

E. Dowling del.

Levy, scul.

*The ancient Habit & Armour,  
of a Knight Templar.  
The sublime degree of Masonry.*

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THE  
FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,

AND

CABINET OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE.

FOR SEPTEMBER 1796.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ENGRAVING OF  
THE ANCIENT HABIT AND ARMOUR OF  
*A KNIGHT TEMPLAR.*

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TO READERS, CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

THE copious and elegant Account of the opening of *Wearmouth Bridge* is received; and will appear next Month, accompanied by an Engraving of the Bridge, &c. Brother S. has our very sincere thanks for his anxiety for the success of our Undertaking, which, he may be assured, will be rendered still more deserving of that liberal patronage it experiences.

Biography of the Right Hon. Lord RANCLIFFE, Supreme G. M. of the religious and military Order of the Knights Templars, accompanied with a superb Engraving, will also appear in our next.


If our Poetical Correspondent from Durham will take the pains attentively to peruse the Stanzas we omitted, we are sure he must see the motives of our conduct.

We beg to inform the Masonic Body in Great Britain and Ireland, that (*as our Magazine is dedicated FIRST to the Craft*) all Articles relative to Masonry will be particularly attended to. Accounts of the Institution of New Lodges, of the Elections of Officers, of Festivals, and every article of Masonic Intelligence, will receive proper attention. At the same time we presume the Freemasons' Magazine will be found a valuable and entertaining Miscellany to Readers of every description.

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THE  
FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,

AND

CABINET OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE.

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FOR AUGUST 1796.

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EXTRACTS

FROM A SERMON,

PREACHED BEFORE THE PROVINCIAL GRAND LODGE OF KENT,  
AT DARTFORD, MAY 16, 1796.

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BY THE REV. JETHRO INWOOD, P. G. C.

CURATE OF ST. PAUL'S, DEPTFORD, AND MASTER OF THE RECTORY HOUSE ACADEMY.

THE text of this well-timed and judicious exhortation is from Romans, xiv. 16. 'Let not, then, your good be evil spoken of.'

'It is thought a very wise conclusion with some,' says this Reverend Brother, 'that there is no secret in Masonry; because, after so many men of different characters, abilities, and dispositions, have entered into the union, we yet boast our secret undiscovered to all but Masons. How far this wise conclusion will hold good, to prove that there really is no secret in the Royal Art, I shall leave to common sense to decide, without any attempt either to refute or assert the contrary. Others, still less charitable than the former are wise, are fully persuaded, and, therefore, positively assert it, that the secret must be most deplorably wicked, or it would be even our *duty*, according to our great professions of good-will to men, to discover it to the world: but this assertion, without my assistance, will easily refute itself; and, I hope, my Brethren, all our Masonic conduct adds re-putation to it. For I would ask, what society, whose bands of union were bands of wickedness, would always choose the good and the virtuous only, to add to its numbers? Surely the wicked most generally choose the wicked for their companions; and for this very reason, that they may avoid the pain of a conscious blush, in the discovery of their iniquity. But in Masonry it is quite the contrary; and none, if known, but the *virtuous*, the *honest*, and the *good*, can, according to the laws of Masonry, be admitted amongst us.

'Methinks, upon this assertion, we receive from the world, who are not yet Masons, a question for our consideration; and, however

severe it may be felt, I cannot but confess that the reason for this question is very frequently too just: the question is, 'Are, then, all Masons good men?'

'I answer the question proposed, then, with this plain and homely negative; *all Masons are not good men.* The laws of politeness and civility, you know, always except the present company, when censure and reproof is the observation; and God forbid that I should be supposed as judging any man, or even be thought to suspect any of my present audience as worthy so severe a censure. No, my friends, I come not here to judge, but to advise; not to censure, but to counsel; not to condemn, but to warn: if conscience agrees with my answer, which I have given to the world's question, that is another thing; and I would also advise, let conscience perform its own work, whilst I perform mine; then will the sermon have its due effect.

'You perceive, then, I am a plain workman: for I must repeat my answer; and experience, I fear, too fatally confirms the same, that *all Masons are not good men.* Where, then, it may, perhaps, be farther asked, where does this defect in the Masonic fabric origiuate? I answer, like all other defects, it may arise from many different causes; but I aver, at the same time, it cannot arise from Masonry itself. No! Masonry, upon the word of a Christian minister, speaking in this most sacred place, and before that sacred Deity, who is the perfection of all truth, and abominates all falshood, Masonry is, in all its principles, in all its laws, and in all its ordinances, pure as the unclouded sky, bright as the unspotted sun.

'But, my friends, as the best apology I can make for Masonry having its defective members, I would refer you to that system which angels admire, and which transfers its real members immediately to glory; yes, I would refer you to the gospel of Jesus Christ, and ask, in my turn, are all Christians, in reality, who bear that holy profession? or, to word this question similar to the other, are all who call themselves Christians good men? Are there not in that society, to which the very world eagerly unites itself, baptized infidels? Are there not free-thinkers, and free-livers, in the most depraved sense of all these appellations? But, is Christianity a system of drunkenness, because there are drunken Christians? Is Christianity a system of vice and debauchery, because some of its members are whore-mongers and adulterers? Is it a system of rapine, theft, and pillage, because some of its members are dishonest, and plunder and defraud one another? Is it a system of revenge, of malice, and of cruelty, because some of its members hate, and bite, and devour one another? Is it a system of uncharitableness, because some of its members are covetous, and miserly, and deny all relief to their most needy brethren? Is it a system of falshood and defamation, because amongst its members there are liars, evil speakers, busy bodies, tattlers, tale-bearers, false witnesses, and the like? Surely not! The conduct of professors can never justly condemn any system; nor can the practice of particular individuals cast any just censure upon any entire

community: for, if this were the case, away goes Christianity itself; who could defend it? Judge of it by its professors, and what tongue or pen could be employed in its commendation?

'MASONRY (if I may be allowed the comparison in this sacred place, dedicated only to the gospel) has a right to plead for the same tender caution, before those, who, not being of its community, are inclined to censure it, from the conduct of its individual members. View it in its cautions, and it admits none, knowingly, but the virtuous and the good. View it in its nature, and it has nothing in its institution, but what both the law of Moses and of Christ will fully allow, and universally sanction; and those, who preside in the initiation of its candidates, must either be deceived by others, or most vilely betray their own most sacred trust, if any man, who is a bad husband, a bad father, a bad neighbour, or a bad citizen, is ever admitted into the Order of Masonry. The recommendation of every candidate cometh deliberately from some Brother; and woe be to the betraying Judas of any family. The admission is afterwards put to the secret vote of the whole of that Society, to which the candidate offers himself as a member; and woe be to every member, who gives his consent, through interest, caprice, or personal friendship; while his conscience gives his bosom the blush of treachery to his Society, and unfaithfulness to the Masonic community.

'Farther, however, we have to observe, that a deception in admission may not be the only reason, why every Mason is not a good man. There may in Masonry, as there has been in Christianity, a falling away, or a fading in the characteristic goodness of many of its members. Many a one hath been admitted with the best proofs of a good, a faithful, and a well substantiated character. Their name was beauty, and their actions praise. The poor man blessed him in the gate of the city; he was a Job in the excellency of charity. The nation boasted of him as a faithful citizen; in his person, in his heart, and in his property, he obeyed its laws; he fought its battles, he gloried in its constitution. His children drew good and pleasant nourishment from him, as the cluster of grapes draws sweetness from the vine; and shone in garments, as the branch in its foliage, or the rose in its blossom. His wife was happy in the faithful tenderness of his union. His neighbours were pleasant in his cheerful and friendly society. And Masonry itself boasted the uprightness, the constancy, and the integrity of his brotherhood.

'But now, alas! perhaps, all have reason to lament, in the language of the mournful Prophet, how is the fine gold become dim! how are the mighty in virtue fallen! The poor, perhaps, by his fall, and defection from benevolence to covetousness, beg, in vain, the needy morsel. His country feels him as a public vulture, or a crawling snake, tearing out the vitals of its constitution, or poisoning, with every evil principle, its more ignorant and unwary members. In his own family, he has exchanged the characters of husband and father, for the unfaithful tyrant and unnatural deserter. In his neighbourhood, by his fall from virtue, he is shunned as disgraceful, and

avoided as dangerous; and, in his Lodge, he is become a pest to the Society, a disgrace to the Fraternity.

'Such changes, you must all be sensible, are not unfrequent in all the societies of this changing, transitory world; and Masonry has not been free from these mortifying wounds, these sore disgraces. But, my friends, whether such disasters should justly stigmatize the system itself, or whether such defective members should reasonably disgrace the community at large, I leave to the decision of common sense, and the judgment of candour: for, I doubt not, there is much of both in this audience, even amongst those who are yet strangers to Masonry.'

'I shall now proceed to exhort more particularly you, my Brethren, to be peculiarly careful, not only in the present moment, but in all your future undertakings, not to let your Good be evil spoken of. It was the punctual practice, I doubt not, in each and every of those societies into which you have been admitted, that due care was taken, by all the presiding officers, that you were well and truly recommended, by some Brother, whose truth and faithfulness was fully confided in, as possessing every characteristic of a good and virtuous man, before you received your initiation into the Royal Craft. If, then, in this recommendation, there was any deception, either your own conscience was engaged in the deception of your friend, who recommended you; or he, who recommended you, had his conscience engaged in deceiving the Community at large. A state of mind this; my friends, no ways desirable, could you or your friend have gained the world by such a bargain. And though the Community may truly lament its unfortunate possession and acquirement of such members, yet the system itself, pure as the unclouded sky, still retains all its native purity; and if, through your means, it is evil spoken of, the wound will rankle in your own bosom, but Masonry itself will remain unpoluted.'

'I shall spend the rest of the few minutes, which remain to our present exercise, in stirring up your pure minds, by way of putting you in remembrance of those moral engagements which, as men, by the laws of Christianity, you are fully engaged to perform, and which, as Masons, by the laws of Masonry, you are bound most solemnly to fulfil.

'First, as citizens of the world, let not your Good be evil spoken of.—*Love*, as it is the transcript of the Deity, and the fulfilment of all the laws of God, so also is it the universal banner of our Royal Order. This garment, which an inspired apostle, in the system of Christianity, says, covereth a multitude of sins, extends, in the system of Masonry, its flowing borders also, and hides, from the eye of censure and disgust, the more manifest defects of all mankind; and, either with endearing complacency, or with tender pity, unites, in the arms of fraternal affection, the blackened Ethiopian, or the whiter European; the unconverted Jew, or the more ignorant and unenlightened Mahometan; and, as of one blood, all are formed

by the hand Divine, so, in one affection, all are bound by *Masonic Love*.

‘ If this is not a prevailing principle of Masonry, I have hitherto erred greatly in the ideas I have formed concerning it; nor do I ever fear a censure for this opinion, from the many thousands who are my superiors, both in wisdom and in age, in the Royal Craft. Let not this great and noble principle, then, of your *Masonic Good* be evil spoken of: cherish the divine principle in your hearts, and manifest it through all your lives, and in all your actions. It is the transcript of the Divine Nature, beautifully formed in the human soul, and it will make your life comfortable, your death easy and pleasant; and it will add abundantly to the glory and felicity of that future world, where men of all nations, languages, colour, and state, will form one general and undistinguished society; where human distinctions shall have no place; where the Tyler and the Master, who have been faithful, at the door and in the chair, shall sit down together in unfeigned unity, and undissembled brotherly esteem; where the king and the subject, the prince and the peasant, will wear, each, the unenvied crown, and wave the undistinguished sceptre; where the brightness of glory shall change even the Ethiop’s skin; and where the glory of Divine wisdom shall thoroughly instruct even the most unenlightened mind.

‘ Again, also, would I stir up your remembrance as citizens of this your own peculiar country. Once more, my friends, as I observed to you last year, again we meet unsuspected by the state, unwatched by that political scrutiny, which, in the present day, such a numerous meeting must have undergone, in almost every state in the world besides our own. Why, I would ask, do we enjoy such unsuspected, such undisturbed liberty, of assembling ourselves together? I answer, because the state supposes it may safely join Loyalty and Masonry in one single idea. Yes, my Brethren, the Majesty of the country cannot suppose otherwise: for his eldest son is our *Grand Master*; and all his sons, as they arrive to years of maturity, become Brethren in our Order. The ministry of the country cannot suppose otherwise: for most of the greatest, and the best of them, are our Brethren also. The laws of the country cannot suppose otherwise: for the laws and ordinances of Masonry are as congenial with the laws of our country, as they are with those of the Jewish or the Christian religion; and the very same obligations, which bind us in brotherly union, bind us, also, in the most ardent love and loyalty to the King and his family; submission to the magistracy of the kingdom; and to all the other appendages of political and of social order.

‘ Let not, then, this loyal Good, of your Royal Order, by any means of disaffection, either in word or action, be evil spoken of. Cherish and increase your attachment to your King: for he richly deserves it in every character he sustains in the nation. Submit to cheerfully, and obey readily, the laws and the magistracy of your country: for these, united, are the defence both of your lives and your property; yes, under the defence of these, your lands are culti-



vated, and bring forth their plenty; your vineyards are dressed, and weigh down with clusters; your gardens and orchards are pruned, and bring forth abundance; your neighbourhoods are in reciprocal amity and peace; your fire-sides are the retirements of undisturbed love, innocent cheerfulness, unmolested sociality; your children remain unsacrificed; your persons safe; your property sacred; your religion preserved; your friend unbetrayed. Oh! Englishmen, what is it that ye, as Christians, do not enjoy in this your favoured isle? Surely I may again remind you, that ye still enjoy a rich abundance of those good things, of which almost every nation in Europe laments the want, in groans unutterable, and weep their sorrows in tears of blood.

‘ Once more, in a religious sense, let not your Good be evil spoken of. To be Masonic, is, ye all know, to be truly religious, whether ye be Jew, or whether ye be Christian: as Jews, therefore, if there be any here, let me remind them, that the temple of Solomon was ever famed, in all its ordinances, for virtue and holiness; and he who, in his religion, as a Mason, honours not his calling, belongs not to Solomon, nor to Hiram. As Christians, the Masonic pillars of your temple are *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*; and to which I shall take the liberty of adding, with an inspired apostle, the greatest of these is *Charity*; and Masonic charity is charity in the heart: he thinks no evil of his brother, he cherishes no designs against him. It is charity upon the tongue also: he speaks no evil; bears no false witness; defames no character; blasts no reputation: he knows that, to take away a good name, is to commit an evil, the damage of which no wealth can repay: no! it is of more value than *great* riches; rubies cannot repurchase it; the gold of Ophir cannot gild it again to its original beauty. It is charity in the hand also: he anticipates his poorer brother’s wants, nor forces him to the pain of petition; he visits the cottage of poverty, and the house of sickness; and there he finds the very back which he ought to clothe; the very mouth which he ought to feed; the wound which he ought to heal; the sickness which he ought to cure; and, perhaps, also the very mind which he ought to instruct, before it can be fitted for an eternal world. Not only, then, let not th’s your Masonic Good be evil spoken of, but be zealous, that it may be abundantly and richly *well* spoken of. It is the leading principle, and the great end of Masonry, to propagate the exercise of charity in these its threefold operations; and he, who does it not, is yet destitute of the true Masonic heart, which is the heart of charity, of benevolence, and of love.’

‘ To strangers, I conclude, with assuring them, that Masonry has no principle but what might still more ornament the purest mind; nor any appendage but what might give additional lustre to the brightest character. To you, my Brethren, I earnestly conclude, with a repetition of my text, “Let not your Good be evil spoken of.” Act up to the principles of your institution; and, as it regards others, it will be the praise of the whole earth. Act up to the principles of

your institution; and, as it regards yourselves, your transfer hereafter will most assuredly be a transfer from the labours of this mortal life to the rest of an eternal glory. Your faith and hope will abide to the praise of your memory, when the world sees your face no more. Your charity and love will be your robes of purity and light, through an unmeasurable eternity. Your seat in the Lodge, whether local or provincial, will be changed for a seat near the Grand Architect of the universe; where you will be decked with all the ornaments and honours of that order, which heaven alone can make more perfect, and which eternity itself, in all its unmeasurable duration, can never dissolve.

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### A DEFENCE OF MASONRY,

PUBLISHED A. D. 1730.

OCCASIONED BY A PAMPHLET CALLED 'MASONRY DISSECTED.'

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

#### CHAP. III.

HAVING taken off the weight of the great objection, the design of this Chapter is to remove an imputation, which has been often urged with great confidence, viz. The *principles* and the whole frame of FREEMASONRY is so very weak and ridiculous, that it reflects upon men of the least understanding to be concerned in it! And, now, say the merry gentlemen, it appears evidently to be so by the Dissection, which discovers nothing but an unintelligible heap of stuff and jargon, without common sense or connection.

I confess I am of another opinion, though the Scheme of Masonry, as revealed by the Dissector, seems liable to exceptions: nor is it so clear to me, as to be fully understood at first view, by attending only to the literal construction of the words: and, for aught I know, the System, as taught in the regular Lodges, may have some redundancies or defects, occasioned by the ignorance or indolence of the old members. And, indeed, considering through what obscurity and darkness the *mystery* has been delivered down; the many centuries it has survived; the many countries and languages, and sects and parties, it has run through; we are rather to wonder it ever arrived to the present age, without more imperfection. In short, I am apt to think that Masonry (as it is now explained) has, in some circumstances, declined from its original purity! It has run long in muddy streams, and, as it were, under ground; but, notwithstanding the great rust it may have contracted, and the forbidding light it is placed in by the Dissector, there is (if I judge right) much of the old fabric still remaining; the essential pillars of the building may be discovered through the rubbish, though the superstructure be over-run with moss and ivy, and the stones, by length of time, be disjointed.

And, therefore, as the *busto* of an old hero is of great value among the curious, though it has lost an eye, the nose, or the right hand; so Masonry, with all its blemishes and misfortunes, instead of appearing ridiculous, ought (in my humble opinion) to be received with some candour and esteem, from a veneration to its antiquity.

I was exceedingly pleased to find the Dissector lay the original scene of Masonry in the East, a country always famous for *symbolical* learning, supported by *secrecy*: I could not avoid immediately thinking of the old Egyptians, who concealed the chief *mysteries* of their religion under *signs* and *symbols*, called *hieroglyphics*: and so great was their regard for *silence* and *secrecy*, that they had a deity, called Harpocrates,\* whom they respected with peculiar honour and veneration. A learned author has given us a description of this idol, thus: "Harpocrates, the God of Silence, was formed with his right hand placed near the heart, covered with a skin before, full of eyes and ears; to signify this, that many things are to be seen and heard, but *little* to be spoken. And, among the same people, their great goddess, Isis, (the same as Minerva, the Goddess of Strength and Wisdom, among the Greeks) had always the image of a Sphinx placed in the entrance of her temples; because their *secrets* should be preserved under sacred coverings, that they might be kept from the knowledge of the vulgar, as much as the *riddles* of Sphinx!"

Pythagoras, by travelling into Egypt, became instructed in the mysteries of that nation; and here he laid the foundation of all his symbolical learning. The several writers that have mentioned this philosopher,† and given an account of his sect and institutions, have convinced me fully, that Freemasonry, as published by the Dissector, is very nearly allied to the old Pythagorean discipline; from whence, I am persuaded, it may, in some circumstances, very justly claim its descent. To mention a few,

Upon the admission of a disciple, he was bound, by a *solemn oath*, to conceal the *mysteries* from the vulgar and uninitiated.

The principal and most efficacious of their doctrines were (says Jamblichus) ever kept *secret* among themselves; they were continued *unwritten*, and preserved only by memory to their successors, to whom they delivered them as *mysteries* of the gods.

They conversed with one another by *signs*, and had particular *words*, which they received upon their admission, and which were preserved with great reverence, as the distinction of their sect: for, (it is the judicious remark of Laertius) as generals use *watch-words* to distinguish their own soldiers from others, so it is proper to communicate, to the initiated, peculiar *signs* and *words*, as *distinctive marks* of a society.

The Pythagoreans professed a great regard for what the Dissector calls the *four* principles of Masonry, viz. a *point*, a *line*, a *superficies*, and a *solid*; and particularly held that a *square* was a very proper

\* Vid. *Imagines Deorum*, a Vincentio Chartario. † Vid. Jamblichus, Vit. Pythagoræ. Laertius, Vit. Pythagoræ. Porphyrius, Clem. Alex. Strom.

emblem of the Divine Essence: 'the Gods,' they say, 'who are the authors of every thing established in *wisdom, strength, and beauty*, are not improperly represented by the figure of a square.\*

Many more instances might be produced, would the limits of my design admit: I shall only observe, that there was a *false Brother*, one HIPPARCHUS, of this sect, who, out of spleen and disappointment, broke through the *bond* of his *oath*, and committed the *secrets* of the society to *writing*, in order to bring the doctrine into contempt: † he was immediately expelled the school, as a person most infamous and abandoned, as one dead to all sense of virtue and goodness; and the Pythagoreans, according to their custom, made a tomb for him, as if he had been actually dead. *The shame and disgrace, that justly attended this violation of his oath, threw the poor wretch into a fit of madness and despair, so that he cut his throat, and perished by his own hands; and (which surprised me to find) his memory was so abhorred after death, that his body lay upon the shore of the island of Samos, and had no other burial than in the sands of the sea!*

The *Essenes*, among the Jews, were a sort of Pythagoreans, and corresponded, in many particulars, with the practice of the fraternity, as delivered in the Dissection. For example:

When a person desired to be admitted into their society, he was to pass through two degrees of probation, before he could be perfect master of their *mysteries*. When he was received into the class of *Novices*, he was presented with a *white garment*; and when he had been long enough to give some competent proofs of his *secrecy* and *virtue*, he was admitted to further knowledge: but still he went on with the trial of his integrity and good manners, and then was fully taken into the society.

But, before he was received as an established member, he was first to bind himself by solemn obligations and professions; †—To do justice; to do no wrong; to keep faith with all men; to embrace the truth; to keep his hands clear from theft and fraudulent dealing: not to conceal from his fellow professors any of the *mysteries*, nor communicate any of them to the profane, though it should be to save his life; to deliver nothing but what he received, and to endeavour to preserve the principle that he professed. They eat and drink at the same common table; and the *fraternity*, that come from any other place, are sure to be received there. They meet together in an *assembly*, and the *right hand* is laid upon the part between the *chin* and the *breast*, while the *left hand* is let down straight by their side.

The *Cabalists*, another sect, dealt in hidden and mysterious ceremonies. § The Jews had a great regard for this science, and thought they made uncommon discoveries by means of it. They divided their knowledge into *speculative* and *operative*. David and Solomon,

\* Vid. Proclus in Euclid. Lib. 11. Def. 2. & 34.

† Clem. Alexandr.

Strom. 5.

‡ Vid. Philo de Vita Contemplativa. Josephus Antiq. lib. 8.

cap. 2.

§ Vid. Basnage's Hist. of the Jews, on *Cabala*. Collier's Dictionary, on the word *Cabala*.

they say, were exquisitely skilled in it; and nobody, at first, presumed to commit it to *writing*: but (what seems most to the present purpose) the perfection of their skill consisted in what the Dissector calls *lettering of it*, or by ordering the letters of a word in a particular manner.

The last instance I shall mention is that of the Druids in our own nation, who were the only priests among the Ancient Britons.\* In their solemnities they were clothed in *white*; and their ceremonies always ended with a good *feast*. Pomponius Mela relates of them, that their science was only an effort of memory: for they wrote down nothing; and they never failed to repeat many verses, which they received by tradition. Cæsar observes, that they had a Head, or Chief, who had sovereign power: this President exercised a sort of excommunication, attended with dreadful penalties, upon such as either divulged or profaned their mysteries.

Thus, with reasonable allowance for distance of time, place, and other intermediate accidents, the preceding Collections discover something, at least, like Masonry, if the Dissection contains any such thing.

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CHAP. IV.

WHATEVER reflections may attend the few remarks that follow in this Chapter, arising either from an overflow of wit, or ill-nature, I shall be unconcerned, and leave them wholly to the mercy of the serious reader; only desiring him to remember, that no more ought, in any case, to be expected, than what the nature of it will reasonably admit. I own freely, I received a great pleasure in collecting, and was frequently surprised at the discoveries that must evidently occur to an observing eye.

The conformity between the *rites* and principles of *Masonry* (if the Dissection be true) and the many customs and *ceremonies* of the *Ancients*, must give delight to a person of any taste and curiosity; to find any remains of *antique* usage and learning preserved by a *Society* for many ages, without books or *writing*, by *oral tradition* only.

I. The number *three* is frequently mentioned in the Dissection; and I find that the ancients, both Greeks and Latins, professed a great veneration for that number. Theocritus † thus introduces a person who dealt in secret arts:

Ἐς τρεῖς ἀποσπένδω κ' ἄ τρεῖς τὰδε πότνια Θωῶν!

*Thrice, thrice I pour, and thrice repeat my charms!*

Verbaque ter dixit. ‡

*Thrice he repeats the words.*

Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarille, colores. §

*Three colours in three knots unite.*

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\* Vid. Cæsar's Comment. lib. 6. Samms's History of Britain, book I. chap. 4.

† Idyll. B.

‡ Ovid, Metam. lib. 7.

§ Virg. Ecl. 3.

Whether this fancy owes its origin to the number *three*, because containing a *beginning, middle, and end*, it seems to signify *all things* in the world; or whether to the esteem the Pythagoreans and other philosophers had for it, on account of their *triad, or trinity*; or, lastly, (to mention no more opinions) to its aptness to signify the power of all the gods, who were divided into *three classes, celestial, terrestrial, and infernal*; I shall leave to be determined by others.

The gods had a particular esteem for this number, as Virgil asserts:

Numero Deus impare gaudet.\*

*Unequal numbers please the Gods.*

We find *three fatal sisters, three furies, three names and appearances of Diana. Tria virginis ora Dianæ*.—Three different forms does chaste Diana bear. Virgil. *Æneid*. lib. 4.

The sons of Saturn, among whom the empire of the world was divided, were *three*: and, for the same reason, we read of Jupiter's *fulmen trifidum*, or *three-forked thunderbolt*; and of Neptune's *trident*, with several other tokens of the veneration they bore to this particular number.

II. A particular ceremony belonging to the *oath* (as declared by the Dissector) bears a near relation to a form of swearing among the ancients, mentioned by a learned author: † ‘The person, who took the oath, was to be *upon his bare knees*, with a *naked sword* pointed to his throat, invoking the *sun, moon, and stars* to be witnesses to the truth of what he swore.

III. A part of the *Masons' Catechism* has given occasion to a great deal of idle mirth and ridicule, as the most trifling and despicable sort of jargon that men of common sense ever submitted to. The *bone box* and the *tow line* have given wonderful diversion: I think there are some verses in the last chapter of the book of *Ecclesiastes*, which, in some manner, resemble this form of expression: I shall transcribe them, with the opinion of the learned upon them, without making any particular application, viz.

‘In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble; and the grinders cease, because they are few; and those that look out at the windows be darkened; and the doors shall be shut in the streets; when the sound of the grinding is low; and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird; and all the daughters of music shall be brought low: or ever the silver cord be loosed; or the golden bowl be broken; or the pitcher be broken at the fountain; or the wheel broken at the cistern!’ ‡

The expositors § upon these verses are almost unanimous in their opinion, that they ought to be thus explained, viz. The *KEEPERS* of the house are the *shoulders, arms, and hands* of an human body; the *GRINDERS* are the *teeth*; *THOSE* that look out at the *WINDOWS* are the *two eyes*; the *DOORS* are the *lips*; the *STREETS* are the *mouth*; the

\* Eclog. 8. † Alexander ab Alexandro. Lib. V. cap. 10.

‡ Eccl. xii. ver. 3, 4, 6.

§ Bishop Patrick, Doctor Smith, Forsterus,

Melanchton, in locum, &c.

SOUND of the GRINDING is the *noise of the voice*; the VOICE of the BIRD is the *crowing of the cock*; the DAUGHTERS of MUSIC are the *two ears*; the SILVER CORD is the *string of the tongue*; the GOLDEN BOWL is the *pia-mater*; the PITCHER at the FOUNTAIN is the *heart*, the *fountain of life*; the WHEEL is the *great artery*; and the CISTERN is the *left ventricle of the heart*!

IV. There could not possibly have been devised a more significant token of love, friendship, integrity, and honesty, than the *joining of the right hands*; a ceremony made use of by all civilized nations, as a token of a faithful and true heart. *Fides*, or *Fidelity*, was a deity among the ancients, of which a learned writer\* has given us this description, viz. 'The proper residence of *Faith*, or *Fidelity*, was thought to be in the *right hand*; and, therefore, this deity sometimes was represented by *two right hands joined together*; sometimes by *two little images shaking each the other's right hand*; so that the right hand was by the ancients esteemed as a thing sacred. And agreeable to this are those expressions in Virgil, *Æneid*. IV. *En dextra fidesque!* as if shaking by the right hand was an inseparable token of an honest heart. And *Æneid* I.

----- cur dextræ iungere dextram  
Non datur, et veras audire et reddere voces?

that is, Why should we not join right hand to right hand, and hear and speak the truth?

In all contracts and agreements (says Archbishop Potter,† in his *Antiquities of Greece*) it was usual to take each other by the right hand, that being the manner of plighting faith. And this was done either out of respect to the number *ten*, as some say, there being ten fingers on the two hands; or because such a conjunction was a token of *amity* and *concord*; whence at all friendly meetings they join hands, as a sign of the *union* of their souls.

It was one of the cautions of Pythagoras to his disciples, 'Take heed to whom you offer your right hand!' Which is thus explained by Jamblichus.‡ Take no one by the right hand but the initiated, that is, in the mystical form: for the vulgar and profane are altogether unworthy of the mystery!

V. The Dissector frequently taking notice of the number *seven*, I instantly recurred to the old Egyptians, who held the number *seven* to be sacred; § more especially they believed, that whilst their feast of seven days lasted, the crocodiles lost their inbred cruelty: and Leo Afer, in his description of Africa, Lib. VIII. says, that even in his time, the custom of feasting seven days and nights was still used for the happy overflowing of the Nile. The Greeks and Latins professed the same regard for that number; which might be proved by many examples.

VI. The accident, by which the body of *Master Hiram* was found after his death, seems to allude, in some circumstances, to a

\* Chartarius in lib. ut supra.

† Vol. I. pag. 251.

‡ In Vit. Pythag.

§ Pignorius in Mens.

beautiful passage in the 6th Book of Virgil's *Æneids*. Anchises had been dead for some time; and *Æneas*, his son, professed so much duty to his departed father, that he consulted with the *Cumæan Sybil*, whether it were possible for him to descend into the *shades below*, in order to speak with him. The prophetess encouraged him to go; but told him he could not succeed, unless he went into a certain place, and plucked a golden bough or shrub, which he should carry in his hand, and by that means obtain directions where he should find his father. The words are well translated by Dryden, viz.

----- In the neighbouring grove  
There stands a tree; the Queen of Stygian Jove  
Claims it her own: thick woods and gloomy night  
Conceal the happy plant from mortal sight!  
One bough it bears, but, wondrous to behold,  
The ductile rind and leaves of radiant gold;  
This from the vulgar branches must be torn,  
And to fair Proserpine the present born,  
Ere leave be given to tempt the nether skies;  
The first thus rent, a second will arise,  
And the same metal the same room supplies.  
The willing metal will obey thy hand,  
Following with ease. -----

Anchises, the great preserver of the Trojan name, could not have been discovered but by the help of a bough, which was plucked with great ease from the tree; nor, it seems, could *Hiram*, the Grand Master of MASONRY, have been found, but by the direction of a shrub, which (says the Dissector) *came easily up*. The principal cause of *Æneas's* descent into the *shades* was to enquire of his father the *secrets* of the *Fates*, which should sometime be fulfilled among his posterity. The occasion of the Brethren's searching so diligently for their Master, was, it seems, to receive from him the *secret word* of *Masonry*, which should be delivered down to their *Fraternity* in after ages. This remarkable verse follows:

Præterea jacet exanimus tibi corpus amici;  
Heu, nescis!  
*The body of your friend lies near you dead;*  
*Alas, you know not how!*

This was *Miscnus*, that was murdered, and buried *monte sub aërio*, under an high hill; as (says the Dissector) Master *Hiram* was.

But there is another story in Virgil, that stands in a nearer relation to the case of *Hiram*, and the accident by which he is said to have been discovered; which is this: *Priamus*, king of *Troy*, in the beginning of the Trojan war, committed his son *Polydorus* to the care of *Polymnestor*, King of *Thrace*, and sent with him a great sum of money: but, after *Troy* was taken, the *Thracian*, for the sake of the money, killed the young prince, and privately buried him: *Æneas* coming into that country, and accidentally plucking up a shrub that



was near him, on the side of a hill, discovered the murdered body of Polydorus. *Æneid*. III. By Dryden :

Not far, a rising hillock stood in view,  
 Sharp myrtles on the sides and cornels grew ;  
 There, while I went to crop the sylvan scenes,  
 And shade our altar with the leafy greens,  
 I pull'd a plant : with horror I relate  
 A prodigy so strange, and full of fate !  
 Scarce dare I tell the sequel ! From the womb  
 Of wounded earth, and caverns of the tomb,  
 A groan, as of a troubled ghost, renew'd  
 My fright ; and then these dreadful words ensued :  
 ' Why dost thou thus my buried body rend ?  
 O spare the corps of thy unhappy friend !'

The agreement between these two relations is so exact, that there wants no further illustration.

VII. We are told that a sprig of cassia was placed by the Brethren at the head of Hiram's grave ; which refers to an old custom of those Eastern countries, of embalming the dead ; in which operation cassia was always used, especially in preparing the head, and drying up the brain, as Herodotus more particularly explains. The sweet-wood, perfumes, and flowers, used about the graves of the dead, occur so frequently in the old poets, that it would be tedious to mention them. Ovid thus describes the death of the phoenix : \*

Upon a shady tree she takes her rest,  
 And on the highest bough her funeral nest  
 Her beak and talons build ; then strews thereon  
 Balm, cassia, spikenard, myrrh, and cinamon :  
 Last on the fragrant pile herself she lays,  
 And in consuming odours ends her days !

### FEMALE SECRESY.

TO those who are so unjust to the fair sex, as to think them incapable of keeping a secret, we offer the following anecdote from the history of Athens :

Several Athenians had formed a secret plan for delivering their country from the yoke of tyranny. A woman, of the name of *Lioness*, was one among the number sworn to execute the scheme ; the tyrant was informed of it: he ordered her to be put to the torture, for the purpose of extorting who were her accomplices. This woman supported the most cruel torments ; and, when she found her strength failing, she tore out her tongue, for fear that the secret might otherwise escape her. After the expulsion of the tyrant, the Athenians, full of gratitude for this heroine, erected a statue of a lioness without a tongue, in honour of her ; and at the bottom of it was written, in large characters—*Virtue triumph'd o'er the sex.*

\* *Metam.* lib. 15.

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT  
OF THE LIFE OF  
WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

WHILE Wykeham was busy in reforming charitable institutions, he was, at the same time, contriving how to execute a design, which he seems to have conceived as soon as he became bishop, of laying out the wealth with which God had blessed him, in some new foundation of his own. He examined and considered the various rules of the religious orders, and compared them with the lives of the professors; and he declared himself, that he could not find one instance, in which the ordinances of the founders were faithfully observed. This determined him to distribute his riches to the poor with his own hands: but he resolved also to establish two colleges of students for the honour of God, and encrease of his worship; and with this view he purchased several parcels of ground in the cities of Oxford and Winchester.

But Wykeham, while he was pursuing these generous designs, was suddenly attacked by a party formed against him at court, which endangered his whole property, if not his liberty and life.

Henry III. his great friend and benefactor, was now very aged and infirm, and was become little more than an instrument in the hands of a favourite mistress, whose name was Alice Perrers. The three first sons of Henry were, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Clarence, and the Duke of Lancaster: the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Lancaster were then living, but Clarence was dead. The Prince of Wales had a son; the Duke of Clarence had left a daughter, who was married to Mortimer, Earl of March, and by him had a son.

The Prince of Wales was declining very fast of a sickness, which he had contracted in Spain; and the Duke of Lancaster, being the next surviving son of the king, considered himself as the person to whom the sole management of affairs, in their present situation, belonged: but, to obtain this supposed right, he found it necessary to take Alice Perrers into his party: by her influence he perfectly succeeded, assuming a very extraordinary degree of authority, and abusing it to many ill purposes. The whole nation was alarmed, and suspected he had formed a farther design of setting aside his nephew, the Prince of Wales's son, and seizing the crown. The prince, who knew that he was himself falling into the grave, was only solicitous to secure the kingdom for his child, and, therefore, employed the last remnant of his life, which had been one series of heroism and benevolence, in breaking the Duke of Lancaster's party, and getting them removed from court. Lord March, whose son, by the daugh-

ter of Clarence, had a right to the crown prior to that of Lancaster; joined the Prince of Wales against him, and they succeeded so far, that Alice Perrers, the Duke of Lancaster, and Latimer, Lord Chamberlain, being accused by the parliament of many high crimes and misdemeanours, were banished from court. Before the parliament had finished the sessions in which this great event took place, the Prince of Wales died, and appointed Wykeham, who had been always his firm friend, one of the executors of his will.

As soon as the parliament was dismissed, the Duke of Lancaster, being no longer awed by the virtue and influence of his elder brother, returned to court, and resumed the administration of affairs; and with him returned Alice Perrers, and Lord Latimer; they took, as it were, entire possession of the king, who lay at Eltham, oppressed at once with age, sickness, and sorrow, and found themselves in a condition not only to stand their ground, but to gratify their resentment against those who had opposed them.

Among others who had incurred their displeasure, by zealously abetting the cause of the late Prince of Wales, was Wykeham. And Lancaster, as he thought it not adviseable to proceed against him without a shew of justice, procured articles of accusation to be brought against him, by certain persons, whose names are not transmitted to us, for crimes committed by him during his administration of affairs: the only article, upon which judgment passed, was, that the bishop, when he was chancellor, had often caused fines, payable to the king, to be lessened, even after they had been paid and enrolled, paying back part of the money, and erasing the record on the roll; particularly, that Lord Grey, having paid 80*l.* as a fine to the king, the bishop, upon pretence of some bargain between him and Grey, caused the first writing to be cancelled, and another made for a fine of 40*l.* only, the other 40*l.* being paid back to Grey, to the defrauding of the king.

Upon proof of this article, before a certain number of lords and bishops, and others of the privy council, assigned for that purpose by the king, the bishop's temporalities were seized by writ, and he was forbidden, in the king's name, to come within twenty miles of the court.

As to this article of the charge, supposing it to be true, the bishop is not accused of having made any profit of it to himself; nor does it appear that what he did he was at all solicitous to conceal: all that is criminal in it seems to be the mere irregularity of the proceeding; and of this his enemies took advantage. The bishop, however, as soon as he received the prohibition, left his palace at Southwark, and retired to the monastery of Merton, where he waited for his second examination, which had been fixed for the 20th of Jan. 1376-7; but, during his recess there, he received letters from the king, by which the second sitting of his judges was prorogued to an uncertain day.

It seems probable, that, at this second sitting, the bishop was to have been examined concerning seven other articles; some of which charged him with having embezzled, or dissipated, near a million of

the public money: for these seven articles, and the single article on which judgment passed, are always mentioned separately and distinctly; and, as the sitting was prorogued to an uncertain day by the king, who was secretly Wykeham's friend to the last, there seems to be some reason to apprehend, that the king doubted, at least, whether Wykeham could justify himself against them: for, if he had supposed him to be innocent, and that, in consequence of his innocence, the charge against him could not be supported, it was an injury, and not a kindness, to Wykeham, to prevent the examination. Dr. Lowth, however, seems to think, that, because judgment was passed on one article only, the rest had failed of proof, upon an attempt already made to establish them; but, if this had been the case, Wykeham would have had nothing farther to fear; and, indeed, as it would have been preposterous for the judges to pass judgment on a fact, and, at the same time, appoint a day for the farther examination of it, there could be no subject of farther examination, but on other articles; and, except these seven, no other articles had been exhibited.

In this situation were the bishop's affairs, when a new parliament met on the 27th of Jan. 1376-7: this parliament, either afraid of incurring the displeasure of the Duke of Lancaster, who was now re-established at court beyond all opposition, or desirous of gaining his favour, were ready to concur in all his measures, and act as he should direct.

The commons, having granted the subsidies, petitioned the king, that, as he had now completed the 50th year of his reign, which they called his jubilee, he would grant an act of general pardon for all crimes committed before the beginning of that year; to which the king consented; but the Duke of Lancaster, who procured this act to secure such of his friends as had been condemned in the last parliament, found means to get Wykeham particularly excepted.

Wykeham, though he received no summons to parliament from the king, was yet regularly summoned to convocation by the archbishop, and he attended accordingly. The bishops complained much of the seizure of Wykeham's temporalities; and, having determined not to proceed to business till this grievance, amongst others, was redressed, the archbishop was obliged to prorogue them. They then petitioned that Wykeham's temporalities might be restored; but in their petition they do not alledge his innocence as a reason, but the want of sufficient consent of those whose consent was required in that behalf. The king, however, took no notice of their zeal in Wykeham's behalf, nor did it contribute to bring his troubles to a conclusion. The convocation ended about the 1st of March, 1376-7, and the king, soon after, granted Wykeham's temporalities to his grandson Richard, in part of payment of 4000 marks a year, which had been settled upon him, when, on his father's death, he had been created Prince of Wales; a measure, to which, it is supposed, he was urged by the Duke of Lancaster, supported by the irresistible influence of Alice Perrers, the mistress of his dotage, who, by this act of

apparent kindness to the young prince, hoped to reconcile the people to their severity against Wykeham. However, either their zeal against Wykeham abated, or it was at length surmounted by the king's kindness, or, perhaps, by his religious fears, and by his confessor: for, on the 18th of June following, three days before his death, he restored Wykeham's temporalities, upon condition that he should, at his own expence, fit out three men of war, with each fifty men at arms, and fifty archers, for one quarter of a year, at such wages as were usually paid by the king, but the king was to pay the mariners.

On the 21st of June 1377, Henry died, and his grandson, Richard II. succeeded him. The power of Wykeham's enemies was now at an end, and his troubles ended with it. The young king summoned him to attend his coronation, by his writ, dated June 26; he assisted at the ceremony on the 15th of July following, and his pardon passed the great seal on the 31st of the same month. This pardon recites only the first seven articles of accusation; and, that it might not include an implication of guilt, the following remarkable clause was added: 'Willing that all men should know, that although we have granted to the Bishop of Winchester the said pardons and graces, nevertheless we do not think the said bishop to be in any wise chargeable in the sight of God with any of the matters thus by us pardoned, but do hold him to be, as to all and every of them, wholly innocent.' By an instrument, under the privy seal of the same date, which recites the eighth article, in consequence of which his temporalities were seized, he was released from all matters contained in it, and from all the conditions on which his temporalities had been restored. Yet the loss sustained by Wykeham, on this occasion, is said to have amounted to 6667l. 6s. 8d. sterling, being, according to the reckoning of that time, estimated at 10,000 marks.

Wykeham, as soon as he was delivered from persecution, and reinstated in his possessions, proceeded in the execution of his design, to found two colleges, one at Oxford, and one at Winchester. His plan was to provide for the perpetual maintenance and education of 200 scholars, who were to proceed from the first elements of letters, through the whole circle of the sciences, to the highest degree in each faculty.

The college at Winchester was to be the nursery of the college at Oxford; and he established the societies before he had erected the buildings. At Winchester he formed a private grammar school, provided with proper masters, and maintained in it the full number of scholars, which he afterwards established in his college; and at Oxford he instituted his society, and appointed it a governor, allowing the members a liberal maintenance, providing them with lodging, and prescribing rules for their behaviour.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

## ON THE ABUSES

PRACTISED BY

MILLERS AND DEALERS IN CORN.To the EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

HAVING read, in your Magazine of last month, some very ingenious and pertinent observations on some of the causes of the high price of grain, I beg to send you a few loose thoughts on what appears to me another principal cause of that great evil. Should you think them worthy of notice, their insertion in your valuable Magazine will oblige

Your constant reader,

Sept. 2, 1796.

J. C.

MANY of the millers are now metamorphosed into wholesale mealmen, or flour merchants!—Let us view the miller attentively in this light, and he will be found something different from the person deemed a miller in the eye of the law. We will rest this point upon the authority of Dalton, c. 112, as quoted by the learned and ingenious Mr. Burn: ‘Millers are not to be common buyers of corn, to sell the same again either in corn or meal, but only to serve for the grinding of corn that shall be brought to their mills.’ Now, do these gentlemen condescend to take a poor man’s grist? Do not the greatest part, and those of the largest dealings, grind wholly for themselves?—In ancient days, when lords of manors built mills, it was purely for the benefit of their tenants, and of the neighbourhood; the rent being scarce ever equivalent to the expences of repairing and supporting them. But, alas! the case is sadly altered; and what was originally intended for the convenience, is become the nuisance and bane of the public. Every flour-merchant is now the ruler and the lord within his district; and, by a combination of these, all sorts of people, rich and poor, are entirely governed in the most necessary articles of food.—The farmer looks upon this dealer as his oracle, who pronounces what shall be the price of grain. Inquire how markets go, and the answer frequently is, Mr. A. Z. gives so and so.—This important man is never wanting in any policy conducive to his own ends. His table and cellars are always open to the principal farmers, whom he finds it worth while to cajole. He makes them the highest professions of friendship; and, as a proof of it, pretends, now and then, from his large intelligence, to let them a little into the secret, when it may be proper to sell, and when to forbear; by which means, amongst others, he opens or shuts the barns at his pleasure. At these conferences (I do not assert it from mere imagination, but from a careful inquiry, and good authority) great stress is

laid on the advantages of ready money, without the trouble and expence of attending markets; and, if a farmer be poor, a little advance money will easily enlist him into the service. 'I only desire,' says this friendly man, 'to have the first offer; if you find that I do not give as good a price as any body, then you are welcome to go elsewhere.' In the mean time, this price is regulated and fixed by the fraternity, who maintain a general correspondence, and agree upon their several divisions. As at some times they will not buy at all, which every observer will find to be in seasons of the greatest plenty, so at other times, when there appears a possibility of ingrossing, they will infallibly be above the markets; otherwise they could not hope to gain their ends. In very plentiful years, we may form to ourselves the case, as it must always be under the present management. Then the innocent farmer, who is the dupe of these harpies, shakes his head, cries out that the times were never worse, and that they shall be all undone. If you ask, how he can be so ungrateful to complain of plenty, and observe that the crops are every where remarkably good; 'true,' replies he; 'but you don't consider what charge we are at in ining and outing, and the grain sells for nothing. Mr. A. Z. buys none now, and we can tell by him when the times are likely to be good.'\*—The truth is, that this friend to his country, unless put into action by some foreign commission, does then sit still, and rejoice to see the market glutted, that the farmer may feel the difference, and have the greater eagerness to deal with him again, when it shall suit his purpose.—Change but the scene; let there be but a bad season, and thin crops; then, like Pharaoh's lean kine, who swallowed up the fat ones, this herd of dealers in the dark are incessantly busy to increase the calamity. By large contracts with the farmers; by changing of hands, and such concealments as are exceeding difficult, if not impossible, to detect; they can monopolize the corn, introduce an artificial scarcity, and dispense the necessaries of life upon their own terms.—Hence, the bitter complaints of starving the poor; hence, in populous towns, those grievous parish rates, which no reasonable profits in trade can answer, and which, added to the expence of maintaining his own family, too often make the industrious housekeeper a greater object of compassion, than the poor who wear the badge.

Q. Do not these grievances cry aloud for redress?

Q. Should not all millers be obliged, by a clear and strict law, to grind every grist that is brought to them?

Q. Would it not be highly beneficial to the people who live near

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\* Mr. Yarranton, in a book called 'England's Improvement,' has this proposal: 'To have public granaries erected, (which he calls bank-granaries) wherein the farmer might deposit his grain when it is very cheap, and have a transferable property therein, so as to be able to raise money thereupon for the payment of his rent, or for any other purpose:---the landlord might, in that case, have the same security and right of seizure upon the crops deposited there, as the law now gives him upon corn growing upon his estate, or brought into the barns.'

a mill, if the owner of it would, by a proper clause, oblige the miller to forfeit his lease the day he refuses to grind a grist brought him by a poor man?

Q. Should not the profit of millers be enquired into, and limited by law, as well as that of the bakers?

Q. Suppose that the grinders and flour-merchants do nothing more than mix grain with grain, one sort with another, the cheaper with the dearer, (which, by the bye, is the most candid supposition that can be made) yet if, by their arts, they are able to make these several mixtures specious and marketable, is here not an immense field for impositions upon the public, and exorbitant profits to themselves?—And what is the nourishment of this sale-flour, in comparison of pure and genuine meal produced from sound and good corn?

Q. Ought not the millers to be prohibited from dressing flour, or obliged to sell meal to be sifted by those who chuse it?

## REFLECTIONS ON HISTORY.

*Oriente tempora notis  
Instruit exemplis.*

HON.

EXAMPLES are universally allowed to have a greater influence over the manners of mankind, than the bare authority of moral precepts, or philosophical demonstrations.

I look upon the seeing a good man (after having spent his life in the service of his Creator, and in promoting, as far as in him lay, the happiness of his fellow creatures) go peaceably down to the grave, covered with grey hairs, and transmitting his virtues to his posterity, to be a greater incentive to good actions, than the most learned discourses on the rectitude of virtue, and the beauty of holiness.

On the other hand, when we see the abandoned profligate, after having ruined his health, character, and fortune, by a series of excess and debauchery, destitute of all comfort in this world, or hope in the next; worn out by premature decay; about to yield up his spirit to him who gave it for better ends;—does not this strike into our hearts a greater dread of vice, than the most bitter invectives which have been written against it?

The setting before our eyes the actions of great men, in former ages, is one great use of History, that we may thereby learn how to regulate our own. It shews us a Constantine and Justinian, crowned with power and prosperity when living; and, when dead, remembered with veneration by all succeeding ages: the black conspiracy of a Catiline detected, and himself, with his desperate associates, involved in one common ruin; and Julius Cæsar (who, instead of employing his arms against the public enemies, made use of them to enslave his country) slain by the avenging arm of liberty.



But History is often deficient in this respect, as the actions of men do not always meet with their due recompence in this life. There we see the cowardly and cruel Octavius (raised to the empire by a series of craft and dissimulation, dignified with the pompous title of Augustus, and loaded with all the fulsome flatteries which the learned parasites of his court could invent) sit triumphant on the ruins of his country's freedom: a Cato, Brutus, and Leonidas, are there likewise seen, falling in defence of the liberty of their country.

The aid of Romance, therefore, was called in to supply the deficiencies of History; and, whereas the noblest characters have often great blemishes, which, were they silently passed over, would arraign the veracity of an historian; in Romance the writer is at liberty to draw the most perfect character his imagination can form; to reward the good, and punish the bad; to draw virtue in an amiable, and vice in an odious, light. When these ends are observed, fictitious are, in this respect, preferable to real histories: for the latter can only shew us what men are; the former, what they ought to be.

But, in our modern novels, the fashionable levities are applauded, and the uncouthness of rigid virtue ridiculed: there the superannuated debauchee transmits the most licentious actions of his life, for the imitation of posterity: there, too, the most abandoned prostitute stalks forth, triumphant, the Julia, or Messalina, of her age.

That the bulk of our present Romances are written on these principles, is too evident to every impartial reader; and that, instead of exhibiting examples worthy of imitation, they tend to deprave the taste, and infect the morals, of the rising generation.

Aug. 2, 1796.

B.

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### ON THE POWER OF HABIT.

To the EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I HAVE been thirty-five years in pursuit of happiness, and, like most other mortals engaged in the same chace, find myself thrown out, as it were, and as distant from the object as at my first starting. You must know, Sir, that, at the age of eighteen, I came to this great metropolis, consigned to the care of a rich uncle in a wholesale way of business. My attention and assiduity recommended me to his favour; and, after the expiration of eight years, during which time I had served him with diligence and fidelity, he took the resolution, being then in his 62d year, of retiring into the country, and put me in possession of his trade and warehouse. For twenty years I pursued his steps with all the care, and (as the fashionable word is) *economy*, that I was master of. During these twenty years of labour and fatigue, I was constantly envying the happy situation of my uncle's retirement, and painted in my mind ten thousand beau-

ties that his little box, and fields all about it, in the country, afforded him. I resolved to pay him a visit for three years successively, before I had time, or, in other words, I had resolution to lay out so much money as the journey would cost me: however, I arrived at last, in the month of August, at his little house near Salop. After the usual questions of 'How do you do?' and 'What sort of a journey have you had?' and the like, he came to the main point. 'Well, George, what have you saved? How does your book stand?' I told him I had realized six thousand pounds, besides my stock in trade. The old gentleman, with rapture, cried out, 'That's a good boy!—I now shew you my grounds and fields with pleasure. Follow me.' As we walked on, you may easily conceive, that, after twenty years' confinement in London, every lawn, every dale, and every hill, afforded infinite pleasure and satisfaction to my mind; and I painted to myself a thousand raptures and enjoyments, that my uncle must be possessed of in this his situation. My business, Sir, soon demanded my return to town: but, from the moment I came to my counting-house, instead of giving attention to my books and trade, retirement was all in my thoughts, and it was the whole of my wishes. When I rose in the morning, if the sun was out, I was lamenting I had not such a spot as my uncle's, where I might see the force and powers of this wonderful luminary acting upon my flowers, shrubs, and plants. If it rained, I lamented being in London, where I could not observe the great utility of these refreshing showers to bring up the hay, corn, pease, and beans, and other fruits of the earth. From these considerations I determined, at all events, to quit my business, and retire into the country. I soon found a proper object to resign to, a distant relation of my wife's, who had been bred to the same business. After having fixed him properly in my warehouse, I looked out for my retirement; and, as I had been used to drive my wife on a Sunday to Hampton Court, Dobbin dragged us to the Toy there, without my ever thinking of it. But it was the same thing to me. Upon enquiry, I found a house was to be let, about a mile from the place, with every convenience that I wanted. This, I thought, would do; as I could come in my chaise to the Sunday night's club, smoke my pipe, and hear the news from my London friends, that come to pass the Saturday and Sunday nights. I took the house, and remained in it two years and a half: but, alas! I now found, instead of that happiness which I expected from retirement, the hours between breakfast and dinner were miserably spent; neither could I contrive how to pass them away. My upholsterer, who furnished my house for me, told me, I must have a book-case, and Stockfish, the Philibiblian in Piccadilly, filled it for me. But, though I had Pope's Homer, and Dryden's Virgil, and some Poems by one Hayley, I never looked into any of them. As to my land, I lost, the first year, more than double my rent: for I knew nothing of ploughing and sowing, though I fancied I knew better than the farmers all put together. Hunting, fishing, and shooting, could afford me no entertainment: for I never galloped after any thing but a

brother tradesman on a Saturday afternoon, or Sunday morning or night. I never wished to draw other fish to my net, that is, customers to my shop, than those gudgeons who would pay sauce for it. Though a militiaman, I never let off a gun in my life: I should faint at the smell of powder. I determined, therefore, to be nearer London, nearer my friends, and yet enjoy my retirement too. For this purpose I took a house by Vauxhall, with some land, which I intended to improve; but, instead of turning my thoughts upon that, I was anxious to know how the warehouse and my young relation went on. Accordingly, as soon as breakfast was over, I used to cross the bridge, and had more satisfaction in walking round the warehouse, and seeing the old spot where I had made my money, than all the beauties of Vertumnus and Pomona. I put in these hard names on purpose to convince you, that I was bred at Paul's school. Practice gave me a habit; and, under pretence of seeing how my relation went on, I went every day to the old shop; and now I find, that, not being content with being the real master, I am now, at the age of fifty, really and truly his foreman, or journeyman. Habitude has made every other scene of life tasteless and insipid to me; and I as constantly find myself in his warehouse at eleven in the morning, as if I was paid for it, and had no other support. Now, Sir, for the moral. My own practice will shew the extreme folly of striking out new paths, at my age of fifty, unsuitable to the mind and education: it will shew, also, how very few are capable, from the weakness of their understanding, and incapacity of reflecting, to bear that retirement which all men in business are in pursuit of, as the certain means of their happiness. Let not, therefore, those, who have been used to an active life, think of finding happiness in a rural situation, till they are sure that their mind can relish it. Pleasure and pain are greater in imagination, than in reality; and, however tiresome or disagreeable a man may imagine his own burthen to be, was he to exchange it with his neighbour, he would find the load but little different from that which he designed to throw off from his own shoulders. A rural retirement, to a man that has been in active scenes in London, I am sure, must be a state of misery. Half our pleasure in this world is owing to our imagination; and, though I fancied a retirement was happiness, while I was in the possession of its miserable alternative, I am now, in a manner, come back to my old warehouse, to the astonishment of my friends and acquaintance. I, indeed, get nothing by it, as I work even harder than I used to do, without fee or reward: but experience has convinced me, that custom or habitude in man makes his happiness or misery in this world.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

September 4, 1796.

D. R.

SKETCHES  
OF  
CELEBRATED CHARACTERS.

MICHELAGNOLO BUONARROTTI:

*(Commonly called MICHAEL ANGELO.)*

AT the revival of learning and arts, under the splendid patronage of Lorenzo de Medicis, burst forth that sublime genius, Michelagnolo. In the gardens founded by his illustrious protector he first imbibed that spirit which was destined to effect a reformation in the arts, and which he could, perhaps, have derived from no other source. Of a noble but reduced family, he had been placed by his father, when young, under the tuition of the painter Ghirlandajo, from whom Lorenzo, desirous of promoting his new establishment, requested that he would permit two of his pupils to pursue their studies in his gardens, at the same time expressing his hopes that they would there obtain such instruction as would not only reflect honour on the institution, but also on themselves, and on their country. The students who had the good fortune to be thus selected, were Michelagnolo and Francesco Granacci. On the first visit of Michelagnolo, he found in the gardens his future adversary, Torregiano, who, under the directions of Bertoldo, was modelling figures in clay. Michelagnolo applied himself to the same occupation; and his work soon afterwards attracted the attention of Lorenzo, who, from these early specimens, formed great expectations of his talents. Encouraged by such approbation, he began to cut in marble the head of a fawn, after an antique sculpture; which, though unaccustomed to the chissel, he executed with such skill as to astonish Lorenzo, who, observing that he had made some intentional deviations from the original, and that, in particular, he had represented the lips smoother, and had shewn the tongue and teeth, remarked to him, with his accustomed jocularly, that he should have remembered that old men seldom exhibit a complete range of teeth. The docile artist, who paid no less respect to the judgment than to the rank of Lorenzo, was no sooner left to himself, than he struck out one of the teeth, giving to the part the appearance of its having been lost by age. On his next visit, Lorenzo was equally delighted with the disposition and the genius of his young pupil, and, sending for his father, not only took the son under his particular protection, but made such a provision for the old man as his age and the circumstances of his numerous family required. From this time till the death of Lorenzo, which included an interval of four years, Michelagnolo constantly resided in the palace of the Medici, and sat at the table of Lorenzo, among his most honoured guests, where, by a commendable regulation, the troublesome distinc-

tions of rank were abolished, and every person took his place in the order of his arrival. Hence the young artist found himself at once associated on terms of equality with all that was illustrious and learned in Florence, and formed those connexions and friendships, which, if they do not create, are, at least, necessary to promote and reward, superior talents. His leisure hours were passed in contemplating the intaglios, gems, and medals, of which Lorenzo had collected an astonishing number; whence he imbibed that taste for antiquarian researches, which was of essential service to him in his more immediate studies, and which he retained to the close of his life.

The history of Michelagnolo forms that of all the arts which he professed. In him sculpture, painting, and architecture, seem to have been personified. Born with talents superior to his predecessors, he had also a better fate. Ghiberti, Donatello, Verocchio, were all men of genius; but they lived during the gentile state of the art. The light had now risen, and his young and ardent mind, conversant with the finest forms of antiquity, imbibed at its genuine source a relish for their excellence. With the specimens of ancient art the depositories of ancient learning were unlocked to him; and of these, also, he made no inconsiderable use. As a poet, he is entitled to rank high amongst his countrymen; and the triple wreaths of painting, sculpture, and architecture, with which his disciples decorated his tomb, might, without exaggeration, have been interwoven with a fourth. Of the sculptures of Michelagnolo some yet remain in an unfinished state, which strikingly display the comprehension of his ideas, and the rapidity of his execution. Such are the bust of Brutus and the statue of a female figure, in the gallery at Florence. In the latter, the chisel has been handled with such boldness, as to induce a connoisseur of our own country to conjecture that it would be necessary, in the finishing, to restore the cavities. Perhaps a more involuntary homage was never paid to genius, than that which was extorted from the sculptor, Falconet; who, having presumed upon all occasions to censure the style of Michelagnolo, without having had an opportunity of inspecting any of his works, at length obtained a sight of two of his statues, which were brought into France by Cardinal Richelieu. 'I have seen Michelagnolo,' exclaimed the French artist; 'he is terrific.'

The labours of the painter are necessarily transitory: for so are the materials that compose them. In a few years, Michelagnolo will be known, like an ancient artist, only by his works in marble. Already it is difficult to determine, whether his reputation be enhanced or diminished by the sombre representations of his pencil in the Pauline and Sixtine chapels, or by the few specimens of his cabinet pictures, now rarely to be met with, and exhibiting only a shadow of their original excellence. But the chief merit of this great man is not to be sought for in the remains of his pencil, nor even in his sculptures, but in the general improvement of the public taste, which followed his astonishing productions. If his labours had perished with himself, the change which they effected in the opinions and works of his

contemporaries would still have entitled him to the first honours of the art. Those who from ignorance, or from envy, have endeavoured to depreciate his productions, have represented them as exceeding in their forms and attitudes the limits and the possibilities of nature, as a race of beings the mere creatures of his own imagination. But such critics would do well to consider, whether the great reform to which we have alluded, could have been effected by the most accurate representations of common life; and whether any thing short of that ideal excellence, which he only knew to embody, could have accomplished so important a purpose. The genius of Michelagnolo was a leaven which was to operate on an immense and heterogeneous mass, the salt intended to give a relish to insipidity itself; it was, therefore, active, penetrating, energetic, so as not only effectually to resist the contagious effects of a depraved taste, but to communicate a portion of its spirit to all around.

### JOHN HELVETIUS.

John Helvetius was the son of Dr. Adrian Helvetius, a resident in Holland; he was educated in the science of medicine under his father's care, who, when he had finished his studies, sent him to retail some particular medicines in Paris—a city in which he thought a large fortune was soon to be acquired from the great number of sick always there; and from their partiality to novelty, he thought his medicines would generally be adopted: but notwithstanding the young Helvetius was very attentive, and sought every opportunity to dispose of his medicines, he could not earn sufficient to procure him the common necessaries of life; he was obliged to part with one share of his drugs gratuitously, in order to sell the other; at length, oppressed by necessity, he returned to Holland.

His return did not in the least cloud the golden prospects his father had in view, who, with the utmost confidence in success, sent him back with a large cargo of medicines of more elaborate preparation, and more powerful ingredients, and, as he imagined, infallible efficacy.

Helvetius, on his return to Paris, immediately published his arrival; but the public opinion being less favourable of him than his own, no notice was taken of him; his assiduity and exertions however were not less than before, and he at length became acquainted with a rich druggist, who soon after being attacked with a very dangerous disorder, permitted Helvetius, jointly with Aforti, a celebrated physician, to exert his abilities for his relief.

On the druggist's recovery, he offered Aforti five or six pounds of ipecacuanha root, as a very valuable recompense for his care and attention; but this plant was unknown to the doctor; he preferred the *louis d'ors*, whose specific virtue he well knew against the accursed pest of poverty, which then desolated many families at Paris.

Fortune here seemed inclined to raise Helvetius, and to reward him for his perseverance; he was particularly happy to find that Aforti preferred a few pieces of gold to the valuable and efficacious plant which had been offered to him. Helvetius, who was a great favourite

of the druggist's, asked for the ipecacuanha, and obtained his request. Immediately he went to the hospital, and tried its virtues on some of the invalids; his success was great; frequent repetitions were equally propitious; and after numberless trials he found that he possessed a specific for the dysentery; it had never failed of curing that disease; which at that time was very common in Paris, and baffled the skill of all the physicians.

Transported with joy he caused a hand-bill to be printed, in which he stated, "that the Dutch physician, after long search and profound meditation, had at length found an infallible cure for the dysentery, and the exact method of preparing the medicine, which was of the utmost importance; he informed the public of his place of abode, where he sold his medicine at a reasonable price."

Every one read this hand-bill, and the account of this new discovery spread all over the city, and at length the king heard of it. His Majesty sent for Helvetius, and ordered D'Aquin, his first physician, to examine him relative to his pretended remedy. D'Aquin, according to the very illiberal custom of the faculty when they fear a rival, treated Helvetius as an impostor; but he defended himself in so masterly a manner, that the king, fully convinced of his abilities, gave him twenty-four thousand livres for his secret, and granted him the privilege of practising at the Hotel Dieu—a privilege which was confined to the faculty of Paris only.

The reputation of Helvetius increased with his fortune, and the public imagined he possessed specifics for every disorder. Every one spoke high in praise of the Dutch doctor; and, at the age of thirty-two years, he found himself possessed of a fortune of one hundred thousand crowns, obtained amidst the enmity and invectives of D' Aforti and all the other physicians in Paris.

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## MULEY MOLUC,

EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

When Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, had invaded his territories, in order to dethrone him, and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a distemper, which he himself knew was incurable. However he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy—he was indeed so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people, in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his officers that if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army—that they should ride up to the litter in which his corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle began, he was carried thro' all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, though he was very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and

led them on to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the Moors. He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement, than finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his litter; where, laying his finger to his mouth to enjoin secrecy to his officers who stood about him, he died a few moments after, in that posture.

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### CLOVIS,

KING OF FRANCE,

While a Pagan fell in love with Clotilda, a Christian Princess of the House of Burgundy, who agreed to marry him, only on condition of his becoming a Christian. The King, however, delayed the performance of this condition till five years after his marriage, when being engaged in a desperate battle, and having reason to fear the total defeat of his army, he lifted up his eyes to heaven, and put up this prayer—‘ God of Queen Clotilda! grant me the victory, and I vow to be baptized, and henceforth to worship no other God but thee!’ He obtained the victory, and on his return, was baptized at Rheims—his sister, and more than three thousand of his subjects followed his example; and Christianity became the professed religion of France.

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### CHARLES THE TWELFTH,

KING OF SWEDEN.

Dr. Johnson used to think the Life of this extraordinary Prince, written by Voltaire, one of the finest pieces of historical writing in any language. The narrative is entertaining and engaging; the style excellent; and this history has the most forcible testimony of authenticity perhaps ever given to any history, the attestation of the veracity of it, as far as himself was concerned, by one of the principal actors in it, the virtuous Stanislaus, King of Poland, afterwards Duke of Lorraine.

Charles wished to give laws not only to kingdoms, but to Science itself. He wished to alter the usual method of computation by Tens to Sixes; and was so impressed with the excellence and utility of Arithmetic, that he used to say, a man who was an indifferent Arithmetician, was only half a man, ‘ *un homme a demi.*’

Quintus Curtius was one of the first books put into the hands of Charles; and on being asked what he thought of its hero, Alexander the Great, he replied, ‘ Oh how I wish to be like him!’ ‘ Why, Sir?’ replied some one: ‘ Your Majesty forgets, then, that he died at thirty-two years of age.’ ‘ Well, surely, he lived long enough, when he had conquered so many kingdoms.’

Being pressed to put the Crown of Poland upon his own head, he nobly replied, ‘ It is more honourable to give away kingdoms than to conquer them.’



On seeing at Lutzen the field of battle in which Gustavus Adolphus died in the midst of victory, he said, 'I have endeavoured to be like him. God in his kindness may perhaps permit me one day to have as glorious a death.'

In one of his long and dreary marches, a soldier brought him a piece of extremely black and mouldy bread, complaining very much of the badness of it. Charles, who knew that his situation would not afford him better, took it very coolly out of his hand. 'It is bad indeed, my friend,' said he, 'but you see it may be eaten;' and immediately eat a large piece of it. This prevented any farther complaint.

### GONDEMAR,

THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR AT THE COURT OF KING JAMES THE FIRST.

King James took great delight in the conversation of Gondemar, because he knew how to please the King, who thought himself an excellent tutor and scholar. He used to speak bad Latin before him, in order to be corrected by his Majesty. Gondemar had, by bribes and pensions, paid many of the first persons about King James's Court, in the interest of that of Spain; yet, to insure that interest, says Wilson, 'he cast out his baits not only for men, but if he found an Atalanta whose tongue went nimbler than her feet, he would throw out his golden balls to catch them also; and, in these times, there were some ladies, pretending to be wits (as they called them) or had fair neices or daughters, which drew great resort to their houses; and where company meet, the discourse is commonly of the times (for every man will vent his passion). These ladies lie sweetened with presents, that they might allay such as were too sour in their expression, or stop them in the course if they ran on too fast, and bring them to a gentler pace. He lived at Ely House in Holborn; his passage to the Court was ordinarily through Drury-Lane (the Covent-Garden being then an inclosed field) and that lane and the Strand were the places where most of the gentry lived; and the ladies, as he went, knowing his times, would not be wanting to appear in their balconies or windows to present him their civilities, and he would watch for it; and, as he was carried in his litter, he would strain himself as much as an old man could to the humblest posture of respect.

'One day passing by the Lady Jacob's house in Drury-Lane, she exposing herself for a salutation, he was not wanting to her, but she moved nothing but her mouth, gaping wide open upon him. He wondered at the lady's incivility, but thought that it might be happily a yawning fit took her at that time: for trial whereof, the next day, he finds her in the same place, and his courtesies were again accosted with no better expressions than an extended mouth; whereupon he sent a gentleman to her, to let her know that the ladies of England were more gracious to him than to encounter his respects with such affronts. She answered, "It was true that he had purchased some of their favours at a dear rate, and she had a mouth to be stopped as well as others." Gondemar, finding the cause of the emotion of her mouth, sent her a present as an antidote, which cured her of that distemper.'

ORIGIN AND HISTORY  
OF  
PROMISSORY NOTES AND PAPER CREDIT.

THE Origin and History of Paper Credit, in a country where it has been carried farther than in any other that history informs us of, must be a subject of importance to the generality of our readers; we, therefore, enter into the enquiry with a confidence that it will not only amuse, but instruct.

The most ancient personal securities used in this country were either *Obligations*, now called Bonds, with a penalty and condition; or *Bills*, sometimes denominated bills of debt, or bills obligatory. The latter are more immediately to the purpose of our present enquiry. They were single bonds, without either penalty or condition; but they were equally *deeds*, requiring to be *signed, sealed, and delivered*. The sealing, as will be seen hereafter, was esteemed one of the most necessary parts of a bill. The use of the seal, indeed, was so familiar for many centuries, that it was applied on other occasions, where no person would now expect it to be affixed; and it was a common practice with merchants and tradesmen in London, at the latter end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, to have regular *bills of debt, or obligations*, inserted in their books by their debtors, *signed, sealed, and delivered*.

One of the names of a single bill, that of a *bill of debt*, by which it was most frequently known, at the close of the sixteenth century, implies an express acknowledgment of the debt to be an essential part of the debt. Accordingly, West, who compiled his *SYMBOLOGRAPHY* in the year 1588, defines a bill, or obligation, to be 'a deed, whereby the Obligor doth acknowledge himself to owe unto the Obligee a certain sum of money or other thing. In which, (continues he) besides the parties' names, are to be considered the sum or things due, and the time, place, and manner of payment, or delivery, thereof.' All his precedents have, of course, all the parts required by himself, as well as the clause of *sealing*. It is true, that a *bill obligatory* might be constituted by any words of power to create an obligation to pay, without any acknowledgment of owing; and it was early so ruled; but of the real bills, actually put in issue, very few, indeed, will be found before the seventeenth century, that are without a direct admission of the debt.

All bills that have been preserved to us at full length, in reports from the Year-books downwards, have some phrase, or word of introduction. The more methodical and technical begin with 'Know all men by these presents,' 'Be it known,' or 'This bill witnesseth,' or something to that effect, whether in Latin or English: the looser and less regular are introduced with the word '*Memorandum*,' or some abbreviation of it. This word is to be found at the head of the

oldest instrument of the kind on record, in the reign of Edward III. (See the Year-books.)

The *obligatory* or promissory part of the ancient bill was generally expressed by the words '*to be paid*,' a translation of the Latin word '*solvendum*.' It is observable, that when the phrase, '*I promise to pay*,' first crept into a bill of debt, in the reign of Edward IV. an objection was taken to it in law. It is true, the court over-ruled the objection; the new phraseology, however, was not adopted, but the accustomed form still continued to prevail. Another circumstance, in which the old *bills of debt* differed from our modern *notes of hand*, was in the grammatical structure of the sentence. The term fixed for future payment followed, and never preceded, the obligatory words of the bill. This is invariable in all the instances to be found prior to the seventeenth century. The concluding clause, too, was always full: not, '*witness my hand*,' but '*in witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand and seal*,' or to that effect. Neither was the date placed by itself, as it now is, but embodied in the bill. The forms of bills of debt generally ran thus:

'*Mad.* that I Master A. B. have received of B. C. Twenty Pound, the which Twenty Pound I the said the Master A. B. promise to pay to B. C. In witness,' &c. &c.

Or:

'*Me.* That I owe to X. Y. Twenty Pound to be paid in Goods.—In witness,' &c. &c.

The want of regular promissory notes, in their present form, was a constant theme of complaint during the first half of the seventeenth century. MALINES wrote his book, called *Lex Mercatoria*, or Law Merchant, in 1622. This writer allots two whole chapters, the 12th and 13th, as well as half of the 11th, to the subject of *bills of debt*, or *bills obligatory*, as employed in buying and selling by the merchants-adventurers of Amsterdam, Middleburgh, and Hamburg. He tells us, that '*in the East Countries (that is, in the countries about the Baltic) and sometimes in the Low Countries, they will put a seal, but that sealing is not necessary.*' The use and transfer of these bills in commerce he declares to be a laudable custom, *not practised in England*, but which, he thinks, might with great facility be established, and would be very beneficial to the king and the commonwealth in general. One of this author's remarks shews plainly, that he thought the acknowledgment of the debt to be of the very essence of the bill. '*The Civil Law and the Law-Merchant (says he) do require, that the bill shall declare for what the debt groweth, either for merchandize or money, or any other lawful consideration.*

Under the Protectorate of Cromwell, in the year 1651, John Marius, a notary public, wrote a work, entitled '*Advice concerning Bills of Exchange*;' and in 1655 printed a second edition, much enlarged. The work is a folio, of forty close pages; and we learn from

it, that even the validity of *inland* bills of exchange, under the Law-Merchant, was then controverted by foreign writers, and was clearly not acknowledged by the Common Law of England.

Just before the Restoration, in 1660, a book, called 'Amphithalamii,' was published by Abraham Lisset; which, amongst other things, contains 'Instructions for a Merchant.' This writer continues the same complaint as MALINES, 'that the laudable custom of promissory notes was not yet practised in England;' and urges the same reasons for its adoption.

Soon after the Restoration, the rigour of the Common Law by degrees gave way to the less formal instruments of the Law-Merchant, founded on the Civil Law. Bills of exchange were the first mercantile instruments thus favoured; and, with respect to them, the custom of merchants was allowed to be pleaded. This had been done before with regard to *foreign* bills of exchange; but now these bills extended to all money transactions between all men residing at a distance from each other; and, at last, every person, by drawing a bill of exchange, was considered by the law as having become a merchant in that particular act. The various stages of their progress are thus briefly, but satisfactorily, related by TREBY, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, in the year 1696. 'Bills of exchange (says he) at first extended only to merchant strangers trading with English merchants, and afterwards to *inland* bills between merchants trading the one with the other here in England, and afterwards to all traders and negociators, and of LATE to all persons trafficking or not.'

When inland bills of exchange had gained a footing in Westminster Hall, and were judged to be good between all traders and negociators, it seemed an easy step to establish, in some form or other, the transferable *bill of debt*, or *bill obligatory*, used by the merchants abroad, and so much and long recommended for introduction here. The origin of the new *promissory note* is distinctly attributed to the goldsmiths; and such a note, in our Books of Reports, after the Revolution, is often called by its familiar name of a *Goldsmith's Note*. The period of time, to which the beginning of these notes must be referred, is about the year 1673.

It is well known, that, previous to the year 1640, the Mint was the usual place of deposit for the running cash of merchants. The seizure of the money there by Charles I. in 1640, destroyed, for ever, the credit of the Mint. The frequent elopement of clerks, with all the money in their hands, to one army or the other, when the civil war broke out, prevented the merchants from leaving cash in the hands of cashiers at home; and thus, about the year 1645, the Goldsmiths became the general bankers. The situation of the country, first from the real and necessary distresses of the Parliament and Protector, and afterwards from the profusion of Charles II. gave the new bankers great opportunities of making emoluments, and of tempting all men of property, by the allowance of a small interest, to deposit money in their hands.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

*THE REMOVAL OF THE MONUMENTS OF THE FINE ARTS*

FROM

ITALY TO FRANCE.

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THE following letter has been written by the celebrated Architect Louis, on a subject which has lately engaged much attention. It will not be denied, that he writes like a man of taste and an enthusiast of the fine arts; and by some it may also be supposed, that as a politician he displays sound reflection and profound discernment. The object of the French in removing from Italy the monuments of the fine arts, was to render Paris the centre of elegance, the resort of amateurs, and the school of artists. Louis controverts the liberality and propriety of this mode of thinking.

MY retirement at my country seat, my dear friend, has not impaired my passion for the arts. They always constituted my principal enjoyment; and I have so long considered them as essentially connected with the public felicity, that I take a particular interest in whatever relates to them. I could not then hear without some alarm, that a plan had been formed to despoil the fine collections of Italy and Rome, in order to increase those of Paris.

I am convinced that such a measure will be attended with infinite mischief, without producing any real advantage to the country. This removal will destroy the most valuable collection, and will extinguish that laudable zeal, which induced us to visit Italy, where so much advantage was always to be derived from the contemplation of objects, which do not admit of being removed.

This removal will alienate from us a people who are naturally hospitable to all the nations of Europe; and who knows whether the French may in future be able to encounter that sentiment of public indignation, which their conduct in despoiling Rome cannot fail to excite, to cherish, and to perpetuate against them?

Judge then what must be the alarm which is now felt by all the enlightened friends of the arts, in consequence of the danger of removing and conveying, for a considerable distance, those beautiful statues already mutilated, and which an enthusiastic respect would not allow to be repaired, lest in the process they might in the slightest degree be liable to be still further defaced.

If the ancient Romans removed to their own capital the monuments of Greece, it was because they anticipated the annihilation of the arts in a country which they almost depopulated; and also because they had not so much a taste for the arts, as an ambition to engross their trophies. Ought this haughty, and even ferocious, nation to be in every respect a model for imitation?

I have stated to you, my friend, that France will derive no advantage from despoiling the monuments of the arts in Italy; but what perhaps may astonish you, I will go further, and even assert that these sacrilegious depredations will not tend to accelerate the progress of our artists. I will now state the grounds for this opinion: At the time of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and Titian, the Italians had not dug from the earth a fourth part of those antiques with which their cities are now adorned. The most beautiful paintings which we consider as models, are the productions of those celebrated artists and their first pupils. Since their time, the art has always been on the decline; it is not then merely to the circumstance of possessing models of art that we are indebted for the great modern masters.

Would you know, my friend, what chiefly contributes to the prosperity of the arts. Independently of great models, it is the patronage of such men as the Medicis, Julius II. Leo X. Louis XIV: it is the patronage of a Colbert, capable, amidst a crowd of illiterate pretenders and intriguers, to discern men frequently too modest, who possess abilities equal to great productions. It is necessary that the directors of the arts should be acquainted with the proper means, in order to bring forward and multiply distinguished talents. It is not by profuse expence that this object is to be attained; it is by dextrous management, and by superior discernment. But to return to the subject of my letter, let us love the arts for the sake of the arts themselves; let us regard with due respect the capital productions, and carefully protect them from injury, and above all let us leave them where they are, when they are well displayed and arranged with taste and order.

(Signed)

LOUIS, Architect.

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#### CURIOUS ANECDOTE

OF

#### A FRENCH TRAVELLER.

A FRENCH writer remarks, that Mr. Addison, in one of his papers in the Spectator, returns thanks to Providence for being born an Englishman, because the English language is more analagous to the taciturnity of his character; and the number of monosyllables, of which it is composed, affords him the means of expressing his ideas with as little sound as possible. But I, continues the Frenchman, also thank the Almighty for being born a Frenchman, because I am fond of rambling about, and it is very agreeable and convenient to me to find my language spoken among all people throughout Europe. And the French language being adopted by all the European nations, renders us idle in endeavouring to acquire the foreign languages, because we think that with our own we may travel any where.

The Parisians, in particular, are so persuaded that this is the fact, that they imagine there is scarcely a person on the face of the globe but what understands French; it is true, that in all the Christian

countries, the nobility, literary persons, and most of those above the lower order, study the French language in particular, and in general speak it; but it is also true, that in every country in the world the people speak their own language, or peculiar dialect, and in the provinces of France particularly, it is difficult to make them understand when they are spoken to even in French. The confidence with which they travel about, speaking their language indiscriminately to all nations, and the certainty with which they think they must be understood, has often been productive of laughable mistakes. The following is an example; and what renders it more really amusing, is, that we are assured it is a fact:

A young Parisian going to Amsterdam, was attracted by the remarkable beauty of a house situated near the canal. He addressed a Dutchman in French, who stood near him in the vessel, with, "Pray, Sir, may I ask who that house belongs to?" The Hollander answered him in his own language, "*Ik kan niet verstaan*," "I do not understand you." The Parisian not doubting but that he was understood, took the Dutchman's answer for the name of the proprietor. "Oh! Oh!" said he, "it belongs to Mr. Kaniferstane. Well, I am sure he must be very agreeably situated; the house is most charming, and the garden appears delicious. I don't know that ever I saw a better. A friend of mine has one much like it, near the river at Choise; but I certainly give this the preference." He added many other observations of the same kind, to which the Dutchman, not understanding them, made no reply.

When he arrived at Amsterdam, he saw a most beautiful woman, on the keys, walking arm in arm with a gentleman: he asked a person that passed him, who that charming lady was? but the man not understanding French, replied: "*Ik kan niet verstaan*." "What, Sir," replied our traveller, "is that Mr. Kanifersrane's wife, whose house is near the canal? Indeed, this gentleman's lot is enviable; to possess such a noble house, and so lovely a companion."

The next day when he was walking out, he saw some trumpeters playing at a gentleman's door, who had got the largest prize in the Dutch lottery. Our Parisian wishing to be informed of the gentleman's name, was still answered: "*Ik kan niet verstaan*." "Oh!" said he, "this is too great an accession of good fortune! Mr. Kaniferstane proprietor of such a fine house, husband to such a beautiful woman, and to get the largest prize in the lottery! It must be allowed that there are some very fortunate men in the world."

About a week after this, our traveller walking about, saw a very superb burying. He asked, whose it was? "*Ik kan niet verstaan*," replied the person of whom he asked the question. "Oh! my God," exclaimed he, "poor Mr. Kaniferstane! who had such a noble house, such an angelic wife, and the largest prize in the lottery! He must have quitted this world with great regret; but I thought his happiness was too compleat to be of long duration." He then went home, reflecting all the way on the instability of human affairs.

EXPLANATION OF THE PLATE  
 REPRESENTING A  
 COMPANION OF THE ANCIENT KNIGHTS TEMPLARS,  
 IN THE FULL HABIT OF HIS ORDER.  
 BY BROTHER E. DOWLING, JUNIOR.

To the EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE Plate in your Magazine of this month, of an Ancient Knight Templar, is engraved from a drawing which I had the honour of presenting to the GRAND CHAPTER of the Knights Templars of England.

It represents an Ancient Companion in the full habit of his order. The armour, with which he is invested, is framed of iron rings, joined together, whereby the whole body and the limbs are accurately and completely defended; whilst freedom of motion is scarcely at all impeded, except from the weight, since it plays according to the action of the muscles.

The spurs, which are seen upon his heels, are the emblems of an Equestrian Order, and must have been fabricated also of iron, since the use of gold and silver in the arms and accoutrements of the Companions of the Order was forbidden by the 37th Article of the Rules drawn up by St. Bernard.

He is girt with a Belt round his body, by which an enormous sword is suspended, such an one as was indispensable, when an enemy, likewise in armour, was to be assailed. Another belt or strap of leather is depicted, reaching from the right shoulder to the left side, which appears, from the History of the Order, to have been the emblem of fraternity and reception.

Over the whole is a mantle or cloak. On the left side thereof a cross is figured.

This mantle was white; and, when it became old, it was the custom to give it to the Esquires. The reason of selecting white, rather than any other colour, may be understood from the 20th Article of St. Bernard's Rules: 'They who have laid aside a dark life may thence be admonished to reconcile themselves to their Creator by a white: for what is WHITENESS, but perfect CASTITY? Both the SECURITY of the SOUL, and the SANITY of the BODY? And except every Knight continue chaste, he can neither come to PERPETUAL REST, or SEE GOD.' In the Eastern climates, surplices of linen were allowed, but the regular material was woollen, the reason whereof may be readily known by every Companion of the Order of St. John, from the 23d Article, which says, 'No Brother in winter shall have any other skins or bides, or such like belonging to his body, cassock and about the SKINS OF LAMBS.'



The cross anciently borne, was the Patriarchal, or Double Cross; but when the whole Order left the Jurisdiction of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, and acknowledged, in the days of bigotry, the Pope as its head, the badge was altered for that species of cross, called by Leigh, 'Formy,' and by Gwillim, 'Patee,' which was made of red cloth, and worn upon the left shoulder; and in succeeding times, the Knights of different nations assumed them of different colours, as green, white, red, &c. The latter cross, I observe, is very frequently, but improperly, confounded with the Cross of \* Malta, especially by Companions received in French or German Chapters, from which, although not essentially, yet it materially, differs †. The Cross of Malta, however, consists also of eight points, but its colour is white; by which are intimated the PURITY of the ORDER, and the EIGHT POINTS of BEATITUDE, according to the Heralds ‡—'Pour marque de leur pureté et de huit Beatitudes.' The cause of the error of Foreign Templars, in this particular, may be thus accounted for: The *ci-devant* Orders of Knighthood in France, viz. *de St. Esprit, St. Louis, and St. Lazare*, wore the same shaped cross as that of Malta, which, being very near to that of the Order of St. John of the Temple, might easily be confounded therewith.

But if the several orders of France have honoured the Cross of Malta, by taking it as their badge, our English Kings have set that of the *TEMPLARS* on a still higher eminence by making it the chief ornament of the IMPERIAL CROWN OF GREAT BRITAIN.

The RED CROSS PATEE was first given to the Knights of King Solomon's Temple by Pope Eugenius III. A. D. 1146. However I find in Favine, an old French writer upon heraldry, that the portrait of the last Grand Master of the Temple, viz. Jaques de la Maule, as he styles him, which is yet to be seen, as he says, 'in many places at Paris,' had no other arms 'Que la Croix Octogine de son ordre, a l'Orle et Porfi d'argent'—an octangular black cross, bordered with white; which is very probable, for the Templars had a Banner, one side whereof was BLACK, and the other WHITE; intended, according to authors, to represent *destruction to the enemies of our Lord, and favour to BELIEVERS*; but, from the passage quoted from St. Bernard, I should rather think, that those colours were emblematical of the *errors of human nature, and the PURITY to which the Order aspires*.

In this, as well as in other representations of the habit of the Order, which I have by me, I observe a cap upon the head. This, perhaps, may be an emblem of freedom: for when the Romans (from whom many of our customs are derived) manumitted a slave, it was usual to present him with a cap; and it is observable, at this day, that the badge of exclusive jurisdiction with corporations is the *Cap of Maintenance*.

\* 'Crux ad singulas ejus extremitates in duos Angulos terminata.'

† 'Crux versus extremitates suas patula.'

‡ See Favine.

In the right hand of the figure is a species of ensign, consisting of a staff, on the top of which is an octagonal figure, surmounted with a Cross Patee. It will be needless here to speak upon the meaning of the octagon, it being well known to every *learned Companion*.

I well know, Mr. Editor, that every page is of importance in your valuable work, and I am sorry to have intruded so far already; but I will yet add two or three more particulars, before I conclude. The Octagon I have found to be affected in two buildings, erected by the *Ancient Brothers*: viz. The Temple Church in London, and St. Sepulchre's at Northampton, a description of the latter I shall most probably trouble you with in some future number\*. The next remark is not *immediately* connected with the present subject; but some of your readers may be pleased to hear, that in an ancient illuminated missal, which was lately subjected to my inspection, I remarked several *Emblems* immediately derived from the Order of St. John.— Lastly, I will beg leave to recommend to such of your readers, as are already *Companions of the Order*, to read *the Legend of the Red Cross Knight* in 'Spenser's Fairy Queen;' and such of them as have not that honour, who may wish to know *something* of the Order, will find therein as much information concerning it, as can be obtained from books. Wishing you and all our Brethren success in their public undertakings, &c.

I remain, fraternally,  
Your Obedient Servant,

LONDON, Sept.  
22, 1796.

EDW. DOWLING, Jun.  
P. M. of the County Stewards Lodge.

[For further Accounts of the Knights Templars, we beg to refer our Readers to the 'HISTORY OF THE RELIGIOUS AND MILITARY ORDER OF THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM,' by the learned DR. WATKINS, inserted in our Magazine, VOL. III. p. 18, 96, 119, 244, 327, 403; and VOL. IV. p. 91, 297, 372.]

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ON THE DEGENERATE MANNERS  
OF  
THE ATHENIANS.

OF all the Greek nations the Athenians were the most learned and ingenious; and it is remarked, I think by Paterculus, that it seemed as if the souls of all the Grecians were enclosed within the confines of Attica, although their bodies were spread over all the other parts of Greece. It may be said to have been the land of philosophers, orators, poets, painters, musicians, sculptors, and comedians; but there, says Charpentier, we might also have found impostors, liars, slandersers, envious men, idlers, and cheats.

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\* There is an Octagon Tower to one of the parish churches (St. Sepulchre's) in Cambridge. EDIT.

Of the degeneracy of the Athenians in the time of Philip, I shall transcribe Dr. Leland's very animated account, from his *Life and Reign of Philip, King of Macedon*. Perhaps an Englishman may not be able to read it, without making some melancholy applications to a nation but too nearly resembling them.

"It may not be thought unworthy of attention," says Dr. Leland, "to examine what was the manner of private life in Athens, at the eve of its downfall, when every part of its government betrayed such total corruption and depravity.

"A love for public spectacles was the first thing which the youth were taught. There, every object, which could inflame their passions, was presented to their view; they hung with an effeminate pleasure on the musical airs with which women were employed to enervate and captivate them; they wasted their important hours, which should have been devoted to discipline and instruction, in wanton dalliance with the performers, and lavished their fortunes and their vigour in an infamous commerce with these, and other women of abandoned characters.

"The schools of their philosophers were in vain open for their instruction; and, possibly, these might have been held in some contempt, as fitted only for the formal and the recluse, and beneath the notice of the man of business, destined to the exalted and active scenes of life. Thus, the younger men entered into what is now called the world, totally ignorant, and considerably corrupted; already accustomed to regard all selfish gratifications, as their chief happiness; and prepared to acquire the means of these gratifications, by the most sordid, or the most iniquitous practices.

"Their love of money, or their incapacity for more rational entertainment, engaged them in gaming; which, when frequently indulged, is well known to grow into an infatuating habit, which taste and reflection cannot always subdue. Magnificent and costly feasts were now also become honourable distinctions at Athens. The sordid gratification of their palate became the study, and exercised the invention, of its inhabitants. Thus was their wealth lavishly and ignobly wasted, while the public exigencies were sparingly and reluctantly supplied.

"Athenæus has recorded one almost incredible instance of their depravity. They had lately, as we learn from this author, conferred the freedom of their city (the highest compliment, usually paid to kings and potentates) on two men, whose only merit was, that their father had been eminent in the art of cookery, and was famous for having introduced new sauces."

## REVIEW

OF

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*The Life of Lorenzo de Medici, called the Magnificent.* By William Roscoe.  
2 vol. 4to. Price 2l. 2s. Edwards.

CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.

IN the second volume, we are led to the political life of the hero; to whom his biographer, on the best grounds, ascribes the merit of having first formed that political arrangement which was more fully developed, and more widely extended, in the succeeding century, and has since been denominated the balance of power. His endeavour to secure the peace of Italy was crowned with success.

‘This epoch forms one of those scanty portions in the history of mankind on which we may dwell, without weeping over the calamities, or blushing for the crimes, of our species. Accordingly, the fancy of the poet, expanding in the gleam of prosperity, has celebrated these times as realizing the beautiful fictions of the golden age. This scene of tranquility is the interval to which Guicciardini so strikingly adverts in the commencement of his history, as being “prosperous beyond any other that Italy had experienced during the long term of a thousand years. When the whole extent of that fertile and beautiful country was cultivated, not only through its wide plains and fruitful valleys, but even amidst its most sterile and mountainous regions; and, under no controul but that of its native nobility and rulers, exulted not only in the number and riches of its inhabitants, but in the magnificence of its princes, in the splendor of many superb and noble cities, and in the residence and majesty of religion itself: abounding with men eminent in the administration of public affairs, skilled in every honourable science, in every useful art, it stood high in the estimation of foreign nations; which extraordinary felicity, acquired at many different opportunities, several circumstances contributed to preserve; but, among the rest, no small share of it was, by general consent, ascribed to the industry and virtue of Lorenzo de Medici, a citizen who rose so far beyond the mediocrity of a private station, that he regulated by his counsels the affairs of Florence, then more important by its situation, by the genius of its inhabitants, and the promptitude of its resources, than by the extent of its dominions; and, having obtained the implicit confidence of the Roman pontiff, Innocent VIII. his name became so great, and his authority important, in the affairs of Italy, Convinced of the perils that might arise both to the Florentine republic and himself, if any of the more powerful states should be allowed to extend their dominions, he used every exertion that the affairs of Italy might be so balanced that there should be no inclination in favour of any particular state; a circumstance which could not take place without the permanent establishment of peace, and the minutest attention to every event, however trivial it might appear.” Such are the representations of that celebrated historian. It is only to be regretted that these prosperous days were of such short duration. Like a momentary calm which precedes the ravages of the tempest, they were scarcely enjoyed before they were past. The fabric of the public happiness, erected by the vigilance and

preserved by the constant care of Lorenzo, removed, indeed, from the compact during the short remainder of his days; but at his death it dissolved, like the work of enchantment, and overwhelmed, for a time, in its ruins even the descendants of its founder." Vol. II. p. 46, 48.

Mr. R. proceeds, in the following chapter, to examine and illustrate the different progress of Italian and classical literature; and with anecdotes of the respective restorers and professors of both, to give a general idea of the state of literature in Florence, at the close of the 15th century.

‘ Whilst the study of polite literature was thus emerging from its state of reptile torpor, the other sciences felt the effects of the same invigorating beams; and the city of Florence, like a sheltered garden in the opening of Spring, re-echoed with the earliest sounds of returning animation. The Platonic academy existed in full splendor, and served as a common bond to unite, at stated intervals, those who had signalized themselves by scientific or literary pursuits. Judicial astrology was exposed, and observation and experiment substituted in place of conjecture and fraud. The celebrated Gnomon of Toscanelli was erected in the cupola of the church of St. Maria del Fiore, the noblest instrument in the world for the purpose of determining the solstices and ascertaining the feasts of the Romish Church. Volpeca constructed for Lorenzo a clock, which shewed the hour and the motions of the sun and planets, eclipses, signs of the zodiack, and the whole revolution of the heavens. The study of geography was facilitated, by uniting it with poetry. Several treatises on metaphysics appeared. Medicine and music were reformed. Of the innumerable literary works of this period, the production of the Florentine authors, many yet hold a high rank, not only for practical knowledge, but for purity of diction; and, upon the whole, they bear the stamp of industry, talents, and good sense; and, as they may be preferred, both in point of information and composition, to the productions that immediately preceded them, so they are, perhaps, more truly estimable than many of those of the ensuing century, when, by an overstrained attention to the beauty of language, the importance of the subject was frequently neglected or forgotten, and the talents of the first men of the age, being devoted rather to words than things, were overwhelmed in a prolixity of language, that, in the form of letters, orations, and critical dissertations, became the opprobrium of literature, and the destruction of true taste.’ P. 113, 114.

In his private life, Lorenzo is represented as an affectionate and constant husband, a kind and fond parent. Politian had the care of his three sons; Piero, distinguished by a series of misfortunes too justly merited: Giovanni, afterwards Pope LEO X.\*: and Giuliano, by alliance to the royal house of the French, afterwards Duke of Nemours.

In a following chapter is traced the rise and progress of painting and sculpture in Florence; the former from Cimabue, the latter from the Pisani. The rise of the last is ascribed to the fondness for ancient monuments, which took place at the revival of classical literature, a capital collection of which was begun by Cosmo, and completed by Lorenzo. The latter established a school for the study of the antiqua in his own gardens, where was formed Michelagnolo Buonarrotti, whose works and the rapid improvement of taste are ex-

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\* Whose history no man can be so qualified to write as Mr. Roscoe. He was admitted into holy orders at the age of seven, and declared capable of ecclesiastical preferment, which was soon heaped upon him and deserved; and he was made a cardinal at thirteen.

amined and illustrated. Nor did Lorenzo less encourage the study of architecture, at the head of which was Giuliano da San Gallo. Attempts were made to renew the practice of the Mosaic. Certain goldsmiths of Florence invented engraving on copper, while other artists of the same city revived the art of engraving on gems and stone.

Of the splendid era of Leo X. Mr. Roscoe gives a brief but accurate review; and afterwards relates many particulars of the rest of his family, till the election of Cosmo to be Duke of Tuscany.

‘ Thus terminated the Florentine republic, which had subsisted, amidst the agitations of civil commotions and the shock of external attacks, for upwards of three centuries, and had produced, from its circumscribed territory, a greater number of eminent men than any other country. This singular pre-eminence is chiefly to be attributed to the nature of its government, which called forth the talents of every rank of citizens, and admitted them, without distinction, to the chief offices of the state. But the splendor which the Florentines derived from examples of public virtue and efforts of superlative genius was frequently tarnished by the sanguinary contests of rival parties. The beneficent genius of Lorenzo de Medici for a time removed this reproach, and combined a state of high intellectual improvement with the tranquility of well-ordered government. The various pursuits in which he had himself engaged appeared, indeed, to have been subservient only to the great purpose, the humanizing and improving his countrymen. His premature death left the commonwealth without a pilot; and, after a long series of agitation, the hapless wreck became a rich and unexpected prize to Cosmo de Medici. With Cosmo, who afterwards assumed the title of Grand Duke, commences a dynasty of sovereigns’ succession until the early part of the present century, when the sceptre of Tuscany passed from the imbecile hands of Gaston de Medici into the stronger grasp of the family of Austria. During the government of Cosmo, the talents of the Florentines, habituated to great exertions, but suddenly debarred from farther interference with the direction of the state, sought out new channels, and displayed themselves in works of genius and of art, which threw a lustre on the sovereign, and gave additional credit to the new establishment; but, as those who were born under the republic retired in the course of nature, the energies of the Florentines gradually declined. Under the equalizing hand of Despotism, whilst the diffusion of literature was promoted, the exertions of real genius were suppressed. The numerous and illustrious families whose names had, for ages, been the glory of the republic, the Soderini, the Strozzi, the Ridolphi, the Ruccellai, the Valori, and the Capponi, who had negotiated with monarchs, and operated, by their personal characters, on the politics of Europe, sunk at once to the uniform level of subjects, and became the subordinate and domestic officers of the ruling family. From this time the history of Florence is the history of the alliances, the negotiations, the virtues, or the vices, of its reigning prince; and even towards these, the annals of the times furnished but scanty documents. The Florentine historians, as if unwilling to perpetuate the records of their subjugation, have almost invariably closed their labours with the fall of the republic; and the desire of information fortunately terminates where the want of it begins.’ P. 310.

We have dwelt thus long on this excellent addition to the few good specimens of modern history, in which the happy choice and arrangement of materials is only exceeded by the judicious observations and deductions, and the chasteness of the style in which the whole is couched. A copious appendix and index are subjoined to each volume. The plates are, portraits of Lorenzo, Cosmo, and Giuliano de Medici, and of Leo X; besides medals, medallions, and smaller subjects in vignettes.

*Letters written during a short residence in Sweden, Norway and Denmark.* By Mary Wollstonecraft. 8vo. Pages 264. Price 4s. Johnson. 1796.

WE have in several former publications of Mrs. Wollstonecraft admired the strong—or, if the fair traveller will accept the epithet as a compliment, the masculine—mind of this female philosopher; and these Letters furnish us with new inducements to repeat it. The production before us is not; indeed, written with laboured accuracy: the thoughts are neither artfully arranged, nor expressed with studied elegance; and every sentiment appears to have been dictated by the present object, or the present occurrence, with no other care than to express it faithfully and forcibly: but if by fastidious delicacy this should be thought a defect, it is amply compensated by the undistinguished disclosure of an enlightened and contemplative mind, and still more by the natural and energetic expression of feelings which do credit to the writer's heart, and will not fail to touch that of the reader.

We shall first introduce the author to our readers in a mood of musing melancholy, on a summer's night, soon after her arrival in Sweden:

'Nothing, in fact, can equal the beauty of the northern summer's evening and night; if night it may be called that only wants the glare of day, the full light, which frequently seems so impertinent: for I could write at midnight very well without a candle. I contemplated all nature at rest; the rocks, even grown darker in their appearance, looked as if they partook of the general repose, and inclined more heavily on their foundation.—What, I exclaimed, is this active principle which keeps me still awake?—Why fly my thoughts abroad when every thing around me appears at home?—My child was sleeping with equal calmness—innocent and sweet as the closing flowers.—Some recollections, attached to the idea of home, mingled with reflections respecting the state of society I had been contemplating that evening, made a tear drop on the rosy cheek I had just kissed; and emotions that trembled on the brink of ecstasy and agony gave a poignancy to my sensations, which made me feel more alive than usual.'

In this passage, we cannot help particularly pointing the attention of the reader to the highly poetical image of the rocks looking as 'if they partook of the general repose, and reclining more heavily on their foundations.' The glow of sensibility, which animates the passage, it is impossible not to admire. A gloomy obscurity hangs over the sentiment at the close, which we do not find ourselves capable of removing.

Of the writer's lively fancy, and tender (perhaps morbid) sensibility, we must give our readers a beautiful but affecting specimen:

'Tonsberg was formerly the residence of one of the little sovereigns of Norway; and on an adjacent mountain the vestiges of a fort remain, which was battered down by the Swedes; the entrance of the bay lying close to it.

'Here I have frequently strayed, sovereign of the waste—I seldom met any human creature; and sometimes, reclining on the mossy down, under the shelter of a rock, the prattling of the sea amongst the pebbles has lulled me to sleep—no fear of any rude satyr's approaching to interrupt my repose. Balmy were the slumbers, and soft the gales that refreshed me, when I awoke to follow, with an eye vaguely curious, the white sails, as they turned the cliffs, or seemed to take shelter under the pines which covered the little islands that so gracefully rose to render the terrific ocean beautiful. The fishermen were calmly casting their nets; whilst the sea-gulls hovered over the unruffled deep. Every thing seemed to harmonize into tranquility—even the mournful call of the bittern was in cadence with the tinkling bells on the necks of the cows, that, pacing slowly one after the other, along an inviting path in the vale below, were repairing to the cottages to be milked. With

what ineffable pleasure have I not gazed—and gazed again, losing my breath through my eyes—my very soul diffused itself in the scene—and, seeming to become all senses, glided in the scarcely-agitated waves, melted in the freshening breeze, or, taking its flight with fairy wing, to the misty mountains which bounded the prospect, fancy tript over new lawns, more beautiful even than the lovely slopes on the winding shore before me.—I pause, again breathless, to trace, with renewed delight, sentiments which entranced me, when, turning my humid eyes from the expanse below to the vault above, my sight pierced the fleecy clouds that softened the azure brightness; and, imperceptibly recalling the reveries of childhood, I bowed before the awful throne of my Creator, while I rested on its footstool.

‘You have sometimes wondered, my dear friend, at the extreme affection of my nature.—But such is the temperature of my soul.—It is not the vivacity of youth, the hey-day of existence. For years have I endeavoured to calm an impetuous tide—labouring to make my feelings take an orderly course.—It was striving against the stream.—I must love and admire with warmth, or I sink into sadness. Tokens of love which I have received have wrapt me in elysium—purifying the heart they enchanted.—My bosom still glows.—Do not saucily ask, repeating Sterne’s question, “Maria, is it still so warm?” Sufficiently, O my God! has it been chilled by sorrow and unkindness—still nature will prevail—and if I blush at recollecting past enjoyment, it is the rosy hue of pleasure heightened by modesty: for the blushes of modesty and shame are as distinct as the emotions by which they are produced.’

We occasionally remark, in these letters, such anomalies in expression as are common with writers of brilliant fancy. But notwithstanding a few occasional blemishes, the work has uncommon merit, and will not fail to be admired for the happy union which it presents of refined sense, vigorous fancy, and lively sensibility.

*Letters containing a Sketch of the Politics of France, from the 31st of May 1793, till the 28th of June 1794, and of the Scenes which have passed in the Prisons of Paris* By Helen Maria Williams. Vol. 4th 12mo. Pages 225. Price 3s 6d. Robinsons 1796.

THOSE readers, whose feelings have been harrowed with the scenes of dreadful desolation and savage barbarism acted in France, will rejoice to be in some measure relieved from the anguish of sympathy, by accompanying this truly sentimental writer in her review of the triumphs of insulted humanity over the ministers of terror. To borrow Miss Williams’s beautiful simile; their feelings will resemble those of the ‘weary traveller, who, having passed along paths beset with danger; where base and horrid precipices frowned about, and deep and dark abysses yawned below, gains at length some fair summit, from whence, while he shudders to look back, the prospect opening before him presents scenes cheered by vegetation, and softened into beauty.’

Several of the narratives in this volume are more than enough distressing; but the reader has the relief and comfort of finding them terminate happily. The volume commences with an account of the accusation and punishment of several persons, who had been principals in the horrid work of revolutionary murder.

These accounts are followed by a more pleasing narrative of the escapes of innocent persons from destruction on the revolution of the 10th of Thermidor.

The remainder of the volume contains a brief review of the military operations of the French, during the period specified in the title.



*The Sicilian Lover, a Tragedy in Five Acts.* By Mrs. Mary Robinson, Author of Poems, Angelina, &c. &c. Hookham and Carpenter. 1796. 8vo. pages 80.

IN our Review of a former month we gave that tribute of praise, which we conceived to be so justly due, to Mrs. Robinson's Novel of Angelina: and, though we will not attempt to rank the present dramatic performance with the best of her works of other kinds, yet we have found in it *much to admire*. In many parts, the poetry is very beautiful; but we would not recommend tragedy to the fair authoress: for when there are so many other kinds of writing in which she has such transcendent excellence, why should not her fine talents be exercised upon them? To walk the mazy labyrinth of the passions, and to follow them in all their sudden turns and windings, is not, in our opinion, a task suited to Mrs. Robinson. Why then should she write only to *please*, when she has so many ways of making us admire "wonder rapt!" The genius of Mrs. Robinson, employed as long on any other work suited to it, as it must have been on the *Sicilian Lover*, would have produced a finished piece.

—————Cui lecta potenter erit res  
Nec facundia deseret hanc—————Hor.

The true turn of the Genius of the writer is evident throughout this tragedy: for it is in the poetical and descriptive parts that she is most happy. As a proof of this, we extract the following lines which would alone place their author very high among the poets of this country.

This is the hour, when on yon lofty terrace  
Honorina comes to taste the evening air,  
And, with the dulcet tinkling of her lute,  
Bid the lorn nightingale forget his tale  
And pause in wonder rapt! The crimson west  
Gilds the grey battlements with blushing gold!  
And viewless myriads o'er the fainting flow'rs,  
Close their long sultry day with humming song!  
As through the valley pensively I wander'd,  
At ev'ry cottage door the weary hind  
Sat 'midst his infant race, with ditty old,  
Cheating the trav'ler Time; while twilight's hand  
O'er the still landscape drew a dusky veil.  
Ere now, the freckled carle forgets the world,  
And in his unbarr'd chamber sweetly sleeps,  
Lull'd by the music of the mountain breeze!

It may perhaps appear invidious to have selected this passage from many others equally good; but justice compels us to add one to the many other proofs of Mrs. R's genius.

—————  
*Camilla: or, a Picture of Youth.* By the Author of *Evelina* and *Cecilia*. 12mo. 5 Volumes. Pages about 2300. Price 21s Payne.

AFTER the volumes of trash, which are daily obtruded on public notice, we are pleased to find the elegant pen of Mrs. D'Arblay again employed in Novel writing. It hardly need be added that it has been employed with its usual success. To enter into a regular critique of five volumes, considerably larger than any we ever remember to have read, is not permitted us by the limits of our publication. The outline of the story may be traced in the youthful errors of the Nieces of Sir Hugh Tyrold; a Country Baronet, whose sole aim throughout is to add all he can to the happiness of his fellow creatures; but a variety of other characters are occasionally introduced, to relieve the picture, and many of them originals.

To say that Mrs. D'Arbly always writes correctly and elegantly, would be, to those who have read her former productions, to tell them what they already know; to those who have not read them, we recommend the perusal of Camilla, in proof of what we assert.

To make a partial extract from so long a performance, may perhaps appear like plucking a leaf from a forest; but the following definition of Ton, in volume 3d, must be pleasing to our readers.

'Ton, in the scale of connoisseurs in the certain circles, is as much above fashion, as fashion is above fortune: for though the latter is an ingredient that all alike covet to possess, it is courted without being respected, and desired without being honoured, except only by those who, from earliest life, have been taught to earn it as a business. Ton, meanwhile, is as attainable without birth as without understanding, though in all the certain circles it takes place of either. To define what it is would be as difficult to the most renowned of its votaries, as to an utter stranger to its attributes. That those who call themselves of the ton either lead, or hold cheap all others, is obtrusively evident: but how and by what art they attain such pre-eminence, they would be perplexed to explain. That some whim has happily called forth imitators; that some strange phrase has been adopted; that something odd in dress has become popular; that some beauty, or some deformity, no matter which, has found annotators; may commonly be traced as the origin of their first public notice. But to whichever of these accidents their early fame may be attributed, its establishment and its glory is built upon vanity that knows no deficiency, or insolence that knows no blush.'

The moral throughout is very pure; this we shall give in the words of the fair writer, which end the last volume.

'With joy expanding to that thankfulness which may be called the beauty of piety, the virtuous Tyrols, as their first blessings, received these blessings of their children: and the beneficent Sir Hugh felt every wish so satisfied, he could scarcely occupy himself again with a project—save a maxim of prudence, drawn from his own experience, which he daily planned teaching to the little generation rising around him; to avoid, from the disasters of their Uncle, the dangers and temptations, to their descendants, of unsettled collateral expectations.

'Thus ended the long conflicts, doubts, suspences, and sufferings of Edgar and Camilla; who, without one inevitable calamity, one unavoidable distress, so nearly fell the sacrifice to the two extremes of imprudence and suspicion, to the natural heedlessness of youth unguided, or to the acquired distrust of experience that had been wounded. Edgar, by generous confidence, became the repository of her every thought; and her friends read her exquisite lot in a gaiety no longer to be feared: while, faithful to his word, making Etherington, Cleves, and Beech Park, his alternate dwellings, he rarely parted her from her fond parents and enraptured Uncle. And Dr. Marchmont, as he saw the pure innocence, open frankness, and spotless honour of her heart, found her virtues, her errors, her facility, or her desperation, but *A Picture of Youth*; and regretting the false light given by the spirit of comparison, in the hypothesis which he had formed from individual experience, acknowledged its injustice, its narrowness, and its arrogance. What, at last, so diversified as man? What so little to be judged by his fellow?'

Upon the whole, we are quite of opinion, that Camilla is a picture which must, upon inspection, please every true Connoisseur. As a lesson of morality for young people, to guard them against the ill consequences of precipitance in their actions, we strongly recommend it; and we will venture to add, that it may be read by all with amusement, and by most with instruction.

*The Iron Chest: a Play; in three Acts. Written By George Colman, the younger. With a Preface. 8vo. Pages 127. Price 2s Cadell and Davies. 1796.*

THE point at issue between Mr. Colman (*the younger*) and the Manager of Drury-Lane Theatre, is, whether the ill success of the play of the Iron Chest was owing to the want of merit in the piece itself, or to the acting of the latter gentleman. Mr. C. is very violent in support of his accusation that Mr. Kemble did not do his best, or the play must have been well received. Many facts relative to the getting of it up are stated, with much force, but without either temper or discretion. Upon this controversy, which has occupied so much of the attention of dramatic amateurs, we shall not make any observations, as the Public have had a fair opportunity of judging of the truth of Mr. C's accusation by the renewed representation of the play at the Haymarket Theatre. We cannot, however, forbear giving a few extracts from the Preface, though we do not pretend to defend their virulence or to espouse either side of the question.

‘ I am too callous, now, to be annoyed by those innumerable gnats and insects, who daily dart their impotent stings on the literary traveller; and too knowing to dismount, and waste my time in whipping grasshoppers:—but here is a scowling, sullen, black Bull, right athwart my road:—a monster of magnitude, of the Bœotian breed, perplexing me in my wanderings through the entangled labyrinth of Drury! he stands sulkily before me, with sides, seemingly, impenetrable to any lash, and tougher than the Dun Cow of Warwick!—His front outfroniting the brazen bull of Perillus!—he has bellowed, gentlemen! Yea, he hath bellowed a dismal sound! A hollow, unvaried tone, heaved from his very midriff, and striking the listener with torpor!—Would I could pass the animal quietly, for my own sake!—and, for his, by Jupiter! I repeat it, I would not willingly harm the Bull.—I delight not in baiting him.—I would jog as gently by him as by the ass that grazes on the common: but he has obstinately blocked up my way.—he has already tossed and gored me severely.—I must make an effort, or he batters me down, and leaves me to bite the dust.’

‘ And, here, let me describe the requisites for the character which I have attempted to draw, that the world may judge whether I have taken a wrong measure of the personage whom I proposed to fit: premising that I have worked for him before, with success, and, therefore, it may be presumed that I am somewhat acquainted with the dimensions of his qualifications.—I required, then, a man

“ Of a tall stature, and of sable hue,”

“ Much like the son of Kish, that lofty Jew.”

A man of whom it might be said,

“ There's something in his soul”

“ O'er which his melancholy sits, and broods.”

Look at the actor;—and will any body do him the injustice to declare that he is deficient in these qualifications. It would puzzle any author; in any time or country, from Æschylus down, even, to the Translator of Lodoiska, —and really, gentlemen, I can go no lower—to find a figure and face better suited to the purpose. I have endeavoured, moreover, to pourtray Sir Edward Mortimer as a man stately in his deportment, reserved in his temper,

mysterious, cold, and impenetrable, in his manner; and the candid observers, I trust, will allow that Mr. Kemble is thoroughly adequate to such a personation."

Of the Play itself we will venture to say, that it possesses evident proofs of genius; but that it is by far the most incorrect of Mr. Colman's dramatic productions.

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*Remarks on Mr. Colman's Preface; also a Summary Comparison of the Play of the Iron Chest with the Novel of Caleb Williams.* 8vo. Pages 31. Price 1s. Cawthorn.

THE following advertisement is prefixed by the author to these remarks; and affords a very good outline of the pamphlet itself.

' The author of these slight remarks is aware that there is little excuse to be made for appearing abruptly and carelessly before the public; he claims, therefore, no other indulgence than that which has usually been granted to such as exercise their pens on subjects of a temporary nature.

' Mr. Colman has, in a very virulent, and, it is generally thought, ill-advised preface, endeavoured to attribute the condemnation of his play of the Iron Chest to Mr. Kemble.—The author has attempted to clear that gentleman from the imputation.

' The *Comparison* annexed was written immediately after the first representation of the play. It appeared to the writer, that Mr. Colman had injudiciously treated his subject, and he was led, for the sake of amusement and curiosity, to ascertain more distinctly the cause of his failure; he has subjoined it, therefore, to the remarks, as a further confirmation of his opinion, that Mr. Kemble is not, in the remotest degree, accountable for the ill success of the Iron Chest.

' He would wish, however, to have it understood, that the political sentiments in Caleb Williams have no share in this comparison, either one way or the other. He has looked to the characters and incidents of the novel, purely as characters and incidents susceptible of dramatic application and effect.

' Should there be any inclination to condemn the writer for want of candour, he would beg leave to refer the reader to the preface of Mr. Colman; and trusts he should immediately stand excused, for an expression or two bordering on harshness or incivility.'

Without espousing either side of the controversy, we are of opinion, that the remarks are written in a very forcible and elegant style; and that both the ingenuity and judgment of the author deserve much praise. The comparison between the play of the Iron Chest and the novel of Caleb Williams, is one of the neatest pieces of criticism we remember to have read. In an appendix the author endeavours to shew that the great success of the play, on its representation at the theatre in the Hay-market, is no proof of its merit; but, in our judgment, the Appendix is the worst part of the present performance.

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# POETRY.

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A

## MASONIC PROLOGUE,

DELIVERED JAN. 14, 1774.

AS lately, Brethren, from the Lodge I came,  
 Warm'd with our Royal Order's purest flame—  
 Absorb'd in thought—before my ravish'd eyes  
 I saw the Genius MASONRY arise:  
 A curious hieroglyphic robe he wore,  
 And in his hand the Sacred Volume bore:  
 On one side was divine ASTRÆA plac'd,  
 And soft-ey'd CHARITY the other grac'd;  
 HUMANITY, the gen'ral friend, was there,  
 And PITY, dropping the pathetic tear;  
 There, too, was ORDER;—there, with rosy mien,  
 Blithe TEMP'RANCE shone, and white-rob'd TRUTH was seen.  
 There, with a key suspended to his breast,  
 SILENCE appear'd—his lips his fingers prest:  
 With these, soft warbling an instructive song,  
 Sweet MUSIC, gaily smiling, tripp'd along.  
 Wild Laughter, clam'rous Noise, and Mirth ill-bred,  
 The brood of Folly, at his presence, fled.

The Genius spoke,—' My Son, observe my train,  
 Which, of my Order, diff'rent parts explain.  
 Look up—Behold the bright ASTRÆA there,  
 She will direct thee how to use the Square;  
 Pity will bid thee grieve, with those who grieve,  
 Whilst Charity will prompt thee to relieve;  
 Will prompt thee every comfort to bestow,  
 And draw the arrow from the breast of Woe:  
 Humanity will lead to Honour's goal,  
 Give the large thought, and form the gen'rous soul;  
 Will bid thee thy Fraternal Love expand  
 To Virtue of *all* faiths—and *ev'ry* land.  
 Order will kindly teach her laws of peace,  
 Which discord stop, and social joys increase:  
 Temp'rance instruct thee all excess t' avoid,  
 By which fair fame is lost, and health destroy'd;  
 Truth warn thee ne'er to use perfidious art,  
 And bid thy tongue be rooted in thy heart:  
 Silence direct thee never to disclose  
 Whate'er thy Brethren in thy breast repose:  
 For thee shall Music strike th' harmonious lyre,  
 And, whilst she charms thy ear, morality inspire.  
 These *all* observe;—and let thy conduct shew  
 What real blessings I on man bestow.'

He said, and disappear'd:—and Oh! may we,  
 Who wear this honour'd Badge, accepted, free,  
 To ev'ry Grace and Virtue Temples raise,  
 And by our useful works our Order praise.

ODE  
TO FORTITUDE.

**N**YMPH of the rock, alike serene,  
Whether the golden Eye of day  
Beam on the earth his cheerful ray,  
And gild with living light the scene;  
Or if black storms and whirlwinds howl,  
If deep-ton'd thunders shake the pole,  
If meteors dart their glare around,  
And lightnings fire the blasted ground :

In such an hour of wild affright,  
That stuns the ear, appals the sight,  
When all Creation shrinks aghast,  
As if Destruction wing'd the blast,  
Undaunted does thy soul the shock sustain,  
Nor reck the whirlwind's howl, or thunder-blasted plain.

For thee her adamant shield  
Does heav'n-descended Virtue wield :  
'Tis thus thou hear'st, without dismay,  
The din of arms and discord bray ;  
The tiger yell, the lion roar,  
That scour the tainted plain for gore.

On rocks, that beetle o'er the deep,  
Where yawn the jaws of Ruin steep,  
O'er ravening gulphs, where ghastly Death  
Watches his bloody trade beneath,—  
The narrow ridge's dizzy line,—  
With stedfast eye to walk is thine.

Where'er thou turns't thy purpos'd way,  
With iron arms in firm array,  
Labour, with all his hardy crew,  
And Toil, that knows no rest, pursue.

Even Fate, whose adamant chain  
All human force assails in vain,  
Relenting from his stern decree,  
Yields the triumphant crown to thee.

And wizard Danger, from whose sullen howl  
Starts, chill'd with horror, every soul,  
Scar'd by the lightning of thine eagle eyes,  
Low stoops his haughty crest, and shrinks his giant size.

## ELEGY,

ON MR. MATTHEW WINTERBOTHAM,

CAPTAIN OF A VESSEL IN THE SIERRA LEONE COMPANY'S SERVICE,  
WHO WAS DROWNED GOING ASHORE AT DIX-COVE, ON THE GOLD COAST, AFRICA.

HEARD you that dismal scream, that echoes o'er  
The burning surface of the breaking wave?—  
'Twas the vindictive Spirit of the shore,  
As clos'd the billows o'er yon fluid grave.

For in misguided rage his dart he threw—  
Meant for the spoilers of his wasted land—  
The deadly shaft wide of its purpose flew,  
And Virtue sunk beneath his erring hand.

Yes—WINTERBOTHAM—virtuous was thy course;  
And pure the treasures that thy vessel bore:  
Unstain'd by blood, drawn from no tainted source,  
Commerce, and Peace, and Freedom, mark'd thy store.

Ah, weeping AFRIC!—well may sorrows flow,  
When the fierce Genius of thy injur'd coast,  
With indiscriminate rage, blasts friend and foe,  
And thy best guardians in the storms are lost.

To bring thee freedom, in his manly prime  
See him launch forth upon thy boiling wave—  
Encounter all the fervours of thy clime,  
And every danger in thy service brave.

Where European footsteps never trod,\*  
Behold him rushing o'er your burning plains—  
To scatter blessings—break oppression's rod—  
And from your free-born sons take slav'ry's chains.

But that high Fate, that rules our fleeting time,  
With early hand snatch'd him from fame's career;  
And bade his virtues take their post sublime,  
'Midst kindred worth, in yon immortal sphere.

Nor deem his pure example has been vain—  
His labours yet their destin'd purpose fill;  
His virtuous energies do yet remain,  
And sacred Freedom feels his efforts still.

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\* He, in the beginning of 1794, in company with Mr. WATTS, penetrated above 300 miles in the interior parts of AFRICA, to the regal city of TEEMBO, in order to establish a fair commerce with the Natives, and with a view to the Abolition of the detestable Slave Trade.



And you, ye mourners of his manly worth,  
 By soft affection, as by nature, tied,  
 Who saw his active powers go early forth—  
 Ah, let this torrent of your griefs subside!

Tho' short his honest course—yet soothe your woes;  
 That not one cloud obscur'd his shining way—  
 And that the Brother—Child—unsullied goes  
 To his reward in realms of endless day!

Scarborough, Sept. 18.

J. F. S.

### VERSES,

WRITTEN AT SUN-SET.

HOMEWARD now the labourer hies;  
 Once more his dreary toil is done:  
 Behold, in yonder western skies,  
 The glories of the setting Sun!

'Survey'—and tell what can compare—  
 'The various beauties of the globe:—'  
 Scarcely Aurora's self doth wear  
 So rich, magnificent, a robe!

What, though the splendid King of day  
 Hath travers'd now our hemisphere?  
 To nether regions bends his way,  
 Thousands of other worlds to cheer?

His exit all the world doth tell,  
 A solemn calm prevails around;  
 Peace haunts the grove; till Philomel  
 With music makes the vale resound.

Cool is the lingering day's decline,  
 As man, whose vital spirit's fled;  
 Quickly the rolling clouds combine,  
 Each parting moment gives a shade:

Soon shall the night, with gloomy sway;  
 To rest the busy world consign;  
 And, for a while; this earthly clay  
 In peace our better part resign:

When, of the happy—happiest he,  
 Who early seeks this natural boon;  
 Whose mind from anxious troubles free,  
 Health and sweet peace his slumbers crown.

But, lo! a goodly prospect now!  
 The Queen of night unveils her face;  
 Soon shall her silver radiance glow,  
 And fear from every bosom chase.

She, like a torch, with borrow'd light  
 Illuminates th' ethereal dome;  
 Strips off the gloomy veil of night,  
 And guides the lonely traveller home.

Nor these thy sole predestin'd laws—  
 (Still more even human mind doth know!)  
 Thy gravitating power doth cause  
 Old Ocean's tides to ebb and flow!

Much yet remains of thee untold,  
 Blest orb! that doth our earth attend;  
 As what doth human eye behold,  
 Which human mind can comprehend?

The smallest objects, that present,  
 This mark of gratitude do call—  
 O Lord, thy works how excellent!  
 In wisdom hast thou made them all!

J. T. M'DONELL.

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SONNET.

(FROM MARINO.)

WHILE in sweet descant o'er the golden string  
 The Hebrew Youth his flying fingers drew,  
 The tortur'd mind of Judah's envious King  
 From its accustom'd pangs some respite knew;

And while the Thracian Bard, in plaintive strains,  
 Struck the deep sorrows of his tuneful shell,  
 The guilty souls were loosen'd from their chains,  
 And Music sooth'd th' avenging pow'rs of Hell:

But now, when leaving the star-spangled sphere,  
 With heav'nly sounds this Seraph strikes my ear,  
 How can I still increasing Anguish prove?  
 Is it, that heav'nly harmony can fail  
 To lull our cares, when earthly sounds prevail?  
 Or that Hell sooner is appeas'd than Love?

C.

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THE SIGH AND THE TEAR.

BY T. P.

THE tear that bedews the sad eye,  
 When my sorrow-fraught tale I unfold,  
 The music of Sympathy's sigh,  
 Are dearer than silver or gold.

Then I think on the days that are gone,  
 When Affluence sat at my gate,  
 When I wept for sad tales like mine own,  
 And reliev'd the hard pressure of fate.

A crust will for nature suffice,  
 By age and calamity shook ;  
 And, thanks to the merciful skies !  
 My thirst I can slake at the brook.

But charity wou'd you impart,  
 To lighten the load of my care,  
 Wou'd you bind up the woe-broken heart,  
 O give me a sigh and a tear !

*EPIGRAMS,*

BY DR. PERFECT.

SELF THE SAFEST PROP.

'FATHER,' says Filius, ' 'tis with real concern,  
 I — ' You'll shoot the gulph from whence there's no return,  
 ' I see—and fear it soon will be your fate ;  
 ' Of life you can't expect a lengthen'd date ;  
 ' To me consign your secular affairs ;  
 ' I'll ease your troubles, lessen all your cares.'  
 ' Thank you, my son !' the hoary sage replies ;  
 ' But long experience makes me rather wise :  
 ' My stay may be but short—but, whilst I stop,  
 ' I trust that SELF will prove the *safest prop.*'

THE CONJUGAL REPARTEE,

WHEN Moggy told Harry he look'd like a bull,  
 The neighbours believ'd what she said :  
 For all thought that Mog had cornuted his skull,  
 In being untrue to his bed.  
 When Harry, describing the noise of his Mog,  
 By simile prone to explore,  
 He thought of a bull—but he meant a bull-frog,\*  
 Incessant of clamour and roar.

\* See Smith's description of this kind of frog, in his ' Tour through the United States of America.'

## MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

## IMPORTANT STATE PAPER.

OFFICIAL COPY OF THE OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE TREATY OF ALLIANCE BETWEEN FRANCE AND SPAIN.

THE Executive Directory of the French Republic and his Catholic Majesty the King of Spain, animated by a wish to strengthen the bonds of amity and good understanding, happily re-established between France and Spain, by the Treaty of Peace concluded at Basle, on the 4th Thermidor, and the third year of the Republic (July 22, 1795,) have resolved to form an Offensive and Defensive Treaty of Alliance, for whatever concerns the advantages and common defence of the two nations; and they have charged with this important negociation, and have given their full powers to the undermentioned persons, namely: the Executive Directory of the French Republic to Citizen Dominique Catherine Perignon, General of Division of the Armies of the Republic, and its Ambassador to his Catholic Majesty the King of Spain; and his Catholic Majesty the King of Spain to his Excellency Don Manuel de Godoi, Prince of Peace, Duke of Alcudia, &c. &c. &c. Who, after their respective communication and exchange of their full powers, have agreed on the following articles:

ARTICLE I. There shall exist for ever an Offensive and Defensive Alliance between the French Republic and his Catholic Majesty the King of Spain.

II. The two contracting powers shall be mutual guarantees, without any reserve or exception, in the most authentic and absolute way, of all the states, territories, islands, and places, which they possess, and shall respectively possess. And if one of the two powers shall be in the sequel, under whatever pretext it may be, menaced or attacked, the other promises, engages, and binds itself to help it with its good offices, and to succour it on its requisition, as shall be stipulated in the following articles.

III. Within the space of three months, reckoning from the moment of the requisition, the power called on shall hold in readiness, and place in the disposal of the power calling, 15 ships of the line, three of which shall be three deckers or of 80 guns, twelve of from 70 to 72, six frigates of a proportionate force, and four sloops or light vessels, all equipped, armed, and victualled for six months, and stored for a year. These naval forces shall be assembled by the power called on in the particular port pointed out by the power calling.

IV. In case the requiring power may have judged it proper for the commencement of hostilities, to confine to the one half the succour which was to have been given in execution of the preceding article, it may, at any epoch of the campaign, call for the other half of the aforesaid succour, which shall be furnished in the mode and within the space fixed. This space of time to be reckoned from the new requisition.

V. The power called on shall in the same way place at the disposal of the requiring power, within the space of three months, reckoning from the moment of the requisition, eighteen thousand infantry, and six thousand cavalry, with a proportionate train of artillery, to be readily employed in Europe, and for the defence of the colonies which the contracting powers possess in the Gulf of Mexico.

VI. The requiring power shall be allowed to send one, or several Commissioners, for the purpose of assuring itself whether, conformably to the preceding articles, the power called on has put itself in a state to commence hostilities on the day fixed, with the land and sea forces.

VII. These succours shall be entirely placed at the disposal of the requiring power, which may leave them in the ports and on the territory of the power called

on, or employ them in expeditions it may think fit to undertake, without being obliged to give an account of the motives by which it may have been determined.

VIII. The demand of the succours stipulated in the preceding articles made by one of the Powers, shall suffice to prove the need it has of them, and shall bind the other power to dispose of them, without its being necessary to enter into any discussion relative to the question, whether the war it proposes be offensive or defensive; or without any explanation being required which may tend to elude the most speedy and exact accomplishment of what is stipulated.

IX. The troops and ships demanded, shall continue at the disposal of the requiring power during the whole of the war, without its incurring in any case any expence. The power called on shall maintain them in all places where its ally shall cause them to act, as if it employed them directly for itself. It is simply agreed on, that during the whole of the time when the aforesaid troops or ships shall be on the territory or in the ports of the requiring power, it shall furnish them from its magazines or arsenais whatever may be necessary to them, in the same way, and at the same price as it supplies its own troops and ships.

X. The power called on shall immediately replace the ships it furnishes, which may be lost by accidents of war or of the sea. It shall also repair the losses the troops it supplies may suffer.

XI. If the aforesaid succours are found to be, or should become insufficient, the two contracting powers shall put on foot the greatest force they possibly can, as well by sea as by land, against the enemy of the power attacked, which shall employ the aforesaid forces, either by combining them, or by causing them to act separately, and this conformably to a plan concerted between them.

XII. The succours stipulated by the preceding articles shall be furnished in all the wars the contracting powers may have to maintain, even in those in which the party called on may not be directly interested, and may act merely as a simple auxiliary.

XIII. In the case in which the motives of hostilities being prejudicial to both parties, they may declare war with one common assent against one or several powers, the limitations established in the preceding articles shall cease to take place, and the two contracting Powers shall be bound to bring into action, against the common enemy, the whole of their land and sea forces, and to concert their plans so as to direct them towards the most convenient points, either separately or by uniting them. They equally bind themselves, in the cases pointed out in the present article, not to treat for peace unless with one common assent, and in such a way as that each shall obtain the satisfaction which is its due.

XIV. In the case in which one of the Powers shall act merely as an auxiliary the Power which alone shall find itself attacked may treat of peace separately, but so as that no prejudice may result from thence to the auxiliary Power, and that it may even turn as much as possible to its direct advantage. For this purpose, advice shall be given to the auxiliary Power of the mode and time agreed on for the opening and sequel of the negotiations.

XV. Without any delay there shall be concluded a treaty of commerce on the most equitable basis and reciprocally advantageous to the two nations, which shall secure to each of them, with its ally, a marked preference for the productions of its soil and manufactures, or at the least advantages equal to those which the most favoured nations enjoy in their respective States. The two Powers engage to make instantly a common cause to repress and annihilate the maxims adopted by any country whatever, which may be subversive of their present principles, and which may bring into danger the safety of the neutral flag, and the respect which is due to it, as well as to raise and re-establish the colonial system of Spain on the footing on which it has subsisted, or ought to subsist, conformably to treaties.

XVI. The character and jurisdiction of the consuls shall be at the same time recognized and regulated by a particular convention.---Those anterior to the present treaty shall be provisionally executed.

XVII. To avoid every dispute between the two Powers, they shall be bound to employ themselves immediately and without delay, in the explanation and development of the VIIth Article of the treaty of Basle, concerning the frontiers, conformable to the instructions, plans, and memoirs which shall be communicated through the medium of the Plenipotentiaries who negotiate the present Treaty.

XVIII. *England being the only power against which Spain has direct grievances, the present alliance shall not be executed unless against her during the present War; and Spain shall remain neuter with respect to the other powers armed against the Republic.*

XIX. The ratification of the present treaty shall be exchanged within a month from the date of its being signed.

Done at St. Idephonso, 2 Fructidor, (August 19) the 4th year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

(Signed)

PERIGNON, AND  
THE PRINCE OF PEACE.

The Executive Directory resolves on and signs the present Offensive and Defensive Treaty of Alliance with his Catholic Majesty the King of Spain, negotiated in the name of the French Republic by Citizen Dominique Catherine Perignon, General of Division, founded on powers to that effect by a resolution of the Executive Directory, dated 20 Messidor (September 6), and charged with its instructions.

Done at the National Palace of the Executive Directory, the fourth year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

Conformable to the original.

(Signed)

By the Executive Directory

REVEILLIERE LEPAUX, President,

LAGARDE, Secretary General.

This treaty was ratified on the 26th Fructidor, September 12, by the Council of Elders.

## INTELLIGENCE OF IMPORTANCE

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE OF SEPT. 6, 1796.

DRESDEN, AUGUST 27.

Intelligence has been received here of considerable advantages having been obtained by the united armies of the Archduke Charles and General Wartensleben over that of General Jourdan.

These accounts state, that after General Wartensleben left Amberg he retreated to the left side of the Nab, his main corps opposite to Schwartzentel, with two different corps besides towards Narbourg and Schwarzdorff, where he remained while General Jourdan's army advanced near him on the opposite side of the river, in three divisions, of which he himself commanded the centre. This was about the 20th or 21st of August.

That the Archduke, after abandoning Donawert, had retired beyond the Lech, and taken a strong position near its confluence with the Danube; but understanding that, independent of General Jourdan's grand army in face of General Wartensleben, another division of the French, under General Championet, was advancing towards Ratisbon, his Royal Highness, after leaving a strong corps behind the Lech to observe General Moreau, marched along the Danube with the remainder (about forty thousand men) and passed that river at Ingolstadt about the 17th or 18th.---That from thence he advanced by Dietfurt to Teining, where he met the advanced posts of General Championet's division, beat them back, and followed them towards Castel, on the way to Amberg.---That by this time General Jourdan took alarm, and recalled his troops towards Amberg, and in proportion as he retreated General Wartensleben advanced. That between

Amberg and Sultzbach, General Jourdan drew up his army, and a battle ensued, in which the Austrians were victorious. That the loss of the French on this occasion was supposed to be five thousand killed, and two thousand made Prisoners, with about thirty pieces of cannon. That the whole of the Austrian army was not engaged, but a considerable corps was detached at the same time to Herschpruck, Lauff, and Nuremberg, of which city the Austrians took possession.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, SEPT. 20.

This Gazette contains two letters from Mr. Craufurd to Lord Grenville; the first of which is dated Lauffen, Aug. 27, and in which, after a long detail of the manœuvres of the French and Austrian armies, from the 14<sup>th</sup> to the 23<sup>d</sup>, Mr. Craufurd proceeds to relate the particulars of the grand attack made on the French by the Archduke Charles, on the 24<sup>th</sup>.

“On the 24<sup>th</sup> the long-intended combined operation took place against General Jourdan's army. This operation was performed in seven columns. That of the right of General Wartensleben's army advanced towards Weger; another large column proceeded from Schwartzfeld, having a third smaller force to its left, and a fourth advanced from Swandorf towards Amberg, in the neighbourhood of which place the three latter columns were to unite, and that of the left to form a junction with the Archduke's right, which proceeded from Neumark, by Castell, to Amberg, having two strong corps to the left, of which the one under Lieutenant General Staray advanced from Herschpruck, and the other under Lieutenant General Hotze, to Lauffen. This excellent disposition would certainly have been followed by a very decisive battle, had not the enemy, alarmed at the menacing movement of the Archduke's corps, retreated so precipitately as to make it impossible. Their loss must, however, have been considerable; and two battalions of their rear guard, which defended as long as possible the defiles of Amberg, were completely annihilated by some squadrons of Austrian cavalry. The different corps encamped in the evening in the neighbourhood of Amberg, Herschpruck, Lauffen, &c. General Jourdan is continuing his retreat towards Forcheim.

“Whilst these operations were carrying on, General Moreau crossed the Danube at Donawert, and acted with his whole army against General La Tour, who has been obliged to quit the position of the Lech, and on the 24<sup>th</sup> took another behind the Iser. General La Tour's loss has been very inconsiderable, although the great superiority of the enemy obliged him to retreat.”

Mr. Craufurd's second letter is dated Bamberg, Aug. 31, and contains details of the movements of the Armies from the 24<sup>th</sup> to the 31<sup>st</sup>.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY OF WEDNESDAY,  
SEPTEMBER 21.

This Gazette contains two letters from Capt. Anstruther; the first dated Zell, near Wurtzburg, Sept. 4, and giving an account of the different movements of the armies, on the 1<sup>st</sup> and 2<sup>d</sup> of September; and of a decisive victory obtained by the Austrians over the French, on the 3<sup>d</sup>; in which the former lost 800 men, while the latter had 2000 men killed, and more than 2000 taken Prisoners. One colour, six pieces of cannon, and a great number of baggage and ammunition waggons also fell into the hands of the conquerors. Captain Anstruther's second letter, dated Zell, September 5, gives an account of the capitulation of the citadel of Wurtzburg, on the 4<sup>th</sup>, with a garrison of 700 men (among whom was General Belmont, Chief of the French Artillery), who were made Prisoners of War.

In consequence of these Actions General Jourdan was forced to retreat in a very disorderly manner towards the Rhine, as appears by the following intelligence.

WILHELMSBAD, NEAR HANAU, SEPT. 3, 1796.

"In consequence of the late Actions, the army of Jourdan is retreating in the most disorderly manner possible, in different directions. About 3000 men passed this place since yesterday morning, almost all of them without arms, and dragoons and hussars on foot, having lost their horses. The peasants have almost every where risen upon them; and, when in small numbers, either killed or disarmed, and plundered them: A great many have passed Steinheim, coming from Aschaffenburg; but the greater part of the army seems to be directing its retreat, by Felde, towards Wetzlar, in order to pass the Lahn.

"At Frankfort, and every where in the neighbourhood, the enemy seem to be preparing for their departure. They have again taken hostages from several places belonging to the Elector of Mayence."

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY OF FRIDAY,  
SEPT. 23.

This Gazette contains two letters from Capt. Anstruther; the first dated Windicken, September 10, and containing an account of an action on the 6th, near Aschaffenburg, in which the French lost upwards of one thousand men.

According to various accounts General Jourdan still continued retreating towards the Rhine, in a very disorderly manner. This is further confirmed by the following letter.

WILHELMSBAD, NEAR HANAU, SEPT. 6, 1796.

"Jourdan continues his retreat in the same disorderly manner: numbers of stragglers pass by Hanau, and likewise on the other side of the river by Steinheim; but the principal part of the army seems still to direct its march by Fulda and Geitenhausen. About 200 artillery men passed this place yesterday, without even side arms: they said they were disarmed and ill treated by the inhabitants of the Spessart. It appears that great numbers of the enemy have been killed by the peasants; they fell upon the Quarter Master General Ernouff, who was retreating with what is called the Grand Etat Major of the army, killed the greatest part of the escort, seized the military chest, and divided the money they found in it. General Ernouff, who is arrived at Frankfort, only escaped by the swiftness of his horse. As soon as the French appear, the alarm is given by the ringing of bells, when the peasants immediately assemble where they think they may be able to attack the enemy to advantage.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE OF SATURDAY, SEPT. 24.

ASCHAFFENBOURG, SEPT. 8.

"From the returns which have been made, it appears, that in the action of the 3d, 3200 men were made prisoners, exclusive of the number that were killed and brought in by the military and peasants; 2 standards were likewise taken: 127 French ammunition waggons, and 15 pieces of cannon, among which were 6 field pieces, were found in the citadel at Wurtzburg. The enemy at Schweinfurt left 90 pieces of cannon, and 90 at Fredenburg, several magazines in the town of Wurtzburg, and in the citadel a large chest containing specie, mandats, and assignats.

### ARMIES IN ITALY.

The Paris Journals of the 19th inst. contain an official letter of General Buonaparte to the Executive Directory, dated, "Head Quarters, Trent, September the 6th," giving a full account of a victory obtained by a division of his army, under the command of General Massena, on the 4th.---The loss of the Austrians in this affair is stated as very considerable: 6 or 7000 prisoners, 25 pieces of cannon, 50 military waggons, and 7 standards, were taken; and the



fall of Roveredo was the immediate consequence. On the following day Gen. Massena entered the important city of Trent, which General Wurmser had evacuated on the preceding evening. A French division, commanded by General Vaubois, immediately marched in pursuit of the Austrians, while General Dallemagne took an advantageous position in the village of Lovis. General Murat forded the river Larisio, and attacked a detachment of Wurmser's army: which, after a smart action, he defeated, with the loss of between 4 and 500 men, killed, wounded, and taken prisoners.---Buonaparte promises fresh successes, and informs the Directory that they may shortly expect the account of a more bloody and decisive action.

The Paris Journals, of the 23d inst. contain official letters from General Buonaparte to the Executive Directory, giving an account of further victories over the Austrians, of which the following are extracts.

## CISMONA, SEPT. 7.

"The division of General Angereau proceeded on the 20th to Borgo du Valdi Sigame, by Martello and Val Solva; the division of General Massena also repaired thither by Trente and Levico.

"On the morning of the 7th, the light infantry, forming the advanced guard of General Angereau, commanded by General Lanus, fell in with the enemy entrenched in the village of Priemalan, their left supported by the Brenta, and their right by perpendicular mountains. The village was carried.

"We have taken 18 pieces of cannon, 15 covered waggons, 8 standards, and 4000 prisoners. The night and the fatigue occasioned by forced marches and continual fighting which the troops underwent, induced me to halt this night at Cismona. To-morrow morning we shall traverse the remaining defiles of the Brenta.

"It remains that I should give you an account of the battle of Bassano.---On the 8th, at two o'clock in the morning, we put ourselves on our march, and being arrived at the opening of the defiles near the village of Salagno, we there met the enemy, who were every where put to the rout; and General Murat sent detachments of cavalry in pursuit of them. We marched immediately to Bassano, which General Angereau entered.

"We took during the day 5000 prisoners, 25 pieces of cannon, all found together with their carriages, 38 boats belonging to the bridge all in good order, and 200 waggons carrying part of the baggage of the army. We took five standards; Lannes, the chief of brigade, took two with his own hands. General Wurmser and the treasure of the army escaped but by one moment.

"We are at this instant in pursuit of a body of 8000 men, which Wurmser sent towards Vicenza, and which is all that remains of the formidable army, which, only one month since, threatened our expulsion out of Italy. In six days we have fought two battles, and had four actions, took 21 standards, and sixteen thousand prisoners, amongst whom are several Generals. The rest were either killed, wounded, or dispersed.

"During these six days fighting in impracticable defiles, we have advanced upwards of 45 leagues, taken 70 pieces of cannon, with their apparatus and carriages, a considerable part of their grand park of artillery, and abundant magazines spread over the whole line which we have traversed.

(Signed)

BUONAPARTE."

## MONTEBELLO, SEPT. 10.

"Wurmser, with 1500 cavalry, 3000 infantry, and all the Staff, is hemmed in between the division of Massena, which set out this morning from Vicenza, defiling by Villa Nova, and the division of Angereau, who set out from Padua, and goes by way of Port Legnago.

"Wurmser escaped from Bassano, attained Cittadella, and from thence went to Vienne and Montebello, to rejoin his troops, and attempt to force Verona---but Kilmaine, whom I had left there, perceiving his design repulsed him. I learn this hour, that he is marching along the Adige, and endeavours to gain Mantua---It is possible this project may succeed. Then notwithstanding two half brigades more that I shall give to Sahuguet, I am master of Italy, of Tyrol, and of Frioul. (Signed)

BUONAPARTE."

## HOME NEWS.

## BLOWING UP OF THE AMPHION FRIGATE.

PLYMOUTH, SEPT. 23.

YESTERDAY at four o'clock, the Amphion frigate, of 32 guns, Captain I. Pellew, lashed along the *Princessa* hulk, blew up with a dreadful explosion. The shock felt was like an earthquake. In a moment the fore-part of the ship was scattered in ten thousand shivers, and nothing but wreck to be seen. There were near three hundred men, women, and children on board, when this shocking accident happened.

The returns this morning are Captain Pellew, one lieutenant, one purser, one midshipman, one mate, one boatswain and mate, and thirty three seamen and marines saved: several of these are badly wounded. The rest, shocking to relate, consigned to eternity! About forty two bodies were picked up, and carried to the bone-house of the Royal Hospital, and placed in coffins, among which are six young women.

The distress among the numerous relations of the unfortunate sufferers is inconceivable, each endeavouring to find out a brother, husband, or son, among the dead bodies. Many were blown in such positions, and so discoloured, as to look like the figure heads of a man of war.

How this accident happened is as yet unknown. Captain Pellew, Captain Swaffield, of the *Overyssel*, of 64 guns, and a lieutenant of the *Amphion*, were dining together; hearing some bustle, Captain Pellew and the lieutenant ran into the quarter gallery, and the ship instantly blew up forwards. Captain Pellew was blown on the hulk, and the lieutenant into the water. Both were saved. Captain P. wounded in the face, and the lieutenant in the leg. Poor Captain Swaffield, a Mr. Spry, jun. upholder, of Dock, and his son, were all sunk with the wreck. A Serjeant of the North Devon was also blown up, with several other persons visiting their friends, it being the anniversary of His Majesty's coronation. The master, gunner, carpenter and mate, Lieut. Campbell of the Marines (nephew of Col. Campbell), are among the unfortunate sufferers.

## THE ARTS.

List of Works of Art, chosen from the collection at Rome, by the Commissaries of the French Republic, in virtue of the 8th Article of the Armistice, concluded between the French Republic and his Holiness the Pope. From the Museum of the Vatican.

## THE EELVIDERS.

1. The Apollo.---2. Laocoon.---3. Lantin.---4. The Torso marked L. A.---
5. Hercules Commodus, marked L. G.

## GALLERY OF THE STATUES.

6. Demosthenes, sitting.---7. Trajan, sitting holding a globe.---8. The Poet Posidipus, sitting.---9. Menander, sitting.---10. Phocion.---11. Cleopatra.---
12. Cupid Torso.---13. Hygeia.---14. Sextus Empiricus, preceptor to M. Aurelius.---15. An Amazon.

## HALL OF ADONIS.

16. Venus recumbens.---17. Adonis.---18. Paris.

## HALL OF THE CAR.

19. Discobolus.---20. Sardanapalus, with a Greek inscription.---21. Augustus.---
22. A Statue said to be Cæsar.---23. Tiberius in a toga.---24. Discobolus, by Meroni.

## HALL OF ANIMALS.

25. Meleage r.---26. The Nile and the Children.---27. The Tiber, with the Wolf, and Remus and Romulus.

CIRCULAR HALL.

28. A large statue of Ceres.---29. A large statue of Melpomenc.

HALL OF APOLLO AND THE MUSES.

30. Apollo.---31 to 39. The Nine Muses.

IN THE CAPITOL---HALL OF ANTINOUS.

40. Antinous.---41. Apollo.---42. A groupe, Cupid and Psyche.

HALL OF GLADIATORS.

43. The dying gladiator.---44. A Vestal bearing the sacred fire.---45. Juno.---

46. The Egyptian Porter.---47. The Fawn playing on the Flute.

CHAMBER OF BUSTS.

48. Venus.---49. Flora.

FIRST CHAMBER OF BUSTS.

50. Zeno.

GALLERY OF CANDELABRA.

51. Urania.---52. Ceres.

HALL OF THE EGYPTIAN FIGURE.

53. An Egyptian figure.---54. The boy drawing the thorn out of his foot.

MUSEUM OF THE VATICAN---BUSTS.

55. Antinous.---56. Adrian.---57. Jupiter Serapis.---58. Jupiter.---59 Comedy.

60. Tragedy.---61. The Ocean.

GALLERY OF BUSTS.

62. Bust group of Cato and Porcia.---63. Menelaus.---64. Minerva.

MUSEUM OF THE CAPITOL.

65. Junius Brutus in bronze.

MOSAIC HALL.

66. Marcus Brutus.---67. Alexander.---68. Ariadne.

FIRST CHAMBER OF BUSTS.

69. Homér.

MUSEUM OF THE VATICAN.

Tombs, Altars, Candelabra.

TOP OF THE STAIR-CASE.

70. A great Vase of Basaltes with Masks.

IN THE BELVIDERE.

71. An Altar facing Antinous.

HALL OF CANDELABRA.

72. Candelabrum.---73. Ditto.---74. Ditto.---75. An Altar.---76. Ditto, with ornaments consecrated to Apollo.

NEAR THE ENTRANCE.

77. A Sphinx of red granite.---78. Ditto.---79. A Curule Chair.---80. Ditto.

IN THE CAPITOL.

81. The tomb of the Muses, with its cover.

THE SMALL GALLERY

82. The Tomb representing the Triumph of the Marine Gods.---83. A grand Tripod.

PICTURES.

84. The Transfiguration, by Raphael.---85. The Communion of St. Jerome, by Minechino.---86. St. Petronella, by Guercino.---87. Christ at the Tomb, by Michael Angelo.---88. St. Romuel, by Andre Sacchi.---89. The Virgin supporting the dead Jesus, by Annibal Caracci.---90. The Fortune of Guido.---91. A Holy Family, Caracci.---92. The Martyrdom of St. Erasine, by Poussin.---93. A Miracle, by Andre Sacchi.---94. St. Cecilia, by Vanni.---95. A Martyrdom, by Valentin.---96. The Martyrdom of St. Peter, by Guido.---97. St. Thomas, by Guercino.---98. The Crowning of the Virgin in Heaven after her Assumption, and the Apostles, by Raphael.---99. An Ascension, by Perlegen.---100. The Crowning of the Virgin in Heaven, by Raphael.

Done at Rome, the 27th Thermidor, 4th year of the French Republic.

(Signed)

BERTHOLETT,  
BARTHELEMI,  
MORLÉ,

THORAIN,  
MONGE,  
TISER

## OBITUARY.

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THE late French General, La Harpe, lost his life by an unfortunate mistake. He fell by the hands of those who tenderly loved him. After the passage of the Po, his advanced guard being attacked by a strong body of the enemy of much superior force, he flew to bring it off. This object accomplished, he returned to his head quarters: but his escort, which was composed of Hussars, owing to the darkness of the night, was taken for a detachment of Hulans, and assailed by a discharge, of which Laharpe became the victim.

He was born in the *Pays de Vaud*, in 1754, and served in France during the Revolution. Success always crowned the operations with which he was entrusted. He marched always in the advanced guard, or at the head of a column, and had never before received any wound. He possessed much intrepidity and coolness--knowledge and uncommon activity--the eloquence of the heart, and resistless affability. He was poor, temperate, and disinterested. Of austere manners, and had no passion but for Liberty!

Buonaparte, in announcing his death, treated his eulogium in a few words: "The republic has lost a man who was devoted to its interests, the army one of its best Generals, and every soldier a companion."

He has left six children, and the oldest, who is but sixteen, has already distinguished himself in the army of Italy.

The late Mr. John Nicholson, bookseller, of Cambridge, (*vide our Obituary of the last month*) died of a lingering complaint of stranguary and stone. By unremitting attention to business for upwards of 45 years, he had acquired considerable property, and was in the University better known by the name of "Maps or Pictures," from his constant habit of offering those articles at the different chambers. He established a very capital circulating library, including most of the lecture-books read in the University, and also many of the best and scarcest authors in various

other branches of literature; by which means the students were enabled to furnish themselves with the works of the best writers at a small expence.

He presented to the University a whole-length portrait of himself, loaded with books, which hangs in the staircase of the public library, and under it a print engraven from it.

Lately, in his 23d year, after a very tedious and painful illness, Mr. Joseph Webster, jun. of Loughborough; a youth of exquisite natural talents, refined by good education. He was born April 13, 1774; and, at the usual period of life, was articled to a surgeon of eminence, with every fair promise of becoming himself an ornament to that respectable profession; but, unfortunately, in a very few months, he was afflicted with an abscess in the loins, probably from the Psoas muscle; which continued till worn-out nature could no longer resist the shock. Disabled by bodily infirmity from pursuing even the most moderate exercise, and unavoidably confined to the house, he sought refuge in an elegant amusement, for which he seemed peculiarly formed; and, from copying trifling prints, soon acquired a facility of accomplishing much higher productions, till at length there was scarcely any thing which his pen or his pencil could not match. His own hand-writing was remarkably neat; and he with great readiness imitated any other. Landscapes, animals, vegetables, heraldry, seals, maps, portraits, and even historical pictures, were multiplied by him for daily amusement. His patient perseverance can only be conceived by those who have seen his performances. He copied very early Prior's large map of the county of Leicester with the utmost precision; and made also a beautiful transcript of that wonderful and almost unknown tract of country, *Charnwood Forest*. Three charming prints of Peters's he had repeatedly copied; the Resurrection of a pious Family from their Tomb at the last Day; an Angel carrying the Spirit of a Child to Paradise; and the Spirit of a Child arrived

in the Presence of the Almighty. Several portraits of eminent persons (Dr. Johnson, Dr. Farmer, Mr. Tyrwhitt, Mr. Malone, Professor Harwood, Mr. Staveley and his Lady, Mr. Alleyne of Loughborough, &c. &c.) are the counterparts of the pictures from which they are taken, except that in most of them the likeness is preserved, and, as is natural to drawings, the delicacy increased. He had the art of reducing large portraits to a wonderful nicety; and had just begun to attempt the taking of original miniatures, of which some few remain, particularly one of himself, in which infirmity and placid resignation are well depicted. The "Death of General Wolfe," a print not more generally known than admired, has from the pencil of Mr. Webster even additional charms. He had begun a groupe of figures, in a manner which he thought would be his *chef-d'a uvre*, from the large print which describes the melancholy parting of the late King of France from his family. His hand was arrested by Death in the prosecution of this bold design, just when he had completed the monarch's head; but the drawing remains a valuable fragment of his skill. He had obtained also the prints of the glorious naval victory on the first of June, and the death of Major Pearson; which he fondly pleased himself with the idea of imitating---But he is released from the misery of an incurable illness, happily for himself, and consequently (however they may for the present regret their own loss) the less lamented by all who loved and esteemed him; in which number, besides his immediate relations and the writer of this heartfelt tribute, he had the honest pride of reckoning some names of high rank in literature, and of high station in Church and State.

Lately at his house in Upper Brook-street, in his 69th year, the Right Hon. William Gerrard Hamilton, formerly secretary in Ireland. By his death there lapses an Irish pension of 2000. a year; and the bulk of his fortune goes to William Hamilton, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn-fields. He was usually denominated Single-speech Hamilton; of which he was put in mind by Mr. Bruce, when, on an insinuation of Mr. Hamilton's, that it was highly improbable any man should make such fine drawings as Mr. B. exhibited for his own, without ever

having been known to excel in design, Mr. Bruce said, "Pray, Sir, did you not once make a famous speech in the House of Commons?" "Yes, I did." "And pray, Sir, did you ever make another?" "No, I did not." This gentleman was suspected by some to be the author of Junius's Letters; a suspicion which he endeavoured to strengthen by affected mystery whenever the subject was introduced. We know not, however, of any other proof of his literary merit that could give any probability to such a rumour.

Lately at Little Shelford, co. Cambridge, very much respected, Thomas Wale, Esq. in his 95th year; a gentleman not more remarkable for the length of his life than for the equanimity of temper and vivacity of disposition with which he passed through it. Uniformly benevolent, his greatest happiness was composed in the exercise of friendship and charity towards all who were so fortunate as to fall within the sphere of his knowledge. The friends who knew him well can bear the amplest testimony to his general humanity, unaffected sincerity, and firm integrity of heart; and bid defiance even to the malicious eye of envy herself to spy out one foe he has left behind him. The afflicted heart, whose grief he was ever ready to alleviate by the most consoling tenderness; the downcast eye, which heretofore started the tear of gratitude for a generous relief at his hands; will now give way to very different sensations; the one, to regret with sorrow an irreparable loss; the other to weep with woe the friend that is no more: for, alas! the tender heart which so sensibly sympathized with the sorrowful, the kind hand which so cheerfully administered relief to the distressed, are both alike inanimate in the dust. During the two last years of his life his faculties failed; but, "his death was that of the righteous." He was interred in a mausoleum, which he had erected in his own garden, opposite the church, after the service had been performed over the body in the church; and, on the Sunday following, a sermon suitable to the occasion was preached at Little Shelford by the Rev. Mr. Marshall, the curate.

Lately at Paris, the Duke de Chatelet. This unfortunate Peer, after securing some part of his property in England,

returned to France with the hope of rescuing more; but, before he could attain his object, was discovered, and arrested by the Deputy on mission in the department de la Somme. He had, however, taken such precautions, that his emigration could not be traced; and might, perhaps, have escaped, had not a Jacobin, whose brother was cook in an English nobleman's family, produced a letter, which stated the Duke's having dined with Lord----- on a particular day, and even the other company who were present, and the conversation which passed at table. Mons. de Chatelet, surprized, unprepared for such evidence, and unable to refute it, was sent to Paris, and guillotined; and in his fate were involved several innocent people, one of them a young English lady, because she happened to be in a house where the Duke slept one night.

Lately in Rupert-street, aged 64, Mr. Thomas Strike, commonly called *Dr. Strike*, a native of Berkshire. He was formerly drayman to a brewer, and lodged in the same house with a German Doctor, who cured the *fiatula in ano* without cutting. To Strike he bequeathed his recipe and mode of treatment, by which, with application and a common understanding, he has supported himself in affluence more than 20 years, and is said to have performed some wonderful cures. Being hospitable and convivial, he has not saved much money; but has left the secret to the support of his family, consisting of a son, a daughter, and his fourth wife, who was used to administer to his female patients. His will prayed, *inter alia*, that he should be buried unshaved or washed, and not looked at when in his coffin, which should be made of elm without a nail in it, be kept 10 days, and then buried not more than five feet under ground. He was a benevolent man, never without half-a-crown in his pocket for a poor acquaintance; and had many weekly pensioners, to whom he regularly gave tea and sugar, tobacco, or money.

Aged 21, William Fountleroy Carpenter, Esq. son of a Devonshire gentleman, who removed to Essex county, in Virginia, where Mr. C. was born, his mother and three brothers reside, and whence he had but lately arrived in this country, to receive a fortune bequeathed to him many years since by his uncle Coryndon Carpenter, Esq. of

Launceston, co. Cornwall. He was unfortunately killed in a duel, which he fought with Mr. John Pride, a native also of Virginia, aged about 25. No previous animosity subsisted between them till the meeting took place: in consequence of a conversation at the Virginia coffee-house on the Friday preceding. His ardour upon political topics induced him to reprobate the principles of some of the Congress, who opposed the treaty lately concluded between this country and America. His antagonist was equally warm against those who stood up for the treaty. Very early on Sunday morning they met in Hyde-park, attended by their seconds, who used every means in their power to bring the affair to an amicable adjustment, but in vain. The distance of only five paces being measured, they fired at exactly the same instant, when Mr. C. received his antagonist's ball in the side, which penetrated nearly through his body; and notwithstanding it was immediately extracted, he died the next day at Richardson's hotel, Covent-garden; and the coroner's inquest returned a verdict of wilful murder. Mr. Carpenter behaved with the greatest composure, remained sensible to the last, and died without a struggle. His last wish was, that neither his antagonist nor the seconds should be prosecuted. He was an uncommonly fine young man.

Lately at Little Chelsea, Lady Gordon, daughter of Thomas Alsop, of Loughborough, gent. and second wife of Samuel Philips, of Gerendon hall, co. Leic. Esq. (whose first wife Septima, sister and heiress to Charles Lewis, Esq. of Stamford-hall, co. Nottingham, died in 1766). Mr. Philips, who concluded the too short-lived race of a most respectable and worthy family, March 16, 1774, at the age of 65, left his noble mansion at Gerendon, with an income of 7000l. a year, to his widow; who was afterwards married to Sir Will. Gordon, K. B.; but, on the death of this lady, the estates descend, agreeably to the will of Mr. Philips, to Thomas March, Esq. of More Critchell, co. Dorset, his maternal cousin, who has just obtained the royal licence to assume the surname and arms of Philips, in addition to those of March.

Lately at Ayr, Mr. James Heriot, of Sandyford.

Sept. 1. At Brighton, the Right Hon. David Murray, Earl Mansfield. He was possessed of the following employments:

	<i>Per ann.</i>
Clerk of the Court of King's Bench, - - -	6000
Lord Justice General of Scotland, - - -	2000
Lord President of the Council, - - -	5000
Hereditary Keeper of Scoon Palace, - - -	6000

£ 10,000

His Lordship was Knight of the Thistle, Chancellor of Mareschal College, and a Cabinet Counsellor. He was a most excellent Greek and Latin scholar; a complete historian; had a perfect knowledge of all the Courts in Europe, which he often visited in a public and in a private capacity; spoke the polite languages fluently; was considered as a complete orator, in the Ciceronian stile of Eloquence, and always claimed the greatest attention. He had been for a considerable time Ambassador at the Court of France, where he was in the highest estimation; many years Secretary for the Foreign Department in this country, and a firm friend to Royalty. During the last four years his health began to decline. He several times, when speaking in the House of Lords, was attacked with apoplectic fits; and fell down apparently dead. Of late, therefore, he seldom attempted to debate.

His Lordship's eldest son, Lord Stormont, is now at the University of Leipzig: and only left this Country a few weeks since, to complete his education by a residence on the Continent.

His Lordship was twice married: his first wife was the daughter of Count Bunan, of Saxony, by whom he had a daughter, married in 1785 to George Finch Hatton, Esq. Her Ladyship died in March, 1767; and in 1776 his Lordship united himself to the third daughter of the late Lord Cathcart, by whom he had issue four sons, the eldest of whom, David William, born March 7, 1777, succeeds to the title and estates.

The remains of the venerable Earl having been brought to town on the 7th inst. from Brighton, were on the 8th,

at noon, removed from his late residence in Portland-place, in great funeral pomp, to the Abbey church, Westminster.

The following was the order of the procession:

Twelve Horsemen, two and two.

The Plume of Black Feathers.

THE HEARSE,

Richly adorned with Escutcheons,

Banners, and Trophies,

containing

THE BODY.

On the Plate was inscribed

His Age and Honours.

Three Mourning Coaches and six,

With all his Lordship's Domestics, The Family Coach, and Set of Horses.

The postilion, coachman, and footmen, according to etiquette, were in their livery suits, with silk hat-bands and gloves.

On the cavalcade arriving at the church, a great number of persons collected together: the hearse door being opened, two of the bearers drew out the coffin, and had got it on their shoulders, but through the indecency of the multitude, who pressed forward to tear off the ornaments, the horses took fright, and ran off before the other men were ready; the corpse fell to the ground, and the coffin was so much shattered that the foot part bulged. The concussion must have broken the leaden receptacle, as a great quantity of water proceeded from it. This unpleasant accident was remedied as soon as possible, and the body was interred in the family vault of his ancestors. The former Lord and his Lady are the only two, beside his Lordship, who are buried in the tomb contiguous to the Earl of Chatham's monument, on the north west side of the Chancel.

On the 21st of November, 1795, at Bankpore, near Patna, the Rev. Robert Carr. Uniting the mildness of unoffending simplicity and the ardour of elevated sentiment with the noblest qualities of the mind, Mr Carr was snatched from a society which he had long continued to adorn, and from his friends and his family, to whom all his wishes, all his endeavours, and his happiness particularly tended, many years before the natural life of man attains the usual measure of its completion. The dignity of his virtue, the purity of his morals, and the fervour of his reli-

gion, with all the social sympathies of the soul, had formed his mind for the exercise of his holy functions with awful solemnity.

On the 17th of February last, died in Berkley County, Virginia, Mr. Charles Roberts, at the uncommon age of 116 years. He was a native of Oxfordshire, in England, but had resided in America nearly 80 years. He seemed to retain all his faculties in perfect exercise to the end of his existence, and two years before his death rode to church alone. During his long life he knew not sickness, and his death was not preceded by indisposition--it was sudden, as he was eating his supper.

Sept. 8. At Wyke, between Bath and Bristol, in the 70th year of his age, David Saunders, of West Lavington, Wilts; whose distinguished piety, and moral excellence, furnished Miss H. Moore with materials for her well known story, *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*. The dimness of his sight had obliged him to give up his occupation, which he had followed for more than half a century on the same farm, till six months back; since which time, several respectable farmers who well knew his worth entertained him, by rotation, at their houses; and as a mark of their unfeigned respect for his memory, they had his remains conveyed from the place of his decease to his own parish, and buried with more than common solemnity.

In Jamaica, in April last, a negro woman of the name of Bankes, at the uncommon age of 135 years.

Sept 17. At his house, in Southampton Row, Bloomsbury, aged 65, Mr. Dodd, comedian, of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane.

Mr. Dodd at an early period of life was drawn to the stage by that dazzle which the tinsel of the profession generally gives to young minds. Born in London under the influence of the *Muses*, he became their devotee, whilst at a Grammar School in Holborn. But what confirmed him in an opinion which inclination had begun, was the compliments he received on his playing the part of *Darius*, in the *Andria* of *TERENCE*, a little before he left school. These were irresistible, and soon decided him to strike at the stage as the grand object of his future happiness and emolument.

At the age of sixteen, a period when

thegeneralityofboys are getting through the classics, we find Mr. Dodd facing the naked eye of an audience. The first part he played in public was *Roderigo*, in an *Itinerant Company*, at *Sheffield*, a part which he went through with such success as flattered his warmest inclinations; and as the general run of Country Companies are not very strong in numbers, Mr. Dodd was so encouraged by this *first onset*, that he occasionally undertook the principal characters in *Tragedy*.

As soon as his Summer's expedition was over at *Sheffield*, he proceeded to *Norwich*, where he settled for some time.

Mr. Dodd continued thus no inconsiderable servant of *all work*, till his engagement with Mr. Arthur, Master of the Bath Theatre. The superior applause he met with in *Comedy* from this audience, led him henceforward to cultivate his *Comic Talents* with such assiduity as not only gained him the approbation of the Bath audience, but encouraged Messrs. Garrick and Lacey to engage him at a genteel salary for *Drury-Lane Theatre*.

In the winter of 1765, he made his first appearance in *Faddie*, in the *Foundling*; nor could any Performer be happier in the choice of a part, as every line of it seems written to express that particular line of acting Mr. Dodd was in the possession of. Under so excellent a judge as Garrick, there was little to be apprehended that he would have unfit parts: that great Manager, as well as Actor, saw the line of his merit, and gave it every judicious latitude it would bear, till by degrees he produced a Performer who added no inconsiderable consequence to *Drury-Lane*.

As an Actor, Mr. Dodd, in the airy genteel *Coxcomb* certainly claimed originality. There are many other parts in *Low Comedy*, and as a singer, in which he was very useful; but in *Fops* we think he stood alone;--his voice, manner, and above all, his figure, were happily suited to express that light *degenerate* vivacity so necessary to finish his character.

For some years past, he has been frequently indisposed, and has rather secluded himself from theatrical company, and though of late years rather a *Manerist* and that of the *old school*, he has seldom been equalled in his particular cast of parts.



## LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

*London, Aug. 30.* R. Jones, Northumberland-street, Strand, coal-merchant. J. Hall, Blackman-street, Newington, Surry, cheesemonger.

*In the Country.*---J. T. C. Dutton and J. Whittingham, Liverpool, merchants.

*London, Sept 2.* W. Davison and J. Anderson, Webber-street, Southwark, tin-plate-workers. T. Holmes, Northampton-street, Clerkenwell, Cabinet-maker. J. Lacey, City Chambers, merchant. E. Birch, Battle Bridge, brewer. J. Haviland, Taunton, Somerset, timber-merchant. J. Howell, Borough High-street, Southwark, tobacconist.

*In the Country.*---J. Fagill, Bristol, woollen-draper. W. Evans, Manchester, grocer. W. Hobson, Manchester, inn keeper.

*London, Sept 5.* W. Palmer, Norton Falgate, Middlesex, brazier.

*In the Country.*---B. Stone, jun. and E. Harrison, of Winstar, Derby, cotton-manufacturers. W. Hall Smith, Nottingham, grocer.

*London, Sept 9.* J. Harding, Great Titchfield-street, Mary-le-bone, earthenware-man, T. Thornton, late of Broad-street, Middlesex, dealer. E. Raitton, Southwark, hop-merchant.

*In the Country.*---J. Fade, late of Langton, York, dealer.

*London, Sept 14.* W. Evans, of Fleet-street, haberdasher. P. Dalby, of the Old City Chambers, Bishopgate-street, linen-merchant. J. Kebbll, of St. Pancras, Middlesex, tile-maker. J. Fielder and H. Raitton, of Newgate-street, wholesale linen-draper. B. Tanner, now or late of Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire, shop-keeper. J. Brodie, of Rood-lane, wine-merchant.

*In the Country.*---J. Vaughan Clark, now or late of Witney, Oxfordshire, blanket-weaver. A. Kington, now or late of Bath, Somersetshire, carpenter.

*London, Sept 14.* R. Martin and J. Bain, Fleet-street, booksellers. H. Johnstone, Purley, Berks, merchant. J. Houndle, Coble-street, Whitechapel, carpenter. M. Hart, Bermondsey-street, merchant. T. Bates, Bedford Bury, Covent Garden, man's mercer.

*In the Country.*---J. Shore and J. Walton, Manchester, cotton-manufacturers. W. Compton, Paington, Devon, merchant. T. Duxbury, Blackburn, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturer. G. Spink, Birmingham Heath, Warwick, steel watch-chain-maker. R. Bullock, Macclesfield, Chester, butcher.

*London, Sept 20.* W. Huff, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, linen-draper.

*In the Country.*---T. Hague, of Ashton under Line, Lancaster, machine-maker. H. Voysey, late of Walcot, Somersetshire, schoolmaster. W. Bell, late of Liverpool, Lancashire, vinegar-manufacturer. W. Walton, Liverpool, Lancashire, merchant.

*London, Sept 24.* T. Hawkes, Lothbury, saddler. J. Lawrie, Leighton, Bussard, Bedford, shopkeeper. J. Moore, Wentworth-street, Whitechapel, tallow-chandler. W. Pickman, Fulham, malster. J. Rainbird, Greenwich, sutler.

*In the Country.*--J. Forbes, Birmingham, seedsman.

*London, Sept 27.* M. Oliver, of Bow, Middlesex, cheesemonger. Charles Fozard, of Little Newport-street, Soho, oilman. J. Fozard the elder, L. Fozard, and J. Fozard the younger, of Park-lane, Piccadilly, stable-keepers.

*In the Country.*---H. Gordon, of Bath, haberdasher.