

tion. With this view, Druidism, which about fifty years before Christ, so generally prevailed in his country, seems first to invite our attention; and, if we endeavour to contrast it with Christianity, which is now so happily exemplified and extended, it may at least excite gratitude for the superior blessings it hath pleased our sovereign benefactor to vouchsafe unto us, and animate our zeal, that those countries that are still enshrouded by superstition, and sit in darkness, may, through our instrumentality, see the light, and enjoy the liberty, that have long distinguished Britain.

Julius Cæsar, Pliny, Strabo, and Diodorus Siculus, afford the best accounts of this species of superstition. The frequent Roman invasions gave the intruders opportunities of witnessing an amazing influence.

The Druids were necessarily men of fortitude, reverence and self denial; for although this approved sacred profession was open to every one, few could endure the labour and privations fifteen or twenty years, in committing to memory their tedious regulations and maxims; for no account was it permitted, that their doctrines should be committed to writing, lest the vulgar should read and judge for themselves: so congenial, so inseparable, are superstition and ignorance. They were the instructors of youth; but very little did they deem it right to teach: reverence, therefore, of this delusion, was early fixed into the mind. Their influence was not confined to the young, nor to the concerns of religion; but they were judges of right and wrong, not only among individuals, but irritated nations. The terrible account of excommunication succeeded their displeasure—a punishment some more dreaded than death itself. Cut from all intercourse with his friends and neighbours, forbid the consolations of their religion, and denied even the protection of the law, the individual was an outcast from society; and the awful refuge from misery, to which the irreligious so frequently flee, could not be terrific to him who believed in perpetual damnation of souls. The power of these superstitions was therefore boundless; and it may be estimated, whether even the Romish clergy have obtained a more complete dominion over the minds of their votaries.

As the only real religion and virtue will bear the light; the darkest groves, and most solitary retreats, particularly where spreading oaks were to be found, to which trees they ever paid an idolatrous regard, were the places selected for their ceremonies. Woods and forests were the depositories of the spoils of war, which were generally consecrated to their gods, and sad was the fate of him who was tempted to secrete or join any part of such offerings. Such booty was not guarded by the terrors of superstition. They had their sacrifices, nor did they scruple to immolate their fellow creatures. Anglesey was the very nursery of this religion, being the residence of the grand Druid, the most learned of their priests. Suetonius tells us having observed the immense influence of these men, on the inhabitants in general, with great policy concluded, the most effectual way to subdue the Britons would be to attack this druidical retreat and destroy or disperse the Druids themselves. This attempt, the singular reception, is most animatedly

described by Tacitus; which passage also tends to illustrate manners of the people at that period

“On the shore stood a motley army, in close array, and well armed; with women running wildly about, in black attire, with dishevelled hair, and like the furies brandishing their torches; surrounded by Druids, lifting up their hands to heaven, and pouring forth the most dreadful imprecations. The soldier stood astonished with the novelty of the sight. His limbs grew torpid, and his body remaining motionless, resigned to every wound. At length, animated by their leader, and exhorting each other not to be intimidated with a womanly and fanatic band, they displayed their ensigns, overthrew all who opposed them, and flung them into their own fires. After the battle, they placed garrisons in the towns, and cut down the groves, consecrated to the most horrible superstitions: for they held it right to sacrifice on their altars with the blood of their enemies, and to consult the gods by the inspection of their entrails.”

While such was the religion of a people, we cannot be surprised to find them in a state of barbarism; not unlike the untutored Indians or Africans of our time allowing for the diversities of local circumstances were calculated to produce. Their towns were confused groups of huts, concealed in the bosom of some woods, the avenues to which were guarded by trees or mounds of earth. They were in the habit of painting their bodies, rather than clothing them. They were every kind of divination: running waters, the flight of birds, and the neighing of horses, were regarded with omni-potent attention. The following lines well describe the ancient Briton:

“Rude as the wilds around his sylvan home,
In savage grandeur see the Briton roam;
Bare were his limbs, and strong with toil and cold,
By untam'd nature cast in giant mould.
O'er his broad brawny shoulders loosely hung,
Shaggy and long, his yellow ringlets hung,
His waist an iron-belted falchion bore,
Massey, and purpl'd deep with human gore;
His scarr'd and rudely painted limbs around,
Fantastic horror-striking figures frown'd,
Which, monster-like, ev'n to the confines ran
Of Nature's work, and left him hardly man,”

Richards.

It would be needless to state, that courage and strength distinguished these early inhabitants; qualities for which their descendants have ever been deservedly famed to the present hour. The characters of Caractacus and Boadicea will never be forgotten.

Does the serious British youth contemplate such a state of society and such superstition, with mingled emotions of surprise and horror? Let gratitude fill his heart, that though such was the condition of his fore-fathers, their children's children enjoy the advantages of civilization, heightened by the blessing of the gospel. Instead of intolerant priests, the humble ministers of Christ; instead of a false religion, known only to its interested priests, a real religion, made known by the pages of inspiration, which he who runs may read, and in which the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err: instead of the gloom of a forest, in which to perform worship, the assurance of the divine presence where but two or three are met together to seek the Saviour, even tho' in a barn or a closet were the sequestered spot; instead of the degraded or merciless heroine, taught to delight in war, the affectionate,

modest, and tender female, delighting in mercy. Oh! thou infinitely gracious God! what shall we render to thee for thy benefits! Take thou our hearts, and make us wholly thine.

THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUTH.

IN WHAT TRUE HAPPINESS CONSISTS.

In one word, guard well your heart; it is the source of innocence and happiness. It was the saying of a sensible man, that “You pay not too much for liberty of mind, tho' it be the sacrifice of your pleasures.” Never expect, then, to make voluptuousness connect with fame, nor effeminate dalliance with the rewards of virtue. Avoid such pleasures, and you will find, in better pursuits, a recompense more than will counterbalance your loss. Honour and truth have their pleasures; but they are the superior luxuries of the soul.

Learn also, to fear and respect yourself. The foundation of happiness is laid in peace of mind, and in the secret approbation of conscience. I mean by conscience that nice sense of honour, which assures you of having done nothing which can merit reproach. I repeat it, how happy are you if you know how to live alone, to renew the intercourse of solitude with pleasure, and to quit yourself with regret! With such a disposition the world is less necessary to you; but beware that you grow not out of humour with it. You should not make this retreat from men too habitual; for if you fly from them, they will also avoid you, and neither your age nor profession allows you to neglect them, for they are still necessary to you. But when we know both how to live with the world and to live without it, they are pleasures which heighten each other.

Marchioness de Lambert.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THOUGHTS FOR YOUNG MEN.—The following are extracts from an Address which Hon. Judge M'Lean, of the U. S. Supreme Court, prepared at the request of the Union and Jefferson Societies of Augusta College. Mr. M'Lean is a living witness of the sentiments he utters.

“Without personal application, the highest gifts of nature, and the finest opportunities for the acquisition of knowledge, will be of very little advantage.

How seldom do we find a man of splendid talents and great attainments who has a son that acquires equal celebrity. This may in some degree be owing to the reputation of the father, which the son seeks to appropriate to himself, without using the proper means to deserve it.”

“There are few instances where young men of great fortunes become eminent. The reason is, because they feel no necessity of relying upon their personal efforts for a subsistence; and having the means of enjoying what are falsely called the pleasures of life, they yield to indulgence, their minds become relaxed, and their ambition is destroyed.

No man ever attained much distinction in literature, in the sciences, or in any of the learned professions, without great labor. And no individual of good capacity, who enjoyed ordinary opportunities for study, and improved them to the best advantage, ever failed to become distinguished. The great Newton declared, in a letter to Dr. Bentley, “that if he had done the public any service, it was due to noibnig but industry and patient thought.”

“Here every man must stand or fall on his individual merits. He cannot be sustained by his wealth, or by the respectability of his connexions. Nor can a young man hope to rise in public esteem by factitious circumstances. He must lay the foundation of his future prosperity by exemplary conduct and incessant study. He