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THE GARLAND.

STANZAS.

Containing an exact and literal account of the behaviour and fate of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, of Jay-lane, who died of excessive drinking.

"True 'tis a PT—PT 'tis, 'tis true."—Shakespeare.

In I V lane, of C T fame,
There lived a man, D C,
And A B I was his name—
Now mark his history.

Long time his conduct, free from blame,
Did merit I O G;
Until an "evil spirit" came
In the shape of O D V.

"O that a man into his mouth
Should put an N M E,
To steal away his brains"—no doubt
Such course from sin may free.

Well, A B drank, the O T loom!
And then he gamed, and U Z soon
To D V S from truth.

And when his better I would cry,
"O! leave the O D V!"
He'd only growl, "I shall my I!"
Or hiccup, "U B D."

An hourly glass with him was play;
He'd swallow that with pleasure;
Judge what he'd M T in a day—
"A P D Heralds."

Of virtue none to sots, I trow,
With F E K C prate;
And O of N R G could now
From A B M N S.

Who on good liquor badly dose,
Soon poverty must know—
Thus A B in a C D coat
Was shortly forced to go.

From poverty D C T rought,
And cheated not F U,
For what he purchased paying O,
Or but an "I O U."

Or else, when he had tried B E
To shirk a debt, his wit;
He'd cry, "You shan't wait N E more;
I'll W, or quit."

Then said did I know A P R:
"If U act so, your fate quick clear
Is for I 2 A C."

His inside soon was out and out,
More fiery than K N;
And, while his state was thereabout,
A rough C V K came.—Then

He I P K Q N A tried,
And lusted T, and me;
But O could save him—so he died,
As every I must 2.

Poor wight! till black I the face he raved—
"Was P T S 2 C."
His latest spirit "spirits" craved
His last words "O D V!"

MORAL.

I shan't S A to preach and prate,
But tell U, if U do,
Drink O D V at such R S,
Death will still U 2.

O U then who A Y Z have,
Shun O D V as a wraith;
For 'tis a host to the grave,
A S unto death.

ALL NEVER.

BY MRS. HOVLAND.
An' never may that thoughtless, heartless thing,
The painted gossamer of fashion's power,
Presume to take the hymeneal ring,
Or dare usurp a mother's tender power!

Enough for her to "roll the giddy eye,"
To dance and sparkle in the midnight hour,
Unbound her limbs in pleading cry,
Unmark'd the withering of that blighted flower.

Canst thou to mental vice and skill-less care
Leave the sweet babe that nestling seeks thy breast,
Its home, its being, fragile as 'tis fair,
And in its own endearing weakness blest?

Canst thou do Tars, and smiles I may, canst thou live
Beneath the sense of such deep guilt oppress'd,
Guilt, which one sinner only can forgive,
The pandar parent, when e'en friends detest.

Unhappy in thy error! know, to thee
For thou art human) pain and age advance;
That blooming cheek shall fade, those bright eyes see
New beauties far outshine their waning glance;

Disease on those light limbs her hands shall lay,
[That stern destroyer of life's young romance]
And time compel thee, with the old and grey,
To take thy place in death's terrific day.

Al! hope not then, that kindly pious friend
Shall soothe thy suffering hour with precept mild,
That o'er the couch in sympathy shall bend;
The tender husband on his knees shall kneel;

Far other guests on that dread scene enroach,
No longer now neglected or revild,
Regret, remorse, and ceaseless self-reproach,
There howl in fierce revenge their descent wild.

THE MISCELLANIST.

[From the London Quarterly Review.]

CHARACTER OF PALEY.

It was the sublime simplicity of Paley's mind, which quite unfitted him for being a respecter of persons.—The pomp, the circumstances, the chivalry of rank were lost upon him. He had a touch in him of Peter Bell:—

"A primrose on the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

When the idea of a king presented itself to Paley, it was merely that of an individual invested with great substantial power, to be wielded for the benefit of his people. Crown and sceptre, beef-eaters, state-coaches and guardmen, the trappings, in short of royalty, did not enter into his elements. Not that he affected contempt of such matters, for he knew human nature too well to think that they were to be despised; but they were not the matters to make any impression on his mind: to use an engraver's phrase they would not bite.

He preaches before the Judges and grand jury; wigs, trumpets, javelins, white wands, all vanish away at once, and he sees nothing before him but a set of fallible men, called upon by their country to rule with diligence; and he suggests to them the true principles, and exhorts them faithfully, with all his power.—He delivers another sermon to the younger clergy;—He is nothing moved by the gowns, cockades, and clerical apparatus which offer themselves to his eye; all he can find is an assembly of men of like passions as others, and with some temptations, of their own, needing admonition; and admonition he gives them, with a hearty good-will not to be mistaken. "Mimic not the vices of higher life; hunt not after great acquaintance;" "be sober, be chaste;" "keep out of public houses;"

"learn to live alone;" "divide your sermons into heads—it may be dispensed with in the hands of a master; it is yours the want of it will produce a bewildering shapdoy." These are very homely maxims, and conveyed in very homely phrases; yet there is no assumption of authority in it at all, no desire to give offence, no acrimony, no suspicion of the character of the hearer. It was simply the plain speech of a single hearted man, earnest in his calling, looking upon different stations as merely calculated to bring out different types of man's nature, which was radically the same in all; and, indeed, making so little account of artificial distinctions, that, whether his congregation were gentle or simple, peasants or prebends, city or village, Paley would give them the very same sermon in the very same words. Let us not make him a politician against his will, against the general evidence of his life and pursuits. In his serious hours he was occupied, abundantly occupied, by the duties of a clergyman more appropriate, and for any man more weighty.

"He never seemed to know," says his son, "that he deserved the name of a politician, and would probably have been equally amused at the grave attempts made to thrust him into, or withdraw him from, any political bias."

He would employ himself in his Natural Theology, and then gather his peas for dinner, very likely gathering some hint for his work at the same time. He would converse with his classical neighbours, Mr. Yates, or he would reply to his invitation that he could not come, for that he was busy knitting. He would station himself at his garden wall, which overhung the river, and watch the progress of a nest iron bridge in building, asking questions of the architect, and carefully examining every pin and screw with which it was put together. He would loiter along a river, with his angler's rod, musing upon what he supposed to pass in the mind of a pike when he bit, and when he refused to bite; or he would be permitted by the sea-side, and speculate upon what a young shrimp could mean by jumping in the sun.

"With the handle of a stick in his mouth, he would move about his garden in a short hurried step, now stopping to contemplate a butterfly, a flower, or a snail, and now earnestly engaged in some new arrangements of his flower pot."

"He would take from his own table to his study the back-bone of a hare or a fish's head; and he would pull out of his pocket, after a walk, a plant or stone to be made tributary to an argument. His manuscripts were as motley as his occupations—the workshop of the mind was ever on the alert; evidence mixed up with memorandums for his will; an interesting disquisition brought to an untimely end by the business of servants, the letting of fields, sending his boys to school, reproving the refractory members of an hospital, here a dedication, there one of his children's exercises—in another place a receipt for cheap soap. He would write a word or two on a receipt, or a receipt for a family Palmyra which was supposed to bear them, but which he always took a malicious pleasure in insisting had been bought at a sale."

"Vita solitaria misera ambicione gravata."
The life of a man far more happily employed than in the composition of political pamphlets, or in the nature of political discontent. Nay, when his friend Mr. Carlyle is about going out with Lord Eldon to Constantinople, the very head-quarters of despondence, we do not perceive, amongst the multitude of most characteristic hints and queries which Paley addresses to him, a single allusion to the Turk; or a single hope expressed that the day was not very far distant when the Cosack would be permitted to erect the standard of liberty in his capital.

"I will do your visitation for you (Mr. Carlyle) was Chancellor of the diocese in case of your absence with the greatest pleasure—it is neither a difficulty nor a favour."

"OBSERVATIONS.—Compare every thing with English and Camberland scenery; e. g. rivers with Eden, grove with Corby, mountains with Skiddaw; your sensations of building, streets, persons, &c. &c.; e. g. whether the Maffi be like Dr. —, the Grand Seigneur, Mr. —."

"2. Give us one day at Constantinople, minutely from morning to night, what you see, eat, and drink."

"3. Let us know what the common people have to do; get if you can, a peasant's actual dinner and his bottle; for instance, if you see a man working in the fields, call to him to bring the dinner he has with him, and describe it minutely."

"4. The diversions of the common people, whether they seem to obey the commandments, and be happy, and sport and laugh; farm houses or any thing answering to them, and of what kind; some of public houses, roads."

"5. Their shops; how you get your breeches mended, or things done for you, and how, (i. e. well or ill done); whether you see the tailor, converse with him, &c."

"6. Get into the inside of a cottage; describe familiarly utensils, what you find actually doing."

"7. All the occupations I make you for doing your visitation is, that you come over to Westminster soon after your return, for you will be very entertaining between truth and lying. I have a notion that you will find books, but in great confusion as to catalogues, classes, &c."

"8. Describe minutely how you pass one day on ship-board; learn to take and apply lunar or other observations, and how the midshipmen, &c. do it."

"9. What sort of fish you get, and how dressed. I should think your business would be to make yourself master of the Greek. My compliments to Bonaparte, if you meet with him, which, I think, is very likely.—Pick up little articles of dress, tools, furniture, especially from low life—as an actual smock, &c."

"10. What they talk about; company. Your attention upon first seeing things; upon catching the first view of Constantinople; the novelties of the first day you pass there."

"In all the countries and climates, nations and languages, carry with you the best wishes of, dear Carlyle. Your affectionate friend,

"W. PALEY."

Such was Paley. A man singularly without guile and yet often misunderstood or misrepresented; a man who was thought to have no learning, because he had no pedantry, and who was too little of a quack to be reckoned a philosopher; who would have been infallibly praised as a useful writer on the theory of government, if he had been more visionary, and would have been esteemed a deeper divine, if he had not been always so intelligible; who has been often jaucular, and before those it should seem, who were not to be trusted with a joke; who did not deal much in protestations of faith, counting it proof enough of his sincerity, (we are ashamed of saying, even thus far, insinuations against it) to bring arguments for the truth of Christianity unanswerably and unanswerably to point forth exhortations to the fulfilment of the duties enjoined by it, the most solemn and intense—and to evince his own practical sense of its influence, by crowning his labours with a work to the glory and praise of God, at a season when his hand was heaviest upon him—a work which lives, and ever will live, to testify that no pains of body could shake for a moment his firm and settled persuasion that in every thing, and in every crisis, we are God's creatures; that life is passed in his constant presence, and that death reigns in his merciful disposal.

[From the New-York Irish Shield.]

THE PLEASURES OF HOME.

—Home! sweet home! the heart,
Where love and love alternate hours employ;
To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy."

Home! sweet home! there is soft melody in the sound! the voice that breathes so magical a name, touches the chords of pleasant sensation, like the gentle action of zephyr on the Aeolian harp, and awakens the most pathetic and enrapturing notes of the music of nature, which rouses the slumbering sensibility of the soul, with its thrilling strains of gladness! Home is the flowery pathway of life, where the nobler passions of humanity blossom, in unspotted purity; the sacred shrine where all our longing, vagrant, pilgrim fancies love to worship. It is the asylum of mourning grief, the last citadel in which the bereaved mind can take sanctuary from the persecutions of afflictive woe. May the Misanthrope who would infuse the poison of discord and jarring passions of domestic strife, into such a delicious cup of bliss, be driven by the fiercest winds of heaven, to the endless agitation of misery. May the heartless, unfeeling wretch who would convert that Eden of serene comfort into a hell of contention, be a solitary exile in the desolation of humanity, pining in eternal melancholy, and like Hesiod's Titans, deprived even of the hope of future pleasure.

Man can only enjoy supreme happiness in this bright sphere of domestic affection. The smile of conjugal love is the fiery pillar that illuminates the dreary and desolate gloom of affliction; and the tender and feeling bosom of a wife is the ark, that bears us triumphantly over the raging waves of the deluge of adversity. It is the soft pillow of sympathy, on which the aching head of misery may be lulled to the calm repose of consolation; it is the gushing fountain of earthly joy—the rock on which man can safely raise the edifice of lasting delights. Yes! even hallowed home, with all its pleasures and comforts, would be a paradise of lonely solitude, unless it were inhabited and adorned by an eye, for it is the sunshine of her charming society, that casts a brilliant halo of felicity around it; as her presence blows like a refreshing gale, the fragrant flowers of hope, and ripens the sweetest fruits of enjoyment. Satiated with the world's fustel, and delusive amusements, we return home, with redoubled satisfaction, and prize and love it the more. Misfortunes cannot blast the blooming verdure of its contentment; for there the agonized heart finds a rosy bed, on which to repose its sorrows; sickness cannot lessen its charms, as there soothing sympathy, like a ministering angel, pours the sanative balm of conjugal love into the wounds of woe;—and even death cannot quench the blessings of home, for there we breathe out our souls, in halcyon peacefulness, while imagining that we hear, in the sighs and prayers of a weeping wife, the melody of the happy spirits in Elysium. Amidst the adversities, cares, and tumultuous scenes of life; in despair, in poverty, and sickness, 'tis bliss to reflect that still we have a haven to moor the storm-beaten bark of life; a home that will welcome the wanderer to its bosom, and shield him from the ingratitude of friendship and the inconsistency of fortune; a sanctuary, where we can flee from the "rich man's scorn, and proud man's contumely;" from the insult of unlettered ignorance, the avowed face of upstart arrogance, the laugh of derision, and the stings of envious malice, to find pity and love opening their zodiac arms, and a smile of gladness beaming on every countenance, a welcome glowing in every heart. Oh 'tis designed by heaven as the resting-place of man, the poetical paradise of mortal felicity, the temple of virtue, where conjugal bliss, and calm serenity are enshrined.

When the malignity of a disastrous and cruel fortune blights the prospect of hope, which was in the spring of youth so fair, blooming, and budding, and when the sun of prosperity, that illumined the smiling landscape, is overcast with the gloomy clouds of unpropitious destiny, and the ruthless hand of wayward fate discovers the rocky ties which connected conjugal and paternal affection, obliging the unhappy father to abandon his home—his dear home! with which he associates the remembrance of past delights—of infantile enjoyments and endearing relations, and seek a kinder fortune in a foreign clime; then the bitterest draught of human misery is forced upon his revolting lips, and the severest torture inflicted on his dismaid mind. In his solitary musings amidst the dreary solemnity of the ocean, his thoughts are ever wandering to home, that fixed star of his soul; and all the dear objects consecrated by memory, rise into life, arrayed in the charms of visionary delusion, in his dreams, while the sadly murmuring modulation of the waves seem to sympathize in his anguish and mental suffering. Soothing hope, the last consolation of despair, the last twinkling star in the horizon of despondency! promises future rapture, and the bliss of once more embracing his wife and children, whose beloved idea had in absence lain like a delicious cordial at his desolate bosom, and cheered his spirit amid the pain of toil, and in the dismaying hour of danger. Sweet and rapturous anticipation! beauteous herald of the coming transports of con-

jugal and paternal affection! Ah! the remembrance of home, comes as the fading light of the setting sun over my gloomy heart, and like Osian's song of sorrow, "It is pleasing and mournful to my soul." Farewell! then, dear home of my fathers, attracting magnet of my dreams! how often do I visit in fancy the memory consecrated spot, where I have tasted the only real joys that earth has given me, and where I hope through the mercies of a benevolent providence, to enjoy all the pleasures that life has left to me; receive, revered dwelling of past happiness! my ardent homage—my purest and sincerest devotion of attachment; and when I forget thee, may I lose the rights of humanity, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I do not fondly think of thee, JERUSALEM, both in my melancholy mood, and joyous mirth; and may Tiphonee shake her gory head of living snakes at me, when my bosom becomes so torpid as not to feel a responsive thrill of ecstasy at the announcement of thy musical name. P.

BURNS.—Burns did not place himself only within the estimation and admiration of those whom the world called his superiors—a solitary tree emerging into light and air, and leaving the parent-wood as low and as dark as before. He, as well as any man,

"Knew his own worth, and revered the lyre;" but he ever announced himself as a peasant, the representative of his class, the painter of their manners, inspired by the same influence which ruled their bosoms; and whose sympathized with the verse of Burns, had his soul opened for the moment to the whole family of man. If, in too many instances the matter has stopped there—the blame is not with the poet, but with the mad and unrequitable pride and coldness of the worldly heart—"man's inhumanity to man." If, in spite of Burns, and all his successors, the boundary lines of society are observed with increasing strictness among us—if the various orders of men still, day by day, feel the chord of sympathy relaxing, let us lament over symptoms of a disease in the body politic, which, if it goes on, must find sooner or later a fatal ending; but let us not undervalue the antidote which has all along been checking this strong poison. Who can doubt that at this moment thousands of "the first born of Egypt" look upon the smoke of a cottager's chimney with feelings which would never have been developed within their being had there been no Burns?—Lockhart.

In society, character is the first, second, and the ultimate quality. A man is never ruined who has not lost his character; while he who has lost his character, whatever be his position, is ruined, as to all moral and useful purposes. Rove and calumny will follow a man's success like his shadow; but they will be powerless if he is true to himself, and relies on his native energies to beat or live them down. Virtues may be misrepresented, but they are virtues still; and in vain will an industrious man be called an idler; a sensible man a fool; a prudent man a spendthrift; a persevering man a changing; or an honest man a knave. The qualities are inherent, and cannot be removed by words, except with a man's own consent. At the same time all calumniators, thrice detected, ought to be banished as criminals, unworthy of the benefits of the society, of which, however powerless, they endeavour to be the pest and bane.—Sir R. Phillips.

NATURAL APPEARANCES IN JANUARY.

From the Companion to the Almagest.
SNOW AND HOAR FROST.—There cannot be fewer subjects for the microscope than crystals of water, of which snow and hoar-frost are composed; and if beauty, as has been maintained, consist in regularity amidst variety, snow-flakes, seen by the aid of the microscope, must be considered highly beautiful. Their variety is endless, but the principal forms are stars of lamellar, spicular, or pyramidal crystals, from one-third to one-fifth part of an inch in diameter.

SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE OF THE DOG AND ELEPHANT.

—The dog is the only animal that dreams; and he and the elephant the only animals that understand looks; the elephant is the only animal that, besides man, feels ennu; the dog, the only quadruped that has been brought to speak. Leibnitz bears witness to a hoard in Saxony, that could speak distinctly thirty words.—Medical Gaz.

CAPACITY OF NEGROES.—

Professor Blumenbach possesses a little library of works written by negroes, from which it appears, he says, that there is not a single department of taste or science in which some negro has not distinguished himself.—Id.

COMFORT.—

Some attentive and benevolent Old Bachelor has given notice in a morning paper, that a block of Soap stone heated before the fire, makes a very comfortable bed fellow for the feet, retaining its heat all night and infusing a genial warmth throughout the system. It must be an important auxiliary to the warming pan and a decided improvement upon the Flat Iron!—New-York Statesman.

A PIG OUTWITTED.—

Matthews, in one of his entertainments, raised a hearty laugh, by telling the following story of an Irishman driving a pig. Animals of this species are well known for their obstinacy, and for their perseverance in endeavouring to go any way but that which you wish them to take. Matthews asked Pat where he was taking the pig? and the following colloquy ensued: "Spake lower your Honor, pray spake lower?" "I only ask you whether you are driving the pig?" "Spake lower." "What reason can you have for not answering to trifling a question?" "Why sure I would answer your wate Honor any thing, but I am afraid he'll bare me." "What then?" "Then he'll not go; for I'm taking him to Cork, but making him believe he's going to Fermoy!"

Ben Johnson's Rules.—For a man to write well, there are required three necessities: to read the best books, observe the best speakers, and much exercise his own style. In style, to consider what ought to be written, and after what manner, he must first think and cogitate in his mind his subject, then choose his words, and examine the weight of either; then take care, in placing and ranking both matter and words, that his composition be comely; and to do this with diligence and often. No matter how slow the style be at first, so it be laboured and accurate: seek the best, and be not glad of forward conceits, or first words, that offer themselves to us; but judge of what we insert, and order what we arrange. Repeat often what we have formerly written, which besides that it helps the consequence, and makes the juncture better, quickens the heat of imagination that often cools in the time of setting down; but the safest way is to return to our judgment and handle over again those things, the easiest of which might make them justly suspected.—Discoveries edit, 1610.

DELUSION AND MISCHIEF PRODUCE NOT ONE MISJUDICE THE LESS BECAUSE THEY ARE UNIVERSAL.

OF NEUTRAL LAW.

DICTATIONS OF NAPOLEON TO GOURGAND.
Third. Of the armed neutrality of 1780, the principles of which, being those of France, Spain, Holland, Russia, Prussia, Denmark, and Sweden, were in opposition to the claims of England at that period.

England, in the American war of 1778, pretended, first, that materials adapted for building ships, such as timber, hemp, tar, &c. were contraband; 2dly, that although a neutral ship had a right to go from a friendly port to an enemy's port, it could not traffic between one hostile port and another; 3dly, that neutral ships could not sail from the enemy's colony to another country; 4thly, that neutral powers had no right to have their merchant ships conveyed by a ship of war; and that, if they did so, this would exempt them from search.

No independent power would submit to these claims. In fact, the sea being the dominion of all nations, no one has a right to regulate the legislation of what passes there. Ships carrying a neutral flag are only allowed to be searched, because the sovereign himself has permitted it by treaty. Military stores are only contraband, because it has been so determined by treaty. Belligerent powers have a right to seize them, only because the sovereign under whose flag the neutral vessel sails has himself engaged not to allow this kind of commerce. You are not, it was said to the English, to augment the list of contraband goods at your pleasure; and no neutral power has engaged to prohibit the trade in naval stores, such as timber, hemp, tar, &c.

As to the second claim it was added, it is contrary to received usage. You ought not to interfere in the operations of commerce, except you satisfy yourselves of the flag, and that no contraband articles are carried. You have no right to know what is done in a neutral ship, because that ship, on the high seas, is at home, and is not under your power. She is not conveyed by light of your power, but she is so by the moral power of her sovereign.

The third pretension has no better foundation. The state of war can have no influence on neutrals; what ever, therefore, they could do in peace, they may do in war. Now, in time of peace, you would have no right to prevent or object to their carrying on the commerce between the mother country and its colonies, if foreign ships are prevented from carrying on this commerce, it is not in pursuance of the rights of nations, but by a municipal law, and whoever power has chosen to allow strangers to trade with its colonies, no one has any right to appoint.

With respect to the fourth claim, it was answered that, at the right of search only existed for the purpose of ascertaining the flag and searching for contraband goods, an armed ship commissioned by the sovereign was a much better proof of the flag and cargo of the merchant ship in its convoy, as well as the rules relative to contraband trade decreed by its master, than the search of the papers of a merchant ship could be; that the result of this claim might be that a convoy, escorted by a fleet of eight or ten 74 gun ships belonging to a neutral power, might be subject to search by a single brig, a cruiser of a belligerent power.

At the time of the American war, in 1778, M. de Castille, the Minister of the Marine of France, caused a new regulation relating to the commerce of neutrals to be adopted. This regulation was drawn up according to the spirit of the treaty of Utrecht and the rights of neutrals. The four principles above asserted were therein proclaimed; and it was declared that it should be executed for six months, after which it should cease to be in force, with respect to those neutral nations which should not have indicated England to respect their rights.

This conduct was just and politic; it satisfied all the neutral powers, and threw a new light upon this subject. The Dutch, who then had the most considerable trade, being annoyed by the English cruisers, and the decisions of the Admiralty of London, but their convoys escorted by ships of war. The English advanced this strange principle, that neutrals cannot escort their own merchant convoys; or, at least, that their doing so does not exempt them from search. A convoy escorted by several Dutch ships of war, was attacked, taken, and carried into English ports. This event filled Holland with indignation, and she soon after united with France and Spain, and declared war against England.

Catherine, Empress of Russia, took part in these important questions. The dignity of her flag, the interest of her empire, the commerce of which chiefly consisted in articles proper for ship-building, induced her to come to a resolution to form an armed neutrality with Sweden and Denmark. These powers declared they would make war on any belligerent power which should infringe the following principles: 1. That the flag covers the cargo (except contraband goods); 2dly, that the search of a neutral ship by a vessel of war should be made with all possible respect; 3dly, That military stores only, cannon, powder, shot, &c. are contraband articles; 4thly, That every power has a right to convoy its merchant ships, and in that case the declaration of the commander of a ship of war is sufficient to justify the flag and the cargo of ships under convoy; 5thly, and lastly, That a port is only blockaded by a squadron, when it is evidently dangerous to enter it, but that a neutral ship cannot be prevented from entering a port which has been blockaded by a force no longer before the port, at the moment when the ship presents itself, whatever may be the cause of the removal of the blockading force, whether arising from the state of the winds, or the necessity of obtaining supplies of provisions.

This neutrality of the North was signified to the belligerent powers on the 13th August, 1780. France and Spain, whose principles it solemnly asserted, eagerly adhered to it. England alone testified extreme displeasure; but not daring to brave the new confederation, she contented herself with relating in the execution of all her claims, and did not give room for any complaint on the part of the neutral confederate powers. Thus by not carrying her principles into execution, she virtually renounced them. France and Spain, after the peace of 1783 concluded the maritime war.

Mr. J. O. B. M. M. M.