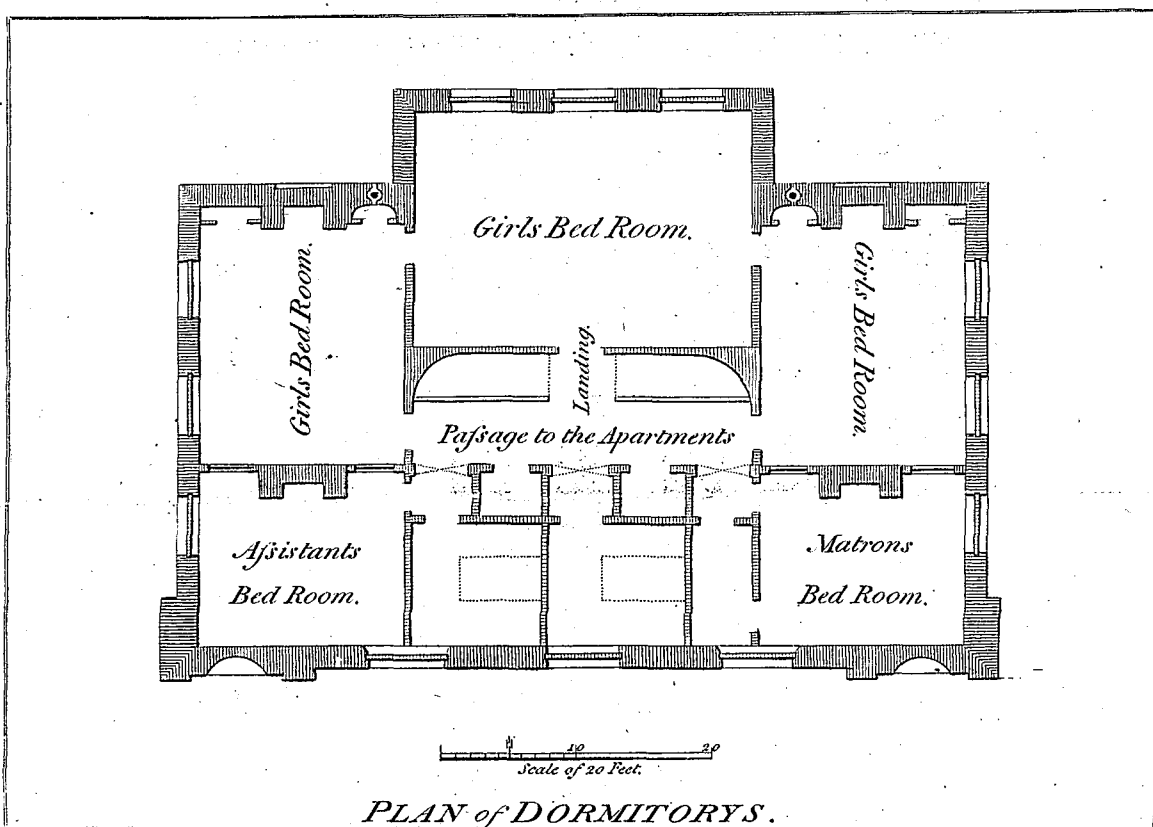
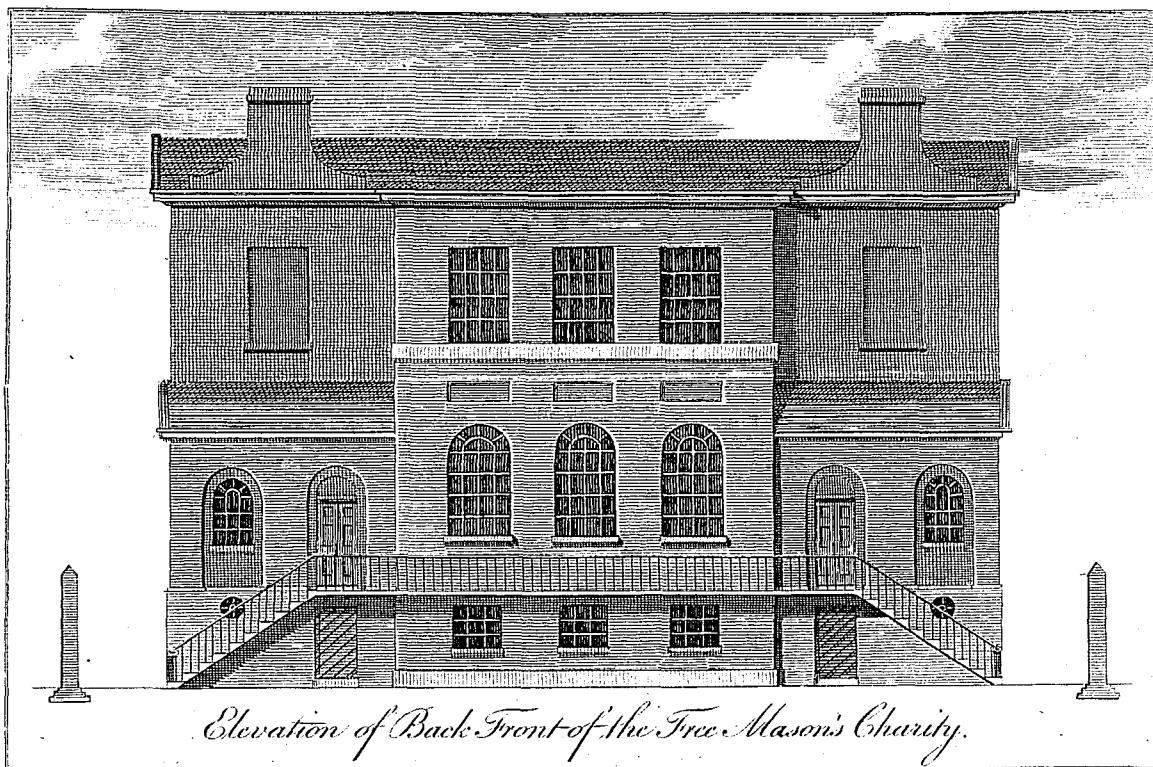




THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,

For NOVEMBER 1795.

EMBELLISHED WITH A SECOND ENGRAVING OF THE
ROYAL CUMBERLAND FREEMASONS' SCHOOL.

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LONDON:

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Sold by J. PARSONS, No. 21. PATERNOSTER-ROW; and may be had of all the
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TO READERS, CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

With the Magazine for December, which will be published on the First of January 1796, will be given, over and above the usual Quantity of Letter-press, No. II. of the MASONIC DIRECTORY, of which the First Number was published with the Magazine for June 1795. Such Brethren as are desirous of having their Names inserted are requested to send, before the 20th of December, their *Christian and Surnames, Places of Abode, Trade or Profession, the Number of the Lodge to which they belong, and the Office (if any) which they hold therein*, to the Proprietor at the British Letter Foundry, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, where Names are registered at 6d. each.—Particulars of the Plan and Design of this DIRECTORY will be found in our Magazine for February 1795, p. 127, and at the end of Vol. IV.

The Proprietor hopes in the course of next Month to be favoured with some Particulars of the *NEW SCHOOL HOUSE in St. George's Fields*, to accompany and illustrate the accurate ENGRAVINGS given of that Building in our last and present Numbers.

At the desire of several of our Subscribers and Correspondents, we have determined on discontinuing in this Work *THE PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES*. It is obvious that as our Work embraces two Objects, the Elucidation of the Subject of Freemasonry, and General Instruction and Entertainment, it is incompatible with our wish of furnishing the necessary Variety on those Topics, to allot any Portion of the Magazine to Senatorial Reports; and when it is considered how *very brief and unsatisfactory* we must necessarily have been on that head, and how *late* in the Information contained, we hope to meet with the Approbation of our Readers in omitting it altogether in future. A Registry of all Bills that receive the Royal Assent from time to time shall be regularly given in our *Chronicle of Intelligence*; which Article, as well as the *Strictures on Public Amusements*, will by the above omission be considerably augmented.

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

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THE
FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

O R,
GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY.

FOR NOVEMBER 1795.

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

THE MAN OF PLEASURE.

*Ætas parentum pejor avis hilit,
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiore.*

Our fathers have been worse than theirs,
And we than ours; next age will see
A race more profligate than we.

HOR.

ROSCOMMON.

WHEN I take a view of the juvenile part of the polite world, and consider how eagerly they are destroying their constitutions and their fortunes, it is a matter of astonishment that the rising generation of our nobility should have the least hopes of possessing any share of health or property.

The refinements of dissipation have arisen to such a pitch, that what was luxury to our forefathers does not now even comprize the necessities of life. Every quarter of the globe is ransacked for shortening their lives, and anticipating old age. Every foreigner who has the art of killing in taste, is sure of being rewarded with an eastern fortune. Every quack in cookery or physic, with an exotic name, is considered as a prodigy, while merit and science are derided. The mountebank rolls in his gilded chariot, while the scholar in the gentleman trudges the streets with scarcely shoes to his feet.

If this folly and extravagance were confined to "golden fools" alone, the evil would be less dangerous; but it runs through almost every station of life, and reaches even the lowest mechanic. The trader who some years since thought it a piece of unwarrantable ex-

travagance to go once a twelvemonth with his wife, and devour beef at a shilling an ounce at Vauxhall, now thinks it inconsistent with his dignity, not to repair to one of the polite watering-places for three weeks or a month, to wash away the plebeian scent of Thames-street. Margate, Brighton, or Southampton, levies a tax of 30 or 40 pounds upon his pocket in August, without including the article of gaming; and probably in December, he appears a *Whereas* in the Gazette. If the nobility in winter subscribe for masquerades to display their taste in fancy dresses and intrigue, the tradesmen and their *Ladies* are sure to request a masqued ball at Brighton or Margate in autumn, to shew that they are not behind-hand with their superiors in fashion and pleasure; and though the ladies in the western part of the metropolis seem for some time to have ingrossed the sole region of intrigue and adultery, let it not be imagined, that the same cause will not produce the like effect; and the city husbands may flatter themselves with rising to their superiors, even in antlers, from the hot beds of Margate and Southampton.

But though the chastity of our wives and daughters is an object highly deserving our most serious attention, and though it must be acknowledged by all persons of impartiality, that their virtue is greatly exposed by the temptations that invariably attend these republics of gaiety; yet a more certain destruction awaits the fortune of a tradesman, who incessantly pursues the follies of the great, in order to be thought superior to himself.

“ In pride, in reas’ning pride, our error lies,
All quit their spheres, and rush into the skies.”

A man of taste at a watering-place must necessarily join in all the amusements that attend it, and play is a constant concomitant.—Gaming is a science which must be studied with as much attention as any other, in order to attain any degree of skill: and therefore the professed gamester, supposing he plays upon the square, which is seldom the case, must have considerable advantage over an *Ignoramus*, as it is well known by calculation, that if one party has only a shilling in a guinea the superiority, he must in the long-run ruin his antagonist.

I am led into this reflection from the fate of a once worthy man, who was a wealthy citizen, and who, from a strong propensity to gaiety and play, is now perishing in a prison. He constantly attended the watering-places, and never failed being at New-market at the respective meetings. His business was neglected at home, and while his servants were cheating him in his shop, professed sharpers were defrauding him at the gaming-table. An extensive trade, with a considerable capital, were not sufficient to supply these resources; he failed, and his creditors had but a very trifling composition. The world frowned upon him for his misfortunes, which they too justly ascribed to his folly, and he was incapable of obtaining sufficient credit to restore him to business. Necessity now compelled him to pursue the plan which had been his destruction; and having served out his noviciate, he was initiated into those mysteries to which he owed his ruin. He for some time shared the spoils in common with his

associates; but dupes not being sufficiently plenty of late, he was compelled to create some trifling debts, which being unable to pay when demanded, he was arrested, and may now be seen in the King's Bench, with scarcely a covering to his nakedness.

Many similar instances might be produced of the fatal effects of gaming. The ladies have still more to fear, for a run of ill luck may not only rob them of their fortunes but their honour. Margate and Brighton have frequently borne witness of female debts of honour not being literally paid in coin.

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED BY READING A TREATISE ON THE

"ORIGIN OF LANGUAGE."

I HAVE with pleasure perused this most ingenious work, and am sorry I am obliged to differ from so learned an author in some particulars. One of which is, that I give greater credit to the Jewish Historian Moses, than to those travellers, either ancient or modern, whom he mentions. Whatever length of time men may have been without speech, I shall not say:—we are told by historians, that silence was imposed by the ancient philosophers upon their disciples, and it appears by their obedience that they were capable of it; and, therefore, the author of this work might have added to the mixed character he gives of man, that of his being either a speaking or a dumb animal.

But there is an originality in the female tongue, and an incapability of silence, upon which I found my hypothesis, that Moses's Eve, or the first female, was taught to speak by the Devil, in the shape of a serpent:—could she have spoken before, or had she found that no animal excepting herself and her husband could speak, she would have been surprized at the Serpent's speaking, which we do not find that she was.

The Devil had lived much longer than either Eve or her husband. The Author very properly observes that political life was the first thing that made language necessary, and that political life cannot be carried on without. Now, the Devil had been engaged in political life, even in our modern ideas of politics, that of "forming parties;" and he must not only have had the common use of speech, but have carried it the length of eloquence; for, from his time to this day, eloquence has been applied to the forming of parties, principally, if not only. If he then had the art, in Heaven, to impose upon Angels, no wonder so great a master had power to persuade Eve—perhaps in the first month of her life, that the eating of that fruit had endowed him with the power of speech, of which her husband was incapable—her nature

was new, her faculties not clouded as ours are—she could quickly make such progress as to believe that the fruit she had ate had the wonderful effect to make her know good and evil. And wherein does the good and evil of a woman consist so much, as in the proper use of her tongue.

What else could have made the fair sex, in all ages, so remarkable for the power and force of their tongues? The facetious Mr. Fielding says, in describing one of his battles—"Our landlady then entered, and made an attack with a weapon many men have fled from, who could face a battery of cannon."—So ambitious was the first and most perfect of her sex to speak, that she willingly renounced immortality to obtain that faculty. And no doubt but this mark has been set upon her daughters to keep in perpetual remembrance, that women first learned to speak from the Devil:—do not we say such a woman has the Devil of a tongue? Is not a scold called a Dragon, a Brimstone? &c. It may, perhaps, be said, that since I found my hypothesis upon the history of Moses, and reject the authority of travellers ancient and modern, and even of the wild Girl, 30 years after she was caught, that Moses, had this been true, would have mentioned it in his history.

To this I answer, that Moses has been very short in that part of his history, and that he has said nothing to contradict it.

By the time Moses came to write his history, women had gained a great ascendant in the world by the superiority of their eloquence. His own preservation shewed how far the daughter of Pharaoh could counteract her King and father's positive command, that every male of that people should be put to death as soon as born. In contradiction to this command, she not only preserved his life, but educated him in her father's court, and had all his wise men to instruct him: add to this, his *politesse*, his court education, and the obligations he lay under to that Princess, it would have been a conduct, Sir, quite the reverse of every thing we can suppose, that Moses should have handed it down to all posterity that the Fair Sex had received so valuable an endowment from the Devil. Moses himself tells us, he was so much under the influence of his own wife, that he forbore compliance to the most positive law given to his people, that of circumcision, and that no less authority than that of an angel from heaven could prevail upon her to perform that rite; and after she had performed it, "A bloody husband hast thou been," said she. Had Moses given us the contents of a speech to which this was the preamble, considering he was a man of a meek temper, and slow of speech, I believe, Sir, you would join with me in pardoning Moses for his silence upon any subject that could in the least reflect upon the Fair Sex; more especially as, by his silence, he has not contradicted the truth.

I could say a great deal more in support of my hypothesis, did I not intend to write the History of Womankind, where this subject shall be more fully discussed, if I live to finish it. I shall here only add, that on the person who can believe that women were for thousands of

years silent, I shall by my assumed power of criticism bestow a title vacant since the dissolution of the Caliphs of Bagdad, who were stiled Chief of the Believers; but as I am an admirer of every thing new and imaginary, and of course beneficial to society, I am, Sir,

Your Admirer and humble Servant,
T.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

RELAXATION from an habit of thinking is as necessary for the mind as rest from severe labour is to the body. Sedentary people seek for this relief in books of amusement, and they have this advantage over the thoughtless and dissipated, that when they want company, they may chuse their companion of that turn and complexion which may best suit with their present mood. In one of these situations, I took up a little old book, printed 1559, entitled, *Good Thoughts in bad Times, together with Good Thoughts in worse Times*, by Thomas Fuller, B. D. Having some previous acquaintance with this gentleman's facetious temper, it was not chance, but design, which made me take him in hand. I looked for a smile and I found a laugh. Two chapters or sections I will transcribe for your Magazine, from the benevolent design of communicating the same pleasure to others, which I received from them myself. I am, Sir, yours,

Oct. 30.

A Thumber of Old Books.

Chap. VI. of the 2d Part.

Marvellous is God's goodness in preserving the young *ostridges*.—For the old one *leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust, forgetting that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them*. But divine Providence so disposeth it, that the bare nest hatcheth the eggs, and the warmth of the sandy ground discloseth them.

Many parents (which otherwise would have been loving *pelicans*) are by these unnatural wars, forced to be *ostridges to their own children*, leaving them to the narrow mercy of the wide world. I am confident that these *orphans* (so may I call them, whilst their parents are alive) shall be comfortably provided for. When worthy Master Samuel Hern, famous for his living, preaching, and writing, lay on his death-bed (rich only in *goodness and children*) his wife made much womanish lamentation, what should hereafter become of her little ones. *Peace, sweetheart*, said he, *that God who feedeth the Ravens, will not starve the Herns*. A speech censured as lightly by some, observed by others as prophetic, as indeed it came to pass that they were well disposed of. Despair not therefore, O thou parent, of God's blessing for having many of his blessings, a numerous offspring.—But depend on his providence for their maintenance; find thou *but faith to believe it*, he will find *means to effect it*.

Chap. XI. of the same Part.

The use of the Alphabet.

There was not long since a devout but ignorant *Papist* dwelling in Spain. He perceived a necessity of his own private prayers to God, besides the *Pater-noster*, *Ave Maries*, &c. used of course in the Romish Church. But so simple was he, that how to pray he knew not, only every morning humbly bending his knees, and lifting up his eyes and hands to heaven, he would deliberately repeat the Alphabet.—*And now, saith he, O good God, put these letters together to spell syllables, to spell words, to make such sense, as may be most to thy glory, and my good.*

ON SEDUCTION.

AMONG the various crimes, the product of a licentious age, there is scarce any that carries with it such complicated guilt, as the debauching of innocent young women. The parents, of what the seducer veils under the specious name of a fashionable gallantry, are deceit, perjury, lust; and infamy, ruin, murder, are its tragical offspring. Should any man by artful insinuations deceive another, in an affair of great importance; should he, to attain his end, make use of repeated oaths, and solemn imprecations; and should he at that very time know, that this abused person was his real friend: what pursuit, what interest, would be a sufficient excuse for such villany? Such, and more criminal, is the most innocent part, the beginning of an intrigue; more criminal, as far as love and tenderness surpasses friendship. I might almost venture to submit to the determination of our debauchee, if that momentary satisfaction he thus impiously courts, is, even in his opinion, an equivalent for the wickedness essential to its attainment.

But let him turn the perspective, and behold it in its terrible consequences. The loss of reputation immediately follows the forfeiture of innocence, accompanied with the neglect of all the virtuous, all the desirable part of the world. Abandoned thus to the mercy of the libertine, he in a few months sated with iniquity (of such short duration are vicious pleasures) withdraws himself and leaves her. Who can describe the anger, grief, shame, horror, despair, the legion of fiends, that distract the mind of the wretch thus seduced, thus forsaken; reduced to a dire dilemma, either of continuing a miserable existence by means the most shocking to a rational creature, or of ending it by a sin that can never be repented of? The effects of the choice of the last terrible expedient are seldom capable of being concealed; but it is unknown, and, I fear, hardly credible, what numbers of innocents are sacrificed on account of this odious crime. How great must that guilt be, that can thus silence the strong voice of maternal affection!—There is yet another aggravation of this abominable practice, which is, that it is an injury of such a nature, as admits of no adequate reparation. Marriage indeed, though wide of a full recompence, yet approaches the nearest to it, and, in my opinion, is the least that can be done by a man who has any remains of virtue, honour, or good-nature.

MASONIC EXTRACT

FROM

A TOUR IN SCOTLAND.

BY J. LETTICE, B. D.

Elgin, Sept. 15. 1792.

SINCE we sat down to breakfast a paper has been brought us, stating the project and plan of a Freemasons' Lodge about to be executed at Fores; accompanied by a request of our contribution to the undertaking. Not having had the honour of initiation in the mysteries of that ancient Fraternity, and no connection with Fores beyond the moment, we have left the success of the scheme to the sympathy of the brotherhood.

There was nothing, however, we hope, in our refusal, of that ill-humour which some persons would have expressed upon this application, who seem piqued that their curiosity should never have been gratified with *the Secret* for so many ages. I have heard an old lady or two, in my life-time, particularly virulent against that pertinacity with which the Society have ever kept to themselves *the Mysteries of their Institution*. It has appeared like avarice of a valuable possession; the generous communication of which these ladies thought due, if not to the world, *at least* to themselves, so passionately fond of secrets.

The Society is very numerous in North Britain, and has a great many respectable members there; as indeed it has in most parts of Europe. That the different disgusted brethren, who have *pretended to discover the grand Arcana of Freemasonry* in accounts they have published, have never really possessed them, there is reason to conclude from *their inconsistency* with one another. It has been commonly understood, that the Arcana of the Society, like those of the Jesuits, are imparted gradually to its members, according to their merits and improvements. As these, in any given time, will have been exhibited in various degrees, according to the characters and abilities of the several novices, it may be supposed that some of them, even after long labour and some pretension, having never attained the due measure of excellence in the profession of Masonry, have grown impatient to be admitted into secrets to which they were not entitled, and becoming disgusted with a tedious novitiate, but just within the Mount of the Temple, have retreated in wrath, and pretended to reveal the divine Secrets of the sanctuary itself. Some of the disgusted brethren may, perhaps, have passed the soieg or balustrade, or possibly the first and second courts; but, that they should have ascended the twelve steps beyond, into the very Temple itself, and still farther have lifted the veil of the sanctuary, and then, void of all grace and reverence, have brought themselves to divulge *the grand Mystery of Mysteries*, must appear incredible to all sober

men; almost as incredible as that they should have no secret to divulge.

You, who are not a Freemason, should be informed, that, in the foregoing allusions, no existing ceremonies of the order are meant to be shadowed forth; nothing more is intended than to express, allegorically, the progress of the brethren, from one degree of perfection to another, till they become worthy of *the ultimate Arcana of the Institution*: and no subject seemed to furnish terms so profoundly respectful to the order, as the probationary progress of the Levites in the Temple of Solomon, the Fraternity's great object of veneration.

TO THE
PROPRIETOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR AND BROTHER,
THE following little piece (if I am not mistaken) is the production of a bookseller in Newberne, one who seems to be an eminent brother, and makes Masonry a part of his study, as every good and faithful brother ought to do. I beg leave to recommend it to your readers, as well worthy their attention.

With the warmest wishes for the success and extensive circulation of the Freemasons' Magazine, which promises to be so very useful to the Craft, I am, Sir,

Your grateful Brother and sincere well-wisher,

JAMES SOMERVILLE, S.ccxii.

Edinburgh, Oct. 17, 5795.

FUNERAL ORATION

ON THE MOST WORSHIPFUL AND HONOURABLE

MAJOR-GENERAL RICHARD CASWELL,

GRAND MASTER of the MASONS of NORTH CAROLINA.

BY FRANCIS XAVIER MARTIN.

"And all Judea and Jerusalem mourned for Josiab." CHRON. b. 2. v. 24.

WORSHIPFUL SIRS AND WORTHY BRETHREN,

BEREFT of him who conducted our works, we are met to discharge the tribute of a tear due to his memory. How deeply the rest of the community sympathises with us, on this melancholy occasion, the attendance of a respectable number of our fellow-citizens fully testifies.

Shall our griefs terminate in sterile tears? Shall this discourse, sacred to the memory of *the Most Worshipful and Honourable Major-General RICHARD CASWELL, Grand-Master of the Masons of North-Carolina*, be, like the song of the untutored savage, the mere rehear-

sal of a warrior's achievements? No. In admiring the virtues that have rendered his death, like Josiah's, lamented in *Judea and Jerusalem*, let us, as *Christians and Masons*, be stimulated, not to offer idle adulation to his manes, but to imitate, in the practice of every virtue, so bright a pattern.

Nothing excites more powerfully to virtuous deeds, than the examples of those whom they have rendered conspicuous. Man generally desires what he finds applauded in others. And, either because virtue appears more noble when he hears it praised, or less difficult when he sees it practised, he is stimulated thereto—as the labour is not without reward, and remissness would be without excuse.

The examples of the dead are no less powerful than those of the living. We look upon the virtues of the former with a greater degree of veneration, as we view those of the latter with a greater degree of envy; perhaps, because, death having crowned them, we are willing to believe that *posterity praises without flattery*, as it praises without interest—or rather (for why should the real reason be concealed in this temple of truth?) because our pride will not suffer us to acknowledge them.

To convene the people when some illustrious popular character has terminated his career, and to improve the opportunity of exciting them to patriotic virtues, is an ancient custom, frequent instances of which occur in sacred and profane history. The heart of man, however obdurate, when operated upon by grief, or the idea of a future state, is prepared to receive such favourable impressions; as the stiff and close-grained stone becomes pliant and ductile when heated by the fire of the furnace.

Thus we read that the corpse of Cæsar, having been brought into the *forum* of the then metropolis of the world, Anthony, holding up that Dictator's garment, addressed the Roman people:—"You well know," said he, "this mantle. I remember the first time Cæsar put it on. It was on the day he overcame the *Nervi*. If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now."

With as much propriety, can I rise to-day, and addressing you, say:—

You well know these *Badges*. They are the *Insignia* of MASONRY—of a society, which, for its antiquity and utility acknowledges no equal among the institutions of the sons of man. Behold the white apron that was girded on him, the loss of whom we bemoan, on the day he became A MASON! he has left it to you unsullied. He has left it to you, decorated with those marks of dignity to which merit alone gives title.

If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now.

He is no more. No longer shall he, *like the eastern sun*, illuminate our Lodges; no longer shall he plan or direct our works.

You well know, fellow-citizens, that Sword, emblematical of Supreme Executive Authority. I remember the first time it was delivered to him. It was on the day we shook off the British domination and became a People.

If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now.

He is no more. No longer shall he wield the sword of justice attempered by mercy. No longer shall he preside in your councils, or lead you to the hostile field.

To enter here into a minute detail of the services he rendered you, would be to premise that they may be obliterated from your memory—you remember them. Brethren and fellow-citizens, they cannot have been forgotten.

It was he who headed you on the day you broke down the superior phalanx of Scotch troops, at Moor's Creek; and thereby preserved the cause of freedom from the deadly blow this reinforcement would have enabled our enemies to strike.

It was he who presided in the assembly of Patriots, who framed that instrument, which defined your rights and the authority of your rulers, and has secured your liberties to this day.

It was he whom your united voices twice called to the supreme magistracy of this state—and it was he who, but a few days ago, still filled the chair of your Senate.

If his public character affords a vast field to the panegyrist's fancy, his private one deserves no less attention and praise. In it we shall always find an example worthy of imitation.

Public virtue may procure a more shining reputation, but domestic virtue gives a more solid merit. The former, when unsupported by the latter, is, in the warrior, a thirst of glory—in the civil ruler, a thirst of power.

A single instance of momentary intrepidity may make a name to the chieftain; but a continued spirit of moderation alone characterises the virtuous individual.

Valour is a noble passion, which evinces a greatness of soul. But too oft it is a vain generosity excited by ambition, and which has for its aim the mere gratification of a selfish pride; an inconsiderate boldness justified by success; a blind ferocity which stifles the voice of humanity, and by the tears it causes to flow, and the blood of its victims, tarnishes the laurels of the vanquisher.

Domestic virtue, on the contrary, is so perfect, that it is laudable even in its excesses. It is peaceable and constant, and springs from a meekness and tenderness which regulate desire; and giving the virtuous individual the command of his own, causes him to reign over the hearts of others. The one excites astonishment and fear; the other commands reverence and love.

The Swede *boasts* of the name of Charles XII. but *blesses* that of Gustavus Vasa.

In him, of whom the hand of death has bereft us, public and domestic virtues were ever united. Not satisfied in watching with unremitting attention over the welfare of the community, he anxiously endeavoured to promote the felicity of its members. Blest with a complacency of disposition and equanimity of temper which peculiarly endeared him to his friends, he commanded respect even from his enemies. The tender sensibility of his heart was such, that he needed but to see distress, to feel it and contribute to its relief.—Deaf to the voice of interest, even in the line of his profession, when—

ever oppressed indigence called for his assistance, he appeared at the bar without even the hope of any other reward, than the consciousness of having so far promoted the happiness of a fellow man.

Such is, worshipful Sirs and worthy Brethren, the character of one whose lessons shall no longer instruct us, but the remembrance of whose virtues will long continue to edify us.

Such is, fellow-citizens, the character of one who bore so great a share in the revolution by which you became a nation; who, during his life, was ever honoured with some marks of your approbation, and whose memory will, I doubt not, be embalmed in your affections.

Shades of WARREN, MONTGOMERY and MERCER! and ye Shades of those other Columbian Chiefs who bore away the palm of political martyrdom! attend, receive, and welcome, into *the happy mansions of the just*, a soul congenial with those of your departed heroes, and meriting alike our esteem, our gratitude, and our tears*.

ANECDOTE

SERVING TO SHEW THE STRICT DISCIPLINE EXACTED FROM

THE KNIGHTS OF THE HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM,

AFTERWARDS

THE KNIGHTS OF RHODES, AND NOW THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

AMONG the many venomous creatures that infested Rhodes, there was a monstrous large one of an amphibious nature, which harboured in a subterraneous cavern, at the end of a large morass, and had made dreadful havock among the small and large cattle, and even among the neighbouring inhabitants. They gave it the name of *dragon*, but it was more probably a crocodile, or a sea-horse of the first magnitude; and several Rhodian Knights had lost their lives, at different times, in endeavouring to destroy it, fire-arms not being then in use, and its skin being proof against any other weapon: upon which account the Grand Master had expressly forbidden making any further attempts against it, under severe penalties. They all readily obeyed, except a Provencal Knight, named *Dieu-donné de Gozon*, who, less regardful of the prohibition than of the horrid depredations of the monster, resolved, at all hazards, to rid the island of it.

That he might atchieve it the more safely, he went out several times to take a distant view of it, till the want of scales, which he observed under his belly, furnished him with an effectual plan for destroying it.

He first retired to his native castle of Gozon, in Languedoc, that he might pursue his project with greater secrecy; and there got an effigy of the monstrous creature made as exact, as to colour, shape, and size,

* Our readers will find another piece of Brother Martin's Production, in Vol. II. Page 2, of our Magazine.

as he could, in wood and pasteboard; after which he set about instructing two young mastiffs how to attack him at that tender part, whilst he did the same on horseback, with his lance and his armour. This exercise he continued several months; after which he sailed back to Rhodes with them and two of his domestics; and, without shewing himself to any one, went directly to the place, and attacked the furious beast (1342), ordering his two servants to stand on the neighbouring hill, and, in case they saw him fall, to return home; but, if victorious, or unluckily wounded, to come to his assistance. Upon the first onset, he ran with full force against it; but found his lance recoil back, without making the least impression on its skin; and while he was preparing to repeat his blow, his horse, affrighted at its hissing and stench, started so suddenly back, that he would have thrown him down, had he not as dexterously dismounted; when, drawing his sword, he gave the monster a desperate wound in the softest part of the belly, from whence quickly flowed a plentiful stream of blood. His faithful dogs no sooner saw it than they seized on the place, and, held it so fast, that he could not shake them off; upon which he gave the Knight such a violent blow with his tail, as threw him flat on the ground, and laid his whole body upon him; so that he must have been inevitably stifled with his weight and stench, had not his two domestics come immediately to his assistance, and disengaged him from his load. They found him so spent and breathless, that they began to think him dead, but upon throwing some water in his face, he opened his eyes; and glad was he, when the first object that saluted him was the monster dead before him, which had destroyed so many of his order.

The news of this exploit was no sooner known than he saw himself surrounded with vast crouds of inhabitants, and met by a great number of Knights, who conducted him in a kind of triumph to the palace of the Grand Master. But great was his mortification here, when, instead of applause and commendations, he received a severe reprimand, and was sent to prison by him, without being permitted to speak for himself, or any one to intercede for him. A council was quickly called, in which that severe governor highly aggravated his crime, and, with his usual austerity and sternness, insisted upon his being punished with the utmost severity, for his breach of obedience and discipline, which he maintained was of more dangerous consequence than all the mischief which that, and many more such monsters, could do. At length, with much intreaty, he was prevailed upon to content himself with degrading him: and Gozon was accordingly stripped of his cross and habit; an indignity which he esteemed more rigorous than death. He continued some time under this disgrace; after which Villeneuve, the twenty-fifth Grand Master, who was of a generous temper, and an admirer of valour, having asserted his authority by that severe example, readily yielded to have him received again, and likewise bestowed many signal favours on him; whilst the people, less sparing of their praises than he, paid him the greatest honours every where. The head of the monster was fastened on one of the gates of the city, as a trophy of Gozon's

victory, which was still to be seen there in Mr. Thevenot's time.—
EDITION OF HIS TRAVELS, printed in 1637.

The head of this animal was much larger than that of a horse, its mouth reaching from ear to ear, great teeth, large eyes, the holes of the nostrils round, and the skin of a whitish grey, occasioned, perhaps, by the dust which it gathered in course of time.

A strange tale this, and not less strangely told: nevertheless, fabulous as it appears, there are not wanting some historical circumstances that would seem to give it a degree of countenance. Upon the death of Villeneuve (1346), a chapter was held for the election of a successor to that high office. Upon this occasion our valorous cavalier gave another instance of his extraordinary genius. The chapter being much divided about the choice of a new Master—when it came to his (Gozon's) turn to give his vote, he expressed himself in the following terms: "Upon my entering into this assembly, I took a solemn oath not to propose any Knight but such as I thought the most worthy of filling up that important post, and the most affectionate to the general good of the order; and after having seriously considered the present state of Christendom, and the continual wars which we are bound to carry on against the infidels, the steadiness and vigour required to prevent the least remissness in our discipline, I do declare, that I do not find any person better qualified for the well governing our order than myself."—He then began to enumerate his former exploits, particularly that of his destroying the dragon; but insisted more especially on his behaviour ever since the late Grand Master had made him his lieutenant-general; and concluded with addressing himself to the electors in these words: "You have already had a proof of my government, and cannot but know what you may expect from it. I am therefore persuaded that you cannot, without doing me an injustice, refuse me your votes."

He was accordingly chosen by a considerable majority, and did not in the least disappoint the expectation of his electors. His behaviour proved him equal to, and worthy of, the trust reposed in him. He died in the seventh year of his government; was buried with remarkable pomp and solemnity; and his epitaph was only these two words, *Extincto Draconis*, or *The Vanquisher of the Dragon*. Dec. 1353. [See the Article in the next Page.]

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I SEND you, as a curiosity, the following whimsical dedication of an old Sermon upon Industry; and am, Sir, yours, &c. S. J.

To the Inhabitants of the Parish of Shiplake,

Who neglect the service of the church, and spend the Sabbath in the worst kind of idleness, this plain sermon, which they never heard, and probably will never read, is inscribed by their sincere well-wisher and faithful minister,

JAMES GRANGER.

A

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE GRAND MASTERS

OF THE

KNIGHTS HOSPITALLERS

OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM,

STYLED AFTERWARDS

THE KNIGHTS OF RHODES,

AND AT PRESENT

THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

 DOWN TO 1722.

- 1099, **G**ERRARD, Rector of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem, born in the island of Martigues in Provence, in France.
- 1118, Raymond Dupuy, first Grand Master, a gentleman of the province of Dauphiny.
- 1160, Anger de Balben, of the province of Dauphiny, second G. M. of a great age, and revered in the Order for his piety and prudence.
- 1163, Arnaud de Comps, of an illustrious family in Dauphiny, third G. M. and not younger than his predecessor.
- 1167, Gilbert d'Assalit, or de Saily, fourth G. M. a man of great valour, bold and enterprising.
- 1169, Gastus, fifth G. M.; of his country there is no account.
- 1169, Joubort de Sirie, sixth G. M.; he well deserved the office.
- 1179, Roger Desmoulins, seventh G. M. who, by his conduct and valour, justified the choice of the Order.
- 1187, Garnier of Syria, eighth G. M. Grand Prior of England, and Tincopelier of the Order.
- 1187, Ermengard Daps, ninth G. M.; of his country we have no account.
- 1191, This year the Order of Teutonic Knights, of the House of St. Mary of Jerusalem, had its rise.
- 1192, Godfrey de Duissou, tenth G. M.
- 1194, Alphonsus of Portugal, eleventh G. M. son of king Alphonsus I.
- 1195, Geoffrey le Rat, twelfth G. M. of the language of France.
- 1206, Guerin de Montague, thirteenth G. M. of the language of Auvergne.
- 1230, Bertrand de Taxis, fourteenth G. M.
- 1240, Guerin or Guarin, fifteenth G. M. whose surname we are ignorant of.
- 1243, Bertrand de Comps, sixteenth G. M.
- 1248, Peter de Villebride, seventeenth G. M.

- 1251, William de Chateauneuf, eighteenth G. M. a Frenchman.
- 1260, Hugh de Revel, nineteenth G. M. a Frenchman.
- 1268, Nicholas de Lorgue, twentieth G. M.
- 1289, John de Villiers, twenty-first G. M. a Frenchman.
- 1294, Odo de Pins, twenty-second G. M. a Frenchman.
- 1296, William de Villaret, twenty-third G. M. a Frenchman.
- 1308, Fulk de Villaret, twenty-fourth G. M. his brother.

KNIGHTS OF RHODES.

- 1322, Helion de Villeneuve, twenty-fifth G. M.
- 1346, Dieu-Donné de Gozon, twenty-sixth G. M. [See p. 301.]
- 1353, Péter de Cornillan, or Cormelian, twenty-seventh G. M.
- 1353, Roger de Pins, twenty-eighth G. M.
- 1365, Raymond Berenger, twenty-ninth G. M.
- 1373, Robert de Julliac, thirtieth G. M. and grand Prior of France.
- 1376, John Ferdinand, d'Heredia, thirty-first G. M. Grand Prior of Arragon, St. Giles's, and Castile.
- 1383, Richard Caracciola, thirty-second G. M. Prior of Capua.
- 1396, Philebert de Naillac, thirty-third G. M. Grand Prior of Aquitaine.
- 1421, Anthony Fluvian, or de la Riviere, thirty-fourth G. M. standard-bearer of the Order, and Grand Prior of Cyprus.
- 1437, John de Lastic, thirty-fifth G. M. and Grand Prior of Auvergne.
- 1454, James de Milly, thirty-sixth G. M. and Grand Prior of Auvergne.
- 1461, Peter Raymond Zacosta, thirty-seventh G. M. Castellan of Emposta.
- 1467, John Baptista Ursini, thirty-eighth G. M. and Prior of Rome.
- 1476, Peter d'Aubusson, thirty-ninth G. M. and Grand Prior of Auvergne.
- 1500, The English Book of Constitutions says, that Henry VII. king of England, was Grand Master of this Order this year.
- 1503, Emeri d'Amboisé, fortieth G. M.
- 1512, Guy de Blanchefort, forty-first G. M. and Grand Prior of Auvergne.
- 1513, Fabricio Caretto, forty-second G. M.
- 1521, Philip de Villiers, de L'Isle-Adam, forty-third G. M. Hospitaller and Grand Prior of France. In his time they were forced out of Rhodes, where they had maintained themselves with much glory for near 220 years, on the first day of January 1523.

KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

- 1530, Philip de Villiers, de L'Isle Adam.
- 1534, Peter du Pont, second G. M. of Malta.
- 1536, Didier de St. Jaille, third. G. M.
- 1536, John d'Omedes, fourth G. M.
- 1553, Claude de la Sangle, fifth G. M.
- 1557, John de Valette, sixth G. M.
- 1558, Peter de Monte, seventh G. M.

- 1572, John L'Evesque de la Cassiere, eighth G. M.
 1582, Hugh de Loubenx de Verdalle, ninth G. M. About this time Sir James Sandilands, Knight of Malta, was Grand Master of Scotland.
 1596, Martin Gazez, tenth G. M.
 1601, Alof de Vignacourt, eleventh G. M.
 1622, Luys Mendez de Vasconcellos, twelfth G. M.
 1623, Anthony de Paule, thirteenth G. M.
 1636, Paul Lascaris Castelar, fourteenth G. M.
 1657, Martin de Redin, fifteenth G. M.
 1660, Annet de Clermont de Chattes Gesson, sixteenth G. M.
 1660, Raphael Cotoner, seventeenth G. M.
 1663, Nicholas Cotoner, eighteenth G. M.
 1680, Gregory Caraffa, nineteenth G. M.
 1690, Adrian de Vignacourt, twentieth G. M.
 1697, Raymond Perelles de Roccaful, twenty-first G. M.
 1720, Mark Antonio Zondodari, twenty-second G. M.
 1722, D'Anthony Emanuel de Vilhena, twenty-third G. M.

UNCOMMON SENTENCE :

A SPECIMEN OF THE BARBARITY OF THE TIMES.

SOME years ago a brass collar was dragged out of the Forth, by a net, in the parish of Logie, with this inscription on it: "ALEXANDER STEUART, found guilty of death for theft, at Perth, 5th December 1701, and gifted by the Justiciars as a perpetual servant to Sir JOHN ARESKEN of ALVA." This collar is now in the possession of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, with the following copy of the Justiciar's gift of another PERPETUAL servant, which is taken from the original in the Duke of Athol's charter-house:

"At Perth, the 5th day of December 1701. The Commissioners of Justiciary of the south districts, for securing the peace in the Highlands, considering that Donald Robertson, Alexander Stewart, John Robertson, and Donald M'Donald, prisoners within the tolbooth, and indicted and tried at this Court, and, by virtue of the inquest, returned guilty of death; and the commissioners have changed their punishment of death to perpetual servitude, and that the said pannels are at the court's disposal: therefore, the said commissioners have given and gifted, and hereby give and gift, the said Donald M'Donald, one of the said prisoners, as a perpetual servant to the Right Honourable John Earl of Tullibardine; recommending to his Lordship to cause provide an collar of brass, iron, or copper, which, by his sentence or doom, whereof an extract is delivered to the magistrates of the said burgh of Perth, is to be upon his neck with this inscription, "Donald M'Donald, found guilty of death for theft, at Perth, December 5, 1701, and gifted, as a perpetual servant to John Earl of Tullibardine:" and recommending also to his Lordship, to transport him from the said prison once the next week. And the said commissioners have

ordained, and hereby ordain, the magistrates of Perth, and keeper of their tolbooth, to deliver the said Donald M'Donald to the said Earl of Tullibardine, having the said collar and inscription, conform to the sentence and doom aforesaid. Extracted from the books of adjournal of the said district by me, James Taylor, writer to his Majesty's signet, clerk of court. *Sic subscribitur James Taylor, Clk.*"

P. S. Can any correspondent give information respecting the other pannels or their sentence?

OLD LAWS.

The following Extracts from the Laws and Constitutions of Burghs, made by King David I. of Scotland, commonly called St. David, may perhaps afford amusement to some of our readers.

IT is not lesome to the Provost, nor to the Bailies, nor to the Sergeants, to baik bread, or to brew aill, to be sold in his or their awin house.

Na sowter, litster, nor flesher, may be brether of the Merchant Gilde, except they swear that they sall not use their offices with their awin hand, but only by servants under them.

Gif ony man railles or speeks evill to the Provost and Bailies in pleine court, he, in presence of his friendes, sall expresslie and loodlie say, that he did lie, and aske mercy with ane pledge (*that he sall not do the like againe*), and upon the halie Evangell sall sweare *that he knowes no evill of him*.

Forth of ilk house inhabit, ane man sould come to watch, for feare of perrell, wha sall passe fra dure to dure, with ane staff in his hand, and sall be of ane man's age. And quhan curfure is rung in, he sall come forth with *two* weapons, and sall watch cairfulie and discretlie, vntil the morning. An gif he failzies therein, he sall pay ane vnlaw of *four* pennies.

Gif ony man unjustly slaies ane ither mans house dogge, or hund, he sall keip and walke his *myddin*, be the space of ane zier and ane day, and restore all the skaith quhilk sall happin in the mean time.

Na man suld play at the golfe, nor at the fute ball under the paine of fiftie shillings. Because they are esteemed unprofitable sports for the common gude of the realme and defence thereof.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE EARL MOUNT EDGECUMBE.

WHEN the general change of ministers took place in 1782, his Lordship, who was then Captain of the band of Gentleman Pensioners, of course accompanied the ex-ministers in the turn out. The ex-ministers assembled at the Cocoa-tree, Pall-mall; the day was remarkably dirty, and it rained incessantly. His Lordship, on his alighting from his carriage, hurried into the Cocoa, and was received with a general cry of—"What! my Lord, are you turned out also?"—"Yes," says his Lordship, drily, "they have turned me out in such a day as no Christian would turn out a dog."

DETACHED SENTIMENTS.

No. III.

PLUS ULTRA.

MASONRY.

BY Generosity, the Freemason should understand the most exalted feelings of the soul at the distress of another, and a benevolent readiness to relieve, without breaking in upon his own circumstances so much as to hurt the interest of his family, or deprive him of the power to confer an obligation upon any body else.

The virtue of a Freemason, amidst every distressing storm and adverse gale, preserves its votaries to the end, and reigns triumphant over all. Infidelity may shoot its poisoned arrow, or immorality display its magnetic and attractive powers, yet even evils must gravitate to the centre, and solid virtue preponderate the whole.

The real Freemason is eminently distinguished from the rest of mankind, by the uniform unrestrained rectitude of his conduct. Other men are honest in fear of the punishments which the law might inflict: they are religious in expectation of being rewarded, or in dread of the devil, in the next world. A Freemason would be just, if there were no written laws, human or divine, except those that are written on his heart by the finger of his Creator. In every climate, under every system of religion, he is the same. He kneels before the universal throne of God, in gratitude for the blessings he has received, and in humble solicitation for his future protection. He venerates the piety of good men of all religions. He disturbs not the religion of his country, because, the agitation of speculative opinions produces greater evils than the errors it is intended to remove.—He restrains his passions, because they cannot be indulged without injuring his neighbour or himself.—He gives no offence, because he does not chuse to be offended.—He contracts no debts which he is not certain that he can discharge, because he is honest upon principle.—He never utters a falsehood, because it is cowardly, and infinitely beneath the dignity of a real Free and Accepted Mason, which is the noblest and the highest character on earth.

The Freemason is the enemy of hypotheses and systems,—but the friend of observation, experience, and sound reasoning.

Let not the unfeeling and unenlightened Stoic deride the pleasures of the Freemason, and despise a happiness which his gloomy soul is incapable of tasting; it presents many enjoyments, which the age of reason will always behold with approbation.

Whatever disposition tends to soften without weakening the mind of a Mason, ought to be cherished; and it must be allowed, that *delicacy of sentiment*, on this side the extreme, adds greatly to the happiness of every Mason, by diffusing an universal benevolence.

The real Freemason will vindicate his friend in his absence, and tell his failings to his face. *Vol. IV. p. 161.*

ANECDOTES

OF THE VERY ANCIENT

LODGE OF KILWINNING.

BY THE REV. MR. THOMAS POLLOCK, MINISTER OF THE PARISH.

Extracted from Sir John Sinclair's "Statistical Account of Scotland."

IT is the remark of an historian, that from about the beginning to the middle of the 12th century the worship of God, in Scotland, was, in a great measure, laid aside, or could with the greatest difficulty be performed, on account of the noise of the hammers and trowels which were employed in erecting monasteries and other religious houses. It was during this period that a number of masons came from the continent to build this monastery, and with them an architect or master mason, to superintend and carry on the work. This architect resided at Kilwinning; and being a *gude and true* mason, intimately acquainted with all the parts of masonry known on the continent, was chosen master of the meetings of the brethren all over Scotland. He gave rules for the conduct of the brethren at these meetings, and decided finally in appeals from all the other meetings or lodges in Scotland. From this time down to the 15th century, very little of masonry can be known, with any degree of certainty; only it is said, that at Kilwinning the head meeting of the brethren was held.

King James I. of Scotland, eminently distinguished for his knowledge and taste in polite literature, and in the fine arts, not long after his return from England, patronized the mother lodge of Kilwinning and presided as Grand Master, till he settled an annual salary, to be paid by every Master Mason of Scotland to a Grand Master, chosen by the brethren, and approved by the crown. This Grand Master was to be nobly born, or a clergyman of high rank and character. He had his deputies in the different counties and towns of Scotland. Every new brother paid him a fee at entrance. As Grand Master, he was empowered to regulate and determine every matter in dispute, between the founders and builders of churches and monasteries, and which it would have been improper to have decided by a court of law. King James II. conferred the office of Grand Master on William St. Clare, Earl of Orkney and Baron of Roslin. [See Vol. III. p. 172.] By another deed of the same king, this office was made hereditary in this very ancient and illustrious family: Earl William, and his successors, barons of Roslin, held their head courts, or, in the style of masonry, assembled their Grand Lodges at Kilwinning, as being the mother lodge, or the place where regular and stated lodges had first been held in Scotland.

The sobriety and decency of the brethren in all their meetings, the very peculiar and distinguishing union and harmony in which they lived together, and their humanity and liberality to the sick and indigent, made the mother lodge highly respected in the 16th century. An uncommon spirit for masonry then discovered itself. Laws, founded on the original acts and constitutions of the mother lodge, were renewed, and are still invariably adhered to. This is evident from her records still extant.

These records contain a succession of grand masters, charters of erection to other lodges, as daughters of the mother lodge, &c.

The Earls of Eglington have successively patronized this lodge. Some years ago, the present Earl made a donation to the fraternity of a piece of ground, for building a new and very elegant lodge; and, with many other gentlemen, anxious to preserve the rights of the very ancient and venerable mother lodge, liberally contributed to its erection.

There is a common seal, expressive of the antiquity of the mother lodge, and of the emblems of the ancient art of masonry, and by which charters, and all other public deeds of the society, are ratified.

INSCRIPTIONS

IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF DUNFERMLINE.

HERE a handsome monument has been erected to the memory of the late EARL OF ELGIN, who had the honour, for a time, to fill the chair of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and a nobleman whose memory is dear to those who had the happiness of being known to him. Seldom has a person in any rank of life been more generally beloved, seldom has high rank been distinguished for so many virtues, such amiable and condescending manners. Respected and beloved in life, his death was the cause of sincere and general sorrow and regret.

Sacred to the memory of

CHARLES EARL OF ELGIN AND KINCARDINE,

who died the 14th of May 1771, aged 39 years.

By the goodness of his heart, and the virtues of his life,

He adorned the high rank which he possessed;

In his manners amiable and gentle,

In his affections warm and glowing;

In his temper, modest, candid and chearful,

In his conduct, manly, and truly honourable,

In his character of husband, father, friend, and master,

As far as human imperfection admits,

Unblemished.

Pious without superstition,

Charitable without ostentation.

While he lived,

The blessing of them that were ready to perish came upon him.

Now
 Their tears embalm his memory.
 Reader,
 Beholding here laid in dust
 The remains
 Which once so much virtue animated,
 Think of the vanity of life,
 Look forward to its end,
 And prepare as he did for eternity.

And in the porch of the church is a neat monument, erected to the memory of Mr. ROLLAND, late of Gask, father of ADAM ROLLAND, Esq. Advocate, with the following excellent character of him, written in elegant Latin :

M. S.
 ADAMI ROLLAND DE GASK,
 Viri non uno nomine celebrandi,
 Utpote non paucis virtutibus ornati,
 Ob pietatem erga Deum,
 Amorem in patriam,
 Benevolentiam in genus humanum,
 Amabilis;
 Ob vitæ integritatem,
 Morum comitatem,
 Affectuum temperantiam,
 Spectabilis;
 Quisvos paterno, probos quosvis fraterno
 Omnes benigno animo amplexus;
 In publicis, privatisque officiis
 Prudens, fidus, diligens;
 Mente et manu munificus,
 Futurorum providus,
 Fortunæ semper securus:
 Ita volente

D. O. M.
 XII. Calend. August M.DCC.XLIII.
 Ætat. LVII.
 Animam Creatori, exuvias terræ,
 Reddidit;
 Triste sui desiderium, amicis relinquens,

PARTICULARS RESPECTING THE SLAVE COUNTRIES.

DAHOMY.

OF the history of this country we know little previous to the reign of Guadja Trudo, who died in 1727, leaving behind him a great reputation for courage, generosity, and magnanimity; and his memory is not only revered by the Dahomans at present, but they even

swear by his name as the most solemn of all asseverations : but, notwithstanding his shining qualities, he appears to have entailed, by his ambition, lasting miseries on his country. During the long reign of his successor Bossa Ahadee, a cruel and ferocious tyrant, the country was harrassed and wasted by wars, foreign and domestic, in which multitudes were slain : but nothing fills the mind of the reader with so much horror, as the sacrifices of human victims at the annual customs for the purpose of watering (according to the country expression), the graves of the deceased royal family. That man should convert his wants and infirmities into subjects of pride, ostentation, and vanity, can excite no surprise in those who have considered his nature : but that a cool and deliberate slaughter of our fellow-creatures should not only occasion a momentary joy and exultation, but be the source of delight on reflection, appears altogether strange and incredible ; yet, without supposing that the Dahoman monarchs receive some pleasure from the contemplation of the monuments of their wrath, vengeance, and wanton cruelty, it is difficult to account for their passion for decorating the walls of their houses and their apartments with the skulls and bones of the unhappy wretches who have perished by their hands. In the reign of Adanoonzou, the successor of Bossa Ahadee, after the slaughter of the prisoners whom he had taken in war, their skulls were ordered to be applied to the decoration of the royal walls.

The person, to whom the management of this business had been committed, having neglected to make a proper calculation of his materials, had proceeded far in the work when he found that there would not be a sufficient number of skulls to adorn the whole palace : he therefore requested permission to begin the work anew, that he might, by placing them apart, complete the design in a regular manner : but the king would by no means give his consent to this proposal, observing "that he should soon find a sufficient quantity of Bad-agree heads to render the plan perfectly uniform."

The operators therefore proceeded with the work till the skulls were all expended, when the defective part of the walls was measured, and a calculation made, by which it appeared that *one hundred and twenty-seven* was the number wanted to finish this extraordinary embellishment. The prisons, in which the wretched captives had been confined, were accordingly thrown open, and the requisite number of devoted victims dragged forth to be slaughtered in cold blood, for this hellish purpose. Previously to their execution, they were informed that the heads brought home by the Agaow had not been found sufficient to garnish the palace, and that theirs were required to supply the deficiency. This act of barbarity was greatly applauded by all present.

To those persons who fancy that the wars between the African princes are carried on for the sole purpose of supplying the European ships with slaves, it may be proper to remark that, at this time, there were six slave-ships in the road of Whydah, that there was a great scarcity of trade, and that the price of a prime slave was little short of thirty pounds sterling.

The government of the Dahomans is so unhappily constituted, that although they are subjected to the most cruel despotism, yet at particular times they are exposed to all the disorders of the most licentious anarchy; for on the death of the king, till the appointment of his successor, the government is in fact dissolved. A horrid scene commences in the palace immediately after the king expires. The wives of the deceased begin with breaking and destroying the furniture of the house, the gold and silver ornaments and utensils, the coral, and, in short, every thing of value that belonged either to themselves or to the late king, and then murder one another. Similar outrages are committed in every part of the kingdom; which continue till the Tamegan and Mayhou have announced the successor, and he has taken possession of the palace.

In the kingdom of Eyeo, situated north-east from Dahomy, a custom prevails which is too extraordinary to be passed over in silence.—When the people have conceived an opinion of the ill government of their king, which is sometimes insidiously infused into them by the artifice of his discontented ministers, they send a deputation to him, with a present of parrot's eggs, as a mark of its authenticity, to represent to him that the burden of government must have so far fatigued him, that they consider it full time for him to repose from his cares, and indulge himself with a little sleep; he thanks his subjects for their attention to his ease, retires to his apartment as if to sleep, and there gives directions to his women to strangle him. This is immediately executed; and his son quietly ascends the throne, on the usual terms of holding the reins of government no longer than while he merits the approbation of the people. It is said that there never was an instance of a king of Eyeo refusing to comply with the wishes of his subjects, expressed in this singular manner, till the year 1774, when the reigning monarch had sense and fortitude enough to resist such a ridiculous custom. He peremptorily refused the parrot's eggs, which had been offered for his acceptance; telling his ministers that as yet he had no inclination to take a nap, but was resolved to watch for the benefit of his people.

REMARKABLE SPEECH OF ADAHOONZOU TO MR. ABSON, AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, ON BEING INFORMED OF WHAT HAD PASSED IN ENGLAND ON THE SUBJECT OF THE SLAVE-TRADE.

“I admire the reasoning of the white men; but, with all their sense, it does not appear that they have thoroughly studied the nature of the blacks, whose disposition differs as much from that of the whites, as their colour. The same great Being formed both; and since it hath seemed convenient for him to distinguish mankind by opposite complexions, it is a fair conclusion to presume that there may be as great a disagreement in the qualities of their minds; there is likewise a remarkable difference between the countries which we inhabit. You, Englishmen, for instance, as I have been informed, are surrounded by the ocean, and by this situation seem intended to hold communication with the whole world, which you do by means of your ships; whilst we Dahomans, being placed on a large continent, and hemmed in amidst a variety of other people, of the same com-

plection, but speaking different languages, are obliged, by the sharpness of our swords, to defend ourselves from their incursions, and punish the depredations they make on us. Such conduct in them is productive of incessant wars. Your countrymen, therefore, who allege that we go to war for the purpose of supplying your ships with slaves, are grossly mistaken.

"You think you can work a reformation, as you call it, in the manners of the blacks; but you ought to consider the disproportion between the magnitude of the two countries; and then you will soon be convinced of the difficulties that must be surmounted to change the system of such a vast country as this. We know you are a brave people, and that you might bring over a great many of the blacks to your opinions by the points of your bayonets; but to effect this a great many must be put to death, and numerous cruelties must be committed, which we do not find to have been the practice of the whites: besides, that this would militate against the very principle which is professed by those who wish to bring about a reformation.

"In the name of my ancestors and myself I aver, that no Dahoman ever embarked in war merely for the sake of procuring wherewithal to purchase your commodities. I, who have not been long master of this country, have, without thinking of the market, killed many thousands, and I shall kill many thousands more. When policy or justice requires that men be put to death, neither silk, nor coral, nor brandy, nor cowries, can be accepted as substitutes for the blood that ought to be spilt for example's sake; besides, if white men chose to remain at home, and no longer visit this country for the same purpose that has usually brought them hither, will black men cease to make war? I answer, by no means; and if there be no ships to receive their captives, what will become of them? I answer for you, they will be put to death. Perhaps you may ask, how will the blacks be furnished with guns and powder? I reply by another question, had we not clubs, and bows, and arrows, before we knew white men? Did not you see me make *custom* [annual ceremony] for Weebaigah the third king of Dahomy? and did you not observe, on the day such ceremony was performing, that I carried a bow in my hand, and a quiver filled with arrows on my back? these were the emblems of the times, when, with such weapons, that brave ancestor fought and conquered all his neighbours: God made war for all the world; and every kingdom, large or small, has practised it more or less, though perhaps in a manner unlike, and upon different principles. Did Weebaigah sell slaves? No; his prisoners were all killed to a man. What else could be have done with them? Was he to let them remain in his country, to cut the throats of his subjects? This would have been wretched policy indeed, which had it been adopted, the Dahoman name would have long ago been extinguished, instead of becoming, as it is at this day, the terror of surrounding nations.—What hurts me most is, that some of your people have maliciously represented us in books, which never die, alleging that we sell our wives and children for the sake of procuring a few kegs of brandy. No; we are shamefully belied, and I hope you will contradict, from my mouth, the scandalous stories that have been propagated; and

sell posterity that we have been abused. We do, indeed, sell to the white men a part of our prisoners, and we have a right so to do. Are not all prisoners at the disposal of their captors? and are we to blame, if we send delinquents to a far country? I have been told you do the same. If you want no more slaves from us, why cannot you be ingenuous, and tell the plain truth; saying, that the slaves you have already purchased are sufficient for the country for which you bought them; or that the artists, who used to make fine things, are all dead, without having taught any body to make more; but for a parcel of men with long heads to sit down in England, and frame laws for us, and pretend to dictate how we are to live, of whom they know nothing, never having been in a black man's country during the whole course of their lives, is to me somewhat extraordinary. No doubt they must have been biassed by the report of some one who has had to do with us; who, for want of a due knowledge of the treatment of slaves, found that they died on his hands, and that his money was lost; and seeing others thrive by the traffic, he, envious of their good luck, has vilified both black and white traders.

"You have seen me kill many men at the customs; and you have often observed delinquents at Grigwhee, and others of my provinces, tied, and sent up to me. I kill them, but do I ever insist on being paid for them? some heads I order to be placed at my door, others to be strewed about the market place, that people may stumble upon them when they little expect such a sight. This gives a grandeur to my customs, far beyond the display of fine things which I buy; this makes my enemies fear me, and gives me such a name in the *Bush* *. Besides, if I should neglect this indispensable duty, would my ancestors suffer me to live? would they not trouble me day and night, and say, that I sent nobody to serve them; that I was only solicitous about my own name, and forgetful of my ancestors? White men are not acquainted with these circumstances; but I now tell you, that you may hear, and know, and inform your countrymen, why customs are made, and will be made, as long as black men continue to possess their own country: the few that can be spared from this necessary celebration, we sell to the white men; and happy, no doubt, are such, when they find themselves on the path for Grigwhee, to be disposed of to the Europeans: *We shall still drink water* †, say they to themselves; *white men will not kill us; and we may even avoid punishment by serving our new masters with fidelity.*"

A CURE FOR A SORE THROAT.

Recommended by a Person who has had Thirty Years Experience of it upon himself and others, and found it always to succeed.

TAKE a small piece of allum in your mouth, and let it dissolve, spitting out your spittle till it is all dissolved, a little before going to bed, without rinsing your mouth. There is some quality in the allum that draws the humour from the throat, that the Patient will find himself much better the next day.

* The country expressions for the woods.

† Meaning, we shall still live.

CEREMONY OF A
GENTOO WOMAN

DEVOTING HERSELF ON THE
FUNERAL PILE OF HER DEAD HUSBAND.

From "CAMPBELL'S Journey over Land to INDIA," just Published.

THE place fixed upon for this tragic scene was a small islet on the bank of one of the branches of the river Cavery, about a mile to the northward of the fort of Tanjore.

When I came to the spot, I found the victim, who appeared to be not above sixteen, sitting on the ground, dressed in the Gentoo manner, with a white cloth wrapped round her, some white flowers like jessamins hanging round her neck, and some of them hanging from her hair. There were about twenty women sitting on their hams round her, holding a white handkerchief, extended horizontally over her head, to shade her from the sun, which was excessively hot, it being then about noon.

At about twenty yards from where she was sitting, and facing her, there were several Bramins busy in constructing a pile with billets of fire wood: the pile was about eight feet long and four broad. They first began by driving some upright stakes into the ground, and then built up the middle to about the height of three feet and a half with billets of wood.

The dead husband, who, from his appearance, seemed to be about sixty years of age, was lying close by, stretched out on a bier made of bamboo canes. Four Bramins walked in procession three times round the dead body, first in a direction contrary to the sun; and afterwards other three times in a direction with the sun, all the while muttering incantations; and at each round or circuit they made, they untwisted, and immediately again twisted up the small long lock of hair which is left unshaven at the back of their heads.

Some other Bramins were in the mean time employed in sprinkling water out of a green leaf, rolled up like a cup, upon a small heap of cakes of dry cow dung, with which the pile was afterwards to be set on fire.

An old Bramin sat at the north-east corner of the pile upon his hams, with a pair of spectacles on, reading, I suppose, the Shaster, or their scriptures, from a book composed of Cajan leaves.

Having been present now nearly an hour, I inquired when they meant to set the pile on fire: they answered in about two hours. As this spectacle was most melancholy, and naturally struck me with horror, and as I had only gone there to assure myself of the truth of such sacrifices being made, I went away towards the fort. After I was gone about five hundred yards, they sent some one to tell me they would burn immediately; on which I returned, and found the woman had been moved from where she was sitting to the river, where the

Bramins were bathing her. On taking her out of the water they put some money in her hand, which she dipped in the river, and divided among the Bramins: she had then a yellow cloth rolled partially round her. They put some red colour, about the size of a sixpence, on the centre of her forehead, and rubbed something that appeared to me to be clay. She was then led to the pile, round which she walked three times as the sun goes: she then mounted it at the north-east corner, without any assistance; and sat herself down on the right side of her husband, who had been previously laid upon the pile. She then unscrewed the pins which fastened the jewels or silver rings on her arms: after she had taken them off, she shut them, and screwed in the pins again, and gave one to each of two women who were standing: she unscrewed her ear-rings and other toys with great composure, and divided them among the women who were with her. There seemed to be some little squabble about the distribution of her jewels, which she settled with great precision; and then, falling gently backwards, pulled a fold of yellow cloth over her face, turned her breast towards her husband's side, and laid her right arm over his breast; and in this posture she remained without moving.

Just before she lay down the Bramins put some rice in her lap, and also some into the mouth and on the long grey beard of her husband: they then sprinkled some water on the head, breast and feet of both, and tied them gently together round the middle with a slender bit of rope: they then raised as it were a little wall of wood lengthways on two sides of the pile, so as to raise it above the level of the bodies; and then put cross pieces so as to prevent the billets of wood from pressing on them: they then poured on the pile, above where the woman lay, a pottle of something that appeared to me to be oil; after this they heaped on more wood, to the height of about four feet above where the bodies were built in; so that all I now saw was a stack of fire wood.

One of the Bramins, I observed, stood at the end of the pile next the woman's head—was calling to her through the interstices of the wood, and laughed several times during the conversation. Lastly, they overspread the pile with wet straw, and tied it on with ropes.

A Bramin then took a handful of straw, which he set on fire at the little heap of burning cakes of cow dung; and, standing to windward of the pile, he let the wind drive the flame from the straw till it caught the pile. Fortunately, at this instant, the wind rose much higher than it had been any part of the day, and in an instant the flames pervaded the whole pile, and it burnt with great fury. I listened a few seconds, but could not distinguish any shrieks, which might perhaps be owing to my being then to windward. In a very few minutes the pile became a heap of ashes.

During the whole time of this process, which lasted from first to last above two hours before we lost sight of the woman by her being built up in the middle of the pile, I kept my eyes almost constantly upon her; and I declare to God that I could not perceive, either in her countenance or limbs, the least trace of either horror, fear, or even hesitation: her countenance was perfectly composed and placid;

and she was not, I am positive, either intoxicated or stupified.— From several circumstances, I thought the Bramins exulted in this hellish sacrifice, and did not seem at all displeased that Europeans should be witnesses of it.

DISSERTATIONS ON THE POLITE ARTS.

No. V.

Continued from p. 171.

POETRY.

POETRY is a mixture of Painting, Music, and Eloquence. As *Eloquence*, it speaks, it proves, it relates. As *Music*, it has a regulated course, tones and cadences, whose combination form a kind of concert. As *Painting*, it draws out objects, and lays on colours, it expresses every beauty in nature; in a word, it makes use both of the colours and the pencil. It employs concords and harmony, it shews truth, and knows how to make truth lovely.

Poetry takes in all kinds of subjects: it records every shining action in history: it enters into the regions of philosophy: it flies into the skies, to admire the courses of the heavenly bodies: it darts into the sea, and into the entrails of the earth, there to examine the secrets of nature: it penetrates even into the mansions of the dead, to see the rewards of the good, and the tortures of the bad: in short, it takes in the whole universe. If this world be not sufficient, it creates new ones, which it embellishes with enchanted dwellings, and peoples with a thousand different sorts of inhabitants. There it creates beings after its own fancy: it produces nothing but what is perfect: it improves every production of nature: it is a kind of magic: it flings illusion into the eyes, into the imagination, into the mind itself, and makes us enjoy real pleasures by inventions merely chimerical.

THE USEFUL SHOULD BE JOINED TO THE AGREEABLE IN POETRY.

If in nature, and in arts, those things touch us most which carry with them the greatest benefit to ourselves, it follows, that such works as have the double advantage of producing both pleasure and profit, will be much more affecting than such as only produce one of the two. This is the sentiment of *Horace*:

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,
Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo.

The design of Poetry is to please: and to please, in stirring the passions. But, to give us a perfect and substantial pleasure, it ought not to stir any but those which it is of consequence to keep in

motion, and never such as are contrary to wisdom and virtue. Detestation of wickedness, which is attended by shame, fear, and repentance: compassion for the unhappy, which has almost as extended an utility as humanity itself: admiration of great examples, which leave in the heart a spur to virtue: these are the passions of which Poetry ought to treat; Poetry was never designed to stir up ill in bad hearts, but to furnish the most exquisite delight to virtuous souls. Virtue placed in certain points of view will always be an affecting object. At the bottom of the most corrupted hearts there is always a voice that speaks for virtue, and which good men hearken to with the more pleasure, as by it they discover a proof of their own perfection.

The tragic and comic Poetry of the antients were examples of the terrible vengeance of the gods, or of the just correction of men. They made the spectators understand by these means, that, to avoid both the one and the other, it was necessary not only to *seem* good, but absolutely to *be* so.

The works of *Homer* and *Virgil* are not vain romances, where the mind is led away at the will of an empty imagination. On the contrary, they ought to be looked upon as great bodies of doctrine, as those books of a nation which contain the History of the State, the Spirit of the Government, the fundamental Principles of Morality, the Dogmas of Religion, the Duties of Society; and all this clothed in a grandeur and sublimity of expression that could only be conceived by geniuses little less than divine.

The *Iliad* and *Æneid* are as much the pictures of the *Greek* and *Roman* nations, as the *Miser* of *Molière* is that of *Avarice*. And as the fable of this comedy is only the canvas prepared to receive a number of true strokes taken from society; so also the anger of *Achilles*, and the establishment of *Æneas* in *Italy*, ought to be considered only as the cloth of a great and magnificent piece of Painting, on which they have had the art to paint manners, customs, laws, counsels, &c. disguised sometimes in allegories, sometimes in predictions, and sometimes openly exposed: changing however some of the circumstances, as the time, the place, the actor, to render the thing more lively, and to give the reader the pleasure of studying, and consequently of believing that his instruction is owing to his own care and reflection.

Anacreon, who was deeply studied in the art of pleasing, and who seems never to have had any other aim, was not ignorant how important it is to mix the useful with the agreeable. Other Poets fling roses on their precepts to conceal their harshness. He, by a refinement of delicacy, scattered instructions in the midst of roses. He knew that the most delightful images, when they teach us nothing, have a certain insipidity, which, like beauty without sense, leaves disgust behind it: that there must be something substantial, to give them that force, that energy that penetrates; and, in short, that if wisdom has occasion to be enlivened by a little folly; folly, in its turn, ought to be invigorated by a little wisdom. Read *Cupid stung by a Bee*, *Mars wounded by the Arrow of Love*, *Cupid enchained by the Muses*, and we shall easily perceive that the Poet has not made

these images to instruct : but he has put instruction in them to please. *Virgil* is certainly a greater Poet than *Horace*. His paintings are more rich and beautiful. His versification is admirable. *Horace* however is much more read. The principal reason is, that he has at this time the merit of being more instructive to us than *Virgil*, who perhaps was more so to the *Romans*.

We do not say that Poetry should never give itself up to an agreeable mirth. The Muses are cheerful, and were always friends to the Graces. But little Poems are rather sports and relaxations to them, than works. They owe other services to mankind, whose life ought not to be one perpetual amusement ; and the example of nature, which they propose for a model, teaches them to do nothing considerable without a wise design, and which may tend to the perfection of those for whom they labour.

THE STYLE OF POETRY.

THE style of Poetry contains four parts : *viz.* *Thoughts, Words, Turns, and Harmony*. All these are found in Prose itself ; but as in the Polite Arts it is necessary not only to paint nature, but to paint it with all its agreeableness and beauty ; Poetry, to arrive at that end, has a right to add a degree of perfection to those charms which may exalt them above their natural condition.

It is for this reason that the thoughts, words, and turns in Poetry, have a boldness, liberty and richness which would appear excessive in common language. Hence, *well-sustained similes, glittering metaphors, lively repetitions, surprizing apostrophes*. Thus

—————Morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl.

Again :

—————now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils.

Or :

How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks
Rowling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar. ———

Now :

—Hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night.

We shall say no more of these three parts, *viz.* the thoughts, words, and turns of Poetry ; because we may form a very just idea of them by the bare reading of good Poets : but it is not so of the *fourth*, which is harmony.

Non quivis videt immodulato poemata iudex.

There are three sorts of Harmony in Poetry : the first is that of the Style, which ought always to agree with the subject treated of. The Polite Arts form a kind of commonwealth, where every one makes

a figure according to his situation. What a difference between the voice of the Epic, and that of a Tragedy. Go through all the other kinds, Comedy, Pastoral, Lyric Poetry, &c. and you will always find that difference.

If this harmony be ever found wanting, the Poem becomes a burlesque. And if tragedy sometimes lowers itself, or comedy rises, it is only to level themselves to their matter, which varies at times.

*Interdum tamen & vocem comœdia tollit;
Iratuque Chremes tumido delitigat ore;
Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri
Telephus & Pelœus, cum pauper & exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas, & sesquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ.*

This harmony is essential. Almost every one understands it, but unhappily a great many authors have it not sufficiently. In the same work are found tragic, comic, and lyric verses, which are in no manner authorized by the thoughts they contain. Why then will you pretend to paint, since you do not understand colours?

*Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores
Cur ego si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?*

A delicate ear knows simply by the sound of the verse, what kind of work it is taken from. Shew us any lines of *Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Swift, or Pope*, and we shall never be mistaken in this respect. A verse of *Ovid* is known amongst a thousand of *Virgil*. There is not the least occasion to name the authors; we know them by their style, as the heroes in *Homer* are known by their actions.

The second sort of harmony consists in the agreement of the sounds and words with the object of the thought. Even writers in prose ought to make this a rule; and poets ought with much more care to observe it. We should not then see them express a soft thing in rough words; nor in soft ones, what is harsh and disagreeable:

Carmine non levi dicenda est scabra crepido.

The third kind of harmony in Poetry may be called artificial, in opposition to the two others which are proper to discourse, and which belong equally to Poetry and to Prose. This consists in a certain art, which, besides the choice of sounds and expressions that echo to the sense, ranges them in such a manner that all the syllables of a verse, taken together, produce by their sound, their number, their quantity, another sort of expression, a sort of compound expression, which still adds to the natural signification of the words.

Every thing in the universe has its particular motion; there are some that are grave and majestic: others lively and rapid, and others again are simple and sweet. In like manner Poetry has different kinds of motions, to imitate those of nature, and by a sort of melody to paint to the ears what it has painted to the mind by words. This harmony belongs to Poetry alone, and it is the exquisite point of versification.

We may very well call it the exquisite point of versification; for it is the want of this that has made so many Poems perish. The art of being

eloquent in verse is of all arts the most difficult and uncommon. We shall see a thousand geniuses that are able to lay out a work, and to versify it in a middling manner, but to treat it like a true Poet is a talent bestowed hardly on any besides *Homer*, *Virgil*, and *Pope*.

Look into *Homer* or *Virgil*, and you will almost every where find a musical expression of most objects. *Virgil* never misses it: we see it strongly in him, even when we cannot easily tell in what it consists. Sometimes it is so sensible as to strike the least attentive ears:

Continuo ventis surgentibus, aut freta, ponti
Incipiunt agitata tumescere, & aridus altis
Montibus audiri fragor: aut resonantia longè
Littora misceri, & nemorum increbescere murmur.

And in the *Æneid*, speaking of the feeble dart flung by old *Priam*:

Sic fatus senior, telumque imbelles sine ictu
Conjecit: rauco quod protinus ære repulsum,
Et summo clypei nequicquam umbone pependit.

I cannot omit this example taken from *Horace*:

Quà pinus ingens, albaque populus
Umbram hospitalem consociare amant
Ramis; & obliquo laborat
Lympha fugax trepidare rivo.

There are some people to whom nature has refused the pleasure of nice ears: it is not for such that these remarks are made. One might quote to them the authority of those Greeks and Latins, who have entered into the greatest discussions with regard to the harmony of language; I shall content myself with producing only those of *Vida* and *Pope*; and the rather, because they have at the same time given the precept with the example:

Haud satis est illis (*poetis*) utcumque claudere versum,
Et res verborum propriâ vi reddere claras.
Omnia sed numeris vocum concordibus aptant;
Atque sono quæcunque canunt imitantur, & apta
Verborum facie, & quæsito carminis ore.
Nam diversa opus est veluti dare versibus ora
Diversosque habitus: ne qualis primus & alter,
Talis & inde alter vultuque incedit eodem.
Hic melior motuque pedum & pernecibus alis,
Molle viam tacito lapsu per levia radit.
Ille autem membris ac mole ignavius ingens
Incedit tardo molimine susidendo.
Ecce aliquis subito egregio pulcherrimus ore,
Cui lætum membris Venus omnibus afflat honorem,
Contra alius rudis informes ostendit & artus,
Hirsutumque supercilium, ac caudam sinuosam,
Ingratus visu sonitu illætabilis ipso:
Nec vero hæc sine lege datæ, sine mente figuræ
Sed facies sua pro meritis, habitusque sonusque;
Cunctis cuique suus vocum discrimine certo.

'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an *echo* to the *sense*.
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the *smooth stream* in *smoother numbers* flows;

*But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.*

(To be continued.)

THE STAGE.

BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

Continued from p. 242.

IF sprightly MATROCKS was not form'd to trace
The finish'd elegance of comic grace,
What humour means she ably can express,
And put on manners as she puts on dress.

With skill she shews the vulgar city wife,
Whose test of spirit is incessant strife;
Or sportive females of a higher race,
Whose boist'rous airs their rank and sex disgrace;
Or where the widow with a mournful eye,
Her recent loss would prudently supply,
And, while she whimpers for her *poor dead dear*,
The smile of hope illumines the labour'd tear.

Sometimes, perchance, too stately and too prim,
When she should seem all merriment and whim;
Sometimes, too anxious to express with force,
Her col'ring, we allow, is hard and coarse;
But all her characters are well design'd,
Form'd on the certain ground-work of the mind.
Beneath the veil of manners she can pry,
And trace the passions with a thinking eye;
She takes her portraits from the passing throng,
With judgment solid, and with humour strong.

JORDAN advances with so proud a name,
That censure sinks beneath th' o'erwhelming fame.
To truth and reason we shall always bow,
But fashion's edicts dare to disallow,
And though we own her merit, still decline
With boundless homage to approach her shrine.

Nor shall we rashly join a partial crowd,
Who in their worship arrogantly loud,
And, caught by novelty's bewild'ring blaze,
Abandon those who well deserve their praise.

But here with candour shall we briefly try
To hold her portrait to the public eye;

And JORDAN, sure, with nobler pride would feel
Appropriate praise, than shouts of blund'ring zeal.

Possessing tones mellifluous and clear;
That sooth the passions as they please the ear,
In *Viola* she sweetly "*told her love*,"
And with the charm of tenderness could move;
Yet then perversely the insensate crowd
Her genuine merit sparingly allow'd.

Had JORDAN still retain'd the plaintive part,
The ready muse would fondly hail her art,
Nor court less eagerly the pensive hour
Than all her happiest wiles of comic pow'r.

The wanton *boyden*, and intriguing wife,
She copies with a faithful eye to life;
The *abigail*, familiar, pert and sly,
A quick contrivance in her roguish eye;
The lively damsel, taking male attire,
A harmless waggery her chief desire;
And in a lower walk—as *Jobson's* dame—
In all on solid grounds she rear'd her fame;
In all a sterling excellence displays,
And gladly we accord with gen'ral praise.
Her talents thus, in fairest light appear,
And JORDAN stands without a rival here.

But though for comedy so well design'd,
Not aptly train'd for gaiety refin'd;
And hence in *Rosalind* she fail'd to trace,
The intellectual mirth and courtly grace.
True, she is arch, but in her archness coarse,
Too oft 'tis blended with a vulgar force;
And for simplicity's ingenuous heart,
Too free her aspect, and too rough her art.

Thus thinks the muse, and what she thinks she tells,
Her bosom with no hostile passion swells;
With pleasure she attends at merit's call,
And her fond wish is to be just to all.

(*To be continued.*)

A LEAP YEAR LOST.

WE think it proper thus early to announce to our Female Readers the approach of Leap Year, a period generally agreeable to them from the licence it affords of suing to those who either want courage or inclination to prefer their suit. This early intimation is particularly necessary, as 1796 is the only leap-year that will occur for the ensuing eight years, the intercalary day being left out in 1800 by the stat. 24 Geo. II. c. 23. Every hundredth year is distinguished in this manner, except every four hundredth from the year 2000, which is to be counted bissextile.

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

AN ADDRESS TO THE AMIABLE MISS J——,

BY E. WILSON, SUNDERLAND:

On being asked, What was the Reason that Philosophers and Mathematicians are less polite than other Men?

MADAM,

THE cause is obvious. You must blame the business, not the men. Why is a courtier so affable, so polite, so sweetly engaging? It is his occupation. His good fortune depends upon his good manners. The rustic is not so—and why? He finds bluntness suits him best. A soft engaging deportment will not enable him to sell his *Tinker* or buy a *Bonnyface* one jot the better. Why are tradesmen so generally conversant, and full of acquiescence? They associate with many and have to adapt themselves to every disposition. View the Doctor; what an elevated air! what a dignified look! his shanks truly do their duty, and he is erect to a mathematical exactness. A nod from the great is sufficient. Only observe his pompous strut! What is the cause? It is evident. Every one asks his advice and submits to his superior judgment. Self-confidence and a majestic carriage is the consequence, and let them not be laughed at. It is the business you see, not the man. A sailor looks undaunted: he has seen danger, and neither fears nor cares for any man. Butchers, for the most part, appear hard-hearted and ferocious men: slaughter and cruelty is their trade. Footmen, and ladies maids, are very complaisant, and yet show no good breeding or dignified appearance. They retail in the kitchen what they borrow from the parlour; and thus, my dear lady, do not you see what a striking conjunction there is between persons and their occupations in life? It is on just the same principle that we must account for the uncouth address of your philosophic suitors. Convince them that an easy free behaviour is absolutely requisite, and doubtless they will learn it: till then we may expect to see them downright awkward gallants. Really, Miss, I pity poor *Matthew M'Titan*. Do encourage him, else it is two to one against him. I fear *Philip Sopber*, like myself, is a counterfeiter. Philosophy, Madam, is “common sense improved by observation and experience,” for our better conduct in life: not the vending a few abstruse odd opinions on dark ethical subjects. Such a one is so much delighted with the discoveries and apparent mysteries of nature, that he quite overlooks that ease and freedom which so distinguishes the character of a gentleman; and he who can dwell with such infinite pleasure on the properties of curves and tangents, will seldom have that vivacity; or even attempt to acquire that peculiar fashionable kind of conversation, so universally

pleasing to the fair sex. Such a one will not go up gracefully to a bewitching young lady, chuck her under the chin, and, with a languishing look and significant hum,

“How happy will the young man be
Who calls this nymph his own,
O may her choice be fix'd on———(*bowing*) *Fal de ral,*” &c.

AN EFFECTUAL METHOD OF RELIEVING THE POOR.

MANY plans are laid, and schemes proposed, to keep our poor from perishing for want of bread; but, alas! that is the lowest link in the chain of charity: indeed, I doubt whether *it be any charity*, except to ourselves—to prevent their rising and knocking us on the head. It is commonly said, charity begins at home—I am sure *such* charity ends at home.

True charity to the poor honest labourer is, to enable him to *become* rich; I mean comparatively rich. Let us suppose a labourer with seven children to earn nine shillings a-week, and my charity leads me to add to it *half a crown*; it will enable him to purchase a little piece of bacon. Suppose I give it every week; at the year's end I shall have given the poor man seven guineas wanting one shilling, and he will be in just the same state *at the year's end*, still a poor, starving cottager in a little hole in a village with two or three alehouses, the *bane* of the labourer and his family. Now, suppose the poor man in a cottage with a little orchard, on or *near* a common, no vile alehouse near, and of these seven guineas I lay out five in buying him a little Welsh cow; one guinea in buying him a young open sow; the remainder of the seven guineas in two geese and a gander, a few hens and a cock; all of which, if the English had as much acuteness as the Irish and Scotch, would be supported on the common the whole summer and great part of the winter; the cow, God sending good luck, will produce a calf, which, if managed as by the excellent farmers and labourers in Kent, will suck the *whole* of the cow's milk *only* the last fortnight before it goes off to the butcher; when gone, butter will be made; the skimmed milk will more than half keep the family; the butter-milk will help to keep the sow; the poor woman will be able to raise six shillings to buy a bushel of malt, which, as was lately shewn in the St. James's Chronicle, by some benevolent person, will make *twenty-two* gallons of beer for the poor man, without going to an alehouse; the grains will benefit the sow. Every one that has lived in the country knows that geese always keep themselves through the whole year, except the hen-geese whilst sitting. I once knew a poor old widow, who, living in a single room up one pair of stairs, supported herself comfortably by keeping geese on an adjacent common, the amiable minister of the parish allowing her to coop the old goose in the church-yard about five days after the young

ones were hatched, before they were turned out to provide for themselves on the common. The English feed their hens, and by so doing, spoil their eggs. The Scotch make them (like the wild hen, the pheasant) feed themselves on grass, &c. ; or a fine little chicken, fit for the spit, ten or twelve weeks old, could never be sold for two-pence halfpenny ; at which price I have generally bought them when in the country in Scotland. In Edinburgh things are dearer.

The cottager thus placed, thus assisted, will, in a few years, be able to rent a little bargain, as it is called, of about 12l. or 15l. a-year ; grow a little wheat, barley, &c. and, by degrees, rise to a smart farm of 60 or 70l. a-year. I myself knew two instances, where, beginning originally with only the sow and a few geese, and the man working (shamefull to tell !) for only six shillings a-week, hay-time and harvest excepted, each rose to good farms ; one to a 60l. farm, the other died, about five years ago, in one of 120l. a-year.

I have the pleasure of knowing that two poor families are rendered comfortable, in different parts of the country, by my letting two good tidy houses, with one a large orchard and garden at 4l. 10s. a year, where the cow, &c. is supporting a widow, and bringing up eight fatherless children ; the other, with two fields, at 6l. a year, supporting a very aged man, his insane daughter, and a person to take care of them ; who, should they be dismissed from their little bargain, as it is termed, must immediately be supported at great expence by the parish to which they belong. It is absurd to read the plans in the different news-papers of turning commons into corn-fields, that the poor may reap and thrash the corn, and so remain wretchedly poor. No, let them build, or allow poor labourers, and young farmers servants, when they marry, to run up an hut on the common, and inclose as much as they can cultivate. This is the only way to diffuse happiness among the poor.

A FRIEND TO THE POOR.

ESSAY ON THE

CHARACTER OF A GENTLEMAN.

AN Essay on the title of *ESQUIRE*, in the First Volume of the *Freemasons' Magazine*, gave rise to the following observations. Of all titles of Honour, the highest in my estimation is that of *GENTLEMAN*. I think it no easy matter to give a definition of the word *Gentleman* which critics might not cavil at, but I will give my idea of the character in the following description.

To be a Gentleman, a man must be courteous in his address, and polite in his behaviour ; he must be liberal in his sentiments, and just in all his actions ; he must be sincere, generous, and benevolent. — Whenever we see a man rude in his manners, and illiberal in his notions, void of honour, and void of generosity, do we not say of such a man, however high he may rank in the world, that he has nothing of the Gentleman in him ? Is not this the general sense of mankind, the

voice of *the many*, as well as of the more liberal-minded and enlightened *few*?

It is not a large estate, or an ample fortune, that makes a Gentleman. If a man be a Prodigal, or a Miser, if he squander his substance in vice and dissipation, or live only to accumulate wealth, he may be a 'Squire or a Lord, but he is not a Gentleman. *Generosus*, the Latin word for a Gentleman, in strictness of derivation, signifies what we call a man of *birth* or family; but till it appears that every man of birth is a Gentleman, I would understand by the word *Generosus* a man of Generosity, as I look upon Generosity to be the peculiar characteristic of a Gentleman, and think that every man has so much of the Gentleman as he has of Generosity in him. Easiness of access and elegance of manners, affability of behaviour and attention to please, though confessedly very genteel and agreeable accomplishments, are but the exterior parts of a Gentleman; the Complete Gentleman is one who, besides being possessed of all these accomplishments, delights in good offices, and discovers on all proper occasions a spirit of Generosity adequate to his fortune. He is not generous by fits and starts only, nor is his goodness partial and confined, but he is a general friend to indigence and merit, and is never happier than when he can by acts of Generosity promote the happiness of others. If we try the generality of those who call themselves Gentlemen by this test, I fear it will be found that a real Gentleman is a much rarer character than is commonly imagined; for, how many nominal Gentlemen do we every where meet with, and how very few men of Generosity? Generosity then I lay down as essential to the character of a Gentleman; and a Gentleman I consider as the noblest of all characters and titles of true honour. In common acceptation, I know there are many superior titles. Nobility gives a superior rank and distinction in life; but does it confer superior honour? No; this depends not on descent or a patent, but on the personal character of the Nobleman. A man may be Right Honourable by creation or birth, and at the same time a very dishonourable man. But a Gentleman must be a man of honour. The title here and the character are inseparable, for the character confers the title. Kings may create Lords, but they cannot create a Gentleman. A Gentleman is self-created:

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings:

But, as the Poet soon after adds,

What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS,

A Gentleman, I have said, is self-ennobled. He shines by his own light, and borrows no splendour from others. The character of a Gentleman, contrasted with that of Lords, is nowhere, I think, so finely exemplified as in Mr. POPE's description of the Man of Ross. Read that character, and you will then see the justness and beauty of that noble apostrophe of the poet:

Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little Stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

Nothing I have said derogates in the least from the dignity of true Nobility. Where the Nobleman and the Gentleman are united, it

forms the most respectable and honourable character, and merits the highest esteem and veneration. But * a degenerate or worthless Nobleman is entitled to no honour; he is self-degraded, and ranks only with the Great Vulgar, altogether undeserving the title of a Gentleman:

——— Quis enim generosum dixerit hunc, qui
Indignus genere, & præclaro nomine tantum
Insignis. Juv.

It is an old observation, that "Virtue alone constitutes true Nobility;" and the sum of all I have said, and would wish to establish as a maxim, is, that *Generosity makes the Gentleman.* Z.

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

WHAT THEN ?

AS a diligent use of these two words have been very beneficial to myself, I am convinced that, if they were properly regarded, they might be equally beneficial to others.

When I was seventeen years of age my father died, and left my mother with me and six other children in great distress. My aunt, who kept a large Inn on the high London road, offered to take me as a *Chambermaid*. As I was lively, well shaped, and had a pleasing countenance, some of my friends disapproved my acceptance of this offer.

An old officer, who had always been my father's friend, heard of it, and sent for me, advising me not to refuse it, conditionally that I would fortify myself daily by looking up to God for protection, and (*however hurried*) by constantly using the Lord's Prayer, and imploring the *grace* of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communication of the Spirit, as expressed in St. Paul's benediction. — He added likewise, that he had prepared a *faithful* MONITOR to accompany me at all times and in all places; to which if I paid a due regard, I should be *preserved* from the danger so much dreaded. He then gave me, written in large capitals on a Card, these two very important words, WHAT THEN? enjoining me always to have it about me, and frequently to reflect on it. He moreover charged me, that whenever waiters, soldiers, officers, and other gentlemen, or their servants, flattered me by commending my person, discoursing amorously, or making love, as it is called, I should steadily reply WHAT THEN? and as often as any of them repeated their protestations of love, &c. I should as often repeat WHAT THEN?

I assured him I should endeavour to follow his advice; and accordingly I went to my aunt. I had soon many admirers, to whose addresses I always replied WHAT THEN? It had the intended effect; and thus I got rid of many vicious solicitations and impertinent lovers, and so preserved my character unsullied.

* ——— Perit omnis in illo
Nobilitas, cujus laus est in origine sola.

But I was once in very great danger; for a sprightly sensible young farmer gained the possession of my heart, whose character and circumstances were such as in all probability might make the married state happy: he seemed very fond of me, and often professed how much he loved me, but never proposed marriage. I had therefore continual recourse to my *faithful* MONITOR, and so repeatedly, that I found him alarmed by it; for at length, in answer to my question, WHAT THEN? he replied, "I mean to marry you." This he accordingly did. I am now very happily situated, which I attribute to the constant application to my MONITOR.

This inestimable PRESERVATIVE I would recommend to *all* young women, especially to those in the *lower* ranks of life, to secure them against the various arts of seduction so frequently practised to the ruin of the *unguarded*. Consider *well* these two important words WHAT THEN? Pause a while—Beware—Resist the Temptation.—What must be the consequence of listening to these Seducers?—Ah! WHAT THEN?

SARAH P.—N^o.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

SANS-SOUCI is a name given to a favourite retreat of the late King of Prussia at some little distance from Berlin. Conversing on this a few weeks since in company with what I then thought a jolly party, it was agreed to make a Sans-souci tour for four days about the environs of the metropolis. The company consisted of four ladies and as many gentlemen, who completely filled two coaches. As it was resolved that no impediment should prevent the design being carried into execution, a very rainy morning, the day fixed on, did not seem to cast the least damp upon the spirits of any one. The ladies were ready to a moment, and they seated themselves with all possible glee with two men in each coach. We had not got to Kensington before one of the ladies observed it was very bad weather. This observation brought on a yawn, which did not in the least promote the mirth of the company, and scarce another word was said, except by one gentleman, till we got to Turnham-green: but even Altamont,

That child of mirth, and soul of whim,

could not rarify the condensed ideas of the party. Dinner was served up punctually to the time appointed; but the fowls were boiled to rags, and the veal was raw. Mrs. S——, who has an utter aversion to melted butter, could not taste a bit, as Miss P—— had inadvertently poured it into the dish; Major W—— found the port pricked, and Sir W. D—— objected to claret. The dinner was served, begun, and ended, in a state of contest; and we resumed our places in the coaches, without having had any thing like a comfortable meal. Altamont reminded Sir W——, that this was a Sans-

souci party, and he almost immediately fell a snoring. We reached Colnbrooke by tea-time, but the water was smokey, and Lady B—— could not drink tea without cream.

Once more we resumed our places in the coaches, and set off for Windsor; the rain increased, and a thunder storm so terrified Miss P—— that having by some accident neither hartshorn nor salts among us, there was great danger of her swooning: when she recovered a little, it was proposed to let the window down for air; but this Mrs. S—— very strenuously opposed, as it rained in, and she did not chuse to expose herself to a cold, especially at this time of the year, as they generally lasted all the winter. Half suffocated we reached Windsor, and I was glad to walk near a mile in the rain, in order to breathe a little wholesome air, of which we had been so long deprived. We played a pool at quadrille; but Mrs. S——, being unsuccessful, was uncommonly peevish the whole night, and even threw out some hints that Lady B—— was very dextrous at disposing of the fishes. The supper was cold and spoilt by waiting for the Major, who was gone upon a short visit to Eton. Every one at last was quite out of temper, and we all retired to bed fully displeased with each other. I rose early the next morning, and finding a return post-chaise ready for Hounslow, I took a French leave in these words: "This Sans-souci party has proved the very reverse of my expectations, I am therefore disqualified from being any longer a member." Adieu.

Lincoln's Inn, Oct. 1.

A FRIEND.

CHARACTER OF A REAL PHILOSOPHER,

AND THE GREAT END WHICH HE OUGHT TO HAVE IN VIEW.

THERE is no prejudice more common than that of confounding singularity and the love of distinction with philosophy. Nor is this at all surprising. The vulgar, who never carry their thoughts beyond appearances, are always struck with a man who deviates from the common path, who pursues a system of conduct directly opposite to that of the generality of mankind, who despises what others covet, who renounces riches, grandeur, and all the sweets and allurements of life. The whimsical singularity of his conduct, after dazzling the eyes of the vulgar, sometimes creates a prejudice in favour of his opinions; nay it happens, not unfrequently, that from being an object of pity, or of ridicule, he obtains applause and admiration.

But let us distinguish philosophy from what has only the appearance of it; let us consider the man who professes it without prejudice; and let us not prostitute the name of wisdom to pride or peevishness. Under the Cynic's mantle, or that of the Stoic; under the appearance of disinterestedness, and a contempt of honours, fame, and pleasure, it is no uncommon thing to find persons absolutely enslaved by envy, spleen, and ambition.

If philosophy be the search after truth, sincerity must be the first and the most essential quality of a Philosopher. Great talents, and the art of thinking, are not exclusive privileges granted to persons of cool, dispassionate, and virtuous dispositions. The man who thinks, is not always a Philosopher; he may have a wretched temper, be tormented with spleen, and a slave to passion; he may be envious, haughty, deceitful, dissatisfied with others and with himself. When this is the case, he is incapable of making just observations: his reasonings become suspicious; he can scarce see himself in his genuine, native colours; or if he does, he strives to conceal from himself the obliquity and irregularity of his temper and disposition: his philosophy, or rather the motley systems of his brain, are full of confusion: there is no connection in his principles; all is sophistry, and contradiction; insincerity, pride, envy, caprice, misanthropy, appear throughout; and if the vulgar, dazzled with his talents and the novelty of his principles, look upon him as a profound and sublime Philosopher, persons of nicer discernment see nothing but spleen, discontented vanity, and sometimes malignity, under the guise of virtue.

The Philosopher has no right to esteem or value himself, but when he contributes to the welfare of his fellow-creatures; the applauses of his conscience are then only lawful and necessary when he knows he deserves them. In a world blinded by prejudice, and so often ungrateful, this ideal recompence is, alas! almost the only one that is left to virtue. Let the Philosopher, therefore, esteem himself when he has done good; let him congratulate himself upon being free from those vain desires, those vices, those shameful passions, those imaginary wants, with which others are tormented; but let him not compare himself with his fellow-creatures in such a manner as to shock their self-love. If he thinks himself happier than they, let him not insult their wretchedness; above all, let him not plunge them in despair. The friend of wisdom ought to be the friend of men; he ought never to despise them; he ought to sympathize with them in their afflictions; he ought to comfort and encourage them. A love of mankind, an enthusiasm for public good, sensibility, humanity,—these are the motives which ought to animate the man of virtue; these are the motives which he may acknowledge without a blush. Without this, Philosophy is only an idle and useless declamation against the human species, which proves nothing but the pride or peevishness of the declaimer, and convinces nobody.

What title, indeed, has the Philosopher to despise or insult his fellow-creatures? Is it because he imagines he has superior knowledge? But his knowledge is useless, if society derives no advantage from it. Why should he hate his species? or what glory can arise from misanthropy? true and solid glory can only be founded upon humanity, the love of mankind, sensibility, and gentleness of manners.—Are men ignorant and full of prejudices? Alas! education, example, habit, and authority, oblige them to be so. Are they slaves to vice, passion, and frivolous desires? those who regulate their destiny, the impostors who seduce them, the models which they have before their eyes, produce in their hearts all the vices that torment

them. To hate or despise men for their errors and follies, is to insult those whom we ought to pity, and to reproach them with necessary and unavoidable infirmities.

Let us comfort man, therefore, but let us never insult or despise him; on the contrary, let us inspire him with confidence; let us teach him to set a just value upon himself, and to feel his own dignity and importance; let us exalt his views, and give him, if possible, that vigour and force, which so many causes combine to break and destroy. True wisdom is bold and manly; it never assumes the haughty and imperious air of superstition, which seems to have nothing else in view but to debase and annihilate the human mind. If the Philosopher has warmth and energy in his soul, if he is susceptible of a deep and strong indignation, let him rouse and exert himself against those falsehoods and impostures of which his species has been so long the victim; let him boldly attack those prejudices which are the real sources of all human calamities; let him destroy, in the opinion of his brethren, the empire of those priests and tyrants who abuse their ignorance and their credulity; let him wage eternal warfare with superstition, which has so often deluged the earth with blood; let him vow irreconcilable enmity to that horrid despotism, which, for so many ages, has fixed its throne in the midst of wretched nations. If he thinks himself possessed of superior knowledge, let him communicate it to others; if he is more intrepid, let him lend them an helping hand; if he is free, let him point out to others the means of asserting their freedom; let him endeavour to cure them of their servile and debasing prejudices, and the shackles which opinion has forged will soon fall from off their hands. To insult the wretched is the height of barbarity; to refuse to lead the blind is the height of cruelty; to reproach them bitterly for having fallen into the ditch, is both folly and inhumanity.

A CHINESE TALE.

ADDRESSED TO THE FRIENDS OF WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ.

THE ancient Takupi had long been Prime Minister to the Queen of Yawaqua, a fertile country that stretches along the western confines of China; during his administration, whatever advantages could be derived from arts, learning, and commerce, seemed to bless the people, nor were the necessary precautions of providing for the security of the State forgotten. It often happens, however, that when men are possessed of all they want, they then begin to find torments from imaginary afflictions, and lessen their immediate enjoyments by foreboding that those enjoyments are to have an end. The people now, therefore, cast about to find out grievances; and, after some search, they actually began to fancy themselves aggrieved. A petition against the enormities of Takupi was carried to the throne in due form, and the Queen, willing to satisfy her subjects, appointed

a day in which his accusers should be heard, and the Minister should stand upon his defence. The day being arrived, and the Minister brought before the tribunal, three accusers of principal note appeared from among the number: the first was a carrier who supplied the city with fish; he deposed, that it was a custom time immemorial for carriers to bring their fish upon a hamper, which being placed on one side, and balanced by a stone of equal weight on the other, the load was thus conveyed with ease and safety; but that the prisoner, moved either by a malicious spirit of innovation, or perhaps bribed by the company of hamper-makers, had obliged all carriers to take down the stone, and in its place to put up another hamper on the opposite side, entirely repugnant to the customs of all antiquity, and those of the kingdom of Yawaqua in particular. The carrier finished, and the whole court began to shake their heads at the innovating Minister, when the second witness appeared: he was Inspector of the buildings of the city, and accused the disgraced favourite of having given orders for the demolition of an ancient ruin, which happened only to obstruct the passage through a principal street of the city. He observed, that such buildings were noble monuments of barbarous antiquity, and contributed finely to shew how little their ancestors understood architecture, and for that reason they should be held sacred, and suffered gradually to decay. The third and last witness now appeared; this was a widow, who had laudably attempted to burn herself upon her husband's funeral pile: she had only attempted, for the innovating Minister had prevented the execution of her design, and was insensible to all her tears, protestations, and intreaties. The Queen could have pardoned his two former offences, but this was considered as so gross an injury to the sex, and so directly contrary to all the customs of antiquity, that it called for immediate justice. "What!" cries the Queen, "not suffer a woman to burn herself when she has a mind! A very pretty minister truly; a poor woman cannot go peaceably and throw herself into the fire but he must intermeddle; very fine indeed! the sex are to be very prettily tutored no doubt, they must be restrained from entertaining their female friends now and then with a roasted acquaintance! I sentence the criminal at the bar, for his injurious treatment of the sex, to be banished my presence for ever."

Takupi had been hitherto silent, and began to speak only to shew the sincerity of his resignation; "I acknowledge," cried he, "my crime; and since I am to be banished, I beg it may be to some ruined town, or desolate village in the country I have governed." His request appearing reasonable, it was immediately complied with, and a courtier had orders to fix upon a place of banishment answering the minister's description. After some months search, however, the inquiry proved fruitless; neither a desolate village, nor a ruined town was found in the whole kingdom. "Alas!" said Takupi to the Queen, "how can that country be ill governed, which has neither a desolate village nor a ruined town in it?" The Queen perceived the justice of his remark, and received the minister into more than former favour.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

London, Nov. 1, 1795.

AS I find in the *Freemasons' Magazine* of September last, a copy of Verses, entitled, "*On Viewing a Skeleton, Time's Lecture to Man*," by Mrs. Stickland of Blandford; I beg leave to refer you to the *Lady's Magazine* for December 1774, page 662, where you will find a Copy of Verses, entitled, "*Upon the Sight of a Skeleton*," signed, *Exoniensis*, from whence I presume this Lady's copy to have been taken, and which are alike, except as to the *alteration of language*, and *various omissions*, which at present I incline to think were intended as a disguise; but as it is impossible for me to know in what manner they were presented, I shall forbear any observations, other than, that, as a Friend and Brother, I consider the *Freemasons' Magazine* too respectable a publication to derive any benefit from *old materials*, at least such as are not introduced to the public with the usual references.—I beg the Lady and you to believe, I am impelled by no other motive than what arises from a sincere wish to promote and encourage literature in general, the *Freemasons' Magazine* in particular, and from an apprehension that frequent discoveries of this sort would be injurious to a publication which is daily increasing in good report, and which I have esteemed from the beginning, and shall continue to use my best endeavours to support, as long as I am induced to believe it deserves it.

I am, Sir, Yours, &c.

T. L.

[To this kind Correspondent we return our thanks for his notice. That we should sometimes be imposed on by plagiarists is not to be wondered at; but our Readers can have no idea of the number of instances in which we detect and suppress them without farther notice. Most writers create to themselves an enjoyment in the publication of their labours; but we are at a loss to conceive what gratification can result to the person who deliberately sits down to copy the productions of other pens, and present them to the world under their own names or signatures. The present being not the first attempt of the kind from Mrs. S. we think ourselves justifiable in saying, that we suppressed a former poetic contribution from her, in the middle of which we detected a string of couplets from Rowe's *Jane Shore*, unmarked by any of the usual signs of Quotation, and very evidently intended to pass as originals. Mrs. S. however, is not the only person (as before observed) who takes this unprofitable trouble. *Qui capit ille fuit.*]

AN EASY METHOD OF DESTROYING BUGS.

TAKE two large bunches of the strongest wormwood, put them on the teaster of the bed, and the like under each pillow. This will entirely destroy them.

IT is an opinion generally received, that the addition of the dagger to the arms of the City of London had this original: In the fifth year of the reign of Richard the second, there was a rebellion in the county of Kent, of which one Wat Tyler, a poor labourer, who had adopted that name from his trade, was leader. This man's infatuation was so much, that he even ventured to enter the metropolis; where he was met by the King, accompanied by William Walworth, the gallant Lord Mayor, who not being able to bear the traitor's insolence, arrested him by a violent blow on the head, and then stabbed him with his dagger, which was added to the arms of the City, to commemorate the bravery of that action. That this tradition is entirely false the following will make evident: being lately at Staines, in Middlesex, I observed, at a distance, on the banks of the Thames, a little below the famous Runny-Mead, a stone which bore the appearance of antiquity: I found it the boundary of the City's liberty. The stone was about four feet high, and in the middle was the Mayor's name, with the date thus, 1254; the third figure, which seems to have been 5, is much effaced; but that set aside, the dagger could not have been derived from the above anecdote; for a little below the date are the arms as they now stand. Now the year 1254 was long before Richard the second, who came not to the throne till 1377. A. T.

INSTANCE OF
DELICACY AND PRESENCE OF MIND.

SOME few years ago, in Rome, a very genteel company, consisting of above a hundred persons, was assembled at Cardinal Alberetti's: at one of the card-tables a Gentleman lost a Snuff-box, most curiously set with diamonds; he asked the Gentlemen at the same table if they had seen it, but was answered in the negative; he therefore applied to the Cardinal, who ordered the doors of the assembly-room to be shut, and told the company none must be offended, but that no one should depart till the snuff-box was found; on which another Cardinal, who was present, said, perhaps the person who has taken the box did it in a frolic, and being taxed so seriously is ashamed to restore it; let therefore the candles be all extinguished, let the company keep standing, and let the person who has taken the box replace it on one of the tables. This was agreed to: when the light was brought in, the box was found, and the harmony of the company restored.

RECEIPT for Marking Linen so as not to Wash out again.

TAKE vermilion, as much as will lie on a half-crown piece; of the best salt of steel, a piece about the size of a small nutmeg; grind, or levigate well together with linseed oil: you may make it thick or thin to your discretion.

N. B. This is equal, if not superior, to any of the numerous compositions so long puffed on the town at exorbitant prices.

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

WE intimated, p. 140. of the present volume, that the Grand Lodge of Scotland had, upon the application of the Freemasons in the 2d Battalion of the Argyleshire Fencibles, granted a Charter for a Lodge to be held in that Regiment under the title of THE MILITARY ST. JOHN. They were on Tuesday, August 26th, instituted in their Charter at Ayr. Upon that occasion, four Lodges met in the Town Hall; Provost Campbell, Master of the Senior Lodge, took the chair, when, after a few proper questions put, and advices given, to the Office-bearers of the New Military Lodge, the Chaplain of the senior Lodge closed the ceremony with a suitable prayer.

The Magistrates, and many Gentlemen of the town and neighbourhood, to the amount of about *two hundred* (all brethren), countenanced by their presence this affecting, solemn, and most pleasing scene.

The Master of the New Lodge then took the chair, and the Evening was spent with that conviviality, decorum, and social glee, for which the Meetings of the CRAFT have ever been remarkable. S.

DIED,

At Portsmouth, THO. DUNCKERLY, Esq. of Hampton Court, Provincial Grand Master of Masons for Dorset, Essex, Gloucester, Hereford, Somerset, Southampton, Bristol, and the Isle of Wight.

[See his PORTRAIT and MEMOIRS of him in our FIRST VOLUME.]

At Edinburgh, Sept. 26th, William Mason, Esq. writer there, many years Grand Secretary to the Grand Lodge of Scotland. He lived esteemed and died justly regretted. See Vol. I. p. 607, 608. III. p. 257, 435.

On Wednesday, Nov. 11, one of those Brotherly Greetings which would do honour to the Craft in proportion to their frequency, took place at Freemason's Tavern. It was a *Visit in due form* paid by the JERUSALEM LODGE to the FOUNDATION LODGE. On this occasion a very numerous Company of Visiting Brethren attended also in an individual capacity to add splendour to the ceremony. The whole company consisted, we believe, of 150 persons. The Rites of the Order were most ably performed by the two Lodges in union; and at the earnest and unanimous intreaty of the Brethren assembled, Brother WILLIAM PRESTON, who was discovered among the Visitors on this occasion, delivered a long and impressive discourse on the True Nature and important Duties of the Masonic Character, which he addressed with peculiar force and a happy application to two newly-initiated Brethren. The profound attention with which the respectable instructor was heard gives us reason to think that the influence of his discourse will by no means be confined to those to whom it was more peculiarly addressed. A very elegant supper (and well served, the largeness of the company considered) concluded the evening's festivity, and the Brethren parted in true harmony one with the other. Particular praise was due to the two R. W. M.'s for their effectual exertions to preserve the order and to promote the laudable purposes of the Meeting. With one circumstance we were particularly pleased. During the Ceremony of Initiation, the R. W. M. of the FOUNDATION LODGE took an opportunity to recommend in very strong terms to the protection and support of the newly-made Brethren in particular, and of the company in general, The Royal Cumberland Freemasons' School; and, on enquiry, we found it to be his invariable custom so to do on like occasions; a custom which with all our hearts we recommend for general practice.

The Right Hon. the EARL OF MOIRA has accepted the Office of a Trustee of the CUMBERLAND SCHOOL.

On the 12th of November two children were admitted into the above Charity in augmentation of the former number.

STRICTURES
ON
PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Nov. 7. **A** NEW Comedy was brought forward at Covent-Garden Theatre, under the Title of *Speculation*:

THE CHARACTERS OF WHICH WERE AS FOLLOW:

Tom Tanjore,	-	-	-	-	Mr. LEWIS,
Mr. Project,	-	-	-	-	Mr. MUNDEN,
Alderman Arable,	-	-	-	-	Mr. QUICK,
Captain Arable,	-	-	-	-	Mr. MIDDLETON,
Jack Arable,	-	-	-	-	Mr. FAWCETT,
Sir Frederic Faintly,	-	-	-	-	Mr. CLAREMONT.
Emmeline,	-	-	-	-	Miss WALLIS,
Cecilia,	-	-	-	-	Miss MANSELL,
Lady Catharine Project,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. DAVENPORT.

Scene, London and its Vicinity.

FABLE.

Mr. *Project* is the Character who gives the name to this Comedy. He is a vile, worthless wretch, who is ever upon the watch to avail himself of some *Speculation*, and, in the pursuit of his schemes, has no regard to friendship and feeling, but would rise upon the ruin of his nearest connections. His wife, *Lady Catharine*, is unprincipled enough to enter into all his schemes; but being a woman of intrigue, has some separate machinations in view. *Project*, by his hypocrisy, had worked himself into the favour of the deceased *Sir Charles Stanmore*, who left his daughter *Emmeline* under the guardianship of the insidious Speculator. *Emmeline* had conceived an attachment for *Captain Arable*, the son of her uncle, *Alderman Arable*, an attachment that was fully returned by the Captain. The Alderman, however, on account of a family pique, refuses his consent to a marriage between the lovers, and the disappointment fills *Emmeline* with such anxiety, that for some time her reason is impaired. *Project*, her Guardian, takes advantage of this temporary derangement in the mind of *Emmeline*, to confine her under pretence that her understanding is not sufficiently restored for her to be capable of managing her own fortune, which it appears that he has entirely dissipated in pursuit of various speculations, all of which have proved abortive.—*Cecilia*, a very amiable girl, who is another ward of *Project*, and who lives in his house, entertains the warmest partiality for the unhappy *Emmeline*, soothes her in her involuntary retirement, and is anxious to extricate her from the power of their abandoned Guardian. *Tom Tanjore*, the brother of *Cecilia*, after being tricked out of a fortune by the artifices of *Project*, is sent to the East Indies, through the interest of *Sir Charles Stanmore*, the deceased father of *Emmeline*. *Tom Tanjore*, who is a generous, spirited fellow, amidst all his dissipated habits, indulges his extravagant propensities in India, and was confined for debt in *Calcutta*; but by the assistance of an English Captain, obtains his liberty, and is generously conveyed to this country. It seems that, at *Calcutta*, there was another Mr. *Tanjore*, a man of vast property, and as *Project* has heard of this Gentleman, he confounds him with poor *Tom Tanjore*, who returns without a farthing, and, imagining that he shall find a fine *Asiatic* pigeon to pluck, invites the latter on his arrival to make use of his house, and sends him his carriage and some splendid clothes, for him to appear in a proper *Nabob*ic state. *Tom Tanjore*, having no other resource, profits by this interested speculation of *Project*, takes up his residence at the house of the latter, and gives such directions for the mode of domestic expence, as is suitable to the extravagant notions which *Project* has formed of his wealth, pro-

missing to indemnify his artful host when the East-India Fleet arrives, and desires the latter to pray, in the mean time, for "a westerly wind." *Alderman Arable* is one of the dupes of *Project*, of whom he rents a farm, which *Project* suffers him to improve as much as he pleases, determining to let the place as soon as the *Alderman*, who affects to be an adept in Agriculture, has rendered the estate complete. The *Alderman*, though a weak man, possesses a good heart, and while he consents that *Emmeline* shall remain under the care of *Project*, considers him as a tender and faithful Guardian. He is also disposed to think *Project* his friend, as the latter promises to bring about a match between his ward *Cecilia*, whom he represents as possessing five thousand a-year, and *Jack Arable* the favourite Son of the *Alderman*. By the assistance of *Cecilia*, the pensive *Emmeline* is released from her confinement in the house of *Project*, and though she falls into the hands of *Jack Arable*, who is watching to entrap *Cecilia*, according to the plan laid between *Project* and the *Alderman*, *Jack* finding *Emmeline* is likely to get possession of her fortune, agrees to convey her to the lodgings of *Cecilia*, who does not solely reside in the house of her Guardian. *Emmeline*, however, goes to her uncle, expecting an asylum in his house, but the *Alderman* has so infatuated a confidence in *Project*, that he locks her up, and sends for her guardian to take her back. At this period *Tom Tanjore*, who had agreed to the proposal of *Project*, that a marriage should take place between *Tom* and *Emmeline* (whose fortune being embezzled, *Project* wishes to marry her to a man who will not be very scrupulous in the examination of his account), enters the house of the *Alderman*, not for the purpose of deluding *Emmeline* into a marriage, but to obtain a safe protection for her as the daughter of his deceased friend and patron. *Tom Tanjore* talks the *Alderman* into a profound nap, by a long story, in order to get the key and release *Emmeline*; but just as he is going to open the door of the chamber, *Project* arrives, and *Tom* is obliged to raise a large round table to conceal the sleeping *Alderman*, and prevent an explanation between him and the wicked Guardian. *Project*, conceiving that no person but *Tom Tanjore* hears him, on this occasion opens all his schemes, and *Tom*, raising his voice, awakes the *Alderman*, and thereby gives the latter an opportunity of discovering the rascality of *Project*, and the confiscation of *Emmeline's* property. Soon after, the *Alderman* has *Project* arrested, and thrown into the King's Bench Prison, where poor *Tom Tanjore*, who is arrested by his taylor, soon follows him. In this situation an equivocal takes place, each imagining that the other came to procure a discharge. In the end *Tom Tanjore* is released by the *Alderman*. During these events, *Captain Arable*, the admirer of *Emmeline*, who was supposed to be abroad, returns, and the lovers obtain an interview; but though matters are cleared up respecting the conduct of *Project*, yet the *Alderman* will not consent that the injured *Emmeline* shall marry his son the *Captain*, because this said *Alderman* has a kind of partiality towards *Lady Catharine Project*, who induces him to promise that *Emmeline* shall be united to *Sir Frederick Faintly*, the latter having promised to make her a pecuniary requital.

Tom Tanjore generously offers all the money he had won at a gaming table, amounting to a very large sum, to *Lady Catharine*, provided she will employ her influence over the *Alderman* in behalf of *Captain Arable* and *Emmeline*: but, doubtful of her concurrence, pretends to faint away in the dressing-room of *Lady Catharine*, where she is expecting the *Alderman*, who enters the moment when *Lady Catharine* is supporting *Tom Tanjore* in her arms. The resentment and jealousy of the *Alderman* produces the desired catastrophe; he consents that a union shall take place between *Captain Arable* and *Emmeline*; it is found that the rich *Mr. Tanjore* has arrived, that he has offered his hand to *Cecilia*, with a third of his fortune to his namesake, her brother; and the Piece ends with poetical justice; the vile *Project* being likely to end his days in jail; and all the virtuous characters being rendered happy.

When we have informed our Readers that this Comedy is a production of Mr. REYNOLDS, it is probable that they will rather prepare themselves to enjoy a laugh at the Theatre than to expect that we should enter into any critical analysis of its merits in this place. We have given an account of the fable, but it appears to us that the Author seems to have been more studious to heighten particular scenes than to connect them with each other, and rather to have endeavoured to produce a pleasing diversity than a regular whole.

The chief attempt at novelty of character is *Sir Frederick Faintly*, which is indeed, *so novel*, that we believe, and hope, it is not to be found in human nature. We learn, from the declaration of this character, that if a man calls him *rascal*, he is so *good-natured* as not to be affronted, and if he proceeds to *kick him*, he is too *polite* to quarrel with him. That there may be men in real life so destitute of spirit, so basely pusillanimous, we can conceive; but that there ever existed a man of this description who would *talk* of a defect, which every man who feels it must, we should think, be anxious to conceal, we cannot imagine. But how is the inconsistency heightened, how is the impropriety aggravated, by placing a *cockade* in the hat of such a character? If such a man really existed, he certainly would not chuse the profession of a *Soldier*.

Alderman Arable (a citizen and farmer) is a well-conceived character; it is a satire on those persons who quit pursuits adapted to their capacities and education, for others with which they are totally unacquainted. Mr. Alderman, being ignorant of the business of a farmer, is every way imposed upon.

His son, Jack Arable, is a student of law, to which he pays very little attention. His keen touches at the profession afford much pleasantry, and the manner in which he expressed his disinclination to frequent Westminster Hall, which he describes as a market full of *black cattle*, attended by very few *buyers*, almost convulsed the audience with laughter.

The character of Emmeline, Project, and Tanjore, are sketched in our account of the fable. The latter is a gay and elegant portrait.

Mr. REYNOLDS, with talents and humour that might enable him to "wing a flight higher" than he has hitherto attempted, appears to us as an Author who writes rather for *emolument* than *fame*, or to speak with more propriety, who aims rather to please the present age, than to instruct posterity. We mean not by this observation to discredit his talents in the slightest degree; for in the serious part of his play, there is much good sense and much good writing, that convince us of his ability to succeed in compositions of a higher class. If the town will have *whim* and *merriment*, no one can supply them with a better stock than the Author of *Speculation*; and it would perhaps be deemed as unreasonable to suppose that a Dramatic Writer ought not to study the taste of an audience, as it would be to say that a tradesman ought not to consult the taste of his customers. The piece before us is not a Comedy that will undergo the ordeal of criticism. It abounds in farcical incidents, which rapidly succeed one another with very little attention to consistency or nature: but if reason wanders ungratified, risibility meets with ample indulgence; and in most of our popular modern comedies the currency of the latter is accepted in lieu of the sterling value of the former.

The strokes of satire on *gaming*, and on the efficacy of *dress* to procure hospitality when Genius and Virtue are treated with contempt, are perhaps too just. On the whole, *Speculation* will be found more substantial in entertainment than *speculations* usually are; and if *mirth* be *profit*, the most *aeconomical* auditor will think his money well laid out in purchasing admission to the dramatic table of our friend REYNOLDS.

The performance was on the whole well. The Prologue, which was written by REYNOLDS, and spoken by HARLEY, evinced a respectable *gravity of versification*: but it somewhat strangely ridiculed *sentimental scenes*, as the piece itself contained much of the sentimental cast; it was a sort of Law Case,

LIGHT SATIRE *versus* LUMPISH SENTIMENT.

The Epilogue was indeed a treat from the pen of Miles Peter Andrews—it had point, pun, and humour in abundance, but wanted what his *poemata minora* always want—connection; it was given, however, with such provoking spirits by Mr. LEWIS, that we forgot it wanted any thing.

It bore a most humorous allusion to the straw female head-dress ornaments, which it resembles to a stubble-field:

Of threaten'd famine who shall now complain;
When ev'ry female forehead teems with grain?
—When men of active lives,

To fill their gran'ries need but *thresh* their wives.

Nor were the matrons alone prolific:

Old maids and young! all, all are in the straw.

The Piece has been several times repeated with approbation,

POETRY.

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

INVOCATION TO MASONRY.

BY MR. THOMAS DERMODY.

THOU fairest Type of Excellence divine,
Whose social links the race of man combine,
Whose awful mandates coward vice control,
And breathe through nature one enlighten'd soul;
From thy mild sway benignant virtues rise,
Pour on the heart, and emulate the skies;
From thy sage voice sublime Instruction springs,
While Knowledge waves her many-colour'd wings,
And star-ey'd Truth, and Conscience, holy zest;
Enthroned TRUE FEELING in the glowing breast.
Then deign the labour of thy sons to guide,
O'er each full line in nervous sense preside,
Adorn each verse, each manly thought inflame,
And what we gain from GENIUS give to FAME!

MASONIC ODE.

BY MR. WILLIAM WALKER.

STRIKE to melodious notes the golden lyre!
Spread wide to all around the ardent fire,
Till each rapt bosom catch the sacred fire,
And join the glorious theme!
'Tis Masonry,
The Art sublimely free,
Where Majesty has bow'd, and own'd a Brother's name!

Thro' ample domes wide let the chorus roll,
Responsive to the ardour of the soul.

Hail! inspiring Masonry!

To thy shrine do myriads bend;

Yet more glorious shalt thou be,

Till o'er the world thy pow'r extend.

Still to the Sons of Earth thy Light dispense,
And all shall own thy sacred influence.

Tho' Genius fires, yet faint his rays appear,

Till thy mysterious lore the soul refine;

'Tis thou to noblest heights his thoughts must rear,

And make them doubly shine,

O Masonry!

Thou Art sublimely free!

'Tis thou exalt'st the man, and mak'st him half divine.

Ye Masons, favour'd men, your voices raise!

You speak your glory while you sing its praise.

Hail! inspiring Masonry, &c.

Blest be the man, and blest he is, who bears
 With virtuous pride a Mason's sacred name;
 And may each Brother, who the blessing shares,
 Enrich the list of Fame.

Blest Masonry!
 Thou Art sublimely free!
 Heav'n bids thy happy sons, and they thy worth proclaim
 With loud assent! their cheerful voices raise,
 Their great, immortal Masonry to praise.
 Hail! inspiring Masonry, &c.

The tow'r sky-pointing, and the dome sublime,
 Rais'd by thy mystic rules and forming pow'r,
 Shall long withstand the iron tooth of Time,
 Yet still their fall is sure:

But Masonry,
 The Art sublimely free,
 Founded by God himself, thro' time shall firm endure.
 Still shall its sons their grateful voices raise,
 And joyful sound their Great Grand Master's praise.
 At thy shrine, O Masonry!
 Shall admiring nations bend.
 In future times thy sons shall see
 Thy fame from pole to pole extend.
 To worlds unknown thy heav'n-born Light dispense,
 And Systems own thy sacred influence.

ON THE

EPICUREAN, STOIC, AND CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY.

THREE diff'rent schemes Philosophers assign;
 A Chance, a Fate, a Providence divine:
 Which to embrace of these three sev'ral views,
 Methinks, it is not difficult to chuse.

For first; what wisdom, or what sense to cry
 Things happen as they do—we know not why?
 Or how are we advanc'd one jot, to know,
 When things once are—that they must needs be so?

To see such order, and yet own no laws;
 Feel such effects, and yet confess no cause;
 What can be more extravagant and odd?
 He only reasons, who believes a God.

B.

ATHEISM

THE ONLY GROUND OF DISCONTENT.

IF reason does each private person bind,
 To seek the public welfare of mankind;
 If this be justice, and the sacred law,
 That guards the good, and keeps the bad in awe;
 If this great law but op'rates to fulfil
 One vast Almighty Being's righteous will;
 And if he only, as we all maintain,
 Does all things rule; and all events ordain;
 Then reason binds each private man t'assent,
 That none but Atheists can be discontent.

B.

IRREGULAR ODE TO EVENING.

MILDEST of hours that mark the passing day,
To thee, soft Eve, I pour my simple lay;
Tir'd with the busy croud's tumultuous noise,
With thee I hope to find serener joys.

I joy to roam beneath thy gentle reign,
Pensive to wander o'er the lengthen'd plain,
And listen to the warbling linnet's note;
Or if a higher aim my thoughts engage,
I love to trace the philosophic page,
Whilst o'er my head thy softest shadows float.

Is there a breast that feels great nature's charms?
I ween that breast will court thy friendly shade.
Is there a soul whom mad ambition warms?
I ween he loves not thee, meek placid maid.

This shall rejoice beneath the fervid beam,
When Phœbus darts his fierce meridian ray,
Shall court with joy each violent extreme,
And love to bustle 'mid the gawdy day.

That shall with rapture mark the silent hour,
When shadowy forms begin to fill the vale;
When modest twilight sheds her gentle pow'r,
And droops her beauteous head the primrose pale.

Then, when the west a blushing tint displays,
And the rude mountain's top reflects the blaze,
Give me to wander in the conscious grove,
Which oft has listen'd to the tender tale,
While many a warbler heard along the vale,
Has sung responsive to the voice of love.

With thee, AMANDA, in youth's early dawn,
Now only to be thought on with a tear,
How oft at Eve, from busy life withdrawn,
My only bliss has been to meet thee here:
Where, heedless of the world's insidious scorn,
Saunt'ring we courted many a long delay;
The devious path, the tangled brake, the thorn,
And many a joyful hind'rance cross'd our way.

Ah! blessed days, that now, for ever flown,
Can only sharpen mem'ry's anxious pain,
Why are ye, happy hours, so quickly gone?
Ah, will ye never, never come again?

Sunderland.

I. T. R.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

Occasioned by the Death of Miss E—R W—E, of N—N, in the County of
D—R, in the twenty-second Year of her Age.

CEASE, cease fond heart, indulge not grief so vain;
Nor thus lament what ne'er can be restor'd;
A fruitless sorrow wherefore still retain,
Which but augments the ill so much deplor'd.
Then cease to mourn, the vain complaint give o'er,
Censure not fate, severe tho' her decree;
Since that lamented maid exists no more,
Admir'd, belov'd, by all the world and me,

E'en as a meteor shines with splendour bright,
 Illumes the world and darkness turns to day,
 Resplendent shines, then sinks in shades of night,
 So swift this beauteous vision past away.
 Would the sad sound had never reach'd mine ear,
 Had the dire tale as yet remain'd untold,
 Which urges oft the sympathetic tear,
 Oft bids me mourn, and oft my grief unfold.
 And wherefore cease—was she not all that's gay,
 All young and blooming as the roseate morn?
 How soon her morn of life to fleet away,
 How soon to pass, ah, never to return!
 Ye young, ye old, ye serious, and ye gay,
 Whom wealth, or rank, or sense, or beauty grace,
 Whoe'er attentive shall peruse my lay,
 Lament the shortness of this earthly race:
 Your course, like hers, may, ah! too soon be o'er,
 You each, alas! may find an early grave;
 Then join with me her exit to deplore,
 Whom each perfection vainly strove to save:
 Ye who to her in ties of kindred bound,
 Now inconsolable her loss bemoan,
 Whose grief, alas! too doleful must resound,
 Since this bright source of ev'ry pleasure's frown.
 With you sincere I'd join her loss to mourn,
 In sorrowing grief to pass the joyless hours,
 My tears to mingle o'er her silent urn,
 Or strew her virgin grave with spotless flow'rs.
 And thou, dear sainted maid, if souls like thine,
 To boundless realms of endless bliss consign'd,
 E'er look compassionate with eye benign,
 On the frail deeds and sufferings of mankind:
 May thy departed shade with pleasure view,
 As here thou wast lov'd, admir'd by all,
 Thy earthly friends, the once proud theme renew,
 And mourn sincerely thy lamented fall.

M. Y.

SONNET TO DELIA.

BY DR. PERFECT.

HOW climbs the bright hop on the pole!
 In the garden how sweetly appears!
 Ah, why does my Delia condole?
 Review the exotic with tears!
 Must its flow'ry festoons soon decay,
 The prey of a boisterous band!
 Sink, wither, and vanish away,
 Beneath Depredation's foul hand.
 Suspend your concern, my dear maid,
 Those silver-like blossoms shall die,
 Shall perish and presently fade,
 No longer enamour the eye;
 But thy blossoms of virtue no hand can annoy,
 No season depreciate, and death not destroy.

PETER PINDAR TO DR. SATEES,

AUTHOR OF THE DRAMATIC SKETCHES OF ANCIENT NORTHERN MYTHOLOGY.

I THANK thee, Doctor, for thy Sketches;
 Not that a presentation copy
 (Gifts at which many a needy Author catches)
 Climb'd the Parnassus of my garret-lobby,
 Serving at noon my feasted soul to please,
 At night to purchase bread and cheese.
 Alas! I was not quite so cheaply treated.
 Yet tho' a half crown and a splendid shilling
 Crept from my flaccid purse unwilling,
 And all my savoury hopes of dinner
 For lean to-morrow have defeated,
 I thank thee, I repeat it;
 For by the bargain, faith! I am a winner.

I'm sick of Venus and the Graces,
 They seem to have bespoken places
 In every sonnet, ode, and song;
 And with their tedious grimaces
 Have play'd us off too long.
 Must every storm from Neptune come?
 All thunder from Jove's kettle-drum?
 And Poets ever with plump Bacchus drink
 In their ideal world divine,
 Unknown to real wine?
 If that's to be the case, I think
 Apollo and the Nine
 Had better rot, like duck-weed, on the brink
 Of Helicon, where they so oft recline.
 There's not a Poetaster now-a-days
 But knows the Greek mythology by rote,
 And with unbashful finger dares to raise
 Even Pallas' under petticoat.

I'm sick of Milton and his Angels,
 Since Dr. Watts's, and such fancies,
 On the same track have been to range Hell's
 Broad brimstone walks, and lime expanses:
 And, borne on the balloon of love seraphic,
 Or rather on the greasy wing of traffic,
 Have seen, how plac'd in order serviceable,
 In velvet caps of amaranth made,
 Round the blue cloth of Heaven's high council-table
 A club of Angels sit, like Lords of trade,
 Striving a more than Gordian knot t' untie,
 The dark arithmetic of trinal unity:
 While on wet clouds, like dish-clouts hung around,
 The duck-wing'd cherubs mightily abound,
 And the nice ears of higher powers to tickle—
 Their pennons panting exultation,
 Their childish foreheads sweating inspiration,
 Bright image of an earthly conventicle!
 With glowing cheeks, and hair bestuck with palm,
 Upturn the suet eye, and chaunt th' eternal psalm.

I'm better pleas'd with Odin's daily dinners,
 His wild-boar hams, and frothing mead.
 Doctor, I'll be a votary of thy sect,
 I like Valhalla where th' elect
 Come of a jolly toping breed.
 By Heav'n, the blue-ey'd wenches there, sweet sinners,
 Are very pretty articles of creed,
 And could Iduna's youth-bestowing apples
 Appear at the dessert of earthly tables,
 They'd make of any land a paradise indeed.

Henceforth thy Gods be mine!
 Whene'er I wander thro' the Strand,
 May Frea take me by the hand,
 And lend the golden tear divine,
 Which wins her wandering train of misses,
 To lisp so lovingly their venal kisses.
 And when at home in lonely luxury
 I lounge in elbow chair,
 Heimdal, as butler, shall be by,
 And in my ale reflect his amber hair.
 If dullness then my drowsy forehead shrouds,
 Surtur shall light my pipe, Thor curl its smoky clouds.

Or when the brighter hour is nigh,
 That on the twinkling feet of rhyme
 Comes dancing to my phrenzied eye,
 To goad my pen, and prompt the cunning chime—
 If merry be the thoughts I think,
 Kevaser's blood shall be my ink;
 But if such loftier themes intrude
 As hover o'er thy solitude,
 I'll call thy Braga from his golden grove,
 Where Mimer's sparkling waters rove,
 Such as beside thy couch he stood,
 With swimming eye and soul of fire,
 And to his gold-hair'd lyre
 Pour'd on thy thrilling soul the full poetic flood.

Soon shall the imitative crew,
 Like sheep by some bell-wether led,
 The path thy genius taught pursue,
 And pace again thy every fiery tread:
 Till in due time e'en birth-day odes
 Shall strut resplendent with thy Gods.
 Thy Niord and his mermaid train
 Bid old Britannia rule the main;
 Thy Hermod on our George dispense
 The gift of rapid eloquence;
 Thy Frea flutter from above
 To crown our Queen the Queen of Love;
 While Hertha to her womb shall tie
 The chain of long fertility.
 Then if the Laureate, strangely bright,
 O'erclimb his usual mole-hill height,
 And with a simile of storms
 Some bolder rugged line deforms—
 With howl of blasts he shall arouse thy Thor
 O'er the dark clouds to steer the thunder's fiery car.

ON FORTITUDE.

 BY MR. EDWARD WILLIAMS, THE WELSH BARD.

I LOVE the man, whose giant soul
 Spurns at Opinion's tyrant sway,
 To no vile despot yields his heart;
 Disdaining *Fashion's* proud controul,
 He turns from *Folly's* glitt'ring way,
 Dares nobly trample on the pride of Art.
 War's bloody fiends, with wrathful ire,
 Bid o'er the fields their legions fly,
 Far o'er the main bid rage extend;
 He that can hate their martial fire,
 Can scan their souls with Reason's eye,
 Is to Britannia's Bards a bosom friend.
 Stern Winter triumphs in the sky,
 Sad Nature's woful face deforms,
 Fell Horror spreads her sable wing;
 He can the giant Fear defy,
 When sweep around the raging storms
 And with undaunted soul can laugh and sing.
 He dreads no thunders of the night,
 When roaming o'er the pathless waste,
 When toiling on the mountain'd wave;
 And he can smile at gnashing Spite,
 Whilst Envy speeds with hellish haste,
 To bid her talon'd fiends around him rave.
 He nor vile Wealth's bewitching glare,
 Nor titles high that Pride bestows,
 Beholds with eyes of keen desire:
 How fails the venom'd look of Care,
 To shake his bosom's calm repose,
 When all the gleams of soothing Hope expire!
 When, felt in flames of sore disease,
 Death's dagger'd throngs invade his heart,
 He still unconquer'd meets the shock;
 Firm as a mountain, still at ease,
 He smiles unmov'd, nor feels the dart,
 But stands a champion bold on Heav'n's eternal rock.

 SONG.

PASTORA, by some matchless art,
 First made me feel a Lover's pain;
 But soon my disappointed heart,
 Like Noah's Dove, return'd again.
 Another resting-place it sought,
 Intic'd by Phcebe's sprightly mien;
 And, like that wand'ring bird, it brought
 A certain token where't had been.
 But soon as Emma bless'd my sight,
 With all the charms of Virtue's store;
 Like that same bird it took its flight,
 And, finding rest, return'd no more.

 MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

THE French Legislature has, amongst more serious subjects, not neglected to employ itself in regulating the *dresses* of the different functionaries, all of which they have decreed shall be of the growth and manufacture of the Republic.

The COUNCIL OF 500.—A long white robe and blue girdle, with a scarlet cloak, all of woollen. The cap of blue velvet.

The COUNCIL OF ANCIENTS.—The same form of dress. The robe a violet blue, the girdle scarlet, the cloak white, and all woollen. The cap of velvet, the same colour as the robe.

The EXECUTIVE DIRECTORY—Has two kinds of dress: one for its ordinary functions, and the other for assisting in the National festivals.

The ordinary suit.—A cloak dress, back and sleeves of a bright orange colour, lined with white, and richly embroidered with gold on the front and back.

A long white kersey waistcoat embroidered with gold. A white silk scarf fringed with gold, and black silk breeches.

A black round hat, turned up on one side, and ornamented with a bunch of tri-coloured feathers.

The sword worn in a shoulder-belt on the waistcoat. The colour of the belt bright orange.

The grand suit. A cloak dress of blue, and a cloak of scarlet over it.

Besides these there are appropriate dresses for all the Ministers, Judges, &c. and insignia of office for all the public functionaries of whatever description.

The daughter of Louis XVI. in the Temple spends the greatest part of the day in the garden, and there she embroiders, knits or reads. She rather runs than walks, and has a very majestic face. Since she has been made acquainted with the tragic end of her parents and brother, she weeps very often. The people in the neighbourhood, since the last decree in her favour, treat her every day with concerts in the surrounding houses, and open the windows that she may hear the music when in the garden.

An important victory has been gained over the French under General Jourdan by the Austrians, which ended in the French being driven across the Rhine, great numbers, who escaped the sword, being drowned in that river.

A treaty of matrimonial union is about to take place between the young King of Sweden, and the Princess Louisa Charlotte of Mecklenburgh Schwerin.

An insurrection of the Maroon Indians, in the island of Jamaica, has been attended with very serious consequences to the Government of the island, and to many individuals therein. The insurgents have however been driven back to the mountains with considerable loss.

This affair happened in September last. Colonel Fitch, of the 83d regiment, and several of his men lost their lives in a skirmish with the Maroons.—Twenty officers, and nine privates of a Provincial regiment (Westmoreland militia), were likewise killed in a previous conflict.

The Maroon Indians in Jamaica are the remains of the Spanish slaves, who contended for their liberties when we took that island. As they preferred death to a return to bondage, after many bloody contests, it was at length prudently determined to come to pacific terms with them. A treaty was accordingly agreed on about sixty years ago, betwixt the British Government and the Heads of those Indians, which has been most scrupulously observed on both sides up to the above events.

HOME NEWS,

Oct. 9. In the evening, as J. B. Norton, Esq. Collector of the Customs, at Shoreham was returning home from Southwick, he was robbed and murdered by two fellows, one of them a private, and the other a drummer in the Westminster Regiment of Militia.—Mr. Norton was found in a dry ditch the next morning

about five o'clock, with some signs of life remaining, but he expired soon after without uttering a syllable.—From a handkerchief and a knife belonging to Mr. Norton, being exposed to sale the next day at Brighton Camp, and some words that fell from the drummer, he was taken into custody, and confessed the fact.—The private was apprehended at Arundel, whither he was pursued, having previously marched from Camp with the first division of his regiment.—The Coroner's Inquest sat on the body, and returned a verdict of Wilful Murder against the two prisoners, who, on the Coroner's warrant, were committed to Horsham gaol. They are both under the age of twenty, and appear to feel no remorse for what they have done.—Mr. Norton has left a widow pregnant and eight children to lament his loss.

26. A vast number of people assembled in a field on the north side of Copenhagen house, in the center of which they erected, at equal distances, three tribunes. At one o'clock their attention was summoned by a Mr. Jones, who proposed, in a short speech, a Mr. Binns, as a proper person to be called to the chair. The question was put and carried unanimously. Mr. Binns ascended the tribune, and read to them, for their approbation, the intended Address to the Nation, Remonstrance to the King, and certain Resolutions, which had been passed at a late meeting; and that these might be generally heard, they were repeated by two of the members in the other tribunes. About two o'clock Mr. Thelwall harangued the multitude, which had much increased, in which he proposed an amendment to the address, which was also agreed to, and the whole containing "an Address to the Nation on the dearth of the necessities of life," and also the Remonstrance to the King, not having obtained his Majesty's attention on a former occasion, presented through the Duke of Portland, and several resolutions for a Parliamentary Reform, by universal suffrage, and annual Parliaments, were unanimously carried. A subscription was proposed, and eleven of the members appointed in various parts of the town to receive contributions, for defraying the expence of delivering, gratis, the printed proceedings of the day. When the evening approached, the whole peaceably dispersed.

29. A tier of boats laden with coals passed for the first time on the Worcester and Birmingham Canal to Selly Oak, attended by two bands of music, and accompanied by the Committee and others of the Proprietors. An ox roasted whole, with strong beer, &c. were, as usual, given to the workmen.

The tide in the Severn rose to that extraordinary height, that it overflowed the sea walls, and laid the country near Arlingham, Saul, and Slimbridge, under water.—Great have been the losses sustained in the number of sheep and cattle that were at pasture on the low grounds. It is supposed that upwards of 1000 sheep were drowned.

PROCESSION TO THE HOUSE OF PEERS.

His Majesty, soon after two o'clock, went in State from St. James's to the House of Peers, and there delivered the following most gracious Speech :

" My Lords and Gentlemen,

" It is a great satisfaction to me to reflect, that notwithstanding the many events unfavourable to the common cause, the prospect resulting from the general situation of affairs has, in many important respects, been materially improved in the course of the present year.

" In Italy, the threatened invasion of the French has been prevented; and they have been driven back from a considerable part of the line of coast which they had occupied. There is also reason to hope, that the recent operations of the Austrian army have checked the progress which they had made on the side of Germany, and frustrated the offensive projects which they were pursuing in that quarter.

" The successes which have attended their military operations in other parts of the campaign, and the advantages which they have derived from the conclusion of separate treaties with some of the powers who were engaged in the war, are far from compensating the evils which they experience from its continuance. The destruction of their commerce, the diminution of their maritime power, and the unparalleled embarrassment and distress of their internal situation, have

produced the impression which was naturally to be expected; and a general sense appears to prevail throughout France, that the only relief from the increasing pressure of these difficulties must arise from the restoration of peace, and the establishment of some settled system of government.

"The distraction and anarchy which have so long prevailed in that country, have led to a crisis, of which it is as yet impossible to foresee the issue; but which must, in all human probability, produce consequences highly important to the interests of Europe. Should this crisis terminate in any order of things compatible with the tranquillity of other countries, and affording a reasonable expectation of security and permanency in any treaty which might be concluded, the appearance of a disposition to negotiate for general peace on just and suitable terms will not fail to be met, on my part, with an earnest desire to give it the fullest and speediest effect. But I am persuaded you will agree with me, that nothing is so likely to ensure and accelerate this desirable end, as to shew that we are prepared for either alternative, and are determined to prosecute the war with the utmost energy and vigour, until we have the means of concluding, in conjunction with our allies, such a peace as the justice of our cause and the situation of the enemy may entitle us to expect.

"With this view I am continuing to make the greatest exertions for maintaining and improving our naval superiority, and for carrying on active and vigorous operations in the West Indies, in order to secure and extend the advantages which we have gained in that quarter, and which are so nearly connected with our commercial resources and maritime strength.

"I rely with full confidence on the continuance of your firm and zealous support, on the uniform bravery of my fleets and armies, and on the fortitude, perseverance, and public spirit of all ranks of my people.

"The acts of hostility committed by the United Provinces, under the influence and controul of France, have obliged me to treat them as in a state of war with this country.

"The fleet which I have employed in the North Seas has received the most cordial and active assistance from the naval force furnished by the Empress of Russia, and has been enabled effectually to check the operations of the enemy in that quarter.

"I have concluded engagements of defensive alliance with the two Imperial Courts; and the ratifications of the treaty of commerce with the United States of America, which I announced to you last year, have now been exchanged. I have directed copies of these treaties to be laid before you.

"Gentlemen of the House of Commons,

"It is matter of deep concern to me, that the exigencies of the public service will require further additions to the heavy burthens which have been unavoidably imposed on my people. I trust that their pressure will, in some degree, be alleviated by the flourishing state of our commerce and manufactures, and that our expences, though necessarily great in their amount, will, under the actual circumstances of the war, admit of considerable diminution in comparison with those of the present year.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"I have observed for some time past with the greatest anxiety the very high price of grain, and that anxiety is increased by the apprehension that the produce of the wheat harvest in the present year may not have been such as effectually to relieve my people from the difficulties with which they have had to contend. The spirit of order and submission to the laws, which, with very few exceptions, has manifested itself under this severe pressure, will, I am sure, be felt by you as an additional incentive to apply yourselves with the utmost diligence to the consideration of such measures as may tend to alleviate the present distress, and to prevent, as far as possible, the renewal of similar embarrassments in future. Nothing has been omitted on my part that appeared likely to contribute to this end; and you may be assured of my hearty concurrence in whatever regulations the wisdom of Parliament may adopt, on a subject so peculiarly interesting to my people, whose welfare will ever be the object nearest my heart."

As his Majesty proceeded from the Palace to the House of Peers, an immense crowd, consisting, as far as we could judge by the sight, of 150,000 persons, men, women, and children, was collected in St. James's Park and the adjacent streets. Among these was a desperate mob, consisting of the very dregs of the people, who evinced a most riotous and mischievous disposition. As his Majesty went through the park, it was with great difficulty that the Guards could keep the way clear for the carriage to pass. Somewhere between the Horse Guards and Palace Yard, a bullet is said to have been fired from an air-gun, which perforated the glass of the carriage, but, MOST HAPPILY FOR THE NATION, failed to accomplish the *diabolical* purpose which it was evidently intended to effect. In Palace-Yard a stone was thrown, which shattered one of the side windows.

On his Majesty's return to St. James's, the same gang of ruffians followed his coach, and, just as it turned under the gateway of the Palace, a stone was thrown, and also an oyster-shell, which went through the glasses of the coach.

After the King had left the Palace, and was returning to Buckingham House to dinner, in his private coach, attended only by two footmen, the mob again rushed upon the carriage, and one miscreant in a green coat endeavoured to open the door. A soldier who happened to be in the crowd at the time immediately ran after the Horse Guards and brought them back; but before their arrival the coachman, by whipping his horses, had got clear of the mob, though the wheels of the carriage had been seized by upwards of 30 villains, and drove in a gallop to Buckingham House.

A melancholy accident happened to one of the leaders of the eight horses; an old man, named *Sam. Dorrington*, many years in the Mews, was thrown down by the mob, and the fore and the hind wheels of the coach going over one of his thighs, it was broken in a terrible manner.

On the return of the State Coach from the Palace to the Mews, it was attacked and all the glasses were broken; just as it was turning into the Mews-gate, a stout fellow, with a bludgeon, completed the demolition of the only glass of which a single particle remained, and was proceeding to destroy the carved work, &c. when one of the King's footmen, with more spirit than prudence, interposed, and had nearly been massacred by the cowardly ruffians who followed him into the Mews, whence they were only expelled by the arrival of a party of the Guards.

Oct. 30. In the evening their Majesties with the three Princesses went to Covent Garden Theatre; the performances were the *Rivals*, and *Hartford Bridge*. In consequence of the brutal and disloyal violence offered to the sacred person of his Majesty on Thursday, a strong guard attended the Royal Family to and from the Theatre; the audience evinced the most zealous regard for the Royal party. On their entering the house a few wretches hissed in the galleries, but the applause of nearly the whole house put them to shame. God save the King, Rule Britannia, &c. were sung repeatedly.

An odd accident happened as his Majesty went to the Theatre: one of the Horse soldiers pistols, in the holster, went off, and shot the next horse in the shoulder. This gave rise to a report, that his Majesty had been fired at.

The Prince of Wales signed warrants for the payment of every thing contracted in the last quarter, and the several tradesmen immediately received notice from the office at Carlton-house to call for the money.

HURRICANE.

Nov. 6. The memory of man does not recollect so violent a hurricane as that which happened this morning. Its continuance was happily short. It began about half past one, and had totally subsided before four o'clock. The squall came from the north-west, and was not accompanied by rain or hail. Its ravages were dreadful beyond description; trees were torn up by the roots, stacks of chimnies blown down in every corner of the metropolis, houses totally uncovered, and numbers of buildings entirely demolished.

The following are a few of the particulars:

A house in Mead's row, Lambeth, was blown down, and a Lady, who slept in

two of the servants were very much hurt. A child, in the same row, was also killed, by the falling of a stack of chimnies.

A house in another part of Lambeth was unroofed, by which an old woman lost her life. In St. George's Fields, a young woman was killed, and another dreadfully maimed, by the falling of a house. A house in New Road, Fitzroy-square, and another in Conduit-street, were completely destroyed. A brew-house belonging to Mr. Hinkisson, in the New Cut, leading to Westminster Bridge, another in St. John's Square, and the Orchestra in the Apollo Gardens, were entire heaps of ruins.

The house of Sir John Sinclair, at Whitehall, was very much injured; the upper part fell into the street. The dwelling of a poor man at Sommers town, by trade a bow and arrow maker, was swept away, and all his little property destroyed.

The brick wall at the south end of the Opera-house was nearly blown down, and falling in the adjoining court, did considerable damage to the houses. At Limehouse Bridge, a heap of deal boards were thrown down, and some carried by the force of the wind to the distance of a hundred yards.

Eighteen large trees in St. James's and Hyde Parks were blown down, and great numbers torn up by the roots in other places.

At Twickenham, fourteen trees which stood before the house of Lord Dysart were blown away to a considerable distance; and a watch-box, at the same place, with a person in it, was carried a great way, but the man happily received no material injury.

In Greenwich Park several trees also fell a sacrifice. In the River several tiers of ships started from their moorings, and received much injury.

An immense torrent of rain preceded the storm.

Several of our colliers and other vessels were driven from their anchors in the Downs, on the coast of France, where two or three of them went on shore; two or three others were so fortunate as to reach Calais harbour, by which their crews escaped perishing.

A brick wall and handsome paling, with which the Bedford fields had been lately intersected, and the upper part of one of the new houses building on the same scite, were totally demolished. The paling seems to have been blown about the fields in sheets.

The King and Queen, who were at Buckingham-house, arose from their beds, as did many hundreds of families; for the stream of wind was of that continuance, weight and pressure, that scarcely any fabric seemed to be capable of bearing its force.

Many of the largest and most beautiful trees in the walks of King's, St. John's and Queen's Colleges, Cambridge, were torn up by the roots. St. John's Bridge has also been considerably damaged.

At Brompton, Chatham, and Rochester, the effects of the storm were severely felt. The church of St. Margaret's at the latter place, was much injured. The vestry-room chimney was blown down, and much of the tiling blown off.

At Norwich, one of the largest trees in Chapel field was actually snapt in twain, during the tremendous storm, and five others very much damaged.—The demolition of chimnies, and the unroofing of houses, were very general throughout that city.

The mail coach, previous to its arrival at Ipswich, was several times actually blown out of the road, and the guard obliged to dismount to lead the horses.

A windmill on Bishop's-hill, belonging to Mr. Dowsing, was totally demolished, and many pieces of timber carried to a considerable distance.—Much damage done to other mills, houses, &c. in the county of Suffolk.

In Reading, many houses were unroofed, and in the neighbourhood many trees were torn up by the roots.

At St. Alban's and its vicinity great damage has been done. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, also Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, at the Bell inn, near the Market-place, were in a dreadful situation for some time; the chimnies giving way, the roof of the house and ceiling fell upon the beds wherein they slept: these unfortunate

persons were extricated from their dreadful situation with their lives, though they are much bruised. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis were buried in the rains for several hours, before they could be got out. The roads and by-lanes are strewn with timber trees which have been blown up by the roots. Great damage has been done to the buildings and walls of the Dowager Lady Spencer, by the fall of the trees that have been blown up; a great number of trees were also torn up by the roots in and about Lord Grinston's park.

At Spithead, two transports bound to the West Indies were drove on shore, and both sunk at Monckton fort.

Considerable damage was done in the neighbourhood of Wooburn, Bedfordshire. A scite of new buildings, erected by the Duke of Bedford, in his Park, near the entrance from Wooburn, consisting of every building necessary for farming, two mills, and workshops for every branch of building, all contiguous to each other, were nearly razed to the ground. Upwards of 100 large trees in the Park were blown down, and more than 300 fir-trees, in Apsly Wood and Long Slade, were levelled, besides other considerable damage in the neighbourhood in general.

The Rev. Dr. Waller, Archdeacon of Essex, lost his life at his house at Broomfield, in that county, by a stack of chimnies falling through the cieling of his bed-chamber, and covering the greater part of the bed in which he slept with the ruins. The bruises which the Doctor received brought on his death, which happened on the Tuesday following. Mrs. Waller had providentially just before the horrid crash jumped out of bed and left the room, to alarm the family.

The coachman of T. Sumner, Esq. of South-church, in riding into the pond to wash his horses legs, was blown off, and unfortunately drowned.

The houses of the Rev. Mr. Gretton, of Springfield, and Mr. Speakman of Writtle, are nearly down.

At Woodford considerable damage was done among the chimneys. Mr. Eggars, at that place, had 150 feet of wall laid level. Mr. Totten's wall, a part of which had stood for a century, is entirely down. Mr. Samuel Bailey's wall, of considerable length, totally demolished; five trees in the avenue of Mr. Jervoise Clarke torn up by the roots, and damaged the wall where they fell, and few houses in the village but suffered more or less. Mr. Harman's seat at Higham Hill house had a great number of plate glass windows broke.

The brig John and Elizabeth, of Sunderland, John Henderson, master, laden with coal, was forced from her anchorage off Newhaven harbour, and driven on shore opposite the town of Seaford. The vessel was dashed to pieces, but the crew was saved.

Considerable damage was done at the Seat of Paul Benfield, Esq. at Wood-Hall Park, in Hertfordshire. Between two and three hundred trees were blown down in the Park; the roofs of the green and hot-houses were blown off, and considerable damage done to the dwelling-house; upwards of 200 squares of glass were broken.

The greatest devastation that the tempest made amongst timber, is in Lord Essex's park of Cashiberry, in Herts, where no less than 250 of the finest venerable Oaks have been either torn up, or shivered to pieces!

Upwards of 100 vessels have been lost by the late storms, and ten times that number damaged.

Oct. 11. Erick Hanson Falck, for forgery, and John Lewis, for a riot at Charing-cross, were executed before the debtors' door of Newgate. When Lewis was just upon the brink of being turned off, he saw his father amongst an immense concourse of people who had assembled upon the occasion, and with an undaunted voice called to him to withdraw from his sight.

A man being apprehended on a charge of forgery, in Hanway-yard, the officers went with him to his lodgings in the neighbourhood, when he opened a closet, and while his back was towards them, took a razor out of the closet, with which he cut his throat, and died almost instantaneously.

The following ships, under the command of Vice Admiral Cornwallis, with the outward-bound Mediterranean convoy, sailed from St. Helen's with a strong gale at E. N. E.

Royal Sovereign,	- - -	100	{ Vice-Admiral Cornwallis, Captain Whitby.
Barfleur,	- - -	98	
Impregnable,	- - -	98	{ Rear-Admiral Waldegrave. Captain Dacres.
London,	- - -	98	
Cæsar,	- - -	80	— Thomas.
Pompey	- - -	74	— Griffiths.
Powerful,	- - -	74	— Nugent.
			— Vashon.
			— Drury.

There are 21,000 men on board the transports belonging to this squadron.

12. Dick England, a well-known character, who has been some months in this country since his escape from France, was taken into custody at an hotel in Leicester-fields, by virtue of a warrant from Lord Kenyon, in which he stands charged with having been guilty of the wilful murder of Mr. William Peter Legh Rowlls, of Kingston, Surrey, in the year 1784. He also stands outlawed for the said felony and murder.

Mr. Thomas Weale, sheep-salesman in Smithfield-market, was stopped as he was returning from market on Hounslow Heath, by two highwaymen genteelly dressed, and robbed of property to the amount of 2000l.

15. In consequence of a public meeting in the fields behind Copenhagen House having been called by the London Corresponding Society, an immense concourse of persons assembled there about twelve o'clock. Five tribunes being raised in different parts of the fields, a Mr. Ashley, the secretary, informed the multitude, that at each a member of the society would offer to their consideration three petitions, viz. to the King, to the House of Lords, and to the House of Commons; which he intreated them to hear and to receive with a decorum that should refute the misrepresentations of their enemies. At two o'clock the tribunes were filled, and a vast number of persons were surrounding them. When they had collected the sentiments of the company on the propriety of the measure, which was accomplished by the holding up of a handkerchief, which was to be considered as an affirmative, and a hat as a negative, the resolutions were all approved, and the assembly dispersed.

17. A lady of some consequence, grieved, as she said, with a cruel husband, threw herself from the frame of the center arch of Putney Bridge into the Thames, on Saturday night. She was taken out alive, and afterwards conveyed home, in her own coach, perfectly recovered. This is the second attempt she has made on her life from the same cause.

J. Aitkin, a bookseller, for publishing an obscene libel, called Harris's List of the Covent Garden Ladies, is sentenced by the Court of King's Bench to pay a fine to the King of 200l. and to give security for his good behaviour for three years, himself in 500l. and his bail in 100l. each.

Edward Collins, the master of an eating-house at Rotherhithe, who stands charged with throwing a stone at the King's carriage on the 29th ult. as it was returning to St. James's Palace with his Majesty in it, is fully committed to take his trial for high treason.

Kidd Wake, a journeyman printer, charged with hissing, hooting, and crying, "No war!" and otherwise insulting his Majesty in going to and from the Parliament House, is likewise to take his trial for a high misdemeanor.

The Lord Chancellor has directed half the income of Richard Brothers, the lunatic, to be appropriated towards the maintenance of his wife and child, both of whom he deserted some years since, leaving them in great distress, and to parish charity for relief.

The magistrates in Queen-square had before them one Francis Ward, a peruke-maker, for putting up a board before his house, with the words on it, "Citizen Ward, Shaver to the Swinish Multitude." On a second examination, Ward told the magistrates that he had taken counsel's opinion; Mr. Serjeant

Kirby urged him to declare what that opinion was; Ward reluctantly said, the counsel's opinion was, that he (Ward) was "a blockhead for putting the board up, and the M——s of Queen-square were blockheads for interfering to pull it down."

An extraordinary malady is found among our soldiers in Canada; they lose their eyesight at sun-set, and recover it in the morning. This periodical blindness continues with some of them for many months. The late Dr. Guthrie describes a similar malady in Russia. It is called by the peasants there the *Hen Blindness*, probably because it attacks the patient when the fowls go to roost.

Mr. Brown, one of the superintendants of the gardens of the Lady Heathcote, at North-End, near Hammersmith, amusing himself with flying an electrical kite near a thunder cloud, by some unfortunate mismanagement of the apparatus, had neglected the proper precautions requisite for conveying electrical fluid to the earth, when on a sudden the cloud burst with a most tremendous shock, and Mr. Brown, with the horse he rode on, were struck with instant death. Mr. Brown has left a wife and five children to lament his untimely loss. The jury have already sat on the body of Mr. Brown, and brought in a verdict of *Accidental Death*.

The Prince of Orange has applied to his Majesty's ministers for protection from the consequence of the militia laws; his Serene Highness and his suite having all been ballotted for to serve in the Middlesex Militia, in common with all other men in the county, agreeably to the statute.

The Agricultural Societies have the following improvements under consideration:

A grand plan of effectual drainage, to prevent swampy lands, and the rot of sheep.

A plan to maintain the roads with half the materials, without a rut, in any public or cross roads throughout the kingdom.

A plan of carriage improvements, to execute the same work with one half the horses.

A plan to reform all the rivers, rivulets, and rills in the kingdom, to prevent the possibility of an inundation.

Mendoza vanquished by a washer-woman.—We have had frequent occasions to chronicle the honourable exploits of this gentleman of the fist, in which he always (except at the battle of Odiham) came off victorious; but fortune, fickle goddess, has laid his honours low, and given the palm of victory to a washer-woman.—Our heroine had a demand on this gentleman of 1s. 6d. for washing and mending, which her wants compelled her to solicit too importunately either for his pocket or his feelings; and he took the liberty which great folks will sometimes take with their inferiors, of kicking the woman of *suds* down stairs; this insult brought on a challenge, and the affair was decided in Guildhall, before as learned and brilliant an assemblage of warriors in words as ever met on any similar occasion.—The set-to was, as usual, scientifically correct, and the parryings and shiftings displayed great skill and ingenuity; notwithstanding the Jew was obliged to *give it in*, after a most severe dressing, which the judges have pronounced will *confine him* to his room for the space of *three months*.

AN IMPORTANT DECISION.—In the course of the late Stafford Assizes a cause was tried, in which the *general* right of a master to give corporeal punishment to his servant was so fully explained by the Lord Chief Justice, that, by the desire of a particular correspondent, we lay the report before our readers.—The plaintiff was father of an infant about thirteen years old, whom he had engaged in the service of the defendant, on condition that the defendant should find him in clothes and victuals; but not as an apprentice. The boy was proved to be obstinate, and in the habit of running away from his master's service whenever he was rebuked or punished for his misbehaviour. It was also proved that, upon the occasion in consequence of which the action was brought, the master sent other of his servants to bring the boy home by force; and the defendant admitted that he then punished him with a stick somewhat severely. On the *degree of*

severity the evidence on one side (as is often the case in this sort of action) was in direct contradiction to that on the other. The learned Judge, in summing up, said, that "the degree of severity was the *point at issue*, for, concerning the *general right of correction*, there was not a doubt." Then, addressing himself in a very solemn and earnest manner to the Jury, he desired them to bear in mind, that, in determining on this matter they would decide, not merely between the plaintiff and defendant, but between every master and servant in the land. That it was clearly the right of a parent to punish his child. That on this point they had higher information than his; "*He that spareth the rod* (says Solomon) *hateth his Child.*" That every master of a family is, in some sort, the father of it; and therefore, how much soever he is bound to be compassionate and humane to those who serve him, yet (said his Lordship) I must add, and require your attention to it, that if he have a servant who is habitually obstinate and *will not* be persuaded (as appears to have been the case of this boy), he not only has a right to correct him, but it is his bounden duty to do so, and severely too." *The verdict was for the Defendant.*

MUNIFICENCE.—A new bridge is building over the Sunderland river, with dependent roads and other fine improvements. For these public works one gentleman alone has subscribed 20,000*l.* sterling!—It is Mr. BURDON!

Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, in the latter days of his life, sat generally in the Orchestra, finding his *ear trumpet* rather useless in the more distant parts of the house. A visitor from the Provinces, enquiring the uses of the various instruments used in the band, asked with much *naïveté*, "and what is that instrument which the elderly looking gentleman plays from his ear?"

MILITARY EXECUTION.—Serjeant Bull, one of the mutineers of the 113th regiment, was hanged at Spike Island, near Cork, on Thursday se'nnight; one of the party, sentenced to receive five hundred lashes, was pardoned, on condition of executing the unfortunate Serjeant.—At the moment he had the fatal cord tied round his neck, a tremendous clap of thunder and lightning took place, and at the same time so violent a gust of wind, that blew the ladder from under him, and twirled him into eternity.

NAVAL EXECUTION.—A mutiny broke out on board the Terrible, Capt. Campbell, one of the ships in Admiral Hotham's fleet, on the 22d of September: the mutineers were tried by a Court-Martial, and five of the principal ringleaders were sentenced to be hung; which sentence was put into execution on board the Terrible the 3d ult.

GENUINE LIBERALITY.—Mr. Whitbread, sen. lately ordered his steward to sell wheat to the poor at Hartford Market, at 6*s.* per bushel, and has promised to sell all his wheat at the same price, and barley at 3*s.* per bushel.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY.—Mr. Seaton's prize was this year adjudged to the Rev. Arthur William Trollope, M. A. of Pembroke college for his poem on the *Fall of Babylon*.

The prize annually given to one of the junior Bachelors of Trinity college, Cambridge, for the best Dissertation on the character of William the Third and the Revolution, was last week adjudged to Mr. H. S. J. Bullen.

GOOD FORTUNE.—A few days ago, on the examination of some old title deeds, which were put into the hands of Mr. Pember, attorney, of Bristol, for his perusal, it was discovered, that a poor shepherd of the name of Matthews, near Marlborough, is entitled to an estate in that neighbourhood of upwards of 200*l.* a year.

SPORTING.—The celebrated English gelding *True Blue*, bred by the Right Honourable Thomas Harley, was carried out to Bengal in the spring of 1794, and is said to be the first English racer that ever appeared in India. He has frequently run against the most established Arabian horses, but has never yet been beaten.

Mr. Newman's fox hounds, in Essex, were a few days since so generally bitten by a mad dog, that the whole of this fine pack have been obliged to be destroyed.

Mr. Lloyd, of Peterborough, shot an Eagle last week, whose wings, expanded, measured seven feet.

General Paoli has left Corsica, and is coming to England to spend the remainder of his days.

Near 40,000 persons in the City of London alone have lately received relief from the subscriptions entered into by the citizens.

The present fashionable dress of the ladies is surely the most simple imaginable. It is nothing more than the petticoat pinned to the tucker, with the arms put through the pocket holes.

Female Recruit.—A party of recruits being brought from Oswestry, a surgeon and apothecary in Shrewsbury was applied to by the serjeant to examine them, agreeable to custom; on one of the recruits, apparently a very smart lad, fashionably cropt, and pretty decently dressed, being stripped, all but the shirt and small clothes, the lower part of the neck appearing too prominent through the lincin, the medical gentleman closely interrogated *Miss* respecting her motives for imposing upon the party. She replied, "That having been turned out of doors by her father, she had no other way to get a livelihood." The gentleman then leaving the room for the girl to put on her clothes, on his return in a few minutes found the *bird flown*. She had jumped out through a back window, made off, and has not been heard of since. It seems a drummer had slept with her one or two nights without discovering her sex.

Remarkable Leap.—A horse belonging to a farmer in Deeping Fen, hunting lately with Dr. Willis's hounds, made a spring of seven yards in length, over a three bar gate.

M. Sartery, an Austrian engineer, has lately discovered a mode of depriving wood of its inflammability; an experiment of which has been made at Vienna, in presence of the commissaries of government, and the Archduke Joseph. A wooden house; the roof of which was framed of timbers prepared by M. Sartery, was set on fire. The house was consumed, but the timbers remained uninjured.

Composition of a Water which will destroy Caterpillars, Ants, and other Insects; invented by C. TATIN, Seedsman and Florist, at Paris.*

FROM THE "ANNALES DE CHIMIE."

Take of black soap of the best quality,	1lb. and three quarters.
flowers of sulphur,	- ditto.
mushrooms of any kind,	2lb.
river or rain-water,	- 12 gallons.

Divide the water into two equal parts; pour one part, that is to say, seven gallons and a half, into a barrel of any convenient size, which should be used only for this purpose; let the black soap be stirred in it till it is dissolved, and then add to it the mushrooms after they have been slightly bruised.

Let the remainder half of the water be made to boil in a kettle; put the whole quantity of sulphur into a coarse open cloth, tie it up with a packthread in form of a parcel, and fasten it to a stone or other weight, of some pounds, in order to make it sink to the bottom. If the kettle is too small for the seven gallons and a half of water to be boiled in it at once, the sulphur must also be divided. During twenty minutes (being the time the boiling should continue) stir it well with a stick, and let the packet of sulphur be squeezed, so as to make it yield to the water all its power and colour. The effect of the water is not rendered more powerful by increasing the quantity of ingredients.

The water, when taken off the fire, is to be poured into the barrel, where it is to be stirred for a short time with a stick; this stirring must be repeated every day until the mixture becomes foetid in the highest degree. Experience shews, that the older and the more foetid the composition is, the more quick is

* The Bureau de Consultation of Paris gave a reward to the author of this composition for his discovery, which they desired might be made as public as possible,

its action. It is necessary to take care to stop the barrel well every time the mixture is stirred.

When we wish to make use of this water, we need only sprinkle or pour it upon the plants, or plunge their branches into it; but the best manner of using it is to inject it upon them with a common syringe, to which is adapted a pipe of the usual construction, except that its extremity should terminate in a head of an inch and a half diameter, pierced in the flat part with small holes like pin-holes for tender plants; but for trees a head pierced with larger holes may be made use of.

Caterpillars, beetles, bed-bugs, *aphides*, and many other insects, are killed by a single injection of this water. Insects which live under ground, those which have a hard shell, hornets, wasps, ants, &c. require to be gently and continually injected, till the water has penetrated to the bottom of their abode. Ant-hills, particularly, require two, four, six, or eight quarts of water, according to the size and extent of the ant-hill, which should not be disturbed till 24 hours after the operation. If the ants which happen to be absent should assemble and form another hill, it must be treated in the way before-mentioned. In this manner we shall at last destroy them, but they must not be too much disturbed with a stick; on the contrary, the injection should be continued till, by their not appearing upon the surface of the earth, they are supposed to be all destroyed.

We may advantageously add to the mixture two ounces of *nux vomica*, which should be boiled with the sulphur; the water, by this means, will acquire more power, particularly if used for destroying ants.

When all the water has been made use of, the sediment should be thrown into a hole dug in the ground, lest the poultry or other domestic animals should eat it.

The following receipt for making a very good Soup, belonged to a family which always supplied the neighbouring poor with it during the winter.—Take one pound of lean beef cut into small pieces; half a pint of split peas; two ounces of rice, or of Scotch barley; four middling-sized potatoes sliced; two large onions cut in quarters; pepper and salt according to the taste; the pepper corns should be tied in a bag. Put these into one gallon and one pint of water, and it must be baked for three hours and a half. When baked, it does not waste more than one pint; but rather more in boiling.

A cheap and comfortable meal for six persons.—Take a gallon of water, half a pint of split pease, a pound of lean beef cut in pieces, six potatoes, two onions, two ounces of rice, with some pepper and salt. Put the whole into a pot and bake it well in an oven.

PROMOTIONS.

THE Rev. Philip Douglas, D. D. master of Bene't College, has been chosen Vice Chancellor of the University of Cambridge for the year ensuing. The Rev. Henry Gould, Rector of Burligh, to the Prebend of Coombe, the fourth in the Cathedral Church of Wells, void by the death of the Rev. Mr. Pearce. The Rev. William Bond, clerk, M. A. to the rectory of Backton in Suffolk. The Rev. R. Carey, M. A. Domestic Chaplain to the Earl of Exeter, to the rectory of Barrowden in Rutlandshire. The Rev. Geo. Owen, M. A. and rector of Elmtoun Emmith in the Isle of Ely, collated to a Prebend in the Cathedral Church of Ely. Thomas Poole, Esq. elected Mayor of Maidstone. The Rev. G. A. Drummond, M. A. to the Rectory of Tankersley, worth near 400l. per annum. The Rev. George Naylor, B. A. to the vicarage of Bramford, in Suffolk. The Rev. Edward Bayley, A. M. and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Earl Spencer, to hold (by dispensation) the rectory of Courteenhall, together with the rectory of Quinton, both in the county of Leicester. The Rev. F. Creswell, M. A. Fellow and Tutor of Clare-Hall, Cambridge, to be one of his Majesty's Preachers at Whitehall.

MARRIAGES.

Rev. Richard Nets, of Hanwell, Oxfordshire, to Miss Eliza Derby, 2d daughter of the Rev. John Derby, of Whitehall, Ringwood, Hants. John Berry, Esq. of New-York, to Miss Smear, eldest daughter of the Rev. Christopher Smear, of Frostenden, Suffolk. Captain Samuel Maitland, of the East-India Company's service, to Miss Isabella Anderson, of Blackheath. Mr. Ports, of Smithfield Bars, to Miss Stracey, daughter of John Stracey, Esq. of Tooting. Captain Hudson, of the East York militia, to Lady Ann Townshend, daughter of the most noble Marquis Townshend. At Bisham, Berks, Captain Knox, of the 1st Regiment of Foot Guards, to Miss Emma Williams, youngest daughter of Thomas Williams, Esq. of Temple-House, Member of Parliament for Great Marlow. Charles Pole, Esq. second son of Sir Charles Pole, of Wolverton, Bart. to Miss F. M. Buller, second daughter of Richard Buller, Esq. of Crosby-square. At Gretna-Green, Mr. Daniel Boyter, of the Close, Sarum, to Miss Fraser, an American young lady, possessing a fortune of 4000l. Robert Dalrymple, Esq. son of Admiral Dalrymple, to Miss Howard of Knightsbridge. William Hall, Esq. of Marpool-Hall, in the county of Devon, to Miss Nowlan, only daughter of the late James Nowlan, Esq. Sir Francis Henry Drake, Bart. to Miss Ann Francis Mateby, daughter of Thomas Mateby, of Great St. Mary-bone-street. Robert Burnett, Esq. of Vauxhall, eldest son of Sir Robert Burnett, of Morden Hall, Surrey, to Miss Ann Isherwood, of Aldersgate-street.

DEATHS.

At his pen, at Pleasant Prospect, Liguanea, near Kingston, Jamaica, the Hon. Charles Hall, Esq. At Frognall, the seat of Lord Sydney, the Hon. Mrs. Townshend, wife of the Hon. John Thomas Townshend, and sister to Lord de Clifford. The Rev. Richard Oswin, rector of Tyrid, St. Giles's, in the Isle of Ely, Cambridge-shire. At St. Helena, where he had gone for the recovery of his health, Thomas Chaloner, of Guisborough, Esq. a Lieutenant in the Navy, eldest surviving son of the late William Chaloner, Esq. Charles Philips, Esq. of Langford, in Essex: he lost his life by being washed overboard from a pleasure boat on the Essex coast. Dr. Wal-ler, Archdeacon of Essex.—(See account of his death in page 353).—Besides the Arch-deaconry, the Vicarage of Kensington has lapsed by the unfortunate death of this gentleman; the former is about 500l. and the latter 1000l. per annum. At Great Bard-field Lodge, Essex, Miss Sharpe. At Bath, the Right Rev. Sir John Hotham, Bart. Bishop of Clogher, in Ireland. At Stenhouse, Sir Michael Bruce, Bart. nearly 87 years of age. At Baythorn Park, Essex, the Rev. William Paxton, rector of Tap-low, Buckinghamshire, in the 74th year of his age. At Market-Harborough, the Rev. Charles Allen, M. A. rector of Sutton St. Ann's, in Nottinghamshire, and Vicar of Tugby, in Leicestershire. At Penryn, in Cornwall, Charles Wynch, Esq. of West Malling, Captain of the Worcestershire Militia, and fourth son of Alexander Wynch, Esq. late Governor of Bengal. The Rev. Henry Waring, Minister of St. Luke's, Old-street, and one of the Prebends of St. Paul's Cathedral. Captain Forbes, of his Majesty's ship Dryad. He threw himself overboard in a fit of insanity in the North Seas.

BANKRUPTS.

Michael Cutler (partner with Jonathan Bunting), of Bedford-street, Covent-Garden, Middlesex, woollen-draper. William Alatt Wright, of Leicestershire, woolcomber. John Rogers, of Chilland, Hants, horse-dealer. Edmund Thompson, of Eastoff, Lincolnshire, merchant. Benjamin Gifford, of Wiveliscombe, Somersetshire, clothier. David Sivewright, of Queen-street, Cheapside, merchant. Thomas Sirett, of Park Lane, victualler. John Fidler, of Littleton Pannel, in the parish of West Laving-ton, Wilts, mealman. James Harris, of Falmouth, in Cornwall, mercer. John Ridley, of Henrietta-street, Covent Garden, cordwainer. Robert Osborne, of Ban-bury, Oxfordshire, factor. Peter Willans, of Leicester, manufacturer of hats. Thomas Bush, of Kensington, Middlesex, builder. George Gregory, of Newbury, Ferk, chemist. George Robertson, Commander of the ship Marianne, mariner. John Parker, of Manchester, warehouseman. James Tucker, of Bristol, farrier. Chris-

topher Thornhill Camm, late of the Island of Antigua, but now of London, mth chant. Richard Cue, of Newent, in Gloucestershire, linen and woollen-draper. Francis Young, of Bristol, house-carpenter. John Woodhead and Andrew Lane, of Manchester, merchants. James Christopher, of Hampton Court, Middlesex, inn-keeper. Warren Jane, of Chiepstow, in Monmouthshire, soap-maker. David Simpson, of Thayer-street, Manchester-square, plaisterer. John Brook Knight, of Camomile-street, London, cordwainer. James Bower, of Bristol, ironmonger. John Taylor the elder and John Taylor the younger, of Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, boot and shoe-makers. Josiah Lane, of Mill Pond Bridge, Bermondsey, Surrey, carrier. Robert Phillips, of Liverpool, bookseller. Mary Maddock, of Leek, Staffordshire, bookseller. John Cowley and Francis Field, of Basinghall-street, London, Blackwell-Hall-factors. John Mortimer, of Midgley, Yorkshire, and Joshua Mortimer, of Soircoate, in the same county, butchers. James Benstead and James Green, of Bethnal-Green, horse-dealers. William Dalton of Kingston upon Hull, liquor merchant. William Peacock, of Barrow, Suffolk, yarn-maker. Constantine Egan, of Finch-lane, London, merchant. William Thompson, of Red Lion street, Clerkenwell, watchmaker. Noah Meadows, of St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, boot and shoemaker. Joseph Glover, John Hall, Samuel Haynes, and Walter Haynes, of Worcestershire, porter brewers. Thomas Wright, of Queen street, Cheapside, wine merchant. James Hopping of the Borough of Southwark, hatter. Thomas Francis, of the Red House, Battersea, Surrey, victualler. William Hind the younger, late ch^{ef} mate of the Earl of Wycomb East Indiaman, of Argyle-street, Oxford street, Middlesex, mariner. George Hann, of Tintenhall, in Somersetshire, innholder. James Benstead, of Morchall, Hertfordshire, horse-dealer. Alexander Richards, of Brewer-street, Golden-square, carpenter. George Bibby, of Pool, Montgomeryshire, grocer. Edward Halsey Bockett, of Bucklersbury, London, linen-draper. William Stevens the elder, of Bristol, glassmaker. Thomas Froggatt, of Cheapside, London, man's mercer. Andrew Gallant, of East Smithfield, victualler. John Kinson, of Sydenham, Kent, innholder. John Couche, of Exeter, merchant. William Jolley, of Fleet-street, haberdasher. William Robinson the younger, of Kirby Moor-side, Yorkshire, spirit merchant. Nathaniel Taylor, of Hythe, Hants, shop-keeper. John Foulis, of Great Surry-street, Blackfriars Road, cheesemonger. John Parker, of Chancery Lane, London, dealer in spirits. John Jackson, of Somers Town, Middlesex, builder. William Shevell, of St. John, Southwark, Surrey, cooper. John Scott, of Shoreditch, Middlesex, oilman. Lucius Phillips, of Paddington-Green, schoolmistress. William Page, of Bath, perfumer. Robert Tate, of Hemmings Row, St. Martin in the Fields, Middlesex, jeweller. William Lacey Moore, of Woodstreet, Spitalfields, baker. John Hall of West Bromwich, Staffordshire, buckle-chape-maker. James Lamb, of Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, corn-dealer. Charles Jenks, of Newport, in Salop, grocer. John Ram, of Colchester, Essex, coal-merchant. James Watts, of Aldgate High-street, London, tin plate-worker. Henry Vine, of Islington, builder. William Underwood, of Oxford-street, victualler. John Thornton, of Birmingham, victualler. Henry Franks, of Upton, St. Leonard's, Gloucestershire, dealer. William Lammus, of Bishopsgate-street, London, victualler. Ephraim Perham, of London-House-yard, St. Paul's Church yard, London, tailor. Francis Richards, of Birmingham, bleacher of wick-yarn. Samuel Bennet Simmons, of Bristol, money-scrivener. Samuel Potter, of Aylesbury, in Bucks, grocer. Thomas Mackrell, of Godalming, Surrey, draper. William Sly, of Trowbridge, Wiltshire, pawnbroker. James Nutt, of Leicester, wine and brandy merchant. John Frederick Peters, of Prospect place, St. George in the East, victualler. Edward Martin, of Mile End Old Town, apothecary. Donald Stewart, of Wapping, tailor. Joseph Perkins, of Cambridge, linen-draper. Michael Satterthwaite of Crake Cotton Mills, Olverstone, Lancashire, cotton-spinner. John Goodson, of Spalding, Lincolnshire, hatter. John Kay, of Tildesley, Lancashire, dealer. John Mascall the younger, of Ashford, Kent, brewer. Julius Samuel Rich, and John Heapy, of Aldermanbury, London, Blackwell-hall factors. William Mason, the sign of the city of Canterbury, Bishopsgate-street without, victualler. James Hine, of Exeter, money-scrivener.