and appears as a witness before the Solemn Tribunal. It appears, however, that Henrique soon overcame the consequences of the wound he received : he repairs to the house of the Count ; and, after a satisfactory inquiry, the guilt of Pedro is made apparent, and Celestina is allotted to the humane and generous Henrique.’

We have so often had reason to admire the productions of Mr. Cumberland, that we are sorry, on the present occasion, not to be able to give that tribute of praise which we have formerly bestowed on several of his other performances. His genius is too often employed in dramatic works, to give time for his imagination to produce an original fable, any striking novelty, or force of character ; or even to work up, with sufficient care, the materials which he must necessarily derive from the stories of other writers. Upon the present occasion, Mr. Cumberland has been indebted to a gloomy, but vigorous, offspring of the German Muse, entitled “ The Robbers,” and even to O’Keeffe’s well known Opera, “ The Castle of Andalusia.” The fable is not ill-conducted, on the whole ; but as the audience must unavoidably feel the resemblance we have suggested, it is not calculated to excite much curiosity, or awaken any powerful interest. It is, however, but justice to say, that the language is, with a very few exceptions, neat, forcible, and elegant.

The Prologue was from the pen of the author of the Play, and the Epilogue from that of Mr. Colman. The latter was neatly delivered by Miss De Camp. Palmer was the hero of the piece, and his Don Pedro one of the most masterly performances we ever witnessed.

The audience did not manifest much activity of praise or censure during the progress of the piece ; but, towards the conclusion, the *fiat* of Public Criticism seemed to be *rather* of a hostile kind. However, the Play was announced for a second representation ; and we are of opinion that it may have a tolerable run.

 MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

 FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

NAPLES, June 2.

ON the 17th ult. a Royal Ordinance was published here for a general arming of the Country. His Majesty has likewise issued a Manifesto to the Bishops and Prelates, of which the following is the substance :

“ The long-protracted War, which has brought calamity on so many Nations, and occasioned the effusion of so much blood and tears, is not merely a political, it is a religious War. Our enemies are the enemies of Christianity and Christendom. Not contented with having abolished Religion in their own Country, they wish to extirpate it from the earth.

“ Religion, which teaches us our duties, must likewise inspire us with courage. We fight against those who have made War at once on our property, our laws, and our religion. I will myself give the most conspicuous example of courage and zeal in so good a cause. I will place myself at the head of my loving subjects for our common defence, in full confidence of the protection of the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, who guides the hearts of Princes, and enlightens them with prudent counsel, when they call, in sincerity, on his holy name. Yet will I omit no human means to secure the peace and tranquillity of the People committed to my government. Yet must we be prepared for every event. We will negotiate for Peace, but with arms in our hands, that we may not be compelled to accept mean and humiliating conditions. Send me, therefore, your support to this useful end, and require your Diocesans to afford their assistance to me and my Troops to repulse the Enemy, should they attempt to enter our Frontiers.

(Signed) “ FERDINAND.”

In consequence of these Proclamations, the whole Country is in arms. Our Army of which the greater part is already advanced to the Frontiers of the Ecclesiastical State will amount soon to 100,000 men. Even the Lazaroni have declared that they will exert themselves to the utmost to defend their King and Country.

WETZLAER, July 4.

We are again thrown into the utmost consternation, since the French are advancing both from the side of Nieuwied and the Sieg. Their four corps, which, under the orders of Generals Lefebvre, Kleber, Bernadotte, and Champignet, are in full march against this place and Franckfort, are said to amount to 80,000 men. General Wartensleben lies here ill with the gout, and the Imperial army, which covers this town is at present commanded by Generals Colloredo and Kray. Although this army has lately been reinforced by six battalions from Mentz, yet it does not seem sufficiently strong to hazard a general battle, and will probably fall back at the nearer approach of the French.

ERLANGEN, July 4.

This day the Prussian troops took possession of the suburbs of Nuremberg, and all the outworks belonging to that city. Agreeably to several decisions of the Chancery of the Empire; these lines and suburbs should have been given up to Brandenburg long ago, as belonging to that Margraviate by right of Burggrave; but Nurembergh refused to give them up till now. The King, however, not willing any longer to give way to the city in that point, enforces his rights to the territory up to the gates of Nuremberg, as Burggrave. The act of taking possession was performed with the greatest tranquillity, and the inhabitants of the suburbs are full of joy to be under the mild and just government of Prussia.

NUREMBERG, July 5.

Since yesterday morning the gates of our city as far as the bridges, and all the surrounding districts, are occupied by Prussian troops, who arrived yesterday morning, between 3 and 4000 in number, with several pieces of cannon, took possession of Wœhlid and Gostenoff, and declared by proclamation, that his Majesty would enforce his rights, the city of Nuremberg having refused to settle the matter amicably. Cannon are planted before the gates and all the avenues occupied by soldiers; the passage, however, is free. The King of Prussia means to enforce his rights on part of Escestedt and Bamberg.

STUTTARD, July 1.

In the second action at Bischoffsheim, in Suabia, on the 26th ult. the *Condean troops, who fought like lions, took 300 French hussars prisoners whom they shot man by man.* The French, in return, on the 28th took prisoners 500 men of the Condean corps, and cut them all to pieces.

PRYMONT, July 10.

The King of Prussia is shortly expected here. According to the last accounts from Berlin, his Majesty intends to set out from that place on the 16th instant, attended by General Bischofswerder, and Lombard, Cabinet Secretary to his Majesty. This voyage is said to be merely political. His Majesty is to have an interview with the Prince Royal of Denmark, who is now here, and there are politicians who assert, that on this intereivw arrangements are likely to be made which concern some towns in the North of Germany. The Prince Royal of Denmark has made a tour to Minden to see the army destined to protect the line of neutrality.

HAMBURGH, July 12.

The King of Prussia has again increased his dominions in Franconia, by enforcing some ancient claims of the Margraves of Bayreuth and Anspach on several districts, and the territorial supremacy over the suburbs of the Imperial City of Nuremberg: On the 4th inst. he caused those districts and suburbs to be occupied by 4000 troops, who marched thither from the Margraviate of Anspach, and at the same time published two declarations, tending to justify that measure.

QUEBECK, May 8.

By the shock of an earthquake, in March, part of the rock which forms the stupendous fall of Niagara, was broken off. The possibility of the rest of the rock sinking 15 feet lower by a future earthquake has already created much alarm: as the consequence, say the affrighted people, would be to empty Lake Erie into Ontario; by which the banks of the River St. Lawrence would for a thousand miles be inundated. Upper and Lower Canada were in the most flourishing condition.

CONSTANTINOPLE, May 9.

The Porte continues its naval operations, under the direction of the famous marine architect, Le Brun. He has constructed them a very fine 64 gun ship, with which the Admiral is so contented that he makes it the flag ship. The crew of this vessel are chiefly Europeans, chosen by himself, and dressed in a very well fancied uniform.

The new Beglerbey of Romelia, who commands in the camp of Adrianople, sends daily various *heads* to Constantinople, which he says are those of the rebels of Bulgaria, whom he incessantly pursues. That, however, of Passovan Ougiu, the Arch-rebel, he has not yet found it convenient to send.

Madame Herbert, with all her family, left Constantinople for Vienna on the 4th instant. The Internuncio himself is expected to follow in the course of the present year. This departure is thought to indicate a rupture with the King of the Romans. However, there are persons who attribute it only to Herbert's desire of recall, which will be easily granted him; and Sturmer, Secretary to the Chancery of Vienna, the declared favourite of Thuguet, will be nominated in his room.

Prince Ruspoli, the Commander of Malta leaves Constantinople with Madame Herbert.

HOME NEWS.

JULY 2, 1796.

A Cause was tried in the Court of King's Bench, this day, between the Proprietors of a Newspaper called the Telegraph, plaintiffs, and the Proprietors of the Morning Post, defendants. It was proved, that in the month of February last, the defendants had contrived to forward to the office of the Telegraph, from Canterbury, a spurious French newspaper, containing a pretended renewal of the armistice and preliminaries of Peace between the Emperor and the French Republic. The Proprietors of the Telegraph being thus imposed on to give as true a translation of this false fabricated intelligence, and thereby sustaining much discredit with the public, and a diminution in the sale of their paper, brought the present action against the defendants as authors of such discredit, &c. &c. The case being made out, the Jury gave a verdict with 100*l.* damages.---N. B. The forged paper was printed in London.

The Frenchman who was arrested a few days ago, turns out to be one Pasque, and not M. Pache, the *quondam* Mayor of Paris, as was erroneously stated in the papers.

EDINBURGH, July 2.

On Thursday se'nnight the election of sixteen Peers to represent the Peerage of Scotland, came on at the Palace of Holyrood-House, when the following were chosen: Marquis of Tweeddale; Earls of Errol, Cassilis, Strathmore, Dumfries, Elgin, Dalhousie, Northesk, Aboyne, Breadalbane, Stair, and Glasgow; Lords Cathcart, Somerville, Torpichen, and Napier.

The Earl of Lauderdale protested against this return and in his protest alledged that he ought to have been returned, and that the returning officer ought not to have received any votes for the Earl of Errol.

The Scots Peers who voted for the re-election of Lord Lauderdale (besides himself) were the Duke of Leeds, (Viscount Dunblane,) the Marquisses of Tweedle and Abercorn, the Earls of Breadalbane and Stair, and Lord Sempill.

The independent conduct of Lord Sempill, on this occasion, cannot but, in rational estimation, add fresh honour to a name, already endeared by injury to the Patriot breast.---In the course of this speech he said:

" My Lords, I have ever disapproved of the war in which we have the misfortune to be engaged, not only because I hold it to be unjust and ruinous by the unprecedented extravagance of its expenditure, but that it endangers, immediately, the political existence of the country. The system of internal Government is, in my opinion, subversive of liberty, as the war is destructive of our commerce and national importance; and, I fear, that if it be much longer continued, it will not suffer even the forms of the Constitution to remain---a Constitution once so free, so long admired, and which your Lordships have all sworn to defend: I cannot, therefore, consistently vote for any Peer, who has not opposed, to the utmost of his power, the War and the System of Terror.

" My Lords, I vote for the Earl of Lauderdale only."

MONOPOLY.

Doubts having arisen whether there is any Statute in force against the Monopolization of farms, a Correspondent wishes us to insert the following Extract, from 25 Henry VIII. c 13.

It represents " The custom of engrossing great numbers of sheep in one man's hands, for that end keeping many farms in the same hands, as a practice which has been but within a few years past; putting such lands as they can get to pasture and not to tillage, whereby they not only pulled down churches and towns, and enhanced the old rates of rents; or else brought them to such excessive fines, that no poor man is able to meddle with them, but also have enhanced the prices of all manner of corn, cattle, wool, pigs, geese, hens, chickens, eggs, &c. by reason whereof, a marvellous multitude of people be not able to provide meat,

clothes, &c. for themselves and families. One of the greatest occasions why those greedy and covetous people do keep such great quantities of lands in their hands, from the occupying of the poor husbandman, and do use it in pasture and not in tillage, is only the great profit that cometh of sheep, now got into few persons hands, in respect of the whole number of the King's Subjects; so that some have 24,000, some 20,000, some from 10,000 to 5000 sheep; whereby a good sheep that used to be sold for 2s. 4d. or 3s. at most, is now sold for 6s. or 5s. or 4s. at least; and a stone of wool, which used to be sold for 1s. 6d. or 1s. 8d. is now for 4s. or 3s. 4d. at least: which things tend to the decay of hospitality, the diminishing of the People, and to the let of clothmaking, whereby many poor people have been accustomed to be set on work:

For remedy, it was in substance enacted:

"I. That none shall keep above 2,400 sheep, exclusive of lambs, at any one time, unless it be on his own lands of inheritance, in which case he is not hereby limited; nor are spiritual persons.

"II. No man shall hold above two farms; in the Parish, on one of which two, he shall be obliged to live and reside himself."

It is worthy of remark, that the complaints of 1534, should be similar to those of 1796.

RIOTS IN PUBLIC MARKETS.

A disposition in the lower orders of the People to disturb the Public Markets, having been evinced in some places, we lay before our Readers a Clause in the Act of Parliament, which it is not doubted the Magistrates will enforce, should there be any occasion:

"By 11 Geo. II. chap. 22. whoever shall wilfully and maliciously beat, wound, or use any other violence to any person, with intent to deter or hinder him from buying of corn in any Market, or other place; or shall unlawfully stop or seize upon any waggon, cart, or other carriage, or horse loaded with wheat, flour, meal, malt, or other grain, in the way to or from any City, Market town, or Sea-port, and wilfully and maliciously break, cut, separate, or destroy the same, or any part thereof, or the harness of horses; or shall unlawfully take off, drive away, kill, or wound any of such horses, or unlawfully beat or wound the drivers, in order to stop the same; or shall stop the same, or shall scatter such wheat, flour, meal, malt, or other grain, or shall take and carry away, spoil, or damage the same, or any part thereof; every such person being thereof convicted, before any two Justices of Peace, shall be sent to the common Gaol, or House of Correction, to be kept to hard labour for any time not exceeding three months, nor less than one month, and shall by the Justices be ordered to be publicly whipped by the Keeper of such Gaol, or House of Correction, on the first convenient market-day, in the Market-place, between the hours of eleven and two."

WASTE LANDS.

The extent of Waste Land in England is almost incredible. There are no fewer than 60 Forests, and the new Forest in Hampshire alone appears, by a late survey, to be nearly fifty miles in circumference. The number of Chases is 13, of Parks 700, and the Commons are innumerable. Were these Wastes parcelled out into small farms, and lett on long leases, at moderate rents, they would soon get into such a state of cultivation, as to leave no apprehensions of a scarcity in future, and would, by affording employment to the industrious poor, prevent emigrations, which prove so fatal to the population of these kingdoms in times of peace.

RUSTIC DEVOTION.

Job Leatherbarrow, a labourer in Parbold, Cheshire, for upwards of twenty years, disappeared every Sunday morning, and returned at night. When interrogated as to where he had been, replied, at church. As he never had been seen at any place of divine worship, it gave rise to a variety of conjectures how he passed his time. Curiosity induced a gentleman of the neighbourhood to watch him, and for ten years failed, ever losing sight of him in a large wood, near a quarry. On Sunday the 26th ult. the gentleman got up in a tree near that place, and drew the branches about him to prevent his being discovered. Shortly after

the labourer made his appearance, and lifting up a rough flag, descended into a pit. The gentleman followed him, by going down five steps, at the bottom of which there was a vault, which he entered on his knees, and proceeded about three yards, when he came into a cell, seven feet square, hewn out of a solid rock, in the centre of which there was a tin tube, four inches in diameter, which penetrated to the surface of the earth, for the admission of air and light. He there discovered the old man sitting, with a prayer-book in his hand, who seemed much agitated at being discovered. On being asked his reason for obscuring himself in such a dismal cell, he replied, he was induced by pious motives to retire there on the Sabbath; that his father was the founder of it, and that he hoped there to offer up his prayers to his Creator to the end of his days.

Ann Morgan, the wife of a lace-maker, at Olney, in Buckinghamshire, last week starved herself to death: it is stated, that nature was not exhausted until she had fasted *ten days*. She had for some time been deranged in her intellects; and for a long period previous to her late rash resolve, had accustomed herself to eat but once or twice a week, and when thirsty, to wet her lips with beer or water: the consequence was, at the time of her death she was a perfect skeleton. The circumstance reminds us of the Bishop whose effigy is preserved in Litchfield Cathedral, and who in a pious mania fasted, according to the inscription on his tomb, for 39 days: perhaps to make the climax complete, the wondrous abstinence of the Irishman's horse should be added; just as he had brought him to live without eating, he died.

MAIDSTONE, July 20.

This day the Assizes commenced at this place, when John Clarke, Gardener to Charles Long, Esq. was indicted for the wilful murder of Elizabeth Mann, who lived as Dairy-maid with that gentleman, at his country seat near Bromley, in Kent.

The deceased, it appeared by the testimony of Mr. Long's servants was observed, a few days before she was murdered, to appear very much dejected, in consequence of the prisoner's not paying that attention to her he was accustomed to do; and by whom they strongly suspected she was with child. The day on which she disappeared was on a Monday; and on the Tuesday she was found by the Steward and Coachman in the Dairy, with a deep wound in her throat, and a cord fastened tight round her neck. From the intimacy which subsisted between the prisoner and her, their suspicion fell on him; in consequence of which two officers from Bow-street were sent for, who, on their arrival at Mr. Long's house went to the Dairy, where, after a strict search, nothing was found that could possibly create a suspicion that the unfortunate young woman had been guilty of suicide. They immediately took Clarke into custody: he denied knowing any thing of the matter; and, in stating how he had been employed on the Monday evening on which the murder was perpetrated, he contradicted himself in his several relations.

But the most material part of the evidence adduced against him was that of one John Johnson, a painter, who lodged in the prisoner's house: he swore, that on the Monday evening on which the deceased was murdered, he went home about a quarter before nine, and asked Mrs. Clarke (the prisoner's wife) for his supper; after eating it, he went to the Greyhound public-house, where he remained till about a quarter past ten o'clock, when he returned back to his lodging: Clarke was then at home, and was sitting very much dejected, leaning on the table with his arms folded. From the behaviour of Mrs. Clarke, the witness thought they wanted him to have gone, and on Mrs. Clarke's giving him a candle, he went up to bed; he was sitting on the bedside reading, when he heard Mrs. Clarke come softly up stairs, and say in a low voice to her husband, "not yet, he is not in bed." Soon after he went to bed, and got up about six o'clock in the morning: seeing Mrs. Clarke up, he said she was up early; she replied she was washing. He heard of the murder soon after this, and communicated his suspicions to his comrade, Steadman, as to the guilt of Clarke; on which they both went to him, and told him the rumour that was spread respecting the murder of Mr. Long's dairy-maid: he trembled exceedingly, and appeared very much agitated he

asked them if any person was suspected; and added that he wished some heavy misfortune would fall on him, if he had been guilty of the deed. Some other conversation passed between them, all of which tended greatly to confirm their suspicions.

A piece of rope was then produced, found in the tool-house of the prisoner, which was proved to be of the very same manufacture, texture, and size, as that found about the neck of the deceased.

The Jury, after a short deliberation, found him *Guilty*. He was ordered for execution, and his body afterwards to be dissected.

PUBLIC-OFFICE, BOW-STREET.

A few days ago were brought before the sitting Magistrates here, charged on the oath of a Mr. W. Headly, with having defrauded him of Bank Bills to the amount of 100l. Richard Probin and William Hodges.---The Prosecutor stated, that on Thursday, as he was walking along the Strand, he was accosted by the Prisoner *Probin*, who, on passing a house where some scaffolding was erected, observed to him, they were going to pull down the houses. On advancing a few yards further, he saw at his foot a small parcel, which the Prisoner picked up. They went to a public-house near Lincoln's-inn-fields, to examine the contents, of it, where he saw the other Prisoner *Hodges*.--The parcel contained a small Morocco case, in which was a paste cross, together with a receipt for the value, amounting to 370l. After some conversation respecting it, *Probin* got up, and said, he would go to his Banker, and get money sufficient to pay the Witness his share.--He went out, and returned in a few minutes, saying, it would not do; he could not get the money till next day; and pretended to hesitate about leaving the cross in the possession of the Prosecutor, as he was a stranger to him: to obviate which difficulty he (Mr. Headly) produced a hundred pounds in Bank Bills, which *Probin* took up, and went off with.

A young woman, of the name of Brown, likewise swore to the person of *Probin*, as having swindled her out of some money in March last, by a similar pretence of finding a cross. She produced the case which contained it, and it exactly corresponded with that produced by Mr. Headly, the prosecutor.

They were both fully committed, for feloniously stealing to the amount of 100l.

YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY.

~ The Janus of Sunderland, lately sailed from that port on a voyage to the Baltic, but had not been out more than three hours, when to the astonishment of the Captain and the crew, the vessel filled so fast with water, as to leave them scarcely time to return.

On examining the vessel, a large hole, bored by an augur, was discovered at the bottom. Suspicion falling on the cabin boy, of the name of Wake, he was questioned, and after some hesitation, acknowledged himself to be the perpetrator, alledging, that he was induced to do so from a dislike to the voyage.

MATRIMONY.

The following whimsical circumstance lately took place. A cobbler, 65 years of age, was married to a laundress of 62. Their first meeting was on Sunday, the 15th of May---on Sunday, the 5th of June, the bans were published for the last time---and on Tuesday the *loving pair* were joined in holy wedlock; but strange to relate, this *youthful couple* disagreeing over their wedding supper, they separated without consummating the rites; and the son of *Crispin* the next day demanded back the *wedding ring*, which was resigned by the heroine of the *wash tub*.

BULLS.

The air of Ireland, is perhaps favourable to the making of Bulls: a soldier in the camp at Lauchlinstown, near Dublin, lately wrote to his wife as follows:

“ If ye are in health, write me as soon as ye can; and if the Lord hath taken you to himself, I hope when ye receive this ye will send me word---and I am,
Your loving husband till death,

PAT. MURDOCK.”

OBITUARY.

IN addition to the account given of Mr. Whitbread, in our last month's *Obituary*, we add the following particulars:—His father was a yeoman of Bedfordshire, who lived at the Barns at Cardington, in that county, on an estate of about 200*l.* per annum, which devolved to his eldest son, who much improved it by building, and spent much of his time at it after he purchased Bedwell-Park. He is said to have died worth a million at least; the bulk of which he has bequeathed to his son. He was half-brother to Ives W. esq. hardwareman, of Cannon-street, and sheriff of London with Mr. Beckford; in 1755. By his first wife, Harriet, daughter of Haytor, an eminent attorney, of London, whom he married in 1757, and who died in 1764, he has left issue a son, Samuel, gentleman-commoner of Christ-Church, Oxford, and representative of the town of Bedford in several parliaments after his father gave it up, and two daughters; the eldest married, 1789, to James Gordon, jun. esq. of More-park, Herts; the younger, Emma, to Henry Beauchamp Lord St. John of Bletso, 1780. Mr. W. married to his second wife, 1769, Lady Mary, youngest daughter of the late Earl, and sister to the present Marquis, Cornwallis, who died in 1770, in childbed of an only daughter, married, in June, 1795, to Capt. George Grey, late of the Boyne man of war of 98 guns, third son of Sir Charles G. K. B. and nephew of Sir Harry G. bart. whose sister was married in 1788 to the present Mr. W. and by whom he has several children. His extensive establishments in the brewery were long unrivaled, and perhaps, to a certain point, remain so still, and excited the envy even of a poet, (Peter Pindar, in his progress of curiosity,) who spares not royalty, though, in this instance of his satire, he has perpetuated a compliment to the Sovereign and the Man of Malt, by coupling them together. Mr. W's liberal charity will be witnessed by every parish where he had property, and in the distribution of his private benevolence, which is said to

have exceeded 3000*l.* per annum; for no proper application met with a repulse; and to his honour let it here be recorded, that, several years before his death he settled on St. Luke's Hospital for Lunatics a perpetual rent-charge of one hundred guineas, payable out of his extensive premises in Chiswell-street. As a senator, he maintained his independence and integrity, his walk through life being uniform and unostentatious. The following are some of the principal heads of Mr. Whitbread's Will, and of those who are benefited by it:

To his son, Samuel Whitbread, esq. he has bequeathed the whole of his freehold estates, together with all the brewery concerns, except a part to his daughter, the wife of Mr. Grey, which was secured to her in marriage settlement. To his son-in-law, James Gordon, esq. to his nephews, Jacob Whitbread and John Wingate Jennings, esqrs. he has bequeathed 500*l.* each; also 10,000*l.* being the amount of three bonds given by Lord St. John, his son in law, to whom he left a 1000*l.* the amount of another bond, also given by him.

To his three Head Clerks, Mr. Sangster, Mr. Yellowly, and Mr. Green, he has left 500*l.* each, who are all trustees for the management of the brewery. To Mr. Harman, his private clerk, 500*l.* To his butler, 100*l.* and to every servant throughout his concerns, including clerks, domestics, draymen, and every other description, he has left a token of his regard, besides various sums from 100*l.* to 10*l.* in annuities, to old servants, and widows of servants. He has also made a clause in his will, which sets forth, that should his Clerks, Mr. Green, Mr. Yellowly, and Mr. Sangster, at any time be desirous of purchasing a share in the brewery concerns, his son shall accede to the proposal, and give them credit for any sum they may want for that purpose, on their own bonds, not exceeding 100,000*l.*

To the different Hospitals in the metropolis and elsewhere he has bequeath-

ed upwards of 15,000l. among which are St. Bartholomew's, Bethlem, Lying-in, St. George's, Small Pox, and St. Luke's. To two Charity-Schools (a Boy's and Girls) 500l. each, in the parish of St. Luke; also to the repairing of the goal at Bedford, 300l. and towards the building of an Infirmary at the above place, 4000l. and towards the maintenance of it, 4000l. more. The many legacies left to old acquaintances, friends, rectors, curates, and tenants, and distant relations, are incredible.

At Boston, in New England, Thomas Russell, esq.---The most honourable testimony to the merits of this gentleman, is conveyed in the following extract of a letter from a worthy Professor at Cambridge, in New England, to a much esteemed public character in this metropolis: "In a letter, dated Feb. 20, you recommend the laying-out of the sum of 50l. annually for new and valuable books; and say that it would not be amiss to consult the liberal-minded Russell, the Mæcenas of the arts and sciences, on the subject. Alas! the liberal minded Russel is no more! He died about ten days before your letter came to hand, more regretted by the universal publick of these states than any man ever was since the settlement of the country. Every man's countenance was expressive of this sentiment: "I have lost a friend!" This was the sentiment in every man's mouth in the capital: "Boston never met with such a loss in the death of any individual!" I myself join in the general sentiment, that there could happen but one death in the United States which would be considered a greater loss to the country, and that is Washington's. The conduct, of the citizens of Boston evinces the justness of my remark; for, although Mr. Russell was not in any office of the government, but a private citizen, yet the civic honours paid to his memory were greater than were ever known among us. On the day of his funeral, the citizens of Boston suspended their ordinary occupations, closed all their shops and stores in the town and warehouses on the quays; the ships hoisted their colours half-mast high, and the theatre was shut up, while a sort of gloomy amazement pervaded the whole city. The five societies of which he was president proceeded the corpse, while such a concourse of mourners followed it as was never

seen at a funeral in this country. These expressions of mourning were not because he was the richest man amongst us, but because he was the *best*. Besides the eulogies from almost every pulpit in the capital, seven societies, of which he was either president or member appointed an orator for the purpose of pronouncing a particular eulogium. I was spoken to by several individuals for that office; my answer was, "I may possibly write what you wish, but I am certain I never can deliver it." They therefore appointed my colleague, Dr. Warren, who pronounced it last week, to a crowded audience, in one of our largest public buildings. And I should not be surprized if they erect a monument to his memory, so dearly was this good man beloved, and so desirous are the people of honouring the virtues of Thomas Russell. In the public loss! smother my own as far as possible; but I shall miss him almost every turn in this rugged road of life. In some things he was my *fulcrum*. As an agreeable friend and acquaintance, his loss is to me, and my family, irreparable. His death was rather sudden. He had been drooping for some months, but still followed his business. And it was not more than ten days before his death that he was at my house at Cambridge. He kept his chamber but a few days, and dropped off apoplectic. He was 56 years old, and is thought to have died worth 140,000l. sterling, all which he acquired by his own honest industry as a merchant. He was as judiciously liberal as he was rich; and, what is much to be regretted by the publick, he died without a will. His vast property (for the country) will be divided, according to our laws, between his widow and his four children. By the next ship I will send you the public oration pronounced on this worthy character, with some other pieces: by which you may see that this plain private citizen has received honours from a virtuous people which a monarch might envy. Mr. Russel neglected his health by persisting in his very active course of life when he ought to have relaxed and gradually retired from business.

The late Rt. Hon. William Burton Conyngham (*Vide our Obituary* of last month) was the munificent patron of Mr. Murphy who has lately published the Journey to and Description of the Monastery of Batalha, in Portugal; and

that gentleman concludes the preface to his work with acknowledging his obligations to Mr. C. by whose munificence he was enabled to carry on the work. Ireland will also feel herself indebted to Mr. C. for the institution of a Society of Antiquaries, in 1780: consisting of himself as president, Mr. Archdall, author of the Irish Monasticon and Peerage, Mr. O'Connor the dissertator, Col. Vallancey the amazing etymologist. Dr. Ellis, a physician who created a Society of Natural History, Mr. Ledwich, and Mr. Beauford. Things went on very well till Gov. Pownall addressed a letter to them, which Mr. Ledwich answered in the "Collectanea Hibernica;" No. XI.; and by the lively, jocular way in which he then wrote, offended Col. V. who expatriated him from his Collectanea, and from a society which immediately ceased. Had this society held together, we might have expected it to have engraved and illustrated that fund of drawings of Irish antiquities from the time of the Druids to the Reformation, which Mr. C. was then making at a great expence, which he was ready to communicate to every person whose pursuits were congenial with his own, and which we hope he has taken some measures to render perpetual; under the classes of views and plans of castles and abbeys, Druidical and Danish remains, drawn by J. J. Bartalet and Michael-Angelo Bigari, deceased, G. Beranger, John Fisher, Col. Vallancey, Henry Pelham, Lord Carlow, J. G. Bliers, R. Kendrick, Samuel Hayes, esq, Thomas French, and J. Ralton.

Lately at his house in Stafford-row, Pinulico, aged 89, Richard Yates, esq. the celebrated comedian, in which his fame, in the parts of old and grotesque characters especially, was eminently great. He was remarkable for pure and chaste acting up to the words of his author with a scrupulous attention; the more remarkable, as performers of this cast of acting frequently introduce their own humour, with what may be called the *licentia histronica* of the drama. He excelled also in teaching or making an actor, in a higher degree, perhaps, than any one of his time. He was married, first, to a woman who was rich; secondly, to Miss Anna Maria Graham, who had been introduced to his tuition by Mr. Garrick, and with him she first

came on the stage at Birmingham. From the admired pen of Mrs. Francis Brooke the memoirs of this lady have been recorded; and we have reason to say, that both on and off the stage, she deserved the character there given of her.

Mr. Y. died suddenly. He had been very well, as usual, for some time, and had breakfasted heartily. Having ordered eels for dinner, when, unfortunately, they could not be had, his warm and hasty temper could ill bear the disappointment; and from anger he worked himself up to rage. His housekeeper, zealous to please him, went out a long way, and brought some; ere she returned, exhausted with fatigue of spirits, he had leaned his head upon the table, and she found him dead. He was born in London. His brother's grandson, Lieut. Yates, of the navy, is his nearest relation, and was partly dependent on him, though his abilities as a sea-painter are, we are told, very considerable, and his works have shared the public approbation for some years in the Royal Academy. His will consists only of some scraps of paper in the possession of Miss Jones his housekeeper, who had lived with him eight years. He must have died very rich, as Mrs. Y. had realized 3000*l*. He was buried, at his own desire, by his second wife and her father in the chancel of the church at Richmond in Surrey.

Lately Miss Bates. This young lady, who was universally respected, left England for Jamaica in 1793, and was to have returned this Summer with her brother-in-law, Major Bayley. During her residence in the West Indies she had the happiness to command equal admiration and esteem. In the month of December last, from being heated at a ball, she caught cold, which, settling on her lungs, baffled the physical skill of that island; but Dr. Edwards, of Spanish-town, advising the air of New-York, she embarked for the continent of America, and arrived there on the 10th of April; finding her disorder still increase, she took passage for England on the 26th of the same month, and arriving in the Thames, June 3, was, with much difficulty, conveyed on her bed, to the house of a friend in the Adelphi, where she languished till the 14th, and expired in the arms of her sisters.

On the 22d of April last died at Kingston, in Jamaica, after four days illness, of the fever incident to that climate, in the 17th year of his age, Edward Baker, Midshipman of his Majesty's ship *Leviathan*, the second son of William Baker, Esq. Member for the County of Hertford.--What he was in gallantry and spirit, in professional attainments far beyond his years, and in the practice of a thousand virtues which give the promise of perfection in rising manhood, and form the Christian Hero to the service of his Country, let those, as gladly they will, and truly they may, commemorate, who, for four successive years of activity and exertion, in scenes of severest trial, on board the *Orion* and *Leviathan*, witnessed the generous and endearing qualities of this accomplished youth.--If hard indeed his lot, and premature his fall, deprived of the consoling care of his dearest relatives--yet happy at least in this--that, in the closing moments of his life, and labouring under a malady incurable, with faculties unimpaired, and confident of the bliss which awaited him, he breathed his last in the arms of his affectionate and respectable Commander, his invaluable Protector---his constant Friend; and that he was attended to the grave by the unfeigned tears, the heartfelt sighs of the companions of his naval fortunes, the zealous admirers of his excellence and character.

On the 6th of October last, at Beaufort in South Carolina, the Rev. Matthew Tate; who enjoined upon his executor to publish in all the Charleston papers, that he departed this life under the full persuasion, that if he died in possession of a slave, he should not conceive himself admissible into the kingdom of Heaven.

July 3d, died at the Hotwells, W. Butler, Esq. of Cornist, Flintshire, late Lieutenant Colonel of the 38th Regiment of Foot. He served in America during the last war and was in the battle of Bunker's hill.

At Old Sodbury, after a short illness, Mr. Thomas White, who for many years kept the Cross Hands Inn in that own. A man much esteemed for his obliging disposition and the integrity of his heart.

Lately at Whitehall, Gloucestershire in her 21st year, Mrs. E. Concanen, wife of Mr. Geo. Concanen, attorney

of that place, and daughter of Mrs. Cooper of the Greyhound Inn---the affability of her disposition obtained her a circle of friends to regret the loss of their amiable associate.

At Henchurch, com. Hereford, John Scudamore Esq. M. P. for the city of Hereford. He was 68 years of age, and had been returned for the same place in several successive Parliaments, having been first elected in the year 1768. The death of this gentleman was occasioned by too great haste in taking cooling drink, and changing his clothes when greatly heated after a severe hunt. This, together with the case of Lord Charles Townsend, member for Yarmouth, makes the second seat in Parliament vacated, by death, since the late General Election. Mr. Scudamore was a gentleman of a most amiable character, exceedingly beloved, and proportionably regretted in his neighbourhood.

Lately, at Madrid, aged 80, the Duke de Crillon, Captain General of the Spanish Armies; he took Mahon in the last war, and had been present in 68 engagements.

9th. At his house, New End, Hampstead, after a lingering illness, Mr. William Chater.

10. At Stoke Newington, Mrs. Garrett.

The 11th. died, sincerely regretted, Mrs. Powell, wife of Mr. Powell, of Wisbeach. Her death was sudden and melancholy: being on a visit at Thomas Cole's, Esq. of Doddington, she had that day taken a ride to Chatteris, and spent a very cheerful afternoon with her friends; but death impeded her return: she expired in the carriage in the arms of her sister and niece.

On Tuesday the 12th, died, in the 31st year of her age, Mrs. Heard, wife of Mr. Jeremiah Heard, of Sockford Hall, near Woodbridge. Her excellent understanding, and amiable qualities render her much lamented by her family and acquaintance; and by the poor in her neighbourhood. Her funeral discourse was preached last Sunday, by the Rev. S. Lovell, to a crowded congregation.

Same day, at Weasenham, in Norfolk, Mrs. Campbell, wife of the Rev. C. Campbell, in the 37th year of her age, highly respected.

Same day, suddenly, Mrs. Young, of

Leasington, Gloucestershire. She had gone to drink tea at Lady Guise's, at Highnam, and soon after entering the house, fell and instantly expired.

13th. Mrs. Tweedell, wife of John Tweedell, Esq. of Unthank-Hall, in Northumberland, most deeply and unfeignedly lamented by all who had the happiness of being acquainted with her. Her illness was long and painful, but she bore it with the most mild and cheerful fortitude, without complaining, in a manner perfectly consonant to the placid and even tenour of her whole life. From the beginning of her malady, she had a kind of prescience of its terminating in her dissolution, which she contemplated with that entire composure, which nothing but the innocence and integrity of her life, and the most unaffected submission to the will of providence, could bestow.

Lately, at Bath, of a paralytic stroke, Mr. Geo. Frappell, who kept the Grove Coffee-house in that city 25 years. He was universally respected for his honesty, obliging behaviour, and simplicity of manners;--He had just opened the coffee-house next the Pump-room, called George's coffee-house.

14th. At his seat of Craigston, in the county of Aberdeen, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, William Urquhart, Esq. of the ancient house of Urquharts of Cromarty, one of the oldest families in Scotland. He was a man universally respected and esteemed by all ranks of people, and his loss is most sincerely felt and regretted in the country he lived in, and particularly so by an amiable and disconsolate widow, a fine and promising family, and an only surviving brother, a Colonel in the army on duty with his regiment (the Loyal Essex Fencible Infantry) in Ireland, who possesses all the amiable qualities, goodness of heart, and disposition of his departed brother.

On the 15th. the Rev. Mr. Thomas, a dissenting minister at Stamford; was seized with the cramp as he was bathing in the river Welland, and drowned before any assistance could be given him. He was a native of Wales, had just obtained his 23 year, and was very much respected.

16. At Croft, in the county of Hereford, in the 82d year of his age, the Rev. Richard Smith, M. A. who had been

upwards of 52 years Rector of that parish.

17. Lately at Kemmy, Com. Wilts; Geo. Kemmy, Farmer. In his dying moments he is said to have crammed three Guineas down his throat, *to take with him*.---where? *Into the earth from whence it came!* What a Maniac is Man, when his soul is poisoned with avarice!

Same day In North-Audley Street, Sir Geo. Howard Bart. K. B. Colonel of the first regiment of Dragoon Guards, Governor of Chelsea Hospital, and of the Island of Jersey.

The 17th At Basford, near Nottingham, William Vickerstaff, aged 14, of that dreadful malady, the Hydrophobia. He was bit by a mad dog in two fingers, on Wednesday the 15th of June, and on Sunday, July the 10th, his complaint first excited the attention of his friends; the day following the nature of the disease being in their minds past a doubt, professional assistance was applied for. The symptoms were those which are considered decisively characteristic of the disease; and unfortunately such was the morbid sensibility, that powerful medicines given in very large doses, had not the least effect: he expired by convulsive spasms on the third day after the attack.

On the 18th, aged 81, the Rev Mr. Harrison, of Pontefract; his death will be sincerely regretted by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, and particularly by the poor, to whom he was a very liberal benefactor.

19. At his house at Turnham Green, in the 71st year of his age, William Lloyd Esq. Admiral of the White Flag. He was made a Post Captain in the year 1747, a Rear Admiral in 1778, a Vice Admiral in 1780, and an Admiral in 1793. He died without issue, and, we are informed, has left the principal part of his immense property to Thomas Stepney, Esq. one of the Grooms of the Bedchamber to his Royal Highness the Duke of York. He was the sixth Admiral on the list. The Admiral, when in London, resided always at the Somerset coffee-house in the Strand, which was about six months in the year; was constantly in the coffee-room, which he enjoyed; and has several times been taken for the landlord by strangers, through his familiarity, and urbanity of manners.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

July 5th. John Smith, of Leicester, hosier. James Knight, of High-street, Bloomsbury, Middlesex, carpenter. Sarah Nash, of Chipping Sodbury, Gloucestershire, draper. George Rogers, of Wiveliscombe, Somersetshire, clothier. Thomas Outridge, of Brenchley, Kent, dealer and chapman.

July 9. John Budden, of Southampton, baker. Moses Harris, of Downton, Wiltshire, baker. Thomas Prior, of Hillmarton, Wiltshire, shopkeeper. Edward Rust, of Gutter-lane, Cheapside, London, victualler. William White, of Holywell-street, Middlesex, mercer. Charles Manley, of Abchurch-lane, London, merchant. John Shepherd the younger, of Bath, Somersetshire, butcher.

July 12. Robert Nettleton, of Tooting, Surrey, mealman. William Ripley, of Kingston upon Hull, Yorkshire, boot and shoemaker.

July 16. William Frathen, of Penryn, Cornwall, shopkeeper. Robinson Shuttleworth, of Preston, Lancaster, banker. John Wright of Manchester, merchant. Thomas Seddon, the younger of St. Mary at Hill, London, merchant. Edward Stamford of Homerton, Middlesex, broker.

July 19. R. Spattin, Junr. of Colchester, factor. T. York, King's Bench prison, merchant. Thomas Daw, of Blackman street, Newington, dealer. Thomas Barlow, of Manchester, inn-keeper. J. Mallard, of Bristol, merchant. W. James, of Swansea, money-scrivener. J. Bulkely, of Chester, wine merchant. C. Martin, of Preston, Lancashire, dealer.

July 23. David Currie, of Throgmorton street, merchant. T. Hill, of Hampstead, tea dealer. E. Hopkins, of Upper Rathbone place, carpenter. Edward Senate, late of London Street, money-scrivener. Thomas Green, of Birmingham, victualler. E. Goddard, of Mumford Court, Milk Street, w^houseman. John Munt, of Leadenhall street, hatter. John Farquhar, of W^hite street, merchant. Jeremiah Donovan, of St. James's Place, vender of medicine. Mark Prager, Jun. of the King's Bench, insurance broker. Wm. Park, of Great Bell Alley, Coleman Street, factor. R. Thomas, of Mouldmaker's Row, St. Martin's Le Grand, victualler.

July 26. George Johnson, of Highgate, Middlesex, collar-maker. William Thompson, of the Strand, Middlesex, engraver. Daniel Bishop, now or late of Bristol, baker. James Stockford, late of Gutter-lane, London, peruke-maker, but now a prisoner in Ludgate. Walter Orchard, now or late of Bath, Somersetshire, peruke-make. Abraham Wignal, late of Settle, Yorkshire, but now a prisoner in York Castle.