



*The Rev. William Peters L.L.B.
Provincial Grand Master
for the County of Lincoln.*

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THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

OR,
GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY.

For OCTOBER 1794.

EMBELLISHED WITH

1. AN ELEGANT AND STRIKING PORTRAIT OF THE REV. WM. PETERS, LL. B.
2. A FAVOURITE MASONIC SONG, SET TO MUSIC.

CONTENTS.

Page.	Page
An Oration delivered in a Funeral Lodge held at Edinburgh, Feb. 14, 1778, in honour of the Most Worshipful William St. Clair of Roslin, Esq. formerly Hereditary Grand Master Mason of Scotland. By Sir Wm. Forbes, Bart. G. M. - - - - -	239
History of the Religious and Military Order of the Knights Templars of St. John of Jerusalem. By J. Watkins, LL. D. continued - - - - -	244
Extracts from two Sermons preached before the Antient and Honourable Society of Freemasons, at Woolwich, Kent, Dec. 27, 1787 and 1788. By the Rev. Daniel Turner, A. M. - - - - -	246
Hints concerning the charitable Donations of Lodges - - - - -	252
Letters from T. Dunckerley, Esq. to the late Earl of Chesterfield. Letter III. Account of Leghorn - - - - -	253
A short Description of Weymouth - - - - -	256
Characteristics of Sir W. Forbes, Bart. G. M. M. of Scotland - - - - -	257
Mr. Tasker's Letters continued. Letter the fifth. The Death-wounds of Sarpedon and Hector - - - - -	258
Memoirs of the Rev. William Peters, LL. B. - - - - -	269
Population of the Globe - - - - -	264
Adventures of the Mutineers who piratically seized his Majesty's Ship Bounty continued - - - - -	265
Anecdote - - - - -	272
Memoirs of the Freemasons at Naples continued - - - - -	273
An Old Batchelor's Account of himself - - - - -	277
Detached Thoughts, illustrated by Anecdotes on various Subjects. On Anger. On Constancy. On Diligence. On Suspicion - - - - -	278
Instances of unparalleled Parsimony in the late Daniel Dancer, Esq. - - - - -	281
Curious Epitaphs - - - - -	283
A new and efficacious Remedy for Putrid Fevers - - - - -	ib.
Account of the Telegraphe, by M. De Lolme - - - - -	284
On the Propriety of Speculating on First Principles - - - - -	286
The poetical Language of Tragedy not borrowed from Nature - - - - -	288.
Poetry; including a favourite Masonic Song, set to Music. An Address written by J. F. S. and spoken by one of the Pupils at the Exhibition of Mr. Wright's Academy in Sunderland. Translation of the famous Lines of Des Barreaux. To a married Lady on her Birth-day, Oct. 17, 1794, by T. P. Elegy to the Island of Jamaica. Epitaph on a celebrated Irish Actor. The Fly. Lines by Mrs. Robinson - - - - -	291
Strictures on Public Amusements - - - - -	297
Monthly Chronicle. Foreign Intelligence - - - - -	299
Home News - - - - -	300
Remarkable Events - - - - -	304
Royal Anecdotes - - - - -	ib.
London Inscriptions - - - - -	305
Agriculture, &c. - - - - -	306

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Amicus, of the Union Lodge, Exeter, has our Thanks for his Brotherly Kindness in promoting this Publication—he will shortly find his wishes in some measure complied with. The *Plan, Elevation, and Section*, of the *Freemasons' Charity School* now building, are in the Hands of the Engraver.

Dr. *Perfect's* Poem on *Madness* is unavoidably postponed on Account of its Length.

The Favours of the *R. W. M.* of the *Cambrian Lodge* will be very acceptable; he will perceive in this Number Marks of our Attention.

We hope our Brother *Somerville* has received the Letter sent with the 16th No. of the Magazine to Edinburgh.

To *Rusticus* we are greatly obliged for his flattering attentions; but there is a Want of Interest in his Subjects, of Novelty in the Ideas, and of Elegance, if not of Accuracy, in the Style, of which we think he will himself be sensible on a Revisal of his two Essays, which shall be carefully transmitted to him if he will favour us with his Address.

A large Supply of the *Masonic Tokens*, for which the Applications have been so numerous, has been received by the Proprietor, and may be had at the *BRITISH LETTER FOUNDRY*, Bream's Buildings, Chancery-Lane, London. [See an Account of them, with Engravings, No. XVI. Page 212.]

X. Y. is informed that the Portraits in *Freemasons Hall* are intended to be given as *Frontispieces* to our Volumes.

No. III. of *Select Papers read before a Literary Society in London*, came too late for Insertion this Month, but shall certainly appear in our next.

The Proprietor begs his Brother A.—*R. W. Master of St. Peter's Lodge, Walworth*, will accept his best Thanks for his very kind Attentions. It is intended to continue the Insertion of *Masonic Songs set to Music*.

Erratum in our last, P. 192, line 44, dele the Word "*innate*."

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

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THE
FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,
OR
GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY.

FOR OCTOBER 1794.

TO THE
EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

RESPECTED SIR, AND WORTHY BROTHER,
The following Oration by an eminent Brother, containing useful Instruction for all ranks, for the man, the Muson, and the Christian, I have no hesitation in recommending to your Readers in general; hoping by the insertion of it you will both please them and oblige

Your faithful Brother, and sincere Well-wisher,

JAMES SOMERVILLE,

E. S. L. R. E. 212. G. L. S.

Edinburgh,
July 24, 1794.

AN ORATION
DELIVERED IN A FUNERAL LODGE
HELD AT EDINBURGH, FEBRUARY 14, 1778,

IN HONOUR OF

THE MOST WORSHIPFUL

WILLIAM ST. CLAIR OF ROSLIN, ESQ.

FORMERLY HEREDITARY GRAND MASTER MASON OF SCOTLAND.

BY SIR WILLIAM FORBES, BART. G. M.

RIGHT WORSHIPFUL MASTERS, WORSHIPFUL WARDENS, AND
WORTHY BRETHREN,

I SHOULD have been greatly wanting in my duty had I not called you together on so solemn an occasion as the death of our late MOST WORSHIPFUL GRAND MASTER, and WORTHY BROTHER, ST. CLAIR OF ROSLIN, to whom our Craft lies under very high and peculiar obligations,

Funeral Orations are but too often perverted from their *proper purposes*, and, instead of exhibiting *faithful portraits of departed merit*, are *prostituted to the arts of pompous declamation and unmeaning panegyric*. It would be no very difficult task for me in this manner to ring changes on a set of well-sounding words, and to make a display of all the epithets and all the virtues that can adorn a human character. But this would neither do honour to my audience nor myself; far less to the person whose death we now meet to commemorate. As something, however, is probably expected from me in the office which I have now the honour to fill, I shall beg leave to lead your attention for a few minutes, whilst I recal to your remembrance what he was, and the gratitude which we owe to the memory of this worthy Brother.

Descended from an ancient and illustrious house, whose heroes have often bled in their country's cause, he inherited their intrepid spirit, united with the milder virtues of humanity, and the polished manners of a gentleman. Athletic and active, he delighted in all the manly exercises, and in all of them excelled most of his contemporaries. Ardent in his pursuits, he steadily persevered in promoting the interests of every public society, whether of business or amusement, of which he was a member, and thereby justly obtained pre-eminence in each.

Of this laudable spirit on the part of our worthy Brother, no society can afford a more remarkable instance than our own. Among other marks of royal approbation conferred on his ancestors for their faithful and valuable services, they enjoyed *the dignity of GRAND MASTER MASON* by charters of high antiquity from the kings of Scotland. This hereditary honour continued in the family of Roslin until the year 1736*, when, with a disinterestedness of which there are few examples, he made a voluntary resignation of the office into the hands of the Craft in general; by which, from being hereditary, it has ever since been elective: and in consequence of such a singular act of generosity it is, that by your suffrages I have now the honour to fill this chair. His zeal, however, to promote the welfare of our society was not confined to this single instance; for he continued almost to the very close of life, on all occasions where his influence could prevail, *to extend THE SPIRIT OF MASONRY, and to increase the number of the Brethren*. It is, therefore, with justice that his name should be ever dear to the Craft, and that we lament the loss of one who did such honour to our Institution.

To these more conspicuous and public parts of his character I am happy to be able to add, that *he possessed in an eminent degree the virtues of a benevolent and good heart; virtues which ought ever to be the distinguishing marks of a true Brother*. Though those ample and flourishing possessions which the house of Roslin once inherited, had, by the mutability of human things, almost totally mouldered away,

* See the account of his resignation, &c. p. 174.

so as scarcely to leave to him the vestiges of their ancient and extensive domains, yet he not only supported with decent dignity the appearance of a gentleman, but he extended his bounty to many; and, as far as his fortune permitted, was ever ready to assist those who claimed the benefit of his protection. If in the course of transactions in business his schemes were not always successful; if a sanguine temper sometimes led him too far in the pursuit of a favourite plan; whatever might be urged against his prudence, none ever suspected the rectitude of his principles; and if at any time he was unintentionally the cause of misfortune to others, it was never without his being at the same time himself a sufferer.

After this brief, but, I hope, *just and well-merited eulogium*, permit me to claim your attention a little longer to some few reflections which naturally present themselves on such an occasion; and which, therefore, I hope, will not be thought foreign to the purpose of our present meeting. I need hardly remark that commemorations such as this, are meant not solely in honour of the dead, but chiefly for the advantage of the living. Our worthy Brother is now gone to that land where, in respect of the passions and prejudices of mortals, "*all things are forgotten*;" where he is far removed from the applause or censure of the world. But whatever can tend to enhance the value of departed merit, must, to an ingenuous mind, prove an incitement to the performance of praise-worthy actions; and if we make the proper use of this recent instance of mortality, our Brother's death may prove of higher utility to us than all those advantages for which in his life-time we stood indebted to him.

My younger Brethren will permit me to remark to them, that although this our Most Worshipful Brother attained to that age which *David* has marked as the boundary of human life*, at the same time without experiencing any great degree of that "*labour and sorrow*" which the royal prophet has recorded as the inseparable concomitants of so advanced a period; although his mental faculties remained unimpaired to the last, and even his bodily strength had suffered but a slight and very late decay; we are not to look on this as a common instance, nor to expect that we shall certainly be indulged with an equal longevity; for hairs so grey as his are permitted but to a few, and few can boast of so singular an exemption from the usual uneasinesses of advanced age. Let us not, therefore, vainly flatter ourselves that we have still many years unexhausted, in which we shall have time sufficient for the performance of the duties peculiar to our respective stations; nor from this idea delay those tasks which, although of infinite importance, we may be disposed to postpone a little longer, because they are not perhaps of a very pleasing nature.

If this instance of our aged Brother should seem to contradict my assertion, I am able to confirm it by another event, which but too

* Seventy-eight years.

fully proves the justness of my observation. The hallowed earth is but newly laid over the remains of a noble lady *, cut off in the morning of her days. Blest with health, with youth, with beauty, riches, titles, beloved by all who knew her; yet all these "*blushing bonours*" could avail her nothing; they quickly vanished, and "*like the baseless fabric of a vision, left not a wreck behind.*" So sudden, so unexpected was her fate, so little thought she of her instant dissolution, that she drew her last breath without a moment's time to say, "*May Heaven receive my parting spirit.*" An awful warning this! May it strike such forcible conviction on our minds of the uncertainty of all sublunary things, that we may study to live with innocence like hers, lest our fate may steal upon us equally sudden, and equally unlooked for.

To my Brethren who like myself have passed the middle period of life, allow me to say, that by having already spent thirty or forty years in this world, our chance of making a much longer residence in it is greatly diminished; and even the longest life with which our hopes may flatter us will shortly come to an end. When we look forward to the years to come, the space indeed, in fancy's eye, seems almost immeasurable; but when we look back on the same space already past, how does it appear contracted almost to nothing? Happy if we can look back on something better than a total blank! If we can discover, on a careful and impartial review, that the general tenor of our conduct has been virtuous, our anxiety to live many more days should be less; but if we find nothing by which to mark our former years but scenes of guilt and folly, the time we have yet to spend on earth may prove too short to expiate them, and we may be called out of the world before the great business of life be finished, perhaps even before it be properly begun. It is, therefore, our indispensable duty to employ well that period which may yet be granted to us, and not to waste in idleness those precious hours that Heaven has lent us for the noblest purposes, and of which we must one day render a severe account.

My Brethren who are farthest advanced in years, will not, I hope, be offended if they are reminded of their mortality by a Brother younger than themselves; because it is by one who has but lately escaped from the gates of the grave, and exhibited in his own person a striking instance in how few hours the highest health and strength may be reduced to a state of the lowest debility. It has pleased Heaven, however, to spare me a little longer, in order to shew, perhaps, that in the hands of the Almighty alone are the issues of life and death; and that not a single moment of our mortal existence but the present can we call our own. This uncertainty of life is, indeed, of all reflections the most obvious, yet, though the most important, it is unhappily too often the most neglected. What a damp would come over our spirits, what agitations would

* The Countess of Eglintoun, who died at the age of twenty-one.

be raised even in this assembly, were the book of fate to be unrolled to our view! If Providence should permit us to penetrate this moment into futurity, and to foresee the fate of ourselves and others only to the end of the present year, some of us who, perhaps, suppose death to be at a great distance, would see him already at the very door; some who, in full security, are dreaming of a long course of years yet to come, would find that they have already entered on their last*, and that before it come to a close, they, like our departed brother, shall be mingled with the dust. A great part of this assembly, by the course of nature, will probably survive a little longer; but it is morally certain that some of us, before the sun has made another annual revolution, will be removed hence to that unchangeable state where our doom will be fixed for ever. And although Heaven has wrapt in impenetrable darkness who they are that shall pass through the vale of the shadow of death during that short period, in order that we may all live in a state of habitual preparation, yet who can have the presumption to say, that he himself shall not be the first to visit "*that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns?*"

How careful, therefore, ought we to be not to disappoint the wise design of this mysterious secrecy, nor pervert what is meant to keep us perpetually on our guard, into a source of fatal security; for the day will most assuredly come (whether sooner or later is of little importance to us) when we likewise shall be numbered with *those who have been*.

May we all endeavour, therefore, so to live daily as we shall fervently wish we had lived when that awful moment overtakes us in which our souls shall be required of us. May we study to act in such a manner, that our practice may prove the best comment on the principles of our Craft, and thereby teach the world, that *Charity and Brotherly Love, integrity of heart, and purity of manners, are not less the characteristics of MASONRY than of RELIGION*. Then may we piously hope, that when a period even still more awful than the hour of our dissolution shall arrive, when the last trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible; when our scattered atoms shall be collected, and we shall all appear in the presence of the Lord God Omnipotent, "*the high and lofty One who inhabiteth eternity,*" that our transgressions will be mercifully forgiven, and that *THE GRAND ARCHITECT OF THE UNIVERSE* will be graciously pleased to give us rest from all our labours, by an admission into the celestial Fraternity of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect.

To HIM be glory, honour, and praise, for ever and ever. Amen.

* Vide RIDDOCH's Sermons.



BRIEF HISTORY OF
THE RELIGIOUS AND MILITARY ORDER OF
THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS
OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM.

BY J. WATKINS, LL. D.

Continued from Page 100.

GODFREY had formed the design of completing the conquest of Palestine, and in all probability would have succeeded, had not an epidemic disorder seized his camp, and carried him off July 18, 1100. In him the infidels lost their greatest dread. His brother Baldwin succeeded him, and assumed the title of King of Jerusalem. He was active and valiant, adding many places of the holy land to the power of the Christians; but, preparing for the siege of Tyre, a dysentery carried him off in 1118, when he was succeeded by Baldwin, Count of Edessa, his cousin.

The same year that carried off the king witnessed also the death of Gerard, rector of the Hospital of St. John. The Brethren of the order unanimously chose as his successor Raymond Dupuy, a French gentleman of a noble house in Dauphiny.

Here the generality of historians fix the æra of the order of the Templars; though a few date their commencement at a later period.

It is certain that at this time Raymond formed the plan of extending the benevolent institution of St. John far beyond its original plan, and even beyond the strict nature of its design. It originated as we have seen from the amiable principle of universal love, holding out an asylum to the miserable and afflicted of every description, though particularly so to the Christian pilgrims. Military service, it should seem, could not comport with such an institution as this; yet so distressing was the state of the Christians at this time in Palestine, from the numerous bands of ferocious robbers which infested it, that there was a powerful reason for that deviation from the original design which was now resolved on by the new Master of the Lodge of St. John. At his persuasion the Brethren of the order resumed their arms for the generous purpose of succouring the distressed, and riding the country of assassins and thieves. He divided the Hospitallers into *three classes*; the first was composed entirely of noble persons who had been used to bear arms; the second was made up of ecclesiastics; and the third were serving brothers, who were to attend the knights and to do menial service. But though this division was made they still consisted of one body, united on the principle of love to God and to each other; and, therefore, each one addressed

himself to his companion under the amiable and endearing compellation of *Brother*.

Having thus altered, or rather enlarged their plan, the order was soon encreased by the acquisition of multitudes of young gentlemen from different countries of Europe. This necessarily produced a new distinction, and accordingly the knights were enrolled under *seven* divisions, agreeable to their several countries, viz. Provence, Auvergne, France, Italy, Arragon, Germany, and England.

A slight consideration of that dark age, with a view to the condition of this institution, will shew us the necessity those knights must have been under of certain common signs among themselves. Numbers of them must have been ignorant of each other's language; and, besides, in their nocturnal excursions a difficulty would arise in not being able to distinguish the Saracen from the Christian. A common language, therefore, was indispensable, composed as well of signs as words.

The Hospitallers having thus assumed the military profession, and obtained the ecclesiastical sanction, offered their services to Baldwin king of Jerusalem, who accepted the tender with marks of uncommon satisfaction. Their assistance was peculiarly seasonable to that monarch, as he had to defend his possessions against indefatigable and very formidable enemies. The infidels having gained a considerable victory over the Christians of Antioch, were flushed with the desire of pushing their arms against the king of Jerusalem. Baldwin met them with as earnest a desire, and the action was long, dubious, and bloody. To the Hospitallers was the event chiefly owing, and that event was glorious. Against their impetuosity resistance was vain; they bore down all before them, and death and destruction marked the progress of the men who had originally united in the purposes of peace and good-will to their fellow-creatures. The triumphant Christians entered the city of Antioch, which Baldwin put into a strong state of defence, and garrisoned with a considerable force.

Not long after this victory that active prince was taken by the infidels in an ambuscade, and consternation and dismay seized upon the Christians. After a captivity of near two years the king was ransomed, and the war was renewed with increased vigour and mutual rage.

Amidst this state of contention, this business of blood, the Hospitallers are said by their conspicuous valour to have given rise to a new order of religious knighthood.

Nine Frenchmen of distinction, animated by so illustrious an example, and moved with pity for the pilgrims who journeyed from motives of piety towards the sepulchre of Jerusalem, formed themselves into a little society to guard those devotees through the defiles of the mountains, and the most dangerous passages. There is every reason to believe that these persons were, in fact, themselves members of the Lodge of St. John; and only from a particular zeal bound themselves to a new and very necessary branch of duty. It is from this persuasion that I have entered so particularly into the

story of the Hospitallers, and the state of the Christian affairs in the holy land. The history of the Knights of the Temple is interwoven with that of the Hospitallers. They both proceeded from one stock, and that was the Lodge of St. John. Other orders of religious knighthood at that early period I find none. The chronicles, almost as dark as the æra of which they treat, give us no other light upon the origin of those institutions than what is here briefly detailed. At first united for the laudable design of relieving the distresses of the care-worn traveller, and of aiding the purposes of piety, they excite the highest admiration. Circumstances arose which enlivened their zeal in the cause of religion to a greater glow, and they assumed the sword and the spear under the same pretext. Their motive herein, and their consequent conduct, cannot but excite our admiration also, but it is an admiration of a different kind. The principle of love and benevolence seems to have been forgotten, or at least lessened. Yet will I not venture to condemn in this case, because much is to be allowed to the manners of the age. Still must I say that the contemplation of the Lodge of St. John, filled with pious men exercised in the works and labours of love, offers to my mind a far richer satisfaction, than the same men clothed in armour, and performing deeds of valorous exploit almost surpassing human. In the one I perceive religion, clothed in her most amiable dress, exhibiting to the view the Saviour of mankind, distributing, through the charitable hands of his servants, mercy and comfort to the distressed, the wounded, the poor, and the helpless: in the other I perceive rage and fury, cruelty and revenge, spreading desolation, dismay, and death.

Such are the introductory reflections with which I could not help opening the particular story of the *Knights of the Temple*.

(To be continued.)

EXTRACTS FROM TWO SERMONS,

PREACHED BEFORE THE ANCIENT AND HONOURABLE

SOCIETY OF FREEMASONS,

At Woolwich, Kent, Dec. 27, 1787, and 1788, being the ANNIVERSARY FESTIVALS of St. JOHN.

BY THE REV. DANIEL TURNER, A. M.

A PANEGYRIC adequate to the honours of, and various benefits flowing from the Craft, is no easy task. Its having, however, been so often attempted, by men of the first erudition, shall apologize for my saying little on that point; while I endeavour sincerely, though humbly, to serve the science, by ex-

posing the absurdity and weakness of the objections usually brought against it.

Masonry I affirm to be a mystic science, wherein, under apt figures, select numbers, and choice emblems, solemn and important truths, naturally tending to improve the understanding, mend the heart, and to bind us more closely to one another, are most expressly contained. In proportion as the wise, the learned, and the good have studied it, they have loved it. But like all other virtuous characters, or things, it hath met with persecution. Its enemies have been many; nor have its friends been few. Mature reflection on the characters of its adversaries, in a great measure, destroys all they say. For, in the first place, no truly sensible man will ever speak against what he doth not understand. *There are some bigots in their opinions against it. It is, cry they, a bad thing,—an unlawful thing,—a sinful thing.—Why? Because we detest it, and abhor it.* To pity such, is no mean part of Christian love; since, I am persuaded, that even in good hearts the first emotions respecting them, were those of scorn and contempt. Of what use is it to reason with bigots, whether in religion, morals, or politics?

There are some who speak against it, more from the vanity of saying somewhat on the point, than that they can urge a single rational objection. If it be good, say they, why not tell it? But we apprehend, continue these wise-acres, there is nothing in it. As for words,—signs,—tokens,—all stuff,—depend upon it, there are no such things. Now, what genuine Son of Ancient Masonry would hold converse with such people? Let them prattle on;—if it pleases any who hear, they must be as weak as themselves, and it never can injure you.

The weightiest objection is yet to come, nor will I flinch from it. Many thinking, serious, and judicious persons, argue thus:—The reason why we are enemies to Masonry is, the effects, which, from close observation, we have repeatedly traced. We have seen those, who call themselves warm zealous Masons, most regular in their attendance on the Lodge,—ready to go any lengths, both as to distance of place, loss of time, and expences, in pursuit of Masonry, who never appeared at church, and frequently left their families without bread. Others we have remarked, apparently brimful of Masonry, and vastly fond of each Brother, doubtless, in the Lodge, according to their principles, who yet would cheat, deceive, and supplant those very brethren in trade, and the ordinary transactions of society. They would defame them, and were it practicable, we have beheld them attempting to take, as it were, the very bread out of their mouths. Instead of being friends to mankind, or one another, they are liker wolves, preying with ferocity on whatever comes in their way.

In the first place, the abuse of a thing is no valid objection to its inherent goodness. How many call themselves Christians, who are a disgrace to it, yet ultimately hurt not the gospel, but them-

selves? Besides, a man's worth is not to be rated from his own exaggerated account of the matter, but from what he actually, uniformly, and absolutely is. The apostle hath told us, that whosoever provideth not for his own, is an infidel; therefore we conclude, that no good Mason will ever be deficient in the due performance of all moral and relative duties. If a man is negligent in religious points, depend on it he is good for little in the Lodge.

As to the second part of the objection, viz. that they will backbite and injure one another, it is too true. But what does it prove? simply this—that in the best institutions upon earth worthless characters may occasionally be found. In the holy family itself, consisting but of twelve, one was a devil. Did that hurt the integrity of the eleven? far from it. Why lay the faults of a few at the door of large respectable bodies of men, who, by assiduously working at the Craft, have done honour to human nature? Where the heart is bad what can you expect from the tongue? After all, is it more than what happens in the most solemn duties of religion? Have there not been wretches who could go to the table of the Lord, and the very next day traduce the moral character of the minister from whose hands they received the holy sacrament? And if that was not making it to themselves the cup of devils, I know not what the Apostle meant when he made use of those terms.

Why need I multiply words to confirm it? Built on and drawn from revelation, must it not be of divine original? Adorned by the beneficent actions and amiable virtues of thousands, the first in point of rank, knowledge, and moral excellence, of every language, in every age, and in every clime, must it not possess an inherent worth? Thou heaven-descended beam of light, beauty, and perfection! how oft hast thou been the means of saving life and property; reconciled the most jarring interests, and converted fiercest foes to dearest friends! On, on then, my dear Brethren, pursue the great lecture with alacrity and firmness, each moving on the square of truth, by the compass of God's word, according to your respective stations, in all the rules of symmetry, order, and proportion.—Nor dread when your earthly Lodge shall be dissolved; your jewels will still be safe, and you shall be admitted into a more glorious Lodge, even an house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens; where angels and saints shall be your Fellow-crafts and companions; and the Supreme Architect of the Universe your ineffably great and glorious Grand Master—your light—your life—your joy—your all!

NEED I tell you the honours of Masonry are as illustrious as they are ancient. You know it, and firmly believe it. Still do you not agree with me, they shine the brightest when they are grounded on real piety. In all sciences there have been pretenders, and perhaps of most secrets in the arts there have been counterfeits: yet this neither tarnishes the beauty, nor weakens this tenet of our Craft, that Masonry and Brotherly Love ought to go hand in hand.

Diligently search the Scriptures for the secrets of your art; and while you toil to pry into the covenant, the signs, and tokens, that subsisted and were communicated between the kings of Judah and of Tyre, O may the spirit of the Widow's Son be in you! filling you with a knowledge of the points on which all the above turned, even wisdom to design, strength to execute, and the beauties of holiness to adorn. Remember that the same pages contain an inestimable pearl of great price, and that those individuals are the only wise and good who make that pearl their own. Numberless are the encouragements to do this. Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you. In that case you lay hold on the right pillar in the temple, both of solid fame and spiritual wealth, whereby you shall be established; and then you may safely rest upon the left, a still higher column in your scientific line, since in that you will find strength. Another motive to this flows from the examples before you. In the various periods of society, the greatest—the most learned—and the very best of characters, have belonged to your Fraternity. Whatever be your rank in life, on close observation you will find those in a similar station who have dignified themselves, and been useful to mankind. The widow that threw in her mite was the most generous and compassionate of all who then entered the temple. Verbal love is but painted fire; therefore, let his example who went about doing good, be the pillar so elegantly adorned with lily-work, kindly directing and inflaming your humanity towards the Brethren. Meet the very lowest of them on the level of condescension, nor venture to despise the man for whom perhaps a Saviour died; that so you may be able to hold up your heads when justice is laid to the line, and righteousness to the plummet. Let your pure benevolence spread every way, like the more than gem-studded arch of heaven, expanding even over your enemies when in distress, that you may prove yourselves to be the children of the Most High, who is benign to the unthankful, and to the evil. Philanthropy is not confined to name or sect, to climate or language. Like the power of attraction, which reaches from the largest to the smallest bodies in the universe, it unites men from the throne to the cottage. Whether your Lodge meets on the high mountains of worldly grandeur, and is beheld from afar; or in the lowest vales of obscurity, and noticed but by few; whether under Adoniram you hew on the tops of Lebanon, or with Aholiab and Bezaleel, are in distinguished offices near the Sanctum Sanctorum, or with the sons of Levi serve at the altar, O sit not at a Brother's call; if he be in danger fly to his relief; if he be deceived tell him the truth; if he be calumniated, justify his character—bear his burdens—alloy his sorrows—and espouse his cause; nay, if in many things he hath erred, still recollect, that indiscretion in him ought not to destroy humanity in you.

As the Eastern Magi opened their treasures, which, doubtless, were various, to the Redeemer of souls, so every Brother should be given to hospitality; ready to distribute, willing to communicate, and eager to employ, his gift or power, whatever it may be, for the mutual

good of each other, and the common benefit of all. Owing to the prevalency of this endearing munificence, the holy David, who collected so magnificently towards the building of the temple, aided by the spirit of inspiration, informs us in the book of Psalms, that the glorious head of the Church, and Grand Master in Israel, of whom the whole family in Heaven and on earth is called, may, among other things, be found out by this, that all his garments smell of myrrh, aloes, and cassia.

Diminish not the value of your beneficence by the harshness of the manner, but be affable, be courteous, be kind, and so secret lest you wound the sensibility of the receiver, that on many occasions you let not your right hand know what your left hand doth. Above all, be sincere, and, however powerful the enticements to the contrary, scorn dissimulation's winding path, for it inevitably leads to loss of character and to future ruin. Joab and Judas could give good words, nay, kiss when they meant to kill. Equally treacherous are numbers in the present age, who never speak you fairer than when they wish to undermine you; or when they say that they pray for your success, would nevertheless inwardly rejoice at your misfortunes.

As light and science came from the East, may we, who by reason of mental darkness were once just in the opposite extreme, now quickened by the Spirit of God, and enlightened in the saving principles of true knowledge, be enabled to move according to the rules of order, in the nicest lines of symmetry, back to the source of perfect light. What improvements our Science received among the Magi of Persia, or the learned among the Egyptians; whether Pythagoras brought it to Greece, and the silence imposed on his disciples was analogous to our taciturnity about the mysteries of our art to all but the Eklectoi, and how far it was preserved and studied by the Druids in Britain, with many other curious circumstances, we shall leave for the investigation of more sequestered hours. Perhaps it employed the solitary retirement, in some measure, of the Essenes, the most particular and eremital sect among the Jews. That some of its parts may have composed the abstruse and impenetrable Sephiroth is not impossible. This far we can say, that if it did, it would be as rational an interpretation of the ten circles, as any which Maimonides or the other cabalistical doctors have given.

Suffice it at present to note, that we are *Free*, because no bondman is permitted amongst us, and *Accepted*, seeing we have stood the test of several probationary degrees with applause; emulous to be found worthy of the illustrious badges worn by those who hold the first places there, where no atheist, no libertine, or reprobate person, known to be such, ought ever to gain admission. To guide us by the way we have not one star but many. Let the Bible be the rule of our faith; may we square all our actions by the precepts of our Saviour; and set a compass to our words, as relative to others; especially those whom we know to be Brethren.

As in our mundane system the sun rules by day, and the moon by night, with an inferior lustre, so may we fulfil our appointed duties;

more particularly by yielding a cheerful obedience to those whom in his providence the Architect of the Universe hath set over us, whether the more subordinate, or the supreme.

Hail, mystic Art! thou source of utility, as numbers have experienced; since if we were ever to be cast on an unknown shore, or obliged to travel through the most distant climes, however ignorant of their language, their customs, and apparently strange to their inhabitants, thou lendest thy unfeigned votaries a secret key to open the rudest bosoms, and to unlock the most concealed hoards of niggardly parsimony.

Then, my much respected Brethren, foot to foot let us stand on the broad basis of rectitude, inscribed within the circle of harmony, to shew that we are ready to move with and for a Brother in every just and laudable design. On bended knees let us join in each act of adoration and praise to the Grand Master of angels, saints, and men; humbly begging, through the merits of Christ Jesus, that his inexhaustible goodness would be pleased to confer what his infinite wisdom sees most conducive for the essential and permanent felicity of ourselves and all our genuine Brethren, whether in the present or future state of our existence. May we display the reciprocity of our esteem in imitation of the early Christians, who are said to have had but one heart; warmly pledging that, considering the instability in all the gifts of fortune, we are resolved, according to our ability and the necessities of a Brother, to be equally ready liberally to give, or, if our situation requires it, thankfully to receive.

Thus acting, no human power can hurt you; for your building thus fitly and compactly framed together, must grow into an holy temple, both in and for the Lord. In order to maintain unsullied the honour of the Craft, be cautious whom ye admit to the knowledge of your far more exalted than Eleusinian mysteries; yet from the worshippers of Ceres be not ashamed to take a lesson of circumspection and vigilance. Be zealous in the discharge of all the duties demanded of you, nor faint though it may fall to your lot to labour in the plains of Jordan, in the clay ground between Succoth and Zeredathath.

Thus may your Lodges appear beautiful as Thirzah, comely as Jerusalem, fair as the curtains of Solomon, and supported by workmen that need not be ashamed. May they be taught and ruled by masters who comprehend the light of truth; guarded by officers who will not remove the ancient land-marks which their fathers have set; and may the watchmen upon the towers suffer every man to pass who can give proofs of his being a good Mason and a true, adorning by his life and conversation the secret tenets of the science, and, what is still more, the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to which word of our salvation unless we give earnest heed, and render all things subservient, we are but deceiving ourselves, and the truth is not in us.

Can I conclude more emphatically than in the words of the apostle. Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil-

speaking be put away from you, with all malice. And be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you. Which God grant may be our character, now, henceforth, and for evermore. Amen, and Amen.

TO THE
EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

Brecon, Oct. 9, 1794.

IT is well known to every Mason, that one of the primary principles of our Institution is Charity. Thousands of deserving though distressed objects have felt, and I trust will still feel the seasonable relief which our fund has afforded. Sorry am I to observe, painful is it to me to assert, that this principle is most grossly abused, that this charity is frequently and most egregiously misapplied. I see with regret daily instances that this Society, which, like every human, and, of course, fallible institution, reckons among its members men who are a disgrace to their name, men who, though in the prime of life, and in full enjoyment of their health, make it a practice to go from town to town, and from Lodge to Lodge, with a plausible tale in their mouths, and support themselves in habits of idleness and intemperance by imposing upon the well-meant, though ill-directed benevolence of their more industrious Brethren. To put a stop to this (I am sorry to say) growing evil is the duty of every member of our Community; I shall, therefore, suggest to you, and through you to the Grand Lodge, some few hints for remedying this evil; and though the mode which I may recommend may occasionally hurt the feelings of some of our distressed Brethren, yet I trust that when they reflect upon the mischief it is intended to prevent, and the cause it is meant to serve, they will, painful as those feelings may be, submit to a measure calculated for the general good of the Society.

I should propose, that when an indigent Brother is relieved by a Lodge, the cause of his distress should be first enquired into, and his general character in his neighbourhood particularly ascertained; for which reason, in case of shipwreck, accidents, failures in trade, &c. the first application for relief should be made to the Lodge next to the place where such accident or misfortune happens. A certificate should then be granted under the hands of the master and wardens, and the seal of the Lodge, stating the nature of such accident, &c. the destination of the Brother if he means to travel, the date of his appearance there, the sum with which he was relieved, and such other circumstances as the Lodge may choose to communicate; by this means the different Lodges will be enabled to judge of the necessities of the Brother: whether he has properly made use of his time in attaining the place of his destination, and the amount of the

relief to be afforded him. It is painful for me to recapitulate the impositions which are continually practised for want of this or some similar precaution; I will not repeat them here, but I will assert, for my own justification in suggesting this measure, that I have found from experience and from enquiry, that two out of three of those who have been relieved in that part of the kingdom where I reside, have been undeserving of the assistance they have received. I am by no means wedded to the plan I have suggested, and shall be happy if some more able or ingenious Brother would recommend any other which may more effectually answer the end proposed; in which case I shall be fully satisfied with having merely started the subject.

I am, Sir, your very humble servant and Brother,

THEOPHILUS JONES,

Master of the CAMBRIAN LODGE, Brecon, South Wales.

LETTERS FROM
T. DUNCKERLEY, ESQ.
TO THE LATE
EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER III.

FROM Vado we were dispatched by the admiral to Leghorn, where we arrived the 27th of June.

Leghorn is a sea-port town of vast trade and commerce in Tuscany, belonging to the Emperor as Grand Duke, who has a deputy or vice-duke at Florence, the capital of this dutchy, distant hence about four leagues. Leghorn stands in a plain on the sea-side, and is very well fortified with fossées and half-moons about it; there are several other fortifications near it. Before the great town, to the westward, there are two large basons or moles for galleys, and even ships, which are shut up with a great chain; you pass into it through a very narrow channel between two forts. Without these basons there is a spacious mole; as you approach the town you see two small towers surrounded by the sea, one of which is white, and called Marseca; abreast of the mole upon a rock is a watch-house. At the head of the mole there are two very considerable batteries, one above another. Ships water without the town, near a convent of Capuchins. You pass in boats along the mole through the ditches under a bridge. Without the mole there is a tower standing upon a rock, with the sea all round it; on the top of this tower there is a lanthorn which is lighted every night for a mark.

The Legonese are a people greatly given to traffick; the city is very beautiful both in its situation and buildings; the houses are

very high and uniform, of a white stone or marble, and over the doors of the best part of them are beautifully painted in large oval shields the arms of the Grand Duke; the streets are very beautiful, well paved, and wide; the Exchange, or place where the merchants meet, is a large spacious square, not unlike Covent-Garden, the houses being all raised on piazzas. Straw hats, silks, velvets, embroideries, gold and silver lace, &c. are very cheap and good here.

The two chief things that attract the eye of a stranger at his landing are, the Brazen Men, as they are called, and the Courtezanes Galley. The former is a piece of statuary, universally allowed to be the most finished work in its kind; it is erected in the market-place. On a large square black marble pedestal stands the figure of a man, larger than the life, habited like a Roman, with a truncheon in his hand; the statue is of white marble, about the size of that of King James in the college-garden of Chelsea. Round the pedestal are the figures of four men chained, three times as large as the life; the eldest of these is represented with his back bowed and broke, and surely nothing but the view of these admirable pieces can give an adequate idea of their beauties. Sorrow, distress, age, and misery, are lively represented in the old man. In the three young ones appear a mixture of manly courage and filial tenderness contending for the superiority; two of them have their looks turned toward their suffering father, and seem to tell him with their eyes the share they bear in his misfortune; the other looks up to Heaven as imploring assistance in their behalf; not a muscle nor vein but what are as justly expressed here as in the most correct anatomical print. The occasion of erecting this statue is said to be as follows:

One of the Dukes of Tuscany, in his excursions on the Barbarians, having taken prisoners an old man and his three sons of a more than common and gigantic stature and strength (and who had frequently made great depredations on the Legonese in their small feluccas, or row-boats, carrying away whole families at a time, and bearing all before them by their sole strength and powers), was particularly pleased with this his conquest, and reserved them for an appointed day to satisfy his people's desire in putting them to death. One night, however, having by some means or other escaped from their guard, they seized on a small boat lying in the harbour, and rowed off till they came to the great chain which goes across the entrance of the mole, which they with prodigious strength of rowing burst open, unperceived by the guard that were asleep, and passed out; but the centinel being awaked by the noise alarmed the town; it was, however, day before it was known that it was the Moors who had made their escape. The duke was greatly troubled at their flight, which the young prince his son perceiving, offered himself, on the forfeiture of his head, to fetch these fugitives back; upon which his father gave him several small vessels, and a sufficient number of armed men, with which he immediately set out, and overtook these poor wretches just as they were on the point of landing on the Barbary coast, which is a considerable distance from

Leghorn. In the despair of being overtaken they exerted their utmost strength; the old man, who till now had been indulged in sitting still, took an oar, but upon the first effort broke his back; here their distresses were redoubled, and in this crisis we have them represented. The prince came up with them, and after a bloody resistance on their sides, unequal as they were in force, took and carried them into Leghorn. Nothing was heard but shouts of joy at their approach, the Duke himself, attended by all his court, came to receive and welcome his victorious son. The youth, impatient to embrace his father, leaps on the shore, and in that leap to death.

As soon as it was known that he had been on the Barbarian coast the whole assembly was struck with grief, a law then being in force by which whoever should on any pretence offer to set foot on the shore after having been on the coast of Barbary, without first receiving product or performing quarantine, was to forfeit his life. Justice, then, doomed this unhappy prince to death in the midst of his triumph. The wretched father, overwhelmed with grief, was obliged to pronounce his son's sentence; and, in order to make some retaliation for the cruelty of his fate, sacrificed the four slaves on his tomb, and afterwards caused this statue to be erected in commemoration of the fact.

The Grand Duke's state-galley (better known by the name of the Courtezanes, from the money arising from the licences granted these women to follow their miserable occupation, being appropriated to the maintenance and repairs of it) is a vessel the most magnificent that can be imagined; it is very long, with a sharp prow, much after the manner of the vessels we see delineated on antient medals; it is most beautifully carved and gilt to the water's edge; at the entrance into the great cabin there are two figures, as large as the life, of angels, who hold a very beautiful canopy over the door, on which are painted the arms of the Duke and Dutchess, the present Emperor and Empress Queen of Hungary, on each of which are their heads in profile; the whole richly gilt and painted. This vessel lies in the mole, and is free to any person that has an inclination to visit it. There are fifty benches of oars on a side, each bench has three or four miserable tenants chained by the legs together, but having their hands at liberty they are continually employed in some business, so that on entering you think yourself in a fair; some are knitting gloves, stockings, &c. others making fine basket-work, hats, &c. in short, every one of these poor wretches are employed in something to procure them a small pittance from those whom charity or curiosity excite on board. But, surely, never were creatures more dextrous at filching, for if your eye or hand is an instant off your pockets, they find a way to lighten them of their contents; and they will often rise eight or ten at a time, and make such a horrid rattling with their chains as surprise a stranger, and leave him wholly open and unguarded to their mercy. Near to the head of the vessel they open up one of the planks of the deck, and shew you a great Couchce

piece, called the Grand Duke's piece; it is of brass, very curiously wrought, with the arms of Tuscany on it: the weight of the ball is 42lb.

At Leghorn we received orders from the admiral to proceed immediately for the Gulph of St. Florenzo, or St. Florence, there to relieve the Nassau, a 70 gun ship, commanded by Captain Holcombe, who was stationed there to protect the malecontent Corsicans, in conjunction with the troops of the king of Sardinia and Empress Queen of Hungary, against the Genoese and their allies the French, who were then in possession of Bastia, the metropolis of the island, Calvi, Ajaccia, and several other strong places in the country.

Accordingly we set sail from Leghorn the 27th of July, and anchored in the said gulph the 30th following.

I have the honour to be, &c.

THOMAS DUNCKERLEY.

A SHORT DESCRIPTION OF

WEYMOUTH.

WEYMOUTH (so called from being situated on the mouth of the little river Wey) is a sea-port town, on the southern part of the county of Dorset, eight miles from the city of Dorchester, at the bottom of a beautiful bay, which forms nearly a semi-circle, taking a sweep of more than two miles, and is so happily protected from all winds, by the surrounding hills, which not only exhibit a pleasing and picturesque view, but render the sea perfectly secure; that even winter storms seldom disturb its tranquillity, so that at all times of the day, and every day in the year, the valetudinarian may be certain of meeting no interruption in enjoying the salutary exercise of swimming or bathing. But, though strangers commonly confound all the place under the general name of Weymouth; that part on which the company resides, is, strictly speaking, Melcombe Regis, or King's Melcombe, so called because it was built on the demesne lands of the crown, as long ago as the reign of Edward the First; and this pleasant spot is divided from Weymouth (now called the old town), by a bridge.—The late Ralph Allen, Esq. (of benevolent memory) was the first that brought Weymouth into any repute as a bathing place; and he was the first that had a machine built for his own use in the year 1763; since which time it has been rapidly growing more and more considerable from the concourse of company by which it is now frequented every summer and autumn. There are now great numbers of bathing-machines, to be com-

manded at any hour, and drawn into the sea by horses, to such depth of water as may be necessary.—Though Mr. Allen was what may be called the founder of the reputation of Weymouth, yet the town is chiefly indebted to the Duke of Gloucester for the signal honours which it has so recently received.—His Royal Highness, in the year 1780, after passing a winter at Weymouth, found so much benefit in his health, that he built an house (since named Gloucester-house) for his own residence—and other gentlemen have since followed his example, by building on or near the Esplanade*.—Weymouth-sands are perhaps the best and most convenient for bathing of any in the kingdom; being as smooth as a carpet, and (comparatively speaking) as firm as a rock: and on which, after bathing, the company amuse and exercise themselves, either on foot or on horse-back, or in their carriages. There are many convenient lodging-houses in the interior parts of the town; but, the range of new buildings now distinguished by the names of Gloucester-row, York-buildings, Augusta-place, Chesterfield-place, Belle-vue, and Clarence-buildings, are the most eligible for lodgings, from their vicinity to the spot for bathing, and to the public rooms †: and from any of the windows of these houses, which all front the sea, you have a most delightful prospect. The hills and chalky cliffs on the east, which are stretched upwards of twenty miles from east to west, exhibit a pleasing sketch of nature, fitter for the pencil than the pen; and the ships continually passing and repassing contribute much to a pleasing variety.—Weymouth possesses a Theatre-royal, and has every season a company of comedians (at present under the direction of Mr. Hughes): it has likewise three circulating libraries, and several inns; but (what is a little extraordinary) no coffee-house of any consequence.

N. B. Weymouth has now been thrice honoured by a royal visit.

TO THE
EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,
I HAVE viewed with pleasure, and read with much satisfaction, the progressive numbers of the FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE; and in particular the *Biographical* department. The pleasing variety hitherto given of that species of history, both of *deceased* and *living*

* The Esplanade is a new terrace, in front of the bay, half a mile in length and twenty feet wide, leading from the quay to the hotel; and this is the usual promenade for the company, where the sea-breeze is very refreshing in hot weather.

† The public rooms and hotel are kept by Stacy of the Bedford-atms Covent. Garden, and the ceremonies are conducted by Mr. Rodber.

characters, while they amuse they at the same time convey most useful instruction. With a view, therefore, in some measure to promote that part of your valuable publication, I have sent you the following anecdote, which I hope you will insert in your first Number.

Soon after the appointment of Sir WILLIAM FORBES, Bart. to be GRAND MASTER *Mason* of Scotland, I had the honour to be in company with his Excellency Sir JAMES ADOLPHUS OUGHTON, Commander in Chief for North Britain, who five years before had also filled the honourable office of GRAND MASTER. He asked me if Sir William visited the Lodges, and if in the course of these visits he gave Charges, and was well received by the Brethren? I with pleasure answered in the affirmative; to which he replied, "It could not otherwise be, for I have known him long, and take him as a man, a *Christian*, a *Mason*, or a *citizen*, he has not his equal in Scotland!" Such a compliment from a person of so distinguished a rank, taste, and abilities, pleased me much, and the more so as the worthy baronet complimented was not only then, but even still is, deservedly esteemed, as a man of uncommon taste, gentle manners, humane, and benevolent. As a *Christian*, pious, charitable, and exemplary; as a *Mason*, knowing in the science, zealous to preserve its original purity, and a pattern of its amiable virtues; as a *citizen*, pointed in business, upright in his transactions, public-spirited, peaceful in his demeanor, and liberal to the poor.

With warmest wishes for the success and extensive circulation of the FREEMASON'S MAGAZINE, I am, Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

Edinburgh,
8th Oct. 1794.

W. MASON,
Secretary to the Grand Lodge of Scotland.

MR. TASKER'S LETTERS

CONTINUED.

LETTER THE FIFTH.

THE DEATH-WOUNDS OF SARPEDON AND HECTOR.

MR. EDITOR,

WERE you an undertaker instead of an Editor, I would endeavour to treat you with a rich repast, no less than the funerals of two heroes—a son of Jove, and the godlike Hector. Jupiter is said to have honoured the death of his son with some prodigies; and Homer, following the example of his supreme deity, has rendered the death somewhat wonderful, though all within the verge of poetical probability; but his translator has rendered it miraculous.

According to Homer, Sarpedon, that amiable champion in the Trojan cause (almost the only hero whose morals were perfect, and who really deserved the epithet “*αμύμων*, blameless,” often promiscuously bestowed upon some others) was mortally wounded by Patroclus.

— ἐπὶ δὲ αὖτε Φρῆνες ἔρχονται ἀμφ’ ἰδινὸν κῆρ. IL. B. xvi.

“Where the præcordia surround the dense heart:”

I think the nerve of the diaphragm is called the phrenic—a proof that the diaphragm was considered as a part of the præcordia, or *Φρῆνες*: *Φρῆν* (a primitive noun) in the singular number signifies mind—whereas *Φρῆνες*, in the plural, is a little ambiguous; sometimes retaining its primitive sense, and sometimes (as it most undoubtedly does in this place) signifying the parts about the heart. Attend to the translation.

— Patroclus’ never-erring dart,
Aim’d at his breast, it pierc’d a mortal part,
Where the *strong fibres* bind the solid heart.

By these *strong fibres* can be meant nothing but the component parts of the heart; for the pericardium that surrounds it is by much too slender a membrane to admit of such a description; so that here you perceive the spear (according to Pope) is infixed in the heart itself.

Much has been said and written concerning the powers of that noble muscle, but its physiology is not even yet perfectly known, nor its powers perfectly ascertained. I have heard a story, apparently well authenticated, of some anatomist dissecting an old soldier, on the surface of whose heart there was a visible cicatrix, or scar, and consequently there must have been a previous wound.—Shakespeare says, “when the brains were out the man would die;” and I am taught to believe, that when the heart is pierced through the man cannot live even a minute; whereas Sarpedon, after receiving his death-wound, makes a speech, short, indeed, but as collected as any in the whole Iliad, and every way worthy his celestial parent. Homer adds further, that when Patroclus extracted the spear, the præcordia followed or were extracted together with it; and that immediate death ensued.

Proceed we next to the death-wound of Hector (he and Sarpedon were ever two of my favourite heroes. I admire the terrible Achilles, but do not like him). You shall be troubled with no more Greek quotations in this letter, but are referred to the passage itself.

This death-wound, in my opinion, is very naturally and anatomically described, both in the original and in the translation. I have now no leisure to be particular.—According to Homer, the Pelian spear penetrated the throat (where there is the quickest* passage

* Homer was authorised to make this assertion on account of the nerves likewise; since the par-vagum, or eighth pair, that supplies the heart itself (together with some other nerves), passes very closely by the arteries, so that the division of a nerve by any sharp instrument might occasion speedy death, independent of the effusion of blood from wounded arteries or veins.

for the soul from the effusion of blood; for one or both of the carotid arteries and jugular veins must be divided in consequence of such a wound), but did not divide the windpipe, consequently did not deprive the unfortunate son of Priam of the power of making that pathetically-heroic speech which he is said to have delivered; capable, indeed, of affecting every heart but that of the inexorable son of Peleus. — Pope has well rendered this passage throughout, and happily preserved the peculiar circumstance alluded to.

Nor pierc'd the windpipe yet, nor took the power
Of speech, unhappy! from thy dying hour.

Noble Hector! the English Homer has done thee justice, on thy death at least, and

Peaceful sleep thine and Sarpedon's shade!

*O fortunati ambo! si quid — carmina possint,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet aeo.*

VIRGIL.

MEMOIRS OF THE REV. WILLIAM PETERS, L.L.B.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

IT is with no small degree of pleasure that the biographer takes up the pen, when it is to record the merits of the heart as well as the achievements of genius. In this point of view the subject of our present notice is eminently entitled to our attention; for, independent of his claim to a place in this Work as a dignified Mason, he is esteemed for private worth no less than admired for his talents in the province of PAINTING.

Mr. PETERS was born in the Isle of Wight, but removing with his parents at a very early period of his life to Ireland, he has generally been considered as a native of that country. He was originally designed for the church, and the course of his education was calculated for that mode of life. He received the rudiments of his education under the immediate successor of the famous Dr. SHERIDAN, so highly distinguished by the friendship of DEAN SWIFT.

It is an obvious remark, that the life of a studious and professional man must be sought in his works; and though Mr. Peters has raised himself into eminence, his reputation principally relates to his art; for though he is known and respected by a very wide circle of learned, ingenious, and noble friends, he is only known to the public by the productions of his pencil.

We have said that Mr. Peters was designed for the clerical life, but his enthusiasm for the art of painting could not be resisted, and, therefore, he was permitted to give way to the impulse of his genius. It was this enthusiasm that induced him twice to visit Italy, that he

might gratify his curiosity, and improve his taste by an attentive study of the great masters whose works are deposited in that country. The pictures of CORREGIO at Parma, and of TITIAN and RUBENS at Venice and Florence, seem to have been the favourite models the style of which he has more particularly endeavoured to imitate. A copy from the celebrated picture at Parma, known by the name of SAN GIEROLOMO (although St. JEROME is the least important figure in the picture, which is, in fact, a holy family, with the addition of St. Jerome and Mary Magdalen) is now placed as an altar-piece in the church of Saffron Walden in Essex. It was presented to that church by Lord HOWARD of Walden. The copy is faithfully and beautifully executed. Lord DUNDAS is possessed of a study made by Mr. Peters from the famous picture of the FOUR PHILOSOPHERS by RUBENS, in the PITT PALACE at Florence. At the late sale of Lord Dundas's pictures this study was the only picture with which he would not part.

On the first visit of Mr. Peters to Italy, the Imperial Academy at Florence elected him a member of that body. The diploma is dated so early as the year 1763, when Mr. Peters must have been a very young man. On his second return to this country he was soon admitted in the Royal Academy as Royal Academician. By this time it should seem that Mr. Peters had satisfied his enthusiasm for painting, for even the academical honour, the highest that an artist of Britain or any other country can attain, had not charms enough to induce him to continue in that respectable fraternity; and he evidently felt a sense of the more important station to which his parents first intended to devote him. By the vice-chancellor's register at Oxford it appears that he had been matriculated on the 24th of November 1779, was entered of Exeter College, took the degree of Batchelor of Civil Law, and, in the end, threw aside the pencil in a professional point of view, and assumed the gown.

Among the several pictures painted by Mr. Peters about the time of his secession from the arts was one which attracted the attention of the public in no common degree. The subject of this picture was AN ANGEL CARRYING THE SPIRIT OF A CHILD TO PARADISE. The original picture is in the collection of the Earl of EXETER at Burghley. The prints from this beautiful and interesting work were soon dispersed throughout Europe, and no print, we believe, from any picture of whatever master, had so rapid and universal a sale as what followed the publication of the plate from the work we now mention. As a companion Mr. Peters painted THE SPIRIT OF A CHILD ARRIVED IN THE PRESENCE OF THE ALMIGHTY, and as a center-piece THE RESURRECTION OF A PIOUS FAMILY AT THE LAST DAY. These pictures manifested the higher powers of art, directed to moral and religious purposes, laudably suited to that sacred calling which Mr. Peters had adopted or was about to assume. Soon after these capital works there appeared a picture of THE DEATH-BED OF THE RIGHTEOUS, represented as a fond mother at the moment of her departure surrounded by her children, her spirit just separated from her body, wafting by

angels into the realms of bliss. From this picture we are informed that the celebrated BARTOLOZZI is now about an engraving, for MACKLIN, of Fleet-street, the enterprising friend of the arts, which promises to be one of the first prints from the hands of the admirable engraver, and to render justice to the excellent original.

There are many other works of Mr. Peters so well known to the public that it is needless to enter upon a detail of them. The latest pictures from his hand are those from select passages of SHAKESPEARE now in the gallery of the BOYDELLS in Pall-Mall. They are pictures worthy of Mr. Peters, of the fine repository of the arts in which they are conspicuous ornaments, and of the liberal proprietors of that excellent assemblage of graphic treasures.

Here, perhaps, the illiberal and narrow-minded may take the alarm, and think Mr. Peters ill-employed his time in illustrating the works of a poet; but, as the great Bishop WARBURTON did not deem it unworthy of his pious calling to elucidate the beauties of that unrivalled bard, we conceive that none but the puritanical will require an apology; for where so eminent a character as Bishop Warburton went before with his pen, sure there could be no offence in Mr. Peters who followed with his pencil.

Mr. Peters, as we have said, was always an enthusiast in his love of painting, but never, as we believe, liked it as a profession, and his disgust was probably increased by a circumstance that deserves a place in this article; a circumstance which shews, that though merit shall be acknowledged and even unrivalled, yet unless sustained by those assisting contingencies to which we give the name of fortune, it will not be exempted from penury and want. A lady applied to Mr. Peters desiring him to recommend to her a landscape painter. It is hardly necessary to say, that the painter of NIOBE, of PHAETON, of CERYX and ALCYONE, of CELADON and AMELIA, &c. &c. came first into his thoughts, and the lady and Mr. Peters went to WILSON. Wilson then lived in a small house in Norton-street, Marybone, where they found him in the midst of dusty canvasses, half-painted sketches, and one or two unfinished pictures. The ingenious artist received an order for four landscapes, and the lady and Mr. Peters left him. The next morning Wilson called on Mr. Peters to thank him for his kind recommendation, and, at the same time, with the modest dignity of a man conscious of having deserved well of his country but who had been neglected and was in distress—in short, a Belisarius—said, that he was almost pennyless; that he knew not where to get money to buy canvas and colours to begin the pictures, unless Mr. Peters would add to his kindness by lending him a few guineas to set him a going, and support him till at least one picture was finished. Such was the situation of a man distinguished for first-rate genius in his province of the art; for industry, integrity, and great private worth; and whose talents were admired by pretended patrons who praised the artist and left the man to starve. It should be observed that, though accused of extravagance by those who wanted an excuse for their illiberal neglect of a man whose genius

was an honour to Britain, poor Wilson never expended more than a shilling a night at his usual place of resort, the Turk's Head in Gerrard-street.

“Blush, grandeur, blush!”

At the desire of his patron, the late Duke of **RUTLAND**, Mr. Peters went to Paris in the year 1782 to copy the famous picture by **LE BRUN** in the Carmelite Church, the subject of which was Madame **DE LA VALLIERE** at the moment of her conversion, tearing off her jewels and finery, and preparing for that austere life which she led ever after in the convent of that order with unabated rigour and piety. The copy which Mr. Peters made from this picture is now at Belvoir Castle in Leicestershire; and its value is much increased as the original has probably been destroyed amidst the ravage and confusion that have marked the revolution in France. There is no other correct copy of that celebrated picture.

A circumstance happened while Mr. Peters was at Paris on this occasion which deserves to be mentioned, as it shews what a surprising change has since taken place in that country. The Duke of **MANCHESTER** was at this period ambassador from England to the court of France, and an acquaintance commenced between his grace and Mr. Peters which only ended with the life of the former. While the duke was in Paris he asked permission of the **QUEEN OF FRANCE** for Mr. Peters to paint a portrait of the **DAUPHIN**. Trifling as this request seemed to be it occasioned a **COUNCIL** to be held, in which it was debated whether the health of the Dauphin might be affected by the smell of even the small quantity of paint which would necessarily lie upon the pallet while the picture was proceeding. This important point was decided in the affirmative, notice of which was sent in a complimentary card from Madame de **POLIGNAC** to the Duke of Manchester in the name of the Queen. What a dreadful proof of the vicissitudes of life and the instability of fortune has been seen in the fate of that queen and her family within the space of twelve years!

On the return of the Duke of Manchester to London, he asked and obtained from the **PRINCE OF WALES** the appointment of one of the Chaplains in ordinary to his Royal Highness for Mr. Peters. When the prince accepted the Chair of **GRAND MASTER** of the most antient and honourable Society of **FREE and ACCEPTED MASONS**, his Royal Highness conferred on Mr. Peters the dignity of **PROVINCIAL GRAND MASTER** for the county of Lincoln, which situation he now holds with unceasing endeavours to promote the prosperity of those Lodges over which he presides, and to unite them as men and Masons in support of our happy establishment, and in grateful submission to that government which, confiding in their loyalty and honour, permits them in this moment of danger to meet with their accustomed secresy, and pursue their private Masonic occupations without restriction or reserve.

It is proper, however, that we should notice the pictures in **Free-masons' Hall** which do so much credit to the pencil of Mr. Peters. They are four in number, viz. The Prince of Wales, the late Duke

of Cumberland, the late Duke of Manchester, and Lord Petre. They are whole-lengths, and are at once distinguished as admirable likenesses and masterly productions of art. The church preferments and distinctions of Mr. Peters are as follow: Batchelor of Laws in the University of Oxford; Rector of Knipton in Leicestershire, and Woolsthorp in Lincolnshire; Prebendary of Lincoln, and Chaplain to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

We are favoured with the use of the Portrait, a print of which accompanies the present article, by a friend who is happy in this opportunity of bearing testimony to the genius, the integrity, and domestic worth of the original.

POPULATION OF THE GLOBE.

THE aggregate population on the surface of the known habitable globe is estimated at 895,300,000 souls; if we reckon with the antients, that a generation lasts thirty years, in that space 895,300,000 human beings will be born and die; consequently *eighty one thousand seven hundred and sixty* must be dropping into eternity every day; 3407 every hour; or about 36 every minute! How awful a reflection!

ENGLAND AND ITS SUPPLY.

ENGLAND contains 8,000,000 of inhabitants, and 39,000,000 acres of land, of which, 13,000,000 are inclosed in pasture, and 11,000,000 are arable; but it is thought that the land really employed in tillage does not exceed 10,500,000 acres: allowing on an average 2,100,000 acres to the cultivation of wheat, the annual produce will be about 5,250,000 quarters; out of this 787,500 quarters are annually returned to the ground for seed, and 712,500 quarters are consumed in distilleries, manufactories, &c. or destroyed by vermin, damps, or casualties; there remains then of the yearly produce 3,750,000 quarters, or, to be liberal, and allowing for the rye, oatmeal, and barley, that may be used, and supposing it to be all fairly converted into provision, the utmost that can be made will be in bread 2,000,000,000 pounds weight, being 250 pounds weight each person annually, or something less than 11 ounces per day. By the foregoing calculation the whole cultivation of wheat in England will not allow each person 11 ounces per day in bread.

Of the produce of the pasture lands the following is a summary:

	Pounds.		Pounds.
Veal, -	108,000,000	Bacon -	80,000,000
Beef, - -	600,000,000	Fowl, fish, &c. -	10,000,000
Lamb, -	81,000,000	Daily supplies thrown	} 39,000,000
Mutton, -	360,000,000	into meat,	
Pork and pig, -	122,000,000		

Total, 1,400,000,000

Or for each person per day $7\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of meat.

AUTHENTIC AND INTERESTING NARRATIVE

OF THE

ADVENTURES OF THE MUTINEERS

WHO PIRATICALLY SEIZED HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP BOUNTY.

Continued from Page 185.

AMONG the Otaheiteans, instead of the wife bringing any property to the husband, it is a rule whenever a man chooses a female for his companion, that he must buy her of her parents, who are generally very unreasonable in their demands; and if the husband does not continue his presents in a regular manner, it is in the father's power to take home his child and dispose of her in a more profitable manner: thus it appears that *interest* subdues all ties of parental affection; and traffic of this kind is so common that the young ladies themselves are by no means strangers to their own value, being always present at the time they are bargained for, and not a little conceited when they cost a good price. This mode of getting wives was very inconvenient to our adventurers, as their stock was now getting low, and they had not wherewithal to continue their donations; besides, what they had was in common to all, for Christian, dreading any quarrel or jealousy among themselves, agreed that there should be no *private* property, and a speedy consumption was naturally the consequence. They were, in some measure, however, enabled to give presents by the quantity of presents they received.

It is in the husband's power also to put away his wife if he disapproves of her, and in such case the fruits of their connection are destroyed; but if the husband becomes a tender father, and espouses his child, then the marriage state is said to be confirmed. There is no doubt but the affection of English fathers made a strong impression upon the women of Otaheite, who, notwithstanding the barbarous custom of their country, are remarkable for their maternal feelings. It is not then to be wondered at that they should be more attached to men, though strangers, who they knew would both preserve and love their offspring, than even to their own countrymen, who had so frequently put the savage custom in execution. This, then, accounts for their partiality to our adventurers, who were equally charmed by their gaiety, and attached by their remarkable constancy; for, notwithstanding the levity of their disposition, and natural inclination to mirth, they were always sincere in their love-protestations.

Christian being looked upon by the natives as a chief among his own people, thought it absolutely necessary to support the character, though in appearance; it was, however, with much difficulty that he could command even a feigned respect, for several of his party became tired of doing him this outward homage, and in their moments of

jealous reflections considered themselves as good as he, and deemed it therefore unworthy their characters as men, to pay him that respect which they did not think he deserved: thus the ringleader of these mutineers, the very man who stimulated them to the daring act of rebellion, found it impossible to quench that spirit which he before encouraged, and, with reason indeed, apprehended a mutiny among themselves. The want of *honest* friends added much to his remorse and fear, nor was he assured of the sincerity of those with whom he consulted and advised. In this precarious situation it behoved him more and more to obtain and secure the affections of the natives; for which reason, though labouring under all the difficulties before observed, he supported his seeming authority, and acted in the same manner as the chiefs of the island; he not only indulged himself with a plurality of wives but likewise entertained a number of concubines, choosing such females as were in his sight the most accomplished and agreeable. He gave a loose to passion, which served in a great measure to dispel those gloomy thoughts which occasionally stole in to the great annoyance of his rest, and to banish from his mind the commission of that crime which he never recollected but with horror and confusion.

Christian was in high estimation among the ladies of Otaheite, who were not a little assiduous in their endeavours to render the place as agreeable and commodious as possible. Several presents of cloth he received from his female visitors, who, according to the custom of the island, came with it wrapt round their bodies, and as they seldom brought small quantities, they appeared uncommonly bulky and corpulent whenever in this generous mood.

Next to Christian, Heywood, Churchill, Stewart, and Young, were the greatest favourites with the women. Coleman, who was exceedingly ingenious and prudent, was likewise highly respected, but this man was so reserved and thoughtful that he partook of little amusement. His only pleasure was in assisting the natives in building canoes, houses, nourishing their plants, &c. Being remarkably clever both for invention and the execution of his works, he rendered no small assistance to the people during his stay in the island.

As yet Christian had not indicated to the natives his design of remaining among them, and several of the chiefs, particularly Tinah, who were desirous of visiting England, and being introduced to King George, made application to Christian, Churchill, and Heywood, whom they looked upon as those of the greatest weight, for leave to accompany them to England, as they were still led to imagine that some time or other they intended to depart. During these applications Churchill would refer them to Heywood, Heywood to Christian, and so on, by which means they were amused for a while; but Tinah at last took an opportunity of renewing his request when they were all together. Christian, however, evaded giving him either a promise or a refusal, saying, that it was neither in his power to ascertain the time of his departure, nor to comply with their request till he had

consulted Captain Bligh, for though he was *Captain Christian*, he led them to understand that he was still subservient to the orders of Captain Bligh, being all the same as an *inferior* chief among them. Afterwards he gave Tinah, and many other chiefs who became troublesome in their solicitations, an absolute denial, by observing, that the Bounty was too small a vessel for their reception, and that they had not at present a sufficiency of accommodations. Christian, however, to keep these people in good humour, told them that Captain Bligh had given orders that a large ship should be got ready as soon as possible, and that every necessary article should be provided for their safe conveyance to England.

The mutineers, some more and some less, began now to entertain fears of their situation. Both Christian and Young doubted the permanency of the natives' attachments, and suspected that their plan of settling at Otaheite would be attended with inevitable danger. Martin and Norman lamented already their condition, which, in the words of the former, was no better than "perpetual banishment," as they were wandering about like "vagabonds upon earth." Churchill, who was Christian's most constant counsellor and adviser, recommended to him to keep his ground, observing, that they would have a worse chance with islanders they were unacquainted with, than with those people with whom they had been so long intimate; besides, Churchill was partial to their climate, which was remarkably fertile and agreeable.

Christian, after some consideration with himself privately communicated to Churchill and Stewart his wishes of gaining the favour of all or as many as possible of the chiefs of the other districts, for fear some unforeseen misfortune might compel them to take refuge in one of their islands. In order, therefore, to secure a warm reception elsewhere, whenever necessity urged, he recommended to these, and afterwards to the rest, to take wives from the different islands, as by such union they might establish a future settlement. He also advised all his people to observe the manners of the natives, and accustom themselves to them; hoping by such imitation to win their good graces, and render their friendship more stable. However, he cautioned them not to be too precipitate or remarkable in their exertions to please, but to affect a similarity of manners by degrees, and gradually creep into their favour.

Agreeable to Christian's advice Stewart took a wife of no inconsiderable rank among the natives; she was related to a chief near Malavai Bay, who had chosen Stewart for his friend or Tyo before the match had been thought of. Their union was celebrated with a grand feast, and the congratulations of a numerous assembly were profusely bestowed upon the happy partners.

Stewart's father-in-law was a native of great property, whose fortune consisted in land, this being esteemed here the greatest wealth. He now, conformable to their custom, took upon him the name of Stewart, and gave his own title to his son-in-law. Christian and Churchill likewise bore foreign titles by means of their Tyoships;

Mills, Morrison, and Quintal, had also the same honour, owing to their connections with the daughters of three respectable chiefs belonging to the same districts.

Tinah and the chiefs of Otaheite did not much relish the connections between these two mutineers and their neighbours. Christian was not aware of the jealousy it would create, but from the distant behaviour of Tinah afterwards, he perceived it was not altogether agreeable. In order to secure his *own* safety, and render *himself* the more agreeable to the inhabitants of Otaheite, he confined all his female connections to that island only. Let it not, however, be thought that Christian by so acting was studying his own interest *alone*, it was, on the contrary, the result of after-consideration; he was far from being selfish or unfriendly, for, setting aside his base ingratitude to Captain Bligh, he displayed many instances of true friendship. He frequently condemned himself for the commission of his horrid crime, but as frequently declared that he would die before he would ever yield to undergo that punishment his country would inflict.

"No, never, never (*were his own words*) shall Fletcher be brought to justice for what he has done: though thousands and ten thousands attacked me, I'd DIE ere I would surrender. I'd rather meet a HOST OF DEVILS than once see the injured Captain Bligh's relations."

The mutineers, agreeable to their leader's advice, began now to imitate the manners of the natives. Churchill was the first who attempted to chew the Yava, a root of an intoxicating nature, but which instead of exhilarating the spirits rather stupifies them. It is productive of many disagreeable consequences, as it not only debilitates the constitution but likewise occasions a disorder similar to the leprosy; notwithstanding which it is a high honour to partake thereof, as none but the chiefs, or *arces*, have the king's permission to use it. Previous to their taking it, it is first chewed by their attendants, who, as soon as it is well masticated, put it into a neat wooden bowl made for the purpose, and a small quantity of water being poured over they squeeze it well, straining the liquor always through a piece of cloth; after which they administer it to their masters, who drink it with the greatest goût. This root, though quite different to our liquorice in taste and effect, resembles it very much in shape and colour. Churchill could not conform to the custom of using it after it was chewed, and therefore had the *first* and *best* of it; but it made him so exceedingly ill that he took a turn against it ever after. El-lison also made a trial of it, but having drank or rather sucked a moderate share he was not so great a sufferer; he was induced to the attempt in hopes that it would answer the room of tobacco.

Though Christian had advised his people to make connections in different places, yet they chiefly confined themselves to one district; it being Churchill's opinion that they would thus establish a more permanent situation by adhering to one island, than if they were to scatter their favours, and endeavour to make universal friends.

Coleman was continually employing his ingenuity in promoting the welfare of the islanders: imagining it possible to extract rum and

sugar from the remarkable fine sugar-canes which grew in great abundance here, he made a still, and succeeded in the experiment; but then, perceiving his own people were already inclined to animosity, and dreading that the produce of his labour might be the means of heightening those contentions by intoxication, and, perhaps, create different broils between the English and natives, the effects whereof might have a fatal tendency, he immediately broke the still, and thus terminated his labour! It is doubtful whether he is more deserving of praise for the ingenuity of his contrivance, or for his prudence in dissolving it. Certainly their situation was so critical that inebriety might have been attended with dreadful consequences.

So far had they now adopted the manners of the natives, that they not only had their meals at those stated periods which the natives chose, but likewise imitated their manner of eating—using shells instead of knives.

Some of the seamen were likewise determined to undergo the operation of tattooing, which consists in making figures on the body by scarring, and is not only painful (while doing) but exceedingly tedious. In bearing those characteristic stains they thought to render themselves the more agreeable to the inhabitants. The first who underwent this operation was John Sumner, and Oedidy, a chief, provided a person whose profession it was to perform it. The hinder part of his loins and thighs were marked with black lines in various forms. These marks were made by striking the teeth of an instrument which resembles a comb just through the skin, and rubbing a sort of paste made of soot and oil into the parts thus struck, which leaves thereon an indelible stain. Sumner made many wry faces during the performance, but he was afraid of incurring the ridicule and raillery of the natives by making any noise, therefore bore the pain of this dreadful operation with as much patience as he possibly could. Having been present a week before at the tattooing of a girl about eleven years of age, who suffered those marks to be made on her thighs, posteriors, &c. without betraying much agitation, he was consequently induced to be the more patient, for fear the chiefs (who are very much inclined to wit and humour) might insinuate that he could not bear as a *man* what the poor girl did who was a *child*. Sumner, after being thus stained, did not, however, go naked, agreeable to Christian's advice not to affect their manners *all at once*. After this a few of the other men were tattooed. Heywood and Coleman likewise underwent the operation. These were marked in chequers, which are emblems of rank and distinction.

The king of Otaheite had now tabooed hogs. This is, in fact, a kind of proclamation to prohibit the use of them, and the natives are so attentive to the restriction that on no account whatever would they disobey. His majesty's motive for this taboo was to give these animals an opportunity of encreasing, for, owing to the great consumption there had been lately of hogs, it was apprehended that without such restriction the useful commodity of pork would become scarce in the island. Previous to this there had been a general taboo upon

hogs in all the neighbouring islands. In consequence of this they were confined to dog's flesh, fish, and poultry, for some time.

Stewart was the first who adopted the natives' manner of dressing meat, which he did in an entertainment he gave to several chiefs who were introduced by his father-in-law. He had a dog dressed in the following manner: A pit was dug about three yards wide, and half a foot deep, the bottom whereof was neatly paved with large pebble-stones; in this a fire was kindled by rubbing a piece of dry wood upon the side of another, and which was kept in with husks of the cocoanuts, leaves, &c. &c. The fuel was taken out and the ashes raked up on each side as soon as the stones were sufficiently heated, and which were then covered with a layer of green cocoa-nut tree leaves, while the animal intended to be baked was carefully wrapt up in the leaves of the plantain, and placed in this oven. It was then covered with the hot embers, and on these were likewise placed yams and bread-fruit, wrapt up in the same manner with leaves of the plantain, over which additional embers, hot stones with combustibles were laid, and the heat preserved by covering the pit close. If the beast designed thus to be drest is very large it is split, if not, it is put in whole. A stated time is allotted for the baking according to the size of the dish, which when expired they open the pit and take out the meat, which, as allowed by many navigators, is better dressed than if under the care of an English cook.

Water being the chief drink of the island it was not much relished by our English heroes, who frequently wished for spirits or wine, as by this time the liquors which they had on board were all used, except a little that was reserved for occasional drinking. Coleman was frequently upbraided for breaking the still, and as frequently courted to renew his labour; but this he peremptorily refused, being too well convinced of the disposition of his partners, who, if they had had an opportunity, would certainly have indulged their intemperance. After dinner and supper they had sugar canes to chew, which the natives used in the same manner. With this they were obliged to content themselves instead of a bottle and glass.

The chief who had made Churchill his Tyo was now taken ill, and notwithstanding all the assistance that was administered to him (for the people of this island are exceedingly skilful) he died. Their cures in surgery are wonderful, but their physical knowledge is more confined. The chief was attended by one of the priests, who are also their physicians; but after he applied the juice of some herbs he shook his head in order to indicate that dissolution was inevitable. The title and estate of this chief descended to Churchill according to the law of Tyoship; and a day being appointed for the ceremony, Churchill received all the honours which are paid upon this occasion.

About this time several of the mutineers disagreed among themselves, and that jealousy and envy which Christian so much dreaded, began now to spread their baneful influence among them, and be productive of continual dissention. The respect which the natives paid to some more than others was the occasion of much private

spleen. Christian, Churchill, Young, and Stewart, had several enemies, particularly the former, who carried himself, they thought, in too supercilious a manner, when, in fact, the pride and authority which Christian affected were for their general safety.

Soon after Churchill had come into possession of his new title and estate, he desired Thompson, who was one of their seamen, to fill two vessels which he had with water. Thompson felt himself hurt at being thus commanded, and asked if he knew whom he was speaking to.

"To a *seaman*," replied Churchill, with a stern look; "but perhaps you forget that I am *master at arms*."

"I remember," answered Thompson, equally haughty, "I remember what you *were* when Bligh was our commander; but as to what you *are*, I think you now no better than myself, although the people here have *dubbed* you a chief. To be a servant to a villain is intolerable, for we are all villains alike; perhaps, if the truth were known, you are a greater villain than some among us——"

Churchill interrupted Thompson, with a menace, which the other disregarding, said with a sneer, "D—n you, though you are a chief you shall be your own servant for me."

Some of the natives were attracted to the spot where these disputants were by the noise they made, and not understanding why their chief Churchill should be treated in this insolent manner, obliged Thompson to retire. This cut him to the very heart, and he began now to meditate revenge both against Churchill and Christian.

It is necessary to remark, that Christian had advised his men always to carry their guns ready charged with them, for fear of any sudden attack of the natives; for he did not know how soon a breach between them might take place.

The next day Churchill and Thompson met again, when the latter, being of a vindictive disposition, renewed the contention; Churchill was exceedingly warm, having been provoked by Thompson's upbraiding him as one of the greatest villains (alluding to his being one of the ringleaders), and above all with his exclaiming in a scornful manner, "Oh, what a great CHIEF!" that, losing all patience, Churchill exclaimed with much rage, "Hold your tongue, scoundrel, or, by G—, I'll kick you." "Scoundrel!" echoed Thompson, who immediately levelled his musket at him, and lodged the contents of it in his breast.

Three natives were present when Churchill fell, who by their loud lamentations soon collected others. Thompson, apprehensive of their fury, fled. Churchill lived but a few minutes, during which time he could not speak; the ball had entered near his heart. He was conveyed in great solemnity to the habitation of that chief whom he succeeded.

The murder was soon reported to Christian, who was extremely affected at the news. Tinah enquired if he did not mean to put to death the offender; but Christian apprehended that if he threatened Thompson with punishment he might be tempted to make a discovery of the mutiny business, and bring destruction upon all their heads,

Christian therefore evaded coming to any resolution, but hinted that Churchill being a chief of theirs, and all the same as one of their own people, they should take the business under their consideration.

In the mean time both the men and women were bewailing the untimely death of Churchill; the latter were particularly clamorous in their grief, and continued their lamentations for several nights. Having obtained Christian's permission, they intended to bury him according to their own funeral ceremonies; the body was therefore disembowelled in order to avoid putrefaction, the intestines and viscera drawn out, and the cavities supplied with cloth; after which it was constantly rubbed with cocoa-nut oil, which keeps it in seeming perfection though it soon wastes away. These operations being performed, the corpse was shrouded, and the relations of the chief whom Churchill succeeded being silent mourners, it was conveyed on a bier supported by men's shoulders, according to our fashion, while a priest attended the procession, which was frequently repeated backwards and forwards, sprinkling the ground occasionally with water, and praying in broken sentences. Afterwards the body was laid on a kind of a stage erected for the purpose, as they never deposit a corpse in the Moral, or burial-place, till the flesh is entirely wasted from off the bones.

Thompson, in the mean time, being more afraid of his own people than of the natives, had some thoughts of repairing to the island of Huheine; for he knew well that Churchill, whom he had murdered, was one of Christian's private counsellors, and he naturally supposed that Christian would resent his death; not only out of respect to the memory of the deceased, but in order to prevent any future disturbance among his own people, which might have a similar termination. He was, however, unprovided with proper necessaries for his intended expedition, and wandered about several hours, subsisting upon those berries which were edible, and which he pulled from off the trees in his way.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE.

MR. Richard H— jun. being out a coursing near to Sir John P—'s mansion (who was then dragging his pond), a hare making down for the wet ground was by some accident forced into the pond, and fell foul of the net. In the interim, the dogs being at a dead fault, Dick H— gallops down to the company, and meeting Sir John there, salutes him, and asked him what he fished for. Hares, answered he.—A very likely matter, said Dick H— (thinking it a jest).—It is very true, replied Sir John, and that you will find presently: pull, pull, my lads, added he to his men, and they immediately drew in the net with a large hare struggling in the meshes. Look you here, cries Sir John, did I not tell you as much?—Yes, faith, says Dick, and now I see the old saying is true, that there is no creature on earth but the water has the same; what a wonderful thing it is!

MEMOIRS
OF THE
FREEMASONS AT NAPLES.

Continued from Page 211.

SUCH were the artful resolutions of Pallante. He took advantage of the terror they were in, and inspired them with a ray of hope; endeavouring by these means to deprive them of arms to defend their own cause. His conduct in regard to the youth Giambarba was quite different, as appeared in the sequel by his depositions in a court of justice. Pallante began at first with mildness to reproach him for so easily suffering himself to be seduced by the Freemasons. He was thoroughly convinced, he said, that that society were addicted to all manner of vice, especially one in particular, that he, Giambarba, was by that time too well acquainted with. "How was it possible," added he, "that you should suffer yourself to be corrupted in that manner?" Giambarba protested in the strongest manner never to have had the least connexion with the Freemasons, and that he was entirely ignorant of the crime laid to his charge.

Pallante insisted on the truth of what he had said, and threatened to strip him if he did not confess: the youth recollecting the insinuating behaviour of this man a few days before when he took him into his coach, a deadly paleness overspread his countenance, and he felt as if his blood were frozen in his veins; he no longer beheld Pallante in the light of a respectable magistrate; and, by the resistance he made against his endeavours to strip him, he obliged the villain at last to honour his innocence and virtue. Giambarba was certainly much to be pitied; so far from being a Freemason, he had not the least knowledge of the secrets or regulations of the society, and was even ignorant of the anecdote relating to the wooden ham before-mentioned.

After that Pallante had obtained the signature of the prisoners he denounced them to the council, or the chamber of justice; they obliged them to confirm their declaration by oath. As they had named the Polander in their depositions as one to be admitted into their society, Crisconio, the fiscal judge, an upright and attentive magistrate, asked where he was. Pallante, who did not expect such a question, answered, that the king knew it. Crisconio (who began to suspect some treachery, especially as Pallante had not mentioned the informer against the Lodge) added, that that was not sufficient, and that it was absolutely necessary the tribunal should be informed of it, and afterwards to make their report to his majesty: "The judges," continued he, "cannot possibly dispense with the ap-

“pearance of this man, who is certainly a very material evidence. “We are told of a baptism—we ought at least to know the person baptised, and the one who performed that ceremony; but here we “see neither the one nor the other.” Pallante again repeated that he had given an account of the whole transaction to his majesty. “Very well,” replied Crisconio, “in that case the king is sole judge, “we have nothing farther to do in the affair.” He then asked Baffi, the Greek professor, the name of a Freemason in that language, and was answered, Philanthropist, or a friend of mankind.

The unexpected questions of Crisconio had sufficiently alarmed Pallante, who was then, though too late, sensible of the faults he had committed: in order in some measure to repair them he sent privately to Ponsard, the Frenchman whom he had caused so unjustly to be imprisoned, and who had by this time been detained a full month; he offered to give him proofs of his favour, either by money or interest, on condition of his declaring himself to be the person who was to have been made a Freemason the second of March. Ponsard rejected these proposals with horror, and flatly refused to render himself an accomplice in such abominable treachery. Pallante did not desist, but made use of flattery, promises, threats, but all in vain; even torments were made use of: Ponsard having courageously resisted all they could do to him, was at last set at liberty, with strict orders to quit the kingdom immediately. Furious at such unjust treatment he left Naples, but re-entered the city on the opposite side, and without loss of time went to the Marquis de Clermont, ambassador from the French court, to whom he made a faithful recital of all that had happened to him. The ambassador immediately ordered his coach, and made his complaints to the king; and in the sequel supported the cause of Ponsard and the Freemasons in general with so much force, that the society will never forget the obligations they owe him, and will always regard him in the light of one of their best benefactors.

Pallante seeing the bad success of his plot, had the art of engaging the Polander to become a willing prisoner; he sent his secretary to him with orders to let him want for nothing, and to engage him by the means of good wine, to give a deposition such as he wanted, and wherein he declared, that his intention had been to be received a Freemason; after which, notwithstanding the express order of the tribunal to the contrary, Pallante set him at liberty, in as arbitrary a manner as he had dispensed him from going to prison the first moment of the trial. The Freemasons, who thought themselves near the moment of their deliverance, found themselves again plunged into fresh troubles. Pallante, insulting their misery, made a shew of fulfilling the promise he had made them; they were accordingly taken out of that prison in order to be shut up in another. They had the mortification of being deceived, and of having furnished arms against themselves.

Berenzer, the Swede, overpowered by sorrow for having imprudently contributed to his own misery, yielded to his destiny, and died in prison, certainly not altogether for the expiation of his fault, but

from the vengeance of Heaven on the criminal Pallante, whose torments and remorse were greatly encreased by this fatal death. Berrenzer, before he expired, received the sacraments of the church by the hands of a conscientious priest, who publicly declared that he died like a good Catholic, with much ease and tranquillity. This circumstance, joined to the compassion which the violence exercised against the Freemasons had inspired into the minds of the people, contributed greatly to their more favourable opinion of them ever afterwards. While they were in their second prison the feast of St. Januarius was celebrated at Naples, famous for the pretended miracle of the liquefaction of his blood. The miracle, however, was not performed at this time, nor many others that went before, the suspension of which we are ignorant of. The old women, who on this occasion are allowed the privilege of approaching the nearest of any to this miraculous scene, and who boast of being the descendants of the saint's nurse, seeing that the miracle did not take effect, employed at first good words, then menaces; at last some among them roared out as loud as they were able, that nobody need be surprised that the miracle was not accomplished, since Naples was defiled by the infection of the Freemasons. "Let them be exterminated," added they, "from the face of the earth; let them be burnt." This stroke of bigotry and Catholic zeal, though entirely conformable to the sentiments of the common people, had not the desired effect, for it was looked upon by some as the consequence of a particular confederacy.

There appeared at that time a legal defence of the imprisoned Freemasons, published in the daily papers, and which was attributed to an advocate of the name of Felix Liroy, a Freemason. The author of this defence, in his apology for the prisoners and the society in general, had made use of very warm, not to say severe, terms against the men in power, and consequently drew upon him the rigour of government. The writing was condemned as a scandalous and seditious libel, and ordered to be burnt by the hands of the common hangman, and Liroy obliged to quit Naples, and in a few days after Italy. He went to Switzerland, to France, Holland, and Germany, and was every where graciously received by the Lodges, and looked upon as a martyr of the society, and maintained by the help of the National Lodge of Naples. Though Baffi was the only Freemason among the prisoners, they all equally obtained for their families benefits from the society, not only in money, but by every other means necessary to soften their situation. The most zealous among their members daily assembled in the houses of some of their principals, virtuous men, whose greatness of soul, and serenity of mind inspired the Brethren with the beneficent and amiable virtues of charity. Several among them distinguished themselves by such acts of generosity as will never be forgotten by the objects of it, and will for ever remain engraved on the hearts of their Brethren. Persuaded of the king's benevolence and justice, they reached the throne with the complaints of oppressed innocence, and endeavoured to undeceive his majesty in regard to the conduct of Pallante.

But all their designs were frustrated: Pallante had art sufficient to parry the stroke levelled against him, and even to procure to himself such a position as would effectually crush his enemies at once. Without ceasing to be commissary he was made Fiscal. In that quality he was ordered to lay before the tribunal the state of the case, to examine the witnesses, and all the writings relating to the trial. Sufficiently sheltered from the attacks of his enemies, their fate seemed to be in his hands; the accused saw themselves at once deprived of all hope and means of defence. The steps that had been taken against him enraged him more than ever; the witnesses that were to give in their evidence before him durst not betray him; the villains were his accomplices and his clients, the accused were his enemies. Wickedness was on the point of triumphing; the honour of the society was attacked without the means of acquitting themselves. Every thing appeared as lost since Pallante was made Fiscal*. The unhappy prisoners, deprived of all resources, wept their deplorable fate in their dismal and dark cells, when the God of compassion awakened in their favour a powerful friend, and a formidable enemy to the traitors.

The reader will now be made amends by a more comfortable scene, after perusing all the horrors of persecution against an innocent and oppressed society. The queen was moved with compassion at the recital of their unhappy fate. The Grand Master of the National Lodge of Naples had by means of a court lady petitioned the queen in favour of the society, and in his letter to that princess had given a faithful account of their institution, their charity, and brotherly love, &c. Her majesty had enjoyed the sweets of the most lively friendship for many years back in the agreeable company of the lady above-mentioned; such a friendship as is rarely to be met with at court; and to which union of hearts was joined the heavenly virtue of charity and universal benevolence. As soon as the queen had been informed of the whole detail of this horrid plot, like a tender and compassionate mother she was determined not to suffer any longer the oppression of so many innocent men and their unhappy families; she easily penetrated the mystery of this dark combination. Fully persuaded, that through the labyrinth of a court truth does not easily find its way to the throne, she determined to carry the petition herself to the king. But what a sublime and moving scene ensued! Truth and innocence pleading their cause by the mouth of a queen like Caroline, and before a king generous and humane like Ferdinand. His majesty was astonished to hear the recital of facts all of which had been unknown to him. The queen moved his compassion by a representation of the same images that had touched her heart.

(To be continued.)

* An attorney who prosecutes within his jurisdiction all causes wherein the public are interested.

TO THE
EDITOR OF 'THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I AM that insulated being called an Old Batchelor. A creature wearisome to myself and beloved by no one. I have spent the noon of my days in a single state, from the dread of incurring the expences incident to a married life with a woman who had nothing, and now sorely do I repent that I had not generosity enough to overlook this consideration in favour of a charming girl that I truly loved, and who wanted nothing but fortune to recommend her. I was formerly clerk to her father, then a merchant of great respectability, but some years after greatly reduced by the unfortunate turn of affairs in the late contest between us and America. When he failed, I was settled in the world, and might have saved his amiable girl from many a year of fatigue and distress into which their poverty immersed them. But with *sang froid*, for which I now detest myself, I then stood aloof, tore my thoughts from the sweet Eliza, and driving forward into the heart of the city, determined to lose myself in the recesses of counting-houses, and the accumulation of money. Thus avoiding all the plagues and expences of a family, for which I deemed the society of an elegant and affectionate woman by no means an equivalent. Alas! Mr. Editor, I now see how I miscalculated; how much such a partnership would have been for my advantage in the long run. I now put the mutual participation of pleasure and pain, the endearments of our children, that flattering interest which Eliza would have taken in me (for whom by the way nobody now cares a straw), I put all these on the credit side of the ledger, and find in the opposite page, only such a portion of expences as I have actually brought upon myself, by being drawn in to give tavern dinners, and a thousand other extravagancies that young men know not how to avoid. You will easily see, when a just account is made out, what I have gained, or rather what I have lost. Instead of the bright hearth and smiling faces of my family, instead of sitting down in the midst of beings who owe life to me, and portioning out their little meal with the delicious sensations of a father, I take my solitary chop at a coffee-house, and afterwards saunter to the theatre, where venal beauty spreads her net and I am caught! Alas! here is no mind, here is no modesty to make sentiment interesting. After having seen a public entertainment with Eliza, with what delight might we have passed the remainder of the evening. Her taste and sensibility would have made us live the hours over again with additional pleasure.—Her bosom would have been my harbour in the storms of life, and there I should have found resources from *ennui* in the calm season of prosperity. In the day of sickness her voice could have whispered comfort, and in my dying hour the pure invocations of my children might have availed

me at the throne of grace. What a sad reckoner have I been, Mr. Editor, I am now as grey as a badger, and have not a single relative in the world. I have long retired from business, but my fortune brings me no enjoyment, my dog leads nearly as rational a life. I eat and drink and sleep alternately as he does, for I now fear to become the prey of some indigent dame, who would overlook my grey hairs and infirmities in consideration of coming in for a third of my wealth, and therefore avoid much commerce with the sex, from which, though I might once have derived happiness, I can now only expect trick, or at best ridicule. But what can a man do who has let avarice run away with him in his youth, when all the social affections should have been at their out-posts to prevent it? All that remains for such a man (after the example of a culprit going to execution) is to warn the multitude how they fall into this error. To assure them that the good which is not participated is not half enjoyed, and that those who abandon a young woman from motives like mine, as they do not deserve happiness so they never will obtain it. And moreover, Mr. Editor, if you print this, please to add, that an equal mixture of love and prudence forms the only, and most delicious conserve they will have the faculty of relishing all their life long. Either, taken separately, is prejudicial; one being too austere, and the other too sweet. They must be blended to render them happily effective, and if any persons have skill enough to make up the composition after my recipe, I shall not have bemoaned myself, nor you have inserted this in vain.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. &c.

STEPHEN SORROWFUL.

DETACHED THOUGHTS,

ILLUSTRATED BY ANECDOTES ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

ON ANGER.

ANGER is a great weakness, and the folly of nature, mean, vile, and contemptible. It is a passion very pernicious to the soul. It caused the death of the emperor *Valentinian*, who burst a vein in his neck in the height of his choler. *Atbenodorus*, taking leave of the emperor *Augustus*, gave him a receipt to subdue his anger when he found it coming upon him (for that emperor was very subject to it), which was, to repeat the twenty-four letters of the Greek alphabet. *Cotys*, king of Thrace, having received in a present several costly vases of curious glass, very thin and brittle, after well rewarding the messenger who brought them, he destroyed them all, for fear, he said, that in his anger (to which he knew himself subject) he might do a mischief to his servants in case they should break any of them.

The emperor *Theodosius*, moved with choler against the inhabitants of *Salonica*, who had raised a sedition and killed his lieutenant, sent his army against them with orders to the chief to exterminate them all. In the slaughter there perished fifteen thousand mēn, women, and children. The emperor a few days after repenting of the deed, made a law by which he ordained that the execution of his letters patent and ordinations should be suspended thirty days after the order, in case they contained a punishment more rigorous than ordinary. Plato falling into a great passion against one of his servants for a very considerable fault he had committed, and seeing Xenocrate come in, said, If you are my friend I beg you would reprimand my servant, because at this moment anger has got the better of my reason. The emperor *Aurelian*, endowed with many virtues, but very liable to anger, and to such a degree that the death alone of those who had offended him was able to appease his resentment; his secretary *Menesthus* had one day greatly offended him, and he who knew the natural disposition of his master, thought on the following scheme to save his life: he made out a list (counterfeiting the emperor's hand) of several captains of his army, putting himself in the number, which it was the emperor's intention to put to death, and carried it to the parties concerned, telling them it had fallen from the emperor's sleeve. Surprised at what they heard and saw, they gave faith to it, therefore resolved to prevent him, which they did by his death.

ON CONSTANCY.

DEATH had no terror to the noble-minded Seneca. He saw his blood flow from different parts of his body without being moved. If any emotions arose in his mind, they were those of pity for the tyrant who condemned him; as if he had wished to have been guilty rather than have him stained with the crime of punishing an innocent man. Alcibiades, hearing the sentence of his own death pronounced, said, "Unfortunate Athenians! they are condemned to death, and not me; for I am going up to the gods where I shall be immortal, and they remain among men all subject to death." Cræsus, king of Lydia, being deprived of his kingdom, and prisoner to Cyrus, shewed more virtue, constancy, and generosity, than he had done in the full enjoyment of his riches: being led to the stake, and the flaming brand already in the hands of the executioner to set fire to the pile, he recollected the wise sayings of *Solon* on the small dependance that is to be made on human felicity; and that a man must never esteem himself happy but at the hour of his death; he was therefore determined to suffer patiently; and in gratitude to the philosopher who had given him such excellent advice, repeated loudly the name of *Solon* three times. Cyrus heard it, and asked the reason why he did so; he repeated, word for word, the sayings of the philosopher, which touched the heart of Cyrus in such a manner that his hatred was changed to friendship, and he restored *Cræsus* to liberty and the

enjoyment of his kingdom. It was remarked of *Socrates* during the whole course of his life, that he always appeared with the same countenance, neither more gay nor more melancholy, not even on hearing the condemnation of his death, nor on drinking the poison, though he was upwards of sixty. *Publius Rutilius*, a Roman, being unjustly sent into exile, neither changed countenance nor his manner of living, nor changed his habit, which it was the custom for exiles to do; he would not be prevailed upon to lay aside the distinguishing marks of a senator, or petition the judges to absolve him, but passed the remainder of his days with the same grandeur and authority as before, without shewing the least sign of grief at the surprising change of his first condition.

Job was reduced to such a degree of misery, that after all his misfortunes and fatal accidents no comfort seemed to be left him, but his wife, who, instead of assuaging, rather encreased his torments, by her pernicious advice and discontented spirit. Nevertheless, to reward his sufferings, he was raised by the hand of God much higher than ever he had been before, and by his constancy of mind acquired the name of Just.

ON DILIGENCE.

SEMIRAMIS, Queen of the Assyrians, was at her toilet when news was brought her of the revolt of Babylon. She delayed not an instant, but immediately flew to the place with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and in the utmost discomposure of dress. By her unexpected appearance she brought her subjects to a sense of their duty. In memory of this action she was represented after her death in the same attitude she was found by the messenger who brought her the tidings.

ON SUSPICION.

THE suspicious person has never any rest; for every thing he hears and sees puts him in fear. If any one in the street walks too near him he imagines he has some bad design on him. If he sees two persons talking he suspects that it is to play him some trick. If any one smiles upon him he thinks it is to draw him into a snare. In short, every thing is suspicious to him; every thing becomes the cause of jealousy and apprehension. If a man cannot place confidence in any one, what happiness can he expect in this world; which way can he go to be at ease? In walking he turns incessantly round to see who is near him; like the emperor *Domitian* he would ever wish to be in galleries of transparent walls, to observe who is at his sides or behind him. To whom shall he communicate his anxious thoughts? He shuns every body; his own children dare not come near him. He will at last grow as suspicious as *Dionysius* the tyrant of Syracuse, and not trust himself in the hands of a barber to be shaved.

INSTANCES OF UNPARALLELLED PARSIMONY

IN THE LATE

DANIEL DANCER, ESQ.

A FEW days ago died at Pinner, in Middlesex, Daniel Dancer, Esq. a man who quitted this earthly stage, not more remarkably for his worldly riches, than for his having lived in an apparent state of extreme poverty. Such was the eccentricity of his character, that, though scarcely allowing himself the common necessities of life, he has left property to the amount of 5000*l.* a year to Lady Tempest and Captain Holmes. During his last sickness Lady Tempest accidentally called upon him, and finding him lying up to the neck in an old sack, without even a shirt, remonstrated against the impropriety of such a situation; when he replied, that having come into the world without a shirt, he was determined to go out of it in the same manner. She then requested him to have a pillow to raise his head, and he immediately ordered his old servant, named Griffiths, to bring him a truss of hay for that purpose.

Whenever he had occasion to obey the dictates of nature, he would rather walk two miles than not assist in manuring his own land; nor did he ever afford his old horse any more than two shoes for his fore feet, deeming those for his hind feet an unnecessary expence.

So perfectly penurious was he in his disposition, that, rather than expend a penny, he frequently had recourse to the pot-liquor of Lady T.'s kitchen, of which he would swill so enormously as to be obliged to roll himself on the floor to sleep.

His house, of which Captain H. is now in possession, is a most miserable building, and has not been repaired for half a century; though poor in external appearance, it has, however, been recently discovered to be immensely rich within, Captain H. having at different times found large bowls filled with guineas and half-guineas, and parcels of bank-notes stuffed under the covers of old chairs.

He generally had his body girt with a hay-band to keep together his tattered garments; and the stockings he usually wore had been so frequently darned and patched that scarcely any of the original could be seen, but which in dirty or cold weather, were thickly covered with ropes of hay, that served as substitutes for boots. His whole garb, in short, resembled that of a miserable mendicant begging charity from door to door.

The trite adage, "What's bred in the bone, &c." was fully verified in this man, who seems to have been the principal branch of a *thrift tree*, every scion of which being of a similar texture.

He inherited a considerable property by the death of a sister, who exactly resembled him in temper, and who, had she lived in the dark ages of Gothic superstition, would probably have been mistaken for a witch, and burnt at the stake in consequence. She seldom quitted her obscure residence except on being roused by the noise of hunters and their hounds, when she would sally forth, armed with a pitchfork, in order to check the progress of the intruders on her brother's grounds; on which occasion she had more the appearance of a moving bundle of rags than of a human being.

Lady T. was the only person who had the least influence on this unfortunate miser; and though she knew that she would divide the bulk of his fortune with Captain Hohnes, she, with that gentleman, used every device to make him enjoy the good things of this world, but all in vain. She had, however, one day the pleasure of prevailing on him to purchase a hat (having worn his own for thirteen years) from a Jew, for a shilling; but, to her great surprise, when she called the next day she saw that the old *chapeau* still covered his head. On enquiry it was found that, after much solicitation, he prevailed on old Griffiths, his servant, to purchase the hat for *eighteen pence*, which Mr. Dancer purchased the day before for a shilling from the Jew.

One day her ladyship sent him a present of trout stewed in claret, which he liked above all things. It was frost, and the whole from lying by a night was frozen almost into ice. As he was a martyr to the tooth-ache he could not touch it, and to light a fire this man thought expensive, who, besides having 300*l.* per annum, was possessed also of immense riches. As he generally, in severe weather, lay in bed to keep himself warm, he had the fish and sauce put between two pewter plates, on which he sat until the whole was sufficiently warm.

He never took snuff, for that was extravagant, but he always carried a snuff-box. This, probably, he would fill in the course of a month by pinches obtained from others. When the box was full he would barter the contents for a farthing candle at a neighbouring green-gracer's; this candle was made to last till the box was again full, as he never suffered any light in his house except while he was going to bed.

He seldom washed his face and hands, but when the sun shone forth then he would betake himself to a neighbouring pool, and use sand instead of soap; when he was washed he would lie on his back and dry himself in the sun, as he never used a towel, for that would wear, and when dirty the washing was expensive.

Since his death there have been jugs of dollars and shillings found in the stable. At the dead of night he has been known to go to this place, but for what purpose even old Griffiths could not tell; but it now appears that he used to rob one jug to add to the bowl which was found buried since his death in the kitchen.

TO THE
EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I OBSERVED in a late number some epitaphs in country church-yards, which probably have provoked very different sensations from those they were intended to excite. I send you two or three from *Goat-land*; it would endanger the teeth of your English readers if I gave you the names of the parishes in which they are to be found, but I can assure you they are authentic; and if hereafter in the course of my peregrinations among the tombs, for I generally stroll into a country church-yard if I have half an hour to spare, I should discover any thing worth notice, you shall hear again from,

Sir, your very humble servant,

Brecon,

T. J.

UPON A MAN WHO FELL FROM HIS HORSE AND BROKE HIS NECK.

Man's life is a vapour, and full of woes;
He cuts a caper, and ————— down he goes.

IN MEMORY OF ANN LEWIS, WHO DIED, &c.

A husband kind
I left behind,

Three sons does me survive,
And two of them lies here buried by my side.

Behold the place where I do lay,
As you are now wance was I;
As I am now so you must be,
Cut down by death and follow me.

Let me add, that the following singular lines are in Lewisham church-yard.

Oh, cruel death, how co'dst thou be so unkind,
As to take her before, and leave me behind;
Thou sho'dst have taken both if either,
As it wo'd have been more pleasing to the survivor.

REMEDY FOR PUTRID FEVERS.

YEAST, or barm, to the quantity of three or four spoonfuls, hath been exhibited, in putrid cases, with the most singular efficacy and success; so that patients, in the extremity of this very contagious and most fatal disease, have been seen almost instantly to have recovered from a dying state to perfect safety.

Probably it will be expedient to use a little warm water to wash the yeast down the patient's throat; and to administer, at the intermediate hours, as useful auxiliaries, a few of the customary and most efficacious antiseptic cordials and draughts.

THE TELEGRAPHE.

*The following is the Production of the ingenious M. DE LOIME on
this curious Subject.*

THE account of the contrivance lately used in France for speedily communicating to a great distance whole sets of ideas, and even express words, makes me recollect a thought that occurred to me some years ago, when I heard for the first time an account of the scheme practised by those persons ludicrously called *horse and foot pigeons*, who, during the time of the drawing of the lottery at Guildhall, use to run, either on horseback or on foot, to distant parts of the town, such as the farthest end of Oxford-street, in order speedily to convey to their associates in that distant quarter, a knowledge of the two or three numbers that have first come out of the wheel that morning at Guildhall. The intent of the scheme is, to defraud those lottery-office keepers who, through greediness and eager avidity to do business, continue in such distant parts of the town to insure numbers for that day so late as half an hour or more after nine o'clock, that is, after the lottery has actually commenced drawing.

The thought that occurred to me was that of a contrivance by which these horse and foot pigeons might have saved themselves a deal of trouble, and at the same time have conveyed the knowledge of the first-drawn numbers to distant parts of the town with much more speed than it is possible for them to do, even if they were to employ real winged pigeons. The thought occurred to me as a mere joke with myself, which I never communicated, being unwilling to give a hint that might accidentally reach and assist some dishonest persons. However, I shall mention the contrivance now. Being publicly expressed in a newspaper it can do no hurt, because, if it serves as a bad hint to some, it also serves as a proper caution to others; and at the same time the description will enable the reader more readily to understand the explanation I intend to give in the issue, concerning the manner in which the knowledge of many ideas, and even of many express words, may be conveyed in about half an hour's time from Lisle to Paris; that is, to the distance of an hundred and twenty miles.

The contrivance I meant for speedily conveying to the farthest end of Oxford-street the knowledge of a number just drawn at Guildhall, was this:—A garret should have been hired in some house near to Guildhall, or a place should have been obtained in the upper part of that steeple which stands just by. A large black board, about seven feet long and six feet high, should have been affixed or hung outwards to this upper part of the steeple, and upon this black board the two or three intended numbers should have been previously written in large conspicuous figures, each about eighteen inches long

and proportionally broad and thick, with white chalk, or some proper whitening stuff, laid on with a house-painter's brush. A garret should also have been obtained near the end of Oxford-road, and in this garret a telescope should have been placed, ready fixed, and directed towards the above-mentioned board; by means of which telescope the persons stationed in the garret would have instantly read the numbers upon the board. It is a well-known fact, that, with a reflecting telescope, about one foot or fifteen inches long, it is easy to see the hour exhibited by a church dial situated at the distance of two or three miles.

Having expressed the above idea to the reader, I shall now observe that it is possible to distinguish and clearly read letters and words from a distance of fifteen miles, or more. For that purpose a powerful telescope should be used, and the white letters on the black board should be very large; that is to say, those letters which have no tails should be three feet long, and those with tails should be five or six feet long, being at the same time proportionally broad and thick. The black board might be of a sufficient size to contain forty letters in four lines.

Now, supposing that seven stations, with such a black board and a proper apparatus belonging to each, were placed in the intermediate space between the two extreme stations of Lisle and Paris, thus forming that space into eight divisions of fifteen miles each, it would be possible in half an hour's time to communicate from Lisle to Paris, the words, "*Condé has surrendered this morning at 6 o'clock.*"

I am taking it here for granted, that the persons placed at the eight different stations are very attentive in watching the respective signals; as well as expeditious in writing upon the black boards; and also that the telescopes are kept constantly fixed and properly directed. I mean presently to describe a very expeditious method of placing large white letters on the black board.

By means of forty letters very concisely used, it is possible to convey a deal of important intelligence in a clear, satisfactory manner; but as forty letters in some few particular instances might not, perhaps, be sufficient, a second successive board might be used, which might be slid over the first, like the scenes at the play-house, upon which second board the discourse might be farther continued. Care should at the same time be had, not to slide the second board till it appears, by a proper signal exhibited by the people at the opposite station, that they have fully read the letters on the first board.

The following expedient should be used for preventing the danger of the persons at the different stations being either inaccurate or too slow in forming the large letters with chalk, or a house-painter's brush, on the black board: the large letters should be kept ready made beforehand with bright white tin, and the black board should be fitted with small hooks, by means of which the large tin letters might be easily and instantly affixed to it. A considerable number of such large tin letters might be allowed to each station, and the

persons employed in the business might soon be brought to find out the proper letters for forming the prescribed words, as readily as a printer's compositor takes out his types and places them in his *composing stick*.

When the communication is to take place during the night, it should then be effected by means of transparent letters, or transparencies; that is to say, the large letters should be cut through large thin sheets of iron, and those sheets or large cut letters should be placed before a vivid light or flame, care being at the same time taken to have the iron sheets placed in such a manner as to allow no light to pass except through those cuts by which the large letters are expressed. The words exhibited during the night by such large letters of fire or light, might be read from a very great distance indeed by means of a good telescope.

ON THE PROPRIETY OF SPECULATING ON FIRST PRINCIPLES.

BY DR. AIKIN.

TO resolve things into their first principles is *philosophy*, the noblest employment of the mind, and that which alone confers a title to real *wisdom*. Without a portion of it, the experience of a long life may only serve to accumulate a confused mass of opinion, partly true, partly false, and leading to no one certain conclusion. The want of a philosophic mind makes many men of business mere plodders, and many men of reading, and even of observation, mere retailers of vague unconnected notions. Order, precision, concatenation, analysis, are all the results of philosophy. Yet even this word, all must have remarked, as well as those of improvement and reformation, has been the subject of obloquy. It has been branded with the epithet of impious by the bigot, of arrogant by the cautious, and of visionary by the dull. It has drawn down the anathemas of the serious, and the ridicule of the light. Above all, it has been treated with that ironical sneer, which is so common a resource to those who are conscious of being deficient in argument. "Thank heaven! I am no *philosopher*; I pretend not to be wiser than those who have gone before me. I do not boast of the discovery of *new principles*. I must beg leave to retain my antiquated notions notwithstanding: philosophers call them *prejudices*." These flowers of polemical rhetoric, which decorate so many sermons, speeches, and essays, though they have lost the attraction of novelty, are yet of no small efficacy in swaying trivial minds; and the *argumentum ad verecundiam* to which they appeal, is apt to overpower unassuming modesty. Such a strain

of frothy insolence is best disconcerted by admitting it seriously as an honest confession of inferiority. I would say—"I know you are not a philosopher—I never took you for one—your education and habits of life have disqualified you from all pretensions to the character—your opinions are mere prejudices, and do not merit a refutation."

But if there be those who *bona fide* are afraid of philosophy, because very mischievous doctrines have been propagated under its name, let them be told, that what they dread is only the use of reason in a large way, and upon the most important subjects*; and that, if on the whole, we are better for the gift of reason, though some abuse it, we are likewise better for aspiring to be philosophers, though some falsely, and for bad purposes, arrogate the title. A very common topic in railing against philosophy is the extravagant and contradictory opinions held by the ancient schools of philosophers. But with whom ought they to be compared? Not with those who have been enlightened by direct revelation, but with the vulgar and bigots of their own times, who implicitly received all the absurdities which fraud and superstition had foisted into their systems of faith. If by the efforts of unaided philosophy, out of a people thus debased, could be raised a Socrates, an Epicuretus, an Antoninus, what honours short of divine are not due to it? Nor have its services to mankind in latter ages been much less conspicuous; for not to insist on the great advancements in art and science, which have originated from *natural philosophy* (since they are questioned by one), what man of enlarged ideas will deny, that the *philosophy of the human mind*, of *law*, of *commerce*, of *government*, of *morals*, and, I will add, of *religion*, have greatly contributed to any superiority this age may claim over former periods? If philosophy thus employed have occasioned some evils, a more correct and diligent use of the same will remove them. If erroneous conclusions have been drawn from a partial or premature induction of facts, they will be rectified by a future more extensive induction. After all, no medium can possibly be assigned between reasoning freely, and not reasoning at all—between submitting implicitly to any human authority, and to none.

We are placed in this world with a variety of faculties, and of objects on which to exercise them. Doubtless, there are in nature limits which we cannot pass; but what man shall presume to mark them out for other men?—what man shall say to his fellow men, I permit you to exercise your reason upon these objects, but I forbid you from exercising it on those? Many, indeed, have so presumed; but the friends of truth and mankind have ever resisted their usurped authority.

* Hujus opus unum est, de divinis humanisque veram invenire. SENEC.

THE POETICAL LANGUAGE OF TRAGEDY NOT BORROWED FROM NATURE.

BY THE SAME.

I KNOW, indeed, that critics have asserted figurative diction to be natural to persons labouring under strong emotions; but for proof of this assertion, I find quotations from Shakespear, instead of appeals to fact. One of the critics, and of no mean rank, has given as an example of the natural playfulness of a lover's imagination, Juliet's fancy of cutting out Romeo all into little stars when he is dead. I do not deny that a certain degree of mental *excitement* (to use modern phraseology) may, like a cheerful glass, vivify the imagination, and impart a glow and fluency of expression; but I never knew a real instance in which violent passion, like intoxication, did not overwhelm the intellectual faculties, and abolish all connection of thought and choice of language. But tragedy cannot consist of ahs and ohs, of exclamations and broken sentences. Its purpose is to delight, to instruct, to elevate, and, above all, to gratify the desire after novelty: the passion of tragedy is therefore necessarily made fluent, inventive, eloquent, metaphorical, and sententious. See how Milton characterises the tragic writers of the Grecian school:

Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In chorus and iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change, in human life,
High actions, and high passions best describing.

PAR. REG. iv. 161.

It was evidently after this model that he framed his *Sampson Agonistes* and *Comus*, pieces, however ill adapted for the modern English stage, which will continue to charm and instruct the cultivated reader, as long as the language in which they are written exists. Nor would Shakespear himself, though peculiarly styled the *bard of nature*, have afforded a whole school of poetry and morals, had his dialogue been a real pattern of that natural simplicity which is usually supposed to characterise it. To every impartial observer it will be manifest, that his "brief sententious precepts" are generally brought in with effort: and that his sublime, and often far-fetched images, rather belong to the play-writer than to the speaker. The sweet Racine and the lofty Corneille communicated their own distinctions to all their characters, and were properly "describers of high actions and high passions" in their several styles. In short, if tragedy be not considered as a sublime *poem*, rather than a mere fable to move the passions for a moral purpose, it will be impossible not to prefer the Gamester and George Barnwell to any performance of Shakespear, Corneille, or Sophocles.

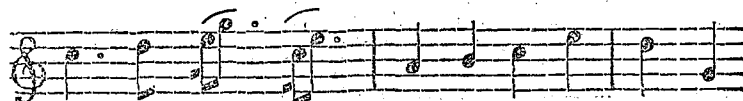
POETRY.

A FAVOURITE MASONIC SONG,

SET TO MUSIC.



A—rise, and sound thy Trumpet, Fame, Free



Ma—son—ry a—loud proclaim, To Realms and



Worlds un—known, to Realms and Worlds un—



known; Tell them 'twas this, great Da—vid's



Son, The Wise, the match—less So—lo—



mon, Priz'd far a—bove his Throne—,



— Friz'd far a—bove his Throne.

Vol. III.

O o

The solemn temples, cloud-capt tow'rs,
 And stately domes, are works of ours;
 By us those piles were rais'd :
 Then bid mankind with songs advance,
 And thro' th' etherial vast expanse,
 Let Masonry be prais'd.

We help the poor in time of need,
 The naked clothe, the hungry feed,
 'Tis our Foundation-stone;
 We build upon the noblest plan,
 While Friendship rivets man to man,
 And makes us all as one.

Thy trumpet, Fame, yet louder blow,
 And let the distant regions know,
 Freemasonry is this ;
 Almighty Wisdom gave it birth,
 While Heaven fix'd it here on earth,
 A type of future bliss.

AN ADDRESS

WRITTEN BY J. F. S.

*And spoken by one of the Pupils at the Exhibition of MR. WRIGHT'S
 Academy in SUNDERLAND.*

AS new-fledg'd nestlings at the parent note
 First plunge in air, on liquid ether float—
 As in soft lays their early tones transpire
 (The first faint warblings of the woodland quire)—
 So youthful Science with the op'ning day
 Plumes her light wing, and skims the fluent way ;
 Mimics with doubtful flight the soaring throng,
 And pours forth all her little pow'rs of song.

Hush'd be the sound of ev'ry ruder breeze !
 Let gentle Zephyr kiss the slumbering seas !
 Nor Summer's scorching fire, nor Winter's blast,
 O'er the mild scene their rugged horrors cast ;
 But, when the infant Muse attunes her lay,
 Be Spring the season—and let purple May
 Dawning on fresh-blown roses, wake the train
 Of youthful bards to share the native strain.

Now swells the lay—and first, with grateful fire,
 To LOVE PARENTAL strike th'enraptur'd lyre ;
 That genial agent who, with plastic pow'r,
 Thro' want and weakness led the infant hour.
 Rapt I behold him honour'd pass along,
 Drawn by the filial Muse and sacred song,
 And o'er his anxious face alternate view
 Fear's tender shade, and Hope's enliv'ning hue ;
 While by his side, with sweetly-pensive air,
 The conscious matron joins the pious care.

But, hark ! what sounds are those ? what form divine
 Advances, follow'd by the vocal Nine ?

'Tis EDUCATION, with majestic brow —
 The sage by many an awful mark I know :
 Not cloth'd in sable terrors as of yore,
 The birchen sceptre when he sternly bore ;
 But with that rev'rend mien and cheering smile,
 That strengthens languor and gives bliss to toil.
 Fast by his side, silver'd and bow'd with age,
 See hoary LEARNING turn the sapient page.
 STUDY, with serious look, and careful tread,
 Advances slow, by APPLICATION led ;
 While pressing thro' the group with ardent mien
 And eager eye is EMULATION seen.

To these bright forms our dearest bliss we owe,
 To these our earliest strains must grateful flow ;
 The infant Genius, as they pass along,
 Tosses his cherub torch, and hails the fost'ring throng.

Nor let austere PHILOSOPHY regard
 With supercilious eye the stripling Bard ;
 Like us you once to humble scenes were bound,
 Like you we yet may view creation round.
 And tho' these efforts pant in Fancy's rear,
 Nor reach our ardent hopes in yonder sphere,
 Yet Candour's meed the virgin Muse shall gain,
 Warm from the heart when GRATITUDE's the strain.

*The following is a Translation of the famous Lines composed by DES
 BARREAUX, so justly celebrated by Mr. BAYLE.*

THY judgments, God, in one strict tenor run,
 And end with justice as they first begun ;
 Thy nature glories in thy darling grace,
 Propitious ever to our sinful race.
 But I thy mercy must implore in vain,
 My crimes so num'rous, and so deep their stain ;
 Thy goodness cannot set the rebel free,
 Nor can be just in justifying me.
 Yes, Lord, the greatness of my guilt, I own,
 Confines thy pow'r to punishments alone ;
 Thy int'rest yields not thy compassion room,
 And clemency itself demands my doom.
 Perform at length the long-delay'd design,
 And clear thy honour with thy wrath divine :
 Grasp, then, the bolt, and hurl the vengeful blow
 On me thy fix'd incorrigible foe ;
 Return th' assault, and war for war restore ;
 Be by these tears exasperated more ;
 For tho' I perish I'll adore thy name,
 Reason thy conduct, and justice thy aim.
 Yet, on what spot of this terrestrial ball,
 Where, where, O Father, can thy vengeance fall,
 But where the blood of Christ already slain,
 O'erspread, must sanctify the sacred plain ;
 Must safe secure me from thy destin'd ire,
 Forbid the thunder, and prevent the fire !

TO A MARRIED LADY* ON HER BIRTH-DAY,

OCT. 17, 1794.

BY T. P.

HOW oft with fond impassion'd lay,
 Inviting blessings from above,
 Has youth and beauty's natal day
 Been welcom'd by delighted love!
 Though youth and beauty are thine own,
 Ah! let not these thy thought employ;
 For youth, alas! we all have known,
 And beauty's but a poet's toy!
 Youth, like a merry ev'ning's hour,
 Soon passes, gladsome, thoughtless, light;
 And beauty is a passion-flow'r,
 Closing for ever ere 'tis night!
 O mourn them not! though short their race;
 Love's influence is sooner gone!
 Love, like the Zephyr o'er the grass,
 Sighs, and, while sighing, passes on!
 The virtues of a married state
 More constant and more worthy are;
 Affection for a polish'd mate,
 And fondness for thy prattling pair.
 The friendly smile to all around,
 Shall fix this day in mem'ry's store,
 And bid the song of welcome sound,
 When youth and beauty are no more.

* MRS. JEMIMA JONES.

ELEGY

TO THE ISLAND OF JAMAICA.

AH, WESTERN BEAUTY! what are all thy charms,
 Thy tropic suns, thy richly varied vales;
 Thy sea, that zones thee with his lucid arms,
 And gives thy ev'ning all his softest gales?
 Thy moon's broad orb—thy vapour-vested night,
 When FANCY masks thy scenes in wond'rous trance!
 Paints in the rolling fog her novel sight,
 And throws enchanted pictures o'er the glance?
 Thy tamarind shades—thy bamboo groves,
 Thy rich pimento's aromatic breeze;
 Thy tall green turf where sober ground-doves rove,
 Thy rough rock's head that waves his crest of trees?
 Thy tiny humming-bird of emerald plume,
 That broods her pearly eggs with fondling grief,
 Hangs the nice nest beneath some small bough's gloom,
 And roofs her elfin dwelling with a leaf?

Thy fields—for, oh! there SLAV'RY stalks along,
Her robe a tissue of thick-woven chains;
Her hair stiff whips of many a knotted thong,
While to her face an iron mask she strains!

Blush, Isle of Freedom! tear th' accusing page,
That stains thy great ELIZA's blazing name;
That tells what hands let loose the despot's rage,
That tells from what unfetter'd plains she came!

Yes! Albion! yes! thou land that lov'st applause,
When thy proud barks the fiend to Afric bore,
Delighted MURDER gnash'd his gory jaws,
And, howling death-whoops, stamp'd along the shore!

While on the strand the monster INTEREST waits,
Whose tearless eye in marble sockets rolls;
He claps his iron hands, exults, and freights
His human *ballast* and his bales of souls!

WHOE'ER THOU BE, pourtray'd in human sketch,
Who, as life's eddies through thine heart-ducts flow,
Feel'st the nice nerve its tingling fibres stretch
At joy's *soft pressure*, or the *grasp of woe*—

Awake! Arise! Shake off th' unmanly dream,
The *sleep of JUSTICE*, that benumbs the land—
Where MERCY, wearied by the *frequent* theme,
Nods o'er her tears, and drops her half-raised hand!

Awake! Arise! thou soul of gen'rous deed!
Resume the bold *defence* and dare to *save*;
Nor let FUTURITY with blushes read,
The BRITISH HEART forgot the *kneeling SLAVE*!

FRANCES CLORINDA.

EPITAPH

ON A CELEBRATED IRISH ACTOR,

EQUALLY REGARDED BY A NUMEROUS CIRCLE OF FRIENDS FOR HIS
AGREEABLE DISPOSITION AND PROFESSIONAL MERIT.

Public Gratitude

Erected

This Stone

To the Memory of

RICHARD COX ROWE,

A celebrated Comedian.

He was born in Dublin in the Year

1754,

And

Died in Belfast

(Where he was universally admired,

On account of his Merit as an Actor,

And

His Gentleness of Manners as a Man)

On the 17th of May 1792.

O, reader! if talents could ever beguile

Thy bosom of cares, and instruct thee the while—

If e'er thou wast charm'd from dull anguish and woe,

Pay a sigh, 'tis a debt, o'er the relics of ROWE!

LETTER FROM
MR. J. TERU TO DOCTOR BIRCH,

Dated June 25th, 1728.

DEAR FRIEND,

I doubt not but you will be sensible the following Lines are the same I repeated to you some Days ago, a Latin Translation of which I expect with Impatience from your masterly Pen, in consequence of your Promise. I am, your assured Friend and Servant,

J. TERU.

THE FLY,

ADDRESSED TO MRS. *****.

HOW weak is man ! how little does he know
What makes him happy, or what keeps him so !
Fondly he longs his ruin to enjoy,
And restless seeks what must his rest destroy.
Had I contented at a distance stood,
And with th' admiring world your merits view'd,
All had been well, and I with them, at ease,
Had still commended what must always please ;
But I, ambitious of a tie more close
With your dear self than common friendship knows,
Hop'd by a near approach to you, to find
Peace to my heart, and pleasure to my mind ;
So boldly ventur'd, and the torments share,
Which rise from love, attended with despair.
Pleas'd with the beauties of the taper's light,
Whose brightness dissipates the shades of night ;
Thus first the Fly at awful distance plays,
And in large circles courts its lovely rays :
Then by degrees in narrower tours he moves,
And ventures nearer to the flame he loves ;
Till the poor insect by its influence warm'd,
Blind with its splendour, to his ruin charm'd,
With desp'rate speed impatient of delay,
To its embraces wings his fatal way, }
But, oh ! his life must for his rashness pay.
Unequal to the object he admires,
Soon as the flame he touches—he expires !

LINES
BY MRS. ROBINSON.

HEAV'N knows I never would repine
Though FORTUNE's fiercest frowns were mine—
If FATE would grant that o'er my tomb
One little Laurel Wreath might bloom,
And MEM'RY sometimes wander near
To bid it live—and drop a tear !

I never would for all the show
That tinsel splendour can bestow,
Or waste a thought, or heave a sigh,
For well I know 'tis pageantry !
Soon fading to the grave 'tis o'er !
A pleasing phantom—seen no more.

I ask not worldly pow'r, to rule
The drooping child of MIS'RY's school—
To tyrannize o'er him whom fate
Has destin'd to a lowly state,
To me would prove a source of woe
More keen than such a wretch could know.

Oh! did the *little great* endure
The pangs they seldom stoop to cure ;
Could pamper'd LUXURY then find
The charm to soothe the wounded mind ;
The loftiest, proudest, would confess
The sweetest pow'r—the pow'r to bless !

Give me the sensate mind, that knows
The vast extent of human woes ;
And then, fair INDEPENDENCE, grant
The means to cheer the child of want ;
Though small the pittance, mine should be
The boundless joys of Sympathy !

But, though ungentle FORTUNE flies,
And envious FATE her smile denies,
My heart will never cease to feel
The wounds it vainly hopes to heal ;
Then, FATE, to prove thy rage is o'er,
Ah ! let me DIE—AND FEEL NO MORE !

STRICTURES

ON

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Oct. 1. **T**HE *Grecian Daughter* was performed at Covent-Garden Theatre, and a lady of the name of BRIDGMAN quite a novice on the stage, made her appearance in the part of *Euphrasia*. Her person is majestic and well-formed ; and her conception of the character was judicious.

Mrs. Bridgman is of the Siddons school, but rather resembles the imitator of our great theatric heroine, Mrs. Powell, than the heroine herself. There is an elegant regularity in her features, but, what is much better, there is expression in her countenance suitable to the heroic drama. She was well received, and the applause she obtained did not tempt her into any display of conscious excellence ; a rare circumstance with most of the modern candidates for theatrical distinction.

7. Miss WALLIS, from the Theatre-Royal, Bath, appeared on the Covent-Garden boards, in the character of *Imogen* in the tragedy of *Cymbeline*. Her first effort, when very young, was made at this theatre ; she afterwards retired to

Bath, and became a great favourite there. Since we before witnessed her performance she is much improved in every respect.

This charming actress is warmly patronized by Lady Loughborough. Her ladyship, and a party of female friends, occupied the stage-box on the King's side, and were joined shortly after the entertainment commenced by Miss Wallis. *Envy* suggested this to be a breach of decorum, and some *malig'ants* shewed marks of disapprobation: the young lady, in consequence, immediately retired.

On a second appearance in the same character on the 10th, divesting herself of her fears, and assuming a becoming courage, Miss Wallis gave à force and energy to the part infinitely beyond her former representation of it.

We have never been able to convince ourselves that *Imogen* is altogether the most eligible character for a first appearance; and yet Mrs. Pope as well as Miss Wallis was directed to it for her *debut*. *Cymbeline* is certainly the most incongruous of *Shakespeare's* productions, and the least calculated for the excitement of emotions peculiar to the Tragic Drama. It is, perhaps, the *moral* character of *Imogen* that attracts a young actress, and not its *stage* adaptations. An English audience cannot sit unaffected by the pious resignation of her mind, the unwavering constancy of her affection.

Miss Wallis is perfectly mistress of the stage, the application of its purposes, and the management of its effect: but, though by no means a novice, she has not yet learned to sacrifice nature to artifice; or obtain that applause by system which is due only to genius. Her judgment is correct as far as relates to emphasis and meaning; her voice is complete through every gradation of tone; it has indefinite controul in scenes of energy and passion, and the sweetest melody in those of a softer nature; her figure is finely formed, and her action judiciously managed. Her pronunciation many will call *provincial*—it is, in our opinion, however, owing to her elaborate endeavour after *strong articulation*. Her face is *not* exactly suited for tragedy; it has no high expression; it is neither animated nor grand. Her features are delicate, but they are not striking. They have more playfulness than solidity—they will suit better the vivacity of *Beatrice* than the settled solemnity of *Imogen*.

The point that was the best executed was the well-known exclamation,

“What, ho! *Pisanio*!—Away!”

There was likewise exquisite discrimination in her doubt of *Iachimo's* relation:

“Did my Lord say so?”

And indeed the whole of that scene was as perfect acting as we ever beheld.

Miss Wallis acts from her own design; we know no one on the stage whose manner seems to have been particularly studied. If there is any resemblance it is to the serious acting of Miss Farren.

Miss Wallis has made an engagement the most advantageous ever known—18l. per week for three years. No young actress in our time ever had any thing like it.

10. The Burletta of *Tom Thumb* was presented at Covent-Garden Theatre; and the character bearing that name was performed by a child of the name of *STANDEN*, whose person accorded very well with his title, for he is little more in size than a full-grown *thumb*; yet his action was astonishingly correct, and called forth the most enthusiastic bursts of applause from every part of the house. His infant voice, although tender, is very fine; and the *Furthing Rush-light* was sung by him with a considerable degree of humour.

14. Miss Wallis performed *Lady Townly* with very great applause; and *Juliet* has since established her in public favour.

MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE, *September 26.*

THE different corps of the French army on the Maeze, strengthened by the reinforcements they had received, made repeated attacks from the 17th upon the Austrian posts which guarded the left side of that river, and the right side of the Ourte. The attacks of the 17th upon the Austrians before Maestricht, towards Vise and Fouron le Comte, did not succeed; but that was not the case with those made upon the positions of Generals La Tour and Alvinzy on the Ourte. The enemy were constantly supplied with fresh troops, by which means their superiority almost entirely destroyed the left wing of the Austrian forces, and all the regiments which composed it, particularly that of Beaulieu, suffered exceedingly, and most of the officers were either killed, wounded, or made prisoners; three companies of the new-raised regiment of the Archduke Charles were cut to pieces, the rest made prisoners; the regiment of Murray, one battalion of Kinsky, one of the Emperor, two battalions of the troops of Saltzbourg, the Emperor's regiment of dragoons, and two divisions of that of the Archduke Leopold, also suffered; and as the wing was completely routed, and the retreat was made in disorder, of course they lost their artillery.

The French were posted on the Ourte, in several columns, towards Spa and Vervieres; the action was at Theux. The French were several times repulsed with great loss, and obliged to fall back to the rivulet of Embleve; but having found means to pass the Imperial posts, they took it in the rear, and that corps, which was not more than 7000 strong, against 30,000 French (and in a manner cut off), was almost entirely destroyed or dispersed. Among other advantages of which the enemy availed themselves, they acquired a perfect knowledge of the position of the Austrians by means of a balloon, which they elevated during the action, and in the gondola of which were two able officers, who traced the situation and movements of the Austrians, and let down their observations to their colleagues in the French army.

One of the consequences of the defeat above-mentioned was, that the advantageous post of the Chartreuse, near Liege, being absolutely turned and taken in the rear, was obliged to be evacuated.

General Clairfait sent thirteen battalions from the center to reinforce the left wing, which was again attacked this day, and the heavy cannonading which we now hear comes from that way.

The French generals had orders to carry the Austrian posts, particularly that of the Chartreuse at Liege, cost what it would.

To the above we have to add the following from more recent details:

The French entered Aix-la-Chapelle the 21st; they, however, experienced a considerable check on the same day at Lautern, where they were attacked by the hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe. The first advices state the loss of the French on that occasion to be 2000 men, but the consequences of it cannot be very essential, as well on account of the difficulty of providing for troops in that country, and the necessity of the retrograde motion of the different corps of allies marching against Treves, in consequence of the above defeat of the Austrians.

Advices from Constantinople inform us, that a part of the Ottoman Empire has lately been visited by an earthquake. On the 3d of July three towns were swallowed up between Angora and Esdrum, in Natolia, formerly known by the name of Asia Minor, situated something more than 200 miles S. E. of Constantinople, viz. Tchogram, which consisted of about 5000 houses; Amasia, the capital of the government of that name, which was still more extensive and populous, and which is famed as the birth-place of Strabo; and Engtem, which

contained between three and four thousand houses. The population of these three is estimated at 100,000 souls; and, besides these, a number of villages in the same territory were likewise destroyed, scarcely a tenth part of the inhabitants having escaped the dreadful catastrophe.

The King of Spain, by the unanimous advice of his Council of State, has made a deduction of four per cent, from all civil salaries, pensions, grants, &c. during the war; a deduction of twenty-five per cent. from the salaries of all the counsellors of state; and ordered, that no minister or other person shall receive more than one salary, however many places or employments he may possess.

An insurrection has broken out in South Prussia, a part of the dominions of Poland wrested from it by Frederic in the partition of 1773. From this event the affairs of Poland begin to assume a brilliant aspect, and to revive not only the drooping spirits of the oppressed patriots of that country, but those of every friend of well-regulated liberty throughout Europe.

The Prussian troops have altogether evacuated Poland, leaving only a garrison in Cracow and Sendomir.

We find a paragraph in the Leyden Gazette, of which the following is a translation:

"The total want of discipline in the army under the Duke of York having occasioned various painful representations, his Royal Highness has published a General Order, dated from his head-quarters at Grosbeck, the 23d of September, to recal his officers and soldiers to their duty: and it is to be hoped that these orders, and the examples of just severity which they announce, will put a stop to the disorders complained of."

The only remark we can make on the above is, that God knows the difficulties and distresses to which our unfortunate countrymen are exposed; they must exceed all former example, or surely the honour and character of the British officer and soldier would never have been subject to so disgraceful a report as the above.

The immense armies of the French Republic are to be further augmented. Those under Jourdan and Pichegru are to receive reinforcements which will increase their numbers to 300,000 men.

HOME NEWS.

Sept. 29. Being Michaelmas-day, a Common Hall was held at Guildhall for the choice of Lord-Mayor, when Thomas Skinner, Esq. was chosen, being next in rotation to Mr. Alderman Watson, who is now abroad in the service of his country. Mr. Alderman Skinner was received by the Hall with much applause; and on his election made a short and pointed speech, assuring the Livery of his attachment to our glorious constitution, and the welfare and happiness of his fellow-citizens.

30. A very singular fraud was effected by one Benjamin Lara, a stock-jobber, who having agreed with Mr. Decosta for the purchase of three hundred Irish lottery tickets, gave his draft on Ladbroke and Co. for the amount, which was returned for want of effects, Mr. Lara never having kept cash at their house: some suspicion immediately arising, an enquiry took place, and it was proved that Lara had left the tickets as security with a person from whom he had borrowed 2,600l. which sum being paid him in large bank notes, he immediately got changed for small ones, and was gone off; a pursuit then took place, but too late, for on going to his house at Peckham a post-chaise and four was found waiting at the door, which he had ordered to convey him to Romford, but having had some intimation that the affair was discovered, he made his escape from the back part of his house. A bank note of fifty pounds, one of those he had received for the tickets, was found in the house.

Oct. 2. By the activity of the Bow-street officers the above Mr. Lara was taken into custody at the Golden Cross, Charing-Cross. He had taken a post-chaise to Portsmouth, and returned from thence to London, whither he was pursued by the police officers, who traced his steps, but lost him in the last stage. Meeting with his brother in Cornhill, they took him into custody, and found on him a letter acquainting him that his brother was to be found at the Golden Cross, Charing-Cross, by the name of Jennings. They went thither, and found him in bed, and secured all the property, except about 40*l*. To disfigure himself he had cut off his hair, and had on a travelling cap. The offence being committed in the city, he was ordered by Mr. Addington to be taken before the Lord Mayor, by whom he was remanded into custody for further examination.

3. He was again brought before the Lord Mayor; after which he was committed to the Poultry Compter.

Harwich, Oct. 7. Inured as the inhabitants of a seaport-town are to the distresses incident to tempestuous weather, yet the calamitous effects of a dreadful storm of twenty hours duration, have been so great as to amaze even those most familiar with such unhappy scenes. The tempest commenced about eight o'clock on Sunday evening, and by eleven o'clock next morning there were 35 vessels wrecked within twenty miles of Harwich harbour. At one o'clock on Monday, the crew of the Restoration, Captain Walker, a fine new ship in the Norway trade, and the people from a North Shields collier, in three boats, with the utmost peril and difficulty made the harbour. They had been in their boats from eleven o'clock the night before, and when they at length happily reached the shore, were reduced by fatigue and the inclemency of the weather to the greatest weakness. Captain Walker reports, that in the morning of Monday he saw upwards of 70 sail of vessels making signals of distress. The wrecks of several vessels are plainly to be seen from the town, and several lives must inevitably have been lost. A boat with four men and two women, in attempting to cross to Langard Fort on Monday, was driven out to sea, where the unhappy people must doubtless have all perished.

Brighton, Oct. 7. The tempest on Sunday evening was the most tremendous that has been known here for some years. The sea came nearly upon the Steyne; whilst the wind was so violent as to take away several parts of the adjoining houses. The most distressing event that occurred took place about three in the morning; a ship was driven near half a league from the town, they fired signals of distress, and hoisted out the lights. The fishermen crowded to the sea-side, and finding every relief impracticable, they soon afterwards became melancholy witnesses of the ship's sinking; and, what renders the tale more lamentable, we have not since heard of a single life being saved.

HIGH TREASON.

9. At half past nine in the morning the judges appointed by a special commission to try the persons under charges of treason (viz. Lord Chief Justice Eyre, the Lord Chief Baron, Mr. Baron Hotham, Mr. Justice Buller, Mr. Justice Grose, and Mr. Justice Lawrence) met at Serjeant's-Inn, Chancery-lane, from whence they proceeded to the new Sessions-house on Clerkenwell-green, attended by the two sheriffs, with their under-sheriffs, the city marshals, &c. where they opened the commission, when the Grand Jury were sworn in, to whom the Chief Justice gave an excellent charge.

In the delivery of this charge the Lord Chief Justice, at some length, pointed out to them the nature and extent of the duty they owed to their country, and the trust reposed in them. In the discharge of this task his lordship had occasion to enter into a very minute and extensive review of the several statutes in existence upon the law of high treason, together with the opinions of the several judges, and other law authorities, during the several periods of English jurisprudence, applying the whole to the existing circumstances of the times. Although in all writs they were specially denominated the King's jurors, yet he deemed it hardly necessary to observe to them, that the duty imposed on them

was perfect and absolute impartiality between the crown and the subject, the accusers and accused. In the discharge of the task imposed in common upon the judges and jury, it was a pleasing circumstance, tending at once to lighten both their burthens, by the definitive and precise terms by which the crime of high treason was defined, not merely and alone by the several statutes enacted for that purpose, but likewise by the operation of those statutes, and the several decisions made thereon, under the wisest and brightest ornaments of the British jurisprudence. Here his lordship entered into a discussion and enumeration of the statutes, particularly the statute of the 25th Edward III. on which his lordship expatiated at considerable length.

In the application of those laws to the present times, his lordship proceeded to comment in general terms upon those cases which would probably be submitted to their consideration. He by no means intended, or wished to be so misunderstood, as denying the rights of the people to assemble together to discuss, decide, or to obtain such reform as wisdom might suggest, or necessity dictate, that being, *per se*, no substantive crime; but this was to be done in a temperate and legal manner. This manner could only be done by peaceable and temperate petition to that legislature, consisting of king, lords, and commons, in whom conjointly and exclusively was vested the right, and in whom, he hoped, ever would be vested the power of altering, continuing, or amending, the laws which bind society together. All attempts at innovation, extraneous from this old and constitutional mode, were to be held highly culpable, entirely illegal, and strictly coming under the description and character of high treason; because it had been held sound law by the soundest decisions, that to come within the meaning of the charge of compassing or imagining the death of the king, it was not necessary that conspiracy should have that nefarious project immediately in view; but all attempts to abridge his legal authority, by forcibly depriving him of those powers vested in him, by the constitution, compelling him to any act otherwise than by the law of the land, or seizing on his person, or, in short, any act which might tend ultimately to endanger the life of the King, was that crime for which those charged were called on to answer with their lives. In this view of the laws of high treason it would become their duty to weigh well, whether certain recent transactions about to be submitted to them, were or not of that nature which, by intending or attempting to overawe or controul the legislature, must in their consequences have inevitably tended to produce those evils to guard and trench against which the laws against high treason were fitly and wisely framed. The king was held to be the centre pivot round which all the movements of that enviable and admirably constructed machine the British Constitution revolved. To press, therefore, upon the more external parts, to interrupt the functions of parliament, was to press upon that centre, endanger the whole machine, and, finally, introduce anarchy and confusion. It was to hazard the overthrow of that glorious fabric which it had been the work of ages to rear—which had been cemented by the best blood of our ancestors—and which has drawn forth the eulogiums of the greatest and wisest men Europe had produced.

His lordship observed to the gentlemen of the grand jury, that it could not be unknown to them, that associations had taken place in various parts of the kingdom, whose ostensible purpose was to obtain a parliamentary reform; but circumstances subsequently occurred which unfortunately made it but too palpable that this was neither their sole nor real object of pursuit. In better times, perhaps, such conduct it might have been advisable to have either passed over altogether in silence, or to have checked it by a milder remedy.

But, contemplating, as they all must have done, the miseries and calamities which have desolated a neighbouring state (and of which his lordship drew a very forcible and melancholy picture) and recollecting that, in a distant part of the united kingdom, certain persons had proceeded to the culpable lengths of assuming legislative functions, of avowedly overawing the parliament, and had actually affected the phrases, the forms, and the very spirit of the French Convention; it must be apparent to all, that it was the bounden duty of his Majesty's

ministers to exert the authority entrusted in them, and shew themselves worthy, by their spirit and justice, of the trust reposed in them.

His lordship here lamented, that persons of the best and purest intentions, associating legally for the legal purpose of obtaining a parliamentary reform, might, by the enlargement of their numbers, and the consequent danger of the admission of criminal and perturbed spirits, be misled, if not into the commission of actual crime, at least to the very verge of the most dangerous precipice.

Upon the whole, his lordship observed to the gentlemen of the grand jury, that if on the one hand it should appear to them that there was no ground for the imputation of guilt against the persons charged, they would feel themselves happy in such an opportunity of throwing out the bills; if, on the other, their guilt should be apparent, or even any reasonable doubts should arise in their minds, they would best discharge their duty to their country in sending the matter to be discussed where it would meet more ample and full discussion.

His lordship stated, he had omitted laying down to them the law on the misprision of treason, because, as no charge had as yet been made of that kind, he trusted there would be no occasion for the exercise of their judgments upon the subject.

Misprision of treason is the concealment of treason, and subject to the most severe penalties. His lordship hoped the necessities of the times would not call for the infliction of them.

His lordship concluded with recommending to the grand jury the faithful and impartial discharge of their duty, and dismissed them.

The following is a list of the counsel who appeared for the crown: Sir John Scott, Attorney General; Sir John Mitford, Solicitor General; Mr. Serjeant Adair, King's Serjeant; Messrs. Bower, Law, and Garrow, King's counsel; Mr. Wood, Mr. Baldwin, &c. &c.

LIST OF THE GRAND JURY:

Benjamin Winthrop, foreman,
John Snider,
Edward Ironsides,
Benjamin Kenton,
Robert H. Boddam,
John Eyres,
W. H. Boddam,
John Perry,
John Hankey,
Samuel Cuff,
Thomas Winslowe,
Samuel Hawkins,

George Warde,
Thomas Boddam,
Joseph Lancaster,
Robert Wilkinson,
Thomas Cole,
George Galway Mills,
Henry Wright,
John Hatchett,
Robert Stephenson,
John Campbell,
and
Thomss Everett, Esqrs.

True bills have been found against

Thomas Hardy,
John Horne Tooke,
John Augustus Bonney,
Stewart Kydd,
Jeremiah Joyce,
Thomas Wardell,
Thomas Holcroft,

John Richter,
Matthew Moore,
John Thelwall,
Richard Hodgson,
John Baxter,
Philip Franklowe; and
John Spence, bookseller.

Not found against John Lovatt.

11. William Higgins, journeyman to Mr. Barclay, chymist in Fleet-market; John Peter Lemaitre, a watchcase-maker in Denmark-street, St. Giles's; ——— Smith, a bookseller in Portsmouth-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields; and ——— Upton, a watchmaker, were fully committed by the Privy Council to different prisons for trial, on a charge of *having conspired against the life of our most gracious Sovereign*. Many reports concerning this business have been detailed in the Newspapers of

the day, but they are not more various than contradictory. When the prisoners are brought to trial by their country, we shall state the substance of the transaction. What might be related now, would probably operate to their prejudice in the public mind; and from the circumstance of the *informer Upton* having been himself committed for trial, on the ground of prevarication and self-contradiction, we have hopes that the accused may be able to prove themselves innocent of so detestable an intention.

The King has granted to the Right Hon. Edmund Burke, as a reward for his public services, a pension of twelve hundred pounds a year for life, with a large reversion to Mrs. Burke in case of her survival.

In the course of the past month, intelligence has been received of the surrender of Aix-la-Chapelle, Bois-le-Duc, Crevecoeur, Cologne, and Bellegarde, to the French arms.

In consequence of the retreat of General Clairfayt, the whole country westward of the Rhine is now in the hands of the French.

EXECUTION of ROBERT WATT,

At EDINBURGH, ON WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1794.

Robert Watt was brought from the Castle to the Tolbooth in a hurdle, painted black, and drawn by a white horse, the Executioner dressed in black, sitting in front, and carrying the axe; he was attended to the scaffold by Magistrates, Sheriffs, Constables, &c, and assisted in his devotions by Principal Baird. About a quarter before three he ascended the platform, and, after praying a short time, dropped a handkerchief, as a signal, and the platform went from under him. When the body had hung about thirty minutes, it was cut down lifeless; and the Executioner, at two strokes, severed the head from the body.

Downie, it is said, is to transport himself to Botany-Bay.

REMARKABLE EVENTS. — A letter from Kingston, in Jamaica, dated August 10, reports the following remarkable circumstance: "A vessel which lately arrived here from America with a cargo of horses, &c. laboured under such very bad weather and contrary winds on her passage, that the master was reduced to the necessity of lightening her, by ordering some of the live stock to be thrown overboard; among them was a white horse, who, possessing more strength, courage, and agility, than his companions, actually buffeted the waves for two days, kept company with the vessel through a sea tremendously heavy, and, at the expiration of that time, the weather then moderating, was retaken on board, and brought safe into port, where he is now alive and well."

The following singular circumstance occurred lately: An East Indiaman, on her passage from Madras to Bengal, discovered, by the help of a glass, something swimming on the sea, at a great distance. The ship hove to, the boat was let down, and sent after it; when the boat some time after returned with a fine buffalo. It is supposed the beast must have swam upwards of 40 miles.

ROYAL ANECDOTES. — The idea of the Prince of Wales's nuptials originated some time ago with a Great Personage, who had the first interest in seeing the Prince established; and it was accordingly hinted to him, but in so delicate a manner as to leave it entirely to his option. Juvenile pursuits at that time suspended all farther discourse about it, until one day his Royal Highness praising the person and accomplishments of his sister, the Princess Mary, before the Duke of Clarence, the Duke observed she was very like the Princess of Brunswick, whom he had the honour of knowing and conversing much with. The Prince grew more inquisitive upon this subject, and the Duke so satisfied him in all particulars, as to afford him the highest satisfaction. The affair seemingly dropped for this time; but on the morning of a late great gala at Windsor, he mentioned it to a great Personage, who was delighted with the proposal; it was instantly communicated to the Queen, who felt equal satisfaction; it was then agreed to keep the matter entirely out of the Cabinet, until it was in some strain of forwardness, which was strictly complied with; and the first

notice the Ministers of State had of it, was an official one to prepare for the embassy, the forms, requisitions, &c. &c.

Presents and marriage favors, to a great amount are preparing for the Princesses, &c. as well as marks of his Royal Highness's remembrance to several persons of both sexes about the Court.

One great recommendation of the Princess of Brunswick is, that the Duke himself has, in a great measure, superintended the education of his children; and they are said to be, without exception, the best-bred family in Europe. There is not any where a Court where *morals* are more regarded than in that of Brunswick.

The amiable character of Prince Augustus has endeared him to all the citizens of Rome. In the month of June last, his Highness passed a good deal of his time at a favourite villa in the neighbourhood of Cardinal York's. His Eminence, when he was told of it, shook his head, as if it recalled the misfortunes of his family. This intelligence rendered the Prince quite unhappy, and he wished for an opportunity to convince the Cardinal of the respect which he entertained for him: for this purpose, he engaged a person to inform him at what time the Cardinal took an airing in his carriage, and was told that on a certain day he would pass through such a road on his way to the city; his Royal Highness mounted his phaeton, and as the Cardinal was passing by, he took off his hat, and bowed to him in the most respectful manner; his Eminence, with all that politeness which marks his character, immediately returned it; asking one of his suite to whom he was indebted for that honour, and seemed highly pleased with the information.

The Cardinal's gardens are thrown open for every gentleman that pleases to walk in them. On the Sunday following, as the Prince was taking a turn in them, he observed his Eminence, approached him, and saluted him by the title of his Royal Highness, and stood on his left hand; the old man immediately recognized the Prince, addressed him by the same title, and insisted that he should walk on his right, which he did for an hour and upwards.

This circumstance was transmitted by Mr. Erskine, the Pope's Ambassador, to the Prince of Wales, who was highly charmed with the gentlemanlike conduct of his brother.

Anecdote of a Cautious Man.—A country shop-keeper lately had occasion to remit to the Mayor of Derby, the sum of twenty pounds; and in order that it might go with the greater safety, cut a bank-bill into two parts, and deposited each in a separate letter; he then wrote a third by way of advice, and sent them all by the same post.

Some philosophers have contended, that in general, there is no precise quality in crimes; at least, that certain acts, which are opprobrious in one country, may be indifferent in another; and in another, meritorious. In many countries, it may be deemed criminal in a man to "run from his wife." In a late West-India paper, a poor negro fellow is accused of "running to his wife;" and a reward is offered to any person who shall catch him with her!

A gentleman in the neighbourhood of Sheffield, is in possession of a raven, which is so tame as to follow him like a dog. When he goes from home, it will frequently hop and fly after him for eight or ten miles; and, after having accompanied its master as far as inclination may lead, will fly back, though possessed of uncontrolled liberty, to its accustomed place of residence. These birds are said to be remarkably long-lived. One of them was shot, some time ago, on the edge of the high moors near Sheffield, to the great concern of the neighbouring inhabitants, the eldest of whom remembered it from their childhood.

LONDON INSCRIPTIONS.—The English have been called a nation of Philosophers, and there is an oracular ambiguity in our inscriptions to the different tradesmen's shops, which is as well calculated to puzzle, as the most abstruse line ever pronounced by the *Delphic Oracle*. To prevent the meaning of these lit-

the distichs being totally lost, an Academy of Inscriptions would be very useful; for, though these learned sages could not *correct* the licentiousness of the sentences, they might occasionally *explain* them. Without some such help, how liable are the following to misinterpretation.

In High Holborn is a sign which would lead one to fear heels and pattens must have an end with the shopkeeper, who has over his door, "The Last Heel and Patten-maker."

In Oxford-street there is a sign of the Bricklayer's-Arms, the motto of which being put in the same size with the articles dealt in, it appears, "Praise God for all Brandy, Rum, Usquebaugh, and other spirituous Liquors." In the same street we read, "Tyrell, and 127 Sons, Hosiers."

One of the disseminators of novels and nonsense, writes over his door, "The Circulating Library Stationary."

By the ingenious contrivance of putting the name in the centre, in letters of equal magnitude, and similar form, you read, "Cheese Hoare Monger;" and, "Clock and Green Watchmaker."

One gentlewoman informs us, that she *restores deafness*, and disorders in the eyes; and another, that she cures the jaundice *in all*, and the scurvy in both sexes.

"Lodgings to be let unfurnished with every convenience," stares you in the face in every street in London.

On a board in Whitechapel-road, is written, "To let, on a lease 87 feet long, and 58 feet broad."

Pity but neighbouring signs were either inscribed in different sizes, or the painter paid some attention to the pointing; for in Oxford-street we read, "Books in all languages bought, sold, and stand at livery."

In a field in the vicinity of the metropolis is an inscription, which would lead a foreigner to suppose, that beating of carpets was a favorite amusement among the English. It is as follows: "You are particularly desired by the owner of this field, not to play at any diversion in the same, such as quoits, cricket, or beating of carpets. If you do, you will be prosecuted by W. R."

A want of orthography is sometimes productive of the equivocal, as in the following: Near Moorfields is a place which we may suppose was once blest with a beautiful view; it now fronts the City Road, and is baptized by an Inscription, at the corner, "Russen Hurby Street."

On an ale-house door in Whitechapel is written, "The Ladies door, full proof spirits."

AGRICULTURE, &c.

METHOD OF MAKING STILTON CHEESE,

From Mr. MONK'S Survey of Leicestershire.

TAKE the night's cream, and put it to the morning's new milk, with the rennet; when the curd is come, it is not to be broke, as is done with other cheeses; but take it out with a soil-dish all together, and place it in a sieve to drain gradually; and, as it drains, keep gradually pressing it till it becomes firm and dry; then place it in a wooden hoop; afterwards to be kept dry on boards, turned frequently, with cloth binders round it, which are to be tightened as occasion requires.

N. B. The dairy-maid must not be disheartened if she does not succeed perfectly in her first attempt.

In the dairies which I visited, the cheeses, after being taken out of the wooden hoop, were bound tight round with a cloth, which cloth was changed every day until the cheese became firm enough to support itself; after the cloth was taken off, they were rubbed every day all over, for two or three months, with a brush; and, if the weather is damp or moist, twice a day (and, even before the cloth was taken off, the top and bottom well rubbed every day).

DISEASES OF CORN AND CATTLE, FROM MR. LOWE'S SURVEY OF NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

SMUT IN WHEAT.

THE following receipt for preventing the smut in wheat, has been practised these twelve years past by Mr. Wright, of Collingham, near Newark; who has never had a smutty ear since that time, whereas, before his land was very subject to the smut.

Take twenty-eight gallons of water, boil in a few gallons of it one pound of arsenick, then mix all together, and steep your wheat in it for six or eight hours; when taken out, mix well with fresh lime as usual. The wheat should be put through a riddle, and what swims at top skimmed off.

THE ROT.

The rot is the most fatal disorder that affects sheep, and like the plague amongst mankind, in some years depopulates whole districts. It is more generally supposed to arise from the land being soaked with wet, or from a sudden flush of grass after a course of wet cold weather, than from any particular herbage eat by the sheep; though some persons ascribe it to different herbs, as a blue spiry grass, called here prie grass, which is produced on cold wet land, as *ros solis* (the *drosea* of Linnæus) or sun-dew, and *pinguicula vulgaris*, or butter-wort, both growing in bogs. Dr. Withering, however, in his Botanical Arrangements, observes of the latter, that sheep will not touch it, being, as well as sun-dew, a very acrid plant. Dr. Withering adds, "but it may be a question, whether the rot in sheep is so much owing to the vegetables in marshy grounds, as to a flat insect called a fluke (in some countries a plaice), *fasciola hepatica*, which is found in these wet situations adhering to the stones and plants, and like "wise in the livers and biliary ducts of sheep that are infected with the rot." It is certain, that this symptom is generally, if not always, found in the last stage of the disease. It is scarce to be expected, than an absolute preventive, or cure, for this disorder should be found. The recipe given beneath has been used with great success by Mr. William Saxby, late of Calk-Hill, but now of Radley-Farm, near Southwell; who has been in the practice of buying up several scores of rotten sheep at two shillings and sixpence a head, curing them and making them fat, keeping some of them several years; their livers have been quite healed, but full of scars from the flukes which had been in them. He owns indeed, that notwithstanding this remedy, he lost many sheep in the last great rot; but they were on particularly wet land, from which he neglected to remove them when they took the medicine. He saved forty of his best ewes by moving them to a dry piece of ground when they were infected; when killed fat, their livers were found healed, but amazingly scarified from the flukes. I have added another receipt, said to have been of service in Leicestershire, and one found useful for the Water, another common disorder.

FOR THE ROT IN SHEEP.

Take five quarts of boiling water, pour it upon a handful of rue chopped small and cover down the tea thus made for ten or twelve hours. Then strain it off, and add thereto as much salt as will make it swim an egg new laid. Add to it a lump of bole armoniac as big as a pullet's egg, and double that quantity of chalk, both well pounded before they are mixed with the tea; when well incorporated, add half a pound of flour of brimstone. The whole well mixed, is a sufficient drink for a score of large pasture sheep. To each sheep, after fasting four or five hours, give half a pint of the mixture in a small horn in three horns full, letting it rest, to take breath and cough, a minute between each, for want of which, many have been killed in the operation. Three drinks have been given in various years, in the months of September and October, at the distance of a week between each drink, with great success, not only to prevent but to cure the rot in sheep. Whilst one person is administering the medicine, another should be employed in stirring the ingredients well together.

N. B. The sheep should be kept fasting two hours after the medicine. It is advisable that the person who mixes up the ingredients, as well as he that stirs them together, should use a large wooden spoon, lest, by using his hands too freely, the compound should take off the skin.

ANOTHER RECEIPT.

Two ounces diapente in a quart of brandy for twenty sheep, given as a preventive, three times, at Michaelmas, Christmas, and Candlemas.

FOR THE WATER.

To prevent sheep from dropping of the water, take one pound of tobacco, and boil it in seven quarts of water one hour. Then put to it four ounces of salt-petre, one ounce of black pepper, and two ounces of spirits of turpentine. Two spoonfuls of this mixture are given to the lambs about a month after they are taken from the ewe, and two more spoonfuls about a month after the first. Great care must be taken to shake it well together, before it is given, otherwise the turpentine will swim on the top.

CURES FOR VARIOUS DISEASES OF DAIRY CATTLE, FROM MR. WEDGE'S SURVEY OF CHESHIRE.

FOR THE GURGLE, OR HARD INFLAMED SWELLINGS OF THE UDDER.

Plentiful bleedings in the neck, and repeated and continued rubbings of the tumoured part with butter-milk and salt, salt and water, treacle, Castile soap, or ointment, are the principal remedies in common use.

OR SWELLING IN CLOVER.

Two ounces of Castile soap, and one ounce of dialthea, is strongly recommended as a remedy, to prevent the necessity of tapping; feathers burnt and held for some time, while in full smoke, close under the nose of the animal in a pan, is also favourably spoken of as a remedy.

FOR THE RED WATER, OR BLOODY URINE.

One well-recommended prescription is as follows, viz. a handful of salt, and a handful of oatmeal, after being fried in a pan till they are hard and black, are given in a quart of cold butter-milk, the beast being kept from food some little time before and after giving it: this dose once or twice administered, will, it is said, remove the complaint if it is not too long neglected; should the cow be bound after this medicine, as frequently happens, stiff oatmeal gruel, about two quarts at a time, should be given twice or thrice a day till that complaint is removed.

LOINS FALLEN, OR MILK FEVER.

This disease most frequently happens when a cow calves either in hot weather, or when in very high condition. To prevent it the cow is bled plentifully about three or four days before the time she is expected to calve.

FOR THE GIL, OR SCOURING IN CALVES.

Skimmed milk, or new milk and water, thickened with bran or wheat flour, is usually given and continued for their food till the scouring is removed; sometimes the steep liquid, or rennet, is given for the same purpose; one or two half-pint drenches, it is said, will be sufficient.

THE IRONS IN CALVES, OR STRIKING.

To prevent this kind of malady, a rowel, soon after Christmas, is inserted either in the bleeding part of the neck, or under the belly, at some little distance behind the fore legs; the mode of doing it is the usual one of rowelling horses, only moderating the ingredients in proportion to the different size and strength of the animals. This is said to be an effectual preventative. In the practice of many, regular and moderate keep, and twice bleeding, is thought to be sufficient precaution; the first bleeding about Michaelmas, and the other as soon as the spring grass begins to appear.

PROMOTIONS.

THE Right Rev. Dr. Thomas Bernard, Bishop of Killaloe and Kilsenora, in Ireland, to the Bishoprick of Limerick, with the united Bishopricks of Ardert and Aghadoe, void by the death of Dr. William Cecil Pery, Lord Glentworth, late Bishop thereof. Hon. and Rev. W. Knox to the Bishopricks of Killaloe and Kilsenora. The Rev. Richard Slaney, M. A. of Shifnal, to the vicarage of Penkridge, in Staffordshire. The Rev. John Arnold Bromfield, B. A. to the rectory of Market Weston, in Suffolk. The Rev. W. Walford, M. A. to the rectory of Bucklesham, in Suffolk; and also to the consolidated rectories of Weeting All Saints and St. Mary's, in Norfolk. Messrs. Comings and Ruddle, Bachelors of Arts, of Trinity College, Cambridge, elected Fellows of that society. The Rev. Humphry Jones to the vicarages of Little Houghton and Brayfield on the Green, in Northamptonshire. The Rev. Dr. Grisdale, to the Prebend of Tollerton, in the cathedral Church of Sarum. Charles Abbot, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister at Law, to be Clerk of the Rules in the Court of King's Bench, vacant by the death of his brother, John Farr Abbot, Esq. John Gotobed, Esq. of Norfolk-street, Strand, elected Receiver of the Bedford Charity; an office for life, with a salary of 250*l.* per annum. Thomas Marsh, Esq. appointed Serjeant at Arms, in the room of George B. Kennet, Esq. deceased.

MARRIAGES.

DOCTOR John Gillies, of Portman-street, to Miss Catherine Beaver, of Dover, and daughter of the late Rev. James Beaver, of Levenor, in Oxfordshire. Captain Williams, of the Foot Guards, to the Countess of Barrymore. Mr. John Fortnom, of the Bank of England, and nephew to the late Col. Fortnom, chief Engineer of Fort William, Calcutta, to Mrs. H. Grueber, relict of the late Nicholas Grueber, Esq. Chief of Dacca, in the province of Bengal. G. Bolton, Esq. of Manchester-street, Manchester-square, to Mrs. Bannatyne, of Upper Charlotte-street. At Utrecht, the Rev. W. Douglas, only son of the Lord Bishop of Salisbury, to Anne, second daughter of the late Baron de Brachel, of Courland. Tho. Farley, Esq. of Henwick, near Worcester, High Sheriff of that county, to Miss Spilbury, of the Tything, Worcester. Thomas Lewis, Esq. of Great James-street, Bedford-row, to Miss Altham, youngest daughter of the late Roger Altham, Esq. of Islington. George Thomas Smith, of the 2d Reg. of Life Guards, to Mrs. Morgan, widow of the late John Morgan, Esq. of Tredegar, in Monmouthshire. At Bath, Thomas Leir, Esq. of Dytcheat, Somerset, to Miss Jekyll, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Jekyll, Dean of St. David's. At Chislehurst, Kent, Robert Phillips, Esq. of Hereford, Barrister at Law, to Miss Mary Anne Biddulph, second daughter of Michael Biddulph, Esq. of Ledbury, in Herefordshire. Lieut. Nicholas Tomlison, of the Royal Navy, to Miss Elizabeth Ward, daughter of Ralph Ward, Esq. of Great Portland-street, Portland Place. John Portal, Esq. to Miss Corrie, daughter of the late John Corrie, Esq. of Hoddesdon, Herts. James Tod, Esq. of Kew, to Miss Christian Innes, eldest daughter of Albert Innes, Esq. of Little Ealing. T. Kingscote, Esq. of Gatton-Park, in Surrey, to Miss H. Peyton, youngest daughter of the late Sir Henry Peyton, Bart. of Hagbach-Hall, in Norfolk. Rev. Mr. Sherson, Rector of Fetcham, to Miss Donnithorne, of Croydon, both in the county of Surrey. The Rev. William Bricknell, late of Farnham, Surrey, to Miss Edwards, of Devizes, Wilts. The Rev. J. Colman, rector of Knapton, and vicar of Oulston, in Suffolk, to Miss M. Catchpole, of Diss. At Stainsby, in Lincolnshire, the Rev. Ambrose Goode, B. A. to Miss Rachel Elmhurst, eldest daughter of J. Elmhurst, Esq. of Wadingworth, near Horncastle. At Bentley, Hants, William Parker Terry, Esq. of Alton, to Miss Rebecca White. At Bicester, in Oxfordshire, Richard Dighton, Esq. of the Wilderness, near Micheidean, in Gloucestershire, to Miss King, of Bicester.

DEATHS.

MR. Sedgewick, in partnership with Farringdon and Giles, Corn-factors, returning in the dark from Richmond to his house at Camberwell, he was thrown from his horse and immediately killed; he has left a pregnant wife, the disconsolate mother of nine living young children. At York, John Far Abbott, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn Fields, Clerk of the Rules in the Court of King's Bench. In Tower-street, William Prowting, Esq. many years Treasurer of St. Luke's Hospital, Old-street. In the East Indies, Robert Morris, Esq. late of Swansea. At Croydon, Surrey, Samuel Wilson, Esq. of Hatton-Garden. On board the Vengeance man of war, on his passage from the West Indies, Lieutenant-Col. Freemantle, of the 39th Reg. Member of the Irish Parliament for the Borough of Fore. At Champion-Hill, Camberwell, William Dunbar, Esq. of Fenchurch-street. Mrs. Smith, lady of John Smith, Esq. of Finsbury-square, and daughter of Thomas Bonne, Esq. one of his Majesty's Commissioners of Customs. Of a locked jaw, occasioned by the wounds which he received in the late-unfortunate attack on the French at Guadaloupe, Gen. Symes. At Port-au-Prince, the Hon. George Colvill, Lieut. in the 41st Reg. youngest son of Lord Colvill, of Culross. At St. Lucia, Major Alex. Adol. Dalley, of the 6th Reg. of Foot, only son of the late Col. Dalley, of Woodhouse, near Leeds, *At Painswick, in the 84th year of his age, the Rev. John Moseley, M. A. vicar of that parish; and on Friday his remains were interred, attended (agreeably to his desire) by the Gentlemen of the Royal Gloucester Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, of which Society he was a Member. The solemnity of the procession, and the excellent exhortation delivered at the grave by the Rev. Brother John Quarrington, appeared to impress upon the minds of a very numerous audience, the excellence of this truly laudable Institution.*

BANKRUPTS.

MARY Mellor, of Manchester, shopkeeper. George Bell, of Haslingdon, in Lancashire, cotton manufacturer. Joseph Taylor, of Birmingham, carpenter and builder. John Baptist Davallon, of Lawrence-Pountney-lane, Cannon-street, factor. John Hope, late of Great Bolton, Lancashire, merchant. Samuel Sedgeley Hayley, of Birmingham, button-maker. John Jones, of Holborn-hill, London, woollen-draper. William Benham, of Langley-street, Long-acre, taylor. John Scott, David Scott, and John Thompson, late of Blackburn; Lancashire, liquor-merchants. Thomas Cave, of Tokenhouse-yard, London, merchant. John Kempson, of Upton Old, Worcestershire, dealer. Mary White, of Clapham, Surrey, grocer. Sam. Garthwaite, of East-street, Walworth, Surrey, victualler. Rob. Shepherd, of Radstock, Somersetshire, miller. Wm. Blastock, of Aldermanbury, wholesale hosier. Wm. Nevill, of New Alresford, Southampton, butcher. Mary Edgar, of Tothill-street, Westminster, grocer. Francis Hilliard, of Leek, Staffordshire, bookseller. Wm. Alexander Fraser, of Dowgate-hill, London, ironmonger. John Haslingden, of Manchester, bookseller. Richard James the younger, of Reading, Berkshire, brazier. Harriot Friedeberg and Joseph Friedeberg, of Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields, jewelers. Wm. Foxall, of Park-lane, St. George Hanover-square, farrier. Joseph Hart, and William Warham, of Coventry-street, near Piccadilly, goldsmiths. John Laurence Wyn, late of New Alresford, in the county of Southampton, watchmaker. Jeremiah Taylor and Robert Parkinson, late of Austwick, Yorkshire, cotton manufacturers. David Morley, otherwise David Poyd Morley, late of Hartoft, Yorkshire, apothecary. Thomas Pope the elder, of Bristol, builder. John and James Barker, of East Redford, Nottinghamshire, mercers. Charles Lovel Gould, of Bartley Regs Elling, Southampton, dealer in horses. Rees Tasker, of Swansea, Glamorganshire, dealer. James Nath, late of Chipping Sodbury, Gloucester, draper. Edw. Morris, of Finch-lane, London, eating-house keeper. Mary Vickers and Jane Vickers, of Whitchurch, in Salop, haberdashers. Charles Knowles, of North-Audley-street, Middlesex, upholder. John Mawley, late of George-street, Blackfriars-road, money-scrivener.

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CONTENTS.

Page	Page
A Sermon preached at the Anniversary Grand Provincial Meeting of Free and Accepted Masons, at West Malling, in Kent, May 19, 1794. By the Rev. Jethro Inwood, B. A. - - - 313	Recipe for Joy, Beauty, and Strength 342
Masonic Precepts: translated from the German - - - 318	Detached Thoughts, illustrated by Anecdotes, on various Subjects. On Curiosity. On Despair. On Military Discipline. On Wisdom 343
Memoirs of the Freemasons at Naples continued - - - 323	A Cure for the Bite of a Viper - 346
History of the Religious and Military Order of the Knights Templars of St. John of Jerusalem. By J. Watkins, LL. D. continued - - - 327	On the comparative Morality of the Ancients and Moderns - 347
Select Papers on various Subjects, read before a Literary Society in London. No. III. On Presence of Mind, and whether there be any Mode of creating or improving that Faculty. By Mr. J. Dean - - - 331	On the Treatment of Animals - 350
On Ancient Neurology, and the Medical Knowledge of Horace and Virgil. By Mr. Tasker - 333	On the Variety of Conjectures concerning the Appearance and Departure of Swallows - 353
Memoirs of Tipping Brown, M. D. P. S. G. Warden for the County of Durham, and Master of the Phœnix Lodge, Sunderland - - - 335	Adventures of the Mutineers who piratically seized his Majesty's Ship Bounty continued - 355
On Old-maidism - - - 337	Anecdotes of Chapelain, a great Miser - - - 362
Examples of the Violence with which the Learned have contended about Trifles - - - 339	Poetry; including a favourite Masonic Song, set to Music. Whisky: an Irish Bacchanalian Song, by T. P. On contemplating the Period of all human Glory, among the Tombs in Westminster Abbey, by Mrs. Stickland. Ode to Female Friendship, - 363
Early Theatrical Mysteries - - 341	Strictures on Public Amusements; including The Rage; Emilia Galotti; Prologue and Epilogue to ditto; Arrived at Portsmouth; The Wedding Day; Hercules and Omphale - - - 368
Magical Superstition - - - 342	Monthly Chronicle. Foreign Intelligence - - - 373
	Domestic Intelligence - - - 374
	Country News - - - 379
	Promotions, &c. - - - 381

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