

FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,

FOR DECEMBER 1795.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ELEGANT PORTRAIT OF
HIS GRACE THE LATE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

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L O N D O N :

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TO READERS, CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

THE Information respecting the New Structure in St. George's Fields for the CUMBERLAND SCHOOL, which we hoped to have given in our present Number, is still withheld from us by those to whom alone we can with propriety apply for it. It will not, it is presumed, have escaped notice, how zealously we have stood forward on all occasions to promote the Interests of that benevolent Institution. How far we are entitled to the common civilities of social intercourse, in return for our well-meant endeavours, is for the Fraternity to decide. It rests with us only to say, that having been at a very considerable Expence in Engraving Two VIEWS OF THE NEW BUILDING, we have repeatedly applied to what we considered as the only direct source, for a Professional Description of it to accompany the Plates; but hitherto in vain. We cannot see how such tenacity is calculated to benefit an Institution that can only derive effective support from its Publicity. We shall not point more strongly at the Quarter where we think the blame is imputable; nor shall any Personal Incivility operate to depress in the slightest degree our Exertions to increase the Funds of A MOST PRAISE-WORTHY CHARITY.

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E. W. is received.

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To the Grand Lodge of
 His Grace's
 Duke of Manchester
 G. M. of Masons.



England, this Portrait of
 G. Montagu
 formerly Most Worshipful
 is respectfully dedicated.

THE
FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

OR,
GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY.

FOR DECEMBER 1795,

THE MOST NOBLE
GEORGE MONTAGU,

LATE DUKE AND EARL OF MANCHESTER,

VISCOUNT MANDEVILLE, BARON MONTAGU, of KIMBOLTON, KNIGHT of the GARTER,
LORD LIEUTENANT, CUSTOS ROTULORUM, and COLONEL of the MILITIA of HUN-
TINGDONSHIRE, HIGH STEWARD of GODMANCHESTER, COLLECTOR of the CUSTOMS
OUTWARDS in the PORT of LONDON, PRESIDENT of the LOCK HOSPITAL, and LL.D.

AND

GRAND MASTER of MASONS from 1777 to 1782.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

THIS highly venerated nobleman was the eldest son of Robert third Duke of Manchester, by Harriet his wife, daughter and co-heir of Edmund Dunch, Esq. and was born April 6, 1737. On the 23d October 1762, he married Elizabeth eldest daughter of Sir James Dashwood, of Kirtlington in Oxfordshire, by whom he had issue four sons and two daughters.

His Grace was the fourth Duke and eighth Earl of Manchester; he was elected one of the knights for the county of Huntingdon, in 1761, succeeded his father as Duke May 10, 1762, and was ambassador at the court of France during the negotiation of the late peace.

In political life, the Duke of Manchester was one of those characters whose conduct should operate as an example to all men who interfere in public concerns. He was firm, but temperate; and though his opinions were rather favourable to the side of opposition, he never was a party zealot, or made an indiscriminate hostility to ministers the motive of his parliamentary exertions. This manly and reasonable

deportment, while it secured him the esteem of the people, did not deprive him of his Sovereign's respect; and he was considered as a man who was guided by virtuous principles, and a disinterested wish to promote the honour and happiness of his country.

His Grace was chosen to succeed Lord Petre as Grand Master of Masons on the 18th April 1777, and installed on the 1st of May following. This high office he continued to hold with distinguished honour to himself, and universal satisfaction to the Fraternity, till May 1, 1782, when he resigned the Chair to His late Royal Highness Henry Frederic Duke of Cumberland.

The Duke of Manchester died September 2, 1788.

During the administration of his friend the Duke of Portland, it had been requested that he might have a new patent, containing a grant of his place of collector of the customs outwards during the joint lives of himself and his two sons. This was not objected to; but the Minister thought it would not be improper to settle a part of the revenue upon the Duchess during her life. While this was under consideration, the face of affairs changed, and all that administration lost their power. The business then lay neglected, till the unexpected death of the Duke; after which Mr. Pitt, in a very handsome manner, gave a fresh grant to the family, and settled the income of the place exactly in the manner the Duke of Portland had intended.

COVETOUSNESS;

A VISION.

I THOUGHT myself, in an obscure wood, not knowing which way to bend my steps. The moon, obstructed by the leaves of the trees, shot a pale glimmering light, which made the darkness of the night still more terrific.—I was as weak as a child forsaken in a desert. Every thing affrighted me; every shadow appeared a phantom; the least noise made my hair stand on end, and I stumbled at every root of a tree.

Aerial spirits, that I could neither see nor feel, were my unsolicited guides. They related a thousand ridiculous stories to me, to which they would have had me give credit; they led me into brambles and thorns; then, insulting my ignorance, laughed at their tricks and my credulity. Not satisfied with this, they caused deceitful sparks of light to pass before my eyes, to stun or drive me to madness. I was always endeavouring to approach a clear but weak ray, which I could see at the end of an immense walk. I quickened my pace; but at the end of this long avenue, which I thought the termination of the forest, found a little void space, barricaded with impenetrable woods still darker. What tears did I not shed this long night! Yet courage and hope reanimated me, and

time and patience at length brought the dawn to my relief. I got out of the dismal forest, where every thing terrified me, only to enter another place where every thing astonished me.

I perceived vast plains enriched with all the gifts of fruitful nature; no prospect so charming had I ever beheld. I was tired, I was hungry; the trees were loaded with the finest fruits, and the vines rising under their branches encircled them with grapes, which hung in festoons. I sprang forward, overjoyed to allay my thirst, returning thanks from the bottom of my soul to God, the author of these blessings, when a man, very oddly drest, opposed my passage with an iron arm. "Simpleton," said he, "I plainly see thou art still a child, and art a stranger to the customs of the world; read on that stone portico; its laws are engraved there; thou must submit to them or die."

I read with inexpressible astonishment, that all this vast fine country was either hired or sold; that I was neither allowed to eat, drink, walk, nor even repose my head, without the express leave of the master: that he was the exclusive possessor of all those fruits my empty stomach so much longed for: and that I had not a single spot of shelter on the whole globe, nor the property of an apple; every thing was usurped before my arrival.

I was likely to die of hunger, for want of certain little balls of quicksilver, very apt to be lost on account of their subtilty, which this hard-hearted man demanded in exchange for the nourishing fruits the earth produced. I said to myself, "He has no better right than I have to this ground; he is certainly a tyrant: but as I am the weaker I must submit."

I learned, that in order to get some of those gliding balls, a man was obliged to put a large iron chain round his body, at the end of which there was still to depend a leaden bullet, a hundred times heavier than all the little balls one could ever receive, and, indeed, I observed the man who had stopped me was according to order. He saw my distress, and told me in a tone charitably haughty, "If thou wantest to eat, come hither; I am good natured; draw near; put a ring of this great chain round thy neck, until thou art a little used to it."—As I was dying with hunger, I did not hesitate to comply.

As he offered me something to eat, he accompanied his gift with a severe fillip on the nose.

I murmured a good deal, and ate a good deal. I was still muttering between my teeth, when I was surprised to see another man, more heavily laden than the first, give him a box on the ear, which he received with great humility, kissing the hand that struck him; however he received at the same time a great many of those little balls of quicksilver which he seemed to idolize.

Then forgetting my resentment, I could not avoid saying to him to whom I was fastened, "How can you bear such an affront? Why had that man the insolence to insult you?" He looked at me, and said with a sneer, "My friend, thou art still a novice; but thou

must know it is the custom of the country: every man who gives, always indulges instantly his pride, or his inhumanity, at the expense of him that receives; but it is only, as they say, a thing lent returned. Although I am enraged at the blow, I do not seem to take notice of it, because he who gave it me has received many in his time, and I expect one day to bestow them at pleasure: but as yet I have been rather unfortunate, having only given here and there some fillips on the nose.---What! you seem surprised at this!---Poor lad! your time for astonishment is not yet come. You will see things that will surprise you much more. Come, and follow me."

I followed him.---"Do you see," said he "those steep mountains at a distance? One of their tops almost reaches the clouds. Observe, there resides the perpetual object of all men's desires. From between the rocks there springs a copious fountain of this subtle silver, of which, alas! I have but a small quantity.---Come along with me; let us surmount all difficulties; let us engage.---Do you support half the chain I am going to take up---the heavier it is, the sooner we shall make our fortune. If ever I succeed according to my wishes at this happy fountain, I swear I will give you a share."

Curiosity, still more than the fatal necessity I was under, drew me after him. Oh, Heavens, what a difficult road! what a tumult! what affronts and distresses did I experience!--I concealed my blushes under the weight of my chains.---My leader affected a smiling countenance; but sometimes I surprised him biting his lips till the blood issued, and quite disappointed, muttering in a low tone, whilst he called on me *aloud*, crying, "*Cbear up, my lad, all is well!*"---Eagerness gave him supernatural strength, and, as my chain was fastened to his, he dragged me along.---We arrived at the foot of the mountains: but there the crowd was infinitely greater. The vallies were full of a multitude of men, all rattling their chains, who snatched from each other with all the civility imaginable some drops of the quicksilver which flowed from the fountain.

I thought it almost impossible to get through this impenetrable crowd, when my conductor, with the most daring effrontery, began to break the rules of decency. He knocked down all on the right and left with the greatest violence---he inhumanly trod under foot those he overset. I felt for this behaviour, and shuddered as I walked---I trod upon the trembling bodies of those unhappy people, whilst I wished to go back, but could not; I was dragged forward in spite of me---we were covered with blood---the horror of their plaintive cries rent my heart. In this manner we having gained a little hill, my companion looked on me with a complacent air. "We go on well," said he; "the first difficulty is got over, the rest must not deter us. Did you observe how we made them roll one over another? Here it is not so. We are near the fountain; but must not proceed so fast any longer. We must know how to elbow at a proper time with artifice and dexterity; but always without giving

quarter; we nevertheless bring down our man: but scandal must be avoided with the greatest care. Such is the art of a courtier."

My heart was too full to utter a single word in reply. I was stupified to consider I was still fastened to him. I dreaded every minute he would take it into his head to prove upon *me* that he was right in acting thus; for he had a great many examples that seemed favourable to him. What a spectacle! What a tumult! What scenes, all variously frightful! All manner of passions came to bargain with all manner of crimes. Those who had virtues came to dispose of them, and without this traffic they were looked on as ridiculous. A black phantom had put on the mask of Justice, and filled her scales with mercenary weights. There were men, also, who were still covered with the mud from whence they sprang, who were honoured, and who insulted public misery.

Others rubbed their bodies with those balls of quicksilver, and strutted with lofty heads, pride in their looks, and debauchery in their hearts. They fancied themselves superior to others, and despised those who were not whitened like themselves. If they did not always give a box on the ear to those they met, yet their gestures were offensive, and even their smiles insulting: but this quicksilver often wore off; in which case those haughty, hardhearted men became mean, submissive, and groveling. Then the contempt of which they were so lavish was retaliated on them with usury. They were inwardly devoured by rage, and they stopped at no criminality to regain their former situation. Indeed, it appeared, that this fatal quicksilver had got into their heads, so that they were deprived of reason. I saw one who was descending from the summit of the hill, oppressed with his weight, and motionless, and, as if in ecstasy, he admired his silver body, and would neither eat nor drink. I wished to assist him. He thought I intended to rob him. He opposed me with all his might to guard his quicksilver, at the same time that he held out his hands in a supplicating manner, with a piteous look, begging I would help him to another small ball, and he would die contented.

A little higher, forty insatiable men, with eager looks, carried off a prodigious quantity of this metal in hogsheds.

It was not drawn from the fountain head; it had been wrenched from the feeble grasp of women, children, old men, husbandmen, and the poor; it was tintured with their blood, and sprinkled with their tears. Those extortioners had an army in their pay, who plundered by retail, and pillaged the indigent habitations. I observed those who possessed large quantities of this matter were never satiated; the more they had of it, the more hardened and the more untractable they appeared.

Yet my conductor only found in all these things still stronger motives for emulation. "Come, come," said he, "I believe thou art dreaming, with thy fixt and observant eye; let us go on. Dost thou observe what an enchanting sight through those rocks? Dost thou see that dazzling spring, with what strength it flows? How it falls in

cascades? Let us run! I am afraid it will dry up. What crowds vie with each other! but at the same time let us take care of ourselves, we are not at it yet; the last steps are the most dangerous---how many, for want of prudence, have fallen from the summit into the abyss!--- In throwing others down, let us guard against a fall so terrible. We must skilfully improve by the misfortunes of others. Come on; I have discovered a road that will lead us in more safety to the wished-for spot."

So speaking, he led me through a by-path, where few people would dare to follow; it was a sort of narrow, crooked gallery, cut out of the rock, and vaulted. We went forward some time; but our passage was obstructed by three figures of the finest white marble. Nothing but their astonishing whiteness could efface the idea of their being alive, so strongly were truth and gracefulness expressed in them. These figures, whose arms were interwoven and united, seemed to stop the passage to imprudent mortals. They represented Religion, Humanity, and Probity. Beneath was written, "*These things are the master-piece of human understanding; the originals are in Heaven. O mortals! reverence those images; let them be sacred to you; for they are made to stop you in the perfidious road which leads to the abyss. Woe be to him who will not be affected, and cursed for ever be the sacrilegious hand who dares to spoil them!*"

At this sight I was filled with a respectful emotion, blended with love. I looked at my conductor; he seemed for a moment much disturbed and irresolute: but having heard some shouts on a fresh irruption of the fountain, his countenance was flushed with a gloomy redness---he seized a stone, which he loosened from the rock---I endeavoured in vain to stop him---he broke this sacred monument with furious impiety, and passed over its ruins. I now redoubled my efforts, in opposition to his, and at length broke the odious chain that linked me to this monster. "Go," said I, full of indignation, "go, unbridled man---fly---satisfy thy inordinate passion; the thunder of Divine Justice is ready. He no longer heard me. I followed him with my eyes. The wretch, blinded by his crime, endeavouring too eagerly to draw from this fatal fountain, was hurried into it.---Being carried away by the torrent which he had made his god, he was dashed to atoms on the points of the rocks, and his blood for some moments stained its former splendor.

Struck with fear, I, trembling, contemplated those adorable ruins scattered on the ground, not daring to move, lest I should tread upon them. Afflicting tears trickled down my cheeks. I looked to Heaven with uplifted hands, my heart oppressed with sorrow, when a Divine Power suddenly collected the relics, as beautiful, as majestic as before. I prostrated myself before those sacred images. Glorious! eternal! they never can be destroyed by the sacrilegious hands of impious mortals.

HISTORY OF MASONRY.

(Continued from p. 247.)

HITHERTO we find that Masons, above all other artists, have distinguished themselves in the most conspicuous manner; and been the favourites of the eminent, who wisely joined the lodges for the better conducting of their various undertakings in architecture. From Sicily we pass into Italy, to trace the improvements of the Romans, who, originally, little better than a nest of robbers, for many ages affected nothing but war; till by degrees they learned the science and art from their neighbours. But, in the mean time, the *Hetrurians*, or *Tuscans*, originally invented and used their own *Tuscan order**, before they learned the *Doric*, *Ionic*, and *Corinthian orders* from the Greeks; and the royal art became conspicuous under their king *Porseuna*, who built a stately labyrinth, not inferior to that of *Lemnos*, and the highest mausoleum on record.

The Romans were as yet only engaged in extending their small territory by subduing their neighbours in Italy; and their taste was very low in every thing but arms; until *Turrenus*, the last king of the *Tuscans*, bequeathed his kingdom to the Romans, in the sixth year of *Philadelphus*, while *Pyrrhus* distressed Italy. [A. M. 3721. A. R. 475.] The *Tuscans* had built many fine strong places; and now their disciples were invited to Rome, and taught the Romans the royal art; though their improvements were not considerable, till *Marcellus* triumphed in the spoils of *Syracuse*, upon the death of *Archimedes*. Becoming then a patron of arts and sciences, he employed his fellow-crafts to build at Rome his famous theatre, with a temple to *Virtue*, and another to *Honour*.

It was not until the Romans were enabled to carry their arms into the more polished nations in the east, that they brought home a taste for sciences and elegant arts. [A. M. 3814. A. R. 559. Before Christ 190.] Thus, when *Scipio Asiaticus* led them against *Antiochus Magnus* king of *Syria*, and took from him all the country west of *Mount Taurus*, they beheld with astonishment the beauties of the *Grecian* and *Asiatic architecture*, standing in full splendor, which they resolved to imitate; and continued improving, till *Scipio Africanus*, who had always a set of the learned attending him as

* Order in architecture, implies a system of proportions and ornaments which are discoverable in the column with its base and capital; surmounted by an entablature, consisting of architrave, frieze, and cornice; and sustained by a pedestal. All these members have their peculiar characteristics in each order, which cannot mix or interfere, without producing confusion and deformity. Of these orders, three appear by their names to be of Grecian origin: the *Tuscan*, as already observed, was formed in *Tuscany*, in *Italy*; and the fifth order was afterwards composed by the Romans out of the other four, and hence is called the *Composite order*.

their patron, took the great rival of Rome, Carthage, which he demolished, against his own inclination, by command of the senate; while their consul Mummius the same year sacked Corinth, the wealthy queen of Greece. [A. M. 3858. A. R. 603. Before Christ 146.]

Nothing can better illustrate the crude conceptions the Romans as yet entertained of polite arts, than the ignorant stipulation their victorious consul Mummius made with the masters of the transports, by whom he sent to Rome, among his spoils, some exquisite paintings, statues, and other masterpieces of Grecian workmanship--- "that whatever was lost, broke, or damaged, they should supply their places with others *equally good!*" Both these generals displayed rich collections of portable works of art, which they acquired by their swords; but the Romans at length grew wise enough to furnish themselves in a more laudable manner, by inviting home the most able professors both of sciences and mechanical arts. After which, stately edifices began to rise at Rome, in the finest Grecian stile; as the famous palace of Paulus Emilius of the best Phrygian marble: the triumphal arch of Marius at Orange in Gaul, the three surprising theatres of Scæurus at Rome, &c. the one held 80,000 people at shews or plays. It had three scenes or lofts, one above another, with 360 columns; the first of marble, each 38 feet high; the second row was of crystal, and the third of gilded wood; between the columns were 3000 statues of brass. The other two theatres were of wood, sustained on great axles, whereon they could be turned round, and joined in one great amphitheatre.

Sylla brought the columns of the temple of Jupiter Olympos from Greece, to adorn the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus at Rome; after the old one, built by Tarquinius Superbus, was burnt; in whose time Jupiter was only of clay, but was now of pure gold. Lucullus, the learned and brave, erected a fine library, and a splendid house with gardens, in the Asiatic stile. Pompey the Great built a theatre that held 40,000 people at the shews, near his palace, and his temple of History.

These, and the other great men, during the Roman republic, much encouraged architects and masons as their patrons; and in their absence, the consul resident, or the high-priest of Rome, or the arch-flamin, or some other great man on the spot, thought it his honour to be the patron of arts and sciences (what we now call grand master), attended duly by the most ingenious of the fraternity, till the republic was near its exit by the competition of Pompey and Cæsar for pre-eminence in tyranny over their country. But Pompey being routed at Pharsalia, and murdered by the Egyptians in his flight, the republic expired under the feet of Julius Cæsar.

Cæsar, now perpetual dictator and imperator, was a learned geometrician, architect, engineer, and astronomer. Being high-priest, he called in the assistance of the best mathematicians and philosophers of his time, to settle the Roman calendar, which was then very irregular; not having been regulated since the time of Numa, and then

according to very imperfect ideas of astronomical correctness. The Julian calendar continued in use till it was again reformed by Pope Gregory XIII. in 1582; which reform, after being received by a great part of Europe, was at length adopted in Britain in 1752; and thus put an end to the almost continual occasion of adverting to the distinction betwixt the old stile and new stile, in public and private transactions with foreign countries.

Julius Cæsar and his legions had built much in Gaul: and at Rome he raised his great circus, three furlongs in length, and one in breadth, that held 260,000 people at the shews; with his stately palace, and temple of Venus: he also ordered Carthage and Corinth to be rebuilt, about 100 years after they had been demolished. He had attained that supremacy over the republic to which he so strenuously aspired; but we cannot know certainly the use he intended to make of the plenitude of power he possessed, because he was prematurely cut off by assassination in the senate-house; at a time when this act of treacherous violence, so far from restoring liberty to a worn-out republic, only left the place Cæsar occupied, to be contended for again by a renewal of all the horrors of unprincipled ambition and civil discord. [A. M. 3960. Before Christ 44.] But when, after a copious evacuation of the best and most illustrious blood in the state, supreme power once more centred in the hand of Octavius, afterward so famous under the name of Augustus, this proud mistress of the world became as truly the unrivalled seat of arts as of empire.

The death of Julius Cæsar was soon followed by the conquest of Egypt, the death of Cleopatra, the end of the Grecian monarchy; and the commencement of the Roman empire, by the victory Augustus gained over Pompey the younger at Actium.

This illustrious patron of architecture, with his minister Agrippa, erected the great portico of the Pantheon, which has the following inscription on the frieze: [Before Christ 29.]

M. AGRIPPA L. F. COS. TERTIUM FECIT.

This inscription has given rise to a general opinion that the whole of this beautiful temple was of his erection; yet several antiquarians and artists have concluded that the Pantheon existed from the time of the commonwealth. Dion Cassius, in treating of the magnificence of Agrippa, says, 'And he also finished or perfected the Pantheon:' and Michael Angelo was persuaded that the body of the temple, and the portico leading into it, were the work of three several architects; because the roof, and the order which supports it, do not correspond with each other, and want much of that elegance and symmetry so striking in the portico. The body of this temple, which was consecrated to all the Gods, is round, or cylindrical, crowned with a dome; it is 144 feet diameter within, and of the same height from the pavement up to the large aperture at the summit, from which the building receives its light. It is of the Corinthian order; and the inner circumference is divided into seven grand niches, wrought in the thickness of the wall; six of which are flat at the top, but the

seventh opposite the entrance is arched. Before each nich are two columns of antique yellow marble, fluted; each of one entire block, the finest in Rome. This grand temple, which is richly decorated, and is still in being, under the name of the Rotunda, suffered much in the destruction of Rome, by the northern invaders; and still more by injudicious alterations and repairs, incongruous with its original stile, when it was converted into a Christian church.

It was during the reign of Augustus that the learned Vitruvius became the father of true architecture by his admirable writings. [Before Christ 29.] This imperial patron first employed his fellow-crafts in repairing or rebuilding all the public edifices, much neglected, if not injured, during the civil wars. He also built the bridge of Arminium; and at Rome, the temple of Mars the Avenger, the temple of Apollo, the great and sumptuous Forum, the palace of Augustus, with some lesser palaces; the fine mausoleum, the accurate statue in the Capitol, the curious library, the Portico, and public walks for the people. The temples of Rome were filled with the most costly statues; and that of Cleopatra, of massy gold, brought from Egypt, was, with some satirical humour, placed in the temple of Venus.

In those golden days of Augustus, the patricians following his example, built above an hundred marble palaces at Rome, fit for princes; and every substantial citizen rebuilt their houses in marble; all uniting in the same disposition of adorning Rome; whereby many Lodges arose and flourished of the Free and Accepted Masons; so that Augustus, when dying, justly said, 'I found Rome built of brick, but I leave it built of marble!' Hence it is, that in the remains of antient Rome, those of his time, and of some following Emperors, are the best patterns of true Masonry extant, the epitome of old Grecian architecture, now commonly expressed by the *Augustan stile*; in which are united wisdom, strength, and beauty. But before the death of Augustus, we must return into Judea; where the high-priests of Jerusalem had been provincial grand masters under the kings of Egypt, at that time sovereigns of the Jews, till Seleucus Philopater, king of Syria, seized Judea. [A. M. 382. Before Christ 180.]

Antiochus Epiphanes, his son, cruelly persecuted the Jews till they were rescued by the valiant Asmonean priest Judas Maccabæus: for long after Zerubbabel and Jeshua the high-priest, an ordinary priest, called Asmonæus, appeared, not of the house of Jeshua, but only of the course of Joarib; the great-grandfather of Mattathias, the brave priest of Moden and father of Maccabæus.

For the lineal successor of Jeshua was Onias IV. (son of Onias III. the last good high-priest) who, being deprived of his right by the Syrian kings, went to Egypt, where he got leave to build a temple at Heliopolis, like that of Jerusalem, for the Jews in Egypt and Cyrene, who were then more numerous and opulent than even those in Judea*. [A. M. 385. Before Christ 149.] But the Asmonæans, or

* This temple stood 222 years, until A. D. 73, when it was destroyed by the emperor Vespasian.

Maccabees, fought their way to pre-eminence against the Syrian kings, and also obtained it as high-priests and princes of the Jews, during about 130 years, till Mark Anthony and Octavius got the senate of Rome to create Herod the Edomite, or Idumean Jew, King of Judea in the Capitol; and, by the help of the Romans, Herod conquered Antigonus, and mounted the throne at Jerusalem. [A. M. 3967. Before Christ 37.]

He got rid of all the Asmonæans, made the Sanhedrim useless, and set up high-priests at his pleasure. But with all his great faults, Herod became the greatest builder of his day, the Patron or Grand Master of many Lodges, and sent for the most expert fellow-crafts of Greece to assist his own Jews; for, after the battle of Actium, Herod, being reconciled to Augustus, began to shew his skill in masonry, by erecting a splendid Grecian theatre at Jerusalem; and next built the stately city Sebaste, (so called from Sebastos or Augustus) formerly Samaria, with a curious little temple in it like that of Jerusalem. He made the city Casarea the best harbour in Palestine, and built a temple of white marble at Paneas; the cities Antipatris, Phasaelis and Cypron; and the tower of Phasael at Jerusalem, not inferior to the Pharos of Alexandria, &c.: but his most amazing work was his rebuilding of the temple of Zerubbabel.

Herod, being in full enjoyment of peace and plenty, formed a design of new building the temple at Jerusalem, whereby he thought he should not only reconcile to himself the affections of the Jews, but also erect a monument of lasting honour to his own name. The temple built after the return of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity, though an admirable building, 500 years being elapsed since its erection, was greatly decayed, both by the length of time, and also by the violence of enemies. Herod proposed to build the whole temple a-new; but when, in a general assembly of the people, he found them startled at the proposal, he, to deliver them from their fears, assured them that he would not take down the old temple, till he had all the materials ready for erecting a new one in its place. [Before Christ 19.] Accordingly, he forthwith made all manner of preparations for it; employing therein 1000 waggons for carrying of the stone and timber; 10,000 masons, beside labourers, to fit all things for the building; and marshalled them into lodges under 1000 priests and Levites, skilful in all parts of architecture, to supervise and direct them in the work. Himself acted as Grand Master, with his Wardens, Hillel and Shammai, two learned rabbins of great reputation; and, in two years time, he had got all things ready for the building; when, and not before, he pulled down the old temple to the very foundation.

The foot-stone of the new temple was levelled just forty-six years before the first passover of Christ's personal ministry; at which time the Jews told him, John ii. 20, *Forty and six years hath this temple been in building*: for, although then forty-six years had passed from the time it was begun, yet that part which was most properly the temple, that is, that which contained the holy place, the holy of holies

in the east, and the porch in the west, through which was the passage leading to both, were finished at an amazing cost, in the short space of one year and six months, and the rest designed by Herod, in eight years more; when the fraternity celebrated the cape-stone with great joy, and in due form; and the king solemnized its dedication with extraordinary pomp: for the day appointed for it, falling in with the anniversary of his accession to the Jewish crown, augmented the solemnity. [Before Christ 7.]

A great number of masons were continued at work for the carrying on the out-buildings, all the time of our Saviour's being here on earth, and for some years after, till the coming of Gegasus Florus to be governor of Judea; who caused 18,000 masons to be discharged at one time, which gave great offence to the Jews. This was, perhaps, one cause of those mutinies and seditions which at last drew on the destruction of Jerusalem, and the temple with it; for it seems unjust to charge the masons with being the fomenters of those disturbances, for want of employment, when all the Jews looked upon this behaviour of the Roman governor as levelled not only against their temple, but their worship also.

Josephus* describes the temple of Herod, as a most magnificent fabric of marble, set off with the greatest profusion of costly decorations, and the finest building upon earth, since the days of Solomon; being much larger than the temple of Zerubbabel, beside the advantage of the Grecian stile, and the Corinthian order of architecture with all its later improvements. It was not compleatly finished, in all its apartments, till about six years before it was destroyed. [A. D. 64.]

It was in the 26th year of the reign of Augustus, when, after the conquest of Egypt, the temple of Janus was shut, as an intimation that all the Roman empire was in peace, the Word was made flesh, or the Lord JESUS CHRIST *Immanuel* was born, the Great Architect or Grand Master of the Christian church.

After Solomon's death	971		In the year of the Julian period	4710
In the year of Rome	745		In the year of Masonry	4000
In the year of Herod	34		Before the Christian æra †	4

King Herod died a few months after the birth of Christ, and, notwithstanding his vast expence in masonry, he died rich.

During the long reign of Augustus, the craft was well cultivated: worthy craftsmen were every where employed and encouraged, as well in Europe as in Asia, till his death, which happened at Nola, in Campania, after a glorious reign of forty-four years.

* Book xv. chap. 14.

† See note, Vol. IV. p. 363.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

AS the frequent adulteries which have been so generally of late perpetrated have been inserted in all the newspapers, it may not be improper to make known the punishments which were made use of for that crime in the time of our Saxon ancestors, before Christianity had entered our island, and before any Court of Arches or Doctors Commons was established, which were as follow: "The woman offending, having first her hair cut off, was turned stark-naked out of her husband's house, and that in presence of her own kindred: thence she was scourged with whips thorough the town, without regard of birth, beauty, age, or wealth, and never after could find another husband. Those that were unnaturally lewd of their bodies, their manner was to drown them in filthy mud, and cover them with hurdles. And farther, in the ancient country of the Saxons (where there was no knowledge of God), if either a maiden in her father's house, or one having a husband, became a whore, she should be strangled with her own hands closed to her mouth, and the corrupter should be hanged upon the pit wherein she was buried. If she were not so used, then her garments being cut away down from the girdle-steel, that chaste matrons did scourge and whip her, and did prick her with knives; and so was she sent from town to town, whether other fresh and new scourges did meet and torment her unto death."---This account you will find in Speed's Chron. pag. 203. chap. 4.

If you are so obliging as to publish it, it may have a good effect on the fair in our times, when they see how much the sin of adultery was abhorred even by pagans.

CHASTITY.

The following is a genuine Copy of a LETTER sent some Years ago to the DIRECTORS of the EAST-INDIA COMPANY:

GENTLEMEN,

I AM a clergyman of Ely, in the county of Cambridge; I have a parcel of fine boys, but not much cash to provide for them. My eldest son I intended for a pillar of the church: with this view I gave him a suitable education at school, and afterwards entered him at Cambridge, where he has resided the usual time, and last Christmas took his degree with some reputation to himself; but I must at the same time add, that he is more likely to kick a church down than to support one. He is of a very eccentric genius---he had no notion of restraint to chapel gates, lectures, &c. and when rebuked by his master, tutor, &c. for want of obedience to their rules, he treated them in the contemptible light of not being Gentlemen, and seemed to intimate that he should call them to an account as an affair of honour, &c. This soon disconcerted all my plans for him,

and on talking with him the other day, and asking him, what road his honour would chuse to pursue in future life, he told me that his plan was to go into the India service. Upon being interrogated whether he had any reasonable expectation of a provision from that quarter? he looked small, and said, No. Now, Gentlemen, I know no more of you than you do of me, and therefore 'tis not unlikely but that you will look upon me as chimerical a man as my son, in making this application to you; but you will remember that he is my son, and that reflection I hope will be deemed a sufficient apology. I want your advice, and not knowing any individual amongst you, I apply to you publicly as a body. If he will suit your service, and you can help me, do. He is now about twenty, near six feet high, well made, stout, and very active, and is as bold and intrepid as a lion: he is of a Welch extraction for many generations; and I think, as my first born, he is not degenerated. If you like to look at him, you shall see him, and judge for yourselves. You may leave word with your clerk; I shall call again shortly to hear what you say. And remain in the mean time, Gentlemen, your's, &c. (in haste)

THOMAS JONES.

Black Bull Inn, Bishopsgate-street, March 3.

P. S. If you like him, I will equip him.

The above letter was read, and an appointment ordered for him as a Cadet.

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

ADVICE TO THE PUBLIC,

IN COMPLAINTS OF THE BREAST.

A PERSON, who is interested in every thing that can be useful to humanity, is desirous of giving to the public a remedy that chance has discovered.

An officer, who had a consumptive complaint on his breast, was dissolving over a chaffing-dish of fire, in a very close room, an equal quantity of white pitch and yellow bees-wax, with an intention of soldering some bottles; and, after having breathed-in for some time the vapour arising from it, he found the complaint in his breast greatly relieved. This observation (extremely interesting to himself) determined him to continue for some days the same fumigation. He soon perceived a very considerable amendment, and at length was entirely cured.

This remedy has been experienced with equal efficacy upon different people who were attacked with complaints on the breast; and very many, when even the lungs were ulcerated, and who were entirely given over, have been cured by this single remedy.

It must be observed, that the room in which the fumigation is to be performed ought to be very closely shut up, and that the person should walk about to suck in the vapour by degrees.

ACCOUNT OF THE SYBARITES.

FROM ATHENÆUS.

BY WILLIAM BELOE, F. S. A.

WHY should we speak of the Sybarites, who first introduced the custom of chaining those slaves at the baths, whose office it was to pour the water and anoint with oil, to prevent their going away abruptly, and lest in their haste they might burn those who bathed. The Sybarites also were the first who refused to admit into their city those who laboured at noisy occupations; such as blacksmiths and the like, that their sleep might be free from all interruption; neither would they suffer any cocks to be kept in their city.

Once at Crotona, a wrestler was sweeping away the dust from the palæstra; one of some Sybarites, who were near, enquired, whether in so great a city there were not slaves to perform so vile an office.

Another Sybarite being at Lacedæmon, and invited to the pheidion*, was seated upon wood: after supper he observed that he had formerly been astonished at hearing of the Lacedæmonian bravery, but seeing what he now did, he thought them in no respect different from other people, for the most pusillanimous of men would rather choose to die, than lead a life of such intolerable hardship.

The Sybarites frequently give public entertainments, and they who are most luxurious on this occasion are honoured with crowns of gold: they proclaim the names of such aloud at their sacrifices and public games, not from any attachment to the individuals whom they thus distinguish, but on account of the luxurious feasts they have given. On such occasions also, they bestow crowns on the cooks who have discovered the greatest skill in their profession.

Their city being placed in a low situation, it happens that their morning and evening is intolerably cold, whilst at mid-day the heat is excessive; from which circumstances a proverb has arisen among them, that whoever would avoid an untimely death, must never see the sun either rise or set. These people finally were become so excessively luxurious, that they had even instructed their horses to dance at their public festivals to the sound of musical instruments.

COTYS.

FROM THE SAME.

THEOPOMPUS, in his first Book of Philippics, writes thus:—On the third day he came to Onocarsis, a place in Thrace, remarkable for a grove of great beauty, and exceedingly pleasant, particularly in

* A public entertainment instituted at Sparta, to promote frugality, and preserve good neighbourhood,

the summer season. It was one of these in which Cotys took unusual delight, who of all the princes that had ever reigned in Thrace was most eminent for luxury and voluptuousness.---In his progress through the country, wherever he met with a place well shaded with trees and agreeably watered, he never failed to select it as a scene of festival. Here he passed his time, offering up sacrifices to the Gods, and living familiarly with his officers; till he, at length, was induced to be guilty of impiety towards Minerva, and to offer her the grossest insults.

The same writer relates, that Cotys prepared a banquet as if he was about to be married to Minerva, and, intoxicated with wine, made ready a bridal chamber, as if in expectation of the presence of the Goddess.---When no one appeared, he sent one of his guards to see whether Minerva was yet come.---The man came back, and said, no one was in the apartment; in a fit of anger, the king immediately put him to death. He then sent a second messenger, whom, in the like manner, when he returned, he put to death. A third was dispatched, who, knowing what had happened, came back, and said, that the Goddess expected him in the apartment.---On this the king, being seized with emotions of jealousy with respect to his supposed wife, mangled the man in a very barbarous manner.

ALCIBIADES.

FROM THE SAME.

THIS is what Satyrus says, speaking of the charming Alcibiades. When in Ionia, he was more luxurious than all the Ionians; at Thebes, he excelled all the Thebans in the bodily exercises and games.---In Thessaly he was more skilful in the management of the steed than the Aleuadae themselves. At Sparta he was superior to the Spartans in bodily vigor and in abstinence. In drinking he mastered even the Thracians.---Wishing to attempt the chastity of Timæa, the wife of Agis, he sent her a present of a thousand pieces of gold coin, as to a common courtesan. He was of a most elegant figure, and for the greater part of his youth suffered his hair to grow. He wore sandals of a particular form, which were called after his own name. He exhibited public games, at which he appeared on the theatre dressed in purple, exciting on such an occasion the admiration not only of the men, but of the women also. Antisthenes, the Socratic, who had seen Alcibiades, represents him as vigorous and of great strength, of manly appearance, and in his youth of the most captivating beauty. When about to go on any expedition, he engaged four different cities in a manner as his attendants.

Ephesus supplied his tents, which resembled those of Persia. Chios sent the provender for his horses. The victims which he used in sacrifice came from Cyzicum. His wine and the articles of his daily

consumption were from Lesbos. When he returned from Olympia to Athens, he consecrated two pictures, painted by Aglaophon. In the one, he was represented as crowned at the Olympian and Pythian games. In the other, he was drawn sitting upon the knees of Nemea, and was exhibited as more beautiful even than a female. When at the head of his army, it was his ambition to appear beautiful. His shield was of ivory and gold, on which, as a crest, was Cupid embracing the thunder. He once went to an entertainment at the house of Anytus, an opulent man, by whom he was beloved, and took with him Thrasyllus, one of his intimate friends, but a person of mean fortune. After drinking to Thrasyllus he ordered the attendants to take half the plate on the side-board to the house of his friend, and then courteously taking leave of Anytus, he departed. Some, who were present, remarked, that Alcibiades was very insolent, and had surely forgotten himself. Not so, indeed, replied Anytus, since having the power to take the whole, he has left me half.

Lysias, the Rhetorician, speaking of his luxury, says thus:—Alcibiades and Axiochus went in a vessel, freighted at their common expence, to the Hellespont. Here they took as a wife betwixt them, Xynocippe, who being delivered of a daughter, neither of them would own himself the father. When the young woman grew up, they debauched her. Alcibiades, when she was in his company, called her the daughter of Axiochus. Axiochus, when he was with her, called her the daughter of Alcibiades.

When at Lacedæmon, he seduced Timæa, the wife of Agis; being reproached for this, he replied, that he was induced to the action by no motive of appetite or passion, but that the monarch of Sparta might proceed from his loins, and that henceforth the Spartan kings should not take their name from Hercules, but from Alcibiades.

When he commanded the army, he took with him two courtezans, namely, Timandra, the mother of Lais of Carinth, and Theodora.

After he had been in exile, he made the Athenians masters of the Hellespont, and sent more than five thousand Peloponnesians captives to Athens. On his return to his country, he crowned the prows of the Athenian galleys with branches of olive, and with flowery garlands. He burned more than two hundred of the enemy's vessels, and brought the remainder home, laden with spoils and with Lacedæmonian arms. His own vessel advancing to the very Piræus, carrying sails of purple, as soon as it entered the harbour, the sailors took to their oars, whilst Chrysogenes, in a tragic robe, beat time to their motion. At the same time, Callipides, the tragedian, encouraged them with his voice. On this occasion some one happily remarked, that Sparta could not bear two Lysanders, nor Athens two like Alcibiades.

Alcibiades, like Pausanias, affected the manners of the Medes, and whilst at the court of Pharnabazus, he wore the Persian dress, and learned the Persian language.

FROM THE SAME.

PYTHON the orator of Byzantium, as Leon his fellow-citizen relates, was remarkably corpulent. When a tumult had once arisen among the people, in an oration in which he endeavoured to persuade them to peace and reconciliation, he expressed himself thus:—"You see, my fellow-citizens, of what a size I am, but my wife is still larger than myself. Yet when we are on good terms the commonest bed will hold us. When we disagree, the whole house is not large enough to contain us."

ON THE ORIGIN OF COCK-FIGHTING,

FROM ÆLIAN'S VARIOUS HISTORY.

BY THE SAME.

AFTER their victories over the Persians, the Athenians made a law, that on one day in every year, there should be a public exhibition of a cock-fight.---I shall explain from what circumstances this custom arose.---When Themistocles led an army of his countrymen against the Barbarians, he saw two cocks fighting. The spectacle was not lost upon him. He made his army halt, and thus addressed them; "These cocks, said he, are not fighting for their country, for their paternal gods, nor do they endure this for the monuments of their ancestors, for the sake of glory in the cause of liberty, or for their offspring. The only motive is, that one is determined not to yield to the other."

These words animated the Athenians, and what was then an incentive to their valour, was preserved as a monument which might lead to the perpetration of similar exploits.

Note.---I do not know whether the information will be of any importance to modern cock-fighters, but we have the authority of Xenophon for asserting, that the Athenians fed their cocks with grains of pepper to make them more irascible.

FROM THE SAME.

SOCRATES being very old, and afflicted with indisposition, was asked by some one, how he did. "Well, he replied, either way. If I recover, said he, I shall be envied by many. If I die, I shall be praised by many."

FROM THE SAME.

IT is said of the younger Antigonus, that when he was told that his son was slain in battle, he went to look upon the body, but he neither changed colour nor wept. He commended him as a valiant soldier, and ordered him to be buried.

Note.—Might not this suggest to Addison, the circumstance of Cato's receiving the dead body of his son with this exclamation:

“Thanks to the Gods, my boy has done his duty.”

There are, however, several such traits in antiquity: the mother of Brasidas only asked whether her son had died bravely.

FROM THE SAME.

A YOUNG man named Eretrius, was for a considerable time a follower of Zeno. On his return home, his father asked him, what he had learned. The other replied, that would hereafter appear. On this, the father being enraged, beat his son, who, bearing it patiently, and without complaining, said, he had learned this,—To endure a parent's anger.

FROM THE SAME.

DIOGENES, being at Olympia, saw at that celebrated festival some young men of Rhodes magnificently arrayed. Smiling, he exclaimed, “this is pride.” Afterwards, meeting with some Lacedæmonians in a mean and sordid dress, he said, “and this also is pride.”

FROM THE SAME.

EURYDAMAS of Cyrene obtained the victory in boxing. His adversary had knocked out his teeth, but them he swallowed, that the accident might not be seen by the opponent.

FROM THE SAME.

A SUITOR once came from the Hellespont to Gnathæna, the famous courtesan of Athens, allured by her celebrity. He prated so much over his cups as to be very troublesome; Gnathæna, interrupting him, said, “What, Sir, said she, is it true, that you came from the Hellespont?” “It is,” replied her lover. “How happens it,” returned the lady, “that you are not acquainted with its principal city?” “Which is that?” he returned; “Sigeum,” said Gnathæna. By this ingenious play upon the word, she silenced him.

Note.—Sige, or Σιγη, in Greek, means silence.

FROM THE SAME.

PHOCION, son of Phocus, who had often been the general of his countrymen, was condemned to death, and being in prison was about to drink the hemlock. When the executioner held out to him the cup, his relations asked, if he had any commands for his son. "I order him, said Phocion, to bear no animosity, nor revenge against the Athenians on account of this poison, which I now drink." They who do not admire and praise this action, cannot, in my opinion, have any conception of what is great and noble.

A BILL OF FARE FOR FIFTY PEOPLE

OF THE

COMPANY OF SALTERS, A. D. 1506.

COPIED FROM THE RECORDS OF THAT WORSHIPFUL COMPANY.

	<i>L. s. d.</i>		<i>L. s. d.</i>
T hirty-six chickens	- 0 4 5	Brought forward	1 1 5½
One swan and four geese	- 0 7 0	Two dishes of butter	- 0 0 4
Nine rabbits	- 0 1 4	Four breasts of veal	- 0 1 5
Two rumps of beef tails	- 0 0 2	Bacon	- 0 0 6
Six quails	- 0 1 6	Quarter load of coals	- 0 0 4
Two oz. pepper	- 0 0 2	Faggots	- 0 0 2
Two oz. cloves and mace	- 0 0 4	Three gallons and half Gas-	
One ounce and half saffron	- 0 0 6	coyne wine	- 0 2 4
Three pounds sugar	- 0 0 8	One bottle Muscovadine	- 0 0 8
Two pounds raisins	- 0 0 4	Cherries and tarts	- 0 0 8
One pound dates	- 0 0 4	Salt	- 0 0 1
One pound and half comfits	- 0 0 2	Verjuice and vinegar	- 0 0 2
Half hundred eggs	- 0 0 2½	Paid the cook	- 0 3 4
Four gallons of curds	- 0 0 4	Perfume	- 0 0 2
One ditto gooseberries	- 0 0 0	One bushel and half of meal	0 0 8
Bread	- 0 1 0	Waiter	- 0 0 3
One kilderkin of ale	- 0 2 3	Garnishing the vessels	- 0 0 3
Herbs	- 0 1 0		
Carried forward	1 1 5½		1 13 2½

APOPLEXY.

IT is said, that the filling with salt the mouth of a person falling with the above disorder has often contributed to a recovery.

THE STAGE.

BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

Continued from p. 324.

IN WALLIS we the vivid bloom espy
 Of worth that long shall charm the public eye
 And soon will Time, with kind maturing pow'r,
 Expand the foliage and exalt the flow'r.
 A beauteous rival we in MILLER trace,
 Of kindred feeling and of kindred grace;
 Oh! may they nobly emulative soar,
 And be what YATES and CRAWFORD were before.

Candour might well the partial muse arraign,
 Were MACKLIN left unnotic'd by her strain,
 Who on our ancestors for sanction draws,
 To urge prescriptive title to applause,
 And like an oak, yet unsubdu'd by age,
 Seems to stand forth the father of the Stage.
 Whate'er by ripen'd judgment can be taught,
 And from the stores of long experience brought,
 In his laborious acting we may trace,
 Where stern precision shuts out ev'ry grace;
 He seems to move, to speak, to think, by rule,
 The rigid pedagogue of system's school.
 No native fire e'er rushes to his eyes,
 And passions seem by precept to arise.
 Severe his plan, which awes, not wins the heart,
 For all appears the cold effect of art.
 All but the matchless Jew---that rais'd his name
 High o'er the critic's feeble praise or blame.
 Whate'er he draws displays a master's force,
 But all his col'ring's in a style too coarse,
 And though the scheme may strike th' approving mind,
 The breast to sluggish languor is resign'd.
 Yet MACKLIN's outlines might an actor teach
 The noblest heights of excellence to reach,
 For sense matur'd affords a solid skill,
 And, though he roughly draws, 'tis nature still.
 In comic parts the same hard truth appears;
 Though to the text with judgment he adheres,
 And in essential features seldom fails,
 A rugged energy through all prevails.

When worth like MACKLIN's claims the critic lay---
 An orb bright beaming in departing day---
 Fain would the heart on all his merits dwell;
 With fond reluctance ev'ry blemish tell;
 But truth aloft th' impartial scales suspends,
 And at her shrine the muse submissive bends.

For sprightly scenes of higher life design'd,
 Where fashion's airy whims delude the mind,
 Where homely reason yields to polish'd pride,
 And nature's vulgar feelings are decry'd,
 LEWIS, with lively taste and easy mien,
 Gives gay precision to the comic scene.

When wounded pride with quick resentment glows,
 The flippant fury he politely shews,
 And, to whate'er excess the passion reigns,
 A well-bred anger through the whole sustains.

But LEWIS chiefly shines in parts that aim
 With noise and frolic to secure a name,
 By darling notoriety to rise,
 And all the rules of sober life despise;
 Here laughter's loudest roar he justly draws,
 And WOODWARD might with envy hear th' applause.

ACCOUNT OF THE
 STOCKS OR PUBLIC FUNDS
 OF THIS KINGDOM.

AS there are few subjects of conversation more general than the value of Stocks, and hardly any thing so little understood, nothing can be more useful than a short account of them, which we shall here give in as concise a manner as possible.

In order to give a clear idea of the money transactions of the several companies, it is proper we should say something of money in general and particularly of paper money, and the difference between that and the current specie. Money is the standard of the value of all the necessaries and accommodations of life, and paper money is the representative of that standard to such a degree, as to supply its place, and to answer all the purposes of gold and silver coin. Nothing is necessary to make this representative of money supply the place of specie, but the credit of that Office or Company who delivers it; which credit consists in its always being ready to turn it into specie whenever required. This is exactly the case of the bank of England; the notes of this Company are of the same value as the current coin,

as they may be turned into it whenever the possessor pleases. From hence, as notes are a kind of money, the counterfeiting them is punished with death, as well as coining.

The method of depositing money in the Bank, and exchanging it for notes (though they bear no interest), is attended with many conveniencies; as they are not only safer than money in the hands of the owner himself; but as the notes are more portable, and capable of a much more easy conveyance: since a bank note, for a very large sum, may be sent by the post, and to prevent the designs of robbers, may, without damage, be cut in two, and sent at two several times. Or bills, called bank-post bills, may be had by application at the Bank, which are particularly calculated to prevent losses by robberies, they being made payable to the order of the person who takes them out, at a certain number of days after sight; which gives an opportunity to stop bills at the Bank, if they should be lost, and prevents their being so easily negotiated by strangers as common bank notes are: and whoever considers the hazard, the expence and trouble, there would be in sending large sums of gold and silver to and from distant places, must also consider this as a very singular advantage. Beside which, another benefit attends them; for if they are destroyed by time, or other accident, the Bank will, on oath being made of such accident, and security being given, pay the money to the person who was in the possession of them.

Bank notes differ from all kinds of Stock in these three particulars; 1st. They are always of the same value. 2d. They are paid off without being transferred; and, 3d. they bear no interest; while Stocks are a share in a Company's funds, bought without any condition of having the principal returned. India bonds indeed (though by some persons erroneously called Stock) are to be excepted, they being made payable at six months notice, either on the side of the Company, or of the possessor.

By the word Stock was originally meant a particular sum of money contributed to the establishing a Fund to enable a Company to carry on a certain trade, by means of which the person became a partner in that trade, and received a share of the profit made thereby, in proportion to the money employed. But this term has been extended farther, though improperly, to signify any sum of money which has been lent to the government, on condition of receiving certain interest till the money is repaid, and which makes a part of the national debt. As the security both of the government and of the public companies is esteemed preferable to that of any private person, as the Stocks are negociable, and may be sold at any time, and as the interest is always punctually paid when due, so they are thereby enabled to borrow money on a lower interest than what might be obtained from lending it to private persons where there must be always some danger of losing both principal and interest.

But as every capital Stock or Fund of a Company is raised for a particular purpose, and limited by Parliament to a certain sum, it necessarily follows, that when that fund is completed, no Stock can be

bought of the Company; though shares already purchased may be transferred from one person to another. This being the case, there is frequently a great disproportion between the original value of the shares, and what is given for them when transferred; for if there are more buyers than sellers, a person who is indifferent about selling will not part with his share without a considerable profit to himself; and, on the contrary, if many are disposed to sell, and few inclined to buy, the value of such shares will naturally fall, in proportion to the impatience of those who want to turn their Stock into specie.

These observations may serve to give our readers some idea of the nature of that unjustifiable and dishonest practice called Stockjobbing, the mystery of which consists in nothing more than this; the persons concerned in that practice, who are denominated Stock-jobbers, make contracts to buy or sell, at a certain distant time, a certain quantity of some particular Stock, against which time they endeavour, according as their contract is, either to raise or lower such Stock, by raising rumours, and spreading fictitious stories, in order to induce people either to sell out in a hurry, and consequently cheap, if they are to deliver Stock; or to become unwilling to sell, and consequently to make it dearer, if they are to receive Stock.

The persons who make these contracts are not in general possessed of any real Stock; and when the time comes that they are to receive or deliver the quantity they have contracted for, they only pay such a sum of money as makes the difference between the price Stock was at when they made the contract, and the price it happens to be at when the contract is fulfilled; and it is no uncommon thing for persons not worth 100*l.* to make contracts for the buying or selling 100,000*l.* Stock. In the language of Exchange Alley, the buyer in this case is called the Bull, and the seller the Bear.

Besides these, there is another set of men, though of a higher rank, who may properly come under the same denomination. These are your great monied men, who are dealers in Stock; and contractors with the government whenever any new money is to be borrowed. These indeed are not fictitious, but real Buyers and Sellers of Stock; but by raising false hopes, or creating groundless fears, by pretending to buy or sell large quantities of Stock on a sudden, by using the fore-mentioned set of men as their instruments, and other like practices, are enabled to raise or fall the Stocks one or two per cent. at pleasure.

However, the real value of one Stock above another, on account of its being more profitable to the Proprietors, or any thing that will really, or only in imagination, affect the credit of a Company, or endanger the Government, by which that credit is secured, must naturally have a considerable effect on the Stocks. Thus, with respect to the interest of the Proprietors, a share in the Stock of a trading Company, which produces 5*l.* or 6*l.* per cent. per annum, must be more valuable than an Annuity with Government security, that produces no more than 3*l.* or 4*l.* per cent. per annum; and consequently such Stock must sell at a higher price than such an Annuity.—Though it must be observed, that a share in the Stock of a trading Company producing 5*l.*

or 6l. per cent. per annum will not fetch so much money at market as a Government Annuity producing the same sum, because the security of the Company is not reckoned equal to that of the Government, and the continuance of their paying so much per annum is more precarious, as their dividend is, or ought to be, always in proportion to the profits of their trade.

BAD EFFECTS OF SPIRITOUS LIQUORS,

ESPECIALLY

AMONG THE LOWER RANKS.

BY THE REV. T. MARTIN, MINISTER OF LANGHOLM.

From Sir JOHN SINCLAIR'S Statistical Account of Scotland.

NOTHING has contributed more to destroy that spirit of contentment and industry, that sobriety and decency of manners, which, not twenty years ago, so peculiarly characterized the peasantry of Scotland, than the unlimited introduction of distilleries. It is a painful reflection to every feeling mind, to every mind interested in the happiness of mankind, that the tradesman and the manufacturer, who, with the third, nay scarcely the fourth part of the money they can now earn, then lived comfortably, and made provision for themselves and families against the days of adversity and old age, should now, from the immoderate use of distilled spirits, instead of being useful members of society, fall, too often, early victims to its baneful influence. Had all the fabled ills emitted from Pandora's box been realized, they could not have produced more deplorable effects, than when whiskey, of all other liquors the most subversive of the health, the industry, and the morals of the people, became so cheap and so common as to supersede the drinking of beer, the good old wholesome beverage of our fathers. Religion, morality, health, and industry, are the dreadful sacrifices; and till the British Legislature, following the example of Ireland, shall interpose, by laying a tax upon it amounting to a prohibition, they will daily increase. The writer of these remarks is no enemy to the innocent pleasures of social relaxation and convivial enjoyment; but if, in the smallest degree, he could be instrumental in rousing those who are vested with power, to stand forth, and stem the torrent that threatens immediate destruction to human happiness, he will disre-

gard the imputation. Among many other woeful instances of its rapid and alarming progress, it consists with his knowledge, not in one instance, but in many, that families clothed in rags, and ready to perish with hunger, have converted their first charitable donation into that execrable poison, into that unhappy instrument of their own ruin.

The witling may sneer at this if he can, if his heart is so callous to every emotion of pity; but such a picture, and it is not a fancy piece, must excite horror in every thinking, in every benevolent mind. Every person who has any claim either to the character of a Christian, or of a man, will shudder at the direful consequences! Tradesmen, some of whom at times have been able to earn a guinea a week by the loom, &c. instead of living comfortably with their families, and saving a little for a reverse of circumstances, have not often on Saturday night wherewithal to subsist during the ensuing Sabbath! Instead of associating on that day, a day devoted to rest and pious reflection, to sanctify and reverence the sanctuary of Him who is the giver of all, by worshipping him as the God of their fathers, it is often spent in dozing over this deadly poison in some low tippling-house or private dram-shop. It would be some consolation if these remarks were applicable to one parish, or to one district only. Reformation in that case might then be more easily accomplished. But every paltry hamlet, from Graham's Dyke * to John o'Groat's, is feeling, and while it is permitted will continue to feel, its woeful effects. It has engendered that depravity, that dissipation and profligacy of manners, which, like the destroying angel, is stalking forth, and with rapid strides, dealing destruction every where around it. The most contagious pestilence that ever desolated a country cannot produce more dreadful effects upon the natural, than it is now producing in the moral world, upon every public and private virtue. It is not only extinguishing that energy of mind, that praise-worthy spirit of industry and enterprise, which urges on to progressive improvement and happiness, but riot, contempt of lawful authority, that authority by which society alone can subsist, Licentiousness, under the sacred, though prostituted, name of Liberty, fraud, robbery, murder, insanity, and suicide, every where mark its fatal progress! If such are its direful train, is it not high time for those in authority to step forth and administer an antidote to this fatal poison, before the diseases it occasions become desperate, and baffle the utmost efforts of political skill to remove them? Not a moment is to be lost. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." Partial remedies may protract the malady, but will never operate a cure. The axe must be laid to the root of the tree. It is much more congenial to the feelings of every humane and benevolent magistrate to prevent crimes by all possible means, than to punish them. To punish, however necessary, must always be a painful

* The boundary on the Carlisle road between England and Scotland.

part of his duty. In vain will priests preach, or magistrates punish, if the *origo mali* is not removed. Remove the cause, and the effects will in time cease. Let the distilleries then, those contaminating fountains, from whence such poisonous streams issue, be, if not wholly, at least in a great measure, prohibited; annihilate unlicensed tippling-houses and dram-shops, those haunts of vice, those seminaries of wickedness, where the young of both sexes are early seduced from the path of innocence and virtue, and from whence they may too often date their dreadful doom, when, instead of "running the fair career of life" with credit to themselves, and advantage to society, they are immolated on the altar of public justice.

In reply to these remarks, it may be said, perhaps, "That distilleries are a home market for barley," &c. and that, "they are very productive sources of revenue." Perish for ever those gains, and that revenue, however productive, which are levied from the ruins of the peace, of the prosperity, and virtue of the empire! This is supporting Government, by administering what may ultimately subvert and operate the downfall of our venerable Constitution. In order to support Government, must what is leading fast to destroy the vitals of the Constitution be tolerated? This is like a physician taking fees from his patients for administering poison. Dr. Sangrado's system of bleeding and warm water, in all cases, is not more absurd. *See Gil Blas.*

Beer is the natural and the wholesome beverage of the country. Instead of inflaming the passions, and prompting men to the commission of every crime, like whiskey, beer nourishes the body without producing any dismal effects. When breweries are encouraged, and distilleries, the direful sources of much human misery, are abolished, the useful part of the community will be reclaimed from their vitiated taste, and will quench their thirst at purer and more salubrious fountains.

TO THE EDITOR.

ON THE EFFECTS OF TRAGEDY.

ARISTOTLE, in his Discourse on Poetry, ch. vi. declares for tragedy in preference to all the other kinds of writing; and says, that, by the means of moving pity and terror, it purges the mind of these perturbations. I have always thought this passage very obscure; it looks as if it meant that the spectators, by accustoming themselves to calamitous objects on the stage, should learn not to be moved by them in real life. If this was his intention, it is by no means a good moral effect, and does not at all seem to recommend tragedy. Besides, the pleasure we receive from it ceases, when we have worn out the disposition to receive those impressions.

It appears much more natural, that the effects of tragedy should be, by raising pity and terror to purge the contrary passions, that is, to subdue that confidence in prosperity, to which all men are liable; to melt away hardness of heart, and, by giving us a quick sense of the calamities incident to our common nature, to chastise the vain, to soften the cruel, and, in a word, to humanize the whole man, and make him by these means a wiser and better creature. This effect of tragedy is elegantly represented in the prologue to Cato.

Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.

It is at once the most moral end, and seems the most agreeable to its original design.

When I meet with any moving story, I am apt to consider how it would appear on the stage, if wrought up with the skill and address of an artful poet; and sometimes entertain myself with imaginary scenes, characters, and sentiments which it might furnish, and at once draw from it the pleasure of history and poetry.

I think the following story of such a nature, which I will therefore relate as a tragedy in its first idea:

In the reign of Henry the Third, King of France, about the year 1581, there was a Governor of the city of Lectoure, in the province of Armanac, whose name was Baleine. In his younger years he had served in the wars against the Turks, was impetuous and of a haughty temper, but brave and virtuous. He had a sister, whom, in order to raise the diction a little, we will call Maria. She was a Lady of great beauty, frank, and debonnaire. Antonio, an Officer in the garrison, to whom the Governor had been particularly civil and obliging, without his knowledge or consent, made his addresses to her, and at length so far insinuated himself into her good graces that she agreed to marry him privately. But some difficulties arising about fixing on a priest to perform the ceremony, in whose secrecy they might confide, he prevailed on the good nature and credulity of Maria to grant him the last favour, by his strong professions of an inviolable affection, and the most solemn promises that he would marry her the first opportunity. But, after this, he grew cold and indifferent, his visits were less frequent, and he still excused himself from marrying her on various idle pretences; nay, not content with his cruel treatment, he soon after married secretly, as he thought, another lady. But what can be hid from an injured mistress, or who is able to blind the eyes of jealousy? Maria was informed by her spies of every thing that had passed. Hereupon, in the agony of her soul, she immediately ran to the Governor, and with dishevelled hair, and her face bedewed with tears, disclosing the whole affair, begged him on her knees to pity her wretched condition, and to revenge the wrongs she had received from the perjured Antonio.

Baleine was naturally hot and passionate, yet on this occasion dissembling his deep resentment, he advised his sister to be calm and patient, and endeavour to appear cheerful, promising at the same time to take the matter into his own hands, and that she might depend on

his seeing justice done her. In the mean while he carried himself towards Antonio with his usual openness and courtesy, and without shewing the least disgust.

But not long after, on some solemn festival, he invited several of his friends, and among them Antonio, to a magnificent entertainment in the Castle; and after dinner was over, by artful pretences, kept the latter with him till all the rest of the company were withdrawn, and then, ordering his servants to put manacles on his hands, and fetters on his legs, he bid them lead him into a private apartment, where, placing himself as Judge in a chair of state prepared for that purpose, Antonio was arraigned in form, and an indictment read, charging him with having deluded Maria by the solemn promise of marriage, and that afterwards, in open violation of his plighted faith, he had married another woman, &c. To this Antonio, amazed and terrified, pleaded *not guilty*. Then several of the confidants of Maria were produced, who deposed, that in their company he had often promised to marry her; and, lastly, the Lady herself, who was prosecutor, appeared, and, setting forth the whole fact, confirmed the truth of it with her oath.

Antonio, at the sight of Maria, seemed to be abashed and confounded, and owned there had been an intrigue between them, but denied there had been any previous contract or promise of marriage. The Lady, he said, had made such advances, that by the laws of gallantry he could not refuse to meet her wishes with equal ardour. But this plea was over-ruled by the Court as false and groundless; and then the Judge summed up the evidence, and at last pronounced sentence of *death* against him.

Baleine, not content with having appeared at the trial in the different characters of Accuser, Judge, and Jury, acted also the part of Executioner, and with his own hand stabbed Antonio, while he called out, in vain, on God and man for help, and complained of the breach of the laws of hospitality and friendship, forgetting that he himself had first violated those sacred laws. However, he sent the body to his relations.

He had ordered his Secretary to set down in writing the interrogatories and the depositions of the witnesses, which he obliged every one concerned to subscribe, and, in short, the whole process. After this, not doubting but the affair would soon reach the King's ear, he sent him an authentic copy of the trial, keeping the original for himself, and begged him, in a letter to pardon his presumption, that, in circumstances so extraordinary, and where his honour was so deeply wounded, he had, neglecting the common course of law, done himself justice with his own hands. The King, astonished at so daring an action, and fearing that, if he should refuse his request, a man of such an impetuous temper might commit some farther outrage, sent him a pardon; but at the same time dispatched an Officer, in whom he confided, to succeed him as Governor.

Baleine readily resigned his authority, and, with his family and some select friends, retired into a strong castle of his own, at no great distance from Lectoure.

S. W.

AN EXPLANATION
OF THE
FACULTY OF ABRAC.

See Vol. III. p. 82.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I WAS extremely delighted with the copy of that ancient and venerable manuscript concerning Free-masonry with which you obliged the public.

Mr. Locke's notes and explanatory remarks do the paper great honour, and his declaration and the lady's have contributed to increase the number of Masons in several lodges.

There are however some passages so obscure that Mr. Locke himself knows not what to make of them. *The way of wyninge the faculty of Abrac* is one; which I shall endeavour to elucidate.

I apprehend, that by the *faculty of Abrac* is meant the chimerical virtues ascribed to the magical term ABRACADABRA, written or repeated in a particular manner. This fanciful charm is supposed to have been invented by the elder Serenus Samoniacus, in the time of the Emperors Severus and Caracalla; and was thought to be efficacious in curing agues, and preventing other diseases.---The way of writing it was thus:

A B R A C A D A B R A
A B R A C A D A B R
A B R A C A D A B
A B R A C A D A
A B R A C A D
A B R A C A
A B R A C
A B R A
A B R
A B
A

A paper so inscribed was tied about the neck of the patient.

It is the more probable that this may be the true explanation of the *faculty of Abrac*, because we see that several of the mysteries of masonry enumerated in this old piece, are obscurely, imperfectly, or corruptly expressed. For instance, *Peter Gower*. Who would imagine that *Peter Gower* was *Pythagoras* in disguise? Yet how naturally and satisfactory is the corruption accounted for, by the medium which Mr. Locke has so happily discovered? *Pythagoras* seems to have been fated to transmigrations. The transmigration of *Euphorbus* into *Pythagoras* seems scarce more incredible, than (at first sight) the transmigration of *Pythagoras* into *Peter Gower*.

Another explanation of the above is to be seen in Mr. Hutchinson's *Spirit of Masonry*. p. 33, and in Brother Preston's *Illustrations of Masonry*.

DETACHED SENTIMENTS.-

 No. IV.

PLUS ULTRA.

HUMAN Understanding is a plant, which individually advances very slowly to maturity; but its progress in society is yet much less rapid.—Many of the Philosophers of ancient times *saw*, and *despised*, the absurdities of the heathen system of religion, whilst their respective nations continued their adoration of fictitious, immoral, and profligate deities.

We are told that Virtue is its own reward. So it is to a certain degree. In equal situations, the virtuous man will be incomparably the most happy; but this does not secure him from the gripe of penury, from the heart-rending pangs of a Lear, inflicted by a thankless child! No, these are sufferings which *no* Virtue could support, *without* the soothing expectation of a *happier eternity*. That Virtue is its own reward in our intercourse with mankind, is most true. Vicious men are mistrusted and despised, even by the vicious themselves. A man without character, soon becomes an outcast of society.

A man of true courage will disdain the protection of a falsehood, was it even to save his own life. When he has once passed the Rubicon, he will march boldly on to the capital. He has put his life upon a cast, and will nobly stand the hazard of the die.

The sum of the enjoyments from the virtues of Temperance, Prudence, and Fortitude, which enable us to maintain the rights of mankind and the sum of the sufferings from the opposite vices, Intemperance, Imprudence, and Pusillanimity, constitute the obligation to the virtue of justice.

There is nothing weak, melancholy, or constrained, in true piety; it enlarges the heart, it is simple and lovely, it becomes all things to all men, that it may gain all. The kingdom of God does not consist in a scrupulous observation of little punctillios.

Were all men honest, the world would go on much more happily than it does at present; but were all men wise, it would not go on at all: so greatly preferable is honesty to understanding.

Liberty is a fine sounding word; but most of those who use it, mean nothing more by it, than a liberty to oppress others, themselves uncontrolled by any superior authority.

The more false any religion is, the more industrious the priests of it are to keep the people from prying into the mysteries of it; and by that artifice, render them the more zealous and confident in their ignorance.

The peace of society dependeth on Justice; the happiness of individuals, on the certain enjoyment of all their possessions.

Æcon. of Human Life.

Short is the period that man is suffered to tread this transitory stage of existence; nor is it in the power of man to arrest the stroke of death.

Excessive and too frequent marks of respect and esteem only tire those to whom they are addressed, and on that account are the contrary of true politeness, whose only end is to please. It is a great art to know how to vary these according to persons and circumstances. That which is only due respect to a superior, would be to an equal accounted over-strained complaisance or affectation.

CHARACTER OF

GAVIN WILSON,

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF HIS INVENTIONS.

THE world often profits by the inventions of the ingenious artisan, and enjoys the conveniences which are the fruits of his labour, without indulging a thought upon the obligations it lies under to their inventor, and without entertaining a wish to trace from obscurity the name or history of the person whose exertions have, in reality, been of more advantage to mankind than all the pursuits of an hundred other individuals, whose names are held in high esteem, and even their foibles venerated, for ages of ages, after they have ceased to exist.

The ingenious artist who is the subject of the following desultory remarks, as having contributed very considerably to the ease and convenience of many ranks of people, by his useful inventions, is surely not undeserving of mention in the pages of Biography.

For the art of hardening and polishing leather, and the manufacturing of various implements and utensils from it, superior for many uses to those formed of other materials, the world is indebted to Gavin Wilson, a journeyman boot-maker of the city of Edinburgh. The extensive circulation of the polished leathern powder-flasks, drinking mugs, snuff-boxes, ink-cases, and numerous other useful articles in this branch of manufacture, of which he was the original maker, has rendered this invention famous, not only over Europe, but in other quarters of the globe; although the name of the inventor is almost entirely unknown. His abilities were not limited to the producing of the articles in this line of manufacture which are in common use; his ingenuity enabled him to form a German flute and a violin, both of leather, which for neatness of workmanship and me-

lousness of tone were neither of them inferior to any instruments of the same kind, formed of wood, by the workmen whose peculiar province it is to make these instruments. The exertions of his genius went yet farther, and he contrived artificial arms and legs of the same materials, which not only remedied the deformity arising from the want of a natural limb, but in a great measure supplied that loss, in itself one of the most distressing that can befall any individual. The unexampled success of his endeavours in this way, and the very eminent advantages the maimed derived from his inventions, may be best instanced by the following copy of a letter, written by a person who was unfortunate enough to be deprived of both his hands while serving in the Royal Navy: by the assistance of Gavin Wilson, this man was enabled both to convey his sentiments by writing, and to perform many useful offices about his own person. The letter was first published in the Caledonian Mercury for 1779, along with an advertisement of the ingenious mechanic, who was the means of rendering this author a comfort to himself, and in some measure an useful member of society.

“ To the Printer of the CALEDONIAN MERCURY.

“ SIR,

“ AS I am a reader of your Mercury, I indulge myself with the hope that you will admit my short misfortunate narrative into a corner of your extensively useful paper. I belong to the Royal Artillery; and on the 23d of April 1776, I embarked on board the Fleetwood transport, Captain Slazier, from Woolwich, and arrived at Quebec the 1st of June the same year, where we had a very restless and troublesome campaign; but especially to my experience, in the engagement on Lake Champlain, near Ticonderago, where I was in a gunboat, and serving the vent; at this duty we have occasion for extending both hands towards the vent, and mine being in that position, an 18 pound shot from the rebels came and carried away both my hands, the right hand about an inch and an half, and the left about six inches below my elbow.

“ Thus I was rendered useless to my king, my country, and myself; but I gratefully acknowledge that the Honourable Board of Ordnance have made proper provision for me; but, alas! they could not make me useful to myself.

“ Very lately I heard of one Gavin Wilson, in the Canongate. I applied to him; and he has made me two jointed hands of leather, with which, besides writing these few lines to you, I can do a great many very useful things to myself.

“ And as Mr. Wilson has far exceeded my expectation in what he has done for me, I think it my duty, in justice to him, and in sympathy to others in my unhappy situation, to give this public intimation, that any who need his help may know where to apply.

“ I am, Sir, your humble servant,

(Signed)

“ JAMES CRAIGIE.

“ Perth, 15 April 1779.

“ P. S. Lately the Honourable Board of Trustees for Fisheries, Manufactories, and Improvements, in Scotland, honoured the inventor of *legs* and *arms* with a genteel premium on that account.”

Were any farther testimony requisite to evince the high utility of this deserving artist's contrivances, besides the approbation of the Patriotic Board which honoured his ingenuity by a premium, the authority of two of the most celebrated medical practitioners of the present age might be produced; Dr Alexander Monro, present Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in the University of Edinburgh; and Mr. Benjamin Bell, author of the *System of Surgery* published at Edinburgh.

Dr. Monro, in his lectures for these many year past, has annually honoured the memory of Gavin Wilson with a public encomium, as the inventor of the improved artificial arms and legs; and Mr. Bell, in the 6th volume of the work above mentioned, pays the following tributes to his merit:

“ These artificial legs and arms are preferable to any I have ever seen. The leg, when properly fitted, proves equally useful with the common timber-leg, and is preferable for being neater; at the same time that it is not liable to break, an accident to which the others are very liable; and it answers better than a leg made of copper, from being considerably lighter, and not apt to be hurt in its shape by bruises.--- They are so constructed as to be fixed on by means of straps, and hooks and buckles, in such a manner that the weight of the person's body does not rest on the stump of the amputated limb, but hangs quite free within the case of the artificial leg. This, in the most effectual manner, prevents the pain and excoriation which otherwise would be apt to happen from the friction of the stump against the machine. When a limb is amputated above the knee, a joint is formed in the artificial limb at the knee. In walking, the limb is made steady by a steel bolt, running in two staples on the outside of the thigh, being pushed down; and when the patient sits down, he renders the joint flexible by pulling the bolt up. This is easily done, and adds much to the utility of the invention. Mr Wilson's artificial arms, besides being made of firm, hardened leather, are covered with white lambskin, so tinged as very nearly to resemble the human skin. The nails are made of white horn, tinged in such a manner as to be very near imitations of nature. The wrist-joint is a ball and socket, and answers all the purposes of flexion, extension, and rotation. The first joints of the thumb and fingers are also balls and sockets made of hammered plate-brass, and all the balls are hollow, to diminish their weight. The second and third joints are similar to that which anatomists term *Ginglimus*, but they are far different as to admit of any motion, whether flexion, extension, or lateral. The fingers and metacarpus (*wrist*) are made up to the shape, with soft shamby leather and baked hair. In the palm of the hand there is an iron screw, in which a screw nail is occasionally fastened. The head of this nail is a spring-plate, contrived in such a manner as to hold a knife or fork, which it does with perfect firmness. And by means of a brass ring fixed on the first and second fingers, a pen can

be used with sufficient accuracy for writing. When the arm is amputated above the elbow, the artificial limb is made with an elbow-joint. This part of it is made of wood, and has a rotary motion as well as that of flexion and extension."

Mr. Bell concludes his description with the following well-deserved panegyric:---

"I have given this particular account of Mr Wilson's invention, from a conviction of its being superior to any with which the public is acquainted. I am also pleased at having it in my power to let the merit of such an artist be more generally known than it otherwise might be. Indeed, his merit in matters of this kind is so conspicuous, as well as in the management of distorted limbs, that his death I would consider as a public loss; at the same time I have often wished that some public encouragement were given him, to enable him to communicate as much as possible the result of his experience to others."

For an account of the machine used for the cure of distorted limbs, which is also formed of hardened leather, as well as for farther information relative to the artificial arms and legs, I must refer to Mr. Bell's publication, which is in the hands of every surgical practitioner.

Notwithstanding the benevolent wish expressed by Mr. Bell for rendering the experience of this ingenious mechanic of permanent benefit to society, nothing was done in that respect; and he died unnoticed, at Edinburgh, within these few years. I have been able to pick up but few anecdotes of his life, and cannot even give any account of his birth, parentage, or decease; the latter, however, must have happened at some period since the publication of Mr. Bell's work in 1789. His sign-board is still extant in the street called the Canongate, with this humorous inscription, "Gavin Wilson, arm, leg, and boot-maker, but not to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales;" for this singular genius had also pretensions to wit, and was occasionally a votary of Apollo and the Tuneful Nine. The above sportful effort of his fancy was set up at a time when a rage for obtaining, even at an exorbitant price, the titled honour of an office under royalty was predominant amongst all ranks of his fellow-citizens. The ridicule in this mirthful effusion was so happily conceived, and so well directed, as to be universally well received; and probably it contributed in no small degree to exterminate the then prevalent and preposterous taste against which it was aimed.

He was a regular attendant at the lodges of the free-masons, and a warm friend of the fraternity. By his propensity for versifying and composing songs and short stories in rhyme, he contributed much to the social mirth and enjoyment of their meetings, and to the good humour and amusement of all companies where he came. He frequently sang and recited his own productions in the lodge meetings: from this circumstance he was elected Poet Laureat to the lodge of St. David, at Edinburgh, of which he was a member. It appears from his poems that he was also a member of an institution of Masonry, known in Scotland by the name of the *Royal Order*. After receiving this distinguished mark of honour, in the year 1788, he published a collection

of his poetical performances, under the title of "A Collection of Masonic Songs, and entertaining Anecdotes, for the use of all the Lodges: By Gavin Wilson, Poet Laureat to the Lodge of St. David, Edinburgh." To this publication is prefixed a portrait of the author, decorated with masonic insignia. By people who were acquainted with him, I have been told, that it is a very good likeness; it is drawn and etched by a very ingenious artist, Mr. John Kay, whose abilities as a caricaturist have already acquired him extensive celebrity.

The author talks very contemptuously of his own compositions in the following Preface; and, as an excuse for publishing of them, pleads the importunities of his friends:

"*Courteous Reader,*

"YOU are inquisitive no doubt
How this old fancy comes about,
That old unletter'd *leather-toaster*
Should now commence a poetaster;
For to a more deserving name
His mean productions found no claim.
These trifles in your hand you hold
Some are 'bove thirty winters old;
Though others of more recent date
His home-spun Muse did instigate.
He, when with choice companions set,
Would sometimes one or more repeat.
For copies many did insist;
Some gratified in their request;
But to give every friend his share
Would take more time than I could spare.

The following whimsical advertisement may serve as a not unfavourable specimen of his poetical attempts:

"G. Wilson humbly, as before,
Resumes his thankfulness once more
For favours formerly enjoy'd,
In, by the public, being employ'd,
And hopes this public intimation
Will meet with candid acceptation.
The world knows well he makes *boots* neatly,
And, as times go, he sells them cheaply;
'Tis also known to many a hundred,
Who at his late inventions wond'ring,
That polish'd *leather-boxes, cases,*
So well known now in many places,
With *powder-flasks, and porter-mugs,*
And jointed *leather-arms and legs,*
Design'd for use as well as show,
Exempli gratia, read below.*
Were his invention; and no claim
Is just by any other name.
With numbers of productions more,
In leather, ne'er perform'd before.
In these dead times being almost idle,
He try'd, and made a *leather fiddle,*

* See the letter to the Printer of the *Caledonian Mercury*, p. 403.

Of workmanship extremely neat,
 Of tone quite true, both soft and sweet;
 And, finding leather not a mute,
 He made a *leather German flute*,
 Which play'd as well, and was as good,
 As any ever made of wood.

“ He, for an idle hour's amusement,
 Wrote this exotic advertisement,
 Informing you he does reside
 In head of Canongate, South side,
 Up the first wooden-railed stair,
 You're sure to find his Whimship there.
 In Britain none can fit you better
 Than can your servant the *Boot-maker*,

“ GAVIN WILSON.”

THOUGHTS

ON

QUACKS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS.

Translated from the French.

PHYSICIANS live in great cities; there are few of them in the country. The reason of this is obvious. In great cities there are rich patients; and among these debauchery, the pleasures of the table, and the gratification of the passions, give rise to a variety of diseases. Dumoulin, not the Lawyer, but the Physician, who was a no less famous practitioner, observed at his death, “That he left behind him two great Physicians, Regimen and River-water.”

In 1728, one Villars told his friends in confidence, that his uncle, who had lived almost an hundred years, and who died only by accident, had left him a certain preparation, which had the virtue to prolong a man's life to an hundred and fifty years, if he lived with sobriety. When he happened to observe the procession of a funeral, he shrugged up his shoulders in pity: If the deceased, said he, had taken my medicine, he would not be where he is. His friends, among whom he distributed it generously, observing the condition required, found its utility, and extolled it. He was thence encouraged to sell it at a crown the bottle; and the sale was prodigious. It was no more than the water of the Seine, mixed with a little nitre. Those who made use of it, and were attentive, at the same time, to regimen, or who were happy in good constitutions, soon recovered their usual health. To others, he observed, “It is your own fault if you be not perfectly cured; you have been intemperate and incontinent; renounce these vices, and, believe me, you will live at least an hundred and fifty years.” Some of them took his advice; and his wealth grew with his reputation. The Abbe Pons extolled

this Quack, and gave him the preference to the Marischal de Villars: "The latter," said he, "kills men; the former prolongs their existence."

At length, it was discovered that Villars' medicine was composed chiefly of river water. His practice was now at an end. Men had recourse to other Quacks.

Villars was certainly of no disservice to his patients; and can only be reproached with selling the water of the Seine at too high a price. He excited men to temperance, and in this respect was infinitely superior to the apothecary Arnoud, who filled Europe with his nostrums for the apoplexy, without recommending the practice of any one virtue.

I knew at London a physician of the name of Brown, who had practised at Barbadoes. He had a sugar-work and negroes; and having been robbed of a considerable sum, he called together his slaves. "My friends," said he, "the great Serpent appeared to me during the night, and told me, that the person who stole my money should, at this instant, have a parrot's feather at the point of his nose." The thief immediately put his hand to his nose. "It is you," cried the Master, "that robbed me; the great Serpent has just now told me so." By this method the physician recovered his money. This piece of quackery is not to be condemned; but, in order to practice it, one must have to do with negroes.

Scipio, the first Africanus, a man in other respects so different from Dr. Brown, persuaded his soldiers that he was directed and inspired by the Gods. This piece of fraud had been long and successfully practised. Can we blame Scipio for having recourse to it? There is not, perhaps, a person who does greater honour to the Roman Republic; but how came it, let me ask, that the Gods inspired him not to give in his accounts?

Numa acted better. He had a band of robbers to civilize, and a Senate that constituted the most intractable part of them. Had he proposed his laws to the assembled tribes, he would have met with a thousand difficulties from the assassins of his predecessor. He adopted a different method. He addressed himself to the Goddess Ageria, who gave him a code, sanctified with divine authority. What was the consequence? He was submitted to without opposition, and reigned happily. His intentions were admirable, and his quackery had in view the public good; but if one of his enemies had disclosed his artifice, and said, "Let us punish an impostor, who prostitutes the name of the Gods to deceive mankind," he would have undergone the fate of Romulus.

It is probable that Numa concerted his measures with great prudence, and deceived the Romans, with a view to their advantage, with an address, suited to the time, the place, and the genius of that people.

Mahomet was twenty times on the point of miscarrying; but, at length, he succeeded with the inhabitants of Medina, and was believed to be the intimate friend of the Angel Gabriel. At present, should any one announce himself at Constantinople to be the favourite of the

Angel Raphael, who is superior in dignity to Gabriel, and insist that they must believe in him alone, he would be impaled alive. Quacks should know how to time their impostures.

Was there not somewhat of deceit in Socrates, with his familiar Demon, and the precise declaration of the Oracle, which proclaimed him the wisest of men? It is ridiculous in Rollin to insist, in his history, on the sincerity of this Oracle. Why does he not inform his readers, that it was purely a piece of Quackery? Socrates was unfortunate as to the time of his appearance. An hundred years sooner he might have governed Athens.

The leaders of philosophical sects have all of them been tinctured with Quackery. But the greatest of all Quacks are those who have aspired to power. How formidable a Quack was Cromwell! He appeared precisely at the time when he could have succeeded. Under Elizabeth he would have been hanged; under Charles II. he would have been an object of ridicule. He came at a period when the English were disgusted with Kings, and his Son at a time when they were disgusted by Protectors.

REFLECTIONS

ON THE

UNEQUAL DISTRIBUTION OF TALENTS TO MANKIND.

PROVIDENCE is admirable in the distribution it makes of its gifts. There are few but are born with some talent, or some advantage to distinguish them; there is no one also in another point of view that comprehends in himself all that is commonly the object of our admiration and of our desires. Yet is every thing, it may seem, so well counterbalanced in this respect, that if the reciprocal exchange of our personal qualities, and the advantages we are possessed of, was possible, each of us would certainly think twice, before he would truck, as it were, his whole existence for that of another, how perfect soever he might otherwise appear.

If this notion should appear at first sight a paradox, let us again reflect on it, and probably we shall be convinced of its truth.

Those who, dazzled by the splendor of a throne, would consent to this exchange, have not seen with a philosophic eye the cares it is environed with. Some that have merely food and raiment, or a moderate competency, do not envy the ostentation and wealth of Kings; and some, as influenced by certain passions, may annex so much happiness to the objects of their desire, that, to be possessed of them, or to be able to produce them, would be an infinite accumulation of contentment.

Just so, the critic Scaliger, struck with admiration at the beauty of two odes of Horace, would rather be the Author of them than Emperor of Germany.

On this footing therefore we are apt to admire in others the qualities we have not, and we are even tempted to envy them those qualities: but the dose of self-love, which nature has abundantly provided us with, supplies all deficiencies, and makes ample compensation for them by putting us in our own eyes upon a level with those happy men, whose merit might excite our envy.

We cannot now think of the distribution the Creator has made of his gifts, without being persuaded that he had in view, by this distribution, to establish a social intercourse among men; and we must be blind if we cannot perceive that this distribution is likewise the source and origin of commerce. Not finding every thing in our own fund, and different productions arising from different countries, our mutual wants of course should give us attractions to one another, and form bonds for uniting together the different people of the earth.

If there existed a man perfect enough to be sufficient to himself, in what a light should we consider him! Julius Cæsar might have been the most accomplished man in the world; so was Cicero in a multiplicity of respects; Demosthenes excelled in eloquence; and for genius none among the first ages of Christianity appeared greater than Origen: yet was there a something exceptionable in all these illustrious men; a something which they could not help being indebted for to others, and which they had not; and a something that sullied their character.

The foibles in such great men as these being a triumph to envy, what should be our despair, nay vexatious rage, if we found ourselves forced to admire in one of our kind all the talents that could well be desired?

Even excess, in the qualities of a man deemed perfect, would not be exempt from the imputation of being faulty.

Great foibles go commonly hand in hand with great talents; rare merit has almost always an equipoise in humiliating faults, and felicity is never found with that which should seem to procure and make it permanent.

How many illustrious wretches have exhibited instances that happiness and riches are hardly compatible! Genius and taste are seldom companions. Has not Homer sometimes his slumbers? I see Shakespeare, after soaring like an eagle to the sun, fall shamefully, and grovel with the vile insect.

Sir Isaac Newton seemed to have in his genius resources sufficient to create a world; I mean by the help of that science of calculation which regulates all the celestial motions. Consulted by William III. on a point of political disquisition, he was quite bewildered in thought, and could shew no sagacity. The King passed the same Judgment on him as Apelles on the Shoe-maker. Perhaps the Philosopher is as much regardless of catching flies as the eagle; and this perhaps was the reason why Socrates became a butt to the railleries of the Athenians, because he could not reckon up the votes of his tribe. But the bent of the genius does all. Things out of its sphere are either held up as minute, or it cannot pierce them by any intuitive

view; and this justifies the remark made among us, that our most eminent Lawyers have turned out the worst Politicians, notwithstanding the affinity thought to exist between law and politics.

What shall I say of other qualities that distinguish one man from another? What stratagems, what precautions, do we find in Hannibal to take an advantage of an enemy? What presence of mind in action? What art in fighting a battle? If he knew as well how to use his victories, he would have stood unrivalled in Generalship. William III. was deemed a good Politician, but no General, though he had personal courage enough. By the well concerted plans of his politics, he raised himself to the throne of England. It was a wish he had entertained early in life, and this wish he realized. He could not hold a kingdom by apron-strings; this seemed to degrade the thought of his having deserved it. But if the same fortune had followed him at the Boyne, as in all his other battles, he would have had little to boast of; for even there it was not military science that gave him victory, but the timidity of James II. in drawing off the flower of his army. He wore, however, afterwards a crown of thorns, and more than once repented of his Kingship.

Every thing has therefore its compensation; prudence is seldom met in conjunction with that vivacity which gives birth to, and puts projects in execution; erudition seems to exclude that nice taste, the finest fruit of reason; the beauty of the mind does not always sympathize with that sweetness of character which is the charm of life, and we must conclude with the philosophic Poet, that the most perfect man is always he in whom we find the fewest faults and foibles.--*Vitiis nemo sine nascitur: Optimus ille est, qui minimis urgetur.*---Hor. Sat. iii. l. 1.

ANECOTE OF SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

DURING the run of the Beggar's Opera, soon after its first representation, Sir Robert sat in the stage box, and when Lockit came to the masterly song:

When you censure the age,
Be cautious and sage,
Lest the Courtiers offended should be;
If you mention vice or bribe,
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,
That each cries that was levell'd at me.

A universal *encore* attended the performance, and the eyes of the audience were immediately fixed upon Sir Robert; against whose conduct Gay is said to have taken up his pen. The Courtier, however, with great presence of mind, joined heartily in the plaudit, and *encored* it a second time with his single voice; which not only blunted the poet's shaft, but gained a general huzza from the audience.

OPINION
OF THE
THE GREAT JUDGE COKE,
UPON THE
ACT AGAINST FREEMASONS.

Tertio Henrici Sexti, Cap. I. Anno Dom. 1425.

TITLE. --- MASONS SHALL NOT CONFEDERATE THEMSELVES IN CHAPTERS AND CONGREGATIONS.

“ **W**HEREAS by yearly congregations and confederacies, made by the Masons in their General Assemblies, the good course and effect of the statutes for labourers be openly violated and broken, in subversion of the law, and to the great damage of all the Commons; our said Sovereign Lord the King, willing in this case to provide a remedy, by the advice and assent aforesaid, and at the special request of the Commons, hath ordained and established that such chapters and congregations shall not be hereafter holden; and if any such be made, they that cause such chapters and congregations to be assembled and holden, if they thereof be convicted, shall be judged for Felons, and that the other Masons that come to such chapters and congregations be punished by imprisonment of their bodies, and make fine and ransome at the King's will.”

THE OPINION.

Coke's Institutes, Third Part, Fol. 99.

THE Cause wherefore this offence was made felony, is for that the good course and effect of the statutes of labourers were thereby violated and broken. Now (says my Lord COKE) all the statutes concerning labourers, before this act, and whereunto this act doth refer, are repealed by the statute of 5 Eliz. Cap. 4, whereby the cause and end of the making of this act is taken away; and consequently this act is become of no force or effect; for, *cessante ratione Legii, cessat ipsa Lex*: And the indictment of felony upon this statute must contain, that those chapters and congregations were to the violating and breaking of the good course and effect of the statutes of labourers; which now cannot be so alledged, because these statutes be repealed. Therefore this would be put out of the Charge of Justices of Peace, written by Master Lambert, page 227.

This quotation confirms the tradition of old Masons, that this most learned Judge really belonged to the ancient lodge, and was a faithful brother,

See Brother Preston's Illust.

A FRAGMENT.

“TAKE a judgment against him, and execute it immediately,” said the lawyer. The man he addressed was a Christian--- The lawyer had only his name to tell he was one. “It will ruin him, if I follow your advice,” said the Client, who was a man of compassion---“If you consult the interest of another more than you do your own,” interrupted the Lawyer, “why did you send for me?”---I could hear no more---but I hope the man of compassion did not suffer benevolence to be rooted from the breast where it seemed to bud.

We know that the law is good---if a man use it lawfully---But we should ever deal with others as we would wish others to deal with us.---And would the Lawyer like that any man should take a judgment against him and execute it immediately?---No---Judgment be- longeth only to one---and although we are all debtors to him, he would readily give us all liberty and happiness for ever.

ANOTHER.

WHAT a croud!--I passed through it with difficulty---A poor wretch was going to prison for debt---He lifted up his streaming eyes to heaven, as if supplicating for liberty---my heart felt his anguish.---I enquired how much he owed his merciless creditor---“Ten pounds, besides charges.” “Good heaven!--to be deprived of liberty for ten pounds!”---The smallness of the sum gave me delight---I stepped up to him---and giving him all the money I had in my pocket---bade him purchase his liberty, and never despair, though surrounded with distress.---He would have knelt in the dirt to thank me, but I prevented him.---The man was poor, but honest---He was an husband and a father---he had seen better days.---The mob shouted for joy---and I left him with greater satisfaction in my heart than a Nobleman feels on entering the drawing-room in a birth-night suit.

“Compassion,” said I, “has this day drawn from my purse more than I could afford---But I will wear this old coat and hat twelve- months longer than I intended, and that will almost make things even---My coat is old and rusty, ’tis true---but---the debtor is free.”

The world began to be wrapt in darkness---Night had, unheeded, stolen upon me, and the busy scene was going to be buried in obli- vion.

REMARKS

ON THE

IMITATIVE POWER OF INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

 BY THE LATE DR. ADAM SMITH.

THE tone and the movements of Music, tho' naturally very different from those of conversation and passion, may, however, be so managed as to seem to resemble them. On account of the great disparity between the imitating and the imitated object, the mind in this, as in the other cases, can not only be contented, but delighted, and even charmed and transported, with such an imperfect resemblance as can be had. Such imitative Music, therefore, when sung to words which explain and determine its meaning, may frequently appear to be a very perfect imitation. It is upon this account that even the incomplete Music of a recitative seems to express sometimes all the sedateness and composure of serious but calm discourse, and sometimes all the exquisite sensibility of the most interesting passion. The more complete Music of an air is still superior, and in the imitation of the more animated passions, has one great advantage over every sort of discourse, whether Prose or Poetry, which is not sung to Music. In a person who is either much depressed by grief or enlivened by joy, who is strongly affected either with love or hatred, with gratitude or resentment, admiration or contempt, there is commonly one thought or idea which dwells upon his mind, which continually haunts him, which, when he has chased it away, immediately returns upon him, and which in company makes him absent and inattentive. He can think but of one object, and he cannot repeat to them that object so frequently as it recurs upon him. He takes refuge in solitude, where he can with freedom either indulge the extasy or give way to the agony of the agreeable or disagreeable passion which agitates him; and where he can repeat to himself, which he does sometimes mentally, and sometimes even aloud, and almost always in the same words, the particular thought which either delights or distresses him. Neither Prose nor Poetry can venture to imitate those almost endless repetitions of passion. They may describe them as I do now, but they dare not imitate them; they would become most insufferably tiresome if they did. The Music of a passionate air not only may, but frequently does, imitate them; and it never makes its way so directly or so irresistibly to the heart as when it does so. It is upon this account that the words of an air, especially of a passionate one, though they are seldom very long, yet are scarce ever sung straight on to the end, like those of a recitative; but are almost always broken into parts, which are transposed and repeated again and again, according to the fancy or judgment of the composer. It is by means of such repetitions only, that Music can exert those peculiar

powers of imitation which distinguish it, and in which it excels all the other Imitative Arts. Poetry and Eloquence, it has accordingly been often observed, produce their effects always by a connected variety and succession of different thoughts and ideas; but Music frequently produces its effects by a repetition of the same idea; and the same sense expressed in the same, or nearly the same combination of sounds, though at first perhaps it may make scarce any impression upon us, yet, by being repeated again and again, it comes at last gradually, and by little and little, to move, to agitate, and to transport us.

To these powers of imitating, Music naturally, or rather necessarily, joins the happiest choice in the objects of its imitation. The sentiments and passions which Music can best imitate, are those which unite and bind men together in society; the social, the decent, the virtuous, the interesting and affecting, the amiable and agreeable, the awful and respectable, the noble, elevating, and commanding passions. Grief and distress are interesting and affecting; humanity and compassion, joy and admiration, are amiable and agreeable; devotion is awful and respectable; the generous contempt of danger, the honourable indignation at injustice, are noble, elevating, and commanding. But it is these and such like passions which Music is fittest for imitating, and which it in fact most frequently imitates. They are, if I may say so, all Musical Passions; their natural tones are all clear, distinct, and almost melodious; and they naturally express themselves in a language which is distinguished by pauses, at regular and almost equal intervals; and which, upon that account, can more easily be adapted to the regular returns of the correspondent periods of a tune. The passions, on the contrary, which drive men from one another, the unsocial, the hateful, the indecent, the vicious passions, cannot easily be imitated by Music. The voice of furious anger, for example, is harsh and discordant; its periods are all irregular, sometimes very long, and sometimes very short, and distinguished by no regular pauses. The obscure and almost inarticulate grumbings of black malice and envy, the screaming outcries of dastardly fear, the hideous growlings of brutal and implacable revenge, are all equally discordant. It is with difficulty that Music can imitate any of those passions; and the Music which does imitate them, is not the most agreeable. A whole entertainment may consist, without any impropriety, of the imitation of the social and amiable passions.

It would be a strange entertainment which consisted altogether in the imitation of the odious and the vicious. A single song expresses almost always some social, agreeable, or interesting passion. In an opera the unsocial and disagreeable are sometimes introduced, but it is rarely, and as discords are sometimes introduced into harmony, to set off by their contrast the superior beauty of the opposite passions. What Plato said of Virtue, that it was of all beauties the brightest, may with some sort of truth be said of the proper and natural objects of Musical Imitation. They are either the sentiments and passions,

in the exercise of which, consist both the glory and the happiness of human life, or they are those from which it derives its most delicious pleasures, and most enlivening joys: or, at the worst and lowest, they are those by which it calls upon our indulgence and compassionate assistance to its unavoidable weaknesses, its distresses, and its misfortunes.

SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF

Dr. ADAM SMITH.

BY MR. STEWART.

OF the intellectual gifts and attainments by which Dr. Smith was so eminently distinguished; of the originality and comprehensiveness of his views; the extent, the variety, and the correctness of his information; the inexhaustible fertility of his invention; and the ornaments which his rich and beautiful imagination had borrowed from classical culture; he has left behind him lasting monuments. To his private worth the most certain of all testimonies may be found in that confidence, respect, and attachment which followed him through all the various relations of life. The serenity and gaiety he enjoyed, under the pressure of his growing infirmities, and the warm interest he felt to the last in every thing connected with the welfare of his friends, will be long remembered by a small circle, with whom, as long as his strength permitted, he regularly spent an evening in the week; and to whom the recollection of his worth still forms a pleasing, though melancholy bond of union.

The more delicate and characteristic features of his mind, it is perhaps impossible to trace. That there were many peculiarities, both in his manners, and in his intellectual habits, was manifest to the most superficial observer; but although, to those who knew him, these peculiarities detracted nothing from the respect which his abilities commanded; and although, to his intimate friends, they added an inexpressible charm to his conversation, while they displayed, in the most interesting light, the artless simplicity of his heart; yet it would require a very skilful pencil to present them to the public eye. He was certainly not fitted for the general commerce of the world, or for the business of active life. The comprehensive speculations with which he had been occupied from his youth, and the variety of materials which his own invention continually supplied to his thoughts, rendered him habitually inattentive to familiar objects, and to common occurrences; and he frequently exhibited instances of absence, which have scarcely been surpassed by the fancy of La Bruyere. Even in company, he was apt to be engrossed with his studies; and appeared, at times, by the motion of his lips, as well as by his looks and gestures, to be in the fervour of composition. I have often, however, been

struck, at the distance of years, with his accurate memory of the most trifling particulars; and am inclined to believe, from this and some other circumstances; that he possessed a power, not perhaps uncommon among absent men; of recollecting, in consequence of subsequent efforts of reflection, many occurrences which, at the time when they happened, did not seem to have sensibly attracted his notice.

To the defect now mentioned, it was probably owing, in part, that he did not fall in easily with the common dialogue of conversation; and that he was something apt to convey his own ideas in the form of a lecture. When he did so, however; it never proceeded from a wish to engross the discourse; or to gratify his vanity. His own inclination disposed him so strongly to enjoy in silence the gaiety of those around him, that his friends were often led to concert little schemes, in order to bring him on the subjects most likely to interest him. Nor do I think I shall be accused of going too far; when I say; that he was scarcely ever known to start a new topic himself, or to appear unprepared upon those topics that were introduced by others. Indeed, his conversation was never more amusing than when he gave a loose to his genius; upon the very few branches of knowledge of which he only possessed the outlines.

The opinions he formed of men, upon a slight acquaintance, were frequently erroneous: but the tendency of his nature, inclined him much more to blind partiality, than to ill-founded prejudice. The enlarged views of human affairs, on which his mind habitually dwelt, left him neither time nor inclination to study, in detail, the uninteresting peculiarities of ordinary characters; and accordingly, though intimately acquainted with the capacities of the intellect; and the workings of the heart, and accustomed in his theories, to mark, with the most delicate hand, the nicest shades, both of genius and of the passions; yet, in judging of individuals, it sometimes happened, that his estimates were, in a surprising degree, wide of the truth.

The opinions, too, which, in the thoughtlessness and confidence of his social hours, he was accustomed to hazard on books, and on questions of speculation, were not uniformly such as might have been expected from the superiority of his understanding, and the singular consistency of his philosophical principles. They were liable to be influenced by accidental circumstances, and by the humour of the moment; and when retailed by those who only saw him occasionally, suggested false and contradictory ideas of his real sentiments. On these, however, as on most other occasions, there was always much truth, as well as ingenuity, in his remarks; and if the different opinions which at different times he pronounced upon the same subject, had been all combined together, so as to modify and limit each other, they would probably have afforded materials for a decision equally comprehensive and just. But, in the society of his friends, he had no disposition to form those qualified conclusions that we admire in his writings; and he generally contented himself with a bold and masterly sketch of the object, from the first point of view in which his temper, or his fancy, presented it. Some-

thing of the same kind might be remarked, when he attempted, in the flow of his spirits, to delineate those characters which, from long intimacy, he might have been supposed to understand thoroughly. The picture was always lively and expressive; and commonly bore a strong and amusing resemblance to the original, when viewed under one particular aspect; but seldom, perhaps, conveyed a just and complete conception of it in all its dimensions and proportions.---In a word, it was the fault of his unpremeditated judgments, to be too systematical, and too much in extremes.

But, in whatever way these trifling peculiarities in his manners may be explained, there can be no doubt, that they were intimately connected with the genuine artlessness of his mind. In this amiable quality, he often recalled to his friends, the accounts that are given of good La Fontaine; a quality which in him derived a peculiar grace from the singularity of its combination with those powers of reason and of eloquence which, in his political and moral writings, have long engaged the admiration of Europe.

In his external form and appearance there was nothing uncommon. When perfectly at ease, and when warmed with conversation, his gestures were animated, and not ungraceful; and, in the society of those he loved, his features were often brightened with a smile of inexpressible benignity. In the company of strangers, his tendency to absence, and perhaps still more his consciousness of this tendency, rendered his manner somewhat embarrassed; an effect which was probably not a little heightened by those speculative ideas of propriety, which his recluse habits tended at once to perfect in his conception, and to diminish his power of realizing.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE EARL OF LAUDERDALE.

HIS Lordship was one day walking through the woods of his fine seat at Hatton, when he discovered a man with a fowling-piece in quest of game. The Earl knew the man; and the man knew the Earl. The Earl resolved to disarm him. The man was determined not to be disarmed. As each party was perfectly well acquainted with the rank of the other, there could be no mistake. My Lord called to the man, "Sir, how dare you shoot in my grounds! Give me your gun." The man answered, "My Lord, I will not give my gun." "Sir, I will take it from you then." The man, who was an old soldier, replied with a noble firmness, "My Lord, your Lordship may attempt to disgrace me; but by G--- I will shoot you before I suffer it." The Earl looked stedfastly at the man's eyes, and saw him determined in his purpose. Struck with the grandeur of the man's soul, his Lordship put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out some silver, saying, "Take this, you're a brave fellow!" The man, whose sensibility was awakened by the Earl's generosity, burst into tears, threw down his gun, and said, "Your Lordship may do what you please." Lord L. desired the man to take up his gun, and the silver; and only begged that he would not again shoot without licence in his grounds.

POETRY.

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

LINES ON A LADY,

REMARKABLE *for* HOMELY FEATURES *and* a MELODIOUS VOICE.

I CHANC'D sweet Lesbia's voice to hear ;
 O that the pleasure of mine ear
 Contented had the appetite ;
 But I must satisfy the sight :
 Where such a face I chanc'd to see,
 From which, good Lord, deliver me :
 'Tis not profane if I shou'd tell,
 I thought her one of those that fell
 With Lucifer's apostate trait,
 Yet did her angel's voice retain.
 A cherubim her notes descry'd,
 A devil ev'ry where beside.
 Lower than gamut sunk her eyes,
 'Bove Ela yet her note did rise.
 Ask the dark woods, and they'll confess
 None did such harmony express :
 Her notes entic'd the gentle quire
 Of birds to come, who all admire,
 And would with pleasure longer stay ;
 But that her looks fright them away.
 Say, monster strange, what must thou be,
 Where shall I trace thy pedigree ?
 What but a panther could beget
 A face so foul, a breath so sweet.
 In looks, where other women place
 Their chiefest pride, is thy disgrace ;
 The tongue, a part which us'd to be
 Worst in thy sex, is best in thee :
 Were I but now to chuse, I swear
 Not by the eye, but by the ear,
 Here I should dote ; but I should woo
 Thy voice and not thy body too ;
 Cygnets full late their throats do try,
 And sing their music when they die.
 Say, Lesbia, say, what God will bless
 Our loves with so much happiness.
 O had I power with one spell
 To make thee but invisible !
 Or die, resign thyself to death,
 And I will catch thy latest breath,
 Or turn voice only, echo prove,
 Here, here by Heav'n I'll fix my love.
 If not---ye Gods, to ease my mind,
 Or make me deaf, or strike me blind ;
 For joy and grief alternate rise,
 While you have tongue, and I have eyes.

 IMPOSSIBILITIES.

EMBRACE a sun-beam, and on it
 The shadow of a man beget ;
 Tell me who reigns in the moon ;
 Set the thunder to a tune ;
 Cut the axletree that bears
 Heav'n and earth, or stop the spheres
 With thy finger, or divide
 Beggary from lust and pride ;
 Tell me what the Syren's sing,
 Or the secrets of a king,
 Or his pow'r, and when it ends,
 And how far his will extends.
 Can'st thou by thy art uncase
 The mysteries of a courtier's face ?
 If not for him, then go and find
 A widow, or all women kind,
 Like to their outward show, and be
 More than Delphian Deity.

M.

 SIR PHILIP SYDNEY'S EPITAPH.

ENGLAND, the Netherlands, the Heav'ns, the Arts,
 The soldiers, and the world, hath lost six parts
 Of noble Sydney ; for who will suppose,
 That a small heap of stones can him inclose :
 England hath lost his body ; she it fed :
 Netherlands his blood ; for her sake 'twas shed :
 The Heav'ns have his soul ; the arts his great fame ;
 The soldiers his grief ; the world his good name.

M.

 EPITAPH under Dr. JOHNSON'S STATUE in St. PAUL'S.

 ATTRIBUTED TO DR. PARR.

SAMUELI JOHNSON,

GRAMMATICO CRITICO
 Scriptorum. Anglicorum. Litterate. Perito.
 Poetae. Luminibus. Sententiarum.
 Et. Ponderibus. verborum. admirabili.
 Magistro. virtutis. gravissimo.
 Homini. optimo. et singularis. exempli.
 Qui. vixit. Ann. LXXV. Mens. I. Dieb. XIII.
 Sepult. in aed. sanct. Petr. Westmonasteriens.
 XII. Kal. Januar. Ann. Christ. CIO. LXXCLXXXV.
 Amici. et Sodales. Litterarii.
 Pecunia. Conlata.
 H. M. Faciund. curaver.

ON PLUCKING A ROSE

INTENDED FOR A YOUNG LADY.

SWEETEST flow'r that scents the gale,
 Lovely, blooming, blushing rose,
 Leave, ah, leave thy peaceful vale,
 On Carolina's breast repose.

Tho' from thy parent's tender stem,
 I pluck thee with unhallow'd hand,
 Thou yet shalt shine a brighter gem
 Than glitter'd e'er on Indian strand.

For what avails the diamond's rays
 If scatter'd on the naked shore!
 In vain it casts a lustrous blaze
 Where only foaming surges roar.

But on the bosom of the fair,
 If plac'd by cautious curious art,
 It then becomes a treasure rare,
 And can a thousand charms impart.

So thou soft, lovely, blushing flow'r,
 That spring'st within this vale, unseen,
 Wilt soon assume superior pow'r
 Adorn'd by Carolina's mien.

Then lovely flow'ret come with me,
 And on her peaceful bosom rest:
 Full many a youth shall envy thee,
 And wish himself but half so blest.

J. T. R.

Sunderland.

MR. EDITOR,

I observed, in your last month's *Miscellany*, a very sensible *Essay on Modern Authorlings*, from which I have received so much satisfaction, that, having been acquainted with several of those rhyming genii, I enclose you an *Epitaph* on one of them lately deceased, the insertion of which will much oblige

Yours, &c.

JUVENIS.

HERE * * * * * lies, having ended his days,
 Whose character merits both envy and praise;
 His *Judgment* was just, his *Conception* was clear,
 His *Intentions* were honest, his *Heart* was sincere:
 Yet unjust to his judgment he frequently err'd,
 And the *Maxims of Folly* to *Wisdom* preferr'd:
 For, too idle to study, too wise to give o'er,
 He stuck fast in the outset and seldom learn'd more;
 And whate'er was his subject or low, or sublime,
 Dissipation was sure of her share of his time;
 He true firmness thro' life rarely dar'd to display,
 Still a slave to the whim and caprice of the day:
 For those systems he loudest was heard to deride
 Were the same in the sequel he took for his guide;
 And the asses and fools of his morning's decree,
 Were his evening companions oft chosen to be;
 'Midst a numerous acquaintance extensive his range,
 Yet he always was sickle and sigh'd for a change.

THE SOLDIER'S PARTING ; OR, JEMMY AND LUCY,

A SONG.

 TUNE, "Had I a Heart for Falsehood fram'd."

I.

THOU I must from my Lucy go,
 To where loud cannons roar ;
 And combat with my country's foe,
 Upon some distant shore ;
 Let not my fair one grieve nor sigh,
 Some guardian god shall stand,
 And shield me from the balls that fly,
 Or, turn them with his hand.

II.

On guard, or in the well-dress'd line,
 I'll think, my dear, on thee ;
 My watch-word and my counter-sign,
 Shall LOVE and LUCY be :
 And, should some scar this cheek adorn,
 Or sabre mark my brow ;
 Such, LUCY, Britain's chiefs have worn,
 For LIBERTY and YOU,

III.

Where honour calls---thy JEMMY there
 Will with the foremost join ;
 While cowards shrink with pallid fear,
 He'll conquer to be thine.
 But hark ! you drum already gives
 The signal---Take this ring ;
 And think that JEMMY only lives
 For LUCY and his KING.

J. R.

Royal Brunswick Lodge, No. 527.

 EPITAPH on Dr. SACHEVEREL, and SALLY SALISBURY.

LO! to one grave consign'd, of rival fame,
 A Reverend Doctor and a Wanton Dame,
 Well for the world they did to rest retire,
 For each, while living, set mankind on fire---
 A fit companion for a High Church Priest,
 He non-resistance taught, and she profest.

 EPITAPH on the late Archbishop POTTER.

ALACK, and well-a-day,
 Potter himself is turn'd to clay.

DESCRIPTION OF A PARISH WORKHOUSE.

THERE in yon house that holds the parish poor,
 Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;
 There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,
 And the dull wheel hums doleful thro' the day;
 There children dwell who know no parents' care,
 Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
 Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
 Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
 Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
 And crippled age with more than childhood fears!
 The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
 The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here too the sick their final doom receive,
 Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve;
 Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
 Mixt with the clamours of the crowd below;
 Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
 And the cold charities of man to man.
 Whose Laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
 And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from Pride;
 But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
 And pride embitters what it can't deny.

Say ye, oppress by some fantastic woes,
 Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
 Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
 With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
 Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease
 To name the nameless ever-new disease;
 Who with mock-patience dire complaints endure,
 Which real pain, and that alone, can cure;
 How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
 Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die?
 How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,
 Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
 And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
 Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
 And lath and mud is all that lie between;
 Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives way
 To the rude tempest; yet excludes the day;
 Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
 The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
 For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
 Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
 No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
 Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

TO MY LOVELY FRIEND.

On supposing her HEALTH impaired by some deep and unrevealed SORROW.

FLOWN are those roses that illum'd thy cheek;
 Tearful those eyes with love so wont to speak;
 Those breasts, erst us'd on buoyant hope to rise,
 Now heave to find relief in tears and sighs.
 Could I, sweet Maid! thy latent anguish stare,
 Assuage thy pangs, and lessen all thy care---
 Like Noah's dove, my feet should find no rest,
 Till it had plac'd the olive in thy breast.

The following Lines were addressed by the late unfortunate THOMAS CHATTERTON, to a Friend of his, lately returned from the East-Indies. They have never appeared in print; and he now publishes them as a Compliment to the City that gave him Birth.

NAKED and friendless to the world expos'd,
 Now ev'ry scene of happiness is clos'd;
 My mind distress'd and rack'd with anguish drear,
 Adown my cheek oft' rolls the falling tear:
 My native place I ne'er again shall see,
 Condemn'd to bitter want and penury.
 Life's thorny path incautiously I've trod;
 And bitterly I feel the chast'ning rod:
 O! who can paint the horrors of my mind,
 The stings which guilty conscience leave behind;
 They rage, they rend, they tear my aching heart;
 Increase the torment, agonize the smart.
 What shall I do, whither speed my way,
 How shun the light of the refulgent day?
 Each coming morn but ushers in fresh grief;
 No friend at hand to bring me sweet relief:
 The sigh I stifle, and the smile I wear,
 In secret, but increase my weight of care.
 One comfort's left, and that's in speedy death,
 What! rob myself of my own vital breath;
 Yes! for my frame's so torn, I can't abide
 Of keen reflection the full flowing tide;
 Then welcome death: O God, my soul receive
 Pardon my sins, and this one act forgive:
 I come! I fly! O how my mind's distress:
 Have mercy Heaven! when shall I find rest.

LOVE WITHOUT SPIRIT.

THYRSIS has charms, address, and art;
 To captivate and gain the heart;
 But what avails him all his merit,
 Since with these charms he still wants spirit?
 He said one day, in amorous chat
 As in a grove alone we sat,
 "How happy, Chloe, should I be,
 "Were I at home alone with thee!"
 Early next morn, as he had said,
 He came, and caught me in my bed;
 Sigh'd, gaz'd, and talk'd of pangs and love,
 And wish'd me with him in the grove,
 "How happy, Chloe, should I be,
 "If in the grove alone with thee!"

STRICTURES
ON
PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE Theatres have this month been unusually barren of novelty.---- At Drury-Lane we have to notice the revival of the *Rival Queens*, that bold production of NAT LEE, whose Muse was capable of the boldest flights of Poetry, and which is now brought forward with a degree of splendour highly creditable to the taste and liberality of the Proprietors; the acting is, on the whole, equal to the magnificence of the decorations.

KEMBLE enters into the spirit of *Alexander* with an enthusiasm congenial with the fire of the Author, and, with a due management of his powers, renders the Macedonian hero ardent, impetuous, and dignified. Though his attitudes are uncommonly striking and impressive, he does not sacrifice feeling for the sake of picturesque effect, but is grand, heroic, and expressive.

Mrs. SIDONS gives a new air to the character of *Roxana*; and if, according to the usual notion, she is hardly violent enough, it is certain there are passages of love and tenderness that sufficiently justify the novel colouring she presents.

We do not admire the indiscriminate force which Mrs. POWELL generally assumes; but it is better mingled with *traits* of affection in *Statera* than usual. Miss MILLER is a very promising young Actress: she properly conceives the part of *Parisatis*; but pitching her voice too high, her utterance evinces too much of that mode of speaking which is termed *Cant*.

BENSLEY is the old rough Soldier, in *Clytus*; and the rest of the characters are supported with due propriety.

Altogether, the Play is an admirable treat to those who know how to value good acting, and to those who visit the Theatre merely for the luxury of magnificence and shew.

At Covent-Garden, Mr. COOPER, who has played *Hamlet* and *Lothario*, has come forward again in the character of *Macbeth*. This Performer has been supported by a zeal of injudicious praise; for though we allow that he possesses talents, yet, to adopt the language of BROWN, the *soil* is at present chiefly marked by *capabilities*. There must be much *weeding, draining, clearing, &c. &c.* before he can safely venture forward in a line of pre-eminent characters.---His action is ungraceful, and his performance is rather distinguished by *false art* than by *original feeling*. Sometimes we thought he displayed symptoms of an understanding struggling through the manacles of erroneous tuition; but, upon the whole, he must advance progressively to the higher characters, and not attempt to wield an instrument too difficult for him to manage at present, even if Nature had allotted to him a portion of adequate strength.

EPILOGUE

TO THE NEW COMEDY OF SPECULATION.

WRITTEN BY MILES PETER ANDREWS, ESQ. AND SPOKEN BY MR. LEWIS.

THE Drama done, permit us now to say
Something about---or not about the Play---
Good subject ours! rare times when *Speculation*
Engrosses every subject of the Nation.
To serve the state---Jews, Gentiles, all are willing,
And for the *omnium* venture their last shilling:
Nay some subscribe their thousands to the Loan,
Without a single shilling of their own.

Be this *their* Speculation; I profess
 To *speculate* in one thing only---dress:
 Shew me your garments Gents and Ladies fair,
 I'll tell you whence you came, and who you are;
 But, Sportsman like, to hit the game I'll try,
 Charge, prime, present my glass, and cock my eye.
 What a fine *harvest* this gay season yields!
 Some female heads appear like *stubble fields*;
 Who now of threaten'd *famine* dare complain,
 When every female forehead teems with *grain*?
 See how the *wheat sheaves* nod amid the plumes;
 Our *burns* are now transferr'd to drawing rooms:
 While husbands who delight in active lives,
 To fill their *granaries* may *thrash* their wives.
 Nor wives alone prolific notice draw,
 Old maids and young ones all are in *the straw*.
 That damsel wrapt in shawls, who looks so blue,
 Is a return from India--- *things won't do*---
 That market's up, she could not change her name,
 NOR RAMRAMROWS NOR YANGWHANGWOPPAS came,
 "Bad *Speculation*, Bet, so far to roam;
 "Black legs go out, and jail birds now come home."
 That stripling there, all trowsers and cravat,
 No body and no chin, is call'd a *flat*:
 And he beside him, in the straight cut frock,
 Button'd before, behind a square cut dock,
 Is, I would bet, nor fear to be a loser,
 Either a man of fashion or a bruiser.
 A man of fashion---nothing but a *quiz*---
 I'll shew you what a man of fashion is.
 With back to fire, slouched hat and vulgar slang,
 He charms his mistress with this sweet harangue:
 "What lovely charming Kitty---how d'y'e do?
 "Come---see my puppy?"---"No, Harry, to see you."
 "You're vastly welcome---you shall see my stud,
 "And ride my poney:"---"Harry you're too good."
 "Zounds how it freezes: *Fly* was my *Sancho's* sire:
 "Miss would you see"---"Harry, I'd wish to see the fire."
 That's your true breeding, that's your flaming lover;
 The fair may freeze, but he is *warm all over*.
 We're an odd medley, you must needs confess,
 Strange in our manners, stranger in our dress:
Whim is the word---droll pantomimic age,
 With true tip tops of taste *grotesque's* the rage,
 Beaux with short waists, and small cloaths close confin'd;
 Belles bunched before, and bundled up behind;
 The flights of fashion bordering on buffoon,
 One looks like *Punch*, the other *Pantaloon*:
 But hold---my raillery makes some look gruff,
 Therefore I'm off---I'm sure I've said enough.

THE ARTS.

THAT respectable veteran, ZOFFANI, has resumed the Dramatic pencil, by which he so highly distinguished himself in the times of GARRICK and FOOTE, for the purpose of making a series of pictures of the same kind, on subjects derived from dramatic pieces of the present day. He has already proceeded far on a picture representing that whimsical scene in the new Comedy of *Speculation*,

when the fall of the table convinces the Projector that his villainy is discovered, and his artifices at an end. The likeness of LEWIS, QUICK, and Miss WALLIS, is already striking, and promises the utmost exactness.

It may be fairly said of this picture, in its present state, that it proves there is no abatement in the skill and spirit of the Artist, though it is above thirty years since he produced those dramatic scenes which so highly gratified the judicious Critic, as well as the public at large.

The series of pictures on the *Hogarthian* plan, which has lately issued from the hand of NORTHCOTE, are eminently creditable to his talents, his imagination, and his heart. The subject is the *Progress of a Maid-Servant*, from the first submission to vicious temptation, through the several stages of luxury and prostitution, till she closes a life of vice and folly in wretchedness and infamy.

To counteract this gradual descent from vice to misery, the Artist has also delineated the progress of her good fellow-servant, who, resisting the libertine attempts of her master, after displaying various proofs of honour and sensibility, is finally required by the hand of her master, and raised to a state of happiness suitable to her virtues.---The whole is an admirable work.

ONE is still wielding the historical pencil with his usual vigour and expression. His last work is the Coronation of HENRY the SIXTH in his infancy; and it exhibits such an energy of conception, such a harmony of colouring, and such a striking distribution of light and shadow, as may defy competition in these times.

MARCHANT has finished his exquisite *intaglio* from the famous bust of HOMER, in the fine repository of Mr. TOWNLY, and has advanced very far in another, from the original mask of SIR ISAAC NEWTON, assisted by the picture from Sir JAMES THORNHILL, and every accessory relique of that unrivalled expounder of Nature.

MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

Dec. 30, 1795.

THE MASONIC DIRECTORY, of which it was intended to publish the SECOND NUMBER with this month's Magazine, was originally set on foot, not from any view of private interest, but for the general advantage of the Fraternity. It has not, however, been so extensively encouraged as we had reason to suppose it would have been; to what circumstance this is owing, we know not; whether it be, that the plan was not sufficiently known, or that its design was misunderstood. As it is, we can only say, that we shall defer the Second Number of it; till our Magazine for June 1796 shall be published; when, if a sufficient number of names be not received to make the List respectable, the Directory shall be discontinued, and the monies received for insertions be returned. Such Brethren as have already paid for insertions, and are unwilling to wait till June for their appearance, may have their money returned on application at the place where payment was made. But any names sent after this date must be accompanied with *One Shilling*;---the Proprietor having sustained a loss on the expence attending the First NUMBER, which number was delivered GRATIS.

Several Brethren who have sent their names, residence, and profession, have yet omitted other necessary particulars, such as the number of the lodge, and the office (if any) which they hold therein, without which particulars names cannot be inserted; as these are a guard against imposition.

Names for insertion will be received by the Proprietor at the BRITISH LETTER FOUNDRY, *Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London*: If by letter, the postage must be paid.

A Grand CONCERT will, we understand, shortly be performed at Freemasons' Hall (under the Patronage of our Royal and Most Worshipful Grand Master, and his amiable Consort) for the benefit of the Royal Cumberland Freemasons' School.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has appointed Major Stewart, of the Life Guards, Grand Master of Free Masons for the county of Hampshire and Isle of Wight, vice Thomas Dunkerley, Esq. deceased.

Mr. Richard Walker Whalley, No. 5, Fountain Court, Strand, is elected to the office of Collector to the Royal Cumberland Freemasons' School.

A New Edition (considerably enlarged and improved) of PRESTON'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF MASONRY is expected early in January. Orders for that or any other respectable work on Freemasonry, will be received and punctually executed by the Proprietor of this Magazine, at the British Letter Foundry, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London.

GRAND LODGE OF SCOTLAND.

EDINBURGH, NOV. 30, 1795.

This being St. Andrew's Day, the Tutelar Saint of Caledonia, at one o'clock, P. M. the Grand Lodge of Scotland, with the Lodges in Edinburgh and Proxies from several others in different parts of the kingdom, met in the New Church Aisle, Parliament Square, when the following Noblemen and Gentlemen were *Re-elected* to preside over the Fraternity for the ensuing year :

The Most Worshipful and Right Honourable WILLIAM Earl of ANCRUM,
Grand Master.

FRANCIS Lord Viscount DOWN, *Deputy Grand Master.*

THOMAS HAY, Esq. Surgeon to the Royal Edinburgh Volunteers, *Substitute Grand Master,*

Sir JAMES FOULIS, of Collington, Bart. *Senior Grand Warden,*

ANDREW HOUSTON, Esq. of Jordan Hill, *Junior Grand Warden.*

JOHN HAY, Esq. *Grand Treasurer,*

Rev. Dr. JOHN TOUCH, *Grand Chaplain,*

Mr. ROBERT MEICKLE, *Grand Secretary,*

Mr. THOMAS SOMERS, *Grand Clerk, and*

Mr. WILLIAM REID, *Grand Tyler.*

The Elections made at the Quarterly Communication of the 2d November were then confirmed; and an Address voted to his Majesty on his late fortunate escape from assassination, of which our readers will find a copy in page 429 of this Number.

When the Election was over, the different Lodges dispersed. But, in the evening, the Lodges of Edinburgh, &c. convened in the Old Assembly Rooms, to the number of nearly 500 brethren. The Grand Master took the Chair about six o'clock. He was attended by ALEXANDER FERGUSON, of Craigharroch, Esq. Advocate, Provincial Grand Master for the South District of Scotland; by Sir JAMES STIRLING, Bart. Lord Provost of Edinburgh; several of the other magistrates, and a number of respectable gentlemen who had formerly borne offices in the Grand Lodge. On the Grand Master's entering the room, the band struck up, "*Come let us prepare!*" After partaking of a very elegant cold collation, the evening was spent in the most agreeable manner, frequently interspersed with songs, by the best singers of the city and neighbourhood, assisted by an excellent band of instrumental performers. In short, every thing was conducted in a manner worthy the Fraternity, whose tenets and principles have stood the test of many revolving ages. The company broke up before eleven o'clock, during the dismission of which the band performed the old Scotch tune of "*Gude night and joy be wi' you a'!*"

UNTO THE KING'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,

THE HUMBLE ADDRESS OF

The Right Honourable and Most Worsbipful

WILLIAM EARL OF ANCRUM,

GRAND MASTER MASON OF SCOTLAND,

FRANCIS, Lord Viscount Down, D. G. M.

THOMAS HAY, Esq. S. G. M.

Sir JAMES FOULIS, of *Collington*, Bart. and ANDREW HOUSTON, of *Jordan-bill*, Esq. Grand Wardens; with the Brethren in Grand Lodge assembled, on the Anniversary of St. Andrew.

WE your Majesty's most dutiful subjects, the Grand Lodge of Scotland, humbly request permission to approach your Majesty, with the most sincere expressions of that attachment and loyalty for which our ancient and respectable Order has ever been distinguished.

Your Majesty's late deliverance from the hands of wicked and sanguinary men, while it recalls to us the recollection of your Majesty's virtues, impresses us with gratitude to that providential care, which, by watching over your Majesty's life, has averted the most alarming calamities from your people.

We have, on this occasion, witnessed the interposition of Heaven for the safety of your Royal Person. That it may never cease to extend its guardian protection to your Majesty, and to your illustrious House, is our united prayer.

Signed by our appointment, and in our presence, when in Grand Lodge assembled, this thirtieth day of November, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-five.

ANCRUM, G. M.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

THE King of Spain has not only offered his mediation at Paris, but at Turin too; but his Sardinian Majesty's answer was, "That he would neither enter into separate negotiations, nor into a separate treaty of peace, but was determined to make a common cause with Austria and England to the last."

The King of Denmark has offered his mediation for a cessation of hostilities between Austria and France. The French have refused to agree thereto: they are for a speedy peace, and not a tedious congress.

On the 25th of November the King of Poland signed the treaty of the partition of Poland. At the same time he resigned his Sovereignty of that kingdom. He retires on a pension of 200,000 ducats.

HOME NEWS.

The Royal Assent has been given, by commission, to the following Bills: the Land and Malt; the Bills to prevent the exportation of Corn and Grain, and to encourage the importation of the same; an act for continuing an act of last Session, for permitting the importation of organzined Thrown Silk; the Bills "For the better security of his Majesty's Person and Government," and "For the more effectually preventing Seditious Meetings;" and the Bill for raising the sum of eighteen millions sterling, by way of annuities, for the year 1796.

Nov. 19. An inquisition was taken at Rochester on a boy aged about thirteen years, who was unfortunately killed by his mother, in the following manner: the mother keeps a bad house, and a young man happening to go in whom she did

not like, she desired he would go about his business; in consequence words arose, and she took up a poker to strike him, which unfortunately struck the child in the eye and penetrated the brain. The child languished two days and died. Verdict Accidental Death.

20. The Duke of York, after viewing the troops on Durdham Downs, visited the city of Bristol. He was received in due form by the Corporation, and had the freedom of the city presented to him in a gold box.

On the like ceremony at Bath, it was reported, the gold box was presented to his Royal Highness, but the freedom intended to be inclosed was forgotten!

21. A country tradesman went last week to take a place in one of the stages, at the Spread Eagle, Gracechurch-street, to return home. On getting into the coach, he put a parcel he had with him into the seat. Just previous to the coach setting out, and whilst the coachman and book-keeper were settling the bill, a fellow opened the door, and begged the company to rise that he might take something out of the seat, they (supposing him the porter of the inn, and that he wanted to remove some article to another part of the coach) readily permitted him to take away a parcel, which however afterwards proved no other than that of the country tradesman, and with which the pretended porter made off undiscovered.

27. Mr. Redhead, *alias* Yorke, was brought before the Court of King's Bench at Westminster-Hall, to receive judgment for a seditious libel, of which he was convicted at the last York Assizes, which Mr. Justice Ashhurst pronounced, that he should be imprisoned two years in the common gaol of the county of Dorset, and at the expiration of that term should give security for his good behaviour for seven years, himself in 1000l. and two sureties in 500l. each.

Mr. Redhead, *alias* Yorke, took his departure for that prison in the mail-coach, attended by two King's messengers, who, with the rest of the passengers, experienced an overturn of the coach in the course of their journey.

Dec. 3. The shop of a jeweller in St. James's-street was robbed of jewels, gold watches, and a variety of valuable trinkets, to the amount of 4000l. A female servant, who has absconded, is suspected of the guilt.

10. A most daring robbery was attempted. The mate of a vessel in the river, late on Wednesday night, engaged a hackney coach in Aldgate, into which he put his wife and a young child, giving the coachman directions where to drive. Two men, who probably heard the orders, followed the coach into Leadenhall-street, and there, stopping the coach, they agreed with the driver to let them in, saying they were going the same way as his passengers. The lady in vain remonstrated. By the time she reached Fish-street Hill, she felt one of the ruffians had his hand in her pocket: she called out murder, on which the coachman drove furiously along; a number of persons, however, soon collected, and stopped him. The fellows within attempted to escape, but happily without effect, and they, together with the coachman, were taken into custody. The lady's arm was desperately cut by one of the villains, when she cried out, in order to intimidate her. She was taken to a surgeon's, where her wound was dressed.

17. A mob collecting in St. James's Park in expectation of his Majesty's going to the House of Parliament, Mr. Pitt and the Speaker of the House of Commons passing on horseback at the same time, the mob hissed and pelted the former, who, to escape their fury, was compelled to put spurs to his horse, and make the best of his way to Downing-street.

16. Two highwaymen, named Perry and Thompson, were committed to different prisons by Justice Spiller, of Brentford, charged on the oath of Peter Sidebotham with stopping him in a one-horse chaise at Twickenham, about one o'clock on that day, and robbing him of 9s. in silver. They were immediately pursued and taken, with three rifle-barrelled pistols on them loaded, and some powder they had in a paper. In the pursuit after the above highwaymen by a Mr. Chapman, who came up with them at Teddington, he called out to a woman at the turnpike to shut the gate; one of them got through, but the gate striking against the horse of the other, threw him off, and he was secured. The pursuit being continued, he who escaped the gate dismounted his horse, just at the entrance of Teddington town, and secreted himself in a hedge, where he was after a short search discovered, and taken into custody.

A dreadful fire broke out in the loft of Mr. Douglas, sail-maker, in Southside-street, Plymouth, on Wednesday last, which communicating to the houses of two other sail-makers, raged with such fury as to have consumed property to the amount of 30,000*l.* before it was extinguished.

Mr. Bessel, who was Assistant Commissary of Stores in the Duke of York's army, after being mulcted in different fines, of which he had defrauded Government, is sentenced, that from his scandalous and infamous conduct he is unworthy to remain in his Majesty's service, and is therefore to be cashiered with every mark of ignominy and disgrace.

The metropolis is going to be improved by two of the most magnificent bridges in the world; the one near the Savoy, in the Strand; the other the re-building of London bridge: they are in length to be the whole of the original water-way, with large arches, and much wider on the surface than Westminster bridge.

The Editor of the new Manchester paper informs us, that a *Thinking Club* (or *true constitutional principles*) is established in that town, the president of which is deaf and dumb. For every monosyllable spoken, a penny is forfeited by the offender; and for a polysyllable, two-pence.

OFFICIAL MISTAKE.---Dispatches intended for General Doyle were sent to Col. Craig; and the dispatches intended for Colonel Craig, to General Doyle! By this mistake, Colonel Craig was ordered to evacuate the Cape of Good Hope, and General Doyle is ordered to strengthen himself by every possible means in Isle Dieu.

VEGETATION.---Three hundred and thirty potatoes were dug up in a garden of Mr. Hazard, in the upper road near Bath, the produce of one single red-nosed kidney potatoe.

A single turnip, weighing twenty-seven pounds, without the top or root, was dug up in the garden of Thomas Kemp, Esq. of Coneyborough, near Lewes.

At a meeting of the Bath Agricultural Society two potatoes were produced, weighing 5*lb.* 3*qrs.* They were from shoots

Captain Manners, in the merchant service, residing at Ratcliffe-cross, brought an action against Dr. Pitcairn for criminal conversation with his wife, Mrs. Manners. The cause was tried on Friday before Lord Kenyon, when it appearing that the Captain had a view rather to the Doctor's purse, than the reparation of his own honour, a verdict went for the defendant. Next day, in the same Court, and before the same Judge, Mr. Houlditch, coachmaker, of Long-Acre, obtained a verdict, with one thousand pounds damages, against Mr. Goodhaw, the distiller, of Deptford, for criminal conversation with Mrs. Houlditch.

To the relation of these immoralities, as destructive to the parties themselves as pernicious examples to society, we have to add another instance likely soon to come before the Judges of the Ecclesiastical Court. The gallant is the son of an eminent coachmaker; the frail fair one mother of four children, and wife of a respectable man of business, who was a particular friend and school-fellow of the seducer. In consequence of the discovery, the spark has taken a Continental trip, but did not *lead her* with him.

NAVAL COURAGE.

Extract of a letter from an Officer on board the BRITANNIA, Admiral Hotham's Flag-ship, in the Mediterranean.

“ The spirited and gallant conduct of Lieutenant W. Walker, who commands the *Rose* hired armed cutter, attached to this fleet, has for some time been the subject of general commendation. He was making his passage from Leghorn to Bastia with money on board; when, in the morning of the 28th of September, at half past four o'clock, he fell in with three small Republican cruisers, fitted out on purpose to intercept him. Finding himself in the midst of them, he, with a promptitude and resolution that do him high credit, bore down on the largest and most leeward, ran the cutters bowsprit against her mizen-mast, and carried it away, with part of the stern, raking her as he passed; then shot a-head and tacked, in doing which the cutter's main boom carried away the enemy's fore-yard, and her broad-side set her fore-sail and mizen on fire; she then got under her

stern again, and so galled her in that situation that they soon begged for quarter and struck. The largest of the other two had several shot fired at her between wind and water; and, as she soon disappeared, it is supposed she sunk. The third made her escape. In this unequal combat Mr. Walker's intrepidity and skill are alike conspicuous; for the ship that struck had 29 men on board, chiefly Corsicans, while the cutter had only 14.

MURDER.

David Davis, of Lidney, has been committed to Gloucester county gaol for the murder of his son. A quarrel arose respecting the lending a few shillings, in which the father challenged the son to fight him. "No, father, says the young man, "I will not bring the wrath of Heaven upon me by striking any parent;" and holding the old man down in his chair, begged him to moderate his anger; instead of which he broke loose, and taking a fire-shovel, struck his son a blow that cut through the skull to the brain, of which the young man died in a very short time. The coroner's jury have returned a verdict of Wilful Murder.

PIRACY, MURDER, AND DETECTION.

Seven men have been brought up to town from the Isle of Wight, charged with murder and piracy on the high seas: they were seamen on board the American Eagle, bound from Virginia to France, loaded with tobacco. Soon after they set sail, a plan was proposed by one of them to murder the Captain, whose name was Little, and take the ship and cargo up the Streights, where it was to have been sold, and the money equally shared between them: this scheme appeared the more easy to put in execution, as the mate and two of the seamen had died of the yellow fever, soon after they set sail from Virginia; so that their whole number amounted to eight, including the Captain: one night accordingly they put their horrid design in effect, and threw the body overboard. After dividing a considerable sum of money between them, they proceeded for the Streights, but contrary winds coming on, they were driven on the coast near the Isle of Wight, and where, hoisting signals of distress, the vessel was boarded, and taken by a pilot into Cowes. The seamen not agreeing in their story as to the Captain's death, first created suspicion, and one man afterwards confessed the whole.

They were all brought to town, and some of them have been committed for trial at the next Admiralty Sessions.

POVERTY, INSANITY, AND DEATH.

Chelmsford, Dec. 11. On Monday last an inquisition was taken before the coroner for this county, at Little Dunmow, on the body of Ann Abbott, a poor woman who resided in a most miserable cottage, with two other young women; the deceased had had a fever a few days, which affected her head, and the night before her death she was so bad, that the two women thought it prudent not to go to bed, and in the middle of the night they heard her coming down stairs, and went to the stairs foot to see what she wanted, when the poor creature appeared stark naked, even without her shift and cap. They asked her what she wanted? she replied, "Water," which they offered to fetch her, she replied, "No, she would go herself and drink as much as she liked," and immediately forced her way out of her house into the yard; the poor women, who were also very ill, looked into the yard after her, but it being very dark, could see nothing of her, till daylight, when she was found drowned in the pond, into which it was supposed she fell, not being able to see her way. The jury brought in their verdict Accidentally Drowned.

IMPRUDENCE, INSANITY, AND DEATH.

Norwich, Dec. 11. On Thursday last an inquisition was taken by Thomas Marks, Esq. Coroner, on Esther Wurr, aged 32 years, who unhappily falling into a deranged state of mind on the 5th of Nov. last threw herself into the river near Eye-bridge, and remained undiscovered until the above morning. The Jurors, on the most decisive evidence, brought in their verdict *non compos mentis*. Her acquaintance with soldiers (which was entirely unknown to the family till after she

had left it) was the cause of her committing this rash deed, to the great concern of a worthy honest father, who has borne testimony to her duty and filial affection from her childhood: in Mr. S. Browne's family she had also been a faithful and excellent servant near seven years.

DEATH OF THE HORSE AND HIS MASTER.

Selisbury, Dec. 10. On Monday se'nnight died the Rev. Charles Wager Allix, of Mere, in this county.

The death of the above gentleman was attended with the following extraordinary circumstance: he had been out coursing on the Wednesday preceding, and, approaching home, enquired the hour of his servant; on being informed, he remarked that there was time for a short ride before dinner, turned his horse about, took a circuit, and again arrived within about a mile of his own house, when the servant observed him to be gradually falling from his horse, pointing at the same time to the ground. The servant got up in time to catch his master in his arms, and having laid him on the ground, a game-keeper, who was passing by, staid with Mr. Allix until the servant went to the house for assistance. He soon after returned on a valuable horse worth seventy guineas. On the approach of the animal, he smelt to his master (apparently a lifeless corpse), snorted, ran back a few paces, fell on his side, and died *instantly!* Though Mr. Allix languished till the Monday following, he neither spoke nor shewed any symptoms of sensibility in the interval.

Lord Harcourt is giving an example well worthy of being followed by others of the Nobility and owners of large inclosures. He is ploughing up a great part of his park to raise grain.

HARE AND STAG CHACE.

Thursday se'nnight the harriers of Edward Clarke, Esq. of Chipley, near Wellington, Somerset, started a hare, which they ran very hard for an hour and twenty minutes; when being called off, with intent to try for another, they roused a forest stag, in Cross's Leigh Brake, in the parish of Milverton, which they killed in a meadow adjoining the river Tone, after a chace of between thirty and forty miles through an inclosed country, where the leaps were very severe, though covered *in capital stile by all the horses out*; the horsemen who rode the chace, which lasted three hours and forty minutes, and were in at the death, were Mr. Webber, Mr. Carige of Wilscombe, Mr. Manly, and the huntsman and whipper-in.

A publican in Chester has caused the following *elegant* composition to be put up over the fire-place in his club room:---

" No Politic language is here the sort,
 " He that begins it forfeits a quart;
 " King George's right let us maintain,
 " And Love and Friendship long remain.
 " *He that refuses is to blame.*"

It has lately been remarked by an Irish Gentleman, that the House of Industry in Dublin is filled with persons who are all past their *labour*.

Several persons have already left off *snuff-taking*, in consequence of the additional duty on tobacco, observing that they have no idea of *paying through the nose* for the expence of the war.

The Fishmongers are apprehensive, under the new Bills, whether it is safe to sell *pikes*.

BREAD.

The Committee appointed by the House of Commons to examine the several laws now in being relative to the assize of bread, have come to the following resolutions:

" That it is the opinion of this Committee, that if the magistrates were by law permitted (when and where they shall think fit to set an assize of bread) to introduce again, under certain regulations and restrictions, the old standard bread made

made of flour which is the whole produce of the wheat, the said flour weighing on an average three fourths of the weight of the wheat whereof it was made, it would tend to prevent many inconveniencies which have arisen in the assize and making of bread for sale.

“ That it is the opinion of this committee, that the columns calculated for the wheaten bread, in the now repealed tables of the act of the 8th of Queen Anne, intituled, “ An act to regulate the price and assize of bread,” would be the proper assize for the said standard wheaten bread; and that the twelpenny loaf of this standard wheaten bread, containing the whole flour of the wheat (the said flour weighing, on an average, three fourths of the said wheat) would, upon a medium, contain one pound of bread in weight more than a twelpenny loaf, the present wheaten bread, made under the act of the 31st of George the Second.”

In the Court of Common Pleas an action was brought to recover from the defendant, the driver of one of the Greenwich coaches, a compensation in damages for assaulting the plaintiff, one of the passengers. It appeared in evidence, that the plaintiff, on the evening the assault was committed, had got into the Greenwich coach, but as it did not set off at the accustomed time, he alighted and got into a Blackheath stage, which was just setting out. As he was stepping into this coach, the defendant laid hold of his collar, and attempted to force him back into the Greenwich coach. This produced a struggle, and afterwards a battle between the parties, in which many blows were given on both sides. The learned Judge observed, that in point of law an assault was clearly proved by the defendant's endeavouring to force the plaintiff into his coach, and therefore the only question was, as to the damages. It was certainly of importance to the public, that insolent coachmen, who first deceive their passengers as to the time of setting out, and then abuse and assault them, should be brought to punishment; but in the present case, the plaintiff, by fighting with the defendant, had in some measure taking the punishment into his own hands, instead of leaving it to the wisdom and justice of the law. The Jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, damages 40s.

22. At night, seven men mounted on horseback, and dressed in smock-frocks, rode up to the house of Mr. Richard Grout, a respectable farmer, at Manuden, in Essex, and began their depredations by breaking the glass in two large windows of the room where Mr. Grout and his servant were sitting, who, being alarmed, called out to know what was the matter; but not being answered, they went out to see, when six of the villains rushed in, and with the most horrid imprecations demanded every thing in the house; at the same time one of them produced a hanger, and the other a large knife, which they continually kept whetting and swearing they would cut Mr. G.'s throat, but on his begging that they would not commit any murder, one of them more humane than the rest, cried out, “ No, d---n him, don't kill him; if you do, what will become of his wife and family?” They then proceeded to search the house, and on coming to where the linen was, they took the whole, both wet and dry; they next proceeded to the cellar, and brought out what they thought proper; they let the beer out of the casks, as well as the wines; and not contented with this, they broke the bottles which contained the liquors, and after fastening each door after them, they departed: but not having done sufficient mischief for that night, they proceeded to Mr. Beard's, at Berden, some little distance from Mr. Grout's, when two of them, more daring than the rest, rode forward and entered the house; Mr. Beard and his servant being within, they met with a very warm reception, and had not the others arrived, and rescued these villains from the farmer and his trusty servant, they would have been most probably secured: but being overpowered, they were obliged to give way, and were by these ruffians severely beaten. They then proceeded as at Mr. Grout's, and took every thing portable, which was of any value; and on coming to Mr. Beard's cellar, they turned the taps, broke the bottles, and destroyed all the liquors, but not till they had drank, and obliged Mr. B. and his man to do the same. They obliged the family to go to bed, and after having in the true chamberlain stile, drawn the curtains, and tucked them up, they wished them a good night's rest, and left the house, fastening the doors after them.

PROMOTIONS.

THE Rev. John Spaurhauke, to the rectory of Hinxworth, in Hertfordshire. The Rev. Mr. Cherry, of Maidstone, chosen Head Master of Merchant Taylors School. The Rev. Mr. Dawson Warren, to the vicarage of Edmonton. The Rev. Peter Hansell, to the vicarage of Catton, in Norfolk. The Rev. Cæsar Morgan, D. D. to the rectory of Tidd St. Giles. The Rev. Mr. Vachell, to the vicarage of Littlepore. The Archdeaconry of Essex to the Rev. Mr. Gretton, Chaplain to Lord Howard de Walden. The Rev. John Thompson, M. A. to the vicarage of Milford, near Lymington, Hants. The Rev. Richard Waller, M. A. son of the late Doctor Waller, Archdeacon of Essex, to the rectory of Great Birch, near Colchester, Essex, worth 270l. per annum. The Rev. Thomas Wright, M. A. Fellow of Brazen Nose College, to the rectory of St. Mary's Whitechapel. The Rev. Char. Neve, B. D. to the vicarage of Old Sudbury, in the county of Gloucester. Dr. Stinton, Rector of Exeter College, in Oxford, to the vacant Prebend at St. Paul's. Mr. Canning appointed Deputy Secretary to Lord Grenville.

DEATHS.

At Lambeth, in the rooth year of his age, Dr. Jean Boiranstone, an Emigrant Priest, and formerly Chaplain to the Archbishop of Paris, for a series of forty years. At Long Eaton, in Cheshire, Mr. J. Wilson, possessed of 2000l. which he acquired in the *hop*-trade; or in other words, by setting bodies in motion, with the combined powers of *rasin* and *cat-gut*. In short, he *scraped* together the above sum by attending *merry nights* as a fiddler. At his apartments in the Meuse, Samuel Dorrington, one of the King's grooms, who was unfortunately run over by the state coach, on his Majesty's return from the House of eers. In the 85th year of his age, Peter Garrick, Esq. brother to the late David Garrick, Esq. At Ovingham, in Northumberland, Mr. John Bewick, a young gentleman much distinguished by his rare talent in the curious art of Engraving on wood, and brother to the celebrated and ingenious Mr. T. Bewick, of Newcastle upon Tyne. At Copenhagen, on the 7th instant, of the small-pox, the Princess Louisa, daughter of the Hereditary Prince of Denmark. General James Johnston, Colonel of the Scotch Greys. At his house, on Snow-Hill, Mr. Thomas Spilsbury, printer. In his 80th year, Leonard Coward, Esq. one of the Aldermen and three times Mayor of Bath: he has bequeathed the reversion of 1000l. three per cents. to the General Hospital, the same sum to the Charity School, and the residue of his fortune, undisposed of, in legacies, towards the improvement of the city. This bequest, we hear, will amount to several thousand pounds. On the 1st of September Capt. John William Hall, of the 54th regiment. Anthony Hunt, Esq. second Captain of Greenwich Hospital. Jacob Bird, Esq. Water-Bailiff of the City of London. David Gardner, Esq. Captain in the 34th regiment of Foot. The Rev. Richard Skinner, B. D. Rector of Basingham, in Lincolnshire, and formerly fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

MARRIAGES.

First at Gretna Green, and since at St. Dunstan's, in the East, Mr. Samuel Staples, merchant of the city, and brother to the Banker, to Miss Martin, of Berkshire, a co-heiress of the late Henry Fletcher, Esq. of Tottenham.---The Lady has a fortune of 50,000l. Major Hill, late of the 25th Light Dragoons, and son of Sir Richard Hill, Bart. to Miss Cornish. Sir John Rose, Recorder of the City of London, to Miss Fenn, daughter of the late Sheriff Fenn. At Temple Balsall, in Warwickshire, George Penrice, Esq. of Salford, in the same county, to Miss Sophia Couchman, second daughter of Henry Couchman, Esq. of the former place. The Hon. Henry Sedley, of Nutall, to Miss Alice Lucy Whitefoord, second daughter of Sir John Whitefoord, Bart. The Hon. Augustus George Legge, youngest son of the Earl of Dartmouth, to Miss Honora Bagot, second daughter of the Rev. Walter Bagot. At South Weald, in Essex, John Tyrwhitt, jun. Esq. to Miss Dymoke, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Champion Dymoke, of Scrielsby, in Lincolnshire.

BANKRUPTS.

JOHN KINDEL, of Liverpool, cabinet-maker. Francis Benbow, of the Rovins, near Brosley, in Salop, barge-owner. John Taylor, of Ravenhall, Cheshire, callico-printer and dyer. Richard Branson and William Asher, of Great Wigston, in Leicestershire, worsted-makers and copartners. Stephen Read, of Bungay, in Suffolk, draper and saddler. Thomas Dade, of Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk, merchant. Thomas Ford, of Paul's Head Court, Fenchurch-street, London, dealer in rags. James Chidgey and Cornelius Chidgey, of Marmaduke-street, St. George, Middlesex, bricklayers. Matthew Samuel Haynes, of Guildford-street, St. Pancras, wine-merchant. Thomas Juchau, and Thomas Archer Juchau, of Bateman's-row, Shoreditch, paviers. Nathaniel Harris, of High Holborn, horse-dealer, and of Brownlow-street, Drury-lane, baker. Rice Jones, of Lower-street, Islington, victualler. James Halliday, of Winchmore-hill, Middlesex, victualler. John Ellis, of Great Marlow, Bucks, grocer. Joseph Swabey Hollingshead, of Old Ford, near Bow, farmer. Wm. Stephens, of Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars-road, vintner. Thomas Turner, of the King's Arms, in the Coal-yard, Drury-lane, vintner. John Wightman, of Ludgate-hill, vintner. John Ingham, of Aldersgate-street, money-scrivener. William Chayer, of Market-street, in the parish of St. James, Middlesex, money-scrivener. William Wood, of Manchester, linen-draper. William Vevers, of Ewell, in Surrey, schoolmaster. Robert Blanchard, of Commerce-row, Blackfriars-road, Cheesemonger. John Thompson, of Plymouth-Dock, mercer. Benjamin Henry Latrobe, of Grafton-street, Fitzroy-square, Middlesex, surveyor. Joseph Le Maitre, of Chiswell-street, Moorfields, haberdasher. Thomas Henry Hattersley, of Sheffield, grocer. Thomas Crew, of Newbury, Berkshire, dealer in hats. David Bromer, of Gracechurch-street, London, merchant. James Ferris, of Pool, Dorsetshire, grocer. William Palmore, of Poland-street, Westminster, painter. Robert Walmsley, and James Pilkington, of Farnworth, Lancashire, copartners and fustian-manufacturers. James Gibbs, of High-street, St. Giles, Middlesex, victualler. John Byrne, of Liverpool, merchant. John Henley Robinson, of Liverpool, and Richard Robinson, of Barbadoes, merchants. John Bate, of Whitechapel, baker. Michael Develin, of Stanhope-street, Clare-market, wine-merchant. Christopher Stodart, and Thomas Prichard Pearce, of Abchurch-lane, London, merchants. William Chadwick, of Liverpool, corn-merchant. John Eillet, of Newcastle-upon Tyne, vintner. John Porral, of Union-court, Broad-street, London, merchant. Robert Gilmour, of Lyon's Inn, Middlesex, insurer. John Thompson, of Craven-street, victualler. Samuel Youdan, of Brook's Market, Middlesex, cornchandler. George Gumbrell, of Wallington, Surrey, carpenter. William King, of Wollington, Surrey, bricklayer. William Smith, of King's Arms Yard, Coleman-street, London, money-scrivener. Joseph Smith, of Cloth Fair, London, draper. Matthias Corless and Thomas Corless, of Blackburn, Lancashire, and Richard Corless of the same place, cotton-manufacturers. Henry Hodges, of Chiswell-street, Moorfields, glover. John Lane, of Birmingham, dealer. John Ansell, of Edmonton, Middlesex, cornchandler. Peter Connel, of Flushing, Cornwall, merchant. Richard Stephenson, of Liverpool, iron-monger. Thomas Peacock, of Birmingham, factor. Barker Simpson the younger, of Margaret-street, Westminster, victualler. Nicholas Humphreys, of Holborn, Middlesex, linen-draper. Richard Clarke, of Wheeler-street, Spital Fields, watch-case-maker. George Andey, of Bryanstone-street, Oxford-road, victualler. Thomas Hodgson, of Abbotfield Mills, Berks, paper-maker. John Christian Turberville, of St. Mary-Axe, London, stone-mason. William Meyrick, of Swallow-street, Westminster, farrier. James Banfield, of Carlisle-street, Soho, broker. John Thorpe, of St. Margaret's Hill, Southwark, Surrey, vintner. George Joyce, of Fleet-street, London, grocer. Thomas Hudson, of New Bond-street, Westminster, tavern-keeper. Thomas Townshend, of Bath, silversmith. William Townshend, of Bath, silversmith. Thomas Palmer, of Newcastle under Lyme, Staffordshire, butcher.

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