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THE  
FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,  
OR  
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FOR NOVEMBER 1794.

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A SERMON  
PREACHED AT THE ANNIVERSARY  
GRAND PROVINCIAL MEETING  
OF FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS,  
AT WEST MALLING, IN KENT, MAY 19, 1794.

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BY THE REV. JETHRO INWOOD, B. A.  
CURATE OF ST. PAUL'S, DEPTFORD, AND MASTER OF THE RECTORY  
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ADDRESS TO THE BROTHERHOOD.

BELOVED,

THE shield under which I hide myself from public censure for the presumption of publishing the following Sermon, is the earnestness of your solicitations. Fortunate to please so respectable an assembly of Free and Accepted Masons at the time of its delivery, I flatter myself with the hopes that, by this attempt, which was contrary to all my intentions, I shall meet an increase of that success; and that in reading as well as hearing, it may not only keep alive in all your bosoms that flattering opinion of your preacher which you was then pleased to favour him with; but also that those serious admonitions which are advanced in it, may have a lasting effect in the hearts of all the Brethren, and at different times stir them up to the practice of those duties which only can ornament their characters as Men, as Masons, and as Christians.

To love the Brotherhood, to fear God, and honour the King, are each, and all of them, such essential characteristics of the honourable profession of Masonry, that where both the sentiment and practice of them are not, whatever any man may call himself, I shall make no more scruple to pronounce that he is not a good Mason, than I should hesitate to say, a wicked man is not a good Christian.

I therefore scruple not to say, that the *sentiments* contained in the Sermon were very suitable to the occasion upon which they were delivered. As for the utility of this Sermon being either preached or printed, it must depend upon the hearer and the reader. If, therefore, my beloved Brethren, you would kindly wish to do credit, either to the profession of Masonry, or to the feeble attempts of a Brother who earnestly wishes in every labour to credit his profession, and do good to the Brethren, then accept my admonitions, and stir up within you all those gifts of moral wisdom, and of religious science, which, as Masons, are, above all other men, your peculiar privileges.

As Brethren in one of the first and most honourable communities in the world, let it be said of you with all truth, as it was once honourably said of the primitive Christians, *see how these Masons love.*

As labourers and workmen under the Great Architect of the Universe, imitate the good Nehemiah and his laborious companions, when they worked day and night to rebuild the walls of the Holy City; and work with scientific skill till the Grand Temple of your Spiritual Masonry is fully built, *whose walls shall be salvation, and whose gates shall be praise.*

As good subjects, honour that King, whom I hope I shall not dishonour if, making use of our professional language, I call, the Grand Tyler of every Masonic Lodge; guarding by his sceptre of political justice, righteousness, and love, all the privileges of our Royal Order; and, by the sword of his national power, defending us from foreign and domestic foes.

If it is at all to the honour of Masons and Masonry, that amidst all that national distrust and suspicion of convened Societies, none of it falls upon the Societies of Masons, let every Mason, especially in the present critical moment, exert his every ability, both in word and deed, to make it clearly manifest, that the whole body of us are justly unsuspected of any political disaffection, either to our King or constitution.

The King, though not a Brother, gives every proof that he is our friend. The Heir Apparent, and others of that august family, though so high and honourable in every character and station as to demand our highest honour, and deserve our warmest praise, have deigned, as Masons, to name themselves our Brethren. As Masons, therefore, in gratitude for these distinguished honours, render we back with warmest zeal our due tribute of honour to the king and all his family: for where can our honour be so justly due?

If then, my Brethren, you would manifest the utility of these feeble efforts of a Brother who affectionately desires both to please and profit, and who by your intreaties alone appears for the first time as an author, kindly and zealously comply with his requests, which are, that you would "*love the Brotherhood; fear God; and honour the King;*" and thus most completely recompense the difficulties he has laboured under to overcome his unwillingness to appear thus before the eye of a discerning public.

To which public I hope it will be unnecessary to make any other apology for this intrusion than that already mentioned; namely, the solicitations of so respectable an assembly of Masons before whom I had the honour of delivering this discourse at the Anniversary of their Grand Provincial Meeting.

To which assembly in general, and every member in particular, my most grateful acknowledgments, as an advocate for the progress of Masonry, are justly due; for the great and pleasing order and regularity of all the ceremonies of the day; for the sobriety and well-timed conclusion of the festive hours; and, above all, for their serious attention, and devout behaviour, through the devotional exercise, in which they seemed most heartily engaged; against all which methinks envy itself could produce no slander. And, lastly, Brethren, as all language would be too faint to express the sense I feel of your peculiar civility and attention to myself, let the whole of what I mean be understood, in subscribing myself most cordially,

Your highly obliged Servant,

And very affectionate Brother,

Deptford, Kent,  
J. no 30, 1794.

JETHRO INWOOD.

## 1ST EPISTLE OF ST. PETER, 17th VERSE.

*Love the Brotherhood : Fear God : Honour the King.*

**M**ETHINKS, when I look round upon this audience, though so respectable both in number and appearance, I cannot but fancy that I see a variety of very different kinds of hearers. There are, methinks, first, the Brotherhood, who, professing our Royal Order, which I shall not scruple to style a very amiable sister of religion; are come, I hope, more with a pious wish to hear the humane and moral principles of their profession enforced, than with any curiosity of hearing a novel preacher. They, however, will find, whatever they before expected, that by the choice of my text they are to be treated more with very plain dealing, and salutary exhortation, than with novelty of sentiment, or refined composition.

Others there are, who, perhaps, because they are not acquainted with the Secret of our Order, may be a little prepared for evil surmise, for ridicule, and for slander. Now I do not positively condemn any one upon this point; I only say, from that too general experience of finding many in the world ready to despise merely because they do not understand, that, *perhaps*, in so *numerous* a congregation there may be some such; if there are, then, any such here, I hope, at least for their own sakes, that they will feel themselves totally mistaken in their ideas of us, when I tell them from this sacred place, where I should, without diffidence, think it is impossible for the most daring to dare to tell a falsehood, that, had I searched all the records of Holy Writ, together with all the records of Masonry, from the beginning of the works of that Great Architect who built the universe to the present day, I could not have fixed upon three admonitions to enforce, more congenial both to the spirit and practice of Masonry, than those of which our text is composed; therefore we deny the merit of evil surmise, of slander, and of ridicule.

A third class of hearers which we expect to find upon these occasions are the curious and the inquisitive. They have heard of the secrecy of Masonry; and though the secret has through all ages remained undiscovered, yet still a hope remains that something may at this time be advanced leading to a discovery. My curious friends you are disappointed; and, I assure you, you are still likely to be disappointed. For, my friends, if we *are* Masons, as we profess ourselves, our conduct is guided by, holy and divine admonition; and we are neither slanderers, talebearers, nor in any instance, and especially in that which respects our own order, can we possibly be revealers of secrets. You must, therefore, my friends, at least on my part, remain contented with that portion of knowledge you already possess concerning us and our order, till you acquire it by those lawful means which are established in the Royal Order, and sent down to us from Hiram, from Solomon, and from all those royal ancients and virtuous characters, at this time too numerous to mention, with which this same communion has in all ages been ornamented.

Thus far, however, as a Man, a Mason, and a Christian minister, I am commissioned to reveal, and always ready to assert; that in all the depths of that secrecy by which we, in full or in local union, distinguish ourselves from the rest of the world, there is so far from being any thing inconsistent with the sentiments and practice of our text, that, as a peculiar family or people, the *love of the Brotherhood*; as candidates for eternity, the fear of God; and, as citizens of an earthly kingdom and nation, the honour of the King, are *three, of our brightest jewels; three of our richest ornaments; three of our first and most universally prevailing principles.*

That they were not all Israelites who called themselves of Israel, was an apostolical reproof to some wicked Jews; that they are not all Christians who bear the name of Christ, is, I believe, all will confess, a daily cause for Christian lamentation. Is it any wonder, then, my friends, or is it any true stigma upon Masonry, that you may sometimes have known some Masous, who, like Jews and Christians, abusing a good profession, neither love the Brotherhood, fear God, nor honour the King? Methinks there cannot be a mind in this congregation either ignorant or illiberal enough to give, at least immediately, and without some reflection, an affirmative decision upon this question; and if you do consider before you answer, I am sure you must have the liberality to confess, that the ill conduct of one, of ten, or of an hundred individuals, can be no true cause of stigma upon any profession or community. For instance, shall the profession of physic be discarded and despised, because an ignorant or careless practitioner poisons instead of cures his patients? Shall that excellent code of laws of our constitution be condemned, wholly condemned as unconstitutional, because there are rapacious barristers and petty-fogging attorneys? Again, shall the church be styled a brothel, and a nursery of covetousness and idleness, because there are some clergymen who are unholy, unclerical, covetous, and lascivious? Shall the Gospel, in all its spirit of holiness, be styled a deception and priestcraft, because many of its members are hypocrites, enthusiasts, and deceivers? Surely, no! Surely you all have a better judgment! And shall, then, Masonry be condemned, despised, and ridiculed, because some, professing themselves Masous, have practised a conduct unworthy their high calling and profession? Surely, no! Rather let the Order remain as it ought to remain, unimpeached, and every defective member, either high or low, either rich or poor, as of every other profession, order, and community, take much shame to himself, as being by his ill conduct guilty of a threefold evil, *i. e.* that of disgracing himself, bringing dishonour upon the profession or community of which he is so unworthy a member, and of hindering its profitable progress in the world. And you, Brethren, without imagining that I suspect you to be other than, as a Brother, I would wish you, or as Masonry properly studied and practised must undoubtedly make you, suffer the word of exhortation which is contained in our text, and which is so congenial to the spirit and practice of our excellent Order.

I begin with the first admonition, "*Love the Brotherhood:*" and here truly I may say to you, as Moses said to the discordant Israelites in Egypt, "*Sirs, ye are Brethren,*" Brethren in the most extensive sense of the word. All men, it is true, we may say, are Brethren by creation; as he who made the world, of one blood made he all the nations upon the earth. All men also are Brethren by redemption; he who is the Author of Nature, and the great restorer of fallen nature, tasted death for every man, and will in his own times and seasons bring back all things to himself; for, as the poet says, "all things were made for him, and nothing can be lost." So far all are Brethren. But ye have still farther obligations; obligations voluntarily entered into, when your minds were at full maturity to consider; when they had full liberty to have refused; yea, ye may be said, with a full maturity of understanding to have given yourselves wholly to the Brethren, and that with the most serious asseverations of constancy and fraternal affection. If, therefore, you are convicted of failing in the performance of so sacred and so deliberately-engaged obligations, in what instance, I beseech you, shall we possibly hope to find you faithful in the performance of any promise?

Having thus briefly remarked under what additional obligations we, as Masons, are Brethren, permit me faithfully to enforce the obligated duty of Brotherly Love, and which, for brevity's sake, we will observe, consists, first, in gentle reproof in error; secondly, kind instruction and advice in ignorance and difficulties; and, thirdly, in tender commiseration and relief in sorrow and distress. First, Brotherly Love consists in gentle reproof in error; nor is St. Paul's benevolent definition of love, "*in that it hopeth all things,*" any kind of check to this particular exercise of Brotherly Love. For should love be exercised to all the extent of the sense which we might put upon this expression, we must be so totally blind to each others errors, that one great duty both of Christianity and of Masonry, *i. e.* reproof, would never be exercised. And so far would it be from being right to exercise *such* a degree of love, that ultimately it would be attended with the greatest mischief. God, even God, whose name and nature is *Love*, correcteth, reproveth, and chastiseth those who are in error. The good parent, however indulgent, correcteth and reproveth the faulty child. And it is a strong cement to friendship to give and to receive reproof. It is the manner and disposition with which reproof is *given*, which gives its essence, or takes away its excellency. The propriety of the duty is established by divine and apostolical authority; the manner of its performance must in some measure depend upon circumstances, and should at all times be guided by the spirit of our religion, from which we may confidently say, Masonry derives most, if not all, its precepts. In this, therefore, I briefly advise, let love be without partiality; be not always blind to the errors of your Brother, lest he sin the sin unto death. And let your zeal be without rancour and fury; let not the precious balm of salutary reproof break the head of him you would wish to reclaim.

Again, Brotherly Love consists in the kind instruction of thy Brother when he is in ignorance and difficulties. All have not abilities alike; all have not equal privilege of education; nor will all ever exercise an equal diligence. Let, therefore, the wise kindly instruct the ignorant. A dispersion of knowledge will at all times heighten the felicity of knowing, nor is there an instance, in which we can more particularly experience the truth of that assertion "that it is more blessed to give than to receive," than in this of teaching the ignorant, and improving the understanding and abilities of our fellow creatures. But let not your advice be as stripes, or your instructions as goads; let brotherly kindness clothe your words, and let not the administration of advice and instruction even taste of the poison of bitterness and severity.

Again, Brotherly Love consists of tender commiseration and relief, in sorrow and distress. Here, the eye, the ear, the heart, the hand, are all employed. The eye sees the wound, and drops the piteous tear; that is the true luxury of a tear, when we weep with those who weep. The ear hears the melancholy sighs of grief, and the bosom heaves with the reciprocal sighs of love. The heart participates the silent groan, and melts into soft compassion. From the abundance of the heart the hand is guided to act, as well as the mouth is taught to speak; and while the soft word of commiserating pity soothes the despairing soul of the afflicted; the benevolent hand of compassionate relief is liberally stretched out, to relieve the sorrows of penury and distress. My Friends and Brethren, prove yourselves Men, by the exercise of humanity; prove yourselves Christians, in this bright imitation of your compassionate Master: yea, prove yourselves Masons, in the best sense of Masonry, the sister of the Religion of the Gospel, by the constant exercise of this exalted principle of humanity; this spiritual trait of Christianity; this highly finished *jewel* of Masonry, *Brotherly Love*.

(To be concluded in our next.)

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## MASONIC PRECEPTS:

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN,

FOR THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

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### PREFACE.

**O** THOU! whom we have initiated in the doctrines of wisdom, Son of virtue and friendship! listen to us, and open thy heart to the serious precepts of truth. We will show thee the path to happiness of life, the way in which thou mayest please thy Creator; how thou mayest employ with benign success, for the benefit of mankind,

all the means which Providence has entrusted thee with, and thus procure thyself the sacred pleasure of benevolence.

### I. DUTY TOWARDS GOD AND RELIGION.

THY first homage thou owest to the Deity. Adore the Being of all beings, of which thy heart is full; which, however, thy confined intellects can neither conceive nor describe.

Look down with pity upon the deplorable madness of those that turn their eyes from the light, and wander about in the darkness of accidental events.

Deeply sensible of the parental benefactions of thy God, and with a heart full of gratitude, reject, with contempt, those shallow inferences, that prove nothing but how much human reason degrades itself, when it wanders from its original source.

Oft elevate thy heart above sublunary things, and cast thy eye with ardour towards those higher spheres, which are thy inheritance.

Offer up in sacrifice to the Most High thy will and thy wishes, strive to deserve his animating influence, and obey the commands he has prescribed for thy terrestrial career.

Let it be thy only happiness to please thy God; let it be thy incessant endeavour, the incitement to all thy actions, to effect an eternal union with him.

But as thou art a frail and sinful being that incessantly transgresses his commands, and incurs the displeasure of his sanctity, how couldst thou endure to come into his presence, if he had not sent thee a divine Saviour?

Where shouldst thou discover the certainty of a beautified and blessed futurity, wert thou left in the labyrinth of thy reason? what could protect thee against the justice of God, save a divine Mediator?

Thank therefore thy Saviour, bend thy knees and adore the incarnate Word, and praise Providence who caused thee to be born in the bosom of Christianity.

Confess every where the divine religion of Jesus, and do not blush to belong to him.

The gospel is the foundation of all thy duties; if thou didst not believe in it, thou wouldst cease to be a Freemason.

Let every action be distinguished by an enlightened and active piety, without bigotry or enthusiasm.

Religion does not consist of speculative truths; exert thyself in fulfilling all those moral duties it prescribes, and then only thou shalt be happy; thy contemporaries will bless thee, and with serenity thou mayest appear before the throne of the Eternal.

Particularly thou shouldst be penetrated by the feeling of benevolence and brotherly love, the fundamental pillar of this holy religion.

Pity him in error, without hating or persecuting him. Leave the judgment to God, but—"do thou love—and tolerate."

Masons! Children of the same God! Ye who are already Brethren through the universal faith in our Divine Saviour, bind closer

the ties of brotherly-love, and banish for ever all prejudices that might disturb our brotherly union.

## II. THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

MAN! King of the earth! Master-piece of the creation, animated by the breath of God; be sensible of thy dignified destination.

The whole animal creation is subdued under thy dominion. All that waves and moves about thee ceases again to be; but thy soul survives all component things, and is by virtue of its divine origin incapable of being destroyed.

In this consists thy true nobility. Feel thy happiness without arrogance: Pride was the cause of the degradation of man, it certainly would plunge thee into the same abyss.

Degenerated being, what art thou in the presence of the Eternal, with all the dignity originally appropriated to thee, and still distinguishing thee from other beings?

Adore him, the Lord on High, in the utmost humility, and take care that the heavenly immortal essence, which animates thee, be not depraved.

This essence is thy soul; exert thyself in endowing it; it is capable of infinite perfections.

Make it so susceptible, so open to virtuous impressions, that, after thy dissolution, it may without impediment return to the pure and original source of virtue.

So prepared, thou wilt be free even in fetters; serene in misfortunes; the heaviest storm will not make thee tremble, and with true heroism thou wilt advance even to the face of death.

Mason! If ever thou couldst doubt the immortal nature of thy soul, and its high destination, in vain had we initiated thee. Thou wouldst not be the adopted son, the darling of wisdom; thou wouldst step back and mix again with the multitude of the profane rabble, who like moles crawl in the dark.

## III. DUTY TOWARDS THY KING AND COUNTRY.

GOD has ordained a sovereign power of each country, to be his vicegerent.

Entertain reverence for the supreme power, and be faithful to it, in whatever corner of the world thou livest.

After the homage thou owest to God, the duties towards the state and country follow next.

Should man wander rude and unsociable about woods and forests, he would be less inclined to answer the intentions of Providence, and to ensure to himself all the good intended for him.

His being ennobles itself amongst his equals, and the difference of opinions improves his genius.

But in society, were every one left to himself, the possession of property, and the unrestrained passions would cause incessant quarrels, and cunning or power would soon triumph over innocence.

For this reason laws were necessary to regulate mankind by, and rulers to support and keep inviolated those laws.



Sensible Man! thou honourest thy parents; honour the Fathers of the state also, for they represent the Deity.

If they err, they are accountable for it to the Judge of Kings; but thy own, often very erroneous, judgment, cannot exempt thee from obedience.

Pray to God for their preservation, and exert all thy powers in favour of thy country.

Shouldst thou ever neglect this sacred duty, should thy heart not beat with joy at the dear names of thy country and thy prince; every Mason would turn thee away as a disturber of public tranquillity and order, and an outcast that does not deserve to partake of the prerogatives of a society, that has particular claims upon the esteem and confidence of the sovereign power; because, animated with patriotism and zeal to form the best citizens, she makes it an invariable law for her pupils, to fulfil all civil duties in the most distinguished manner, and from the purest motives.

A Mason ought to be the most valiant warrior; the most just judge; the kindest master; the most zealous servant; the tenderest father; the most faithful husband; and the most obedient son: as his duties as a citizen in general have been strengthened and rendered sacred by the voluntary Masonic obligation, and he, if ever he should neglect them, not only would show a want of fortitude, but also be guilty of hypocrisy and perjury.

#### IV. DUTIES TOWARDS MANKIND IN GENERAL.

BUT should the compass of thy country, which opens to thee such a fruitful and charming field, still be too confined for thy benevolent activity; should thy sensible heart wish to expand beyond the limits of empires, and to embrace all nations with tender feelings of humanity; shouldst thou, reflecting on the universal pedigree, long to love tenderly all those that are with thee of the same shape, in the same need of benevolence, that have, like thee, the same desire to make themselves useful, and an immortal soul; come then into our temples, and lay down thy offerings on the sacred altar of humanity.

The mother country of a Mason is the world, within the circle of his compass is contained every thing that concerns mankind.

Reflect with reverence on the majestic structure, in which the ties of humanity and morality, too much relaxed, are bound closer.

Love this universal alliance of virtuous souls, that were capable of elevating themselves above the dust.

Thou wilt find it in every country where enlightened reason has forced its way, existing under the sacred banner of humanity, and under the guide of simple and uniform laws.

Be sensible of the sublime object of our revered Order; all thy faculties, thy whole life, be consecrated to benevolence and the happiness of mankind.

Cultivate incessantly thy moral perfection, and effect the closest union with the Deity.

Thus only thou wilt ennoble, purify, and fortify, the motives of this laudable Institution.

## V. BENEVOLENCE.

THOU being created in the similitude of God, who in his mercy and immense bounty communicated himself to men, and expanded over them the abundance of his blessings, strive assiduously, by making mankind as happy as possible, to resemble this divine original. Thou canst not imagine any thing good that is not an object of Masonic activity.

Look down upon the helpless situation of infancy, it challenges thy assistance: reflect on the sad inexperience of youth, it demands thy good counsels.

Find thy happiness in protecting them against errors and seduction, the common rocks of that age.

Awake in them the heavenly fire of genius, and instruct them how to unfold it for the benefit of the world.

Each suffering being has a sacred claim on thy assistance; take care not to deny it.

Do not wait till thy ears ring with the lamentations of the miserable; affectionately anticipate the wants of the unfortunate, and inspire them with courage.

Do not poison thy gifts by ostentation.

Thou shalt not find thy reward for thy benefactions in the vain and loud applauses of the multitude; a Mason will always find it in the silent and secret testimony of his heart, and in the sacred pleasure with which the Deity looks down upon him.

Has Providence granted thee abundance? Let it be far from thee to make an inconsiderate or shameful use of it.

God has given thee above thy wants, that thou mayest cause those that have received a scanty lot to feel less the inequality of the distribution of the riches of the earth. Enjoy this glorious prerogative.

May the most abominable of all passions, avarice, never predominate over thee: may thy heart for ever revolt against the worthless calculations of covetousness.

But should this melancholy vice overpower thee, approach no more the Temples of Philanthropy; they would have no more charms for thee, and we could no longer discover in thee the image of God.

Let religion, wisdom, and prudence, be the rule of thy benefactions.

Thy heart might be inclined to relieve every want, but thy reason must direct to assist where necessity is most pressing.

Instruct, advise, intercede; be charitable, console according to the exigency of circumstances.

Never think of having done enough; and if thou happen to rest from thy labour [*N. B.* Masonic work in general, of which Charity is part] let it only be to get new strength, and to return to thy work with redoubled exertions.

If thou listen to this noble impulse, permanent joys of heart will be poured over thee; even here on earth thou wilt have a pre-eminence among exalted minds, thy soul will exalt itself to higher spheres, and none of thy days will be marked with shallowness.

If thou findest at last that thou art confined, and that thy soul begins to mourn, and to lament the incapacity of expanding as much happiness as thou wishest, then haste to our temples.

Behold here the sacred tie of benevolence, and, contributing as far as thy abilities permit towards the laudable institutions of our Fraternity, rejoice at the idea of being a fellow-citizen of this better world; and enjoy the sweet fruits of our faculties united and centered to one point.

The sources of relief will then flow more abundantly; instead of helping one thou wilt co-operate to make thousands happy, and thy wishes will be fulfilled.

#### VI. FURTHER DUTIES TOWARDS MEN.

Love thy neighbour as thyself, and do unto others as thou wishest to be done by.

The faculty of expressing thy thoughts by words is an external sign of thy command over nature; make use of this gift to alleviate the wants of thy fellow-creatures, and to encourage them to virtue.

Be affable and serviceable; edify others by thy example, and bear thyself kindly and without repining at the prosperity of others.

Do not suffer thy heart to entertain any envy; it would undermine thy happiness, and rage in thy breast.

Pardon thy enemy, and have manliness of heart enough to do him good.

This generous sacrifice, one of the most exalted precepts of religion, will awake in thee the most benign sensations; thou wilt represent the image of the Deity, who with adorable kindness pardons the errors of men, and, disregarding their ingratitude, pours down his blessings upon them.

Always recollect that this is the most glorious victory thy reason can obtain over the brutal instincts; and thy motto be,

*"A Mason forgets only injuries, never benefits."*

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## MEMOIRS OF THE *FREEMASONS AT NAPLES.*

*Continued from Page 276.*

**T**HEIR cause found other defenders besides the noble persons already mentioned. The Duke A— of S. T. and his lady spoke to the king in favour of the Society, with all the warmth that oppressed innocence inspires in the minds of virtuous and elevated souls like theirs. The counsellor for the prisoners, on the other hand, having represented very weighty reasons to the tribunal of justice for

the exclusion of Pallante from the office of fiscal, that court found them just and lawful: in consequence Pallante was discharged. This gentleman was the Marquis D'Avena, counsellor to the tribunal of Sancta Clara, member of the royal court of justice, and solicitor for the poor. By virtue of his office it was his duty to defend the cause of the accused; but, as he had till then entertained a very indifferent opinion of Freemasons in general, his prejudice engaged him to petition the king to be dispensed from an employment so directly opposite to the movements of his conscience. This was the very thing that engaged the Marquis Tanucci, by his influence with his majesty, to refuse his request. Avena found himself then obliged to take a more exact knowledge of the nature and regulations of the Society, and soon found, to his very great satisfaction, that he had taken in hand an excellent cause, and from that moment shewed so much zeal in defence of the Society, that the minister was desirous of removing him from his employment should he persist in their defence in the manner he had begun. D'Avena was deaf to all remonstrances, and implicitly followed the dictates of his conscience and strict justice. Tanucci menaced him with the loss of all his employments; but the king, in order to convince him that he did not at all times suffer himself to be governed by his minister, so far from depriving him of any part of his employments, appointed him counsellor to the royal chamber of justice, and Capo di Ruota, or one of the chiefs of the tribunal of that name; he accompanied this favour with such expressions of kindness as are equally honourable to the master and the subject.

The place of Fiscal was given to Don Cesare Ruggiero, who undertook with great zeal, and in a public manner, to defend the person of his predecessor. As he was bilious by nature, and had very little knowledge of the laws, his choler got the better of his reason, and which he sufficiently shewed by the imprudent speech he made against the Marquis D'Avena, and the Freemasons in general. Government expecting sound reason instead of abuse, his speech (which he had got to be printed) was publicly condemned as an absurd libel, and accordingly suppressed. Ruggiero, who thought he had produced a masterpiece of its kind, survived the fatal catastrophe but a very short time.

Much about the same period the Marquis Tanucci lost his employment; some people imagined at first that the prosecution of the Freemasons was the cause. Whatever was the reason, it is certain that from that moment the attacks against the Society became much less violent.

The same reasons which had deprived Pallante of his office, engaged the council of state to resume the proceedings, and order a fresh hearing of the cause; at the same time liberty was granted to the prisoners to retire to their several homes, on condition that they should be ready to appear on the first order from the court. The king approved the decree of the tribunal; Tanucci said that the accused must give bail. They found this stipulation dishonourable;

their complaints were laid before the king, who instantly disannulled the clause, and the prisoners obtained their liberty on the footing of the first decree.

Before the institution of a second trial the Marquis D'Avena thought proper to represent to the king, in a private audience, that the only means of making a discovery of the real truth would be, to interrogate under-hand the Polander, known by the name of Albert Sayupner, Spadincorpo, and the Milanese, Giovanni Rho. His majesty having consented, these three persons were interrogated, in presence of the minister of state, Marquis de Marco, and the president of justice, Marquis de Cito: they confessed the details formerly mentioned; and Spadincorpo petitioned for perpetual imprisonment, that he might by that means be in surety against the revenge of Pallante, who had already sacrificed above a hundred victims. His request was granted.

Pallante had the mortification in an instant to see the scene entirely changed; the foundation on which he had built his engines on a sudden to give way; the brilliant chimeras which had intoxicated him, became horrid spectres to his eyes; the mask fell to the ground, and his treachery was fully discovered to the view of the public. The first thought which offered itself to his imagination was that of revenge, and removing the witnesses of the truth. Massini, alias Spadincorpo, was already in safety, as before mentioned. The Milanese, Giovanni Rho, had entered into the service of a Neapolitan prince of the first rank, too high a station for Pallante to meddle with. There only remained the Polander, whose existencé was a perpetual torment to him. The poor fellow soon after was taken ill; an insupportable pain in his bowels would not permit him to keep his bed. His master, Count Hubsch, would not allow any body to approach him; yet the servants of the house declared, after his death, that they had seen him roll about on the floor, crying out that he was poisoned. That same evening he expired, and in the middle of the night was carried, without the least ceremony, by two porters, under the conduct of a domestic belonging to Count Hubsch, to the church of St. Marc, and thrown into a vault, according to the wretched custom at Naples.

The declaration of the servants above mentioned spreading through the town, Ponsard, the Frenchman, presented a petition to the royal tribunal of justice to obtain an order for the inspection of the body. From motives which remain a secret the search was not made. The following night, a common working mason, or plasterer, with a sack of quick-lime; Nicolo Capellaro, a person devoted to the service of Pallante, with a strong rope; a servant belonging to the court, carrying a dark lantern, and the keys of the church, accompanied by a fourth person, who stiled himself a notary, or scrivener, all went together. Having entered they strongly bolted the doors on themselves; there boldly defying the horrible darkness of the holy place, they opened the vault. An abominable smell which issued from the vault, or, perhaps, a remains of terror prevented them from descending, when the notary,

apparently hardened by criminal actions, laughed at their fears, fastened the rope under his arms; with one hand seized the sack with the lime, and with the other the dark lantern, ordering them to let him down. He opens the coffin, takes out the body and throws it amongst the rest; pours his quick-lime on it; and, which is well known, consumes the body in a short time. This night-scene appeared to be well worthy the pencil of an able painter, who would naturally seize the moment where the notary should receive the price of his villany in strangling himself by accident with the rope, the instrument of his crime.

All these details were blazed about by the Mason, who confirmed them afterwards by deposition before the judges. He added, that the spy, Nicolo Capellaro, had promised him a great reward by order of Pallante to carry the sack of quick-lime to the church. Three months after he recalled this deposition as a false one, saying, it was suggested to him by Ponsard with the promise of a reward. Being on this imprisoned a second time, he some days after confirmed his first deposition on oath, adding that the second had been forced from him by the threatenings and promises of Pallante and his party, Nicolo Capellaro, Pallante's well known spy, a familiar comrade of the Polander, and a principal actor in the nocturnal scene in the church, though he denied any share in the poisoning, is not yet liberated from that suspicion; he is yet actually in prison with two working masons. The notary obtained his liberty under pretext of sickness; the count Hubsch, master of the Polander, was not only suspected of joining in the plot against the Freemasons, but of having been (if not an accomplice) at least informed of the poisoning. He passed in public for the son of a Jew at Constantinople, who had borrowed the name and title of Count de Hubsch, and for being a spy of Pallante, a circumstance which confirmed all suspicions; a Freemason himself and knowing his servant to be one, it was supposed he had sacrificed him to the artifice of Pallante; he had suffered nobody to come near him during his malady, and notwithstanding the complaints of the unfortunate wretch, had ordered him no antidote of any kind whatever; he had given no advice of his death to any one; and what strongly confirmed the suspicion above all, was, that he had received some time before from Pallante 4500 ducats by way of loan, a sum which all the world well knew he never could repay. Hubsch denied every thing, but he was taken up, and remains in prison to this very day.

Pallante, in answer to these depositions against him, cries out they were lies and slander; but an unexpected circumstance destroyed all his hopes. The advocate of Ponsard represented to the King, that the deposition of the witnesses could not be complete as long as Pallante should remain at Naples, where he was always employed in corrupting them, and thwarting the operations of justice. In pursuance of this remonstrance he received orders to quit Naples, and to retire to the distance of thirty miles from the city. All his former disappointments were nothing to this last stroke; he did all in his

power to annul it, but to no purpose. It is very well known that he found means to bribe a certain person in great interest with the Queen, but that the endeavours of this person were fruitless, as the heart of that princess was above the common stamp, and not to be shaken from her former resolutions. The project of course was given up, but the bribes retained; which amounted to the enormous sum of 12,000 ducats.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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

BY J. WATKINS, LL. D.

*Continued from Page 246.*

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THE nine Frenchmen, at the head of whom was Hugh de Payen, having formed themselves into this society for the purposes already mentioned, associated together in a house near the Temple, from which they acquired the name of Knights of the Temple, or Knights Templars. The institution met with general acceptance in an age distinguished by a martial spirit, and for that romantic love of enterprize known by the term of Chivalry. Baldwin, then king of Jerusalem, gave his full approbation of the order, and sent the head of it to Rome to obtain the sanction of the Pope, and to endeavour to excite a new croisade. Honorius II. who then filled the chair, referred their affair entirely to the council of Troyes then sitting. Here the cause in which Hugh was engaged was sanctioned in the most express manner, and St. Bernard was desired to prescribe a rule and habit for the brethren of the order. This rule enjoins them certain daily devotions, and abstinence from flesh four days in the week; it allows each Templar an esquire and three saddle horses; forbidding them, however, any kind of gilding or other ornaments, but commands them to wear a white habit, on which they were afterwards permitted to have a red cross placed next the heart.

The order and its rule being established by the Pope, the Knights Companions who had been deputed on the occasion returned into Asia, accompanied by a noble company of valiant youths, who were enamoured of the institution, and emulous of glory.

The year 1131 was distinguished by the death of that great protector of the military orders, Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, who was succeeded in the throne by his son-in-law, Fulk, Count of Anjou, who married the princess Melisinda, the king's eldest daughter.

The various differences which agitated the Christian princes in Palestine on the death of Baldwin, afforded occasion to the infidels to make considerable incursions upon the frontiers. The Saracens were in possession of Ascalon, and that city gave them the opportunity of distressing the Christians, particularly the pilgrims, in a very powerful manner. None but soldiers resided in Ascalon, for all of its inhabitants received constant pay from the caliphs of Egypt, as an encouragement to exercise their depredations.

The court of Jerusalem, after several consultations upon the means of suppressing this evil, determined on fortifying and garrisoning the city of Beersheba, which is situated but six leagues from Ascalon. This place was defended by the Hospitallers and the Templars, who resided constantly on the frontiers, and were always engaged in enterprizes against the infidels. Their valour was so conspicuous, and the successes with which it was crowned were so brilliant and important, that the institutions were almost idolized throughout the Christian world. All sorts of persons were ambitious of the honour of being enrolled under their banners, or of contributing in some measure to their support. Superstition went so far, and obtained such fast hold of the public mind, that it was considered almost as dangerous to the salvation of the soul to depart without having worn the habit of one of the orders, or done something towards supporting their cause.

By this general sentiment in their favour, the Hospitallers and the Templars soon acquired enormous and extensive possessions.

At an advanced age Raymond, count of Barcelona and Provence, entered among the Knights of the Temple; and being unable to visit their *hospitium* at Jerusalem, he sent large contributions thither, and died in the temple at Barcelona, after fulfilling all the exercises of his profession.

Alphonfus I. king of Navarre and Arragon, having no issue, left by will both those crowns to the military orders. On his death, in 1133, the nobles of those kingdoms proceeded to the election of a new sovereign, without regarding the testament of the deceased. Being divided in their sentiments, at length each kingdom chose its own prince.

Raymond Berenger, son of the Templar just mentioned, became in consequence of this arrangement king of Arragon; and Ramire, an illustrious grandee of Navarre, took the crown of that kingdom. But the Hospitallers and the Templars did not quietly acquiesce in these appointments. They sent their deputies into Spain, where they met with an indifferent reception. The king of Navarre gave them no favour; but Raymond agreed that in case of dying without issue, his crown should devolve to the orders; and in the mean time presented them with considerable grants of land for their support.



Fulk king of Jerusalem died in 1142, and was succeeded by his son Baldwin, a minor, and soon after the infidels recovered the country of Edessa from the Christians.

The affairs of the latter now began to wear an unfavourable aspect in the east; upon which an ambassador was sent into Europe to solicit the aid of the Christian princes. Louis VII. of France readily acceded to the proposal of a new croisade, and together with the imperial court soon raised a formidable army for the reduction of Asia. The emperor Conrad took the lead, and arrived with his legions at Constantinople early in 1147.

The same treachery which had distinguished the Greeks towards the Latin Christians in the former croisade, was manifested in the present. The emperor Emanuel Comnenus caused all the wells and cisterns to be poisoned near the places the Germans were to march through, and the guides who were appointed to conduct them, had secret directions to lead them into the deserts of Cappadocia; by which means nearly half the imperial army was destroyed.

At length both monarchs met at the place of destination, and determined on undertaking the siege of Damascus; here, however, they failed with the loss of near two hundred thousand men, and returned into Europe covered with mortifying contempt. By the failure of this flattering expedition, the condition of the Asiatic Christians became extremely alarming. It was natural to suppose that the infidels would seize the favourable opportunity which it afforded them. The principal dependence of the Christians now was upon the military orders, and herein they were not deceived. Old Gaza was strongly fortified to protect Jerusalem, and the property and protection of it given to the Templars.

The infidels ravaged the country of Edessa, and committed their usual excesses of cruelty upon the unfortunate inhabitants. To repress their incursions, Baldwin advanced against them at the head of the military orders, and the infidels were by no means disposed to shun the encounter. They were numerous, and commanded by their sultan in person. The engagement was obstinate and bloody; and the sultan, finding his army dreadfully thinned by the fierce courage of the Christians, gave up the contest and retreated.

But whilst the king was engaged in this expedition, the Turcomans in considerable force laid siege to Jerusalem. A small number only of the military orders was left in garrison, and being insufficient to defend the place in case of an assault, they resolutely determined on attacking the besiegers. At midnight they sallied forth, and finding the camp buried in security and sleep, they set fire to the tents and obtained an easy victory. The infidels, ignorant of the numbers of their enemies, or from whence they proceeded, imagined the place was relieved by the arrival of the king, and fled on all sides. In their flight they were met by that monarch who completed their destruction.

It was now the Christians' turn to commence the hostile attack, and to carry their arms into their enemy's territory. In 1152, Bald-

win commenced the siege of Ascalon, a place of the utmost consequence to the infidels. The siege was long, and attended with considerable losses to the Christians, while little impression was made upon the place, which was naturally strong and well defended.

A circumstance attended this memorable siege which placed the valour of the Templars in the most honourable light, at the same time that their manner of improving the advantage they obtained, redounded no way to the credit of their discretion; at least if the story is accurately related by the chroniclers of that period.

Those knights, who seemed to have been wise only in schemes of destruction, invented a wooden tower on wheels, and placed it as near the walls as they could; on the top they had a draw-bridge, which being let down brought those who had courage enough to venture upon it still closer to the enemy, whom they annoyed in a dreadful manner. At length they brought their machine so near to the walls as to be capable of descending from the bridge into the place. It was the interest of the besieged to destroy this formidable work; accordingly, in the night before the machine was to be brought close to the walls, they placed a large quantity of combustibles near to it, and then set the mass on fire. On the ascent of the flames the knights hastened to the place, and at their arrival were agreeably surprised to find that, instead of burning the tower, the fire had caused a considerable breach in the wall.

On informing their Grand Master Bernard of this favourable incident, a detachment of the order was dispatched to effect an entrance. The scaling ladders were placed, and the knights rushed through the breach sword in hand. The garrison in the utmost consternation must have yielded the place, but the Christians abandoned their advantage to obtain plunder. While engaged in this avaricious work, the infidels rallied, and attacked them with superior numbers, and with the fury of revenge. Victory now shifted sides, and a few only of the knights escaped ignominiously by the way they entered. Thus by their ungenerous imprudence they lost the opportunity of a most glorious conquest. The day following the garrison made a vigorous sally, and the battle was one of the most obstinate that was ever fought. After a long, bloody, and dubious contest, the infidels were completely routed; and this was chiefly owing to the valour of the Templars, who were animated by more than their usual courage, in order to regain their lost credit.

This was soon followed by the surrender of the city, on terms highly favourable to the inhabitants and the garrison, who were all sent to Laris, according to agreement, August 20, 1154.

(To be continued.)

SELECT PAPERS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,  
 READ BEFORE A LITERARY SOCIETY IN LONDON.

No. III.

ON PRESENCE OF MIND,  
 AND WHETHER THERE BE ANY MODE OF CREATING OR  
 IMPROVING THAT FACULTY.

BY MR. J. DEAN.

**P**RESENCE of mind is the faculty of retaining full possession of the understanding, notwithstanding the interference of an unexpected event.

That this property is to be acquired, and is progressive, the history of human nature, from infancy to manhood, will abundantly serve to prove; it being within the experience of most persons, that many of those events which at a mature age frequently and unexpectedly occur without producing any sensible interruption in the power of ratiocination, would, had they intervened in infancy or in youth, have completely overwhelmed the mental faculties, at least for a certain time.

In order that we may know how to apply remedies to any disease, it will be first necessary to discover its source; and here a long catalogue of accidents, follies, and vices, superadded to a peculiar irritability of nerves, present themselves as the causes of the *want of presence of mind*.

To a disorder arising from springs so various, vain would be the attempt to prescribe a panacea, or universal remedy; but as it most commonly proceeds from ignorance, permit me to observe, that a right application of two antidotes, viz. *temperance* and *exercise*, would have a powerful tendency to render men masters of themselves in almost any of the situations or circumstances in which they could be placed.

I have made my prescriptions twofold, though, strictly speaking, the latter must be included in the former; since temperance, or the avoiding of excess of every kind, involves the necessity of exercise to a certain point: I thought it proper to use them separately, however, because their identity might not have been sufficiently obvious.

On the good effects of temperance upon the body and mind, as they are too obvious to need much comment, I shall only remark, that by regularity of life, every part of the human machine has fair play, and thereby acquires a degree of strength which fits it for action.

As corporeal exercise invigorates the body, so mental exertion enlarges and improves the powers of the mind; for from hence arise information, and a habit of reflection, out of which will be produced

attention, method, a right association of ideas, the annihilation of prejudice, &c. &c.

From a proper combination of these will result an *experience* sufficient to secure men from the disagreeable effects produced by many of those incidents that now confuse them, but which, by an extension of knowledge, would become trifling and ineffectual.

In proof of what has been advanced, we find, that men seldom lose the free use of their reason, however sudden the call to exert it may be, in circumstances that have any reference to the pursuits to which they have been habituated. Thus, should a new proposition offer, a variety of methods by which it may possibly be solved directly offer themselves to the mind of the profound mathematician. Numerous instances of the simple and combined effects of the lever, the wedge, the screw, &c. occur to the mechanic on the inspection of a new machine. The man of wit knows how to deaden the force of an unlooked-for effusion of a brother wit. Amidst the innumerable accidents to which the mariner is every moment liable, his recollection never fails him; and in those countries infested with wild beasts, the natives, however suddenly attacked, resort with wonderful facility to those means (if practicable) which are necessary for their defence.

Thus experience insures to each the command of those faculties essential to the pursuits in which he is most usually engaged; in order, therefore, to fit men for the general exercise of this property, theory must be combined with practice.—Would the mathematician acquire what is called an insensibility to personal danger, so remarkable in seamen, he must be in situations requiring personal exertions; or would the mechanic preserve his recollection when the shaft of ridicule is suddenly aimed, or the metaphysical enquiry unexpectedly proposed, it will be essential not only to have reflected on those species of subjects, but he must have mixed in societies where they have been the topics of conversation. By this means, in proportion to his experience would each man's *presence of mind* be extended; and notwithstanding the numerous *apparent* deviations from the general rule which might be produced, I am inclined to think, that, upon a minute enquiry into the previous habits of the men who were the subjects of those deviations, these exceptions would in most instances be discovered to be only *apparent*.

Desirous of affording amusement, I shall close this attempt by selecting a few remarkable and happy instances of presence of mind.

A gentleman on awaking saw his room filled with smoke; he instantly ran to the door, on opening which flames rushed into the room, and he discovered that the stair-case was on fire. A retreat, therefore, being cut off that way, he immediately tied the sheets and blankets together, and let himself down by means of them into the street. I scarcely need add, that a moment lost would have rendered this impossible.

During the ratification of the treaty of peace between the English and Dutch, in the reign of Charles the Second, the fleets of the two nations lay along side each other in the river Medway. As an amuse-

ment the sailors of both countries used to play gambols in sight of each other, and for some time one of the Mynheers far outwent any of his competitors by being able to stand upon the truck of the main top-gallant mast, heels uppermost. At length an English tar, indignant at the idea of being excelled in any way by a Dutchman, resolved to retrieve the national character; alas, poor Jack! as might have been expected, in the attempt he pitched clean over, and came down, as the sailors call it, by the run; providentially, however, in his fall he caught hold of some part of the rigging, and landed sound wind and limb upon the deck. He instantly ran to the ship's side, and, without any apparent alteration of countenance, or change of voice, loudly dared any Dutchman to follow his example; wisely, however, this was evaded; and thus fortune, by permitting him to make one slip, enabled Jack, as he thought, not only to retrieve the English character, but to acquire for himself immortal honour.

“I was informed (says Mr. Pennant) by very good authority, that in the beginning of this century, some gentlemen and ladies being on a party of pleasure under a shade of trees, on the banks of a river in Bengal, observed a tiger preparing for its fatal spring; one of the ladies, with amazing presence of mind, took up an umbrella, and instantaneously opened it full in the face of the animal, which directly retired, and gave the company an opportunity of withdrawing from so dreadful a visitor.”

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## MR. TASKER'S LETTERS

CONTINUED.

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### LETTER THE SIXTH.

ON ANCIENT NEUROLOGY,

AND THE

MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE OF HORACE AND VIRGIL.

HOMER certainly knew little or nothing of the nervous system, which was not discovered in ancient Greece in his early day; and therefore if he did know it at all (and it does not appear in his works that he did), he must have borrowed this knowledge from some of the Egyptian sages, during his abode in their country, which was at that time the fruitful nursery of universal science. Virgil\*, considering the age in which he lived, ought to have learned that the

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\* As Virgil studied at Athens, and understood Greek so well, it is hardly probable that he should not have availed himself of the medical science of the Greek writers,

nerves originated from the brain; and I verily believe that he did possess this information, though he has not displayed it in any of his poems. He uses "*nervus*," for a bow-string, nerve, or tendon, promiscuously; and once, in the 9th Æneid, by the phrase, *numerosque intendere nervis*, he clearly means the strings of a musical instrument; and, indeed, all the Roman writers use the word in the same ambiguous sense. For as the two Greek words *νευρον* and *νευρη* were both of them expressed by the single word "*nervus*," that appellation was used in more different senses than almost any other in the Latin language. But I think that Horace had more insight into the nervous system, and was a much better physician than Virgil. What think you of the following?

*Dictaque cessantem nervis elidere morbum.  
Sulphura.*—

"Sulphureous waters said to disperse the malady lingering on the nerves!" And can any language better express what is now called in the fashionable phrase, a slow nervous disorder? That sulphureous\* waters are friendly to the nerves, was an antient doctrine; and this is in some measure confirmed by the action of the Bath waters, so very salutary to the nervous influence. For, whatever the wit or ridicule of Dr. Lucas may have suggested to the contrary, the waters of all the different hot baths at Bath, are known to contain more or less sulphur; though not in any particular form which that very ingenious chemist could discover in his analysis. The commencement of the Horatian epistle to Numonius Vala (as far as it is intelligible through a period † of a mile, and a parenthesis within a parenthesis) contains much medical information. The poet having tried the hot bath at Baiaæ to no purpose, was now using the cold bath for the recovery of his health (by the advice of Antonius Musa), amid frost and snow; from whence we may perceive, that the present salutary practice of winter bathing is as old as the Augustan age. Antonius Musa, physician extraordinary to the emperor, was at this time (viz. when the epistle was written) in high vogue at the court of Rome, having just before performed a cure upon Augustus himself, by the judicious use of the cold bath. But how transient the glory, and short-lived the patronage, bestowed on the best practitioners of the healing art! for, cold bathing being the fashion, and, like all other new-discovered remedies, expected to cure every complaint, it was prescribed for all disorders; but the same prescription that had in so extraordinary a manner relieved Augustus, having unfortunately killed Marcellus, the science of physic, and all its professors,

\* The sulphureous waters here alluded to, arose somewhere near the lake Avernus; though (as Francis observes) the poet here more particularly means, the stoves, where the sulphureous vapours, exhaling from the earth, cause a dry heat which promotes perspiration.

† This is, perhaps, a striking singular instance of the most confused sentence in all Horace's works; for he is (in general) not only a most pleasant and agreeable, but likewise as clear and intelligible an author, as any which the Augustan age has produced.



*Tipping Brown M.D.*  
*P. S. G. W. for the County of Durham &*  
*Master of the Phoenix Lodge Sunderland.*

fell into their original contempt. This I attribute to the Romans being unacquainted with the operation of medicine; for, I am sorry to say, that they were little better than an ignorant people even in their most improved state; the art of war being the only one that they understood.

“*Tu regere imperio populos, Romane memento,*” was the best characteristic encomium that the wit, taste, and genius, of Virgil could bestow on his countrymen. Again:

“*Tollere nodosam nescit medicina podagram,*” is another Horatian aphorism; and can any thing be better expressed, or, in the general, be more true in observation? For if it be not true that, in the present improved state of medicine, the gout is absolutely incurable, yet I believe you will allow that this is a singularly critical malady, which no judicious physician would ever attempt to cure; and those daring empirics who make the attempt, if ever they do remove the gouty paroxysms, generally at the same time remove their patients out of this troublesome world.

Once more, read the following stanza—

*Crescit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops;  
Nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi  
Fugerit venis, et aquosus albo,  
Corpore languor;*

and tell me if what the faculty call a Leucophlegmatia was ever more beautifully or more scientifically described? Horace certainly improved himself much from the conversation of his medical friend Musa.

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### TIPPING BROWN, M. D.

P. S. G. WARDEN for the County of DURHAM, and MASTER of the  
PHENIX LODGE, SUNDERLAND.

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—Ingenuis instructa sororum  
Artibus Aënidum, et Phœbi sublimior æstu.

FRESNOY de Arte Graphicâ. V. 76.

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THE chief aims of biography must be, either to interest by details of adventure, to animate by the celebration of merit, or to improve by the application of example.

The respectable subject of the present sketch, from the nature of his studies and pursuits, offers no variety or vicissitude to come under the first of these classes. With the other two he may very fairly rank. As an eminent Mason, scholar, and physician, he justly claims a niche in the Temple of our Order; and in the suavity of his dispo-



sition, the liberality of his conduct, and the number of his attainments, he offers an example fitted to polish the honest but rough sons of commerce by whom he is surrounded.

Doctor BROWN's father was a physician of eminence in Sunderland, whom we had occasion to mention in our state of Masonry in that town \*; and his son has been frequently surprised, on looking over his minutes, to find how greatly, in many instances, he anticipated the modern practice.

Our young gentleman was educated at Newcastle—first under Mr. Robert Harrison (now resident in Durham), who has been often stiled a miracle of ancient and modern learning; next at the Newcastle free-school, under the Rev. Hugh Moises, where he imbibed those classical and literary principles which from that time have pervaded all his pursuits, and have given an Attic elegance even to his professional productions.

He was removed to the college at Edinburgh in the year 1776. His studies here were directed to those great objects which were to form the basis of the important profession he had chosen; but though these naturally claimed his principal attention, his mind ranged with ardour over the whole course of general philosophy. He became a member of the Physical Society of Edinburgh in 1777 (of which body he was president part of the year 1779, 1780, and 1781), and was elected a member of the Royal Medical Society in the year 1778. At this period the Muses had some share of his application. Many translations as well as original pieces were produced; and some prose essays were given to the respectable publications of the day.

He took his degree of M. D. at the June graduation 1781, and settled in Sunderland the latter end of the same year; where he has continued with increasing reputation and practice ever since. The Doctor has not yet entered into the state of matrimony, but keeps house with his mother, a lady of high respectability and understanding.

It should not be omitted, in running over the private attainments of Doctor BROWN, that he is a good musician, both in theory and practice. Nor should we neglect in this sketch, imperfect as it is, to remark, that in all regulations or contributions, patriotic or local, he is the first with his pen and his purse to prove himself actively the loyal subject and good citizen. Many examples might be given; but we will content ourselves with mentioning the Humane Society and Public Dispensary of Sunderland, both which institutions owe their judicious regulations to his abilities, and their commencement and progress, in a great measure, to his exertions, and those of a few others of congenial disposition and activity.

It is a task of some difficulty to celebrate living merit with the warmth which justice would demand. There is a delicacy inse-

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\* Vol. II. p. 405.

parable from real worth, which represses the just effusions of conviction, and softens the colours which impartial observation might supply. Sensibly involved in this predicament, we reluctantly refrain from delineating a character which we could draw with equal precision and pleasure; and conclude with merely saying, that, for professional abilities, for classic and philosophical acquisitions, for amenity of disposition, politeness of manners, and cordiality of friendship, wherever Doctor Brown is most intimately known, there he is most sincerely esteemed and respected.

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TO THE  
EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

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SIR,

SINCE you have admitted the complaints of an Old Batchelor\*, you surely will not treat an Old Maid with less civility. I am one of that despised sisterhood, very much against my inclination I assure you; and if you please will give you my history in a few words. When quite a girl, I was in a similar situation to that of Mr. Sorrowful's Eliza. My lover had spared no pains to make a lasting impression on my heart, and succeeded so well that I was for many years in the habit of drawing involuntary comparisons in his favour from the appearance of every man who said civil things to me, and with the constancy of an heroine, kept his idea 'unmixed with baser matter' till he was pleased to quit my vivacious ladyship, the bloom of two and twenty yet glowing on my cheek, for a deformed piece of antiquity attractive for nothing but her wealth. Touched by that as if by the spear of Ithuriel, he started up into his proper form, and I lost him for ever. I did, as I suppose most young women do in such cases: in public I laughed away all appearance of grief, and staid up at nights to weep unobserved; my sorrow some time after assumed a softer tone, and I wrote very pathetic odes to despair, ingratitude, &c. &c. till time and pride swept away the last trace of tenderness, and left on the tablet of the mind nothing by which to remember the circumstance, except a tolerable quantity of double-refined contempt.

By this time I was in the sober latitude of thirty, and near being put upon the woeful list of stale virginity, when a man many years older than myself paid me particular attention, and repressed for a time the prognostics of the withered community, who feared I might yet escape them. From the similarity of our tastes and dispositions, I began to hope that I might, though late, meet with happiness, or at least avoid the ridicule attendant on Old-maidism, of which I had a very absurd dread. This lover of mine, thought I, has passed that

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\* See page 277.

heyday of the passions which hurries men into inconstancy; though he is not so desperately fond, I think I may depend on having him all to myself. Well! all is for the best. I once never thought I could like any man but Edward; but time changes one strangely. Nevertheless, the same sensations do not recur with the same force as for him, that can but happen once, and perhaps this man's mind may be better adapted to my contracted powers of susceptibility, than one of a warmer and a finer texture would be.

Thus you see, Sir, I settled this second affair quite to my mind, and seemed willing to accommodate myself to such a mixed kind of enjoyment as fate appeared to design for me. I now enquired after houses to let at moderate rents, became acquainted with the secrets of marketing at low prices, and interested myself greatly in the reported addition of taxes. But while I was thus laudably endeavouring to fit myself for a good housewife, lo! my man of moderation flies off, and leaves me for the roses and lilies of sixteen!

However, his deserts overtook him time enough. The girlish playfulness that had bewitched him from me, presently showed itself in a multitude of unpleasant forms when kept up by the wife. He soon had to contend with obstinacy, ill-nature, and contradiction, which extreme youth and beauty in madam made her think she had a right to display. "She would weep when he was disposed to be merry, and laugh like a hyena when he was inclined to sleep;" admit gentlemen to her toilette, buy her millinery in Bond-street, and rattle home at four in a morning from a card-party. In short, she led him a most delectable life, and, if I could have enjoyed revenge, his predicament would have furnished me with a treat. But I am not made up of such ungentle elements; I sometimes, even now, heave a sigh for his fate; and though he has lost my esteem for ever, I feel quite as much sorrow for his wretchedness as resentment at his conduct.

Don't you think, good Mr. Editor, that it is pity such a liberal-hearted creature as myself should be thus excluded from some of the most endearing connections in nature? With the first man who won my heart I would have braved every danger, and struggled with every difficulty; and for the second, although, perhaps, I might not have been quite so active, I certainly would have done my best to brighten his autumnal days, and to jog with him down October-hill with as equal a pace as might be.

Except that my own caprices have not occasioned my misfortunes, I think my case much harder than that of Mr. Sorrowful; and if you, Mr. Editor, deem the prayers of vestals efficacious, you may secure mine at the trifling expence of inserting this, that the world may see our sisterhood is not composed merely of decayed beauties or unsocial spirits, but sometimes the unwelcome retreat into which those of elegant desires and wounded sensibility are too often plunged by the versatility of the other sex. I am, Sir,

Your humble servant,

SOPHIA MYRTLE.

EXAMPLES OF THE VIOLENCE WITH WHICH THE  
LEARNED HAVE CONTENDED ABOUT TRIFLES.

FROM D'ISRAELI'S "CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE." VOL. II.

ERASMUS produced a dialogue, in which he ridiculed those scholars who were servile imitators of Cicero; so servile, that they would employ no expression but what was found in the works of that writer; and even copied his faults. This dialogue is written with delicacy and fine humour, and composed in an exquisite style. Scaliger, the father, who was then unknown to the world, had been long looking for some occasion to distinguish himself; he now wrote a defence of Cicero, but which was in fact one continued invective against Erasmus: he there treats the latter as illiterate, a drunkard, an impostor, an apostate, a hangman, a demon just come from hell!

Schioppius was a worthy successor of the Scaligers: his favourite expression was, that he had trodden down his adversary.

Schioppius was a critic, as skilful as Salmasius or Scaliger, but still more learned in the language of abuse. He was regarded as the Attila of authors. He boasted that he had occasioned the deaths of Casaubon and Scaliger; and such was the impudence of this cynic, that he attacked with repeated satires our James the first, who, as Arthur Wilson informs us, condemned his writings to be burnt in London. Detested and dreaded as the public scourge, Schioppius, at the close of his life, was fearful he should find no retreat in which he might be secure.

Fabretti, an Italian, wrote furiously against Gronovius, whom he called *Grunnovius*: he compared him to all those animals whose voice was expressed by the word *grunire*, to *grunt*. This Gronovius was so malevolent a critic, that he was distinguished by the title of 'Grammatical Cur.'

When critics venture to attack the person as well as the performance of an author, I recommend the salutary proceedings of Huberus, the writer of an esteemed *Universal History*. He had been so roughly handled by Perizonius, that he obliged him to make the *amende honorable* in a court of justice.

Certain authors may be distinguished by the title of LITERARY BOBADILS, or fighting authors. It is said of one of our own celebrated writers, that he drew his sword on a reviewer; and another, when his farce was condemned, offered to fight any of the audience who hissed. Scudery, brother of the celebrated Mademoiselle Scudery, was a true Parnassian bully. The first publication which brought him into notice, was his edition of the works of his friend Theophile. He concludes the preface with these singular expressions.—"I do not hesitate to declare, that, amongst all the dead, and all the living, there is no person who has any thing to show that approaches the force of this vigorous genius; but if amongst the latter, any one were so ex-

travagant as to consider that I detract from his imaginary glory, to show him that I fear as little as I esteem him, this is to inform him, that my name is  
DE SCUDERY."

A similar rhodomontade is that of Claude Trelon, a poetical soldier. He begins his poems by informing the critics, that if any one attempts to censure him, he will only condescend to answer sword in hand.

ANTI, prefixed to the name of the person attacked, was once a favourite title to books of literary controversy. With a critical review of such books Baillet has filled a quarto volume: yet, notwithstanding this labour, such was the abundant harvest, that he left considerable gleanings for posterior industry;—his list was augmented by nearly as many.

Anti-Gronovius was a book published against Gronovius, by Kuster. Perizonius, another pugilist of literature, entered into this dispute on the subject of the *Æs* grave of the ancients, to which Kuster had just adverted at the close of his volume. What was the consequence? Dreadful!—Answers and rejoinders from both, in which they bespattered each other with the foulest abuse. A journalist blamed this acrimonious controversy; and he has done this with sufficient pleasantry. He says, "To read the pamphlets of a Perizonius and a Kuster on the *Æs* grave of the ancients, who would not renounce all commerce with antiquity? 'It seems as if an Agamemnon and an Achilles were railing at each other. Who can refrain from laughter, when one of these commentators even points his injuries at the very name of his adversary? According to Kuster, the name of Perizonius signifies a *certain part* of the human body. How is it possible, that with such a name he could be right concerning the *Æs* grave? But does that of Kuster promise better, since it signifies a beadle; a man who drives dogs out of churches?—What madness is this!"

The works of Homer produced a controversy both long and virulent amongst the wits of France. "At length," as the author of *Querelles Littéraires* informs us, "by the efforts of Valincour, the friend of art, of artists, and of peace, the contest was terminated." Both parties were formidable in number, and to each he made remonstrances, and applied reproaches. La Mothe and Madame Dacier, the opposite leaders, were convinced by his reasoning, made reciprocal concessions, and concluded a peace. The treaty was formally ratified at a dinner given on the occasion by the celebrated Madame De Staal, who represented 'Neutrality.' Libations were poured to the memory of old Homer, and the parties were reconciled.

Literary controversy is now generally conducted with that urbanity which should ever characterize the dispassionate man of letters. Let us, however, be careful, that the interests of literature do not evaporate in that polite incense of panegyric, which we so frequently observe scattered from the censurers of two adversaries. Antagonists of this description appear too partial to each other to combat with any earnestness.

## EARLY THEATRICAL MYSTERIES.

FROM THE SAME.

It is generally allowed that pilgrims introduced these devout spectacles. Those who returned from the Holy Land, or other consecrated places, composed canticles of their travels, and amused their religious fancies by interweaving scenes of which Christ, the Apostles, and objects of devotion, served as themes. Menestrier informs us, that these pilgrims travelled in troops, and stood in the public streets, where they recited their poems, with their staff in hand; while their chaplets and cloaks, covered with shells and images of various colours, formed a picturesque exhibition, which at length excited the piety of the citizens to erect occasionally a stage on an extensive spot of ground. These spectacles served as the amusement and instruction of the people. So attractive were these gross exhibitions in the dark ages, that they formed one of the principle ornaments of the reception which was given to princes when they entered towns.

When the mysteries were performed, at a more improved period, the actors were distinguished characters, and frequently consisted of the ecclesiastics of the neighbouring villages. Their productions were divided not into acts, but into different days of performance, and they were performed in the open plain; this was at least conformable to the critical precept of that mad knight, whose opinion is noticed by Pope. In these pieces, the actors represented the person of the Almighty, without being sensible of the gross impiety. So unskilful were they in this infancy of the theatrical art, that very serious consequences were produced by their ridiculous blunders and ill-managed machinery. In the history of the French theatre, vol. ii. p. 285, the following genuine and singular anecdotes are preserved, concerning a mystery which took up several days in the performance.

In the year 1437, when Conrad Bayer, bishop of Metz, caused the Mystery of the Passion to be represented on the plain of Veximiel, near that city, *God was an old gentleman*, named Mr. Nicholas Neufchatel, of Touraine, curate of St. Victory of Metz, and who was very near expiring on the cross, had he not been timely assisted. He was so enfeebled, that it was agreed another priest should be placed on the cross the next day, to finish the representation of the person crucified, and which was done; at the same time the said Mr. Nicholas undertook to perform the Resurrection, which being a less difficult task, he did it admirably well.—Another priest, whose name was Mr. John De Nicey, curate of Metrange, personated Judas, and he had like to have been stifled while he hung on the tree, for his neck dislocated; this being at length luckily perceived, he was quickly cut down, and recovered.

John Bouchet, in his *Annales d'Aquitaine* (a work which contains many curious circumstances of the times, written with that agreeable simplicity which characterizes the old writers), informs us, that in

1486 he saw played and exhibited in mysteries, by persons of Poitiers, the Nativity, Passion, and Resurrection of Christ, in great triumph and splendour; there were assembled on this occasion most of the ladies and gentlemen of the neighbouring counties.

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### MAGICAL SUPERSTITION.

FROM THE SAME.

Sometimes these superstitions are classed under the title of *PHY-LACTERIES*, or preservatives. Le Brun divides them into two kinds; the one employed *without words*, and the other *with words*.

In the first class are to be placed the *talismans*, which are certain figures invented by the Arabians, engraved on certain stones or metals. To make these talismans perfect, according to the minute description of an adept, and which is inserted in this work, so many wonderful things are required, that any one, in the least in his senses, must despair of accomplishing his purpose. Yet the same adept enumerates a variety of instances of their miraculous powers. He informs us of their potency as remedies, and prescribes them as excellent for the head-ach, the sore throat, rheumatisms, &c. and, what is very essential, they will assist us in becoming agreeable to the ladies, in acquiring riches and honours, in being successful in commerce or gaming; to be men of genius, &c.—The reader's curiosity is probably awakened; I have transcribed one of his recipes, on a subject in which most aspire to be successful.

#### R. for JOY, BEAUTY, and STRENGTH.

ENGRAVE the figure of VENUS, which is a lady holding in her hand apples and flowers, in the first scale of Libra, or of Pisces, or of Taurus. This is no difficult operation; but the reader must *first* obtain *the perfect talisman*, on which it is to be engraved.

Of the effects of these talismans there are numerous instances recorded by old writers; but I shall not venture to transcribe them.

One I am induced to notice. It was said that the cells of the Chartreux were never troubled with bugs; though they had been discovered in the cells of their domestics. Several religionists cherished an opinion that this was owing to a particular exemption with which God favoured the order! These are the literal expressions of father Jaques du Breul;—"God would not allow them to be afflicted and distressed by those stinking animals called bugs; and, to show his peculiar favour, he has not exempted the cells of their servants from these creatures."—This was a subject of serious controversy amongst the scholars of those days; and some attributed the exemption to the use of *talismans*. Cardan, more philosophically, to their not eating meat; Scaliger rallies him on this, but gives no reason for it; at length Vossius, in his work on idolatry, mentions this fact as very uncertain, while he at the same time brings the best proof of it, which simply proceeded from the act of *cleaning their cells daily*!

Another of the same kind of phylacteries were the *gamabex*, that is, natural figures found in stones, marble, metals, &c. things by no means uncommon; perhaps every virtuoso has one in his cabinet.

The same spirit of superstition has formed another kind of magic; which consists in certain words and expressions, sometimes accompanied by certain actions. Such as, when men were exposed to storms, lightning, &c. they drew a circle on the earth with a knife, capable of containing those they desired to protect. Then they made a cross, and wrote *Verbum Caro factum est*.—Characters more diabolical are framed, by which Le Brun informs us they pretend to corrupt the morals of the fair. Then he gives a prolix account of certain enchanted metals. But I am weary of collecting these superstitious follies; enough has been exhibited to remind the reader to what a deplorable degree the human mind can sink, when it labours under a load of superstitious imaginations.

## DETACHED THOUGHTS,

ILLUSTRATED BY ANECDOTES, ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

*Continued from P. 280.*

### ON CURIOSITY.

**P**HILON the Jew used to say, that curiosity was a poisonous desire which consumed the mind by degrees, till it had reduced it to nothing.—*Solomon* again assures us, that curiosity has been given us as a punishment for our sins.—*Horace* says, that the nature of man is to mount aloft into the air with the wings of *Icarus*, and that nothing can stop him but the thunder of *Jupiter*.—Curiosity penetrates into the deepest abyss of the earth, even to the confines of hell, where she meets with an impenetrable barrier to the living, and is obliged to return.—*Empedocles* threw himself into the fiery gulph of Mount *Etna*, transported with an insurmountable desire to enquire into the cause of its eternal flames.—*Poliantbe* had his eyes put out, for having had the curiosity of admiring *Sopbronia* naked in the Bath.—*Aristophane* lost his sight, by his too great attention in examining the spots in the sun.—*Zenon* the *Philosopher* was consumed by a flash of lightning, on going to the top of a high mountain in order to examine into the nature and mystery of thunder.—*Pericles* became mad in endeavouring too strictly to examine into the principles of folly.—*Alexander's* curiosity was so great, that he ordered the ground to be dug in search of another world.—*Aristotle*, who, on account of his great penetration in natural philosophy, was called the Demon of the Earth, had so great a curiosity to know the cause of the flowing and ebbing of the tide at *Chalcide*, a town of *Eubea*, that he died of



grief at not being able to render a just account of it.—*Pliny*, the author of the Natural History, was suffocated by the flames and vapours of Mount *Gibel*, in Sicily, in endeavouring to search into the cause from whence proceeded that vast fire which destroyed all the neighbouring country, in the reign of the Emperor *Titus*, in such a manner that seven or eight towns were burnt; and many persons at sea and on land suffocated by its ashes, carried in clouds by the wind.—*Demarate* having been often questioned by an importunate fellow, who was the man the most estimable at *Sparta*? That one, replied he, who resembles you the least.—The Consul *Tabutus*, at the age of seventy, had so little curiosity in his nature, that he had never quitted his town of *Rbegio* to go to *Messana*, though it was but two leagues by water: somebody asking him the reason; the boat, says he, is a foolish thing, for it is ever in motion; the mariner is a fool, for he never remains in one opinion; the water partakes of the same folly, for there is no stopping its motion; and, lastly, the wind is also mad, for it blows continually: when we meet a madman in our walks, do we not shun him; why then should I venture my life at sea to the disposal of so much folly?—Our curiosity should never lead us to discover things beyond our power;—why endeavour to know the nature of fire, capable to destroy us?—why take a pleasure in forging darts, to turn against ourselves?—Since the sun dazzles, and that we cannot look at him without weeping for our temerity, we ought to turn away our eyes from his burning rays.—The philosopher *Tales*, in contemplating the stars, fell into a muddy ditch—a woman helping him out said, “I am much surprized that you should be desirous of knowing what is so far removed from you, and yet so ignorant of what is at your feet.”—An antient philosopher said, that men had a great curiosity to know how the world was made, but little or no desire to know how they themselves were made.

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### ON DESPAIR.

The crime of despair is the greatest of all, for the man who suffers himself to be carried away by it, denies the existence and the goodness of God, and blasphemes against his mercy, as thinking him incapable to pardon his offences; and which certainly are thoughts the most criminal and unnatural that can possibly be imagined.—*Zoma*, that great philosopher, after having many years taught his scholars the knowledge of sound reason, at last lost his reason, and by laying violent hands on himself contradicted what he had so long been teaching, —for which reason the *Lydians* took away his statue from the Temple of Memory, that the man might be soon forgot together with his crime.—Despair (said a certain author) in war is the most powerful and invincible effort: for which reason the antient Roman chiefs were careful to instil into the minds of their soldiers the necessity of vanquishing, and depriving the enemy as much as lay in their power of any such hopes, very frequently opening a passage to facilitate

their escape, when they could prevent it.—John King of France, refusing to receive the English army, on the offers of a peace, was taken prisoner and carried into England; his army, composed of forty-five thousand men, was defeated by ten thousand English.—*Gaston de Foix* having gained the battle of *Ravenne* was not satisfied with his good fortune, but pursued a squadron of Spaniards, who were flying before him; they perceiving they must be overtaken, turned about, killed *Gaston* at the first outset, and put his party to the rout: thus in an instant all that he had conquered in Italy became a prey to the enemy.—A man in despair is worth three others: the runaway turns with redoubled fury, and the pursuer yields the victory into his hands: despair banishes all fear.—The *Locrians*, to the number only of fifteen thousand men, defeated one hundred and thirty thousand of the enemy, because they were drove to madness by their despair, and thought of no other victory than selling their lives as dear as they could. The Roman Consul *Manlius* lost his life by being over-secure of a complete victory;—he had surprized the enemy's camp, and shut up all the avenues in such a manner that nobody could escape:—what was the consequence?—they rushed upon his army like enraged lions, and would have slaughtered the whole, had not a passage been suddenly left at liberty for them to make their escape.—Why should men despair when things go ill?—if an advantage is lost one year, it may be made up the next.—That person who is unfortunate in the morning, may be quite the reverse in the evening, and enjoy quiet sleep.—The pursuer, in the space of one quarter of an hour, may come to change sides with the pursued.—Like *Lucius Martius* a young Roman knight, who, after the death of *Cneus Scipion* and the defeat of his army, in haste gathered together some troops of those escaped from the battle, and of some garrisons, with which presenting himself to the victorious enemy, who were advancing without fear or order to destroy the rest, they were so much surprized at seeing such a number of men after the defeat they had given them, that they were struck with a panick and fled with great precipitation.—*Lucius* pursued them to their camp, and massacred more than thirty-five thousand men.

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#### ON MILITARY DISCIPLINE.

A Grecian soldier was much esteemed for withdrawing his arm, ready to give the mortal stroke to his enemy, as soon as he heard the sound of the retreat; the glory of the soldier consisting more in obedience than victory.—After the decampment of a Roman army, commanded by *M. Scaurus*, an apple-tree was found laden with fruit, the soldier being satisfied alone with the shade and shelter it procured him.—The emperor *Aurelian*, as a punishment to one of his men for corrupting the wife of his host, ordered him to be dismembered, by bending two trees near each other for that purpose.—Henry the 4<sup>th</sup> of France, receiving intelligence that some troops he had sent into

Germany, in their way through Champagne, had done a great deal of damage and pillaged the farmers, said to some of his captains remaining at Paris, "Take horse immediately and put an end to their disorders, as you will answer it on your lives.—What, if my farmers are thus plundered, who will nourish me? who will pay the expences of the state? who will pay your pensions, gentlemen?" "By the living God, an attack on my people, is an attack on myself."

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#### ON WISDOM.

The man truly wise, says the philosopher, speaks little, and even the fool when he is silent is reputed wise; when he first opens his mouth you see then, as in a temple, the true portraits and images of the soul.—*Plutarch* says, that the words of the wise are like pure gold, less in weight than what is adulterated; therefore a short discourse ought to contain much substance and instruction.—When Philip King of Macedon wrote to the *Laconians*, that if they forced him to enter into their country, he would extirpate them all by fire and sword. The answer they sent him in return was only the following word, *If*.—*Pyrrhus* said, that the eloquence of *Cineas* had gained him more victories than the valour of his army; and *Philip* of Macedon confessed, that he found a much greater difficulty in silencing the eloquent city of Athens, than in conquering the invincible Sparta.—*Isocrates* being interrogated, how it was possible that having no eloquence in himself he could teach the science to others? answered, A sharpening-stone does not cut of itself, but it renders iron capable of cutting.—*Diogenes* said, that the only method to destroy envy was to behave in such a manner as to leave her nothing to lay hold of.—A King of Sparta said, that the envious were miserable people indeed, to be as much afflicted at the prosperity of others as at their own adversity.—Somebody having said to *Tasso*, the famous Italian poet, that he had now a favourable opportunity of revenging himself on a man who from envy or jealousy had rendered him many ill offices; answered, I do not aim at his life or honour, but only to deprive him of his ill-will.

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#### A CURE FOR THE BITE OF A VIPER.

A MAN falling asleep after mowing in the garden, had his breast stung by an adder. Waked by the pain of the wound, he shook off the adder from his shirt, and immediately applied to the lady of the house. She ordered a young pigeon, with its anus close to the wound, to be applied. The pigeon (whose reciprocal contraction and dilatation in those parts is well known) soon swelled, sickened, and died. A second pigeon was administered to the place infected in like manner, and kept close to the breast for some time, till it grew faint, and could draw no more. The man was entirely cured; and the second pigeon was found dead the next morning.

ON THE COMPARATIVE MORALITY  
OF THE  
ANCIENTS AND MODERNS.

IF we look to the vices of former times they will appear more enormous, if not more general, than the vices of these latter days.

I shall not go back to the infancy of the world for a view of large and populous cities, where scarcely any righteous persons were to be found; I shall not mark them abandoned to the most unnatural crimes, and drawing down destruction from on high. Were we only to glance over the history of the Jews, a race selected from the nations as God's peculiar people, we should be sufficiently shocked by every species of barbarity and profligacy. Though under the immediate direction of God, they were incredulous, obstinate, and cruel; they were repeatedly guilty of incest, of fratricide, of parricide; and in their punishments (such as sawing men asunder) they betrayed a most brutal disposition.

The cruelties of the Jews are hardly equalled by the inhumanity of the thirty Athenian tyrants, who having slain a vast number of citizens, obliged the daughters of the murdered to dance in the blood of their parents.

Nor are the Jewish people exceeded by the moderns in extravagance. It is well known that the Israelitish ladies were accustomed to powder their hair with gold dust.

We find many of the Romans committing the most savage outrages. Even to revenge a trivial jest, Antoninus Caracalla put all the citizens of Alexandria to the sword, and razed the city to the ground.

The Romans, in many instances, combined the deepest treachery with all the wantonness of cruelty. The *punica fides* might well be retorted on themselves. The perfidy of Servius Galba, who assembling together the inhabitants of three cities in Spain, under the pretence of consulting their common safety, cut off seven thousand at a stroke; or of Licinus Lucullus, who, in violation of express articles, massacred twenty thousand of the Caucaei, can scarce be paralleled in modern times. The mild Augustus himself was guilty of the greatest enormities. It is well known that, on taking the city of Perusium, he offered up, as a sacrifice to the manes of his uncle Julius, three hundred of the principal citizens. Have we ever had occasion to execrate such living characters as those of Nero or Domitian? Are not the ten persecutions so pregnant with barbarity, that the history of them seems incredible to the moderns?

If such then were the cruelties of the Greeks and Romans, must not imagination recoil from the inhumanity of the nations around them? How can we form an adequate idea of those whom the Greeks

and Romans stiled Barbarians?—On a general view of their morality the barbarians were not more barbarous. The bestiality of the German women, in throwing their infants at the faces of the Roman soldiers, to damp the ardour of ambition and of victory by the most terrifying spectacles inhumanity could exhibit, is even more defensible than the outrages I have already mentioned.

As to other vices that characterised these two politer people, the licentious communication of the sexes, we know, was pretty generally countenanced.

An excess of drinking was so prevalent among the Greeks, that *pergræcari* implied the frenzy of drunkenness. We are told (though it is hardly to be credited) that Cyrus, preparing to attack his brother Artaxerxes, published a manifesto, in which he asserted his superior claim to the throne of Persia, because he could swallow the most wine. Is it possible that so shameless a manifesto could be published by a modern prince?

For these vices the Roman people also were notorious—*ad diurnam stellam matutinam potantes*, from Plautus to Seneca; the latter of whom affirmed, that the women even exceeded the men.

With respect to the prodigality and luxury of the ancients, we have numerous instances, unequalled by our wildest excesses—our most delicate refinements in voluptuousness. We are told by Plutarch, that Alexander spent twelve millions of talents upon the funeral of Hephæstion; and, for the extravagance of the emperor Heliogabalus, what prince on earth can now pretend to rival him? Historians inform us, that, while his fish-ponds were filled with rose-water, his lamps furnished with the balsam that distils from the Arabian groves, his dining-room strewed with saffron, and his porticoes with gold dust, he had every day new vestments of the richest silk, or woven gold!

If it be said that, though not so extravagant, we are yet more voluptuous than the ancients, I would only look to the Roman luxuries at Baïæ to obviate so frivolous an objection. There are some who may pretend that I have been all this while collecting a few vices as they are thinly scattered over the face of the ancient world; that I have been unfairly bringing into view the more prominent irregularities of men, to the degradation of the species, and to the confusion of historical truth. But this I deny. I have brought forward the vices that have characterised whole ages and nations. The best ages of Greece and Rome will shrink from a comparison with modern times.

In Greece the common people were subjected to such a legislation, and such a religion, that their brightest morals were stained with impurities. The applauded virtues of the Spartan commonwealth are blended with glaring imperfection. The laws of Lycurgus, so repeatedly the theme of oratorical panegyrick, are little else than a mass of corruption. They are founded in false and vicious principles. They hold forth absurdities which would shock the good sense of a modern legislator. Among a variety of other barbarities they directed the exposure, and, consequently, the destruction, c<sup>f</sup>

such children as were born too delicate or weak for the military functions of a Spartan. The Spartans, in fact, were soldiers, not men. Their lawgiver seems to have viewed the one as contradistinguished from the other; since in the warlike character, which consisted in triumphing over the tenderness of nature, and confronting death with savage resolution, he hath sunk all the virtues and affections of humanity. From the cultivation of the gentler passions he was so utterly averse, that he banished all the humanizing arts; lest they should soften the bosom into benevolence, or excite the social sympathies, or kindle those charities of father, son, and brother, which he diligently laboured to extinguish. Hostile, indeed, to every species of mental improvement, he suffered no form of literature to exist among his subjects. To render the body robust and active, to the extinction almost of the mind, was the sole object of the Spartan legislator.

The boys, therefore, were taken away at a very early age from their parents, and inured, under the care of the state, to hardships, and difficulties, and dangers. They were taught to bear the severest extremities of heat and cold, hunger and thirst, with patience and tranquillity; and, merely with a view of exercising or hardening their bodies, were often beat in so merciless a manner that they expired under the whip; and (what wonderfully proves the force of habit) they have been known in such situations to expire without a groan.

Thus, then, all natural affection between parents and children was destroyed or precluded, and the direst ferocity planted in its place. It seems, indeed, that parents felt some interest in the fate of their offspring; for Spartan mothers have been applauded for their firmness and magnanimity whilst they rejoiced over their children slain in battle, and pointed with triumph to the mangled bodies. To teach them the cunning and artifice which they might have occasion to practise against the enemy, the Spartans were countenanced by the legislature in thievery. The best thieves were the best subjects. The Spartan, indeed, is only to be contemplated in the camp. Estranged from all the virtues and comforts of domestic life, he could scarcely boast the fidelity or attachment of a female to soften his military cares! The women of Lacedæmon had neither gentleness, nor modesty, nor sense of shame. Such, then, was Sparta: cruelty and cunning were her cardinal virtues. Yet the classic scholar looks back on Sparta with admiration.

The other celebrated city of Greece hath a higher claim to our notice. The virtues of Athens were not so ambiguous or so revolting. But the Athenians seem to have been as strangely addicted to superstition as the Spartans were to war. They devoted half their time to the worship of the gods; and the homage that so occupied their attention was most absurd and ridiculous. This, however, is the least exceptionable part of a religion which, by holding forth the most flagrant examples of immorality in the persons of the gods, by exacting a vast variety of shocking and indecent ceremonies, and

by forcing the practice of obscenities under the cover of mystery, must have tinctured with impure notions the best-disposed minds, and have depraved the moral conduct in almost every situation; where a popular religion enjoys the practice of vice, the vulgar must be necessarily vicious; and, for the philosophers, could they dissipate from their bosoms the early and familiar prejudices of the only religion which they knew? No schoolboy, I suppose, needs be informed, that the wise and virtuous Socrates (for such hath he been called) was weak enough to sacrifice a cock to Æsculapius.

The influence of polite literature on the morals is certainly visible in every community, and the sages and poets of Athens were generally her best moral men. These, however, were comparatively few. The great body of the people was a contaminated mass.

Polished as Athens is said to have been, she was very deficient in that pure refinement which includes chastity and delicacy. There is one circumstance sufficiently proves it. Her courtezans were her only women of education. They were absolutely the only women who were easily approachable by the other sex, who appeared at public places, who adorned and enlivened society by their polite address and sparkling conversation, who presided over the fashions and influenced the manners. With such our Socrates himself conversed. With such only he could relax the stern features of philosophy. He had his sweet Xantippe, indeed, at home, but, affable as she was, I am rather inclined to think that he had no great disrelish to an evening lounge with Thais, though the conversation of the latter might be disadvantageously opposed to that of his soft insinuating consort!—The virtuous women of Athens, in truth, were so miserably degraded, that they were rendered incapable of the sweet communion of soul with soul. Uneducated, grossly ignorant, shut up from society, they were treated as slaves, and expected to perform the meanest offices. They had no room to exert their native sensibility; they had no ideas to communicate; and if they had, there was no congenial bosom near to cherish or enliven sentiment by friendly approbation and sympathetic affection!

From this situation of the Athenian women we can form no very exalted idea of Athens itself. It is an undoubted fact, that the domestic circle in which the feminine virtues diffuse their sweetness, is the finest nursery of national morality,

T. R.

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ON THE  
*TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.*

**A**MONG other parts of the inspired writings which have been noticed by disputants and sceptics, is that which declares man's dominion over the brute creation. They consider the authority weak, as only delivered by one man to another, and apprehend that Moses might conceive it necessary to give the Israelites such an idea for their

encouragement during their journey through the wilderness, and to excite them to the destruction of such as were noxious.

In my own opinion, we have no reason to doubt the truth of the sacred text; on the contrary, had we not that information, it would be natural to conclude such power had been given; for, otherwise, what cause can we assign for the superiority which is undeniably possessed? The combined efforts of a single species had been sufficient, long ere now, to have extirpated the race; but, instead of this, those who are not obedient to his commands, constantly shun his abode and person; at least they never molest either, unless necessitated by hunger, or anger urges them to resent the bold intrusion on their haunts. Others submit with patience, not only to his yoke, but bear his stripes (too often directed by wanton cruelty), and ill usage of every description.

I must beg leave to explain myself, that nothing but the most unwarrantable arrogance can lead any man to suppose his sovereignty extends so far as to subject them to his arbitrary will—controuled by no law, curbed by no restrictions. He from whose Almighty fiat all things derive their existence, has an indisputable title to use them as he pleases. Yet *he* guides his power by his justice, nor is any part of *his* government inconsistent with his goodness. Man, conscious that he enjoys a little brief authority, meanly stoops to tyrannise. But this is nothing rare; we see the same thing daily in the affairs of the world. The great and enlightened mind disdains an improper use of the power which may chance to be vested in his hands, and uses it only to scatter happiness among his fellow creatures; while haughty ignorance imagines oppression his prerogative, and severity one of the most becoming fasces of his sway. Persons of this disposition commonly play the same contemptible part in every scene of life's capacious theatre, careful lest a frown or harsh word might be displeasing to a superior; but no sooner in the company of those they deem beneath them, than they betray their despicable principles; and should any one happen to offend, that kind of bravery is displayed which at another time is so advantageously exhibited over an expiring butterfly; and the object who has unfortunately alarmed their honour is (as it were) trampled on with all the insolence a depraved mind can invent, and loaded with every expression prostituted language is capable of affording. In a word, to practice cruelty towards those who have no power to resist, is (as Tully has said of vice in general) so mean and unworthy of us, that we should scorn to do it, even though it were not prohibited.

But the seeds of barbarity and despotism are apt to take deep root wherever they are sown, and children are too often initiated to actions of this nature, by those whose care it should be

———“to fix  
“The gen'rous purpose in the glowing breast.”

If the child cries, nothing appears more natural than to pacify it at the expence of a frightened bird, or half-starved kitten. Happy is it



if it stops here; but, if extremely desirous of possessing the feathered prisoner, devote it to the capricious will of a peevish infant, and delight to see how, insensible to the pangs of pity, the smiling assassin gripes his victim, and when tired of the diversion, gives it up to continue the game with *pretty pussey*, by whose equally unrelenting, but not guilty paw, death kindly finishes its misery, but at the same time *unfortunately* puts an end to the *refined* amusement. Admirable education! The boy thus tutored may one day rival a Caligula.

On the other hand there are those who run into an opposite extreme. Naturally possessed of delicate feelings (or I fear sometimes affecting to be so), they extend their pity almost as universally as an ancient father of the Romish church, who, from merciful and inoffensive motives, would not destroy the vermin which infested his body and cloathing; and they stigmatize as cruel that which man is under the necessity of doing for his subsistence, comfort, or defence. I would, however, be extremely cautious with regard to checking such ideas, though weak and foolish, for, it must be confessed, they result from genuine goodness of heart; and, if it is a fault, it "leans to virtue's side." Weak as such a mind may be, it does more honour to the possessor, than all that greatness and fortitude which can steel the heart against the emotions of sympathy, and enable it to triumph over the conquered sparrow, or exult at the torture of a beetle.

Their rights are inviolable, save where they clash with ours. Man is authorised and obligated to take the lives of such as his wants require; but this should be unattended with any additional agony. A feeling mind must shudder at the painful task, and lament the sad necessity.—From others he receives assistance in his laborious occupations, and the frequent lash of unmerited severity is commonly the reward of their industry. Even those whose fidelity and attachment to his person claim his favour and kindness, in many instances experience his ingratitude. Such is the manner in which we too generally proclaim our power, and thus are the lives of these unoffending creatures rendered miserable, and (which should have a considerable share in calling forth our pity) without hope of alteration. Man, under all his misfortunes, is supported by the prospect of a futurity, where sorrows shall not be, and where every tear shall be wiped away; while the pains of these cease only with being, and have no other period than annihilation.

A very different line of conduct would certainly set forth human nature in more pleasing colours. We have every reason to be grateful to our universal Creator for the invaluable charter, and certainly ought to consider it as a duty incumbent on us to acknowledge our sense of the obligation; but this should not be done merely with our tongues; the most expressive language we are capable of using, and the incense most acceptable to heaven, is a proper application of the delegated authority. We cannot be ignorant that the general tenor of the divine law informs us, that God takes our good or ill behaviour to his creation as to himself; that he will not forget our kind offices towards any part of it; and will regard every trespass as no trifling insult to his dignity, no small infringement on his commandments. E. A. K.

ON THE VARIETY OF CONJECTURES CONCERNING  
THE APPEARANCE AND DEPARTURE  
*OF SWALLOWS.*

TO THE  
EDITOR OF THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE.

SIR,  
H<sup>A</sup>VING observed mention made in different works on ornithology of the regular appearance in the spring, and the regular departure in the autumn, of the swallow-tribes, and having attentively considered the various opinions therein entertained, some conceiving them as coming from, and taking their flight to, distant regions, and others supposing them to continue, during the winter months, in holes of cliffs, or at the bottoms of lakes and rivers; I have taken the liberty to suggest a few reflections upon the same subject, chiefly with a view to the latter opinion, which to me appears at least indefensible, if nothing worse. Many of these have been discovered, it has been said, clung together under water; but, as a judicious writer is inclined to think "*that* may be only a casual event" (for why are not more of them produced, when ponds and rivers are so frequently dragged in all seasons of the year?) "as it would be miraculous indeed to preserve them in that element, and from destruction by various kinds of fish;" but especially when that celebrated anatomist, John Hunter, as it has been observed, has proved that they are unfurnished with organs to support them during the winter in a state of torpor in either situation.

The same gentleman, in another part of his letter, is disposed to think, from having observed, as he imagined, a second brood so late as the 21st of November, on the wing, and afterwards settling under the pediment of a lofty building, that there they secreted themselves during the winter. These were only a few stragglers that might be supposed to be left behind after the general migration; for though they might be too weak to attempt, on one supposition, so arduous a flight with their companions, there is not the same reason on the other, why they should not also disappear if the others descended to the bottom of the lakes at the general immersion. But, from these and other partial appearances, a general opinion has been adopted, that there is no migration; and the fact that has been adduced to support it, of many having been seen to take refuge after a long flight on the sails and shrouds of ships, has been said to be confined to places within a small distance from land, which they alledge proves nothing for their traversing a great length of ocean; but the distance is not so great to the nearest parts of the continent, but that their flight across our channel may be readily admitted, especially when it is known that the woodcock, a bird not more adapted to extensive

flights, is known to come hither from the parts of the continent which are contiguous to our channel, when the swallows leave us. Many of these annual visitants have been said to resort constantly to the same habitations, and one, in particular, being supposed (as I remember to have seen in some accounts) to occupy the same nest which was suspended for some years undisturbed under the beam of an old barn, have been supposed to take up their winter quarters not far from their summer stations.

Now, supposing their migration, which at present is equally probable with their continuance here (for that is not proved), might it not be said, that, though we are ignorant of the places from which they migrate, Providence may have directed part of the same family to the very spot where they first received their existence? I say, part; for, if all that are bred here in a summer were either to awake again at the return of spring from their torpid state, on one supposition, or to return from distant climates, on the other, the superfecundation would be so prodigious (for there is such a forbearance shewn to the swallow-tribe, that, except a few from wantonness, not many are destroyed, and even their nests are unmolested), that there would not be food enough, even among the innumerable tribes of insects, to support them; and, instead of being a benefit to mankind, they would prove the greatest nuisance. But it is not seen that their multitudes do so accumulate from one year to another; on the contrary, nearly the same number of nests are built in our chimneys, and under our roofs, in the following as in the preceding summer.

The particular food of which they come in pursuit is sufficient to maintain annually the colony sent out; and, when they take their leave of us no greater flights are found hovering round our houses in any succeeding year than in those which went before. Either, therefore, a certain number of the different kinds die in their several repositories, and the remainder are suffered to revive, to destroy the myriads of animalculæ that would otherwise destroy the fruits of the earth; or, which is much more probable, the same wise Providence which proportions the births of males to females in the human race, and appoints, for purposes unknown to us, different species of animals, through the whole scale of created beings, to be the prey of others, an allotted number return to us from their retreats to more hospitable climates, to continue a succession which may be sufficient to lessen the various despoilers of the earth's productions, but not to injure or offend us with their increasing multitudes.

I very much fear, Sir, that the notion of these tribes of swallows being secreted in holes and caverns, and at the bottom of lakes and rivers, is adopted with a view of accounting for their stated appearance among us without the necessity of providential interference. Mr. Buffon, the celebrated French naturalist, has endeavoured to explain the geometrical regularity of the hexagonal cells of bees, by saying that the animal, in the formation of his cell, is so pressed by the adjoining labourers in the hive, that the space left to each must unavoidably produce a hexagon. But why do they not produce circles,

which figure they might be presumed as naturally to assume! Or, if it be said that space would be lost by the combination of circles, why do they not produce equilateral triangles or squares, which are figures equally regular with hexagons, and equally lose no space?

It has been generally received that bees, like other animals unendued with reason, are guided by what is usually called instinct, which is more uniform than reason, and in which they are entirely passive; that is, that they are directed in their operations by a superior intelligence; and, therefore, it is the fashion with philosophers of the present day, because they will think differently from the million, to exclude a general as well as a particular Providence from any concern in the things of this world, and to account for every thing upon physical and mechanical principles. The migration of birds, not merely of the swallow-tribes, but of a great variety of others, whom we never notice in the winter (and are they too secreted in the clefts of rocks, and at the bottoms of lakes?) the return of nearly the same numbers, the resort to the same habitations, seem the peculiar allotment of some superior agent, and are phenomena too uniform to be explained consistently on any other supposition. It was said of old, that "the stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed time, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming." But this may be thought an obsolete authority from a book now out of use; and perhaps the question may not be allowed to be decided till some means shall be adopted, to ascertain the region whence they come, and whither they go. But the opinion of their migration, exclusive of authority, rests, I flatter myself, upon a surer foundation than that of their continuance here in a torpid state (for it has more of fact and observation to support it), is less encumbered with difficulties, and derogates not so much from the Deity as that which ascribes the miracle (for such it must be esteemed, and not the less so for being constantly exhibited), not to providential interposition, but to causes, as it is supposed, more natural, but, without a Providence, equally inexplicable.

CLERICUS.

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## AUTHENTIC AND INTERESTING NARRATIVE

OF THE

## ADVENTURES OF THE MUTINEERS

WHO PIRATICALLY SEIZED HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP BOUNTY.

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*Continued from Page 272.*

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**T**HOMPSON'S present anxiety was in avoiding his own party, for he did not entertain the smallest suspicion of the natives becoming his enemies, who, as he thought, would leave it to Christian

to punish his offence, not knowing that Christian had resigned that power to them, and in this, indeed, Christian may be thought to have acted exceedingly wisely; for, without incurring the resentment of any more of his people, the murderer was amply punished, and his fate was sufficient to deter others from acting in the same violent manner. The relations of Churchill (by tyoship) were in vigilant pursuit of Thompson, and on the second day after the commission of the murder found him. Whenever these natives are inclined to hostility, the preparations which they make give timely indication of their intention. Treachery is very seldom among their faults, but even when they are disposed thereto, they have not cunning sufficient to disguise it. Thompson perceiving them at a distance, knew their purpose by their manœuvres; they rattled stones together and joined in a war-chorus. Upon a nearer approach their designs were more apparent, and one of them slinging a stone at him, he presented his empty musquet, for his ammunition was now all expended. The natives retreated till he had fired, for they were now so well acquainted with those arms as to know that he could not fire again without replenishing his musquet; so that they intended to take advantage of the interim. As soon as they had retired Thompson endeavoured to fly, but in this he was disappointed; for the natives had divided themselves into parties, and he found himself so surrounded that refuge was impossible. He presented his musquet at this party as he had done before at the other, which a while postponed their intentions. Perceiving among these a chief whom he had been lately on good terms with, he made signs to speak to him, holding out his hands as a token of friendship. But to his great surprise the chief, being more the friend of the deceased than of him, rejected his proposals of peace, and like a man of true valour declared himself an open enemy. Thompson then by signs (which were frequently interrupted by two or three of the natives who were continually making efforts to advance, at whom he as frequently presented his empty musquet) represented to the chief how unfair it was for so many to come upon one man. The chief not only understood but felt this remark, and by some signal which he gave obliged his party to retire, while he came up to Thompson by himself. Thompson hoping to court his favour made no efforts of defence; he received however a blow from the chief, whereupon he reeled some paces, while the musquet fell out of his hands. Thompson now fell a victim to their fury; but though he was dealt with in a most barbarous manner, he did not suffer a lingering death. His limbs were all separated, and every chief who was related to Churchill by tyoship demanded a part. The meanest of kin received his skull, which there is no doubt is reserved to this day, and exhibited upon every occasion.

Oedidy reported the unhappy catastrophe of Thompson to Christian. It is impossible to describe his feelings upon the occasion. He felt not for Thompson or Churchill, but for himself, dreading that one day or other it might be his own fate; and indeed he had some reason to think that, encouraged by their success now, they

would be induced on every frivolous occasion to renew their attacks, and by such means exterminate his whole party.

Every day the mutineers became more and more convinced of the precariousness of their situation. Several thefts were committed by the natives, and the chiefs paid little or no attention to the complaints which were made against them. Indeed Christian began to lose his consequence very much, while Coleman, from rendering himself useful to the natives, was apparently the most regarded. The carpenters, as they occasionally contributed their assistance towards building, were likewise held in esteem. It is true, Tinah, Oedidy, and the other chiefs, still continued their visits, but they were evidently made not out of friendship, but mere curiosity. Tinah was particularly inquisitive and troublesome. His remarks on Christian's story likewise displayed much observation. He wondered that Captain Cook's death (*if he was now alive*) was not contradicted long ago. He was likewise surprised that he should fix his residence in Whytutakee.

Christian perceived too plainly the impropriety of his story, but he avoided equivocation for fear of rendering bad worse.

Tinah asked him what induced Captain Bligh to settle there too? Were the people of that island more friendly and agreeable than the people of Otaheite? He wished also to know if King George had consented to it? These questions puzzled Christian not a little, and his palpable confusion did not escape the notice of the enquirer.

This inquisitive chief also asked Christian what time he meant to leave them? "*Immediately,*" answered Christian, "if we are *already* grown troublesome." After this another of the chiefs observed, that as Captain Bligh had settled in Whytutakee, and seemingly abandoned his *own people* as well as his *foreign friends*, that it would be equally just in him to settle in Otaheite, after the example of his commander? "True, true," cried Christian! "perhaps I may, I'll consider." Christian's seeming approbation of this advice served to increase their suspicions, and in all probability the proposal was made for the sake of trying him: it was impossible though for any man in the critical situation of Christian to be always upon his guard. Tinah afterwards seriously asked Christian if he intended to abide with them during life? Christian replied, with a forced smile, in the affirmative. "Then Captain Bligh has used me very ill," cried Tinah. "He received from me some \* presents to deliver to King George, and I find that the greater part of them remain in the vessel."

This unexpected observation made Christian contradict himself, and pass it off under a declaration *that he was only joking*. He waited, he said, for a more convenient season, when he intended to proceed for England; and, according to Captain Bligh's directions, deliver those presents to the king in the name of the donor.

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\* The bread-fruit plants which were put on board the *Bounty*, were designed by the chiefs of Otaheite as a present for His Majesty.

"But," interrupted Tinah, "has the captain given you a list of those things which I expect in return, and which are to be sent by the large vessel, in which we are to visit England?"

Christian endeavoured to amuse the people still with false assertions and promises, but he found it no easy task to carry on the deceptions: nor had he prompt answers indeed to make to the different questions which were put to him.

Tinah, among other ingenious remarks, wondered, that if Christian intended to depart from the island he should have taken to himself any wives: for Christian had two children by two women, and another of his ladies was pregnant; by suffering those two children to live, he accordingly confirmed the marriages. If the father destroys his child, he is at liberty to leave the woman (as we have before observed), and many children are there destroyed in the island of Otaheite and elsewhere, agreeable to their laws, which are instituted, as they infer, to prevent an overstock of inhabitants. Christian however declared that he intended to bring his family to England with him.

"And yet," interrupted Tinah, "you could not make room for *me*." "Perhaps," replied Christian confused, "I shan't bring them till the large vessel is ready." Tinah facetiously observed that a large vessel was necessary, seeing that so many of his people were married; he then hinted his astonishment at some of them being tattooed: but this Christian represented was intended as a compliment to the island, and that out of respect to the Otaheiteans they intended to introduce the custom in England. He afterwards declared, that when he returned to the island he might settle for good and all with his family, provided he found his company was *still* agreeable to the inhabitants.

Christian now saw that in many respects the advice which he had given his people was attended with many evil consequences, particularly their having connections in other districts, which created no small jealousy among the chiefs of Otaheite. Their conforming likewise with their manners gave room for further suspicions.

During a conference with Heywood, this gentleman advised Christian to return to England, and throw themselves on the mercy of God: but Christian would not listen to this, though he never once entertained a thought that Captain Bligh could have arrived there safe. Heywood still urged the propriety of their departure, and was seconded by Coleman and others. Stewart, who was as much averse to the proposal as Christian, apprehended that they were mutinously inclined, and observed to Christian, how fatal it would be for them if Coleman (the friend of Captain Bligh) had gained sufficient influence over Heywood to persuade either him, or any of their party, to use violence, and force their return to England. The idea alarmed Christian, who strictly commanded Stewart to observe and listen to their consultations.

"Rather than return," said he, "I would die!—I know Coleman—the carpenters too—they would all discover—sooner would I suffer massacre, and all the tortures these barbarous natives could inflict,

than once set my foot upon English ground to be called to an account, and bear the reproaches that I should surely meet!"

From this time Christian began to suspect the fidelity of Heywood, and continual jarrings between them took place. Notwithstanding, Heywood still urged the propriety of their returning to England, and endeavoured by the most persuasive arguments to prevail upon him to comply: but Christian was still inexorable. "I have considered it well," says he, "and by G— I'll die before I agree."

"Considered! (echoed Heywood)—would to Heaven you had considered before you had acted at all."

This keen reproach stung Christian's soul, and he was never afterwards on friendly terms with Heywood,

The natives were now constantly on board the *Bounty*, and as Christian's authority had very much decreased, there were no means employed to prevent it; the consequence of which was, that several depredations were committed, and the seamen who remained on board were exceedingly incommoded by the frequent visits they received.

Several of the natives now expressed a desire to sleep in the ship, and Ellison hastened to Christian to communicate to him their request: at this time Christian had sent one of his wives with a message to M'Intosh the carpenter.

Christian was by no means surprised at the natives' request, for during their stay in the island several of the chiefs had already slept on board; and it was a common practice while Captain Bligh was there, who frequently entertained Tinah and his wife Iddeah the whole night.

Christian's wife having returned from M'Intosh, appeared very much distressed; her uneasiness soon alarmed Christian, who requested an explanation. From her he understood that the natives had formed a design to seize the ship, and that those who were to sleep on board were to assist in the plot. The intelligence alarmed Christian exceedingly, and he was for some time doubtful whether or not the design was planned by Heywood; but a few minutes consideration assured him of the contrary. Heywood's anxiety to return to England would never admit of his being a confederate of the natives. Of course it was as bad for the one as for the other. However, as there were more of his party that he could confide in, he resolved on both devising and executing a project himself to destroy that of the natives.

Accordingly he requested this his most favourite wife, and who on every occasion evinced the greatest sincerity and affection for her husband, to return to the vessel and feign herself exceedingly ill. This she did, and Christian in a short time after followed, and brought thirteen other females on board with him. None of the other mutineers at this time had the least suspicion of either the natives design to seize the vessel, or Christian's intention to defeat their purpose.



Christian's wife acted her part with most surprising sagacity, upon which her husband, apparently agitated at her supposed illness, requested her to lie down: after some seeming reluctance she consented; and the rest of the women (who were partly acquainted with the business) agreed to stay with the sick lady. In the evening, Christian intimated his design of sleeping on board all night with the women. The natives expressed their astonishment, and repeated their wish to remain that night on board: but Christian, seemingly distressed at his wife's counterfeited groans, declared that it was impossible to-night, but that to-morrow night they and *their friends* might. This occasioned much apparent confusion; the natives were now going backwards and forwards, talking and whispering among themselves, which Christian soon put a stop to under pretence that his wife was very much disturbed with their noise; he therefore requested that they would be so kind as to let her sleep for a while, which he was in hopes would recover her from her indisposition. He likewise expressed an eagerness to return on shore, and therefore seemed anxious that his wife might be able to attend him as soon as possible. With these and similar pretences he prevailed upon the natives to depart, but retained all the women, except one of his other wives, who was a confederate in the plot, and followed the natives on purpose to watch their motions and report their intentions.

Coleman and Norman, who were now on board, were sent on shore by Christian upon some frivolous excuse; for these men Christian had no confidence in.

Some short time after the wife who followed the natives returned, and informed Christian that her countrymen seemed very much displeased at what had happened; they had however procrastinated their intention of seizing the vessel till a more favourable opportunity arrived, and agreed among themselves to behave to the English with their usual good-nature, in order to disguise their purpose.

The inferior chiefs were only concerned in this plot, as the mutineers had fortunately acquired the tyoship of all those of consequence, and were therefore in no danger of being betrayed by them; it being deemed unpardonable treachery to deceive or abandon any of their chosen friends.

Christian, not a little elate at having baffled the plot which was contrived against him, found it absolutely necessary to take advantage of the present time, and quit the island. There being but few of his party in whom he could confide, he made the women his chief confederates. He intended to retain a few of his own people, and chose, in his own mind, those who were the most illiterate, and consequently the least ambitious; the rest were dismissed on some idle pretences. The ladies were employed in bringing on board as much stores as they could possibly provide with secrecy, while Christian observed to the men, that he wished to move the *Bounty* to a more eligible situation. At this time there was a native on board, and Chris-

tian, in order to get rid of him, gave him a letter for Heywood, to be delivered to him at the tent. It is supposed that Christian now acquainted the men who were on board (and were to the number of nine) with the necessity of leaving Otaheite immediately.

Early the next morning Heywood received Christian's letter, informing him, that having discovered a base conspiracy among the natives, self-preservation prompted him to make a precipitate retreat; and having known Mr. Heywood's determination of keeping his ground or returning to England (if ever he could), he thought it would have been to little purpose to have communicated to him his design.—Providence, he added, might afford him an opportunity yet of seeing his own native country; but for his part banishment was his choice, and he now intended to seek refuge where his name with his bones might be buried in oblivion.

When Heywood imparted these contents to his few remaining friends, surprise and consternation became universal.—Various were their conjectures.—Heywood imagined that he did not know himself where he was going to, but went in search of some new island; while others supposed that he proceeded to the island of Tobooy; for it was remarked when Christian had landed there after the mutiny, in order to shelter from the wind and weather, which prevented them from reaching Otaheite as soon as they wished, that he observed in case they did not meet a kind reception at Otaheite, they might return here and establish a settlement for themselves, seeing that the place was uninhabited. He was also heard to say, that if he had a few hogs, dogs, &c. and some of the ladies of Otaheite there, he would make himself lord of the island, and not proceed any further. Others were of opinion that he went to Ulietea, the natives of which at this time was not on good terms with the people of Otaheite. Some of the women understood from Christian's wives, that they intended soon to visit Palmerston's Isles. This accordingly varied their conjectures. Be it as it may, Christian and those whom he had taken with him, not only eluded the present danger which threatened them, but likewise all future detection. It has been however thought with some reason, as shall be hereafter mentioned, that he, notwithstanding these escapes, perished in his enterprizes; but if the suggestion be false, and he still lives, much may be expected from his abilities, which are allowed to be very great, and capable of colonizing any island.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

ANECDOTES  
OF CHAPELAIN,  
A GREAT MISER.

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CHAPELAIN was christened by some of the academicians, The Knight of the Order of the Spider; because he wore a coat so pieced, and so very threadbare, that it appeared like a spider's web. On eday, in a large company assembled at the Prince of ——'s, a monstrous spider was seen running on the floor; every body was firmly of opinion it could not proceed from any corner of the apartment, which was remarkably neat, but concluded unanimously it must have harboured in *Chapelain's* wig. The probability of this will appear, when it is known the wig was very bushy, never combed, and the only one *Chapelain* ever had. *Balzac* relates, that having had some dispute with *Chapelain*, he had not seen him in ten years; but that at the expiration of that time they became again good friends, and going to see him found him alone in his apartment, with a spider's web traversing the whole in the same manner as at first. *Chapelain*, in order to save his napkins at meals, always wiped his hands on a bundle of rushes. He wore a heavy cloak in the midst of summer, and being asked the reason, answered, he was not well: *Courart* told him one day, I rather think your coat is indisposed. The avarice of *Chapelain* was so great that in the end it caused his death. One day on the meeting of the academy he set out on foot, and was overtaken by a dreadful storm on the road; not being willing to pay a halfpenny for passing a temporary bridge laid over a small rivulet, he determined to wait till the water should run off, but seeing by the church-clock on the other side that it was already three, he waded the water, which came up to his knees. The fear he was in lest he should be suspected of what had happened, prevented him from coming near the academy fire; he sat down at a writing desk, and concealed his legs under it in the best manner he could. The cold seized on his stomach, and he died soon after of an oppression in his breast. *Chapelain* was boarded on very low terms, and when he was invited to dine or sup any where, he always deducted so much for every meal from his board. In the sickness of which he died, he possessed fifty thousand ecus in cash, and his usual pastime was, to have his strong box opened; his bags of money placed on his bed, to have the pleasure of counting them. The day he died his bags were found in the same situation, which gave occasion to a wit of those days, in speaking to Mr. de Valois, to say, Do you know, sir, that our friend Mr. *Chapelain* died like a miller, in the midst of his sacks.

POETRY.

A FAVOURITE MASONIC SONG,  
SET TO MUSIC.

Ye thrice happy Few, Whose Hearts have been  
 true, In Concord and U—ni—ty found; Let's  
 sing, and re-joyce, And u—nite ev—ry Voice, To  
 send the gay Chorus a—round, To send the gay  
 CHO.  
 Chorus a—round; For like Pil-lars we stand An im-  
 move—a-ble band, Ce—ment—ed by pow'rs from a—bove, Then  
 freely let's pass, The generous Glass To Masonry, Friendship, &  
 Love, Friendship, and Love, To Masonry, Friendship & Love.

## THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,

The Grand Architect whose word did erect  
Eternity, measure, and space,  
First laid the fair plan on which we began,  
Cement of harmony and peace,  
Cement, &c.

CHO. For like pillars, &c.

Whose firmness of heart, fair treasure of arts  
To the eyes of the vulgar unknown,  
Whose lustre can beam new dignity and fame  
On the pulpit, the bar, or the throne,  
On the, &c.

Indissoluble bands our hearts and our hands  
In social benevolence bind,  
For, true to his cause, by immutable laws,  
A Mason's a friend to mankind,  
A Mason's, &c.

Let joy flow around, and peace-olive abound,  
Preside at our mystical rites,  
Whose candour maintains our auspicious domains,  
And freedom with order unites,  
And freedom, &c.

Nor let the dear maid our mysteries dread,  
Nor think them repugnant to love;  
To beauty we bend, and her empire defend,  
Her empire deriv'd from above,  
Her empire, &c.

Then let's all unite, sincere and upright,  
On the level of virtue to stand;  
No mortals can be more happy than we,  
With a Brother and friend in each hand,  
With a Brother, &c.

## WHISKY:

## AN IRISH BACCHANALIAN SONG.

BY T. P.

TUNE— "Green grow the Rushes, O!"

LET Sawney loo' the lasses, O,  
And sing their praise from morn till night,  
Such idle joys, I'd have ye know,  
Can ne'er gi' Murphy's son delight;  
For tho' like stars their eyes do shine  
When just a little frisky, O,  
To be sure they don't look quite divine  
Till lighted up with Whisky, O!

When in this world I popp'd my nose,  
The gossips all around were met,  
Away for water one o' 'em goes,  
Because I was a sickly pet;  
But Father Leary, precious soul!  
That night a little brisk or so,  
Dipt his sweet fingers in the bowl,  
And sprinkled me with Whisky, O!

Be sure I don't remember now,  
 Dear little baby, how I smil'd,  
 When first the Whisky met my brow,  
 Sure never was so sweet a child!  
 When brawling in my mammy's lap,  
 My little life at risque, ye know,  
 'Tis said I ne'er could touch the pap  
 Till moisten'd well with Whisky, O!

In Dublin where I went to school,  
 Be sure not over flush of cash,  
 I never spent it like a fool,  
 In toys, in gewgaws, or in trash:  
 The master often wonder'd what  
 Made Murphy's son so frisky, O;  
 'Twas 'cause each doit that Paddy got  
 Was sliily spent in Whisky, O!

'Twas there I learn'd great Ammon's son  
 Was poison'd with a Persian cup,  
 Which, arrah! sure, had ne'er been done  
 Had it been fill'd with Whisky up!  
 For sure no sober man can think,  
 Tho' it might make him brisk or so,  
 That any Babylonish drink  
 Was half so good as Whisky, O!

Anacreon, wine's blooming bard,  
 Squeez'd in his bowl the ruddy grape,  
 With Whisky no more to be compar'd  
 Than human creature with an ape!  
 For though at wakes it made him gay,  
 And caus'd the strains flow briskly, O!  
 Lud how he would have bawl'd away,  
 Had he been warm'd with Whisky, O!

Jove hearing Ireland was possess'd  
 Of liquor to the Gods unknown,  
 Sent for a noggin of the best,  
 And having got it gulp'd it down.  
 Away ran Ganymede in haste  
 For more on't at the self-same shop,  
 That ev'ry one might have a taste;—  
 E'en chaste Diana took a drop.

It flew like lightning to each sconce,  
 And play'd its part so briskly, O,  
 They rose and swore by Styx at once,  
 They'd ne'er drink aught but Whisky, O!  
 The Thund'r'er having ta'en his fill,  
 Became so vastly tipsy, O,  
 He kick'd poor Bacchus down the hill,  
 Who, tumbling, cry'd out, Whisky, O!

Then calling Iris, alias Peg,  
 He badg her soon prepare to go  
 To his brother Pluto with a keg,  
 And tell him it was Whisky, O!  
 His sable godship taking some,  
 Became so wond'rous frisky, O!  
 That Pluto soon hung out the broom,  
 And made another heav'n below.

But more of Whisky I'll not sing,  
 Nor tune my pipes so briskly, O!  
 Since ev'ry note now on the wing  
 Has kept me from dear Whisky, O!  
 Then let me once for all declare  
 To all those who may wish to know,  
 The zest of joy, the bane of care,  
 Is this same Irish Whisky, O!

## CONTEMPLATING

THE PERIOD OF

*ALL HUMAN GLORY,*

AMONG THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER-ABBAY.

*BY MRS. STICKLAND.*

HERE in one horrid ruin lies  
 The great, the fair, the young, the wise;  
 Th' ambitious king whose boundless mind  
 Scarce to the world could be confin'd,  
 Now content with narrower room,  
 Lies crowded in this marble tomb.  
 Death triumphs o'er the boasted state,  
 The vain distinctions of the great;  
 Here in one common heap they lie,  
 And, eloquent in silence, cry,  
 Ambition is but vanity.  
 And see, this sculptur'd tomb contains  
 Of beauty the abhorr'd remains;  
 That face which none unmov'd could view,  
 Has lost th' enchanting rosy hue;  
 Those once resistless sparkling eyes  
 No more can heedless hearts surprise;  
 That form which ev'ry charm could boast,  
 In loathsome rottenness is lost.  
 See there the youth whose cheerful bloom  
 Promis'd a train of years to come;  
 Whose soft address and graceful air  
 Had scarce obtain'd the yielding fair,  
 When Fate derides th' expected joys,  
 And all his flatt'ring hope destroys.  
 There sleep the bards whose lofty lays  
 Have crown'd their names with lasting praise;  
 Who, tho' eternity they give,  
 While heroes in their numbers live,  
 Yet these resign their tuneful breath,  
 And wit must yield to mightier death.  
 Even I, the lowest of the throng,  
 Unskill'd in verse or artful song,  
 Shall shortly shroud my humble head,  
 And mix with them among the dead.

ODE  
TO FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

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**A**MBITIOUS throbs at length subside,  
No more my heart misled by pride  
Ideal bliss pursues ;  
To Friendship's sacred fane I bow,  
To her devote my ardent vow,  
And dedicate my Muse.

Blest Amity, thou child of Truth,  
Say, where must inexperienced youth  
Thy halcyon seat explore ?  
Dwell'st thou where gilded turrets rise,  
And lofty domes salute the skies,  
In all the pride of pow'r ?

Caught with the glare of pomp and state,  
Croud'st thou the levees of the great,  
Where servile Flatt'ry fawns ;  
Where Int'rest grants to venal Gain  
The boon that Merit asks in vain,  
And Independence scorns ?

Ah ! rather with indignant smiles  
Thou shunn'st the false seductive wiles  
Of Envy and Deceit :  
Remote from Folly's gay parade,  
In rural life's sequester'd shade  
I seek thy soft retreat.

Where Truth and Virtue stand confest  
Fix'd inmates both of Laura's breast,  
Thou reign'st in all thy charms ;  
Ease, Innocence, and Joy serene.  
Unvarying gilts the peaceful scene,  
And ev'ry care disarms.

When Grief invades and wounds the heart,  
To thee 'tis giv'n with lenient art  
Corroding pangs to heal ;  
Affliction hurls its darts in vain,  
By thee supported we sustain  
Each adverse stroke we feel.

Dull Apathy, the lazy guide  
Of Stoics petrify'd by pride,  
Shall ne'er my actions frame ;  
Can real Virtue prompt the soul  
Its social duties to controul  
Or cancel Friendship's claim ?

While such, unenvy'd in their flights,  
Still perch on Wisdom's frozen heights,  
Where Passions ne'er ascend ;  
Let me with heartfelt ardour glow,  
To raise the joys, or share the woe,  
Of each deserving friend.

MARIA.



## STRICTURES

ON

## PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

Oct. 23. **A** NEW Comedy by Mr. Reynolds was performed for the first time at Covent-Garden Theatre, under the title of THE RAGE. The characters were as follow, and were thus supported :

Gingham,	- - -	-	Mr. LEWIS.
Darnley,	- - -	-	Mr. HOLMAN.
Sir Paul Perpetual,	- - -	-	Mr. QUICK.
Flush,	- - -	-	Mr. MUNDEN.
Sir George Gauntlet,	- - -	-	Mr. MIDDLETON.
The Hon. Mr. Savage,	- - -	-	Mr. FAWCETT.
Ready,	- - -	-	Mr. DAVENPORT.
Signor Cygnet,	- - -	-	Mr. BERNARD.
Clara Sedley,	- - -	-	Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
Lady Sarah Savage,	- - -	-	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Mrs. Darnley,	- - -	-	Mrs. POPE.

SCENE, Bath, and the country round it.

## THE PLOT.

Darnley has retired with his wife to a small farm, where an old friend and brother officer of his, Sir George Gauntlet, pays him a visit for the secret purpose of seducing the affections of Mrs. Darnley.—Lady Sarah Savage and her brother are Darnley's affluent neighbours: Darnley stopping Lady Sarah's horses when they had run away with her in her phaeton, produces on her part a regard for Darnley, and she and her brother invite him and his wife to Savage-House—this suits Sir George's schemes, and he advises Darnley to accept of an assignation with Lady Sarah, in the hope of persuading her not to marry his uncle, Sir Paul Perpetual. At this period, Sir Paul (who is in pursuit of a lost child) arrives at Savage-House, where he is so tormented by Mr. Savage and his riotous friends, that, after disguising himself, and being detected in Lady Sarah's dressing-room instead of Darnley, he leaves the house, determined to break off the marriage.

In the third act Gingham arrives at Bath on a visit to his father, Mr. Flush, who is a modern money lender.—Gingham so offends his father by *speaking the truth*, that he is turned out of doors, and disinherited. In his distress he is met with by Sir Paul, who, swearing he is his son, adopts him. Gingham is then introduced to Lady Sarah as her husband, and offends her by taking her for a man in woman's cloaths—he afterwards goes to Sir George Gauntlet to deliver up a bill of exchange of Mr. Darnley's to his wife; and finding Sir George offering violence to Mrs. Darnley, he fights with him and is wounded. Sir George seeing Darnley entering, hides himself behind his library—Darnley seeing his wife binding up Gingham's arm with her handkerchief, and having been previously made suspicious by Lady Sarah, grows jealous, and charges Mrs. D. with falsehood; she then accuses his friend Sir George, and Gingham, after various struggles, pulls him from the library, and convinces Darnley of his wife's innocence and his friend's villainy.

In the last act, Sir Paul and Flush, who are joint guardians to Clara, dispute about whose son shall marry her, and they agree to let her choose for herself—the names Gingham, and then the mystery of the two fathers is explained. Sir

Paul had lived with a girl who quarrelled with him and married Flush—four months after the marriage she was delivered of a boy. Sir Paul accidentally heard of this, and consequently claimed the child, which Flush for a bribe easily gives up. Gingham is then united to Clara, and Sir Paul, with great liberality, settles a large part of his fortune on Mr. and Mrs. Darnley.

Reynolds's *forte* is decidedly *satire*—and this at once useful, pointed, and good-humoured. With unabating vigilance he watches over the multiplying *absurdities of fashion*, exposes their extravagance, and reprobates their tendency. In this consists the grand merit of *comedy*, and that merit Reynolds has all to himself.

It may be said, and indeed it is said, with some justice, that this author plans better than he executes—that he *sketches* very finely, but is rather a slovenly *finisher*. It should, however, be recollected, that where he fails in *character* he makes up for the deficiency in *whimsicality*. His design is to make the public laugh at their own expence, and his success is infallible.

The moral purpose of his writing is always the best. He fights on the side of virtue against the abominations of custom—he tears the mask from the specious innocence of fashionable life, and scruples not boldly to despise *rank* when connected with *villany and vice*.

The objects of his ridicule are all *fair game*, and the sooner they are *hunted down* the better. Reflection shudders at the enormities which fashion authorizes and *nobility* protects.

So much for the *complexion* of Reynolds's comedy; the stile and manner of it are universally understood; we do not expect from him consistency, sentiment, or plot; we always find humour, spirit, and effect.

The *telling* points of *The Rage* are innumerable; we are hurried from one *eccentricity* to another, and attention never flags through the whole five acts.

28. EMILIA GALOTTI was performed at Drury-Lane for the first time. The following are the characters :

Duke of Guastalla,	- - -	Mr. KEMBLE.
Marquis Marinelli,	- - -	Mr. PALMER.
Camillo Rota	- - -	Mr. AICKIN.
Galotti,	- - -	Mr. WROUGHTON.
Battista,	- - -	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Guiseppe,	- - -	Mr. CAULFIELD.
Angelo,	- - -	Mr. PHILLIMORE.
Perio,	- - -	Mr. MADDOCKS.
Countess Orsina,	- - -	Mrs. SIDDONS.
Claudia,	- - -	Mrs. POWELL.
Emilia,	- - -	Miss MILLER.

This is a tragedy from the German of Lessing, founded on the well-known story of Appius and Virginia. Its general character is to substitute refinement of sentiment for the strong workings of passion, and delicacy of expression for the nervous utterance of untutored feelings; a style of dramatic writing more calculated to interest in the closet than to agitate on the stage. As the minute but very natural circumstances by which the immediate actions of the characters are often decided come to be better understood, Emilia Galotti will be better relished. The catastrophe is too tame for the taste of an English audience. Indeed it would be difficult to put words in the mouth of Galotti more striking than those of the historian—“*Te Appi, tuumque caput sanguine hoc consecro.*”

It was brought out with great splendour of decoration; the dresses and scenery the most beautiful, perhaps, that ever appeared upon any stage.

Mrs. Siddons played two very difficult scenes with inimitable skill.

Miss Miller, who made her first public essay as an actress in the character of Emilia Galotti, has a pleasing figure, with a voice of considerable volume and variety of tone, and was very favourably received by a full and brilliant audience.

## PROLOGUE TO EMILIA GALOTTI.

SPOKEN BY MR. WHITFIELD.

TO the Dramatic Genius of our isle,  
 And you, its patrons, we devote this pile,  
 High as our hopes we pitch th' aspiring plan,  
 And wide as your munificence the span ;  
 Not that our humble scenes this night demand  
 The splendid polish of the painter's hand ;  
 Nature can hold her converse with the soul,  
 Tho' the proud metaphor forbears to roll ;  
 'Tis to reflect your graces on the sight,  
 Not for ourselves we keep our mirror bright,  
 The venerable fathers of our stage  
 Walk'd in the gloom of a benighted age,  
 Nature they had to reach the loftiest part,  
 But there was wanting Nature's handmaid, Art ;  
 Mean was the plank that Shakespeare's buskin trod,  
 A straw-built temple held the Drama's God ;  
 So vast his scope, so quick his fancy wrought,  
 That apprehension would not catch his thought ;  
 No glimm'ring twilight warn'd the clouds away,  
 Flaming he rose, and pour'd the flood of day ;  
 The dazzled world look'd up to him aghast.  
 Ere they regain'd their sight the flash was past.  
 But now should this eventful time inspire  
 A second Shakespeare with a *Muse of Fire*,  
 Our Theatre will be prepar'd to yield  
 His future Agincourt an ampler field ;  
 And here, perhaps, in this illustrious round,  
 The heroes of that drama may be found ;  
 Here too th' unconscious bard that shall rehearse  
 Their glorious triumphs in immortal verse—  
 And he shall come—for where can poet find  
 Themes to provoke such energy of mind ;  
 Horrors so deep, disasters, feuds, and fears,  
 And deeds, which told, shall drown his stage with tears :  
 The incidents are ready to his hands,  
 Diction is all his tragedy demands.

Amidst the nation's wreck kind fate has giv'n  
 One proof that man is yet the care of Heav'n,  
 One spot of earth by partial favour blest,  
 On which the wearied dove of peace may rest ;  
 Snatch'd from the general deluge, we embark  
 The family of Muses in our ark :  
 So when reviving nature springs anew,  
 Genius shall owe its second birth to you.

## EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY MRS. SIDDONS.

WRETCHED the state, and fatal is the hour,  
 When headstrong passion nerves the arm of pow'r.  
 Choke but the source whence virtue's streams should flow,  
 The current stops, and all is foul below.  
 He then thrives best who best can fawn and cozen,  
 And up start *Marinellis* by the dozen :

Up starts (to mainly Englishmen unknown)  
 The titled pandar to the lawless throne.  
 Blest England! long may virtue's sicken band  
 Unite the rul'd and ruler of thy land!  
 Be it thy boast to doubt, or doubt to boast,  
 If rul'd or ruler love each other most!  
 To boast, no factious art, no force, can wring  
 A virtuous people from a virtuous king!  
 Galottis herè no scepter'd vice can dread,  
 No foul invader of the nuptial bed.  
 Can he disturb the subject's wedded life,  
 Whose mark'd example bids him love his wife?  
 Is he to ruin others' children-prone  
 Who has so many children of his own?  
 Can the fond father well his trust discharge,  
 And not protect his family at large?  
 Oh, no!—the nation's welfare is his plan,  
 Whose private worth shines through the public man.  
 Blest England! cast thine eye across the flood,  
 Where wild confusion marks its way in blood;  
 Where speculation anarchy maintains,  
 And philosophic murders drench the plains;  
 While Gallia's sons beneath such horrors groan,  
 Lament their state, and glory in your own.

30. At Covent-Garden Theatre a new Operatic Drama, entitled, "ARRIVED AT PORTSMOUTH," was represented for the first time, of which the following are the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Wildfire,	- - - -	- Mr. QUICK.
Captain Pendant,	- - - -	- Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Cap'tain Tropic,	- - - -	- Mr. BOWDEN.
Mag,	- - - -	- Mr. INCLEDON.
Piccaroon,	- - - -	- Mr. MUNDEN.
Ferret,	- - - -	- Mr. FAWCETT.
Major Drummond,	- - - -	- Mr. TOWNSEND.
Ensign Somers,	- - - -	- Mr. CLARENONT.
Landlord,	- - - -	- Mr. DAVENPORT.
Mat	- - - -	- Mr. ROCK.
Waiter,	- - - -	- Mr. BURTON.
Louisa Bowers,	- - - -	- MRS. MOUNTAIN,
Fanny Pendant,	- - - -	- Miss POOLE.
Mrs. Ferret	- - - -	- MRS. HENLEY.

This piece is intended as a compliment to the heroes of the "First of June," and is a charming and interesting Opera. The dialogue is written with spirit, and possesses considerable humour. There is a great variety of character, and the incidents, though striking, are not overstrained. The poetry is far superior to what in general falls to the lot of modern operas, and the songs are distinguished for some of the finest composition we have from the modest and ingenious Shield. The Opera has many grand and brilliant passages. Briefly, this piece, which comes from the pen, we understand, of Mr. PEARCE, author of *Hartford Bridge*, *Netley Abbey*, &c. &c. does him infinite credit, and must become a lasting and popular favourite with the public.

The scenes, which have been taken on the spot, are picturesque and beautiful. They are as follow:

The platform and battery erected at the entrance of Portsmouth Harbour, with a view of the Isle of Wight and Spithead.

A view of the Lion Gate; a view of the old Anchor Forge in the dock-yard; and a view of High-street, including the market-hall, taken from the Parade near the governor's house.

Nov. 1. A new farce was produced at Drury-Lane, under the title of "THE WEDDING DAY." The principal feature of the piece is the unexpected return of Lady Constance, the wife of Sir Adam, after fifteen years absence, and on the very day that her husband, supposing her dead, had taken to himself a younger bride. The reluctance of the old knight to part with the *second* wife, whose *tender years* would expose her to so much danger, and to receive the *first*, "whose age would be its own protection," is very whimsically portrayed. The *vis comica* of Mr. King and Mrs. Jordan, in the principal characters, was irresistible. The piece is from the pen of Mrs. Inchbald, and was well received.

17. At Covent-Garden Theatre was produced a Grand Ballet, called "HERCULES AND OMPHALE," which, as a spectacle, exceeds any thing before exhibited, and was received with great applause.

The piece commences with a view of Omphale's palace. Omphale, queen of Lydia, seated on her throne, surrounded by virgins.—The Princes of Dacia and Mycœne send ambassadors, each demanding her hand in marriage. Then follows the magnificent entry of the two princes.

## DACIANS.

Dacian soldiers, bearing spears,  
Trophies of armour,  
Egyptians bearing presents,  
Musicians,  
Dacian officers with trophies,  
The Prince of Dacia, borne in a triumphal car, drawn by war horses in complete armour.

## MYCÆNEANS.

Mycœnean officers, with swords and shields,  
Armour-bearers,  
Women bearing presents,  
Numidians, with presents,  
Martial music,  
The Prince of Mycœne, drawn in a triumphal car, by horses richly caparisoned.

The procession over, a Pyrrhic dance takes place, when thunder is heard—Jove's eagle descends, bearing a festoon with this inscription, "Hercules is doomed the slave of Omphale."—Hercules enters, clothed in the hide of the Nemean Lion, attended by Iolaus—he offers presents to Omphale, she receives them with tenderness.—The princes renew their suit, which she rejects; after which, Omphale, Hercules, and the Princes retire different ways. Omphale, in the absence of Hercules, orders her nymphs to prepare for the chase.

This is succeeded by the Cave of Cacus. This famous robber (a monster with three heads) who had desolated the adjacent country, hearing the sound of horns, lays in wait for his prey—the rival Princes are seen passing through the trees—Omphale and her train appear returning from the chase—the Princes retire, and plan to seize her—Cacus enters, and forces her into the cave—the Princes, with their attendants, attempt to seize Hercules, who for some time defends himself against their united force; nearly vanquished, he prays to Jupiter, when a storm arises; thunder, lightning, hail, fire, and massy stones are seen to descend—Hercules gains the mouth of the cavern, and thus defends himself from the storm and his assailants—screams are heard within the cavern—the Prince of Dacia bearing off Omphale, the Prince of Mycœne forces her from him, and after slaying the Prince of Dacia, escapes with his conquest—the tempest ceases—Hercules and Cacus come from the cave; a combat ensues, in which Hercules vanquishes the robber—He then pursues the Prince of Mycœne, and is informed by Iolaus, that Omphale is shut up in the city of Mycœne.—Catapults, battering rams, &c. are prepared, and the scene changes to the town and fortifications of Mycœne. Hercules, at the head of his army, summons it to surrender—the Prince brings on Omphale on the battlements, bound in chains—The battering ram, and all the implements of war, are brought in action against the city—The besieged defend themselves by hurling huge stones on the heads of their assailants—the soldiers form a tortoise back with their shields,

by which Hercules mounts the walls—his army enters the city with firebrands—Hercules bears away the gates upon his shoulders—the city is seen in flames—Hercules pursues the Prince to the summit of a mountain, seizes and dashes him into the sea—he releases Omphale, and bears her off in triumph.

## PART II.

Hercules enters with Omphale, fatigued with the toils of battle; she leaves him to repose—when asleep Omphale returns, and kneeling to a statue of Cupid, the figure receives animation—she implores him to inspire the breast of Hercules with love. Cupid changes the club of Hercules for a shepherd's crook, his arrows to wreaths of roses. Cupid calls on the Pleasures—their train surround the sofa of Hercules, bearing vases, medallions, baskets of flowers, wreaths of roses, &c.—they form a group—when Cupid brings forth Omphale, and places her by his side—He then waxes his bow, and discovers the Garden of Love; in which Juno, attended by Mercury and Hymen, descends the stage, and clouds dispersing, discover the Temple of Juno. Juno joins the hands of Hercules and Omphale, and orders Hymen to prepare the marriage ceremony. This is succeeded by a grand Hymeneal procession.

Four Amazons, with bows and arrows,  
 Four Nymphs, bearing two cornucopias,  
 Four Giants, bearing rocks,  
 Two white Bulls, decorated for sacrifice,  
 Eight Priestesses bearing instruments for sacrifice,  
 Twelve Children playing on lutes, harps, &c.  
 The Altar drawn by white Bulls, richly decorated,  
 Sixteen Priests of the Temple of Juno,  
 The High Priest.

After which the ceremony commences—this is interspersed with dances by Nymphs, Graces, Loves, &c. Hymen joins their hands, the Cupids crown them with wreaths, and the piece concludes.

## MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

IT gives us pain to announce the defeat of the gallant General Kosciusko on the 12th October. With a view to prevent a junction of the Russian and Prussian armies, Kosciusko advanced from his main body with 6000 men, and a most dreadful engagement ensued. Twice the Russians attacked with vigour, and twice they were repulsed; and here victory would have remained with the Poles, had they contented themselves with having beaten back the enemy, but, resolving to pursue their advantage, they abandoned the favourable position which they had taken, and advanced in their turn to attack the Russians. The Russian troops formed themselves anew, and succeeded in throwing the Polish line into confusion. The route was soon complete. The Polish infantry defended themselves with a valour approaching to fury. The cavalry suffered less, and retreated in good order. During the battle, Kosciusko placed himself where the greatest danger was, and had three horses killed under him. At length a Cossack wounded him from behind with a lance, without knowing who he was, till his attendants, when he fell, in their confusion called his name. Kosciusko recovered himself so much that he ran a few yards, when a Russian officer cut him across the head; he fell a second time to the ground, seemingly lifeless, and was taken prisoner. He wore the dress of a peasant.

The main body under Prince Poniatowski, consisting of 16,000 men, and other detachments, still guard and defend Warsaw.

The Jacobins and other popular societies have been suppressed, and moderation daily gains ground in France.

*Justice* also begins to shew herself. Four days were lately occupied in the trial of a public functionary. Not one of the charges brought against him was supported by proof to the satisfaction of the jury. He was acquitted, and his false accusers ordered to be prosecuted.

We are informed by an American gentleman lately returned from France, that Roberspierre was executed by a guillotine of a new construction, the aperture of which is breast-high, like a pillory, and only requires the object to incline his head. Before this invention they were tied to a board, and laid prostrate. Like every other victim of that destructive instrument, this famous demagogue was hailed with execration and insult as he passed along. When arrived at the place of execution, like the Duke of Orleans, he betrayed much impatience, and ran hastily up to the guillotine, as if dubious how long his fortitude would last. His face was much disfigured from the attempt that he made to destroy himself.

Paine is still confined; and in such pecuniary distress, that he lately sent to the American Coffee-house to solicit relief. Thirty guineas were in consequence subscribed, and given to him.

Brigadier Bowles, who visited England some time since with the Cherokee chiefs, and who was condemned about two years ago to the mines of Peru by an order from the Spanish court, has lately been liberated.

Medals have been struck in Paris, and forwarded to the French General of the Northern army, and that of the Moselle, who have circulated them in the countries they are invading, representing the *Genius of the French Republic leaning on an urn through which the Rhine is made to pass*. On the top of the medals is inscribed, "The Rhine and peace." At the bottom are engraved these words, *Ne plus ultra* (these are our boundaries). The object of this medal is to announce, that the French mean to push their conquests as far as the Rhine; and make this river serve as a boundary to their vast empire, in all its windings from Huningen to the sea.

Ehrenstrohm, the Swedish conspirator, was conducted on the 8th ult. in a carriage, under a strong military escort, accompanied by two clergymen, to the place of execution, on the market-place of Stockholm. He was quite prepared to die, and the executioner had already aimed the sword at his head, when a letter of pardon arrived from the Duke Regent, remitting his capital punishment, on condition of being imprisoned in the fortress of Carlstein for life.

The yellow fever has again broke out in a very alarming manner at Philadelphia.

The Duke of Brunswick has declined accepting the command of the army for the defence of Holland.

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#### DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Oct. 22. After the levee was over at St. James's Palace an extraordinary council was held, at which the Corsican commissioners attended, introduced by the Duke of Portland, Secretary of State for the Home Department, and presented the instrument of the sovereignty of the island, now annexed to the British dominions.

24. Mary Brown was tried for keeping a disorderly house in King's Place, St. James's. The jury brought her in guilty, and the court sentenced her to be imprisoned two years, and to stand on the pillory twice during that time.

28. An experiment was tried in Hyde Park with an improved piece of ordnance, and a chemical composition, which with one loading expels several balls in succession to a great distance.

Nov. 2. After the levee at St. James's a council was held in the Grand Council Chamber, at which their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Clarence, two archbishops, Lord Chancellor, all the cabinet ministers, and several other members were present; when the King signed the instrument for permitting the marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Carolina Elizabeth of Brunswick.

6. The lower parts of Norwich exhibited such scenes of confusion and distress, by the sudden rising of the waters, as have not been witnessed there since the year 1762. Most of the inhabitants were obliged to remove their goods and furniture from the ground floor; and in some places the water flowed in at the chamber windows. The flood has since considerably abated.

4. Dym Church wall in Kent was destroyed, by fire communicating to some wood which had been prepared for its repairs.

7. The Admiralty Sessions commenced at the Sessions-house in the Old Bailey, when the trials of John Owens, John Dixon, and — Cudgo, a negro, came on. They were charged with the murder of John Maliegan, mate of the *Lovely Lass*, on the 3d of December, 1792, on the coast of Anamago, by throwing him overboard, and firing at him afterwards. They were acquitted in failure of evidence, the most material witness being dead. Charles Crook, for the murder of the mate of the *Warren Hastings*, at Bengal, was also acquitted.

9. The accession of Mr. Skinner to the honours of the City chair, was an event celebrated this day with uncommon marks of satisfaction by his fellow-citizens. A gentleman who, through the whole of his life devoted to liberal industry, has manifested a love of the pure principles of constitutional liberty, the most lively zeal for the independence of the city, and the most active benevolence in the succour of the poor, could not fail of receiving the warmest testimonies of affection and esteem on his advancement to the office of Lord Mayor. The acclamations of the multitude were enthusiastic; and as the day was favourable to the procession, the spectacle was uncommonly brilliant. The Lord Mayor arranged the business of the day so as to make the whole ceremony an hour earlier than usual, which contributed to the regularity of the festival; and in his deportment through the whole day he conducted himself with that fair and handsome address as to exclude all the bitterness of party distinctions. When his Lordship removed after dinner into the council-chamber with his company, he was supported by an equal number of persons on both sides, and the toast was given of ministerial men on one side of the table, and opposition members on the other, with that perfect conviviality that should ever reign at an hospitable board. It is thus that the chief magistrate of the first city in the world should conduct himself!—The ball was opened by Miss Skinner and the Venetian ambassador, and the dancing continued to a late hour. Guildhall has not been so crowded for many years, nor has the city had the honour of so splendid a festival.

14. Richard Barrow and Robert Watson were indicted for a conspiracy to publish certain inflammatory and seditious hand-bills, relative to the London Militia Act, the Crimps, and the Soldiers.

The above persons were apprehended by the late Lord Mayor's officers, at an eating-house in Smithfield, in consequence of information being given by a French Emigrant Priest. It was contended by the prisoner's Counsel, that their apprehension and commitment in the first instance was illegal, but of that the Court could take no notice. The offence being proved the prisoners were found GUILTY.

The judgment of the Court was, "That each of them be confined in Newgate for the term of two years, and find sureties for their good behaviour for the term of three years, to commence from the expiration of their imprisonment, themselves in 100l. each, and two sureties in 50l. each."

Another respite from his Majesty to David Downie, for one month, was received at Edinburgh. It is to be reckoned from the 15th instant on which day the last respite was to have terminated.



At the late Session at the Old Bailey, John Taylor, of Fleet-street, London, (one of the principal witnesses against Watt and Downie, convicted of High Treason at Edinburgh), was tried for Bigamy, in feloniously marrying Margery Sophia Richardson, spinster, his former wife being then alive. The first witness was William Bearle, who said that he well knew the prisoner, and that he was married to Miss Sarah Marshall, on the 16th of May, 1781, at Baldock Church, in Hertfordshire; the witness knew of his own knowledge, that Sarah Marshall was alive on the 19th of September last. J. Barnley proved that the prisoner's first wife was alive about ten days ago; on his cross-examination he said he was not subpoenaed to give evidence by any relations of the prisoner, but by Mr. Pearce, the Clerk to Mr. Martin, now under confinement for High Treason; he did not know that Mr. Pearce had himself ever been apprehended for High Treason. Margery Sophia Richardson, the second wife, was then called; she proved that she was married by licence on the 30th of May, 1790, to the prisoner, at St. Bride's Church, Fleet-street; she did not call it a *misfortune* to have been married to the prisoner, but she conceived it a *happiness*; she knew that he was a married man at the time, and so did all her relations, who consented to her being married to him; she said she loved, honoured, and obeyed him, and should always consider herself as his wife; she had heard that his former wife could not receive the conjugal embrace, and though she did not at the time know of the second marriage, she afterwards highly approved of it, and she and the witness were upon terms of the greatest friendship; she added, that she believed the prosecution against the prisoner originated solely in spite and malice. Mr. Pearce (Clerk to Martin) said he had instituted the present prosecution from motives of justice, conceiving the prisoner to be a bad man; he had no intention of convicting the prisoner to prevent his giving evidence against any persons charged with High Treason; he acknowledged he had been apprehended for High Treason, but was discharged by the Lords of the Privy Council, upon his undertaking to appear when called for. Mrs. Taylor, the first and *real* wife, was offered as an evidence for her husband, to acknowledge what the other wretch, Richardson, had asserted of her being physically unfit for a wife. The Counsel for the prosecution objected to her testimony as illegal: it was rather strange, he said, that the hoary defendant at the bar had not discovered the inability of his wife before the termination of so many years, and before he met the *precious* witness who had just given her testimony. Mrs. Taylor's evidence was rejected. The evidence being closed, the Recorder observed to the Jury, that the witness Margery Sophia, with whatever confidence she seemed to pride herself on her connection with the prisoner, was yet to be considered in no other view than a prostitute, and he was surprized that the relations of this woman should so far forget themselves, as to assent to an union so contrary to every legal, moral, and religious precept. The Jury found the prisoner Guilty.

Some time since, a gentleman and his family travelling on a road where there was an opposition between the inn-keepers, at a short distance before he came to the end of a stage, ordered the driver to take him to the inn which he had before been accustomed to use; at the instant of which the fellow, putting his hand to his hat, and looking over his shoulder, says, "Please your honour, have the children had the small pox? 'cause the landlord's children at that house have got it now." The gentleman being struck with the supposed honesty of the knight of the whip, knew not how sufficiently to make him an adequate compensation for this timely information, and in consequence gave him a very handsome acknowledgment at parting with him. On his return, meeting with his former acquaintance, the innkeeper, and on enquiring after his and the health of his family, he discovered it to be a fraud, in consequence of the usual bribery of his opponent.

A wager of a very whimsical nature has lately been made, and has not, as we understand, been yet determined. A sporting Gentleman proposed to deposit 50 guineas that he would find a man in the room where they were sitting, who should any time *within a month* fight any man of equal weight and age in the king-

dom; the deposit to be forfeited if an adversary was not produced within that time. This proposal was immediately accepted by a gentleman of the Turf, who could perceive nothing Herculean in the appearance of any of the company; but what was his surprize, when the proposer pulled out of the chimney-corner—an old man upwards of 90 years of age, and as light as a butterfly!

The intrepid veteran, than whom nothing more fragile and shadowy ever yet appeared in a human form, readily undertook the contest if a suitable competitor could be found. But of this there seems to be very little chance; for besides the difficulty of procuring such another *atom* of a man, how can they expect to bring a buffer of the *last century* at present on the stage?

A ludicrous circumstance lately occurred in the Castle-yard, Dublin:—A farmer some time since purchased of an old trooper a horse which was worn out in the Castle duty; the beast being quiet, the farmer mounted his daughter on it, and sent her to town with milk—she unluckily arrived at the Exchange at the time of relieving guard; the horse hearing the music, to which he had long been accustomed, became ungovernable by her, and trotting, snuffing, and snorting as he went into the Castle-yard, carried his rider and her pails into the midst of the ranks, to the great amusement of all present.

There is a prevalent (though we believe a very erroneous) opinion, that if a widow is married without cloathing, except a *chemise*, her second husband will be freed from her debts; a woman was about to try this delicate experiment lately, at Manchester Collegiate Church; the Clergyman, however, stopped the proceeding, and the couple were married, with proper exterior habits, at least “for better for worse.”

The following article we have received from an anonymous correspondent.—James Borrows, boot-closer, eat a turkey weighing seven pounds and a half, a hand of pork, weighing four pounds and a half, a two-penny loaf, a shilling's worth of oysters, two penny pies, and drank a gallon of porter, half a pint of gin, and a shilling's worth of punch, for a wager of a guinea; and performed the whole with ease in thirty-five minutes, at the Sun public-house, Charles-street, Westminster, October 20.

The Freeholders book for the county of Middlesex, from whence the Juries are drawn, is made up and delivered by an order of Sessions to the Sheriff's office, by virtue of a precept issued to the constables to return a list of the several persons qualified by law to serve on Juries within their respective districts of the county.

In consequence of Lord Macartney's Embassy, the Emperor has permitted all the Principals of his Court to appear in the woollen cloths of the manufacture of this country; from which circumstance, it is said, the Chinese merchants have increased their usual order to the East-India company several hundred thousand pounds.

The marriage of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales with the Princess of Brunswick will not take place till after Christmas. In the mean time the arrangements in Carlton-House, the State Liveries, Equipages, &c. are all nearly completed. His Royal Highness is very much complimented in the choice he has made of the ladies who are to form the establishment of the Household of his Royal consort; as they are all of them related to the first families in the kingdom, and highly accomplished.

It is said, that the Prince of Wales's Civil List is to be 150,000l. per annum; 50,000l. of which is to be annually appropriated for the purpose of extinguishing his Royal Highness's debts.

Lord Malmesbury is to have the honour of conducting the Princess of Wales to England. It is said, that an Act of Grace is to take place immediately after the marriage of the Prince of Wales.

## LIST OF GENTLEMEN NOMINATED AS SHERIFFS FOR 1795.

- BERKSHIRE.** *William Thoyts, of Surhampstead; Richard Palmer, of Hurst; George Morgan, of Surhampstead; Esqrs.*
- BEDFORDSHIRE.** *John Harvey, of Ickwell; George Brooks, of Flitwich; John Higgins the elder, of Turvey, Esqrs.*
- BUCKS.** *Thomas Hibbert, of Chalfont-Lodge; Thomas Shepherd, of Thornton-Hall; Lovell Radcock, of Little Missenden, Esqrs.*
- CUMBERLAND.** *John Johnston, of Castle-Steads; Joseph Tiffen Senhouse, of Calder-Abbey, Esqrs. Sir James Graham, of Netherby, Bart.*
- CHESHIRE.** *James Hugh Smith Barry, of Marbury, Esqr. the Hon. Booth Grey, of Wincham; Thomas Cowper Hincks, of Chorlton, Esqrs.*
- CAMB. and HUNT.** *Richard Pendsyche, of Barrington; Thomas Quintin, of Hatley St. George; Benjamin Keene, of Westow-Lodge, Esqrs.*
- DEVONSHIRE.** *Philip Morshead, of Widey; John Ridout, of Moor Town; William Clark, of Buckland Tout Saints, Esqrs.*
- DORSETSHIRE.** *Edward Greathed, of Uddings; John Calcraft, of Grimston; Thomas Bower, of Iwerne Minster, Esqrs.*
- DERBYSHIRE.** *Sir Robert Wilmot, of Osmaston, Bart. William Drury Lowe, of Lockow; Samuel Crompton, of Derby, Esqrs.*
- ESSEX.** *Jackson Barwise, of Marshalls; John Hanson, of Great Broomley Hall; Charles Mathews, of Colechester, Esqrs.*
- GLOUCESTERSHIRE.** *Samuel Edwards, of Botham-Lodge; Samuel Peach Peach, of Upper Torkington; Joseph Raymond Barker, of Fairford, Esqrs.*
- HEARTFORDSHIRE.** *Adolphus Meetkirke, of Rushden; Thomas Harding, of Tring; John Sowerby, of Lilley, Esqrs.*
- HEREFORDSHIRE.** *John Green, of Cage-Brook; Sawbridge Bright, of Colwell; John Stadman, of Bosbury, Esqrs.*
- KENT.** *Gabriel Harper, of Gore-Court; Philip Baugh, of Howlitch-Bakesburn; James Hallet, of Higham Barcham-Downs, Esqrs.*
- LEICESTERSHIRE.** *Joseph Wilkes, of Overseal; Henry Coleman, of Market-Harborough; Edward Muxloe, of Pickwell, Esqrs.*
- LINCOLNSHIRE.** *John Grundy, of Spalding; Michael Duffill, of Gipple; Ayscough Boucherett, of Stalingborough, Esqrs.*
- MONMOUTHSHIRE.** *Samuel Glover, of Abbercowin; Richard Morgan, of Argoed; William Kemeys, of Maindear, Esqrs.*
- NORTHUMBERLAND.** *William Fenwick, of Bywell; Adam Mansfield Dawson de Cardonnell, of Chirton; Cuthbert Shaftoe, of Basington, Esqrs.*
- NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.** *The Hon. John Monkton, of Finshade; Charles Newman, of Preston; Valentine Knightley, of Fawsley, Esqrs.*
- NORFOLK.** *Sir Lambert Blackwell, of Easton, Bart. Thomas Hare, of Stove Bardolph; George Nelthorpe, of Lynford, Esqrs.*
- NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.** *William Gregory Williams, of Serby; Samuel Crawley, of Ragnall; Jonas Pettison, of Holme Pierrepont, Esqrs.*
- OXFORDSHIRE.** *Francis Renniston, of Cornwell; George Davis, of Bensington; Strickland-Freeman, of Henley upon Thames, Esqrs.*
- RUTLANDSHIRE.** *Robert Tomlin, of Edith Weston; Samuel Barker, of Whitwell, Esqrs. Sir Gilbert Heathcote, of Normanton, Bart.*
- SHROPSHIRE.** *George Forrester, of Willey; Henry Cressett Pelham, of Cund; Archibald Montgomery Campbell, of Litwood-Hall, Esqrs.*
- SOMERSETSHIRE.** *William Harle, of Stanton Drew; Edward Lyne, of Saltford; Charles William Taylor, of Bercot, Esqrs.*
- STAFFORDSHIRE.** *John Gough, of Perry Barr; Henry Vernon, of Hilton; Thomas Swinnerton, of Butterfield, Esqrs.*
- SUFFOLK.** *Jacob Whitbread, of Loudham; John Clayton, of Sibson; George Savage Nassau, of Primly St. Martin, Esqrs.*
- COUNTY of SOUTHAMPTON.** *Harry Portal, of Freefolk; John Compton, of Minstead; Wither Braniston, of Hall-Place, Esqrs.*

**SURREY.** James Jackson, of Petersham; Thomas Turton, of Starborough Castle; Edward Knipe, of Epsom, Esqrs.  
**SUSSEX.** Francis Newbery, of Heathfield-Park; Edward Barker, of Sompting; Nathaniel Kemp, of Ovingdean, Esqrs.  
**WARWICKSHIRE.** William Little, of Kenilworth; George Perrot, of Fladbury; Francis Holyoake, of Alne, Esqrs.  
**WORCESTERSHIRE.** William Waldron, of Stourbridge; Thomas Holmes, of Beoley; Thomas Holbeche, of Hill-Court, Esqrs.  
**WILTSHIRE.** James Mountague, of Alderton; Philip James Gibbs, of Trowbridge; Beckett Turner, of Penleigh, Esqrs.  
**YORKSHIRE.** William Wrightson, of Cusworth; William Garforth, of Wighinorpe, Esqrs. Sir Christopher Sykes, of Sledmire, Bart.

BY THE PRINCE OF WALES'S COUNCIL FOR DUCHEY OF CORNWALL

**COUNTY OF CORNWALL.** Ralph Allen Daniel, of Truro; John Enys, of Enys, and John Trevenen, of Helstone, Esqrs.

### COUNTRY NEWS.

*Worcester, Oct. 25.* The following extraordinary occurrence took place on Sunday se'night:—As Mr. Slater, of Barton, Warwickshire, was going to attend divine service at Bidford church, accompanied by some of his friends and neighbours, he was attacked by four stout men, armed with bludgeons and tucks, who forcibly seized him and dragged him along, pretending that they had an attachment against him, and that he must appear with them at the Crown-Office in London by ten o'clock the next morning.—An alarm was soon given, and Mr. Slater was rescued and taken back to his house; and as there appeared no probability of their having any legal process against him; and that no such process could be legally executed on the Lord's day, Mr. Slater's friends determined to pursue the offenders, and take them before a Magistrate for the assault.—The leader of this banditti, whose name was Camden, and formerly an inhabitant of that neighbourhood, immediately fled, and forcing his way through several strong hedges, at last threw himself into the river Avon to avoid his pursuers; but though an expert swimmer, he had taken very few strokes before he turned up on the water dead; and notwithstanding he was immediately taken out, without his having once sunk, he could not be recovered by any medical art.—The other three men were soon secured, and committed by Philips Littleton, Esq. to Warwick gaol.

*Lewes, Oct. 27.* On Monday the 13th instant a man, named John Ellis, died in a shocking state of hydrophobia, in a barn at Lichfold, near Petworth, in this county. The deceased had gone, with several others, a few weeks since, to see a cow which had been bitten by a supposed mad dog, and was in consequence confined in a stable belonging to Mr. Thuillens, of Lodsworth: on the approach of the men the cow made a violent push at Ellis, but was prevented from injuring him with her horns by a rail or gate which separated the stable from the spot on which the men stood, but a quantity of saliva or slaver from the cow's mouth was observed on Ellis's face, which he wiped off, and appeared to think no more about it. A few days afterwards the poor man was observed to be unusually dull and melancholy; and on enquiry being made respecting his health, he said he was very ill; the officers of the parish had therefore determined to remove him from the barn in which he had taken up his abode, to the place of his legal settlement; they accordingly proceeded the next morning to the barn for the purpose above-mentioned, when the distempered man darted by them in a very extraordinary manner, and ran across several fields with a degree of velocity which astonished them, taking frequent leaps in his progress of seven or eight feet into the air; he at length, however, got into a deep pit, which gave his pursuers an opportunity of coming up with him, and enabled them to secure

him with cords, and bring him back to the barn from whence he had escaped, where he continued in a sad state of distraction for two days, and then expired. The deceased was terribly bruised and lacerated by the falls he received in his flight across the fields.

*Maidstone, Nov. 1.* There is now in the possession of Mr. Winder, collar-maker, at Lambherst, an uncommon large pear of the present year's growth, eleven inches long, fifteen inches round, and weighs two pounds three quarters. He has several others from the same tree, little inferior in size.

*Ipswich, Nov. 1.* This week a sharper, who said his name was Newland, attempted to swindle a farmer out of some barley he bought of him at Stowmarket, which was to be delivered in at Ipswich. They accordingly met by appointment at the Great White Horse in this town; from thence they went to the sign of the Waggon, when the sharper told the farmer he must carry some hops back for him; but on the latter asking who was to pay for them, and that he expected the barley to be paid for before he delivered it, he said he would get the cash directly, and left him under that pretence, but did not think proper to return again. Upon enquiry it was discovered that he had sold the barley 1s. per comb cheaper than he had agreed to give for it.

Last week an accident happened in Windcolmece, near Hull, at which humanity shudders. A girl who was playing in one of the tar-yards there, and had the care of a young child, inadvertently set it upon the edge of a barrel which had a short time before been filled with hot rosin, but had got a scum over it; when the infant leaning back, fell into the barrel, and was so terribly scalded as only to survive about two hours.

A few days ago a melancholy accident happened at Boroughbridge. A party from that place being on the water in a boat, the current proved so strong as to force the boat down the cascade, by which accident Miss H. Hind, youngest daughter of Mrs. Hind of that place was unfortunately drowned.

A few days ago a potatoe, of the Irish kind, was dug up at Bridgton in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, which weighed 2lb. 14 oz.

POMONA this year smiles upon autumn with more than common complacency, and every fruit-tree bears testimony to the assertion; but in some places she seems to have doubled her favours, as may be instanced.

In the garden of Mr. James Jones, clerk of the navigation, at Holloway Head, where a young stubbard, which was only planted last March, produced in the summer a profusion of apples, and every branch of it is now again in blossom.

An apple has lately been gathered in Mrs. Bossall's orchard, at Willerby, near Hull, which measures in circumference fourteen inches and two tenths, and weighs nineteen ounces.

Last week an apple of uncommon size was gathered from a tree in the garden of Mr. Paine, of Hothly, in Sussex; it measures in circumference sixteen inches, and weighs a pound and a half. It grew on the same twig with two others of smaller size, and is what the gardeners call a true broad-eyed pippin.

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\* \* \* It was our intention to have given a detail of the STATE TRIALS that have taken place in the course of the past month; but as the event of each has been the ACQUITTAL of the accused (Mr. THOMAS HARDY and JOHN HORNE TOOKE, Esq.), and as the proceedings have already been laid before the public through so many channels, we think our readers will be better pleased with our usual variety of general information, than if we had crowded our pages with the proceedings of two trials, one of which (Mr. Hardy's) occupied eight, the other (Mr. Tooke's) six days sitting; the former ended on the 5th, the latter on the 22d of November.

## PROMOTIONS.

THE Rev. J. H. Browne, appointed Chaplain to the Castle, Norwich. Mr. Archdeacon Paley, to the Prebend of Pancras, founded in St. Paul's cathedral. The Rev. Henry Wigley, to the Rectory of All Saints, Worcester. The Rev. Henry Bright, M. A. of New College, Oxford, to the vicarage of Chittlehampton, Devon. The Rev. James Etty, A. B. of Brazen Nose College, to the living of Whitchurch, Oxon. Rev. Charles Sutton, B. D. rector of Aldburgh, to the vicarage of Thornham, with Holme next the sea. The Rev. Frodsham Hodson, of Brazen Nose College, chosen Fellow of that society. Mess. Dawkins, Maddocks, and Hotham, of Christ Church, and Mr. Wacey, of Oriol College, Oxford, elected to fill the vacant Fellowships in All Souls which have fallen during the course of the year. The Rev. Lowther Yates, D. D. Master of Catherine Hall, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge. George May, Esq. elected Mayor of Maidstone. George Woodroffe, Esq. appointed Chief Prothonotary of the Common Pleas, in the room of William Mainwaring, Esq. M. P. resigned. — Wood, appointed Chamber Messenger to the Treasury, in the room of Samuel Barnsley, sen. deceased. The Rev. Henry Freeman, M. A. to the rectory of Norborough, in the county of Northampton.

## MARRIAGES.

JAMES Carden, Esq. of Paper-buildings, in the Temple, to Miss Walter, of Printing-House-square, Blackfriars. At Mr. Alderman Gill's house, Raisbury, Captain Gill, of the Life Guards, to Lady Harriet Fleming. Mr. William Miller, merchant, in Greenock, to Miss Janet Speirs, youngest daughter of Mr. Archibald Speirs, ship-master in Greenock. Mr. Archibald Shearer, merchant, in Greenock, to Miss Barbara Galbreath, of the same place. Mr. John Smellie, teller in the Greenock bank, to Miss Ewing, of the same place. Mr. Donald M'Gowan, cornet of horse, to Miss Sussanna Meek of the Largs—what makes the circumstance of the four last mentioned marriages rather singular is, that they happened all in one day; that the youngest of the gentlemen is above sixty years old, and the oldest of the ladies not above twenty-four. In Dublin, by special licence, James Crofton, Esq. only son of Sir Malby Crofton, Bart. to Miss Lyster, eldest daughter of the Rev. John Lyster. Dr. Robinson, of Honiton, to Miss Hancock, daughter of Dr. Hancock, of the Close, Salisbury. At Lord Sydney's house, in Grosvenor-square, the Right Honourable Lord Dynevor to the Honourable Harriet Townshend, second daughter of Lord Viscount Sydney. At North Windfield, Derbyshire, George Seddon, Esq. of Aldersgate-street, to Mrs. Lord, of Tupton-Hall, in the above county. At Clifton, near Bristol, Sir Hedworth Williamson, Bart. to Miss Maria Hamilton. Mr. George Woodfall, of Paternoster-row, to Miss Brown, of Buckingham-street. The Rev. Herbert Jenkins, of Banbury, Oxfordshire, to Miss North, of Overthorpe, in Northamptonshire. The Rev. Benjamin Jones, M. A. vicar of Builth, in the county of Brecon, to Miss Nelson, daughter of George Nelson, Esq. of Lambeth. William Bignell, Esq. of Seething-lane, to Miss Shaddock, of Shepherd's Bush. At Little Wittenham, Berks, William Palmer, Esq. to Miss Elizabeth Carter, daughter of the Rev. Henry Carter, rector of that place. The Rev. Richard Williams, M. A. late of Christ's College, Cambridge, to Miss Atkinson, daughter of the late Captain Atkinson, of Northampton. Mr. H. O. Hebert, of Union-street, distiller, to Miss Susan Harvey, of Beaconsfield.

## DEATHS.

ON Monday last suddenly, whilst on a visit at Mr. James Finche's, at Sible Hedingham, Essex, the Rev. Baxter Cole. At Boreham, in Essex, the Rev.

John Bullock, many years vicar of that parish, and rector of Radwinter in the same county. At Northlaw, Herts, Mr. George Dasent, son of the Hon. John Dasent, deceased, late Chief Justice of the island of Nevis. At Bristol-Wells, his Grace Dr. Richard Robinson, Lord Primate of all Ireland, Baron of Rokeby in that kingdom, and baronet; in which two last titles he is succeeded by Matthew Robinson, Esq. of Kent. The Rev. Owen Davies, many years curate in St. Mary's Parish, Southampton, to the Dean of Winchester. Of the yellow fever, at Port Royal, Jamaica, Capt. John Cole, late of Ipswich: the greater part of his men fell a sacrifice to the same fatal disorder. At Brompton Grove, Mrs. Hamm, wife of John Francis Hamm, Esq. of Little Chelsea. Mr. Treasure, an eminent carcase-butcher, of Clare-street, Clare-market. William Sharp, miller, of Newport, Isle of Wight, well known in the literary world for his various publications. At Worthy, Mr. Samuel Parker, many years master of the George Inn, Winchester. At Port-au-Prince, John Stewart, Esq. of Stenton, lieutenant of the 20th regiment. At his seat at Axwell, near Newcastle, Sir Thomas Clavering, Bart. LL. D. formerly many years representative in parliament for the county of Durham. At her house in Portman-street, Portman-square, the Right Honourable Lady Helen Douglas, relict of the late Admiral Sir James Douglas, Bart. and aunt to the present Earl of Glasgow. At her house at Chelsea, Mrs. Elizabeth Ladbroke, relict of Richard Ladbroke, Esq. formerly of Frenches, in the county of Surrey. At Amsterdam, the Rev. Dr. Richard Buchanan, minister of the English church in that city. James Adams, Esq. of Albemarle-street, architect. Mr. John Boulton, aged 81, the oldest cashier of the Bank of England. The Rev. Mr. Brook, rector of Hojoin Barnet, Middlesex, and one of the chaplains in ordinary to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. At the house of Sir Isaac Heard, Garter in the College of Arms, Miss Elizabeth Hayes, sister of Lady Heard. At Bath, the Countess of Howth, Lady of the Right Hon. the Earl of Howth, of the kingdom of Ireland. Mrs. Fector, wife of Mr. Peter Fector, Esq. of Dover, in Kent.

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#### BANKRUPTS.

JOHN Cobley, of Edmonton, Middlesex, builder. Samuel Akeroyd, Jonathan Hainsworth, and John Binns, all of Halifax, Yorkshire, carpet-manufacturers. Wm. Fry, of Bury-Court, St. Mary-Axe, merchant. Susannah Wilkings, of Paradise-buildings, Lambeth, haberdasher. George Tod, of Orchard-street, Portman-square, carpenter. John Binns, of Halifax, in Yorkshire, hosier. Jonathan Hainsworth, of Halifax, Yorkshire, timber merchant. Francis Kilver, of Bath, coach-maker. Thomas Horribin, of Liverpool, merchant. Charles Blackford, of Alvechurch, Worcestershire, baker and mealmen. Thomas Lilly, of Bath, money-scrivener. Nathan Goddard, of Kingston upon Thames, in the county of Surrey, shopkeeper. George Lloyd, and Mary Bradshaw; late of Wormwood-street, London, hosiers. Thomas Humble, and Joshua Henderson, of the Strand, cabinet-makers. Alexander Weatherly, of Crown and Sceptre court, St. James's-street, taylor. Richard Scholefield, of Batley, in Yorkshire, maltster. James Aspin, of Margate, Kent, linen-draper. Robert Davis, of Drury-lane, Middlesex, cheese-monger. Wm. Colesby, of Birmingham, factor. William Simpson, late of Gibraltar, merchant. John Teasdale, of Lime-street, London, broker. Joseph Fennet, of the Borough of Leicester, woolcomber. Joseph Buxham and Francis Broom, of Bristol, talow-chandlers. James Bishop, of Worcester, hatter. William Bleuden, of Clifton, Gloucestershire, carpenter. Timothy Whitehead, of Halifax, Yorkshire, liquor-merchant. John Current, of Storrington, Sussex, miller. Charles Brindsen, late of Marlborough, Wiltshire, sadler. Thomas Thompson, of Newcastle upon Tyne, broker. Edward Barker, of Brownlow-street, St. Giles's, coach-maker. Richard Kitchin, of Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, coach-maker. Edmund Warne, of Tottenham-court-road, builder. William Clack, of North-street, City Road, London, carpenter and builder.

# THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE:

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For DECEMBER 1794.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ELEGANT PORTRAIT OF  
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE LATE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

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*Erratum.* Page 390, the MASONIC PRECEPTS should have been stated as *concluded*, instead of *continued*.

For our next Number, with which the Fourth Volume will commence, we have many *Novelties* in preparation.

No. I. of a Series of Papers under the Title of "THE FREEMASON;" shall appear in our next Number.

The *State of Masonry in the County of Lincoln* came too late for Insertion in the present Number, but shall appear in our next; as will several other Contributions under the same Circumstance.

*Memoirs of a Freemason* are under Consideration.

A fresh supply of the *Masonic Tokens*, which have been lately so much the Objects of Curiosity and Enquiry as Pocket Pieces, has been just received, and may be had at the BRITISH LETTER FOUNDRY, Bream's Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, in Parcels at 1s. each; containing 24. [See an Engraving and a Description of them in P. 212 of this Volume.]

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