

# THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,

OR,

GENERAL AND COMPLETE LIBRARY.

For MAY 1795.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN ELEGANT PORTRAIT OF  
SIR FRANCIS BOURGEOIS, R. A.

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TO OUR READERS, CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

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The MASONIC DIRECTORY will be given *gratis* with our next Number. Such Brethren as have not yet sent their Names for insertion, are requested to transmit them *before the 12th day of June*; as all Names received after that time must stand over to the December Magazine. With the Names are requested to be sent the Place of Abode, Profession or Trade, Name and Number of the Lodge to which they belong, and what Office (if any) they hold in such Lodge. [For Particulars respecting the Directory, our Readers are referred to Page 127 of this Volume.]

P. T.'s Lines to Miss S— were received too late for this Month. It is a little singular, that this Correspondent's Favour, though dated the 23d of May 1795, is directed to a PERSON and a PLACE, which have had no Connection with the FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE for 18 months past—The Lines shall certainly have place in our next.

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*Sir Francis Bourgeois R. A*

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OR  
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FOR MAY 1795.

MEMOIRS OF  
SIR FRANCIS BOURGEOIS, R. A.

IT has been observed in this work, that, as it is the design of Masonry to improve the condition and strengthen the virtues of mankind, an amiable man is in effect a good Freemason, though he may not have passed through the mysteries of the Brotherhood. The present object of our notice, therefore, has full claim to an introduction in this place, not only as an excellent artist, but as a man highly esteemed for the merit of his private character.

SIR FRANCIS BOURGEOIS, we understand, was born in London, in the year 1756; he is the descendant of a family of distinguished repute in the Canton of Berne, in Switzerland, and the name of BOURGEOIS is to be found in the archives of that place, among the persons who filled the first offices in the state, and who were conspicuous in the senate.

He was originally designed by his father for the military profession, and was presented, when a child, to the immortal defender of Gibraltar, the late Lord Heathfield, who promised, that when the boy should arrive at a suitable time of life, he would procure a commission for him in the light dragoons: Soon after Colonel BOURGEOIS, a near relation, in Switzerland, sent for the child, intending to place him in a military academy; but as the father of the latter could not consent to part with his son at so early an age, he remained in England; and adverting to his supposed designation to the profession of arms, he constantly attended the reviewing of troops, and made himself conversant with their exercises and manœuvres, at the same time perusing such works as were calculated to acquaint him with the theory as well as the practice of the art of war.

It was in this pursuit that our artist derived his original taste for that profession in which he has since so highly distinguished his talents; for during his attendance on all the martial evolutions that he had an opportunity of seeing, he endeavoured to portray what he beheld, and so far succeeded in his attempts to express the actions of the soldiery, particularly of the cavalry, that Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, WILSON, and GAINSBOROUGH, to whom his abilities had recommended him even at this juvenile period, advised him to cultivate these very promising indications of future skill in an art for which he evidently manifested no ordinary degree of genius.

Incited by such flattering encouragement from men so intelligent and so eminent in their art, young BOURGEOIS began to think more of the peaceful pencil than of the hostile weapon at first intended for his hand, and in due time became a pupil of LOUTHERBOURG, whose

manner he seemed particularly to study. In this situation, however, he did not continue above six months; but having acquired a knowledge of the true principles of PAINTING, he determined to contemplate the works of the old masters, and chiefly indulge his genius in the great school of nature. In conformity to this resolution, he devoted a considerable portion of his time to an observation of the several celebrated collections in the metropolis, and in other parts of this country, not forgetting to regulate his views by a pursuit of the great exemplar Nature. To such cabinets his obvious talents and his respectable connections secured him an easy introduction.

The earlier productions of his genius were landscapes and figures, and sea-pieces, which were exhibited in the Royal Academy, and which were so much admired by the best judges, that they contributed to procure the patronage of very distinguished personages, and at length led to a private introduction to THEIR MAJESTIES, who encouraged his talents with the most gracious condescension, and expressed their wishes for his success.

He continued to prosecute his studies with the true enthusiasm of genius, and his works found admission into the most distinguished cabinets of Europe. In the year 1791, he was appointed painter to STANISLAUS AUGUSTUS, the present amiable and unfortunate KING OF POLAND, who conferred on him the honour of knighthood of the ORDER OF MERIT, and his title has since been confirmed by the monarch of this country. On this occasion he was introduced at court, where he was presented to the KING by Lord HAWKE, and to the QUEEN by the Earl of AYLESBURY, and had the honour of kissing hands, attended with circumstances of peculiar favour.

In the following year he was elected an Academician of the ROYAL ACADEMY, and in 1794 was appointed Landscape Painter to HIS MAJESTY.

The works of Sir Francis are so numerous, that we cannot pretend to give an accurate account of them; but among the principal achievements of his pencil, is a large *landscape with gipsies*, in the collection of the earl of SUFFOLK. *SMUGGLERS ATTACKED*, in the possession of W. JOLIFFE, Esq. *MR. KEMBLE, in CORIOLANUS*, which belongs to Mr. Johnson the banker. *A CATTLE PIECE, with SUN SET*, which was in the celebrated collection of M. CALONNE, and has since been purchased by ——— Tuffin, Esq. *The Mischievous Boy*, in the cabinet of Lord CREMORNE. *The Monk in Solitude*, now in the grand collection of the Empress of RUSSIA, at St. Petersburg. *The Convicts*, which he presented to Captain TOPHAM. A fine landscape, with cattle, which belongs to M. DURAND, of Paris; and another of equal merit, possessed by the Princess DASHAW, in RUSSIA. *A Sea Storm and the Solitary Cell*, in the collection of DRUMMOND SMITH, Esq. A large *Cattle piece*, belonging to J. STAINFORTH, Esq. His fine picture of the *Bank of England*, with a variety of figures, is in the king's palace at Warsaw. A beautiful landscape, with a *Rainbow, Cattle, and Figurès, Corca made Prisoner*, from MARMONTEL's interesting story of the INCAS, and the *Timber Cart*, enrich the collection of ——— SMITH, Esq. Sir Abraham HUME,

who is himself a good artist, possesses an excellent picture from the pencil of Sir Francis, the subject of which is *Horses watering*. His tributary picture to the Royal Academy, which graces the Council Room, is an admirable proof of his claim to admission into that body. MACKLIN'S GALLERY exhibits fine efforts of the skill of our artist, in *CHRIST on the Mount*, and *The Conversion of St. PAUL*. M. le Châtelain BOURGEOIS, at Yverdon, possesses a charming landscape and figures by our artist. The admired pictures of a funeral procession of *White Friars*, the landing of the *Norman Horses at Brighton*, *Hunting the wild Bear*, *Smugglers defeated*, and *Children at the Grave of their Mother*, are in the collection of NOËL DESENFANS, Esq. The late excellent president of the Royal Academy bought a large-cattle piece, painted by our artist, not only for the merit of the picture itself, but on account of the singular facility of pencilling it manifested, in being the work of only four days. There are many other labours of our artist which well deserve to be mentioned in this place.

Sir FRANCIS BOURGEOIS enjoys the countenance and protection of the first persons in this country; and has long possessed the friendship of that distinguished connoisseur and liberal patron of the arts; Mr. DESENFANS.

It remains for us to bear testimony to the private worth of our artist, who is highly esteemed for his domestic and social qualities, and it may be truly said of him, that though laudably ambitious of distinction himself, he is by no means tainted with the illiberal spirit of jealousy usually imputed to his profession, but unites, with the emulation of genius, a generous zeal for the success of contemporary merit.

P. S. The print which accompanies this article is taken from a very spirited portrait painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, of whom a likeness and memoirs may be found in Vol. II. page 126 of our work.

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## THE STAGE.

BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.

(Extracted by Permission from a Volume of "VERSES on various Occasions," just published.)

This Poem, as we learn from its Author, made its appearance in a less perfect state, "before Mrs. SIMMONS displayed her great talents in a London Theatre. Several of the Performers therein mentioned are no more; but the Writer will not defraud the dead of praise that he once ventured to bestow."

WHEN CHURCHILL'S daring muse, a hardy dame,  
 With judgment clear, and true poetic flame,  
 First sung the merits of the scenic throng,  
 The "well-trod Stage" was worthy of her song;  
 O'er rival bards the towering genius rose,  
 And lash'd with equal rigour friends and foes.  
 A GARRICK'S excellence engag'd his lays,  
 And claim'd the fairest wreath of critic praise.  
 A QUIN sustain'd the spirit of the Stage  
 With flowing humour, or heroic rage;

A melting BARRY, in each tender part,  
Sent ev'ry accent to the trembling heart:  
A PRITCHARD and a CIBBER charm'd the town,  
Or with the comic wile or lofty frown;  
And long for all shall bloom the laurels of renown.

If now the Theatre has lost the name  
Once proudly sounded by the trump of fame,  
Actors there are who still deserve her care,  
And still her verdant honors justly wear;  
Who move in "scepter'd pall" with tragic pride,  
Or laughter force to hold her acting side;  
And whose united pow'rs still form the Stage  
A clear and faithful mirror of the age.  
These let us view, and leave the meaner throng,  
Unhurt by notice, still to creep along.

High on the comic roll see KING appear,  
To nature constant, and to critics dear;  
He, led by reason, with a steady gaze  
Observes mankind, and as he sees, he plays.  
No wanton whim e'er tempts his mind astray,  
More than his author's meaning to convey,  
But with the text the faithful actor moves,  
And the best comment on the poet proves.

The testy moods that mark declining life,  
The froward jealousy, and peevish strife,  
How well he shews, his *Teazle* may proclaim,  
Where bard and actor share a mingled fame.

How joys the bosom, when we chance to find  
True force of genius with a worthy mind;  
A gen'rous transport o'er the fancy glows—  
The ready verse with honest ardour flows.

Then, KING! accept this tribute, from a muse  
Lur'd by no partial ends or sordid views,  
Who, pleas'd to greet thee on thy public art,  
Turns with a nobler zeal to note thy heart,  
That heart which all the manlier virtues claim,  
And baffled malice knows not how to blame.

Loose as the wind, and feebler than the sand,  
Are all the fairy fabrics Hope has plan'd,  
When, on the favour of a changeful town,  
She fondly seeks for permanent renown.  
When HENDERSON first sought this critic ground,  
His talents rais'd deserv'd applause around;  
Stern judgment, satisfied, decreed the bays,  
And sympathy bestow'd its noblest praise.  
But lo! transferr'd to awful Drury's \* soil,  
Where once true merit could not vainly toil,

\* Mr. HENDERSON'S first appearance in London was at the Hay-market theatre, during the summer season, in the time of the elder COLMAN.

The public mark of ev'ry puny wight  
 Who in these letter'd times aspires to write,  
 He feels the ranc'rous stroke—in fame decays,  
 And, strange reverse, to empty benches plays.  
 Though truth must own, since, sunk in endless night,  
 The great theatric orb withdrew its light,  
 None various life like HENDERSON has view'd,  
 And GARRICK's radiant track like him pursu'd.

But though, in justice to a slighted name,  
 The town's absurd caprice we freely blame,  
 Too well we know, perfection's tow'ring height  
 Has ne'er since GARRICK charm'd the wond'ring sight,  
 And ev'ry living candidate for praise,  
 Would dimly gleam by his effulgent blaze.

Here with thy gossip-tale Digression rest,  
 And hence comparison's unfriendly test;  
 The muse with candour shall maintain her state,  
 And judge each cause by its own proper weight.

Of HENDERSON it fairly may be said,  
 Th' heroic canvas he should seldom spread,  
 For though his judgment, uniformly true,  
 Draws a chaste outline to the critic view,  
 Too oft is wanting, to complete the part,  
 That vivid col'ring which secures the heart.

In injur'd *Lear* when he attempts to shew  
 The manly workings of majestic woe,  
 The driv'ling monarch whimpers o'er the stage  
 In dotard weakness or in childish rage.

Yet though in tragedy we sometimes find  
 But a faint sketch of what the bard design'd,  
 None should behold his *Hamlet*, and delay  
 The honest meed of warm applause to pay.  
 But when he joins *Thalia's* cheerful band,  
 The heart at once impels th' applauding hand;  
*Fulstaff* and *Benedick* alone must raise  
 And amply justify the loudest praise.

(*To be continued.*)

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## SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER

OF THE LATE

### JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

---

THIS gentleman, who died on Tuesday, May 19, 1795, has made such a distinguished figure in the literary world, that he should not be suffered to drop into the grave without notice.

His original powers of mind were not of the higher kind, but they were greater than has been generally supposed. He possessed humour, and was not without learning. If he had cultivated his poetical



talents, he would most probably have acquired no inconsiderable repute in the sportive province. His darling propensity was an avarice of fame; and this propensity he indulged rather by courting the acquaintance of celebrated characters, than by drawing from the resources of his own mind.

He made his entrance into public life by an account of the famous Pascal Paoli; and by the extravagant zeal which marked his representation of the Corsican hero, Mr. Boswell contrived to elevate himself. When he had sufficiently exalted the character of Paoli for the purposes of deriving a reflected fame himself, he found means to get into particular intimacy with Dr. Johnson, and of course became known to all the literary connections of the great British moralist. By his intercession Johnson was induced to gratify an early desire of visiting the Western Islands of Scotland, and Mr. Boswell had the pleasure of being the Cicerone to the literary Leviathan, and of shewing him about to all curious people in the North.

Of this expedition Boswell wrote an account, and in his history of Sam. Johnson's rambles, he did not forget to take due notice of himself.

Mr. Burke was the next distinguished character with whom Boswell connected himself; but as Mr. Burke shone with too great a radiance in conversation for Boswell to display his transient gleams, he withdrew to the milder influence of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and continued intimate with the latter till his death spread a cloud over the world of art.

Boswell's "Life of Dr. Johnson" is his principal work, and a very amusing one it is, for in a very whimsical manner he details the character and manners of one of the best critics and one of the soundest moralists that this country ever knew.

It was Boswell's intention to give a biographical account of Sir Joshua Reynolds; but as the domestic particulars of that great artist were but few, and as Boswell did not profess to know much of painting, he relinquished the idea; very properly conceiving, that it was the province of a painter to raise a professional monument to the British Apelles.

In private life Boswell was entertaining, as he abounded in anecdote, and had a peculiar cast of dry humour, which induced his hearers to conceive that "more was meant than met the ear." He was convivial, without being social, for though he could partake of the laugh of the table with great glee, he never seemed to have any attachment to his most intimate companions, unless they could in some measure contribute to the extension of his fame. If, however, he was not very susceptible of friendship, or zealous in maintaining his connections, he was not malevolent, and never indulged himself in detraction. Give him but fame himself, and he did not mind how many partners he had to share it with him.

As a father, he was as affectionate as his love of society and distinction would permit him to be, and in the proper duties of life we have no reason to doubt that he was an honest man.

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

BY *J. WATKINS, LL. D.*

*Continued from p. 95.*

**T**HE Emperor Frederic, forgetting the infirmities of old age, for he was the full age usually allotted to man, no sooner arrived in Palestine but he exerted himself to the utmost in what he considered as a work of the highest importance to the interests of his salvation. He gave laws to the Greeks, defeated the Sultan of Cogni, and established himself in the possession of Alicia, where he died 1189.

His son, the Duke of Swabia, laid siege to Acre, in conjunction with the two Military Orders, where those Knights performed prodigies of valour. It was here that a new Order sprung up from the body of German adventurers, bound by the same vows of hospitality to each other, and enmity to the Infidels, as the Knights of St. John. They were called the Order of *Teutonic Knights* of St. Mary of Jerusalem, and in time they possessed a consequence not much inferior to their elder brethren. The siege of Acre had now lasted near two years, when Philip II. of France arrived before it with a great number of supplies. The French King might easily have subdued the place; but, from a romantic spirit of chivalric generosity, he waited purposely to share the honour of its reduction with his brother of England. Richard, after completing the conquest of the Island of Cyprus, by way of retaliation for the Cypriots' base usage of some of his people, at length joined the besieging army, and soon after his arrival sold that island to the Templars for three hundred thousand livres. It was the 8th of June, A. D. 1191, when the English Monarch arrived before Acre.

The valour of Richard on this occasion broke forth with a lustre which far outshone that of all the other adventurers. It was his ambition to be always in the midst of the greatest dangers, and his activity and spirit infused an extraordinary animation into all ranks of the Christian army. The three Military Orders especially exerted themselves under his eye, with a zeal which brought them glory at the expence of a prodigious loss in their respective societies. The Templars lost their Grand Master and a great number of their brethren on this occasion. Acre held out against all the attempts of Christian valour till it was almost reduced to a heap of ruins, and at length capitulated on honourable terms July 13, 1191.

With this conquest the Crusade ended; for though the Christians might with ease have recovered Jerusalem and the principal part of

Palestine, yet jealousies and mistrusts breaking out among them, and some of the leading men returning into Europe, it was found expedient to settle a truce, which, according to the superstition of the times, was agreed on for the space of three years, three months, three weeks, three days, and three hours.

The hopes of the Eastern Christians began to revive on the death of Saladine in 1193. He was succeeded by his brother Safadine. No sooner was this event known at Rome than the Pope proclaimed a new Crusade, without any respect to the truce which had been mutually agreed on by the Christians and the Infidels. Safadine, enraged at the perfidy of the Christians, levied his army, took Jaffa by storm, and put all that he found in it to the sword. He would soon have made his enemies repent their treacherous conduct, by depriving them of every possession in Palestine, had not domestic disturbances necessitated him to enter into a fresh truce, which was settled for six years.

During this respite from the fatigues and the expences of war, the Military Orders increased in riches, luxuries, and mutual animosity.

The Templars, who appear to have possessed the most martial spirit, seized upon a castle which the Hospitallers had let out to a private person. This brought on a civil war, and nothing but the ecclesiastical power could prevent it from spreading to such a degree as to ruin the Christian cause in Palestine. By the interference of the Clergy the point in dispute was referred to the Pope, who settled it in an amicable manner, and peace seemed to be restored, though the venom of enmity still rankled in the bosom of each. The Templars conduct, at this period, has not illuminated the dark chronicle of the age with any thing more to their credit than mere valour. Other meritorious qualifications they appear to have been destitute of. They were proud, avaricious, tyrannical, and revengeful. These ill qualities rendered them so odious in Cyprus, that they were under the necessity of resigning their authority in that island; and Amaury, brother to Guy de Lusignan, was crowned king. Nor were the other branch of the Order of St. John, the Hospitallers, possessed of superior virtue to the Templars. They were not so fierce, indeed, but they were more cunning, and even more avaricious; add to which, they submitted more implicitly to be the tools of the Court of Rome. In consequence, it is not to be wondered at that their wealth should far exceed that enjoyed by the Knights of the Temple. Matthew Paris asserts, that while the possessions of the Templars in Christendom were no more than nine thousand manors of land, the Hospitallers had at least nineteen thousand; the jealousy, therefore, that subsisted between the two Orders is thus easily accounted for.

After a long space of quietness, during which the affairs of the Eastern Christians went worse and worse, Honorius III. called a general council for the express purpose of endeavouring to procure a new and powerful Crusade, to regain the kingdom of Jerusalem. This was in 1215; and the consultation had such an effect, that a ge-

neral ardour was excited in all who were present to put on the Cross; and it was fixed that the adventurers should assemble at Messina or Brundisium June 1, A. D. 1217. When the time appointed came, several Princes who had engaged themselves failed, some on one excuse, and some on another. The only one who adhered strictly and punctually to his promise was the King of Hungary, who arriving at Acre in 1218, became in that place a Member of the Order of the Hospitallers. On hearing of this addition to the Christian force, Coradine, Sultan of Damascus, raised an army, and hastened to lay siege to St. John de Acre. The Christians, headed by the King of Hungary and the Grand Masters of the three Military Orders, advanced to meet him. Coradine, afraid to hazard an engagement with men so fresh and eager for action, returned hastily to his own dominions. The Patriarch of Jerusalem strove by entreaties, and even the terrors of excommunication, to bind the King of Hungary to a continuance in the Holy Land, but all in vain; for after about three months stay he embarked at Acre, and left the defence of the country to the Military Orders. They were not left long, however, without succour; for the same year a supply of Germans, Frieslanders, and Dutch, under William I. Count of Holland, arrived at Acre. It was now resolved, on the strength of this reinforcement, to carry on an offensive war against the Infidels; accordingly the Christians laid siege to Damietta, a city of Egypt. While they were before this place, they received large supplies of soldiers from different parts of Europe, particularly from England.

The Sultan of Egypt was joined by his brother the Sultan of Syria, and their utmost exertions were tried in vain to compel the Christians to abandon the siege. It was the united perseverance, continued activity, and resistless valour of the Knights of the three Orders alone, that repelled all the attempts of the Infidels, and brought Damietta under the dominion of the Cross. That city, after a most gallant defence, was taken by storm; and melancholy, indeed, was the prospect which the victors were presented with on entering its desolated walls. Fourscore thousand persons perished in its defence; the survivors were ghastly from the horrible effects of famine; and the triumph of the conquerors was abated by the consideration that the fall of the place was more owing to the decay of nature than to their valour. The Christians might have purchased more solid advantages, by relinquishing the flattering prospect of the reduction of Egypt: for the Sultan, to save Damietta, offered to restore the true Cross, taken at the battle of Tiberias; to give them the city of Jerusalem, with means for putting it in a sufficient state of defence, and many other places. But, flushed with success, and allured by the treasures of Egypt, the ecclesiastics brought the leaders of the Crusade to resolve on the conquest of that country. The Sultan, driven to desperate necessity, opened the sluices of the Nile and deluged the country; by which means the Christian army was hemmed within a very small space, and was soon after visited by the horrors of sickness and famine. This obliged them to come to terms; they

gave up Damiata, and restored all their prisoners. The Sultan on his part engaged to give the Christian army safe conduct, and to supply them with every necessary.

Thus, from a principle of extreme avarice, the Christians lost the object which was the professed one of every Crusade, the recovery of the *Holy City*.

It ought not to be omitted, that among the many to whom the bad success of this expedition was attributed, the Knights Templars and those of the Hospital were the heaviest accused. The charge brought against them was, that they had embezzled and appropriated to their own use the principal part of the sums sent by the European states towards carrying on the Crusade. The well-known character of those communities served only to give the story a favourable reception. It spread throughout Europe, and took such a hold on the public mind in all places, that the Pope ordered an inquisition to be taken of the affair; upon which, it proving to be a falsehood, his Holiness sent letters throughout Christendom in vindication of the accused parties.

In 1222 Philip II. of France died, and bequeathed to the Templars and Hospitallers each one hundred thousand livres. The year following the Pope and the Emperor Frederic, with a great number of other princes, held a consultation on the affairs of Palestine, when Frederic, in particular, engaged himself to assume the Cross in two years from that time. On the expiration of that period he requested the Pope to allow him the further space of two years more, and then bound himself by oath to accomplish his promise. In the summer of 1227 he assembled his forces at Brundisium, but kept putting off his embarkation from time to time, on pretence of sickness. The Pope, irritated at his delays, thundered out against him the terrors of excommunication. Frederic, who had a spirit equal to that of the pontiff, resisted him by force, and actually drove him from Rome. As he looked upon the Templars and Hospitallers to be his enemies, he poured out his vengeance upon them in a double measure, throughout his dominions. He stripped them of all their possessions, and exercised the greatest severity on their persons, particularly in Sicily, where their numbers were great, and their settlements splendid. The Emperor at length embarked for the Holy Land, and arrived at Acre, September 8, 1228. Orders having come from Rome, prohibiting the Military Orders from serving under an excommunicated prince, the respective Grand Masters of the Templars and Hospitallers rigidly adhered to the pontifical mandate; but the Teutonic Knights rejected it. After the Emperor had taken the field, their military spirit could not be restrained, and by help of an equivocation, they contrived to join the Imperial army, which stood in great need of their assistance. But while those generous Knights were fighting for Frederic in the East, their brethren in his territories were sustaining continual persecutions by his orders. The Pope continued inflexible, and Italy was ravaged by the perpetual skirmishes of the Papal and Imperial troops. Frederic, on receiving this news, determined on returning to Europe, but wanting a pre-

text for this hasty step, he contrived one of such a nature as should give him sufficient grounds for preserving his hatred of the Military Orders. He caused it to be reported that the Templars and Hospitallers, from their attachment to the Holy Sec, had consulted with the Sultan of Egypt a plan for delivering him up as a prisoner, while he should be bathing in the River Jordan. Frederic, having concluded a truce with the Infidels, returned to Sicily early in the year 1229. In the year following he was reconciled to the Church on sundry conditions, one of which was to repair the damages he had caused to be done to the Templars and Hospitallers. He retained, however, the greatest animosity against those bodies to the last stage of his life, and they suffered from him repeated mortifications and insults. After the Emperor's departure, the Christians in Palestine had no other defenders than the Military Orders, one or other of which was always in the field. In the year 1239, the Templars suffered a severe defeat from the superior numbers of the Sultan of Aleppo, which threw the Eastern Christians into such a consternation, that succours from Europe were again urgently solicited. A small supply from England was all that they received. About this time the Templars entered into an alliance with the Emir of Carac against the Sultan of Egypt; but the Hospitallers, disgusted that this treaty should be negociated without their concurrence, not only refused to give any assistance, but broke into an open rupture with the Templars, which continued for a long time. Richard, Earl of Cornwall, brother to the King of England, at the head of some choice troops, arrived in Palestine about a year afterwards, and immediately settled a truce with the Sultan of Egypt, by which it was stipulated, that Jerusalem and the adjacent places should be restored to the Christians. The Templars, remembering their old grudge to the Hospitallers, refused to be included in the treaty. The Christians had scarce time to breathe from the fatigues of war before they were assailed by a new enemy. These were the Corasmins, a barbarous people from Persia: roving about for a country to settle themselves in, they fell upon Palestine at the advice of the Sultan of Egypt. Intelligence of this irruption coming to Jerusalem, where the fortifications were in no state of forwardness, the principal part of the inhabitants, escorted by the Knights, fled to Jaffa with their effects. Those who foolishly remained in the city were put to death with unheard-of tortures. To get rid of these intruders, the Templars called to their assistance their old allies, the Sultans of Damascus and Emessa. With the additional force thereby procured the Christians determined to risk a battle. The Hospitallers had the left wing, the Turcomans the right, and the Templars were in the centre. The Corasmins were near ten to one at the beginning of the engagement, and, to add to the misfortunes of the Christians, their Infidel friends for the most part ran away at the very outset. Notwithstanding these great disadvantages the battle lasted two days, and the Knights made prodigious slaughter among the barbarians. The Christian army, however, necessarily failed; out of all their force there only

escaped thirty-three Templars, twenty-six Hospitallers, and three Teutonic knights. All the Grand Masters were slain, and the orders seemed to be threatened with total destruction. Not long after this victory the Corasmins divided among themselves, and in a short time none of them remained. The news of this terrible calamity no sooner reached Rome than Pope Innocent IV. called a general council to consider the state of the Holy Land. This was in the year 1248, when a new Crusade was resolved upon, at the head of which appeared Louis IX. of France, commonly called St. Louis. In the middle of the following year this monarch, at the head of a numerous army, landed in Egypt, and entered Damietta without resistance. So great was the consternation which this invasion occasioned to the Saracens, that, if the Christians had taken the proper advantage of it, they might have pushed their arms successfully on to Grand Cairo itself. They continued long enough at Damietta to give the Saracens time to recover their fright. In November they set out for the capital, and on the road were met by five hundred of the Egyptian horse pretending to be deserters. These were permitted to continue as a distinct body, and to march in the van with the Templars. But no sooner were they arrived at a branch of the Nile called Thanis, than these pretended deserters fell suddenly on a squadron of the Templars; those knights, however, not easily surprised, received them with so much bravery that presently not one of the traitors was left. Here the Christians found it necessary to encamp, as the river was so deep and rapid that no means could be devised for passing it. At length an Arabian was found who, for a great reward, shewed them a ford over which a few could pass at a time. The king's brother, the Count of Artois, a young man of more courage than conduct, solicited leave to go over first. This the king reluctantly granted him, after binding him by oath not to engage in any enterprize till the whole army should get over. The young prince gained the opposite shore with little difficulty, followed by a body of the Templars and Hospitallers, and two hundred English knights commanded by the Earl of Salisbury. The Saracens who were stationed at the ford fled at the approach of the Christians towards their camp, and the count, with the impetuosity of youthful valour, pursued them, against the most vehement protestations of the two Grand Masters and the English general. He reached the enemies camp almost as soon as the fugitives, and the infidels, imagining that the whole Christian army was on their backs, abandoned their entrenchments in the greatest disorder. So far the ardour of Robert might have been excused; but, unfortunately, success only served to cast oil upon the mental flame. He resolved on pursuing the flying enemy even to the walls of Massoure where they had taken shelter, and, if possible, to surprise that city. The Grand Master of the Templars, William de Sonnac, an ancient and brave commander, endeavoured all that lay in his power to dissuade him from so rash an enterprize. The Earl of Salisbury, and all the experienced officers, seconded the advice of the Templar; but the prince, bent on so glau-

tious a prize as Massoure presented to him, answered them with the most shameful reproaches. Stung with his calumnies, the rest of the generals pushed on with a courage bordering on despair. They entered Massoure without opposition, but soon after the Infidels besieged them there in great force. The inhabitants of the city rose upon them at the same time; the Earl of Salisbury was slain, with a great number of knights, the prince fell an early sacrifice to his own imprudence, and the Grand Master of the Temple escaped to the main army, covered with wounds, and with the loss of an eye. This victory was followed by the defeat of the remainder of the Christian army, and the King of France and most of his officers were taken prisoners. Louis purchased his ransom and that of his people by restoring Damietta and paying 800,000 besants of gold, the most part of which, says Matthew Paris, was advanced by the two Military Orders. The French king having finished his Crusade in this unsuccessful manner, returned to his own dominions early in 1254. On the departure of that monarch the Templars and Hospitalers, as if they wanted to keep their arms in action, turned against each other. The Templars suffered very severely, and the Hospitalers, with a horrible spirit of revenge, cut those of that order who fell into their hands immediately in pieces. These contentions continued till the attack of the common enemy again reconciled them. The Sultan of Egypt in 1265 laid siege to the fortress of Sephet, then garrisoned by the Templars. After an obstinate defence the knights capitulated, on condition that they should be permitted to depart in safety to some place belonging to the Christians. As soon as the sultan got possession of the place he gave the knights, amounting to six hundred, this alternative, either to turn Mahometans or to be put to death. With a glorious zeal for their religion, and a stern contempt of death, those noble warriors all presented themselves to their fate, with the prior of the order at their head. Irritated at their firmness, and particularly so at the prior, whom he conceived to be the chief means of their constancy, the sultan commanded him to be flayed alive, and all the rest to be beheaded. The Mahometan prince followed up this success by the reduction of Jaffa, Antioch, and a number of other places; and it appeared, that the total destruction of the Christians was inevitable. The two Grand Masters repaired to Italy, to solicit the aid of the sovereign pontiff; this was Pope Gregory X. who, moved by their representations, exerted himself exceedingly to raise a force for the maintenance of the Christian possessions in Palestine.

Another Crusade was warmly recommended, it was actually resolved on, and many sovereign princes assumed the Cross; but presently after their ardour abated, and the Holy Land was left to its fate. In the year 1285, the Christians possessed only St. John de Acre, and even that seemed to hang upon a very precarious tenure. In 1591, the Sultan of Egypt laid siege to Acre, at the head of above two hundred thousand men. The garrison unanimously elected for their governor, in this exigency, brother Peter de Beaujeau, Grand Master of the Templars. To gain a place of so much importance,



the sultan attempted to bribe the commandant with large sums of money, but the brave veteran refused his offers with indignation.

The garrison held out against the attack of the besiegers with an unshaken courage. At length the Infidels having made a considerable breach in the works, endeavoured to carry the place by storm. The Templars and Hospitaliers resisted their attempts for a long time; but the Grand Master of the former being slain, and a vast number of his knights, the Hospitaliers embarked on board of some galleys in the harbour, and set sail for Cyprus. Three hundred Templars were left in the city. A number of women having taken shelter in the tower of the Temple, those valiant heroes devoted themselves to their defence. Their courage baffled all the attacks of the Saracens, who were glad to offer them terms of capitulation, by which it was stipulated, that they should have permission to embark for what place they pleased; and that the honour of the women should be preserved. No sooner was the place delivered up, but the Infidels seized on the women. The Templars, exasperated at their baseness, fell upon them with renewed fury, and having destroyed the ravishers, again took refuge in the Temple, resolved to perish in its ruins. The Saracens undermined the place, and scaled its walls at the same time. It fell with a prodigious violence, and buried the besieged and the besiegers in one grave. Out of all the Templars that had defended Acre so gallantly only ten escaped, who arrived safe at Cyprus, with the melancholy news of the total extirpation of the Christian power in Palestine.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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*The following Account of the CONSTITUTION of a FREEMASONS' LODGE at SWAFFHAM, in the County of NORFOLK, is taken from a small Volume, entitled, "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of RICHARD GARDINER, ESQ." who was the first Master of it, and who penned the occasional Epilogue.*

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IN the year 1764, Freemasonry was revived at Swaffham; and the Great Lodge at the Crown Inn constituted by authority of the Right Honourable Lord Blaney, Lieutenant-General of his Majesty's forces, Grand Master of Masons, being the 320th Lodge in Great Britain. Benjamin Nuthall, Esq. Alderman of Lynn Regis, was appointed to install the new Master Richard Gardiner, Esq. and on the 17th of December, the day appointed for the installation, a grand procession of Masons, consisting of the Master, Wardens, and Members of the Duke's-Head and White-Lion Lodges, at Lynn, and many Members of the Lodges at Norwich, was made from the Crown-Inn to the church at eleven o'clock in the morning, where divine service was performed by the Rev. John Warren, Rector of Harling, and an excellent sermon on the occasion preached by the

Rev. Charles Chadwick, of March, in the Isle of Ely. After divine service the new Master was installed with the usual ceremonies, according to the manner of Masons, and an elegant entertainment was prepared at the Crown. In the evening there was a brilliant assembly of ladies to celebrate the Constitution of the new Lodge. In a few months the members of the Great Lodge were considerably increased, and many of the first gentlemen were admitted into the fraternity.

The year following, 1765, the Lynn company of Comedians coming to Swaffham, the members of the Great Lodge were requested to bespeak a play, and on May 6th they bespoke the comedy of Love for Love, which was performed to a crowded audience, the members walking in procession properly clothed to the temporary playhouse (a barn), where a building on the stage was erected for their reception.

The OFFICERS of the LODGE were

RICHARD GARDINER, Esq.	Master.
WILLIAM PAWLETT, Esq.	Deputy-Master.
WILLIAM MASON, Esq.	} Wardens.
SIR HENRY PEYTON, BART.	
SIR CLEMENT TRAFORD, BART.	Treasurer.

After the Play, the following occasional EPILOGUE, written by the MASTER, was spoken by Mrs. DYER,

WHILE royal splendor and theatric state  
On princely Barry and king Garrick wait,  
How little can we hope an humble stage;  
Void of all pomp, can your applause engage:  
For which among you ladies can discern  
A Covent Garden in a Swaffham barn.

Yes, 'tis a barn—yet fair ones, take me right,  
Ours is no play—we hold a Lodge to-night!  
And should our building want a slight repair,  
You see we've friends among the Brethren there.

*[Pointing to the Masons on the stage.]*

Reply the Scalds \* with miserable frown,  
"Masons repair—they'd sooner pull it down.  
A set of ranting, roaring, rumbfing fellows,  
Who meet to sing "Old Rose and burn the Bellows."  
Champaign and Claret, dozens in a jerk,  
And then, O Lord, how hard they've been at work!  
Next for the secret of their own wise making,  
Hiram and Boaz, and Grand Master Jachin;  
Poker and tongs! the sign! the word! the stroke!  
'Tis all a nothing, and 'tis all a joke.  
Nonsense on nonsense! let them storm and rail,  
Here's the whole hist'ry of their mop and pail.  
For 'tis the sense of more than half the town,  
Their secret is—a bottle at the Crown."

But not so fast, ye enemies to light,  
I, tho' no Mason, am their friend to-night;  
And by your leaves 'tis something strange I trow,  
To slander that which none of you can know.

\* The Scald Miserable Society.

We women, tho' we like good Masons well,  
 Sometimes are angry that they will not tell :  
 And then we flaunt away from rout to rout,  
 And swear like you, we've found the secret out,  
 But O! vain boast! to all enquiring eyes,  
 Too deep the mine where that bright jewel lies.

That Masons have a secret is most true ;  
 And you, ye beauties, have a secret too.  
 Now if the Masons are so rigid grown,  
 To keep their secret to themselves alone ;  
 Be silent in your turns, 'tis that allures :  
 Silence ! and bid the Masons find out yours.

Thus far conjecture in the comic way,  
 But let not fancy lead your thoughts astray.  
 The ties of honour only Masons bind ;  
 Friends to each other and to all mankind :  
 True to their king, and for their country bold,  
 They flew to battle like their sires of old :  
 Banish'd the trowel for the barbed spear,  
 And where loud cannons thunder'd, form'd the square.  
 Gallant and gay, at Minden's glorious plain,  
 And the proud Moro storm'd, alas! in vain !  
 In peace with honest hearts they court the fair,  
 And most they triumph when they triumph there.  
 Their actions known, their bitt'rest foes approve,  
 For all that Masons ask is—Love for Love.

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 ANECDOTE

OF THE LATE

 SIR RICHARD ARKWRIGHT.
 

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WHEN Sir Richard went first to Manchester, he hired himself to a petty barber ; but, being remarkably frugal, saved money out of a very scanty income. With this saving he took a cellar : at the cellar-head he displayed this inscription ; " Subterranean shaving, with keen razors, for one penny ! " The novelty had a very successful effect, for he had plenty of customers ; insomuch, that several brother tonsors, who before had demanded two-pence for a clean chin, were obliged now to come down to the reduced price ; and they also stiled themselves subterranean shavers, though they all lived and worked above ground. Upon this, Sir Richard went still to a farther reduction, and shaved for one halfpenny ! A neighbouring cobbler, one day, descended the original subterranean tonsor's steps, in order to be shaved. The fellow had a remarkably strong, rough beard. Arkwright, beginning to lather him, told him he hoped he would give him another halfpenny, for his beard was so stiff it might spoil his razor. The cobbler replied, " I'll see thee d—n'd first ! " — Arkwright shaved him for the halfpenny, and immediately gave him two pair of shoes to mend ; and this was the basis of Arkwright's extraordinary fortune : for the cobbler, struck with the unexpected favour, introduced him to the inspection of the cotton machine, invented by his particular friend, which Arkwright got possession of, and which gradually led him to the dignity of knighthood, and the accumulation of half a million of money !

*The following Characters are delineated to the Life. They were drawn during the Contested Election for the County of Durham.*

## ANTICIPATION.

### A VISION.

I DREAMED a few evenings ago, that I was walking among the ruins of Durham Cathedral, in the year 2090.

I thought I read a number of epitaphs; and, among others, the following struck me so forcibly, that I recollected them sufficiently well to write them down after I woke.

SOMNAMBULUS,

I.

HERE are deposited, the remains  
of R—— B——, Esq. M. P.  
who served his country  
in seven successive parliaments,  
with the most active zeal,  
the most steady perseverance,  
and a fidelity perhaps unparalleled.

His private character, in all those relations  
by which man is connected with society,  
was uncommonly amiable.

Nor was his public character less distinguished  
by a manly independence of principle,  
and a steady uniformity of conduct,  
which bid defiance to censure.

The public works  
which he projected and carried on,  
for the embellishment and advantage of the county  
which he so long and ably represented,  
will never be forgotten.

It is recorded  
of this most active of men,  
that in his first canvass for a seat in Parliament;  
in the year M,DCC,XC,  
he rode more miles on horseback  
than would equal the circumference of the earth:  
nor were his future exertions  
much less extraordinary.

Reader!

be cautious!

for it is still believed by many,  
that if those magic words,  
“ a Dissolution of Parliament,”  
should be repeated too near to his grave;  
he would again start into existence,  
and recommence his canvass.

## II.

HERE lies  
 all that was mortal  
 of R—— M——, Esq. M. P.  
 whose virtues so much endeared him  
 to the freeholders of his native county,  
 that he was repeatedly chosen  
 (more than once almost unanimously)  
 to represent them in Parliament.  
 His disposition was mild, affable, and engaging,  
 and the suavity of his manners  
 rendered him universally beloved.  
 His friendships were warm and sincere;  
 his hospitality was extensive;  
 his charity was unbounded.  
 The family from which he was descended  
 was uncommonly respectable;  
 for he was nearly related  
 to that spirited son of Britannia,  
 who first rendered the name of his country formidable  
 to the tyrant of Morocco.

## III.

THIS marble indicates the place  
 where rest the remains  
 of Sir J—— E——, Baronet.  
 He represented the county of Durham  
 in three successive Parliaments.  
 The only reason to be assigned  
 why he was not a fourth time returned,  
 was, because the Electors could not be permitted  
 to give their suffrages to THREE.  
 The wise dispensations of Providence  
 produce good from seeming evil;  
 for this respectable man,  
 thwarted in a line of ambition  
 for which he was unfit by nature,  
 turn'd the whole of his attention  
 to a different object.  
 He spent the remainder  
 of a long and happy life  
 in that way in which it was most in his power  
 to be of service to his country,  
 as a County Magistrate:  
 a character which, well supported,  
 tho' less exalted than that of Knight of a Shire,  
 is not less useful.

*In compliance with the Request of X. Y. for Information concerning what is commonly called BOWYER'S GIFT, we have made the following*

EXTRACT  
FROM THE WILL OF THE LATE  
**MR. BOWYER,**  
PRINTER, OF LONDON.

AND now I hope I may be allowed to leave somewhat for the benefit of Printing. To this end, I give to the Master and Keepers or Wardens and Commonalty of the Mystery or Art of a Stationer of the City of London, such a Sum of Money as will purchase Two Thousand Pounds Three *per Cent.* Reduced Bank Annuities, upon Trust, to pay the Dividends and Yearly Produce thereof, to be divided for ever equally amongst Three Printers, Compositors, or Pressmen, to be elected from time to time by the Master, Wardens, and Assistants of the said Company, and who at the time of such election shall be Sixty-three Years old or upwards, for their respective Lives, to be paid Half-yearly; hoping that such as shall be most deserving will be preferred. AND WHEREAS I have herein before given to my Son the Sum of Three Thousand Pounds Four *per Cent.* Consolidated Annuities, in case he marries with the Consent of my Executors: now, I do hereby give and bequeath the Dividends and Interest of that Sum, till such Marriage takes place, to the said Company of Stationers, to be divided equally between Six other Printers, Compositors, or Pressmen, as aforesaid, in manner as aforesaid; and if my said Son shall die unmarried, or married without such Consent as aforesaid, then I give and bequeath the said capital Sum of Three Thousand Pounds to the said Company of Stationers, the Dividends and Yearly Produce thereof to be divided for ever equally amongst Six other such old Printers, Compositors, or Pressmen, for their respective Lives, to be qualified, chosen, and paid, in manner as aforesaid.—*It has long been to me matter of Concern, that such Numbers are put Apprentices as Compositors without any share of School-learning, who ought to have the greatest: In hopes of remedying this, I give and bequeath to the said Company of Stationers such a Sum of Money as will purchase One Thousand Pounds Three per Cent. Reduced Bank Annuities, for the use of One Journeyman Compositor, such as shall hereafter be described; with this special Trust, that the Master, Wardens, and Assistants, shall pay the Dividends and Produce thereof Half-yearly to such Compositor; The said Master, Wardens, and Assistants of the said Company, shall nominate for this purpose a Compositor who is a man of good life and conversation, who shall usually frequent some place of Public Worship every Sunday unless prevented by sickness, and shall not have worked on a Newspaper or Magazine for Four Years at least before such Nomination, nor shall ever afterwards whilst he*

holds this Annuity, which may be for life, if he continues a Journeyman: He shall be able to read and construe *Latin*, and at least read *Greek* fluently with Accents; of which he shall bring a testimonial from the Rector of *St. Martin's, Ludgate*, for the time being: I could wish that he shall have been brought up piously and virtuously, if it be possible, at *Merchant Taylors*, or some other public School, from Seven Years of Age till he is full Seventeen, and then to serve Seven Years faithfully as a Compositor, and work Seven Years more as a Journeyman; as I would not have this Annuity bestowed on any one, under Thirty-one Years of Age: If after he is chosen he should believe ill, let him be turned out, and another be chosen in his stead. AND WHEREAS it may be many years before a Compositor may be found that shall exactly answer the above description, and it may at some times happen that such a one cannot be found; I would have the Dividends in the mean time applied to such Person as the Master, Wardens, and Assistants shall think approaches nearest to what I have described. AND WHEREAS the above Trusts will occasion some trouble, I give to the said Company, in case they think proper to accept the Trusts, Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds. - -

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CURIOUS PARTICULARS  
RESPECTING THE LAST  
*KING OF CORSICA.*

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THEODORE, King of Corsica, Baron Niewhoff, Grandee of Spain, Peer of France, and Baron of the Holy Roman Empire, was a Prince whose claim to Royalty was (as observed by an ingenious author) "as indisputable as the most ancient titles to any Monarchy can pretend to be—that is, the choice of his subjects; the voluntary election of an injured people, who had the common right of mankind to freedom, and the uncommon resolution of *determining to be free.*" About the middle of March 1736, whilst the Corsican mal-contents were deliberating on their situation, an English vessel from Tunis, with a passport from our Consul there, arrived at one of the ports of the Island, then in possession of the mal-contents. A stranger on board this vessel, who had the appearance of a person of distinction, no sooner went on shore but he was received with singular honours by the principal persons of the above party, who saluted him with the titles of Excellency and Viceroy of Corsica. His attendants consisted of two officers, a secretary, a chaplain, a few domestics, and Morocco slaves. He was conducted to the Bishop's palace, called himself Lord Theodore, whilst the Chiefs knew more about him than they thought proper to declare. From the vessel that brought him were debarked ten pieces of cannon, 4000 muskets, 3000 pair of shoes, a great quantity of provisions, and coin to the amount of 200,000 ducats. Two pieces of artillery were placed before his door, and he had 400 soldiers for his guard. He created officers, formed twenty-four companies of soldiers, distri-

buted among the mal-contents the arms and the shoes he had brought with him, conferred knighthood on one of the Chiefs, appointed another his treasurer, and professed the Roman Catholic Religion. Various conjectures were formed concerning him; the eldest son of the Pretender, Prince Ragotski, the Duc de Ripperda, and the Count de Bonneval, were each in their turns supposed to be this stranger. All Europe was puzzled; but the country of the illustrious stranger did not long remain undiscovered: he was, in fact, a Prussian, well known there by the name of Theodore Anthony, Baron Niewhoff. Theodore was a Knight of the Teutonic Order, had successively been in the service of several German Princes; had seen Holland, England, France, Portugal; gained the confidence of the great at Lisbon, and passed there for a Charge des Affaires from the Emperor. This extraordinary man, with an agreeable person, had resolution, strong natural parts, and was capable of any enterprize.

He was about 50 years of age at the foregoing period. Soon after his landing, the Corsican Chiefs declared to the people, that it was to him they were to be indebted for their liberties; and that he was arrived in order to deliver the island from the tyranny of the Genoese. The General Assembly offered him the crown, not as any sudden act into which they had been surprised, but with all the precaution that people could take to secure their freedom and felicity under it. Theodore, however, contented himself with the title of Governor General. In this quality he assembled the people, and administered an oath for preserving eternal peace among themselves; and severely did he exact obedience to the law. He was again offered the title of King. He accepted it on Sunday, April 15, 1736, was crowned *King of Corsica*, and received the oath of fidelity from his principal subjects, and the acclamations of the people.

The Genoese, alarmed at these proceedings, declared him and his adherents guilty of High Treason; caused it to be reported that he governed in the most despotic manner, even to the putting to death many principal inhabitants, merely because they were Genoese, than which nothing could be more false, as appears from his Manifesto, in answer to the Edict. Theodore, however, having got together near 25,000 men, found himself master of a country, where the Genoese durst not appear; he carried Porto Vecchio; and on May 3, blocked up the city of Bastia, but was soon obliged to retire. He then separated his force, was successful in his conquests, and came again before Bastia, which soon submitted to him. His Court became brilliant, and he conferred titles of Nobility upon his principal Courtiers.

Towards the month of July, murmurs were spread of great dissatisfaction, arising from the want of Theodore's promised succours: on the other hand, a considerable armament sailed from Barcelona, as was supposed, in his favour. At the same time France and England strictly forbid their subjects to assist in any way the mal-contents.

September 2, Theodore presided at a General Assembly, and assured his subjects anew of the speedy arrival of the so much wanted succours.



Debates ran high, and Theodore was given to understand, that before the end of October he must resign sovereign authority, or make good his promise. Theodore, in the mean time, received large sums, but nobody knew from whence they came; he armed some barques, and chased those of the Genoese which lay near the island. He now instituted the Order of *The Deliverance*, in memory of his delivering the country from the dominion of the Genoese. The monies he had received he caused to be new coined, and his affairs seemed to have a promising aspect; but the scene presently changed.

In the beginning of November he assembled the Chiefs, and declared that he would not keep them any longer in a state of uncertainty, their fidelity and confidence demanding of him the utmost efforts in their favour; that he had determined, in person, to find out the succours he had so long expected. The Chiefs assured him of their determined adherence to his interests. He named the principal among them to take the Government in his absence, made all the necessary provisions, and recommended to them union in the strongest terms. The Chiefs, to the number of 47, attended him with the utmost respect, on the day of his departure, to the water-side, and even on board his vessel, where, after affectionately embracing him, he took his leave, and they returned on shore, and went immediately to their respective posts which he had assigned them:—a demonstrative proof this that he was not forced out of the island, did not quit it in disgust, or leave it in a manner inconsistent with his Royal character.

Thus ended the reign of Theodore, who in a few days arrived at Livonia, disguised in the character of an Abbé; and from thence, after a short stay, conveyed himself no body knew whither. The next year, however, he appeared at Paris, and was ordered to quit the kingdom in 48 hours; he precipitately embarked at Rouen, and arrived at Amsterdam, attended by four Italian domestics, took up his quarters at an inn, and there two citizens arrested him, on a claim of 16,000 florins; but he soon obtained a protection, and found some merchants who engaged to furnish him with a great quantity of ammunition for his faithful islanders. He accordingly went on board a ship of war of 52 guns and 250 men, but was soon after seized at Naples, in the house of the Dutch Consul, and sent prisoner to the fortress of Gaieta.

This unhappy Monarch, whose courage had raised him to a throne, not by a succession of bloody acts, but by the free choice of an oppressed nation, for many years struggled with fortune, and left no means untried, which indefatigable policy or solicitation of succours could attempt, to recover his Crown. At length he chose for his retirement a country, where he might enjoy the participation of that liberty which he had so vainly endeavoured to secure to his Corsicans; but his situation here, by degrees, grew wretched, and he was reduced so low as to be several years before his death a prisoner for debt in the King's Bench. To the honour of some private persons, a charitable subscription was set on foot for him in 1753; and in 1757, at the expence of a private gentleman, a marble tomb-stone was erected to his memory in the church-yard of St. Ann's, Westminster.

## SPECIMEN

OF AN INTENDED

## HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF A HISTORY OF THE DECLINE AND FALL  
OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE;REPRESENTING THE LIFE OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS  
SON OF WALDRON.

NOW went forth the spirit of plunder. The gigantic forms of depredation, which at this time subjected the persons and pockets of the metropolis to the hands and hangers of the marauder, naturally rivets our attention to the exploits of the son of Henry Waldron, in whom, under the wily alias of George Barrington, I darkly contemplate the father of that species of clandestine rapine which disjoins the inconveniencies of robbery from its terrors, and consists in the insinuation of the finger or the hook into our personal coffers, and recovering them triumphant with the spoils of the insensible benefactor. This furtive assessment upon property does not, on a first view, appear worthy of the transcendant abilities of the freebooter of Kildare: but whatever underwent the touch of Midas became gold; and the transmuting intellect of Barrington invested with system and with science an art which had hitherto been regarded, by the more learned and more adventurous in the schools of Mercury, with contemptuous indifference, and was by them consigned to the noviciates of their lawless fraternity. Darting a keener glance into the occupation which was at once to dignify and to degrade his future day, this plunderer of the West was probably fired by those very discouragements which would have depressed a less towering altitude of genius; and discerned through the shades of ignominy a harvest of glory, in a proportion inverse to the fertility of the soil in which it was to be reared.

Armed with such confidence and such ambition, now walked forth the Adventurer of Ireland, sealing his ears to the syren solicitations of more honourable employments—spurned with unhallowed contempt the proffered patronage of the Pontiff of Leixlip, and the hope of histrionic eminence with which a successful appearance in the part of Jaffier had saluted his dawn. The metropolis of Hibernia was the scene of his predatory exploits no longer than till the maturity of habit had succeeded to the crudities of unpractised timidity. The ripeness of his art co-operating with a few instances of detection, sent him, fraught with presages of victory, against the capital of Albion; and the year 1773 will be connected, through the lapse of ages, with the first appearance of the Son of Waldron on the shores of Britain. The giant capacities of genius are awake at those hours and in those situations wherein minds of a plebeian mould resign themselves to the

torpors of slumber; and the tedious interval which was passed in the Dorset yacht was made conducive to the promotion of his future hopes, by laying the faithless foundation of a felonious friendship with one of the copartners of his voyage.

A tale of wealth and ancestry was fabricated by our child of fortune for the purpose of lulling suspicion into security, and conciliating doubt into confidence. The latter of these pretensions was of a nature sufficiently unsubstantial to elude the fear of detection; but as the former was to be corroborated by external evidences, and as a solitary score of guineas was the only basis on which it could at this early epoch of his life be erected, it became necessary to make an instantaneous appeal to his mighty abilities. His first successes held the world in awe; England trembled at the name of Barrington; and the march of the Hero of Hibernia was every where marked with personal depredations. From the winter solstice to the equinox of spring, he prosecuted a series of exploits unequalled in craft and ingenuity among the sons of Adam. The walls of Ranelagh were the scene of his maiden claims upon the involuntary contributions of the public; and in the transient revolution of a single evening, a Knight of the Bath, nine Peers of the realm, and five others of the brightest luminaries in the globe of fashion, were reduced, by the fingers of the Son of Waldron, to the necessity of enquiring the hour of the night from those of their friends in whose fobs he had still left the sources of information.

The magic of the fœnatorial rod was not wanting for the purposes of converting his watches into wealth; and his intimacy with his fellow voyager of the Dorset yacht was supported with the glittering robberies of Ranelagh. But the gratitude of the depredator of Hibernia walked forth with unequal pace by the side of his emoluments. This friend of the Dorset yacht, and the friends of this friend, and every collateral relative, were laid under contribution to the unmasking necessities of the pupil of Mercury. At their nocturnal meetings, he silently contemplated his gains amid the unsuspecting joys of Bacchus; and promoted a full flow of hilarity, not as an aid to wit, or as an antidote to care, but as a soporific to suspicion, that his hand might find a facile entrance into those favourite haunts of his divinity, the pocket and the fob.

But these subaltern modes of chicane, however they might relieve his necessities, or supply his prodigality, could by no means saturate his ambition. He was an eagle, that aspired rather to the perilous glory of a victory over the vulture, than to the safe luxury of a meal upon the dove; and the Court of the British Potentate was to be the scene of his proudest achievements in this field of adventure. The ecclesiastical habit, not now assumed for the first time as a screen to the plots of the plunderer, furnished him with a passport to the presence of Majesty; and a Lord of the Council unconsciously resigned to the felonious hand of the Hibernian the glittering ensign of his Order. Nor was a less sum than 800*l.* which was delivered in exchange for the trophy of St. James's, the reward of that audacity and

adroitness, of which the detection would have tragically terminated in the prison and the halter.

But the wide and still widening limits of the British Peerage were not commensurate to the reach of his predatory ambition; and Prince Orlov, of whom the Empress had testified her estimation by the gift of a snuff-box of inestimable price, could not long retain this splendid pledge of imperial predilection within the domain of this triumphant arch-plunderer; and the Queen of the Russias had nearly paid a tribute to the Prince of pick-pockets, through the reluctant medium of the *Hyperborean Peer*.

But Fortune, who does not always crown with success the enterprises of the warrior, or the benevolences of the saint, may well be imagined to countermince the snares of the felon; and the favourite of Catherine, by a seasonable detection of the transfer, recovered the power of dazzling English eyes with the munificence of his Queen. On his day of trial, the subtlety of his defence, and the lenity of Orlov, procured his escape from the penal consequences of his boldness. But the notoriety both of the attempt and its discovery, so closely rivetted on him the scrutiny of the public, that for one year and nine days he sequestered himself from the unhallowed haunts of plunder; and, subsisting on the fruits of former spoils, beguiled the interregnum of dishonesty by resuming that attention to literary amusements which he had successfully cultivated, ere the lust of larceny had swallowed up the calmer pleasures of the pen and the page. But the influence of the *belles lettres* was shed in vain on his licentious nature; and the opportunity of appropriating the contents of his landlord's till was found too powerful for the sense either of safety or compunction.

The dykes of a stream once removed, its course is not easily recalled within its pristine bounds; and he now returned, with appetite proportioned to the length of his fast, to the practices of manual conveyance. But he had wearied the liberality of Fortune; and the clandestine capture of a silver time-piece sent the Son of Waldron to one of those scenes of compulsory labour, where, in the disposal of his time, neither the choice nor the genius of the labourer is consulted. Now walked forth to the hulks of Woolwich the adventurer of Ireland; and the spade and the mattock were the rugged implements that now filled that hand which had hitherto revelled in the soft and easy labour of soliciting the watch, and diving into the rich recesses of the pocket.

The humanity of the superintendant of the convicts, in concurrence with the sedulous activity of the degraded minister of secret rapine, abridged the term of his confinement, which, from three years, was reduced to one-third of the original number; at the expiration whereof he was once again let loose upon society, notorious in his person, enfeebled in his frame, and discarded from his creditable connexions: yet was he not the more reduced in spirits, or less determined to prosecute anew his career of depredation. But frequent detection will engender caution, though it conquer not our resolu-

tion; and, although he abated not the frequency, he redoubled the secrecy, and refined upon the subtlety of his thefts. Of the latter quality, an instance may be adduced, for which we shall in vain seek a parallel in the annals of readiness and ingenuity.

As he was one day prowling for his prey in the ways of the metropolis, his eye encountered a distant multitude, to which, as to the field of victory, he triumphantly advanced. Urging his passage through the press, he dimly discovered in the centre a gentleman who had dropped in sudden death. He sprung forwards with agonised impatience, gazed with affected horror on the pallid visage of the apoplectic victim, and 'Great God! my Uncle! my Uncle!' was the bursting exclamation which drew on him the wonder and compassion of the surrounding throng. 'In the name of mercy,' continued the hypocrite of Kildare, 'in the name of mercy, procure me a hackney or other conveyance, that I may bear away and honour with the last gloomy offices of unperishing affection the remains of the brother of my father.' His urgent entreaties were humanely complied with, and the dead and the living entered at once into the chariot, while to the charioteer the latter of the two with faltering accents notified the place of his melancholy destination.

We have already seen that to the collector of Ireland a voyage or a journey was not, as to others, an interval of relaxation; the precious moments were now devoted to the lucrative labour of stripping from the carcase of his silent Uncle his now needless appurtenances; and the handkerchief of the defunct was made the receiver of the personal property of the abrupt expirer. Scarce completed was the spoliation, ere the chariot and the charioteer arrived at the gates of a chirurgeon, to which he had clandestinely directed the son of Jehu. A purloiner of the ordinary rate of ability would have remained exultingly content with having thus far succeeded in his mighty machinations. But not in these imperfect depredations do I recognise the Son of Waldron. It was reserved for the pickpocket of Ireland, after having feigned the ties of affinity with an unknown carcase, and forced from it an illegal inheritance, to round this master-stroke of shicane, by consigning the body, for a stipulated purchase, to the blade of the anatomist.

But the most brilliant successes of the felon only lead to a confidence that terminates in discovery; and the plain of Enfield was destined perhaps to be the last scene of his violations of property upon English ground. A palpable detection of his hand in invading the fob of an English Commoner, occasioned primarily his seizure, and finally his conviction. As his spirit never sunk with his circumstances, he incurred not the sentence of transportation without vigorous efforts for its prevention; and as eloquence was not less eminently his talent than manual dexterity, he neglected not, when summoned to his defence, to appeal to the passions of the jury and his auditors. Eloquence, the substitute of honesty, decks itself in its robes of purity only to consummate its impositions; and Barrington imagined, by his rhetorical efforts, to hoodwink with a new bandage the eye of

Justice. But his oratory was turned against itself; and he forgot, in his hour of affliction, that he was provoking still further the clamours of an indignant public, by evincing the possession of those powers, a more politic direction of which might have transplanted him from the bar of the culprit to the bench of the bishop.

The Recorder of England's Capital, whose sombrous lips were the vehicle of his sentence, omitted not to impress on the mind of the offender this deep aggravation of his criminality; and a rumour went forth, that the tears of the penitent pickpocket of Kildare were wiped with a cambrick trophy of former achievements. At this hour I mentally descry him in the Bay of Botany, either realising the professions of contrition which he held forth in his defence, and a saint among his fallen associates, or employing the interval of his septennial exile in devising new forms of fraud, new artifices of concealment, or new immunities from justice.

Thus in one dark day was crumbled into dust the grandeur of the Hero of Hibernia; and as he moved along, melancholy and slow, the hall of justice, there ran along the dome a collective sigh, that stole from the bosoms of maids, and wives, and widows—a desponding host—while it was the common consent of all who assisted at the spectacle, that the sorrowing Son of Waldron had more the appearance of an emissary sent forth on the pious errand of propagating the gospel, or a new bishop on his way to the sacerdotal throne, with the prelatical *nolo* in his mouth, than the culprit of Kildare, transported by the Recorder of the Capital of Albion to the realm of rogues in the Southern Main.

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## THE FREEMASON.

No. V.

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Scribendi rectè sapere est et principium et fons.

HOR. ARS POET.

**I**N answer to my poor correspondent in the preceding number, I must acknowledge that literature indeed is shamefully oppressed. I would with all my heart (and in so doing feel inexpressible delight) give my patronage to any man of abilities; but, alas! mine would be of little avail; and, to confess the truth, the name of patron seems now totally extinct. My correspondent must, from his own vision, be convinced of the severe trials of merit; for, if I interpret rightly, his dream portends that arrogant bombast and nonsense are now preferred to modest merit: nor are poets the only sufferers—how many unhappy men of the church may we daily behold unprovided for, who are possessed of greater erudition, and who in fact are more capable of giving instruction, than several of those who are promoted.

From the depression of merit, I am certain that many valuable productions are lost. Had not *Paradise Lost* been introduced to the

world by a *Lord Dorset*, this valuable poem, which only brought the author ten pounds, would no doubt have perished as *waste paper*. The names of Prior, Butler, &c. might likewise have been unknown, had they not found a noble patron to make their merits public. The unfortunate Chatterton is a sad instance of the neglected state of literature. Surely, surely, men who are endued with talents that might be an ornament to the community, should receive every encouragement due to their abilities. It were well if a college was purposely erected for the admission of all slighted authors, where their works might be candidly and impartially examined, and such as were worthy of being made known published at the general expence.

I am certain that there are more good pieces rejected by the managers of theatres than are ever performed. This is owing to caprice or want of judgment. Managers say that authors are very troublesome—authors say that managers are very partial. Both assertions are undoubtedly true. I am conscious that managers are frequently troubled by vain, pretending scribblers; and authors frequently insulted by managers, who, guided by the taste of the million, give little or no encouragement to any foreign merit. Thus, when sentimental comedy was in vogue, '*She stoops to conquer*' was declared by the manager a *barrel of gunpowder*; but, notwithstanding the manager's profound knowledge and experience, this magazine of Goldsmith's wit and humour was not blown up. Many pieces which have been rejected, have, we find, by fortunately gaining access, triumphed over those critics. For example—*The Chapter of Accidents*, and *I'll Tell you What*, rejected by H—s; *He would be a Soldier*, rejected by C—m—n, &c. &c.

Of all characters in life a critic is the most difficult; because there are so many bad ones, so few impartial: it is the easiest part to censure, or to contradict, a truth; for truth is but one, and *seeming* truths are many.

Of critics we have various kinds, but an ignorant one is surely the most dangerous. Opinions are as various as they are false; and there are men, who, being unable to produce a copy, take secret pleasure in depraving another's. Do not such shew more *criticism* than *judgment*? The censure of these critics would with me enhance the value of the work abused; as all their ground is a conceited fancy, without a sure *basis* to build upon. Who would not be often amazed at the peremptory conclusions which those *wise* critics make—wondering, men who know so little should speak as if they knew *all*? There are many who imagine they are displaying the greatest wisdom by censuring—but often, in this case, they expose their own folly; for it may be generally observed, they criticize the *most* who know the *least*. No man can write six lines but there is something one may carp at, if he be disposed to cavil. It would be necessary for critics, if they would fain be just, to adopt the following rule:—

“ In perusing a work, to examine which it contains, more good or bad; and whether they themselves could at first have performed a better.”

If a work be rather good than otherwise, certainly the author deserves some praise for raising nature above her ordinary flight. Self-examination would likewise make all our judgments charitable; as, where there is *no* judgment the heaviest judgments proceed. It is easy, methinks, to see many inconveniencies in a house when built, but certainly, to lay the plan thereof requires much sense, and speaks the praise of a good contriver. If we must needs censure, it is good to do it as Suetonius writes of the twelve Cæsars—tell both their *vices and virtues impartially*.

A partial critic is generally an author himself: it therefore behoves him (he thinks) to speak well of such and such writers who speak well of him; but these encomiums are better known by the name of Puffs; and I am sorry to remark that this kind of fulsome panegyric is too frequent: but how much more ridiculous it is to see an author criticise upon his *own works*. To those who never write this may appear paradoxical, but it is a well known fact that even modern writers will exercise their pens now and then in their *own praise*, and, in order to escape suspicion, censure some few parts which they themselves afterwards defend. It is unnecessary to say that these authors, who practise such unworthy means of raising their names, are the most despicable of their fraternity; their writings are void of all merit, and, not receiving the applause of the public, they think to *force* them upon the town, by discovering *beauties* which escaped every eye. In these criticisms it is necessary to make comparisons, which these kind of critic-authors generally do by comparing the best works of others with their own, and thus endeavouring to disparage their brethren and exalt themselves. Authors are so very partial to their own productions that they seldom see any perfection; and, though the public repeatedly cry out against them, though in fact their pieces are buried in oblivion, they exert their weak efforts to recal them. Infatuated bards, disturb not the ashes of the dead! Endeavour to mend your former works by producing *better*; and think not, by filling public prints with empty puffs, to acquire literary fame—think not, by abusing your superiors, to add to your own fame.

It is highly ridiculous for critics to censure ere they examine a work through; yet many condemn a book because the beginning did not please them. Many productions begin well, which end indifferently; and many end well, which had an unpromising exordium. It is not from a few leaves that we can judge: whoever pretends to criticise, should have patience as well as judgment; he should forget all his author's former faults, provided he mends as he continues, and concludes with elegance and spirit.—“ All's well that ends well.”



STORY OF  
 URBAIN GRANDIER.

*Concluded from Page 239.*

WHILE things were in this train, an event as unexpected as it was decisive, drove the current of adversity with such fatal violence against the unhappy Grandier, that neither patronage, talents, nor the justice of his cause, could avail to protect him. It happened that just about this time there went an order from the Council to dismantle all the fortresses throughout the interior of the kingdom, and M. de Laubardemont was commissioned to destroy that of Loudun. This man was entirely devoted to Cardinal Richelieu, the ordinary instrument of his oppressions, and, when any subject was to be sacrificed without the formalities of justice, the most dexterous agent on those sanguinary occasions. An old connexion had subsisted between him and the persecutors of Grandier; and no sooner did he make his appearance at Loudun, but the cabal recovered their spirits, and rallied round him with an exultation which they took but little pains to conceal.

Some time before these events a woman named La Hamon, belonging to the town of Loudun, had accidentally recommended herself to the notice of the queen, in whose service she now was employed. As she had manifested abilities much above the common rate, and no despicable vein of wit and irony, a suspicion fell upon her, supported by other circumstances, of having written a most unmerciful satire upon the cardinal, entitled *La belle Cordonnier*. In this piece were contained reflections the most galling upon his birth, his person, and his character, but more particularly a ludicrous account of his eminence's passion for a female cobbler. The ruling propensity of Richelieu's heart was that of revenge; and the smart that followed from this lampoon excited such a storm of this passion in his mind as the world saw plainly was not to be appeased without some victim or other.

As Grandier was well acquainted with La Hamon, who had been one of his parishioners, it occurred to the conspirators that they could not by any contrivance more effectually promote their object, than by attributing to this unfortunate man a correspondence with the supposed authoress, and a particular concern in this perilous satire. Other schemes were also adopted for exasperating the cardinal against the unhappy ecclesiastic, and things were in this posture when M. de Laubardemont returned to Paris. He there made the report of the condition of the nuns, whom he represented to be really possessed with devils, after having given them, as he declared, a full and unprejudiced examination. It is true, that since the arrival of Laubardemont, a numerous reinforcement had been added to the list of the

possessed, and the ladies had somewhat improved themselves in the parts they were to play.

The cardinal trusted entirely to M. de Laubardemont the execution of his vengeance, who returned to Loudun with a full commission to bring Grandier to his trial, and to decide finally on each article of the accusation. The first step of this minister was to order Grandier to prison, without waiting for any information against him, who, though forewarned of this intention in time to make his escape, disdained to confess himself a culprit by flying the face of justice. He was seized the next morning before it was light, as he walked to his church to assist at matins, and was immediately conveyed to the castle at Angers, where he lay in a dungeon for three months. Here he composed a volume of prayers and meditations, which breathed nothing but piety, forgiveness, and resignation; a composition of great elegance both for diction and sentiment, and which looked very little like the production of a magician's brain. This work, which was exhibited on his trial, operated as little in his favour as the testimony of his confessor, who visited him in prison. His enemies were sworn to destroy him. Some feeble struggles were made for the poor ecclesiastic by his aged mother, who presented several appeals in vain. He was tried on the 19th of December 1633, on the grounds of the supposed possessions: and Grandier, though surrounded with bitter enemies, and with a miserable death staring him in the face, wore a countenance serene and unmoved, while the villanous artifices of this monstrous conspiracy were played off before him.

The bishop of Poitiers deputed as principal exorcist Demorans, one of the most declared of Grandier's enemies; and from this moment all the world saw clearly that the ruin of the man was a thing resolved upon. He was now thrown into a prison at Loudun, with only such necessaries as nature demanded. From this mansion of misery he wrote a christianlike letter to his mother, betraying no symptoms of mental perturbation or sorrow, requesting her to send him a bed and a bible, and to be comforted. No one was permitted to have the smallest concern with the prisoner but either his bitter enemies, or their immediate dependents; and the surgeons and apothecaries whose reports were to certify the state of the convent, were all chosen from among the most ignorant and prejudiced of the profession.

It was in vain that Daniel Roger, the physician of the town, and a man of considerable merit, endeavoured to resist such a confederacy of ignorance; it was in vain that the devoted Grandier exclaimed against such an open injustice. M. de Laubardemont had now thrown off all regard to appearances, and hardly affected a colour of equity in any of his proceedings. It was proposed to this cruel agent, by those who yet hoped that the truth could interest him, to adopt a contrivance of St. Athanasius, who, when accused at the council of Tyre of violating the innocence of a maid whom he had never seen, and by whom he was entirely unknown, put on a look of unconsciousness, and answered his accuser not a word. Timotheus, how-

ever, one of his friends, who had previously concerted this measure with him, took the accusation to himself, and turning to the woman, "What," cried he, "have you the audacity to say that I am your seducer?" "The same," cried she, pointing to him with her finger, and adducing the circumstances of time and place. The council burst into one peal of laughter, and the maid was covered with confusion at the discovery of her mistake. As it was well known that the nuns for the most part were in the same ignorance of his person, the friends of Grandier conceived that the same innocent stratagem might expose the falsehood of his accusers; but a discovery of this nature suited not the views of M. de Laubardemont.

Two fresh exorcists were now appointed by the bishop of Poitiers, one of whom was afterwards among the judges of Grandier; the other was Father Lactance, a bigot of the first order, and one who had adopted in all its virulence the hate of the cruel fraternity. The exorcisms were now recommenced with all their fury; and the cabal, covered with a protection which set them above fear, gave vent to their malice in such shocking absurdities as staggered the credulity of the blindest of their votaries. The superior had affirmed, that on the body of Grandier there were five marks of the devil, and that in these places he had no sensibility to pain. He was accordingly visited in the prison by the surgeon and a great number of curious people. Mamouri, which was the surgeon's name, brought with him a probe to put the assertion of the superior to the proof. This probe, however, had a blunt and a sharp end, so that he could make him appear alive or dead to pain, as it suited his purpose. At the end of the operation, however, the body of Grandier, which was stripped naked for the purpose, was covered with blood. A variety of experiments of this nature were tried upon the unhappy ecclesiastic, whose courage increased with their cruelty, and whose erect composure under his sufferings drew tears of pity from all but his priestly brethren; but the sovereign authority with which the commissary was invested, imposed awe upon the people, and a dreadful silence sealed up their lips.

In the mean time the vulgar were cajoled by a thousand conjuring tricks, which passed for the agency of the devils. Father Lactance promised them that the demon should take the commissary's cap from his head during the service, and suspend it while they chanted a *miserere*. This was done by an easy contrivance, when the glare of the chandeliers favoured the deception. An order was now published, declaring the possession by devils of the nuns of Loudun to be a true representation, and enjoining a general belief, because the king, the cardinal, and the bishop believed it. Such as refused assent were declared to be infidels and heretics.

Grandier was now brought for the first time into the presence of the nuns who had acted the parts of the possessed; immediately strange transports and convulsions ensued, succeeded by horrible outcries and yellings, and all pretended to put him in mind of the times and places in which he had communicated with them. Grandier

was no way dismayed by this sudden attack, but answered, with a smile of indignation, "that he renounced Satan and all his devils, that he gloried in the name of Jesus Christ, and that he disclaimed all knowledge of and intercourse with such miserable impostors."

This execrable scene, however, produced considerable effect upon the people, who could not believe it possible for women that had devoted themselves to their God to be capable of such monstrous iniquity. The nuns would now have torn him to pieces if they had not been withheld; they threw, however, their slippers at his head, distorting at the same time their countenances into the most terrible grimaces. About two months before the condemnation of Grandier a sudden remorse seized upon the sister Clara and the sister Agnes: they publicly confessed the part they had taken in this infamous plot. One of the seculars, La Nogeret, made the same avowal; but the principals of the conspiracy laughed at their declarations, which they insisted were only the artifices of the devils to foster incredulity.

The judges were now appointed for the trial of Grandier, the issue of which was easily foreseen, when it was observed that the choice fell entirely upon his avowed and inveterate enemies. Such an outrage against all the principles of justice drew together the sound part of the inhabitants of the town: at the ringing of the bell they assembled in the town-house, and there composed a letter to the king, in which the proceedings of the cabal were spiritedly and justly exposed. This measure, however, proved entirely ineffectual, and contributed only to exasperate the commissary who, with the other commissioned judges, annulled the act of the assembly, and forbade any persons in future to deliberate on matters which came within the power of the commission.

Grandier began now to consider his condemnation as the certain consequence of these outrageous proceedings; he neglected, however, no arguments which might tend to open men's eyes to the unexampled perversion of justice, and violation of human rights, by which his ruin was to be accomplished. One last solemn appeal he addressed to his judges, full of force and full of dignity, reminding them, "that the Judge of Judges would sit in the midst of them, and take account of their motives and decisions on that day in which they would sacrifice an innocent man to the implacable fury of an unrighteous cabal; that, as mortals, but a little time would bring them before that mighty tribunal, where the temporary judgments which they shall have authorised in this world will form the grounds on which that last immortal judgment shall be pronounced upon them, which shall extend through endless ages."

About this time an occurrence took place which affected all minds with the deepest horror:—As M. de Laubardemont was entering the convent he was surprised with the figure of a woman in the outer court, with only a linen covering on her body, and her head naked; a torch was in her hand, a cord about her neck, and her eyes were swelled with weeping. On approaching, it was found to be the superior of the convent, the chief actress in these infernal scenes.

As soon as she perceived the commissary she threw herself on her knees, and declared herself the wickedest of God's creatures for her conduct in this iniquitous affair. Immediately after this confession, she attached the cord to a tree in the garden, and would have strangled herself outright, had it not been for the interference of some nuns who were near. Not even this spectacle could touch the heart of Laubardemont: these recantations were represented as fresh proofs of the friendship that subsisted between Grandier and the demons, who made use of these expedients to save him. To the prejudiced every thing serves as a proof; it feeds upon that which should naturally destroy it. At length, on the 18th of August 1634, after a multitude of depositions the most absurd that ever entered into the human heart to invent, Urbain Grandier was condemned to be tortured and burned alive, before the porch of his own church of Sainte Croix.

Grandier heard the sentence of his judges without undergoing the smallest change of countenance, or betraying the slightest symptom of mental trepidation. Erect and dauntless, his eyes cast upwards to heaven, he walked by the side of the executioner to the prison assigned him. Mamouri, the surgeon, followed him, to execute such indignities upon his body as Laubardemont should direct. Fourneau, another surgeon of the town, was confined to the same prison with Grandier, for manifesting human feelings, on an occasion on which he was ordered to exercise some cruelties upon his person. "Alas!" says the poor ecclesiastic, "you are the only being under heaven that has pity on the wretched Grandier."—"Sir, you know but a small part of the world," was the reply of Fourneau.

Fourneau was now ordered to shave him all over, which he was preparing to do, after entreating the pardon of the unhappy sufferer, when one of the judges commanded him also to pluck out his eye-lids and his nails. Grandier desired him to proceed, assuring him that he was prepared, by the gracious support of a good God, to suffer all things. But Fourneau peremptorily refused to execute this last order, for any power on earth. As soon as the first part of the operation had been performed, Grandier was clothed in the dress of the vilest criminals, and led to the town-hall, where M. de Laubardemont, and a vast concourse of people, were waiting to receive him. The judges, on this occasion, gave up their seats to the ladies, as if gallantry could with decency mix in so woful a scene. Before he entered the audience chamber, Father Lactance exorcised the air, the earth, and the prisoner himself.

As soon as he was admitted, he fell upon his knees, and looked around with a serene countenance; whereupon the Secretary told him, with a stern voice, "to turn and adore the crucifix," which he did with ineffable devotion; and lifting up his eyes to heaven, remained for some time wrapt in silent adoration. As soon as he recovered from his reverie, he turned to the judges, and thus addressed them: "My lords, I am no magician; to which truth I call to witness, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. The

only magic that I know is that of the gospel, which I have always preached. I have never entertained any other faith than that which our Holy Mother the Catholic Church has prescribed to me. I recognize Jesus Christ for my Saviour: and I pray that his blood, which was spilled upon the cross, may blot out my transgressions." "My lords," continued he (here the tears trickled down his face), "I beseech you, moderate the rigour of my punishment, not for my body's sake, but lest my soul be reduced to forget its God in despair."

He was now put to the question, ordinary and extraordinary. His legs were placed between two pieces of wood, round which several strong cords were tied together with the extremest force: between the legs and the boards, wedges were beat in with a mallet, four for the question ordinary, and eight for the extraordinary. During this process the priests exorcised the boards, the wedges, and the mallet. Many of them, indeed, assisted at the torture, and took the mallet out of the executioner's hand. Grandier uttered neither groans nor complaints, but regarded this horrible testimony of their hate with sovereign serenity, while the marrow of his bones was seen to drop on the pavement. In this extremity, he pronounced distinctly a strain of fervent adoration, which was copied from his mouth by one of the attending magistrates, but which he was not permitted to preserve. After this terrible scene, he was stretched before the fire, and recovered from frequent faintings by some strong liquor, which was poured into his mouth. Here he named two confessors, to whom he wished to consecrate his last moments, but they were both refused. *This instance of unrelenting malice forced some tears down his cheek;* and when other confessors were offered him, he desired that no one might interpose between God and himself.

In his way to the place of execution, he cast a look of pity and complacency on those that accompanied him; and often kissed a lighted torch which he held in his hand. Father Grillau, whom he had demanded for his confessor, approached him with these consoling words. "Remember that your Saviour, Christ, ascended to heaven by the way of sufferings. Your poor mother blesses you. I implore for you the divine mercy; and I believe firmly that God will receive you in heaven." At these words a placid joy overspread the countenance of Grandier, which never forsook him from that moment till the flames devoured him. The executioner would fain have strangled him before he had set fire to the pile; but the exorcists had done all in their power to prevent this miserable charity, by filling the cord so full of knots that it could not be effected. At this moment, Father Lactance seized a torch, and thrusting it into Grandier's face, "Wretch," cried he, "renounce the devil; you have but a moment longer—confess!" Without waiting for the order, this implacable friar applied his torch to the pile, and publicly performed the office of executioner. "Ah! where is thy charity, Lactance?" cried the poor ecclesiastic. "There is a God that will judge both you and me. I cite you to appear before him within a month."

There was a vast concourse of people in the square, among whom this devilish conduct of a minister of God excited a murmur of abhorrence. They cried out with one voice to the executioner, "Strangle him! strangle him!" but the flames had already seized his body, and prevented this last sad act of dreadful compassion. Thus miserably perished the body of Urbain Grandier, sacrificed to the most diabolical hate that ever possessed human bosoms, and condemned by the most iniquitous tribunal that ever mocked with a shew of justice."

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## BASEM; OR, THE BLACKSMITH.

### AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

(Continued from Page 248.)

BASEM again filled his glass, and looking through it sung another song; "This is a better song than the other," said the Khalif to his vizir; "he is so jovial a fellow, and his songs are so ingenious, that, angry as I am, he obliges me to be in good humour." Basem continued now singing, now drinking, now piddling at his desert, sometimes clapping his hands. His songs were jovial, or amorous, or comical, and he at times entertained them with a mowal\*. By the time of morning he was perfectly drunk; the visitors then took leave: "Hodge Basem," said the vizir, "we will come and see you again." "Begone to the devil," replied Basem, "never come and plague me any more, no good attends the sight of you." They went away laughing at their whimsical adventures, and again entered the secret door of the seraglio.

In the morning the Khalif held a solemn divan; from this he issued an order, that all the bagnios of Bagdat should be shut for three days, on pain of crucifixion. The people were lost in astonishment and perplexity. "What can this mean," said they, one to another; "yesterday the trade of the blacksmiths was proscribed, now the baths are shut up; to-morrow, perhaps, the khans will not be suffered to be opened—there is no safety but in God." First of all the Rasheed's hummum was shut, then that of Sit Zebeidy, and then that of Giafar. The bath in which Basem had been employed the preceding day being shut up, the master of it remained sorrowful at the door. The other domestics assembling round Caled, severely reproached him. "This Basem," said they, "is your friend, a pretty companion you have brought us; the mischief of his head has been extended to us." Whilst they were thus talking Basem

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\* Mowal, a plaintive song, performed by a single voice.

approached; he was hardly recovered from the effects of his debauch, but he brought under his arm the utensils of the bath, and as he walked along was heard to exclaim, "I will never exercise any trade but that of servant to a bagnio." Ignorant of what had happened, he approached the bath, and coming near the door, he saw it fastened, and the domestics sitting sorrowful without: "What are you about?" said Basem; "how comes the bath to be shut? If any thing is the matter with the lock let me set my foot against it." Vext as they were, they could not help laughing at Basem: "What you wish to open the bagnio, sir, do you?" "To be sure I do," said Basem. "Yes," said Caled, "and I suppose you'd like very much to be crucified at the door." "What the devil do you mean?" said Basem: "You pretend, I suppose," answered Caled, "not to have heard of the proclamation. The Khalif has ordered all bagnios to be shut up for three days, on pain of crucifixion." When Basem heard this, "For heaven's sake," said he, in a tone of anxiety, "what can this possibly mean!" "'Tis all owing to you," said the master of the bagnio; "go about your business: I have been master of a bagnio for thirty years, and till you shewed your ill-looking face among us, never heard of such a proclamation; yesterday blacksmiths were prohibited—to day bagnios—by Alla begone!"

Basem departed in great tribulation. "This," said he, with a heart swelling with anger, "all this has happened on account of my cursed visitors; whatever they pretend to fancy is certain to come to pass. By heavens, if I do but meet them, I'll make them see the stars by day-light." He then went home very melancholy indeed. When he entered, he sat down lost in thought. "What can I possibly do now?" he exclaimed, "not an asper have I in my pocket; I am proscribed as a blacksmith, the bagnio is shut, and pray what trade next?" Then thinking of his guests, he clenched his fists in anger, and resolved to go seek them through the streets of Bagdat. In this search he was employed part of the day, and of course in vain: "To night," said he, "I must be supperless; no meat, no fruit, no wine, no lights:" he then returned home, dressed himself, put his shash round his head in a cubical form, and taking the cloth used for prayer, he said, "this will I sell, and provide myself as usual." In his wanderings he came near a school and a chapel, "Here," said he, "I will perform my ablutions, pray that this evil be removed, and my occupation restored." He entered the college, performed his ablution, and said his prayers; then he came into the portico, and holding the cloth in his hand, his vexation against his guests had somewhat subsided, and throwing the cloth over his shoulders, he remained in the same place, undetermined to what bazar he should carry it to sell. Whilst he was in this situation a woman approached, and seeing Basem, a fine tall fellow, with a shash round his head, she imagined him to be a Wakeel, or officer of justice belonging to the Cadi; "Pray sir," said she, "are you a messenger or wakeel?" "I am," replied Basem, rolling his eyes, "if you desire it, a potent messenger, and, if you please, by declaration and signature of the



Cadi of Cadies ; or, if you chuse, I am a judge, who can sit here and determine between parties ; I have the power of divorcing and confirming : in short, I can do for you whatever you desire, only acquaint me with your business." " O Hadgi ! " said the woman, " these are many words. But I have a just claim upon my debtor." " Let me know," said Basem, " who this debtor is, that I may carry him before a Cadi who sits in his den to distribute justice, and who has not his equal in the world." Let me be your Wakeel ; I will for two thirds of a dollar gain your cause if the defendant be in the wrong ; but if on the contrary, what is on your side unjust I will make to be just. Only come along with me to the Mahkamy in my district, and I shall be answerable to you for your debtor." " I desire," said the woman, " to complain against my husband, who is in debt to me for clothes for five years, besides five dinars and a para for expences, as will appear by my contract of marriage. Indeed he is not a liberal man in what is his duty to me, and sometimes sleeps from home." " What is your husband's trade ? " demanded Basem. " A babooch maker," replied the woman. " A stretcher \* of skins ! " said Basem, " come along with me ; by Alla I will confound him." " Were it not advisable, O Hadgi ! " said the woman, " that we have my claim written down at the Mahkamy, and obtain the Cadi's order for his appearance ! " " Believe me," said Basem, " that is unnecessary ; the Cadi, for the quicker dispatch of business, having empowered me to sign his name for him." He then led her by the hand to the college, where he entered, but soon returned to her, saying, " if you make me a liberal consideration, you shall see what I will do for you ; an hour shall not pass, before you see your husband safely lodged in prison." Upon this the woman, from the string of coins which she wore on her head, cut off two drachms, and presented them to him, which Basem snatched with the avidity that a hawk seizes his prey, saying, " I am Basem, my provision is from God ! " They then proceeded together to the keisaria where the husband was. Before entering, Basem took care to raise and adjust his turban, and bare his arms, that he might have more the appearance of the character he had assumed. The woman by a sign, pointed out her husband, whom Basem found to be a sallow, meagre, diminutive man, and employed in performing his Friday prayers. But Basem, without saying a word, took him up in his arms, together with the carpet upon which he kneeled, to carry him off. " Hadgi, Hadgi, for heaven's sake, what is the matter ? " " You only have to show respect and obedience to the noble law," replied Basem. " Have consideration for me," said the captive, " and set me down on the ground, that I may put on my outer vest and babooch ; I will go with you, by my head and my eyes ! but do not carry me in this manner." Basem then set him and his carpet down, while all the people in the

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\* Slipper.

keisaria came crowding about them. The captive now asked Basem, where his creditor was? "Your wife is your creditor," said Basem, "and I am her appointed wakeel. My suit against you is" (he should have said five) "for fifty dinars, and her allowance for clothes (instead of five) for fifty years." The poor maker of babooches exclaimed, "By Alla we have only been married five years, and how is it possible she should claim her clothes for fifty years, seeing I myself am hardly forty years old?" "I know nothing of all that," replied Basem, "you and your creditor may settle it before the Cadi."

They then proceeded together towards the Mahkamy, the woman marching before them; but they hardly had got half way, when the man, addressing Basem, said, "I beseech you, O Hadgi, to let me speak only two words!" "Speak twenty!" replied Basem, in a surly tone. "Believe me," said the prisoner, "all that my wife has said against me proceeds merely from jealousy; I unluckily happened last night, at a neighbour's house, to get so drunk as not to be able to walk home, and so I slept where I was: this is the real cause of her rage; but if she and I sleep this night together in the same bed, we shall soon make peace, and she will get up in the morning quite satisfied. Now, learned Hadgi, I entreat your fetwa\*:" "What fetwa of mine!" cried Basem. "Only," said the man, "that you will accept of a present, and permit me to depart. After evening prayer I will return to my wife, and you may depend on it all will end well; but should you carry us (in the humour she now is) before the cadi, I shall certainly be committed to prison; for the love of God therefore resign your Wakeelship and dismiss me." What the devil, after all, thought Basem, within himself, have I to do with the woman? it will be better to take something from this fellow, and send him about his business. "Look you, Sir," turning gravely to the culprit, "we must be paid for our fetwa." The man, with great humility, presented Basem with three drachms, which he secured in his cincture, and they continued walking in company till they came to a croud in the street, when they separated, each taking to a different street.

"By heaven," said Basem, "all this goes well; I have now got five drachms, I am Basem, and my provision is from God!"

After Basem had dismissed the babooch maker, he altered his turban, covered his arms, and taking the cloth from his shoulders, sat down on a mustabe near the college.

In the mean time, the woman continued to walk on towards the mahkamy, conceiving that her husband and the officer were still behind her, and rejoicing at having found a wakeel who would so soon see justice done her. But happening to turn about, and finding neither him nor her husband, she began to exclaim as at a funeral, and ran about from right to left like one distracted. At length she spied Basem sitting on the mustabe, when running up to him, she called

\* Opinion, or decision in law.

in a loud voice, "Where, where is my debtor? my husband?" "I know nothing," replied Basem gravely, "either of a husband or debtor; he gone about your business, and leave me to my myself." At this the woman passionately exclaimed, "What are you not a messenger!" "You lie" replied Basem, raising his voice, "you lie, you troublesome old woman. I have all my life been a blacksmith." The woman now laying hold of Basem's vest, exclaimed in a shrill voice, "O true believers! My debtor, my debtor!" A croud of people immediately surrounded them and inquired what was the matter. "You must know," said the woman, "that this messenger of the law, received of me two drachms on condition to bring my debtor to justice. We came all three together nearly to this place, when corrupted (as I suppose) by a bribe, he set his prisoner at liberty. And now," added she, weeping bitterly, "my hope of aid, O Moslems! is placed in God, and you." Some of the spectators now regarding the man with more attention said, "Why woman, this is Basem the blacksmith, no messenger of the law; we have known him long: so you must be mistaken in the person." "Good people," said Basem, "this troublesome old woman has laid violent hands on me, and would make a messenger of me by main force." The poor woman was now in a worse state than ever, for while some of the bystanders drew near and reproached her, others rejoiced at her misfortune, or cursed her. Others told her she had confounded the poor man, and, after scolding her, forced her away from him. Some laughed heartily; one said she was in liquor, another that she was mad, and a third that she had been all along in jest. The poor woman abashed, and not knowing well what to do, at last took the way to her own house.

When Basem had thus got rid of the woman, he looked at his five drachms and exclaimed, "by Allah I will die a messenger of the law. What! for pronouncing two words I get two drachms; for seizing a debtor five drachms; for swearing a false oath twenty drachms; and for cheating a creditor fifty drachms. I will die a messenger." Without delay he proceeded as usual to procure his provision in the bazar, cabab, wine, fruit, &c. lights up his lodging, drinks, sings, &c. and thanks God for enabling him to continue his old custom. While Basem was thus employed, the Khalif expressed a wish to know the success of his orders for shutting up the bagnios. "I wonder," says he, "what is become of our friend Basem; he must be in a miserable plight, in a dark chamber, supperless, and his pitcher empty; I am determined to visit him." "For heaven's sake, my lord," replied the vizir, "let us remain well where we are. Twice already has God delivered us from the hands of that glutton, who threatened us all three when in his best humour; what violence may we not expect from him now in his present mortification!" "I have resolved, however," said the Khalif, "to see him this night." "O, Ameer al Moumaneen!" said the vizir, "the pitcher does not always return unbroken." "Peace," exclaimed the Khalif, "I will be obeyed." The Khalif, Giafar, and Mesrour in disguise, went out at

the secret gate, found Basem's chamber lighted up, and observed his shadow on the wall with a glass in his hand, the outward appearance of things precisely as before. Giafar, by the Khalif's order, knocked at the door. "Who is there?" exclaimed Basem. "Your guests, the Mosul merchants," replied they. "Neither peace nor welcome to you," said Basem; "by Alla, if you do not go about your business it will be the saddest night you ever knew." "Indeed, brother," said Giafar, "we have only two words to say, and therefore beg admittance." Basem from his window perceiving them at his door, "Ho, ho," exclaimed he, "what is it you want of me? No soul shall enter my house this night. Begone, I say, I never saw good in your countenances, and you have brought ruin on all the blacksmiths and bagnio keepers in Bagdat." Giafar, pretending ignorance of what had happened, begged only for admission. "We have," said he, "been busily employed all day in our khane till this moment, and know nothing of what passes in Bagdat." "And are you really asleep to what passed to-day?" "We are, indeed, and beseech you, for God's sake, to inform us." "Then I beseech you, for God's sake," replied Basem, "to come up stairs, that I may acquaint you; but upon these conditions, firstly, that you do not commit an act of infidelity, and practise enchantment against me; for every thing you have said hitherto has proved true, as if engraven on stone; and, secondly, that you do not interrupt or trouble me with your impertinent discourse."

This agreement made, they were admitted up stairs, found every thing disposed as usual, and took their seats in silence. "Now, my guests," says Basem, "as you expect favour of God, tell me, do you know nothing of what has happened to me this day, and what has been done by that blockhead the Khalif?" His hearers hardly could refrain from laughing; but begged of him to proceed. "Why," said Basem, "from his ragged beard, and want of understanding, he issued a royal ordinance for shutting all the bagnios of Bagdat, for three days. Now having, as I told you last night, taken up a new trade, this cursed ordinance cast me adrift again, and reduced me to such distress, as no mortal ever experienced before, or will experience after me; for I could devise no feasible means of obtaining my evening provision." "Why did you not apply to the Khalif's bath, or that of Sit Zebeedy?" said the Khalif. "Oh," replied Basem, "both of them were shut up before all the others. It was indeed a dismal day. The people were astonished; and the numerous tribe of bath-men were starving. However, my guests," continued he, "Providence did not desert me, but put five drachms in my way, with which, as you may see, I made my usual provision, in spite of all who hate me, or envy me, and in spite of the Khalif, and all those in his palace." "Well, well, friend," said the Khalif, within himself, "please God, I shall one time or other be even with you." Basem then filled his glass, and holding it sometime before the flame of the candle, drank it off, and nodding to his companions, thus addressed them; "Now, my guests, you do just as becomes you; you

neither smell to my flowers, nor touch my victuals, nor impertinently trouble me; and indeed my provision is barely sufficient to satisfy my own appetite."

"God forbid," cried Mesrou, "that it should ever be satisfied! May he never give meat or drink to such a miserly glutton! By the Lord, we never before met with such a selfish churl." Basem no sooner heard these words, than with rage in his countenance, turning to Mesrou, "You contemptible beggarly rascal," exclaimed he, "whom divine power has dyed black, what have you rascals brought along with you? I pray heaven you may never prosper. It would have been well had you sent some present before you; but you are pitiful fellows, a salt sea, of which no one ever drank; you never, even by mistake, brought any thing to employ one's teeth; never thought of bringing your supper to eat here; you pretend too to be merchants, but you are the most niggardly rascals that God ever created." The Khalif could not help laughing heartily; but speaking softly to Giafar; "After all," said he, "the man has some reason to complain; you have come three nights empty-handed; make up matters with him Giafar, speak gently, and promise to behave better to-morrow-night." "I beseech you, Hadgi Basem," said the vizir, with great humility, "forgive what is past; we have been to blame; but to-morrow night we will bring such a splendid supper, as we hope will make up for all former deficiencies." "A splendid supper!" replied Basem, "you lie, you niggards, I do not believe a word you say. Your bottle companions (as the song says) perish from thirst, and the guests at your table pine with hunger, your dog is mangy, and your door bolted against hospitality."

It was not in the power of the Khalif to prevent laughing immoderately; but Basem returned to his wine, and without taking notice of his guests, continued to regale himself, till he became to all appearance intoxicated. "Giafar," said the Khalif, "our friend seems to have nearly done for himself; now is the time to learn of him by what means he procured the five drachms this day." "Hadgi Basem!" said the vizir, in a submissive tone of voice. "What would you have," replied he, "you fellow with the old bear's whiskers!" "Hadgi," continued the vizir, "we take a lively interest in every thing concerning you; we grieve when you are distressed, and rejoice when you are happy." "Well, well, what then, what is it that you require of me!" "Only to know," said Giafar, "what happened after you found this morning that all the bagnios were shut up." "Now for once, I will tell you, but upon condition, that you do not disclose what I shall communicate." Giafar assured him that he had nothing to apprehend, and that they were on the point of departing from Bagdat. Basem then entered into a circumstantial detail of all that day's adventures, and having concluded, "The Khalif," said he, "may, if he pleases, shut up the mahkamy, and provoke the populace to an insurrection; but for my part, my resolution is fixed to

die, by God's leave, an officer of justice." He then filled a bumper, drank it with the usual ceremony, but happening at that moment to hech, "and this," he cried, "in the beard of the Khalif," To-morrow, thought the Khalif, I will make an example of this drunkard, which shall furnish conversation for all the inhabitants of Bagdat.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

ACCOUNT AND DESCRIPTION  
OF THE  
CHAPEL OF ROSLIN, &c.

*Concluded from Page 254.*

**I**N the west gable there has been a very large arched window, now entirely filled up with stone and lime.—Opposite to this window, streight up from the second pillar down from the face of the altar, is another large arched window, out of which one could look over the roof of the altar. This window is likewise filled up with stone and lime, except a small part at top. On each pilaster of this last window, there are two niches for statues almost as big as the life.

Streight up from the capital of each large pillar, in the middle area of the chapel, half way up to the top of the high roof, is a nich for a statue.

Round the whole chapel within, is a belt or line of a vast variety of wreathing-work in basso relievo, proceeding in an horizontal and perpendicular way, the better to humour the soles of the windows; but it is arched over the tops of the two doors.

The inside of the high arched roof is all cut out into squares of various figures in flower-work, particularly roses, foliage, &c.

The west gable is extended farther than the side-walls of the chapel 26 feet south, and as many north, and on the east-side of each extension there are two pillars equidistant from one another, and from each corner, which have been intended to run up into turrets or spires; from all which, it plainly appears, that a much larger building has been designed to the west, of which the present chapel would have been only the choir. And indeed the marks on the west-gable are very plain, from whence the side walls were to have been advanced, whose foundations have been discovered, in plowing up the ground, a good way west-ward. These marks are about 91 feet distant from each other, and a small part of the north-wall, about three feet from the west gable, is actually built.

On the outside of this gable, you see three large doors all filled up with stone and lime, whose lintles and some of the jambs are cut out

into foliage and flower-work, and others of the jambs are figured into pillars with flowered-capitals; the south pilaster of the south door and the north pilaster of the north door running up, each from its flowered capital, into small genteel pillars, equally high in their capitals with the tops of the inner side-walls of the chapel.

There are several fountains curiously ornamented on the outside of the west-wall, particularly two, one on the north, the other on the south of the three doors, each of which is inclosed within two very pretty little flowered pillars or spires, ending in top with pieces of sculpture resembling small flowered vases.

Between the said north and middle-door, as high as their hyperthyrons, there is the figure of a man standing, and tied to a rock by his middle and ancles, with his hands tied behind his back, and having a human figure sitting at each foot, and holding the rope with which he is tied. Of this figure I can conjecture no other meaning, than that of St. Michael upon a rock; which receives strength from the consideration that the princely founder of this chapel was honoured with being one of the knights of the *Cockle*, after the order of France, which, among other emblems, has a medal hung upon the breast, representing St. Michael upon a rock, whence they are called *Knights of St. Michael*. *Hay, vol. II. p. 234 and 313.*

There are also some cherubs on the outside of the west gable, with scrolls waving from hand to hand.

WILLIAM ST. CLAIR, Prince of Orkney, Duke of Holdenbourg, Earl of Caithness, &c. &c. &c. Baron of Roslin, &c. &c. &c. the 7th of the name from the days of Malcomb Kenmore, and descended of noble parents in France, founded this most curious chapel or college, for a provost, six prebendaries, and two singing boys, in 1446, and dedicated it to St. Matthew the apostle and evangelist; but Sleszer erroneously says in 1440, and gives an outside view of this rare edifice from a copper-plate, which, by the bye, seems inferior to those, only in pen and ink-work, given by Mr. Hay, *vol. II. p. 362, 527, and 531.*

The sacristy, or vestry, was founded by his first lady Dame Elizabeth Douglas, formerly countess of Buchan, and daughter of Archibald, the second of that name.

Prince William endowed the chapel with the church-lands of Pentland, four acres of meadow near that town, with the Kips, and eight sows of grass in the town of Pentland.—A successor of his, also William of Roslin, endowed it, by his charter of February 5, 1522, with some portions of land near the chapel, for dwelling houses, gardens, &c. to the provost and prebendaries. *Hay, vol. II. p. 505, &c.* And yet such is the instability of human affairs, just 48 years after this last endowment, in 1571, February 26, we find the provost and prebendaries resigning, as by force and violence, all, and every one of the several donations, into secular hands unalienably: and withal complaining, that, for many years before, their revenues had been violently detained from them; insomuch that they had received

little or no benefit from them. *Quemadmodum*; say they, *multis jam annis elapsis, a nobis violenter detentæ fuerunt, ut inde vel parum vel nihil proficui receperimus*. To this deed of resignation, or charter, as it is actually called, the seal of the chapter of this collegiate church was appended, being St. Mathew in a kirk, red upon white wax, as also the seal of the then Sir William St. Clair of Roslin, being a ragged cross red upon white wax. *Hay, vol. II. p. 350*; who adds, *The subscribers can SCARCELY write, and they are Dominus Jobannes Robeson, præpositus de Roslin, Dominus Jobannes How vicarus pensienarius de Pentland, manu sua, Henricus Sinclar prebendarius. W. Sinclar of Roslin, knight. Coram his testibus* (says the copy of the charter), *Magistro Johanne Henryson de Bengor, Patricio Douglas, Roberto Kile.*

In the charter of February 5, 1523, four altars are particularly named; first, That of St. Matthew. 2dly. That of the Virgin Mother. 3dly. That of St. Andrew: and, 4thly. That of St. Peter; which two last, perhaps, have been lesser altars placed at two of the pillars; or rather, I am inclined to think, as formerly hinted, that the large altar has been divided into two or three; which, with the high altar, and that of the blessed Virgin, which has been, I suppose, in the sacristy, though there be no vestige of it now, make four or five in all.

That this noble design might be executed according to taste, and with the greater splendor, the Prince invited the most accomplished artificers, masons, carpenters, smiths, &c. from foreign parts, and that they might be the more conveniently lodged, for carrying on the work with the greater ease and dispatch, he ordered them to build the village or town of Roslin, where it now is, nigh to the chapel, having been formerly half a mile distant from its present situation; and he gave each of them a house and lands in proportion to character. Besides he gave to the master-mason 40 pounds, and to every other mason 10 pounds yearly; and rewarded the other workmen with such wages as their labours intitled them to.

About that time the town of Roslin\*, being next to Edinburgh and Haddington in all Lothian, became very populous, by the great concourse of all ranks and degrees of visitors, that resorted to this Prince at his palace or castle of Roslin; for he kept a great court, and was royally served at his own table in vessels of gold and silver; Lord Dirleton being his master-houshold, Lord Borthwick his cup-bearer, and Lord Fleming his carver; in whose absence they had deputies to attend, *viz.* Stewart laird of Drumlanrig, Twedie laird of Drumerline, and Sandilands laird of Calder. He had his halls and other apartments richly adorned with embroidered hangings. He flourished in the reigns of James I. and II.—His Princess, Elizabeth Douglas,

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\* It is now very much decayed; it contains, however, a small ale-house, and one good inn, whose principal supports are derived from the vast number of visitors, who almost daily repair to this place, in order to view the remains of this most curious fabric.



already mentioned, was served by 75 gentlewomen, whereof 53 were daughters of noblemen, all clothed in velvet and silks, with their chains of gold and other ornaments, and was attended by 200 riding gentlemen in all her journeys; and if it happened to be dark when she went to Edinburgh, where her lodgings were, at the foot of the Black-Friar-Wynd, 80 lighted torches were carried before her. In dignity she was next to the Queen. *Hay, vol. II. p. 234.*

The village of Roslin was erected into a burgh or barony by King James the Second, at Strivelin, June 13, 1456, with a weekly market on Saturday, a yearly fair on the feast of St. Simon and Jude, a market-cross, &c. The same is confirmed by King James the Sixth, Jan. 16, 1622; and by King Charles the First, May 6, 1650. *Hay, vol. II. p. 284.*

The princely founder and endower of this chapel died about 1484; *Hay, vol. II. p. 477*, before the chapel was finished; which was done by his eldest son of the second marriage, Sir Oliver St. Clair of Roslin, whose mother was Lady Margery Sutherland, descended of the blood royal, her great grand-mother, Jane Bruce, being younger daughter of King Robert Bruce. So that the building of this glorious edifice, worthy of a crowned head, tho' the work of a subject, has employed at least 40 years; and it is a pity we cannot now come to the knowledge of the total expence, which must have been a very great sum in those days. The father was alive for certain in 1476, as we find him granting charters on September 9, of that year, to his son the foresaid Sir Oliver. *Hay, vol. II. p. 289 and 296.*

Of late years this chapel was in great danger of becoming quite ruinous through the injuries of weather: but to the great honour of General St. CLAIR, the present proprietor, be it remarked, that he has happily prevented that, by putting new flag-stones on the roof, and new wooden casements with glass into all the windows. He likewise laid the floor of the chapel with new flag stones, and rebuilt the high wall round the cemetery; so that one may venture to say, these repairs have cost a very considerable sum.

#### POSTSCRIPT.

A little to the west of the above chapel are the remains of another building, in the middle of the ground at present occupied as a cemetery, by the inhabitants of Roslin and the neighbouring country; whether this has been appropriated to religious purposes or not I cannot say; neither do I know whether it is of a prior or later date than the chapel itself. South from the chapel stands the castle of Roslin; concerning which, we must refer entering into particulars till a future opportunity.

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 PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.
 

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HOUSE OF LORDS, MARCH 30.

AFTER some preliminary business, the Earl of *Guildford* rose to make his promised motion, "That their Lordships should go into a Committee of the whole House, to consider of the state of the nation." This motion he prefaced by a speech of considerable length.

Lord *Grenville* opposed the motion on the ground that every thing contained in it, except what related to the affairs of Ireland, had been discussed and decided on. That these were by no means a proper topic of debate in the present uncertain crisis. He considered the war as a war of aggression on the part of France; and to be supported as necessary for the protection of the dearest interests of society.

The Marquis of *Lansdowne*, the Duke of *Bedford*, Lord *Lauderdale*, and the Duke of *Norfolk*, spoke in support of the motion; which was further opposed by the Duke of *Richmond*, Lord *Sydney*, Lord *Mansfield*, and Earl *Spencer*.

The Duke of *Grafton* expressed his anxiety on the subject to be so great, as to lead him to wish for an adjournment; which, however, his Grace did not move.

At one o'clock a division took place; contents for the motion 14, non contents 104.

*April 13.* An Address of Congratulation to his Majesty on the Nuptials of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and like Addresses to the Queen, and to the Prince and Princess were voted.

14. Earl *Spencer*, after a short preface, moved, "That the thanks of this House be given to Admiral *Hotham*, and the officers and men under his command, for their late victory over the French fleet in the Mediterranean." The motion was divided into several resolutions, and was similar to that made in the House of Commons:

Lord *Lauderdale* declared, that he did not rise to give any opposition to the motion, but merely to have the fact ascertained that the British fleet had obtained a victory on this occasion, for to him it appeared very doubtful. By the London Gazette it appeared that their Lordships were now about to thank Admiral *Hotham* for taking two ships, which they had already thanked Lord *Hood* for destroying at *Toulon*.

Earl *Spencer* said, that with respect to the names of the ships captured being the same as those reported to have been destroyed by Lord *Hood*, they might have built others on the bottoms of those then damaged, or burnt to the water's edge.

The motion was then put, and agreed to.

20. Lord *Kenyon* brought in a Bill for making certain alterations in the laws respecting Debtors and Creditors, which was read a first time.

Upon the motion for the second reading of the Hair Powder Bill, the Duke of *Norfolk* said, when this Bill went into the Committee, he should oppose the clause which, to a certain degree, made the master of a house responsible for all the persons residing in it. The Bill was read a second time, as were the other Bills upon the table.

23. Soon after twelve o'clock the House went to Westminster Hall, to give judgment on WARREN HASTINGS, ESQ. and about two the Defendant was ACQUITTED. Their Lordships were not in the Hall much more than an hour and an half.

The House, in a Committee upon the Hair Powder Bill, passed the clause subjecting masters of families to a penalty of 20*l.* for concealing the names of persons in their houses, who should wear powder without a licence.

The Duke of *Norfolk* opposed this clause, as subjecting house-keepers to become informers against their families.

The Earl of *Moir* disapproved the principle of the Bill, on account of its tendency to create invidious distinctions, the evil of which might be severely felt.

Lord *Sydney* defended the clause; and, on a division, there appeared for it 11, against it 6.

24. Previous to proceeding upon the Order of the Day, Lord *Fitzwilliam* got up; he said he did not see how it was possible for him to take his seat silently among them, after what had so recently passed, with respect to the situation he had been appointed to, and so suddenly recalled from, in the sister kingdom. He believed no one would deny but that some great error had been committed, and that there must be blame somewhere; his Majesty's Ministers had publicly denied, during his absence, that the blame rested with them; he must therefore trust to their candour for the appointment of an early day, when his conduct should be investigated, and that he might have an opportunity of justifying himself from the odium which had been cast upon his character.

Lord *Grenville* felt-himself exceedingly concerned that the noble Lord should have introduced this subject; and if he unfortunately continued of the same opinion, the time and mode of bringing it forward must entirely rest with himself. For his own part, he did not see any investigation necessary. His Majesty surely possessed the right of recal; nor did that recal, in his opinion, cast any blame upon the person; and it would be extremely improper to call upon his Majesty's Ministers to explain their reasons for giving that advice. In the present instance, their Lordships must recollect, that nothing had been said in that House (and he had no right to notice what might have been said elsewhere) which tended to cast any blame upon the noble Earl; Ministers had only spoke as far as related to themselves.

Lord *Fitzwilliam* contended there was a strong necessity for going into the enquiry; the country at large was interested in it. It was not the recal merely that he complained of, but the time and suddenness with which it had been done; their Lordships should consider, it was in the middle of a Sessions, when the most important questions ever brought forward in that kingdom were under discussion, when the utmost exertions were necessary to preserve order, and to maintain a good understanding between the two kingdoms. Was it possible that any man could be suddenly recalled at such a moment, without creating the suspicion of misconduct? It had gone further in this instance; for he knew the fact, that at the very moment it was industriously circulated here, that he, by his conduct, would stir up disturbance and confusion in that country. Knowing this to be the fact, and knowing with what justice he could justify himself, was it possible that he should rest satisfied under the stigma? Ministers had thrown down the gauntlet, and he trusted they would now give him an opportunity to accept the challenge.

Lord *Moir* agreed with the noble Secretary of State, that a Viceroy being recalled was no disgrace; and that Ministers ought not to be called upon to explain their reasons for giving advice to his Majesty; but that was only in common cases, and not such as that of which the noble Earl complained. It would be too childish for their Lordships to assume an ignorance, in their legislative capacities, of what they were perfectly acquainted with as individuals. Blame, and very great blame, was certainly imputable somewhere; if to the noble Earl, it ought to be brought home to him; at least it ought to be traced to its real source, that the odium might be properly applied.

The Duke of *Norfolk* thought it a matter of the greatest importance to the country, and ought to be enquired into. Ministers and the noble Earl were parties concerned; and therefore, in justice, the House ought to take up the

subject, and appoint a Committee to investigate the business, for which purpose he moved that the House be summoned for Thursday next.—Ordered.

27. Lord Grenville presented a Message from his Majesty on the subject of the Prince of Wales's Debts, of which the following is the substance :

“ His Majesty relies on the liberality and affection of the House of Lords, and on the satisfaction they expressed on the nuptials of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, for taking such measures as will enable his Majesty to form an establishment for their Royal Highnesses, suitable to their rank and dignity.

“ His Majesty laments that, in an event on all other accounts so advantageous, no provision which Parliament may be inclined to make can be secured to their Royal Highnesses till the Prince is relieved from the obligations which he is under at present. But, however anxious his Majesty must naturally feel for the settlement of his Royal Highness's debts, he does not call upon Parliament for a loan for this purpose, but recommends the propriety of making an ample provision for the Prince's establishments, and that they would form a plan for the payment of the debts, by appropriating for a time the revenue of the Duchy of Cornwall, and a proportion of his Royal Highness's other incomes ; and that proper steps may be taken for the regulation of his Royal Highness's expenditure, to prevent any new incumbrances.”

Lord Grenville moved, that his Majesty's Message be taken into consideration on Friday next, and that the House be summoned.—Ordered.

28. The Royal Assent was given by Commission to fifty-five public and private Bills.

On the Order of the Day for the third reading of the Powdered Hair Bill, the Earl of Mordaunt rose, and condemned the principle of the Bill *in toto*.

Lord Grenville supported it, as being popular, productive, optional in the objects of it, and not burthensome upon the lower class of the people.

Viscount Sydney approved of the principles of the Bill.

Lord Nugent moved a clause to exempt Half-pay Officers from the payment of the tax.

Lord Romney wished the noble Lord to drop the subject, hoping it would be made more palatable the next Session of Parliament. As he did not wish to obstruct any Money Bill, he would vote for it.

The Bishop of Rochester spoke warmly in favour of the proposed clause ; he thought Half-pay Officers as worthy objects of exception as unbeneficed Clergymen.

Lord Grenville did not view the operations of the Bill in the light in which other noble Lords did. He would have liked it better if no exemption had been made at all.

Lord Guildford spoke in favour of the clause.

The Duke of Richmond was willing to consent to the clause, provided it only extended to such Half-pay Officers as had tendered their services at the War-Office within the last twelve months.

The Lord Chancellor spoke against the clause, as partial to one set of men, while many others might make similar claims to the indulgence or exemption.

Lord Auckland said a few words in favour of the Bill ; after which the House divided, for the clause 11, against it 15. The Bill was then read a third time and passed.

30. The Royal Assent was given by Commission to a few public Bills, among which was the Hair Powder Licence Bill.

Lord Lauderdale moved for the production of an account of such further sums as had been paid to the Emperor by this country, on account of any exertions made by that power in the service of the common cause. This produced a conversation between the noble Earl and Lord Grenville, which terminated in a rejection of the motion.

Respecting the motion expected to have been brought on this day on the subject of Lord Fitzwilliam's recal from Ireland, a conversation ensued between the Duke of Norfolk, Earls of Moira and Guildford, and Lord Grenville; the result of which was, that the former Peer deemed the presence of a noble Duke at the head of the Home Department (Portland), with whose office the transaction in question was intimately connected, in some degree necessary, and as he understood the noble Duke was detained by indisposition from his attendance in that House, he would therefore wish to postpone the discussion of the subject to a future period. Wednesday next was the time first mentioned, but it was ultimately fixed for Friday next.

A few words ensued between the Duke of Grafton and Lord Grenville, respecting the discussion of the King's Message relative to the Establishment of the Prince of Wales. The noble Duke thought the discussion would more properly come on in that House after it had been agitated in the House of Commons.

Lord Grenville observed, that what he had to propose on the subject would be of such a general tendency, as that, by their Lordships agreeing to it, no embarrassment or inconsistency in their proceedings could properly arise.

May 1. The Order of the Day being read for taking his Majesty's Message into consideration,

Lord Grenville moved, that the Message be read. This being done by the Clerk at the table, his Lordship said, he rose for the purpose of submitting to the House, an humble Address in answer to his Majesty's most gracious communication. After the explanation of yesterday, it would be superfluous in him to enter into any detail on this subject. The House was aware of the purport of his motion; and as it ought to be considered merely as a preliminary to a general discussion, when the specific mode of carrying the object of the Message into effect should come under their Lordships consideration, his intention was now only to move, that an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, expressing the thanks of this House for his gracious communication, assuring his Majesty of their readiness to concur in measures for making such provision for the Prince of Wales as shall be deemed suitable to his rank and dignity.

The Earl of Guildford said, he did not rise to oppose the Address. It had been worded with so much caution and propriety by the noble Secretary of State; that the House was not pledged to any specific measure. In relieving his Royal Highness from his embarrassments, it behoved his Majesty's Ministers to render the means as palatable to the people as possible. Their burthens, it ought to be recollected, were already numerous and grievous. In this early stage of the business, he felt it his duty to advert to a report, which, in his opinion, was not calculated to ensure popularity to the measure. Ministers, it was said, had an idea of throwing the *whole* upon the public, without making the Civil List chargeable with any part of the burthen. The Message, on the other hand, stated, that his Majesty intended to propose the payment of the Prince's debts, by appropriating for that purpose a part of his territorial revenues. The extreme delicacy of this subject required the utmost caution and circumspection on the part of Administration in the mode of carrying the Message into effect. Unless his Royal Highness was totally relieved from his embarrassments, the interference of Parliament would be nugatory and inadequate to the purpose. That the Heir Apparent ought to be freed from all incumbrances, was, he believed, the unanimous opinion of the House; any regulation short of this would be defective in the most essential article, and the Prince could not be said to possess either comfort, dignity, or splendor, if he were suffered to remain encumbered and embarrassed. The last part of the Message, which intimated the adoption of some plan for guarding against the possibility of the Prince being involved in any future embarrassment, would, he hoped, be properly attended to by Ministers. Too much caution and circumspection could not be exercised, in preventing the establishment of a precedent which might subject the nation to the liquidation of debts to an unlimited extent.

Lord Grenville observed, that every noble Lord must feel, in common with his Majesty, the deepest regret and concern at the cause of this application to Parliament, but it was the interest of all to look forward and contemplate the advantages which might arise from an event in every other respect so satisfactory. The last part of the message, which alluded to the restriction of future princes in contracting debts, the House might be assured would be carried into effect.

The question was then put on the Address, which passed *nem. diss.*

#### HOUSE OF COMMONS.

March 30. On reading the Bill for imposing a tax on the wearers of hair-powder a third time, Mr. Pitt moved his proposed clause to exempt the army and navy, and inferior clergy, from the operation of the tax. General Smith and Mr. Courtenay urged the exemption of half-pay officers: which was opposed by Mr. Pitt, as contrary to the spirit of the bill and the general principles of taxation. The bill was then read a third time and passed.

On the third reading of the bill to amend the London militia act of the last session, Mr. Sheridan rose to oppose it, and went into a long deduction from the history of chartered rights of the city, and the different regulations the Militia had undergone.

He was opposed by Mr. Lushington, who was supported by Mr. Alderman Newnham; and after some observations by Mr. Sheridan in reply, the bill passed without further opposition.

31. General Tarleton moved, "That there be laid before the house a copy of the notice sent to the Postmaster-General, in pursuance of the act of the 4th year of his present Majesty, chap. xxiv. by Sir Benjamin Hammet, that in consequence of bodily infirmity he was disabled from franking, and therefore deputed John Hammet, Esq; to do it for him." Ordered.

Sir Benjamin Hammet rose to explain to the house, that when, in consequence of indisposition, he had transferred the power of franking for him to his son, he thought he had a right to do so under the act, and should be sincerely sorry to do any thing which that house should consider improper.

Mr. Mainwaring hoped, that in consequence of such explanation the order for Sir Benjamin Hammet to attend in his place on Friday se'nnight might be discharged.

General Tarleton said, he had no ill-will to the Hon. Gentleman; he had originally moved for such attendance from a conscientious conviction of the propriety of supporting the honour and dignity of that house, and he could not consent to discharge the order.

Mr. Hulhed addressed the house in a long speech, in behalf of Mr. Richard Brothers, then under arrest by a warrant from the Secretary of State, which he concluded by moving, that copies of Mr. Brothers's two books be laid upon the table to be perused by the members; but no member appearing to second the motion, the Speaker could not put the question.

April 1. Patrick Heron, Esq. was sworn in for Kirkcubright.

Sir Watkin Lewis brought in a bill for widening and rendering more commodious the entry into the City of London by Temple Bar, and also making some improvements at Snow-hill. Read a first time, and ordered to be read a second.

The Order of the Day for the second reading of the Militia Allowance Bill being gone into, General Tarleton said, he would not detain the House any time; he would only ask the Right Hon. Secretary at War a single question, namely, Whether there is not a clause in the bill which makes a provision for Fencible Subalterns as well as those of the Militia?

Mr. Secretary at War replied, that such a clause was not in the bill, nor could with any propriety be introduced, except when the bill was in the committee.

Mr. Bastard observed, the bill as it then stood did not preclude subalterns, who in certain cases might obtain an allowance, holding also commissions in the regulars, without a forfeiture of such allowance.

The *Speaker* here suggested, that the time of making comments on any of the clauses of the bill was when it came into the committee.

Mr. *Pitt* brought in the Bill for augmenting the Royal Corps of Artillery, and transferring the seafaring men in the militia service to the navy. Read a first time, and ordered to be read a second.

Mr. *Maurice Robinson* said, the bill should extend to the army as well as the militia.

Mr. *Pitt* moved, that the House should at its rising adjourn till the next day se'nnight.

After some private business had been gone through, the House adjourned agreeably to Mr. *Pitt's* motion.

9. Four petitions were presented from several freeholders, churchwardens, overseers of the poor, and other persons of the parish of St. Clement Danes, stating the injury that would accrue to their private property, from the projected alterations, for the purpose of widening and rendering more commodious the entrance into the city by Temple Bar, and praying to be heard by themselves or their counsel at the bar of the house. As it was stated by the gentlemen who presented the petitions, that the petitioners' objections to the bill might be removed in the committee, the petitions were ordered to be laid on the table, and to remain there until the second reading.

10. Mr. *Ryder* moved for leave to bring in a Bill to indemnify governors, lieutenant-governors, &c. in the West-India islands, for having permitted the importation of goods in foreign bottoms. Granted.

The *Chancellor of the Exchequer* moved, "That an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, to congratulate his Majesty on the nuptials of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and to express the cordial satisfaction which his faithful Commons feel on an event, which promises to gratify the wishes of his Majesty's faithful subjects, by augmenting the domestic felicity of his Majesty's illustrious family, and by affording additional security for the enjoyment of the blessings experienced under the auspicious government of the House of Brunswick."

Agreed to *nem. con.*

A committee was then appointed to prepare the address, who retired, and in a few minutes returned with the address, which was an echo to the words of the motion.

The same address was voted to be presented to the Queen.

Another also to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales; and different members of the house, who are of the Privy Council, were ordered to attend their Majesties and their Royal Highnesses with these addresses on this joyful occasion.

Mr. Secretary *Dundas* moved a vote of thanks of the house to Vice-Admiral *Hotham*, for his late meritorious exertions in the command of his Majesty's fleet stationed in the Mediterranean. Carried *nem. con.*

He likewise moved the same vote of thanks to Vice-Admiral *Goodall*, Sir *Hyde Parker*, and Rear-Admiral *Lindsay*. Carried *nem. con.*

Mr. *Dundas* moved also, that this house doth acknowledge and approve the meritorious conduct of the officers and seamen under the command of Admirals *Hotham*, *Goodall*, &c. in the fleet stationed in the Mediterranean. Carried *nem. con.*

On putting the second of the above questions, General *Smith* rose to express his astonishment, that no notice had been taken of the gallant conduct of Captain *Faulkener*. He said the house should, in justice, erect a monument to his memory.

General *Tarleton* moved the order of the day, which was for the attendance of Sir *Benjamin Hammett*.

The General complained of a breach of privilege committed by Sir *Benjamin*, in deputing his son to frank his letters, for two years.

Sir *Benjamin* pleaded indisposition, and produced letters from Dr. *Lettsom*, &c. to prove it.

The Colonel replied, and was joined by Mr. Grey, Lord William Russel, and Mr. Joddrell, all condemning the practice of diverting the privilege of franking from public to private purposes, as highly reprehensible.

Mr. Dudley Ryder, and others, wishing to soften the matter for the knight, moved the order of the day, by which Sir Benjamin Hammet got rid of the complaint, there being ayes 39, noes 27.

13. The report upon the Vote of Credit Bill and the Lottery Bill were brought up and agreed to.

A Bill for regulating the carrying of slaves was ordered to be brought in.

The report of the committee on the Franking Bill was brought up with some amendments, which were agreed to.

Mr. Long moved to introduce a clause to exempt newspapers under cover with a member's name from payment of postage; and also a clause to provide that all letters to sailors, soldiers, and the naval and military non-commissioned officers, should pass with only the charge of one penny. Both these were made part of the bill.

Mr. Dent moved, "That a committee be appointed to enquire into the frauds and abuses committed in franking of letters in public offices;" on which a conversation took place between several members, and Mr. Dent at length agreed to withdraw his motion; Mr. Bouverie, however, insisted on taking the sense of the House, who then divided, for the motion 41, against it 55.

On the motion for the Speaker to leave the chair to go into a committee on the Sunday Bill, the House divided, Ayes 50, Noes 37. Mr. Wilmot then moved, that the House do resolve itself into a committee on this bill this day six months, on which another division took place, Ayes 44, Noes 43; so that the bill was lost by a single vote.

14. Mr. T. Grenville rose to call the attention of the House to the subject of contested elections, which he was persuaded the House must be convinced stood in need of essential alteration. At the first suggestion he thought it expedient to submit the propriety of a strict adherence to the rules of the House relative to the punishment of absent members on the days appointed for ballot. His next object was, to diminish the number of members requisite to form a ballot, so that 60, instead of 100, should be sufficient to be present when a ballot was to be begun; 49, instead of 60, a sufficient number to be ballotted for; and 11, instead of 15, a sufficient jury to try every contested election. Thus the same proportion was preserved as before, while, from the decrease of number, a greater assurance of attendance would be obtained. After a few observations, he moved for leave to bring in a bill for the amendment of the existing laws relating to elections.

Mr. Baker concurred in the general propriety of some alteration taking place, but could not in the reduction of the number of those necessary to form the ballot.

Mr. Fox agreed with the last speaker with respect to the number, and thought it ought rather to be increased than diminished; and if attendance could not be obtained by any other means, it ought to be by a call of the House; or, if that was too harsh, that all the committees should be formed in one day, and not separately, as was now done.

Several other members delivered their sentiments, when leave was given to bring in the bill, which was accordingly done, and ordered to be printed.

General Smith moved, that an Address be presented to his Majesty, praying that a monument might be erected to the memory of Capt. Fauikner in Westminster Abbey, pledging the House to make good the expence of the same.

Mr. Grey seconded the motion in a short speech, in which he briefly recapitulated the merits of the captain.

Mr. Windham regretted the necessity he was under of opposing the motion, but he thought it a general rule that this mark of respect should not be shewn unless where some public service of distinguished importance had been performed; he therefore was of opinion, that the most delicate way of getting rid of the question would be by moving the order of the day.



Mr. Fox denied the existence of any such rule.

A long conversation then took place, at the conclusion of which the House divided, for the amendment 25, against it 29. The original motion was then put and carried.

15. After some private business was gone through, Mr. Rose proposed a modification of the bill enacted in favour of Friendly Societies. These societies were found to be of infinite service to the industrious part of the community, and not less than 300,000 people were members of them; but as there was one regulation which was detrimental to such of their members as entered into the service of the army or navy, he proposed to introduce a clause in their favour, whereby they might at their quitting the service, by paying up the deficiency to the societies to which they respectively belonged, be still entitled to partake of the advantages derived from them.

17. The Speaker reported his Majesty's most gracious Answer to the Address of Congratulation on the marriage of the Prince of Wales; and the Answer of the Queen was communicated by the Marquis of Titchfield.

Mr. M. Robinson, after observing on the severe treatment experienced by several of our land and sea forces now prisoners in France, without any measures taken for their relief, gave notice that on a future day he would make a motion on that subject.

Mr. Dundas had no objection to the proposed motion, but wished it not to be understood that the subject alluded to was by any means neglected.

In a Committee of Supply Mr. M. A. Taylor remarked, that in a house near his residence was a writing, importing that the Transport Board was held there; and he expressed an intention of making it the subject of a future motion.

Mr. Rose said, that three extra commissioners having been deducted from the usual number of the Navy Board, that for the Transport service was instituted by letters patent from his Majesty. That it was not a new or mysterious office, having subsisted for some time, and was busily and usefully employed for the public service.

Mr. Fox said, that he was not satisfied with this general sort of eulogiums. He wished to know whether this new board was attended with an additional expence, and if so, in what manner it was defrayed.

Mr. Secretary Dundas stated, that the Board had been existing for some time, and had been regularly charged among the other accounts; the expence was defrayed by the different departments with which it was connected.

Mr. Taylor persisted in his intention of bringing forward a motion on the subject.

On the question being put for voting 740,000*l.* for the deficiencies of grants for the last year,

Mr. Hussey stated, that there was 100,000*l.* TOTALLY UNACCOUNTED FOR!

This produced a long conversation, in which the ministers attempted to explain it, but by no means, as it appeared, to the satisfaction or conviction of the gentlemen in opposition.

After this the different sums were voted, and the report ordered to be received on Monday.

On the third reading of the Scotch County Quota Bill, General Macleod stated a variety of forcible objections. He insisted that it was an infraction of the articles of the Union, that it was an enormous burthen on the landed proprietors in Scotland; that, to confirm this assertion, he himself paid about one hundred and thirty, or one hundred and forty pounds, while the Duke of Bedford, and other great landholders in England, paid only three pounds; and he therefore, in order to give time for its amendment, moved, that the farther consideration of the bill be postponed till this day se'nnight.

The Lord Advocate objected to the motion, and Mr. Courtenay supported it; after which the House divided, Ayes 6, Noes 35, majority 29.

The bill was then passed, and ordered to the Lords. Adjourned.

20. Mr. *Hussey* moved for an account to be laid before the House of the deficiency in the land and malt duties for the year 1794. On this he took occasion to remark, that after the new duty laid upon tea, those sales had been allowed to be made at the India-House, on which the new duty did not attach.

Mr. *Pitt* said, there could have been no collusion or favour in the business, as the duty could not attach till the time was known that a bill should receive the Royal assent.

21. Mr. *Halhed* addressed the House in a long speech in behalf of Mr. Richard Brothers, which he concluded by moving for a copy of the warrant from the Secretary of State under which Mr. Brothers was apprehended; a copy of his examination before the Privy Council; and a copy of the proceedings of the jury appointed to enquire whether he was insane or not.

He then observed, that if these papers should be granted, he would move on the morrow, being an open day, for the House to resolve itself into a committee upon them.

After putting the first motion, no member rising to second it, the whole of course dropped.

The house having resolved itself into a committee of ways and means, the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved, that the sum of 2,395,000*l.* be granted for the service of his Majesty, from the surplus of the consolidated fund. Agreed to.

23. The *Secretary at War* gave notice, that on the morrow he should move for leave to bring in a Bill to relieve publicans with respect to the quartering of soldiers on them. He also gave notice that on the morrow, in the committee of supply, he should move to provide for the army estimates already before the house.

The house having resolved itself into a committee on the Bill to augment the royal artillery, and to increase the navy, by drafting seafaring men out of the militia, Mr. *Pitt* brought up a clause to invest the crown with a discretionary power to dismiss militia officers, without assigning any reason.

Mr. *Courtenay* and Gen. *M<sup>c</sup>Leod* opposed the clause, as it went to place the officers of the militia in a similar situation with those of the regular troops.

Mr. *Pitt* said, this power had been originally invested in the crown up to the year 1786; he could not assign the reason why it was omitted in militia acts from that period to the present; on which the house divided, in favour of the clause 45, against it 8.

The *Secretary at War* moved for leave to bring in a Bill for increasing the rates of subsistence to be paid to inn-keepers for soldiers, &c. quartered on them.—Leave granted.

The Hon. Secretary then produced the bill, which was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Monday next.

Mr. *Erskine* presented a petition from the inhabitants of Portsmouth, praying the house to take into consideration the present high price of provisions, and adopt some remedy for the same. Received, and ordered to lie on the table.

The house resolved itself into a committee on Mr. Grenville's Bill for a more effectual mode of balloting for committees to try the merits of contested elections. And upon the questions being put, that 75 members be a sufficient number to proceed to a ballot with; that 27 be first chosen, instead of 49; and that the select committee shall consist of eleven, instead of 15, as in the former bill. It was resolved in the negative, 53 against 36.

Lord *Milton* asked, whether the minister meant to bring forward any explanation of the late misunderstanding which had taken place in a neighbouring kingdom.

Mr. *Pitt* said, he did not intend to bring forward any motion on the subject alluded to.

Mr. *Jekyll* expressed his indignation at the silence of ministers, upon an event of such magnitude as the late transactions in Ireland; and gave notice that on Friday next, he should move for an inquiry into the causes which had led to the removal of Lord Fitzwilliam from the viceroyalty of Ireland.—Adjourned.

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## POETRY.

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*PATRICK O'NEAL.*

AN IRISH SONG.

TUNE—"Sheela-na-gaira."

BY J. F. STANFIELD.

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YE sons of Hibernia, who, snug on dry land,  
 Round your sparkling turf-fires, with your whiskey in hand,  
 Drink *Kade-mille-falterab*; nor think of the boys  
 That are fighting your battles thro' tempests and noise:  
 Attend to a ditty—'tis true, I declare;  
 Such swimmings and sinkings would make you all stare—  
 Such storms, squibs, and crackers have whizz'd at my tail,  
 Since the press-gang laid hold of poor PATRICK O'NEAL.

'Twas April the first I set off, like a fool,  
 From Kilkenny to Dublin, to see Laurence Tool,  
 My mother's third cousin, who oft had wrote down  
 To beg I'd come see how he flourish'd in town:  
 But I scarce set my nose in that terrible place,  
 When I met with a spalpeen, who swore to my face;  
 He beckon'd a press-gang—they came without fail,  
 And soon neck and heels carried PATRICK O'NEAL.

Then they scamper'd away, as they said, with a prize,  
 For they thought me a sailor run off in disguise;  
 But a terrible blunder they made in the strife,  
 For I ne'er saw the sea nor a ship in my life:  
 Then away to a tender they bid me to steer—  
 But of tenderness devil a morsel was there!  
 Tho' I roar'd and I curs'd—oh, it would not avail—  
 In the cellar of the ship they ramm'd PATRICK O'NEAL.

This terrible monster roll'd about on the tide,  
 And a large row of teeth was stuck fast in his side:  
 They bid me to mount—and desired me to keep  
 A fast hold with my trotters, for fear I should slip:  
 So I let go my hands, to hold fast by my toes;  
 But the ship gave a roll, and away my head goes—  
 I plump'd down in the sea, where I splash'd like a whale;  
 But with boat-hooks they fish'd up poor PATRICK O'NEAL.

Then midst shouts, jests, and laughter, they hoisted me in  
 To this great wooden world, full of riot and din.  
 What rags, sticks, and pullies—what strings met my eye—  
 And how large were the sheets that they hung out to dry!

It seem'd Noah's Ark, full of different guests,  
 Hogs, pedlars, sheep, sailors, and all other beasts :  
 Some drank bladders of gin, some drank pitchers of ale ;  
 And they sung, curs'd, and laugh'd at poor PATRICK O'NEAL.

Now a rough-mouth'd rapsallion on deck did advance,  
 So hoarse that he whistled, which made them all prance :  
 Up the cords some like monkeys ran ; some, I declare,  
 Like gibbets, or rope-dancers, hung in the air :  
 They clapp'd sticks in the capstern—as I afterwards found—  
 Where a chap sat and fided, as they twisted him round :  
 So the ship rais'd her anchor—spread her wings and set sail,  
 With a freight of live lumber—and PATRICK O'NEAL.

To go down below I express'd a great wish—  
 Where they live under water like so many fish :  
 I was put in a mess with some more of the crew ;  
 But they said 'twas Banyan day—so gave me burgoo :  
 For a bed they'd a sack, that swung high as my chin ;  
 They call'd it a hammock, and bid me get in ;  
 I laid hold—took a jump—but my footing was frail,  
 For it flung me clean over—poor PATRICK O'NEAL !

By some help I got in, where I rock'd all the night ;  
 But when day broke, my rest broke with terrible fright :  
 Up hammocks, down chests—was roar'd out from each part—  
 Here's a French ship in sight !—up and down went my heart.  
 To a gun I was station'd—they cried, with an oath,  
 To pull off his breeches, unmuzzle his mouth ;  
 They took off the apron that cover'd his tail,  
 And his leading-strings gave to poor PATRICK O'NEAL.

Then our thick window-shutters we pull'd up with speed,  
 And we run out our bull-dogs of true British breed :  
 The Captain cried England and Ireland, my boys !  
 When he mention'd old Ireland, my heart made a noise.  
 Now the nose of our gun did the Frenchman defy ;  
 They clapp'd fire on his back, and bid him let fly—  
 Such a crack made me jump, tho' I held by the tail ;  
 But the creature leap'd back—knock'd down PATRICK O'NEAL !

Thus we rattled away, by my soul, hob or nob,  
 Till the Frenchman gave up what he thought a bad job :  
 Then to tie him behind, a large cord did they bring,  
 And we led him along like a pig in a string :  
 So away to old England we brought the French boy—  
 Oh !—the sight of the land made me sea-sick with joy :  
 But they made a fresh peace when the war grew too stale,  
 And set all hands adrift—with poor PATRICK O'NEAL.

Now here on dry land a wet course I can steer—  
 Nor the cat-head, the cat-block, nor the boatswain's cat fear :  
 Whilst there's shot in the locker, I'll sing, I'll be bound—  
 And Saturday night shall last all the week round.  
 But should peace grow too sleepy, and war call amain,  
 By the piper of Leinster ! I'd venture again—  
 Make another dry voyage—bring you home a fresh tale,  
 That you'll cry till you laugh at poor PATRICK O'NEAL.

## PRESENTED TO A YOUNG LADY,

WHO ASKED THE AUTHOR WHAT HE WOULD SAY OF HER IF HE WERE  
TO WRITE HER EPITAPH.

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BY DR. BROWN.

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HERE is deposited  
all that was mortal  
of  
Miss E—— R——.

To graces of person nearly bordering on perfection;  
she added  
a refined and highly cultivated understanding:  
“ Her price was far above rubies,”  
for she was possessed of all the merits of that character  
which the wisest of men  
has declared most difficult to be found—  
a virtuous woman.

Her external form and internal excellence  
presented an assemblage of accomplishments  
which strongly impressed  
on the hearts of all who beheld her  
that great and divine truth,  
that a beautiful and virtuous woman  
is second only to angels.

But  
the solemn records of mortality;  
while they pay the tribute due to virtues,  
ought to make an impartial sacrifice of failings  
at the shrine of Truth.

This excellent and accomplished woman,  
as if to convince us  
that absolute perfection both of person and mind  
is not to be obtained  
in this frail state of mortal probation,  
had lost a tooth.

Obiit A. D. \* \* \* \*

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## EPITAPH.

BY A NORTH BRITON.

HERE lies a man, who in his time  
Thought poortitit was an unco crime;  
For which he led a wretched life,  
And starv'd to death an honest wife:  
Sae laith was he to waste his geer;  
He starv'd his cow, he starv'd his mare;  
But best of a' he starv'd himsel,  
And gaed wi' hungry guts to —.

*The following Poem is inserted at the Desire of several Subscribers to this Magazine; though we trust it bears its own Apology, as such a moral Effusion cannot be brought before the public Eye too often.*

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AN ELEGY,

WRITTEN IN SOHO-SQUARE, ON SEEING MRS. CORNELY'S HOUSE IN  
RUINS, IN 1788.

EXTRACTED FROM THE POSTSCRIPT TO THE NEW BATH GUIDE.

BY ANTHONY PASQUIN, ESQ.

HITHER ye lowly, insolent, and vain,  
Whose frantic deeds give Meditation food;  
Ye varied tribes, who circle Pleasure's fane,  
Ye jocund prodigals of Social Good,  
The fallen fragments of this pile survey,  
Then yield to Memory's toils the residue of day.

Here Civil Phrenzy was approv'd and known;  
Here Fashion's tainted stream was taught to flow;  
Here Reason left her elevated throne,  
To scatter frolickly the seeds of Woe;  
The cares of state, the props of general weal,  
Sunk 'neath the rapid pressure of the dancer's heel.

Here Beauty rov'd, triumphant in her charms,  
To bear the diadem of Pride away;  
Here gallant Fraud assail'd her with his arms,  
Waken'd her senses, and embrac'd his prey;  
Touch'd by the barb of grief, the victim fell,  
While Desperation's minions rung her virgin knell!

Ah, luckless nymph! that fascinating breast  
(Pure as the whitest of the Alpine snows)  
Which heav'd at tales of excellence distrest,  
And lost in others pangs its own repose;  
Bemoan'd the innovations of Decay,  
And blaz'd, and wept, and perish'd like the genial day.

Here rude Intemperance the meek annoy'd;  
Here Habit gave the lesser Evils birth;  
With cruel industry were both employ'd,  
To weave their strength, and banish modest Worth;  
They burst those cords which made the bosom swell.  
And, trembling, mark'd its way to Pity's silent cell.

Here high-swoln Vanity, of motley hue,  
Superbly hail'd her congregated fools;  
Who scoff'd the Virtues as they rose in view,  
And wrote in adamant her baneful rules;  
While the seducing lute's enerv'ing strain  
Beguil'd the hood-wink'd throng from intellectual pain.

## THE FREEMASONS' MAGAZINE,

Here many a heart, for godlike efforts brac'd,  
Was riv'd and sully'd by Pollution's breath:  
Their generous atoms were by Vice disgrac'd,  
They found, alas! the truth of Life—in Death!  
Thus hinds are led, when shut from *Cynthia's* ray,  
By brilliant, faithless gleams, through Ruin's miry way.

Here calm Philosophy to maniacs bow'd;  
Here Rumour's progeny upheld her reign;  
Here Science mingled with the babbling crowd,  
Whom Rapture beckon'd 'mid Delusion's train;  
And Bacchus' goblet with his gifts o'erflow'd,  
Till the nectareous juice bestain'd the chequer'd road.

Here oft the Spendthrift of unvalu'd hours  
Survey'd, with apathy, the ills of Time,  
Who, Heav'n-directed, circumscrib'd his powers,  
And smote his being ere he knew his prime;  
Till all his honours fitted like a dream,  
Melted by recreant *Guilt's* intolerable beam.

Ah! whither are those myriads Taste combin'd,  
Who leagu'd the moral canons to destroy?  
And where those lawless tumults of the mind,  
That Wit call'd madness, and the *madd'ning*, joy?  
All, all are vanish'd from the astonish'd sight,  
Sunk beneath Hope's bright smile, and shrouded by the night.

Those walls, which echo'd with a lover's sighs,  
And gave responsive many an idiot's tale;  
Those gaudy scenes which dazzled magic eyes,  
Those pregnant sounds which harmoniz'd the gale,  
Are all dismember'd, driven, crush'd, and torn,  
Like worthless, weightless chaff, o'er *Hyrcan* deserts borne.

Voluptuousness no more shall banish Thought;  
Phœbus no more shall on their vigils peep;  
Who misbeheld those ecstasies they sought,  
Who violated Peace, who murder'd Sleep:  
The route is o'er, the revelry is done,  
And irresistible Fate has clouded Folly's sun!

## MUTUAL OBLIGATION.

THIS strange—that such an union should appear,  
Betwixt the Sans Culottes and Van Mynheer!  
No, Sir! Van's bloated carcass needed leeches,  
And lank Nick \* Frog requir'd † the Dutchman's breeches.  
*Cain's-Cross.* \* Vide Tale of a Tub for the name.—† Put in requisition.

IDOL.

## TO THE STORKS AT AMSTERDAM.

GO, sacred birds! upon the house-tops mourn,  
(Whence ye were wont to view the teeming bogs)  
For soon ye'll die—by unknown hunger torn,  
The *fricasseeing* French have eat your frogs.

*Cain's-Cross.*

IDOL.

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STRICTURES  
ON  
*PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.*

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APRIL 17.

**A**T Drury Lane Theatre was presented for the first time a new Comedy (by Mr. Jerningham) called "THE WELCH HEIRESS," the characters of which were as follow :

Lord Melford,	-	-	-	-	- Mr. PALMER.
Sir Peppall Plinlimmon,	-	-	-	-	- Mr. DODD.
Mr. Fashion,	-	-	-	-	- Mr. BARRYMORE.
Classical Frenzy,	-	-	-	-	- Mr. BANNISTER, jun.
Fancy,	-	-	-	-	- Mr. R. PALMER.
Conscience,	-	-	-	-	- Mr. SUETT.
Lady Bellair,	-	-	-	-	- Miss FARREN.
Lady Plinlimmon,	-	-	-	-	- Miss POPE.
Miss Plinlimmon,	-	-	-	-	- Mrs. JORDAN.

The play opens with a conversation between Fashion and Lady Bellair, from which it appears, that the Plinlimmons are visitors at the seat of her brother, Lord Melford, who, by marrying Miss Plinlimmon is to clear the many incumbrances of his estate. His disgust at the manners of his intended bride, which sometimes indicate simplicity and sometimes cunning, begins in the first act, and continues to increase, yet without changing his design upon her fortune, till the fifth, when he expresses some reluctance to their union, and persuades Fashion to offer himself to her. The marriage of Fashion and Miss Plinlimmon, which takes place almost immediately, concludes the story of the piece. Lady Bellair has been separated from her husband before the play, and remains so afterwards. Frenzy is a neglected and indignant poet, whose schemes for popularity give some activity to the beginning of the piece, but have no connection with the story. Fancy is a painter, and Conscience an attorney.

The performance was favourably received till towards the conclusion of the fourth act, from which time till the dropping of the curtain there were frequent symptoms of disapprobation. It has been since withdrawn.

*PROLOGUE,*

WRITTEN BY MR. TAYLOR.

"SHOOT Folly as it flies." Such is the game  
At which, 'tis said, the Comic Muse should aim;  
The darker passions that the heart deform,  
And spread o'er groaning states the moral storm,  
Are pompous themes the sportive maid resigns  
To swell her solemn sister's lofty lines.  
Yet, when she fain would strike such tow'ring prey,  
The serious damsel takes the safest way:  
Though proud, yet prudent—wounding guilt too high  
To wake in you the self-reproaching sigh;  
In sluggish apathy you careless sit,  
Nor smart for crimes that you could ne'er commit:  
But, in the comic province who shall dare  
To touch the faults that you may haply share?



For Conscience then may strengthen the appeal,  
And bid you crush what forces her to feel.

For Virtue zealous, and disdain'g awe,  
E'en fear'd by those too mighty for the law,  
The Stage, through ev'ry station, vice has try'd,  
And honest Satire has her lash apply'd.  
Hence, while the Comic Muse must fear to wound,  
She still is doom'd to course o'er beaten ground;  
Again bring forward what too well you know,  
Or, if a novelty, some monster shew.

To-night our Bard, who long has struck the lyre,  
A modest minstrel of the plaintive choir,  
Attempts for once a harmless laugh to raise,  
More dreading censure than presuming praise:  
One point we fairly in his cause may plead—  
For know, he dares to touch the scribbling breed;  
Dares strip from dull conceit its bold pretence,  
And prove an author may be void of sense.  
Then let your candour countenance the grace  
That freely owns the follies of his race;  
And sure our Bard e'en Malice need not fear  
(Could Malice lurk in specious ambush here)—  
E'en she may yield her pittance of applause  
To him whose vent'rous pen a brother draws;  
For, while thus sportive on a scribbling elf,  
Our simple poet may deride himself.

23. At Covent Garden a new Farce, interspersed with songs, called, "THE IRISH MIMIC, OR BLUNDERS AT BRIGHTON," from the prolific pen of Mr. O'Keefe, was performed for the first time.

The most prominent features of originality in this trifle are, the blundering imitations of Mr. Parrot, an Irish mimic, and on the whimsicality of this character rests chiefly the business of two long acts, which took up near two hours in representation. There are also two ladies, of the name of Malcolm, an aunt and a niece; the one courted by an old gentleman, Mr. Cyprus, and the other by Captain Clifford, an officer. The latter gentleman is rendered unhappy by the supposition that the young lady to whom he pays his addresses carries on a correspondence with Cyprus, which error he is led into from her bearing the same name as her aunt, who is the object of the old gentleman's choice. An explanation at length takes place: the captain receives the hand of the young Julia, but the old lady, Miss Peggy, discards her enfeebled lover, and embraces the Irish mimic. On the servant of Miss Peggy, who is the bearer of her love-letters to Cyprus, depends a considerable share of the comicality of the scene.

This piece has been since performed with applause.

The scenes are very beautiful, and present many correct prospects at Brighton.

May 1. A new comedy (said to be written by Mr. Macready) called "THE BANK-NOTE; OR, LESSONS FOR LADIES," was performed for the first time at Covent Garden for the benefit of Mr. Johnstone, afforded much entertainment, and received strong marks of approbation from a numerous audience.

At the same Theatre the same evening was brought forward a new Musical Piece in one act, entitled, "THE SAILOR'S PRIZE, OR MAY-DAY WEDDING," which passed off with some applause, but is not likely to retain possession of the stage.

At Drury-Lane Theatre on the same evening was presented a new Afterpiece with songs, called "THE ADOPTED CHILD," for the benefit of Master Walsh, which was favourably received. The fable turns on the incident of a boy, the heir of Sir Edmund, Baron of Milford Castle, being supposed to have been ship-wrecked, but who has been fortunately rescued from the waves by Michael, a ferryman, whose humanity induces him to bring up the boy as his own. He is

accidentally recognised by Sir Bertrand, on his landing to take possession of Sir Edmund's estate as his own, in default of an immediate heir male. Sir Bertrand has him stolen and conveyed to a convent by ruffians, but on their return to sea Michael intercepts a letter, and recovers the boy. A trunk given by the father to Michael contains title-deeds which divulge the secret of the boy's birth, and by the honest endeavours of a ferryman, assisted by Old Record, the family steward, he is legally put into possession of his estate.

These materials are worked up dramatically, and form a slight plot, but by no means destitute of interest or humour. The manufacture of this dramatic pyc is generally given to Mr. Deputy Birch.

The music is by Mr. Atwood, with a few selections from Mozart; the original airs prove Mr. Atwood's skill, and the selections evince his taste.

May 2. At Covent-Garden Theatre a Comedy entitled "THE DESERTED DAUGHTER" was performed for the first time. The characters and plot as follow:

Mordaunt,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. POPE
Lenox	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. HARLEY.
Clement,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. MIDDLETON.
Grime,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. BERNARD.
Item,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. QUICK.
Donald,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. MUNDEN.
Secherval,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mr. LEWIS.
Mrs. Mordaunt,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. POPE.
Mrs. Enfield,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. CONNELLYS.
Sarsenet,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Mrs. MATTOCKS.
Johanna,	-	-	-	-	-	-	Miss WALLIS.

Mordaunt, a profligate and extravagant man of fashion, apprehensive that his wife and her connexions would have been displeas'd at the knowledge of his former marriage, abandons Johanna his daughter, when an infant, to the care of Item, a wicked and unfaithful steward. This high-spirited, beautiful, and virtuous girl, cast on the world by an unfeeling and unnatural father, finds refuge in the house of Mrs. Enfield in Dover-street, a house of notorious intrigue, and which is frequented by Mordaunt and his companions. Mrs. Enfield acquaints Lenox of the prize, and he imparts the secret to Mordaunt, who is determined to visit this piece of matchless beauty and excellence. In the interim, Secherval, a volatile young man of fashion to whom Mordaunt is guardian, becomes of age, and inherits a fortune of 18,000l. a year. Secherval is determined to enjoy all the follies and pleasures of the town, but revolts at the idea as long as they involve him in vice, or are purchased by the sacrifice of his honour or character. Having previously seen Johanna in the Green Park, he immediately becomes enamoured. Lenox obtains an interview with Johanna through Mrs. Enfield, to whom also the father is introduced, but who does not know his daughter. Immediately after, Secherval arrives, apprizes her of the character of the house, assures her of the ardour and sincerity of his passion, and vows that from the first time he saw her in the Park he was enraptured. Johanna, shocked at her situation, elopes in male attire. The father being informed by Donald, a faithful Scotch domestic, that he had an interview with his own daughter at Enfield's, becomes almost distracted. Remorse, and every passion that can tear the human breast, rush on his mind, and produce reform and penitence, and these are rendered permanent by the amiable disposition and good sense of his wife. Secherval in his rambles discovers the fair fugitive, whom he restores to her father. She is instantly adopted by Mrs. Mordaunt, and the piece concludes with the marriage of Johanna to her disinterested lover, and the punishment of Grime and Item, two usurers, who had nearly plundered Mr. Mordaunt of his fortune and estate, but which are restored by the honesty of Clement, nephew to Item.

This Comedy possesses strong interest, resulting from a plot artfully contrived, and well-imagined situations; its moral tendency was evident, and it was

received with the most decided approbation. Mr. Holcroft is said to be the author.

6. Was presented for the first time at Drury-Lane Theatre a new Opera, called "JACK OF NEWBURY."

This Opera is the first effort of young Mr. Hook, whose father has for so many years enlivened the orchestra of Vauxhall with sweet harmony.

Making every allowance for inexperience, it is with concern we are obliged to declare, that the Opera in question has neither to boast probability of plot, novelty of character, nor variety of incident.

A Masque, in compliment to the Royal Nuptials, is attached to the piece, but by no means promises to repay the manager for the most striking, superb, and complicated piece of machinery we ever witnessed. The music does credit to Mr. Hook.

At Covent-Garden the same evening was produced, for the benefit of Mrs. Martyr, a new Musical Interlude, called "THE DEATH OF CAPTAIN FAULKNER;" which was received with approbation.

12. At Drury-Lane Theatre a new Comedy was brought forward under the title of "FIRST LOVE," written by Mr. Cumberland.

Lord Sensitive,	-	-	-	-	Mr. WROUGHTON.
Sir Miles Mowbray,	-	-	-	-	Mr. KING.
Frederick Mowbray,	-	-	-	-	Mr. PALMER.
David Mowbray,	-	-	-	-	Mr. BANNISTER, jun.
Mr. Wrangle,	-	-	-	-	Mr. R. PALMER.
Mr. Bustler,	-	-	-	-	Mr. SUETT.
Lady Ruby,	-	-	-	-	Miss FARREN.
Mrs. Wrangle,	-	-	-	-	Miss POPE.
Mademoiselle Rolet,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. JORDAN.

Frederick Mowbray's first love was devoted to an amiable young lady, but opposed by his father Sir Miles Mowbray, who contrives an artifice to separate them, sends his son to Italy, and intercepts all the letters addressed by the latter to his mistress during the time he was abroad. — Conceiving that her lover was unfaithful, the lady marries the rich Sir Paul Ruby, and becomes a very wealthy widow just at the time when Frederic returns to this country. — During his residence at Padua Frederick falls dangerously ill, but is recovered by the endearing attentions of Mademoiselle Rolet, a French Emigrant, whose parents were massacred in France. Sensible of her kindness, and pitying her forlorn state, Frederick solemnly promises to marry this Sabina Rolet on their arrival in England. Meeting his brother David accidentally, Frederick by his assistance procures the fair emigrant an asylum in the house of Mr. Bustler, a navy agent. While Sabina is in this house Lady Ruby calls, in order to appoint Bustler her banker, and luckily enters a room in which she finds Frederick and Sabina. It soon appears that Frederick retains his *first love* for Lady Ruby, though he determines to fulfil his grateful engagements with the unfortunate Sabina.

Lord Sensitive, a suitor to Lady Ruby, has, it appears, passed through the ceremony of marriage at Padua with Sabina Rolet, but having gratified his wishes, he cruelly abandons her. Sabina secretly resolves not to profit by the generous offers of Frederick, and more particularly on perceiving the strong attachment that prevails between him and Lady Ruby. After several interviews between Lord Sensitive and Lady Ruby, in which the latter stings him to the heart with allusions to his conduct towards poor Sabina, he relents, and determines immediately to set off for Italy in order to do her justice, but is agreeably surprised in finding her under the roof with Lady Ruby, and he then, with every appearance of contrition for his perfidy, and of transport in regaining her, acknowledges her as his wife. Lady Ruby of course is united with her beloved Frederick, both professing that their first love continues in unabated force.

There is an episodical part relative to Mr. and Mrs. Wrangle, the latter of whom is the daughter of Sir Miles Mowbray, who forces her to marry a man not the choice of her heart. The general moral is, that parents should never cross the dictates of a first love, as it is the genuine effusion of innocence and

simplicity, and promises more than any other circumstance to secure conjugal felicity.

There is nothing intricate in the construction of this piece; but the author has contrived to make it, especially in the last three acts, extremely interesting, it was received with deserved applause.

At Covent-Garden the same evening a new Ballet, entitled "THE TYTHE PIG," was performed for the first time. Its title denotes a hit at the clergy, which produced some disapprobation. The dance introduced some very pretty children on the stage, and the airs are well selected.

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## MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

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MAY 13.

THIS day the Ancient and Honourable Society of Free and Accepted Masons held their anniversary festival at their Hall in Great Queen-street. The Society on this occasion were honoured with the presence of their Royal Grand Master in the chair, accompanied by the Duke of Clarence and Prince William of Gloucester\*. Near 500 Brethren were present, among whom were Earl Moira and Lord Eardley: no doubt as many more would have partaken of the festivity of the day, had they been aware of the honour intended them. Happiness was visible in every countenance, while the benevolent principles of Masonry cheered the heart. When the cloth was removed, the Royal Grand Master gave "The King and Constitution," with three times three. The bursts of applause that succeeded from all parts of the hall, were far exceeding any that have ever been heard there before. Dignum having sung, "The Prince and Old England for ever," Earl Moira gave the burthen of the song as a toast, with three times three, which was succeeded by the same rapturous applauses as before. His Royal Highness then took an opportunity of thanking the brethren for the affectionate reception he met with from them: there was a sensibility in the language, and an engaging manner in the delivery, which made its way to the heart of every brother. He concluded, by giving, as a toast, "Earl Moira, A. G. M. the man of my heart, and the friend I admire." About ten the Prince retired. The stewards deserved great praise for their entertainment and polite attention. Every thing the season afforded, with good wines, were in liberal profusion.

FEVERSHAM, MAY 18, 1795.

This being the day appointed by Wm. Perfect, Esq. Provincial Grand Master for the county of Kent, for holding, at the Assembly Room in this town, the Grand Anniversary, about eleven o'clock the brethren assembled, when, after the patent for his appointment was read, Dr. Perfect made an oration of considerable length, which was received by a very brilliant and numerous meeting of the Fraternity with great applause. Soon after this, the procession formed, and proceeded to church, accompanied by a select band of music, where a sermon, excellently adapted to the occasion, was preached by the Provincial Grand Chaplain, the Rev. J. Inwood, of Deptford, from the following text, "God is love; and he who dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." After service, the company returned to the Assembly Room, in the same order as they had set out, partook of a dinner, and passed the day with that harmony and convivial pleasantry which invariably distinguish the meetings of the Fraternity of Free Masons. At this meeting, Clement Taylor, Esq. M. P. for Maidstone, accepted the office of Deputy Provincial Grand Master for the county of Kent.

The Rev. J. Inwood, of Deptford, of Provincial Grand Chaplain.  
T. N. Naish, Esq. of Gravesend, of Prov. S. G. W.  
And ——— Cobb, Esq. of Feversham, of Prov. J. G. W.

\* Who had, the day before, been initiated into Masonry.

28. Mr. Whitfield, on occasion of his benefit, introduced between the play and farce what he called "A MASONIC MELANGE." When the curtain drew up, several Brethren were discovered sitting round a table at which Brother Whitfield presided, who delivered an Oration on the History of the Institution, an Elucidation of its laudable tendency to promote Morality and Science, and an Eulogy on our Royal Grand Master. The recitation was relieved at intervals by songs from Brothers Bannister, Sedgwick, Dignum, Caulfield, Truman, Cook, &c. &c. The just compliment to the affectionate attention of the Prince of Wales to the noble purposes of the Society, seemed to be a voluntary effusion, well timed and well expressed. All the rest of the entertainment, prose and verse, was a very judicious selection from "PRESTON'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF MASONRY." The Brethren appeared clothed as Members of the Stewards Lodge; and the audience were loud and unanimous in their applause.

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## MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

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### FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

#### THE DAUPHIN AND HIS SISTER.

THE following are the particulars of the present situation of the Children of Louis XVI. in the Temple:

They have not the least communication with each other, nor do they know that both of them are in one and the same place. Sometimes they are allowed, one at a time, to take the air by walking on the galleries of the tower of the Temple; but they must never go into the front facing the square, nor into the garden.

On the 16th of March, a Public Functionary, accompanied by another person, visited the Son of Louis XVI. When they entered the apartment, they found him sitting at the table, supporting his head with his hands. He did not look much at those who came in, and rather stared at them. Being asked if he would dine, he only replied yes. His victuals were then brought him; they consisted of two dishes of meat, one side dish, and his desert. He both ate and drank heartily. They endeavoured to raise his spirits, but to no purpose. After dinner his visitors began to sing songs, but the Dauphin would not join them. Being asked to give a song, he made no reply. They then took him by the hand, and danced about with him, but he seemed but little pleased with his diversion. He only played a little with a lap-dog which the Public Functionary had brought with him. They brought him his afternoon's luncheon, and his supper, but all the while he continued to be low spirited.

On the 17th, in the morning, they brought him some coffee and cream, which he is very fond of. He was a-bed. They asked him if he chose to eat his breakfast, and he answered in the affirmative. The Public Functionary wishing to see the Prince naked, to know whether he had not grown leaner, he proposed to him to change his linen. The Prince complied, and it appeared he was tolerably fat. In other respects he does not occupy himself with doing any thing in his apartments. He has two servants, one to attend him, the other to clean his room, &c. Both the servants have separate rooms. This dull and phlegmatic condition of the Dauphin is ascribed to the *ci-devant* Governor, the shoemaker Simon, who was guillotined as an accomplice with Robespierre on the 27th of fast June. Simon treated that infant with great severity. He wanted to make him clean his own room, and do many other things of that kind. With regard to every thing relative to bodily decency, the Prince is extremely sluggish.

The same Public Functionary visited, on the 17th of March, the Daughter of Louis XVI. who lives one story higher than her brother. Her apartment is very neatly furnished, and well arranged by herself. She herself desired to have

no person in her company. When the officer entered the apartment, the Princess was knitting cotton stockings. She only cast a single look on the officer on his entrance, and continued her work. To the different questions she was asked, she only answered by yes or no. When the officer told her that the cotton would make fine stockings, she replied, yes, pretty fine ones. The Princess, in other respects, loves to read, has books, an harpsichord, &c. and receives almost the same victuals as her brother.

The Dauphin is now frequently seen at the windows of the Temple, but his spirits seem to be much depressed by his confinement. A painter lately took his portrait, and fixed it on the Altar of Liberty.

The young Princess in the Temple is now called Madame, and not Citoyenne. When they address the Dauphin, it is always by Thou.—The Princess has grown very much lately, and is now more than five feet high.

### HOME NEWS.

April 18. Maria Teresa Phipoe, and Mary Brown, her servant, underwent an examination before Justice Floud, at the Public Office, Bow-street, concerning an attempt on the life of Mr. John Courtoy, of Oxendon-street. Mr. C. said, that owing to a friendship existing between him and a lady of the name of Deschampe who is now in France, he became acquainted with the prisoner Mrs. P. who, when Miss D. was in England, resided with her, and on her departure was left in care of her household furniture, &c. and that he was empowered to receive the interest of Miss D.'s moneys in the funds, which amounted to upwards of 300l. per annum; that a short time ago he received a letter from Mrs. P. stating that Miss D. had desired her to procure a warrant of attorney, and send her to sign, empowering her (Mrs. Phipoe) to receive the dividends of Miss Deschampe's moneys in the funds, which was accordingly done, and he (the witness) not being pleased with the conduct of Mrs. P. refused to have any concern with Miss D.'s affairs, when applied to by Mrs. P. for that purpose; in consequence of which she sent him several letters to enforce his attendance; that in consequence of these letters he waited on her on Tuesday evening last, about eight o'clock, where he was admitted by the servant, Mary Brown, and requested by Mrs. P. to accompany her up to a room on the second floor, whither he went, followed by Brown, who, with Mrs. P. seized hold of him, and tied him in a chair with cords, when Mrs. P. drew out a large knife, and swore she would murder him, unless he gave her a sum of money. After a long dispute, during which she held the knife to his throat, it was agreed he should give his note payable on demand for 2000l. to effect which she produced a stamp, and ordered him to write the note, and date the 30th of March; and on his observing it was the 14th of April, she replied it would not do to have it dated on the very day it would appear he had been murdered. That during the time he was drawing the note, and previous to his signing it, was upwards of two hours; she stood with the knife at his breast, and when she knocked on the floor with her foot, a young man came up stairs, whom he had before seen with her, and who he understood was a doctor; and that on her informing him that she was going to murder him, the prosecutor said, the young man replied, do if you will; that this young man drew a draft for him to copy the note from, which being done and delivered to her, Mrs. P. still swore she would murder the prosecutor; the young man said it would be better to spare his life, and took the knife out of her hand, she then being almost frantic with passion. After he had signed the note, she declared he must die, but at the same time pointing to a table decorated with black crape, and on which were placed a pair of pistols, a cup of arsenic, and a knife, the handle of which was bound with crape, desired him to chuse the means, which he refusing to do, she attempted to cut his throat, in defending which his fingers were severely cut, as he shewed. Soon after this he was suffered to depart.

The officers who apprehended the prisoners produced the note for 2000l. they found on Mrs. P. (and which Mr. C. declared to be the same note that was exported from him), a large carving knife stained with blood, a blue sash stained

with blood, and a cotton gown, all of which they found in her house. The knife, Mr. C. said, resembled that she held to his throat, and with which his fingers were cut, and that the gown and sash he verily believed were the same Mrs. P. had on her on Tuesday evening. The gown, when the officers took it, was hanging up to dry in the garden.

Neither Mrs. P. or her servant said a word in reply to the charge.

22. Mrs. Phipoe, and Mary Brown, her servant, were again examined before J. Floud, Esq. at the Public-Office, Bow-street, when Mary Brown made a voluntary confession of the whole affair, and which exactly corroborated the testimony given by Mr. Courtoy.

Mrs. P. has been since capitally convicted, but sentence is respited for the opinion of the Judges.

After a trial which lasted from ten o'clock on Thursday morning, April 22, till five the next morning, the Rev. William Jackson was found guilty of High Treason, in the Court of King's Bench, Dublin. He was recommended to mercy by the Jury.

Mr. Cockayne, attorney, of Lyons Inn, London, was the principal witness against Jackson. They had lived in habits of intimacy together for many years. Jackson's letters, when in France and elsewhere, passed through Cockayne's hands. Cockayne finding his own safety endangered, made terms with Mr. Pitt both for indemnity and reward: he continued a spy on Jackson's actions, and ultimately established his guilt. Jackson's object was to obtain provisions for the French from Ireland, and to corrupt the minds of the people of that country to invite an invasion.

On the 30th at noon Mr. Jackson was brought up to the Court of King's Bench, where a motion was made by his Counsel in arrest of judgment. During the argument of the lawyers, the wretched prisoner was observed to suffer considerable bodily pain, and in a short time fell down in the dock, where he almost instantly expired, as has since appeared, in consequence of poison.

The Coroner's Inquest sat on the body, and brought in their verdict Suicide. It was afterwards opened by Surgeons Adrienne and Hume, whose opinion was that he died by poison, but of what kind they could not tell.

27. At the Sittings at Guildhall, as soon as Mr. Mingay had opened the case of a Plaintiff, and before he had produced any evidence, one of the Jury said, it was one of the clearest cases he had ever heard. The Lord Chief Justice said, he was sorry to hear such an observation come from a Jurymen. According to the opening of Counsel, every case was a clear case; but it was not on the speeches of Counsel that the Juries of England were sworn to decide, but on the evidence that was laid before them. His Lordship added, that he knew the observation was incautiously made, and he hoped never to hear it repeated.

The above Jurymen reminds us of a Welch Justice of the Peace, who would never hear but one side of the question; "for when he heard both, it so perplexed him!"

#### CAPTAIN MOLLOY'S TRIAL

commenced on board the *Glory*, in Portsmouth harbour, on Tuesday the 28th of April. The Members of the Court Martial were, Admirals, Peyton (President), Sir R. King, C. Buckner, J. Colpoys; Captains, A. Greene, F. Parry, A. Mitchell, C. Parker, M. Goulds, C. E. Nugent, Sir E. Gower, Lord Charles Fitzgerald, and J. R. Dacre. Judge Advocate, M. Greatham, Esq. Prosecutor, Sir R. Curtis, in the absence of Lord Howe, confined with the gout. The prosecution was in consequence of Earl Howe's express disapprobation of Captain Molloy's conduct in the affair of the 29th of May, and the first of June. The Charge, for not having brought up his ship, and exerted himself to the utmost of his power, in the engagements which took place on the 29th of May, and first of June, 1794; and for not crossing the enemy's line. The evidence on the part of the prosecution lasted five days. Admirals Gardner and Paisley, and several Captains of the fleet were examined; their evidence went generally to prove that Captain Molloy had not, in their opinion, used his utmost endeavours to cross the enemy's line.

Captain Molloy began his defence on the 6th of May. By permission of the Court, Mr. Fielding, the barrister, read a very able and eloquent speech for the Captain, who, from being much agitated, was unable to read it himself. In the course of this speech Mr. Fielding read the following sentence:—"He left it with the Court to determine, whether, after having been thirty-three years in the service, and in nine several actions, he was then, for the first time in his life, to be dubbed a coward, and made to suffer an ignominious death."— [Here Mr. Fielding was so overcome, that he was silent, and in tears, for a few moments.]—When Mr. Fielding had concluded reading the speech, witnesses for the defence were examined, and these were continued till the 15th;—their examinations went to prove the anxiety of Captain Molloy to get into action, the incapacity of his ship for doing more than she did, and his earnestness in directing her fire while she was engaged.

**THE SENTENCE.**—The Court having heard the evidence on the part of the prosecution, and that on behalf of Captain Molloy, and having duly weighed and considered the same, were of opinion—"That the said charges have been made good against the said Captain Anthony James Pye Molloy. But having found that, on the said 29th of May, and 1st of June, as well as on many former occasions, Captain Molloy's courage had always been unimpeachable, the Court was of opinion, that Captain Molloy, then commanding the *Cæsar*, should be dismissed from his Majesty's said ship the *Cæsar*; and ordered that he be accordingly forthwith dismissed."

**LOSS OF THE BOYNE.**—*Portsmouth, May 1.*—This day, between eleven and twelve o'clock, by some accident his Majesty's ship *Boyne*, of 98 guns, Captain Grey, caught fire. The marines had been exercising and firing to windward, and it is thought some of their wadding having been blown into one of the ports in the admiral's cabin, set fire to some papers which were lying there: which communicating to other parts of the vessel, the flames spread so rapidly, that in less than half an hour this noble ship, only five years old, was on fire both fore and aft. The flames burst through the poop before the fire was discovered. When the fire broke out, there was a fresh breeze at S. W. and it being ebb tide, the ships were riding with their sterns to windward. Within half an hour after the fire broke out, the tops of all the rigging were in a blaze. About twelve the tide turned, and the position of the ships was changed, but it was now too late to make any attempt, or even for the boats to come near her, which had been sent to render her assistance. The flames raged with great fury; and unfortunately all her guns were loaded, and as they became heated they went off, the shot falling amongst the shipping, and some of them even reached the shore. It was upwards of two hours from the first discharge till all the guns had gone off. About two, her cables were burnt, and she went adrift, the fire blazing through every port-hole. The sight, though at noon-day, was awfully grand. The ships to leeward of her having got under weigh, to get clear of her, ran down to St. Helen's, and she drifted slowly to the Eastward, her mizen mast and top mast having fallen before she began to drift.

At five a very considerable shock was felt all over the town of Portsmouth; at that moment the after magazine blew up, with a great explosion; and shot, and pieces of timber, were thrown to a very considerable distance all around her.

By advices received at the Admiralty from Portsmouth, the total loss was twenty men killed and wounded; of these two men were killed and one wounded on board the *Queen Charlotte*, from the shot of the cannon of the *Boyne*, which were left loaded ever since she arrived from the West Indies, and of course went off as above-mentioned. The crew of the ship escaped by jumping overboard: and all the boats of the ships at Spithead were out to their assistance.

4. Arrived at Yarmouth, under convoy of the *Leopard* man of war, and three frigates, one hundred transports with twenty regiments of infantry, besides the guards and artillery, with the Hon. General de Burgh, from the Continent. Some of the regiments disembarked at Yarmouth, and others at Harwich; the guards and artillery came up the Thames to Greenwich, &c. On mustering these troops, previous to embarkation, there was found one-third more than were known to be



living, according to the returns which it had been possible to collect since the retreat from Holland. On hearing that the infantry were all to embark for England, soldiers came flocking down to the coast from different parts of the country, who were thought to have perished, or to have been taken prisoners. The cavalry remain on the Continent.

8. This day returned to town three companies of the guards, amounting to about 180 men. His Majesty went to welcome the brave but unfortunate men on their arrival; and rode at their head into town, the band playing the tune of "See the conquering Hero comes."—It is impossible to describe their tattered condition, but the men, as well as their female followers, appeared healthy, and joy animated every feature on their return to Old England. The King shook every one of them heartily by the hand.

Sir Frederick Eden is returned from France, without obtaining an exchange of prisoners. A French commissioner gave him the following answer: "We have more sailors than ships, and you have more ships than sailors; and we cannot give up those sailors which we have taken, as this must increase your superiority on the seas."

#### BANKRUPTS.

JOHN Williams, of Queen-street, Drury-lane, linen-draper. Thomas Moses, of Bath, linen-draper. Thomas Elliot, of Lincoln, hosier. Joseph Billings, of Taunton, Somerset, linen-draper. John Cook, of St. John the Baptist, Gloucestershire, dealer. William Jones, of Stockport, Cheshire, house-builder. Elizabeth Dakin and Thomas Dakin, both of Liverpool, sail-cloth manufacturers. James Shaw, of Tonge, with Haulgh, in Lancashire, and William Shaw and John Boyes, of Manchester, fustian-manufacturers. Robert Eglin and Laurence Eglin, of Sheffield, Yorkshire, and of South Kelsey, Lincolnshire, merchants. Josiah Wilson, of Banbury, Oxfordshire, innkeeper. George Norton, of Ipswich, Suffolk, silversmith. John Thomas Woolley, of Bishopsgate-street, London, sadler. Samuel Long, of Bristol, hooper. Nathaniel Napper the younger, of Birdham, Suffolk, grazier. Thomas Kenyon, of Pike Low, Lancashire, woollen manufacturer. Martin Westmorland, of East-lane, Bermondsey, Surrey, brewer. Timothy Topping the younger, of Parker's-row, Dockhead, Surrey, merchant. Thomas Gilson, of Fenchurch-street, London, woollen-draper. William Howarth, of Halifax, in Yorkshire, chemist and druggist. John Parker, of Wapping High-street, sail-maker. John Beard, of Primrose-street, Bishopsgate-street, worsted-skain dyer. Thomas Dennison, of Ricker-gate, near the city of Carlisle, Cumberland, spirit-merchant. Thomas Bland, of Surrey-street, Strand, bill-broker. George Lucas, of Beach Farm, St. Alban's, Hertfordshire, dealer. Nathan Napper the elder, of Birdham, in Sussex, grazier. John Bishop the younger, of Stroud, in Gloucestershire, dealer. John Griffin the younger, of Clare-court, Drury-lane, butcher. George Meniel, of Maid-lane, in the Borough of Southwark, Spanish leather-dresser. James Spiller, and John Fownes, of the Minorities, hosiers. James Wright, of New-street, Covent Garden, victualler. Henry Pistor, of Thavies-inn, Holborn, watchmaker. Thomas Hill, of Surrey-street, Blackfriars-oad, hatter. Osborn May, of Salcote, Essex, miller. John Gray, of Southwark, Surrey, common-brewer. Charles Francis Perron, of Duke-street, Westminster, perfumer. James Baily, of Grub-street, London, bricklayer. Mary Blake, of Frackford, Somersetshire, widow, clothier. Stephen Adams, of Buckland Denham, Somersetshire, clothier. Daniel Shuttleworth, of Ludgate-street, hosier. Joshua Cope, of Bridges-street, Covent Garden, broker. Michael Kavana, of Old Change, London, calico-glazer. Aaron Marshal, of Bridlington Key, Yorkshire, merchant. Thomas Eoultsbee, of Bruerton, Staffordshire, rope-maker. John Hughes, of Bristol, and William Mills, of the same city, linen-draper. Thomas Smith, of Park-street, Grosvenor-square, taylor. John Cole, of Bridgewater, Somersetshire, shopkeeper.