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T H E

Nova-Scotia Magazine,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1790.

T H E S C E P T I C .

[From the Biographical and Imperial Magazine.]

STRANGE appearance, indeed said Mordant, muttering,) but what do the unprincipled destroyers of the health and morals of youth regard appearances? Or what awful appearances of solemnity, what monitory memorials of mortality can check the brutish impetuosity of modern lasciviousness?"

'Egad (said Caylove, skipping forward, and snapping his fingers,)—Egad, I suppose she's in mourning for some of the chaste sisterhood that were buried from the Lock last week.'—At this he laughed aloud, and rubbed his hands pretty briskly.

'The fate of these poor criminals (said Gravely,) is hardly an object of merriment.'

I was a little surprised at the long silence of Lewson, and turning round to him, I saw he was gazing thoughtfully upon the object of the foregoing animadversions. He heaved a deep sigh; and, as we passed under a lamp, I could see a tear steal down his cheek. 'Alas (said he, after a pause)—those sable trappings are the weeds of widowhood! Who knows, but this poor unfortunate young female has left some lovely babe—some orphan'd infant at home, crying in its cradle for that bread to obtain which she is now going to submit herself, with anguish and abhorrence, to miserable pollution?—Good Heaven! most unfortunate of beings are they who are reduced to such miserable means of existence—most miserable of the miserable, they who are thus compelled to sacrifice ease and innocence to the heart piercing cries of natural affection!

'I see no reason for any of your sup-

positions (said Gravely;) she may have lost some friend lately; and dead as these poor wretches are to all sense of religion and virtue, they may still be alive to the feelings of nature; and though they disregard the laws of public decency, they may assume the outward semblance of sorrow, because their affection for the deceased has impressed the inward suffering upon their hearts.'

'Be that as it will (replied Lewson,) their miseries demand our pity. And sen (continued he, turning round as she passed) see what sorrows prey upon her faded cheek!—But let us turn away. The rude stare of so many eyes, but rent the thin veil of artificial levity from her unhappy countenance, and all the native confusion of ruined virtue, and the reproaches of an unsilenced conscience are rushing upon her—are conspicuous in her averted eyes. I will relieve her wants, however.—'Aid he, putting his hand into his pocket, and following her. But he drew suddenly back. 'Alas! I had forgot that I gave my purse to the poor clergyman.'

THE FALSEHOOD.

'To the clergyman (said I?) why, you concealed this from us before.—We heard nothing of it in your former account.'

'Nor should you now, but that it escaped me unguardedly,' replied Lewson—apparently much confused.

'I know not how it was, but my scepticism for a moment forsook me, and I was fool enough to believe that it was more than a supposition that there were such distinctions as virtue and vice.—Yes, I forgot

forgot my wisdom for a while, and felt such a glow of delight in my bosom as had used to warm it while I was yet ignorant enough to think, that the possibility of a man's being benevolent, for the mere love of benevolence, might be demonstrated.

'Gave your purse to the clergyman! (echoes Mordant,) I should have thought him too proud to take it.'

'I knew he had *too much delicacy* to take it as a gift. I therefore imposed upon him with the feigned tale that I had received the few pieces it contained upon his account, as subscriptions towards a work for which he some time since had published proposals.

'So then, Sir, you are one of those jesuitical moralists who think you have a right to violate one virtue for the sake of exercising another?' said the surly Mordant; then muttered in a lower tone, 'Such quackery in ethicks! such modern empirical morality!'

'Your Johnsonian censures, Mordant (replied Lewson, without appearing to be the least affected by what he said) will not convince me that we ought not, at any rate, to be careful, while we are endeavouring to relieve a man's pecuniary distress, not to plunge him into mental anguish by wounding his sensibility. Much as I venerate truth, God forbid that I should ever forbear to relieve the misfortunes of my fellow creatures, because I will not submit to make use of that address which would render my assistance acceptable.'

'Why then, Sir (replied the other,) throw down at once the eternal boundaries of right and wrong—forego the sacred mandates of the Decalogue—renounce the demonstrations of truth and moral philosophy, and let that inconstant mass of animals, which we call mankind, be governed by those ridiculous prejudices, called their feelings, till all the regions of ethicks become a trackless chaos!'

'Plague take your chaos, and your quacks, and your ethicks, and all this crack-jaw rigmoroll!' (said Gaylove, who was quite fatigued with the serious turn of the conversation,) why, Deuce take your logic and your philosophy, and your you don't know what!—where can be the harm in telling a little lie, or so, my lads, if you do no one any harm?—Na! na!—na!—na!—now, do have done with it, there are good lads.'

'I do not much admire confounding the discriminations of vice and virtue in this manner' (said Gravely to Lewson;) and yet I know not how a man of fine feelings, however amiable his heart, and

how clear soever may be his judgment, can at all times avoid it. But at any rate, if we allow the man of feeling this privilege, it is certainly a liberty to be always kept under the sacred regulation of his feelings. For he who deviates from truth, not because his tender heart shrinks from the reflection of the unhappiness his blunt veracity might occasion to others, but because he thinks he has a right of judgment to pronounce when truth shall be adhered to, and when not, will soon lose all respect for truth as an independent principle, and thinks he wants the aid of some other virtue, to make it a duty to observe her dictates. This seems to be the case with my friend,—turning round to address himself to Gaylove. But he had stolen off, as soon as Gravely began this serious harangue.

The Return of the STREET WALKER.

As our homes lay different ways, and we were not yet willing to part, we had continued to parade backwards and forwards, blending the pleasures of exercise and of conversation. At this time I was seized with one of those reveries common as (I have heard) to most of my sect, when our wishes are struggling to get the better of our wisdom. In this state of mind I had stopped; and, without perceiving it, suffered my companions to walk away without me. Just at this minute the female, from the meditation of whose strange appearance the disputants had digressed into the above mentioned argument, turned round the corner of the street, and seeing me alone, made up to me. She did not speak. She put her arm within mine, and languished in my face with more the appearance of sorrow than desire.—My heart throbbed with unusual sensation.—I am inclined to think there was nothing of impurity in the throb!—it was a painful sensation.—Had not the principles of my philosophy been so deeply rooted, I should at that instant have exclaimed with the confidence of a Sterne, 'I am conscious I have a soul now stirring within me—I am certain that soul was formed for pity—for society—for active exertion.' But these were delusions of the moment.

I turned round and walked with her towards a tavern. 'Child! said I, when we had got to the door, it is not my intention to enter this place. My curiosity is the only passion which one so evidently unhappy can gratify. Pray, thou child of misery, how couldst thou think of arraying thyself in the garb of sorrow, when thy business is to excite desire?'

She seemed to shudder as I pronounced the

the word business. 'Business! business!' said she, and wept bitterly for some time, before she could proceed. 'Oh, Sir! never till this fatal hour was guilt considered as a trade by the unfortunate Emma.—Heaven and its starry host know I am spotless yet!'

I was pierced with anguish. 'Thou art spotless yet!' (said I, starting back)—and wilt thou, for a paltry fee, sell the inestimable jewel of thy innocence? If it should happen that futurity is not a dream, how wilt thou hereafter lament, that for a price too paltry to support thy sickening form one week on earth, thou hast bartered the inheritance of eternal plenty?

'Yet, oh! to starve is dreadful!—And these wretched garments, whose melancholy appearance provoked thy curiosity, are, alas! all the wealth I have. I have parted with every thing else,—I preserved these to the last—I could not bear to part with them. They were my dear mother's—In these she wept over the memory of the best of husbands, and the best of fathers. And in these—Oh, would to Heaven that I might expire, ere they should be polluted by a harlot's wearing!'

'Why then (said I, full of anguish)—why will'—

'Oh hold, in mercy! (interrupted she,) spread not the banquet of virtue before me, unless thou wilt enable me to eat.—Shew me not the horrors of the dreadful abyss, unless thou wilt snatch me from the brink.'

Unless thou wilt snatch me from the brink!
—Oh, the very cry did knock against my heart!—It was as the demand of an imperious creditor—it would not be refused.—My hand drew, by a kind of apparent instinct, to my pocket, and ere I could resolve to comfort the weeping female, nay, ere I knew that I wished to do so, I saw her clasped hands lifted to heaven with my purse between them. She fell upon her knees, and blessed me.—I had no power to raise her—I stood like a statue; but my heart was no sharer in that suspension of vital motion, which detained me unconscious of my situation. At length she started suddenly up, and quitting my tear-washed hand shrieked out the name of Morton, and disappeared.

THE RETROSPECT.

The strong vibrations of my bosom began to subside; and the wild tempest of indescribable sensations fluttered into a gale of compassion, and a breeze of self-congratulation.

In such a state the self-conceited block-head might long have remained. He who

can fancy light amidst the darkness of deception—who can be confident amidst delusion and ignorance—and can boast of discovering his own motives—or of being assured of the propriety of his conduct—He, happy in his folly, and blest in his presumption, might feast his mind for a month on the reflection of such an action. But what reason is there in fact for congratulation? Is there any virtue in what I have done? My heart would hope so—but reason tells me it is doubtful: The impulse by which I acted seemed involuntary.—May not man be a mere machine?—and, if so, where is the merit?—nay, the object—Is it good thus to scatter favours on those who may be worthless?—favours—pshaw! dirty counters!—yet paltry, worthless as they may be, should they encourage prostitutes?—should they reward the hypocrite?—for such this woman may be—and I may be— a bubble!—Yet her looks did speak sincerity—they pleaded to my heart.—Looks! pho!—let dogmatic Lavater, and his conceited pupils talk of looks, and exult in pragmatic confidence; while I, shielded by my philosophy from the infection of their folly, remember that all is doubtful.

Gloomy Philosophy.—Those fine sensations which erewhile I felt—ah!—were not they of heaven?—Shall there not come a time when such sensations, elevated by purer sympathy, and excited by objects of surrounding joy, shall constitute our bliss, and prove that bliss immortal? Gaudy delusion!—sweet enchantment, stay!—ah no!—the sceptic frown hath chafed it. My soul is fettered to the gloomy present. Fogs! fogs! thick fogs retard her flagging pinions.—Shall feeble doubt taste of the enthusiast's spring?—shall she quaff the gay oblivion of her sorrows, or repose in the rosy bower of hope?—Be calm, my soul! if as thou tossest on this bed of nettles, calm may approach thy thoughts.

Oh, I was once enthusiasm's child!—How gay was then the prospect? smiling error scattered the blooms of Paradise around; and if perchance a thorn pierced my too hasty foot, I plucked it out—I chose another path, and all was bright again.

From this reflection I fell into a long train of thought, in which fancy revelled among the stores of memory, and renewed the former pastimes of my youth in all their glowing colours. And thou, Miranda! thou hadst thy share of my reflections. For still, thou once soft companion of my stolen joys—thou once sweet partner of my gay desires, still can I remember thee with pleasure.—Though thou

went not all that my heart might pant for; nor could purity hail thee as her daughter; yet to me thou seemedst disinterested, and boyish vanity flattered that thou didst love. But more of thee hereafter. I had by this time arrived at my own apartments; and the recollection of the many romantic scenes which had passed between me and this Miranda, drew me (as some would say, by a natural concatenation of ideas) to reflect on those wild Gothic legends, the reading and composition of which once constituted so considerable a share of my literary pleasures, and which I had then used, very dogmatically, to insist were excellent ennoblers and refiners of the youthful heart. 'They give (would I say) the spring of energy, the vigour of resolution to youthful enterprize. They lift the soul above the grovelling objects of life, and purify the mind in the free expanse of a sublimer atmosphere.

I opened my secretary in hopes of finding some fragment of one of these legends: nor was I disappointed. I sat myself down to read with avidity. What I had found was a small fragment of a manuscript romance, called Sir Godfred, or the Legend of Filial Piety.

THE FRAGMENT.

'Erewhile as the thunder he raged in his miht, and his foes were as the scattered clouds. But now is he forlorn as the oak torn by the roots—now mourns he like an aged edifice in the dust. A rock was he, uplifting his brow sublime, defying the tempest that gathered around his head; and the lightnings of hostile wrath did but gild his awful temples. But now mourns he like a widow whose husband is slain—like a virgin does he weep, shut from the youth of her love. Ah Modreck, my sire! in the sorrows of thy feeble years, shall the grief of affliction retain thee? Shalt thou groan in the necromantic chain? Hark! the clanking of fetters strike upon mine ear, Hark! I hear the groan of my father!

Sir Godfred was now in the centre of the enchanted wilderness; the sullen wind erected the plumes of his crest, and rent his robe, still dropping with the monster's gore. The moon which gleamed through the nocturnal fog, and played on his polished helm, revealed not an object in the trackless waste: not a shrub, not a sign of habitation:—all was dreary and desolate!—But the hoarse loud knell of death, 'flinging slow its solemn roar,' tolled, though invisible, over his head, and echoed to his hurried step. He proceeded undaunted up the hill;—he arrived at the

summit; a dark mist spread itself before him, which suddenly began to glow like sulphur. The clanking of chains was heard, accompanied by plaints of woe; and the groan of his father pierced the soul of the champion! His anguish and his fury were ungovernable. He was rushing into the mist when it instantly disappeared, and the castle of the enchanter was revealed to view. Famine groaned in the portals, and Anguish fed the sickly lamp with her tears. Sir Godfred poised his lance; but an hideous chasm yawned beneath his feet—the castle slowly receded! The awful knell ceased its foreboding toll, and as the slow sullen vibration died among the nocturnal damps, the spectre of death arose from the yawning chasm!

He stood on the utmost verge of the rock; he pointed to the castle, and addressed the appalled youth. Sullen was his articulated groan; like the wind that howls through the cavern, like the tempest whistling through the oaks of the forest.

'Pursue, O Sir knight, thy conquest—thy father shall be released by thy valour, but thyself shall be the victim of thy fury, and death shall snatch thee in the arms of victory!

'Avaunt, thou gaunt spectre of night! go terrify the coward, and be the scourge of guilt! Sir Godfred shall on undaunted!

'Hark, the knell that tolls for thy funeral!' replied the spectre; and the sullen roar was renewed.

Sir Godfred threw himself upon his shield—that shield which Merlin the prophet had endowed with the power to waft him through the air.

Now self-suspended, he sailed across the yawning chasm, and was mounting to the highest tower of the castle. The fiends were daunted and amazed; the enchanted pile groaned from its very basis; its very foundation trembled. But the spirits of the tempest assailed the shield—it was tossed like a vessel on the ocean. Horror threw her bloody mantle over the moon; and Rage called the lightnings from the sulphureous clouds. The spectre of death hovered over the knight, and threatened him with his ponderous lance. The thunders roared aloud, and the earth replied with convulsive shocks; while the lightning gleamed around the mail of the champion, and singed his snowy crest. A horrid shriek was heard over head, and Epheriel the spirit was precipitated down the chasm. The powers of enchantment, while prevailed; Sir Godfrey and his shield pursued the track of the fallen spirit. Deep—deep—deep precipitated many a fathom below the surface of the earth.

earth, sunk the appalled knight. The clanking of chains was heard in his descent; and the groans of his father rung in his distracted ears.

And now the spirit of the chasm gleamed in his sight, a spectre sullen and obscene. His eyes were as the dank meteors of the fen, and his brow was enveloped with fogs; his skin was as the bloated load, and feebleness and emaciation tremulated his joints. His form was involved in murky slime, and the reptiles

of the cavern crawled over his anguished limbs.

' Ah tell me, thou tenant of this gloomy grave, shall the sole of my foot find resting place no more? shall Sir Godfrey be sinking through an endless eternity?

Through an endless eternity shall Sir Godfrey continue to sink: the sole of his foot shall find a resting place no more, unless he can obey the mandates of these lips.

(To be continued.)

CHARACTER of LEOPOLD II. present KING of HUNGARY, giving an Account of his Conduct when GRAND DUKE of TUSCANY.

[By the Abbé Dupaty.]

THE finest gallery in the world is at Florence; but I will not now speak to you of paintings, statues and images; I have seen Leopold and his people.

Leopold loves his people, and has suppressed all such imposts as were not necessary: he has disbanded almost all his troops, retaining only sufficient to preserve the art of military discipline.

He has destroyed the fortifications of Pisa, the maintenance of which was very expensive; he has overthrown the stones which devoured mankind.

He found that his court concealed from him his people: he has no longer any court. He has established manufactures. He has every where opened superb roads, and at his own expence. He has founded hospitals.—You would imagine the hospitals in Tuscany were palaces of the grand duke. I have visited them, and found in them all, cleanliness, good order, and the most humane and attentive care. I have seen sick old men, who seemed as if waited on by their children. I have seen sick children, who seemed as if nursed by their mothers. I could not, without shedding tears, behold this luxury of compassion and humanity. In the inscriptions on the front of these hospitals, they have bestowed on Leopold the title of *Father of the Poor*. The hospitals themselves give him this title. These are monuments which stand in no need of inscriptions. The grand duke comes frequently to visit his poor and sick; he does not neglect the good he has done; he possesses not only the sudden feelings of humanity, he has a humane soul. He never makes his appearance in this abode of anguish and sorrow without causing tears of joy; he ne-

ver leaves it without being followed with benedictions which are the gratitude of a happy people: and these songs of thanksgiving are sent up from an hospital!

You may be presented to the grand duke without having four hundred years nobility, without descending from those who disputed the crown with his ancestors. His palace, like the temples, is open to all his subjects without exception. Three days only in the week are more particularly consecrated to a certain class of men; neither to the great nor the rich, neither to painters, poets, nor musicians; but to the wretched.

In other countries, commerce and industry, like the lands, are become the patrimony of a small number of individuals; with Leopold, every thing you can do, you may do it: you have a living, if you possess any peculiar talent; and there is no exclusive privilege but genius.

The prayers offered up to God for harvests no longer bring down famines on the country. This prince has enriched the year with a great number of working days, which he has recovered from superstition, to restore them to agriculture, to the arts, and to good morals. He is occupied in a total reform of his legislation. He has discovered a new light in some of the French publications, and is hastening to communicate it to the laws of Florence. He has begun by simplifying the civil, and mitigating the criminal code. Blood has not been shed on a scaffold in Tuscany for these ten years. Liberty alone is banished from the prisons; which the grand duke has filled with justice and humanity.

This mitigation of the laws has softened the manners of the people. Atrocious crimes

crimes are become rare, since barbarous punishments have been banished: the prisons of Tuscany have been empty these three months.

The grand duke has enacted two admirable sumptuary laws: the favour he shows to simplicity of manners, and his own example.

When the sun rises on the states of this prince, he finds him already occupied in the duties of his station. At six in the morning he has wiped away many a tear. His secretaries of state are so many clerks.

The nobles think that he does not distinguish and honour them enough; the priests, that he does not fear them enough; the monks, that he does not enrich them enough; men in office, that he watches them too closely. In his territories, the magistrate judges; the soldier serves; the prelate resides; and the placeman does his duty; for the prince reigns.

His children are not brought up in a palace, but in a house: he endeavours to make men of them, not princes, which they are already. The education they receive makes them early acquainted with the misfortunes from which their birth exempts them. Their hearts are exposed to every thing that can render them open to pity and beneficence.—I have seen in their hands the works of Locke.

‘I only know,’ said the grand duke one day, ‘two sorts of men in my dominions, men of worth and bad men.’

Preparations are this moment making to entertain the king and queen of Naples; a very moderate tax was proposed to him to defray the expences of them. ‘My wife,’ said he, ‘has still three millions worth of jewels.’*

The grand duke is happy, for his people are happy, and he believes in God.

What must be the enjoyment of this prince, when every evening, before he shuts his eyes upon his people, before he allows himself to go to sleep, he renders an account to the sovereign Being of the happiness of a million of men during the course of the day! Figure to yourself such a prince, enjoying such a confidence in God.

I had almost forgotten an apophthegm of this modern Titus. A person was regretting one day before the grand duke, that his territories were not more extensive. ‘Alas,’ cried he, ‘they contain but too many who are wretched.’

When speaking of the grand duke, I have only displayed the rays of the sun; I will now exhibit his spots; such, at least,

as are imputed to him; such as Envy pretends to have discovered, but with those vicious optics which have themselves created these spots.

‘It is alleged against the grand duke,’

‘That since he has established the absolute liberty of commerce and of industry, the artizans are without bread.’

‘That since he has prohibited the imprisonment of debtors, the necessitous can no longer borrow any money.’

‘That he protects mendicants.’

It is alleged, in fine, against the grand duke,

‘That he hates the fiscal system, and the nobility, and takes every opportunity to oppose and harass them.’

Permit me to relate the conversation I had with an extremely well-informed person, on the three first heads of accusation. We will discuss the fourth afterwards.

I have visited, said I to him, the hospital of Pisa; I never saw hospitals where humanity had less to complain of palaces. The inscription we read over the gate is no flattery: the provision of Leopold, father of the poor: *Providentia Leopoldi patris pauperum*. This I have seen and examined with my own eyes.

It might still be better, replied the person to whom I was speaking.—These hospitals have at least one great advantage; they are well aired; air is of the greatest importance to health, and the most efficacious remedy in sickness.—You have seen our hospitals? You do not travel then like the mob of Englishmen? There are not two in a hundred of them who seek for information. To hurry over a number of leagues by land or water, to drink punch and tea in taverns, to speak ill of every other nation, and continually to boast of their own, is all the generality of Englishmen understand by travelling: the post-book is their only source of information.

But tell me, I beg of you, what have been the consequences of the unrestrained liberty of commerce?

—So good an effect, that I would not advise any one to attempt to restore the restrictive system, unless he wishes to be stoned to death by the people. I have read every thing that has been done and written in your country for and against this liberty. Experience has decided the question in favour of it. Before it was established there were two bad years in Tuscany, the state was obliged to purchase corn at the expence of a hundred thousand crowns, there were frequent riots, and famine was felt but too severely. Since the freedom

* Three millions of livres.

freedom of commerce, there have been three still worse years; no corn was purchased, no debts were contracted, there have been no commotions, and yet Tuscany has received sufficient supplies. I am of opinion, indeed, that for liberty of commerce to be salutary, it must be entirely unrestrained; when you obstruct the course of rivers, there will always be stagnations and overflowings. The liberty of commerce has singularly augmented cultivation and industry; the husbandman is rich, and the artizan enjoys plenty. The first years of this experiment encountered many difficulties; but such is the case in all first attempts. When liberty first learns to go alone, it gets a fall; but each fall is a lesson, and strength increases with every step.—Undoubtedly, said I, all laws which prohibit any thing but offences are oppressive.

I then enquired whether the grand duke exerted himself in extirpating mendicants from his states, for mendicity is one of the deep wounds, one of the great crimes of modern societies, Mendicity is the opprobrium of mankind.

The government does its endeavour, replied my informer, but it cannot proceed rapidly; mendicity is favoured by religious prejudices and private interests; beggars are employed here to know what passes in the churches; how many tapers have been burnt at the *salut*; what priest officiated: besides that, these beggars are used to execute many petty commissions for a very trifling sum. Were the government to refrain mendicity, superstition would exclaim against impiety, and avarice against despotism: mendicity therefore has stronger and deeper roots in Tuscany than any where else; they spread and fasten themselves under the altars.

Is it true then, I next asked, that the prohibiting creditors to imprison their debtors has occasioned less money to be lent to the necessitous, and that they have fewer resources in time of need?

—Such an effect was apprehended; but the event has removed our fears. The pledge of personal liberty never determined men to lend; this was a security which was always useless or burthensome. The law has left creditors the power of seizing property. Every necessitous man will find money to borrow on his probity; he who is void of that, will not find it; but this is an advantage: It is impossible to render probity too necessary.

Satisfied with these sensible though simple answers, I enquired whether the torture and capital punishments were suppressed in Tuscany?—They are; not by a law but by order; experience is waited

for to form them into a law.—In fact, experience alone reveals every secret benefit and every hidden evil; and a salutary legislation, like rational philosophy, should be, experimental Laws must be confirmed by experiment.

The conversation next turned on the privilege of asylum, suppressed in Tuscany, and continued at Rome; on the abuses and scandal of that practice; on the impossibility that the ecclesiastic state should be well governed; on a bull which excommunicates all those who import from the pope's dominions certain merchandize into Tuscany?—A peasant, said the person with whom I was talking, answered me one day pleasantly enough, 'that this excommunication did him no harm, as it could only fall on his ass which carried the prohibited commodity, and that, fortunately, his back was strong enough.' We spoke likewise of the convention between all the different states of Italy, except Genoa and Tuscany, for delivering up criminals; and of many other objects of political economy.

With whom had I this conversation? To whom did I make these objections? Who was he that thus resolved them? An author? A magistrate? A private individual?—It was the grand duke. It was he who granted me an hour's audience, who permitted me to question him, and to object to and criticise what he said: it was the grand duke who always said, *They have done: The government has done*; who never spoke of himself: it is the grand duke who possesses this reason, this simplicity, this condescension: it was the grand duke who refused and avoided all my compliments; who parried them with an address that I could hardly ever beguile: it was the grand duke who talked with me, standing, for an hour, in a cabinet, where a simple table is his bureau, a few unpainted deals his only writing desk, and a candle, in a tin candlestick, his light; for the grand duke has no other luxury than the happiness of his people.—And the grand duke reigns only over Tuscany!

On coming from this audience I was admitted to that of his three elder children, the eldest of whom is sixteen. Count Manfredini their governor, and worthy to be so, introduced me into their chamber; for their apartment (I have already said so, but it is well to repeat it) their apartment is a chamber, and their palace a house.

I found the eldest reading Montequieu on the grandeur and decline of the Romans.—Your highness then is learning history?—Yes, sir, it is my chief study, with Locke's

Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding.—Your highness studies Locke! It will be very useful to you to have decomposed the human understanding in your cabinet, when you will one day have to govern the minds of men. But permit me to invite you to add to the reading of Locke, the Art of Thinking, and the Logic of the Abbé de Condillac.—We know there are such works, we will read them.

We then conversed on Locke and Condillac, on the advantages of metaphysical research which alone leads to truth, and on the analytical spirit, which alone discovers it; on the system of the combination of ideas, so fertile in important truths, which Condillac pretends to have invented, but which is to be found compleat in Locke.

I was delighted, I was most sensibly affected at seeing a prince studying the nature of man, in order to learn the art of rendering men happy. This prince will be able to govern by himself; for he will know how, he will be able to have a will.

Walking this morning in the botanical garden, I met a child to whom the demonstrator was pointing out the plants; this was a son of the grand duke. It is delightful to see the children of kings in company with Nature.

Some body said to me: you must not think so highly of the grand duke for loving the people; the prince of loves them likewise. The grand duke, replied I, loves the people; the prince of loves the populace.

EXPERIMENTS and OBSERVATIONS, relating to the PRINCIPLE of ACIDITY, the DECOMPOSITION of WATER, and PHLOGISTON.

[By Dr. Priestley.]

BEING desirous to ascertain the quantity of acid producible from a given quantity of air; this ever active philosopher found that the liquor collected from the decomposition of 500 ounce measures of dephlogisticated, with the usual proportion of inflammable air, was 442 grains of the specific gravity of 1022 (that of water being 1000,) and its acid was equivalent to 125 grains of concentrated acid of vitriol; which would saturate as much vegetable, fixed alkali as is contained in 22½ grains of nitre, or 23½ crystallized in mean temperature; while the sediment of the liquor appears to contain as much acid as the liquor itself; for the sediment emits small bubbles, evidently containing nitrous air; because a vial half full, having stood about a week, the air on the surface would instantly extinguish a piece of lighted wood. From the preceding data, the Dr. supposes, that not much more than one twentieth of dephlogisticated air, fully saturated with water, is the acidifying principle, the rest being water; though he thinks, in the driest dephlogisticated air, the water may not mount to above nine tenths. It was farther discovered, that, though the greater part of the acid was nitrous, it evidently contained a small portion of marine acid, by its making a precipitation with a solution of quick-silver. But this mixture of marine acid, it seems, constantly accompanies the production of nitre, in the operations of nature.

It may be objected, that were a calx revived by inflammable air, this air joins the dephlogisticated that was in the calx, and the metal resumes its proper form and qualities, without addition. But the metal did not become a calx when inflammable air was procured by steam, but by parting with that something, which, united with water, is inflammable air; therefore it cannot be supposed to recover its metallic form, without re-imbibing what it had lost—which may be deemed phlogiston. Hence the Dr. argues the admissibility, of all his former inferences in favour of phlogiston; and then accounts for what becomes of the dephlogisticated air expelled from red precipitate, heated an inflammable air, and converted into running mercury; if the inflammable air enters the calx. It unites, says he, with part of the inflammable air, and forms nitrous acid; for the water collected in this process is strongly acid.

Dr. Priestley had formerly suggested that water was a constituent of all air, and had ascertained the point in inflammable, fixed, and dephlogisticated; he now renders it equally certain with respect to nitrous air. For taking some iron, whose weight had been increased by having been heated in nitrous air, and heating it again in inflammable air, the iron lost its additional weight; and water was copiously produced. The Doctor also discovered, that as
nitrous

Nitrous air may be deprived of its water, and become phlogisticated air by heating iron in it, the same change is effected by repeatedly transmitting it through hot porous earthen tubes. This fact of nitrous air containing water is also supported by further experiments; and this philosopher proceeds to suggest, that the nitrous is the simplest of all acids, and the basis of all the rest. It is evident, says he, more water than enters into the composition of nitrous air, is necessary to

change it into *dephlogisticated nitrous air*; for the contact of iron will not, without water, produce that change. The last observation in this paper, which seems of any consequence is, That *fixed air* cannot be deprived of its water, or decomposed, by the same means as nitrous; the Doctor having heated iron in it by a burning lens, and made it pass repeatedly through a hot earthen tube, containing filings of iron, without effect.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL COBLER.

(Concluded from page 93.)

ON the fourth morning we announced our intention to depart. The shoemaker intreated us only to stay for half an hour to bear part in a trial, and to witness a punishment that he feared must take place in his family. His boy had forcibly taken a cake my spouse had fetched, from his little sister, who was in tears about it, and had endeavoured to shelter himself, like older people, under a refuge of lies. The whole family of us were on the jury. His father and mother urged every thing in his defence, and, after conviction; in extenuation of his crime; but the boy was sentenced to be whipped. Yet neither of the parents, nor any of his uncles, or near relations, was, as is usual, the executioner. No. An old woman was sent for on purpose, who lived in a solitary cottage in the neighborhood, and who passed for a witch. This old sybil whipped the boy pretty smartly, while all present affected the deepest sympathy. In this manner, said our Solon, 'I wish to nourish filial affection in my children, and at the same time, to impress upon their susceptible minds, that there is a natural and judicial connection between vice and misery. Passionate punishment excites resentment against the punisher, not contrition for the offence. Punishment inflicted thus, reflects an odium on the cause, while a natural affection for parents and teachers is, by calling the aid of both judges and executioners, not weakened but strengthened.'

Before we parted, our host very gravely advanced to the stool on which my wife sat, and with infinite solemnity and benignant complacency of countenance, reclining upon a bended knee, stretched forth his hand, and elevated the hem of a

silken embroidered petticoat. She started at this strange action, and I myself wondered what it might mean, when he took hold first of one buckle, and then of another, and very deliberately pulling off her shoes, inspected them narrowly to see whether they did not need mending, which one of them did. It was immediately heel-pieced. Mine were, in like manner, inspected carefully, but they happened to be entire. 'We are exhorted by a divine teacher (whom I venerate, though not his followers),' said he, 'to wash one another's feet.' In eastern countries, continued the shoemaker, they commonly wore sandals for shoes, which left the upper part of the foot bare, and exposed to dust, and all the inclemency of an hot climate. Therefore, the washing their feet was to the inhabitants of those countries a very seasonable and delicious refreshment. But, as we wear shoes in this country, I interpret the text as applied to one in my circumstances and profession, in this manner, 'Look at strangers feet; to see if their shoes want mending.' We entered into a conversation on the antiquity and dignity of the shoemaking art. In the sacred writings of Europe, great notice is taken of the finery that lascivious ladies affected in their feet; and in the Asiatic nations, the finest part of a fine woman is her feet at this day. In fact, although the face is the spot where speculative love of beauty begins, it starts, like other passions, to extremes, from head to feet. 'The Greeks,' said I, 'the fathers of all arts; at least in the west, I suppose, held shoe-making in great estimation; for Socrates and other philosophers of Greece, draw many of their similitudes that refer to mechanical art, from that of making shoes.'

shoes.—‘They do so,’ said he. ‘And in comparison of their barbarous neighbours they were good shoemakers. Homer tells us of a striking characteristic of the Grecian tribes that went to the siege of Troy, that they wore excellent boots. In reality, you may judge, by the neatness of one’s shoes, of the progress of arts among any people more than from any other part of their dress. Savage nations have no shoes. The head and the feet, the extremities, as being the farthest removed from the vital and most sensible parts, are the last members of the body that are clothed. The Scotch Highlanders, in the remotest parts of the islands, as the Macraes and Macgillihones, and others, have neither shoes nor bonnets; and others have only coarse brogues made of raw hides, and leathern thongs.’—‘That is very true,’ replied the old man (whose garrulity, for indeed he could not join in our learned conversation, was for the most part exhausted in prattling with the children,) ‘I remember of the Macraes coming down in shoals in 1745. Many a time have I frightened my son there,’ said he, ‘with them. Old nurses propagated an useful fable, that the Macraes were in the practice of eating naughty children. There was nothing which the highlanders coveted so much in the dress of the *Sassenach*, for that is the name by which they called us Englishmen, as their shoes. I remember a good story of old parson Bray and them. The parson was coming home, pretty well by the nose, from a christening, late of a fine moon-light night in October, when he fell fast asleep, with his wig off, and his head on an ant hill, on the side of a common. Some thief came and took away his silver buckles and watch, but left his shoes. The parson went next day to the captain of the Macraes begging him to order a search among his men, for his silver watch and buckles. ‘O!’ said the captain of the Macraes, ‘it cannot have been any of my men that has taken the articles you miss; for a true Macrae would have taken the shoes and left the watch.’ Here old Crispin began to chuckle and laugh very heartily at his own story. The reason why he would have left the watch, he told us, after he had recovered from a violent fit of laughter, was, what indeed I have often heard affirmed by very creditable people, that there were some of those invaders of England so rude and barbarous as to be totally ignorant of both the mechanism and the use of watches. They took watches, at first, to be animals. So that if it was

really a Macrae that robbed the parson, he probably mistook the parson’s wig, which was lying near his head, for the nest of the strange animal, that had crept, whether for heat, or food, or for whatever other purpose, into his breeches. I now took my leave of this philosophical maker of shoes with tears in my eyes, and many prayers for the prosperity of his family.—

‘Farewell, most humane and wife of mankind, whose knowledge seeks not, with vain ostentation, to vie with massy volumes, but wisely courts the shade, and studies to follow nature, and to distinguish truth from falsehood; truth the picture of nature; falsehood, an *ignis fatuus* that leads into constant confusion. Farewell! innocent, blooming, and happy partner of his joys and sorrows. Farewell! sweet children, and happy relations and domestics of every denomination, farewell! And thou, awful preacher of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, I bow in reverence to thy silent but expressive admonitions; a teacher thou, never clambrous for thy tithes, never diverted from thy gracious talk by pleasure, ease, or any other human consideration! O how unlike the fair, sleek, round faces of ordinary divines, swelled out by the fat of the land, and smoothed by the silly contentment of listless insensibility! Fixed in thy pulpit, thou attendest not either on elections, or electioneering cabals, the levees of a chancellor, a minister of state, or a king.’ My wife saluted the whole family bathed in tears. The children too, cried; and the affectionate house-dog, greatly decomposed, cowering and howling, ran from one to another, and, by various gestures and agitations, plainly discovered how deeply he shared in the lost distress.

I assured mine host that his image would never depart from my mind, and that I would give him an account of what should happen to me in writing. He, on his part, promised to answer with perfect punctuality, all my letters; We parted without further ceremony; and as we journeyed towards our home, we were overtaken by an excise officer, with whom we entered into conversation. He was a man of a gentleman-like appearance, and, as we learned afterwards of a good family, who, from extravagancies in his younger years, not unfrequently found in conjunction with great sensibility of heart and elevation of genius, had been reduced to the situation in which we had found him, and in which he had taken refuge as an asylum from the neglect of friends, the ingratitude of those he had obliged at the expense of his fortune, the pressure of want,

and

and the scorn of the world. He told us, that having occasion to visit the shoemaker, who tanned his own leather, which was an exciseable article, he became well acquainted with him; that he admired the singular, yet judicious economy of his life; that he never knew a finer genius for abstracted speculation, nor a greater taste or turn for rational and important enquiry, nor greater mildness of temper, or unassuming modesty of manners. There is nothing, said he, about him like pedantry and self conceit. You see, how patiently he bears contradiction; and if he contradicts you, in return, without ceremony, it is, because, judging from his own feelings, he conceives that he will not give you any manner of pain. If he did, I am sure there is not a courtier in London or Paris who would qualify his

difference of opinion by greater delicacy of expression. I expressed deep regret that so much merit should be sunk in obscurity, and my hopes that it was neither unknown, nor unnoticed in the neighbourhood. 'As to his obscurity,' said he, 'it is the happiest lot, since he thinks so, that could befall him. At the same time, I have endeavoured though in vain, to bring his company in request in the circle of folks of good condition, who yet admit me, occasionally into their company. But the fox-hunters laugh at him; the politicians despise him; and the clergy are jealous of him, and even talk of prosecuting him on account of what they call the impiety of the skeleton.' Here the exciseman took leave of us, and putting spurs to his horse, pursued his journey.

A F R A G M E N T.

AS the traveller who hath journeyed far in a bare and rugged country, tired and fatigued with his labour and his toil, seeketh for a place of safety and repose, so do I (said the aged and venerable Eutropius to a youth who long had heard from him the lessons of wisdom) look forward with anxiety to that hour which shall behold me laid in the silent tomb. In which the eye which hath so often wept shall weep no more—in which the pulse which so often hath beat to sorrow, shall rest, and no longer beat for my griefs have multiplied with my years. Eighty times hath the sun in his annual course beheld, in revolving summers, the labours of the husbandman completed, and his harvest crowned with joy, since the first tear of helpless infancy rolled down my cheeks. Trust not in this world, my son; I have trusted in the world; and its fraud and deceit have wounded me to the heart? Yet though I have struggled with poverty, I have not been wretched; though I have suffered the scourge of adversity, I have not been miserable: because virtue hath not been a stranger to my bosom; because I have trusted in the goodness of indulgent Heaven. But the dreary hour is now come, when the heart which hath so often vibrated to the sorrows of the helpless stranger, can but feebly vibrate to its own, when the bosom which hath so often heaved the sigh of participation at the woes of another, can scarcely feel for its

proper griefs!—Oh, my son! hear then my latest words:—Cherish virtue! so shalt thou bear with resignation the evils of life, and endure with patience the journey thou must perform, until thou shalt arrive at the haven of refreshment and repose.

Many years are now passed since death put a period to the woes of Eutropius, and I am myself grown grey in adversity—Yet frequently do I remember the good old man, and shed a tear to his memory; for I was once that youth who had imbibed the precepts of virtue from his lips. I was once his companion in the retreat he had chosen from the world. He lived in a little hermitage, upon the scanty bounty of a distant friend; but indeed his wants were few. His food was the simple produce of the earth, and his drink was the purling stream. Great is the relief of my woes to call back those happy days to my recollection, when my aged friend would sit at the door of his cell, and recite the simple story of his past misfortunes, as I sat attentive by his side.—Sometimes I could perceive a tear stealing along the furrows of his cheek! I would wipe from his face the witness of painful recollection; but oft in the act I have mingled it with my own. He would tell me how many a time he had wept over the sufferings of those who repaid his kindness with ingratitude;—how often his arm supported the fainting wretch who rewarded his benevolence with scorn. In his early youth

the villainy of a pretended friend deprived him of an ample inheritance, and doomed the remainder of his life to dependance upon the great; whose promises were the completion of his ruin. This, and much more he would relate, till the heart wringing remembrance would renew his sorrows, and bring the tear again into his eye. But it was the tear of resignation. He would intermix with his recitals the reflections of wisdom and purity. Be warm and sincere, my child, would he say,—but yet be cautious and prudent. From the want of prudence I have suffered—I have fallen a sacrifice to implicit faith in the professions of mankind, to the dictates of a heart void of suspicion, and unacquainted with falsehood and deceit.—Ah, when I call to mind how many sighs have interrupted the recital of his sufferings, how many pangs his inoffensive heart has suffered, when he has mourned over his disappointed hopes—hopes which his exalted genius might well excite, and prospects of happiness which his goodness

might well demand.—I still deplore the fate of learning and virtue, and lament the fatal consequences of faithlessness and deceit—the cruel effects of inhumanity and pride!—Ye powerful, and ye rich, reflect on the fate of Eutropius, whose genius was lost to the world, while he fell a sacrifice to undeserved poverty, and died in unmerited obscurity!—Yes he was suffered to feel affliction without relief, and how many of the sons of genius share the fate of Eutropius, and languish in misery and want! Oh! ye affluent! ye great! ye powerful! how will ye answer hereafter for your stewardship, when neither genius, which exalts the dignity of human nature, has been encouraged, nor pining virtue, whose afflictions have the first claim upon compassion, have been regarded or relieved?—Oh! spare a moment from your pleasures, to alleviate the sorrows of the wretched children of genius, and suffer them not to call upon you in vain!

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A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE MUSKINGUM INDIANS, BY EUROPEANS CALLED CREEKS.

[Never before published.]

THE Creek or Muskingum Indians are a nation who inhabit the two Floridas which they claim as original possessors, such parts as have been yielded to the Spaniards and English by purchase excepted. By this rule they should be bounded by the Spanish settlements about St. Augustin on the East; Mobile and Pensacola on the West; the State of Georgia on the North, and by the Gulf of Mexico on the South; included between the 30th and 32d degrees of north latitude, and 82d and 90th degrees west longitude from London. The whole of this extent of country is fruitful to a very great degree and capable of yielding both the fruits and other natural productions of the more southern as well as those of the northern latitudes. The air from the beginning of September to March is neither too hot nor too cold—neither too wet nor too dry. In that space of time they plant two crops; the one they gather at Christmas, the other in June. The wet season begins in March and continues till May. The dry and hot season lasts from June to the end of August.

The natural produce of this country is very extensive, and affords an ample field for the Botanist, consisting of every species of timber useful in shipbuilding; pine, live oak, and cedar in particular. The live oak grows generally to a vast size, though not lofty, the enormous branches stretching, strange as it may seem to us, as far as forty feet, from a trunk fifteen or twenty feet diameter. The principal other woods are the common oak, the poplar of an astonishing height, frequently eighty feet without a limb; the elm, and the lignum vitae. The woods abound with a great variety of fruits, as limes, oranges, passimans and wild grapes.

Their government is of a mixt kind, partaking more of the aristocracy than of any other.—It consists of a council of seventy chiefs, who are each hereditary in his district, and a president who is elected by the council at pleasure, and is commander in chief; in whom is lodged the executive government with very extensive powers. Each chief is assisted in his particular government by a council of those elected by the nation to which they belong.

long; these are, with the chief, the judges of the land, and are accountable to the grand council to whom there is an appeal in all cases. It is a maxim, that a chief can do no wrong, his counsellors alone are liable to punishment. Their code of laws is simple and well adapted to their early period of civilization. Punishment is infallibly administered on proof of the crime, and is either by decapitation, fine, or whipping. Does a person complain, they hear him with patience and profound silence: His adversary replies: If the dispute continues, it is without heat or interruption; and, after due deliberation, judgment is pronounced and immediately executed.

The nations are divided into two classes, warriors or citizens; they must be one or the other, but not both; the choice is with themselves. The warriors are formed into regiments of ten companies, one hundred men each; two companies riflemen; two of archers; two of horse; three of spears, and one to take care of the cattle, conduct the horses loaded with ammunition, and for other purposes. The riflemen and archers are generally chiefly in the flanks and advanced; the horse are a corps de reserve; but the chief dependence is on the spears which form the main body; for immediately on discharge of the arrows and rifles the spearmen advance with loud shouts from the whole army and make a dreadful carnage. The spears are about a foot longer than a musket and bayonet, made of lignum vitae, headed with a blade of flat steel, with a cross to prevent its penetrating too far, and ornamented with a small ensign like a ship's vane, of a particular colour, according to the company the bearer belongs to, to enable them to know where to form: All the spears are of an equal weight, and generally about fourteen pounds. The horse are never used but in order to follow up a defeat or in cases of extreme necessity; for the accoutrements are very expensive, and to them difficult to be replaced. Their military punishments are flogging and immediate dismissal, or decapitation. Though they give quarter, they never take it; the disgrace on their return would be greater punishment than death in the field. The women and children taken in war are all sent to the nation where they remain till a peace is concluded. In the interim, if white women, they are made use of to teach their people to spin and weave; but this liberty of returning is seldom made use of, the life these people live is so fascinating, that there are few but what prefer it to their former society. The negroes become slaves during life.

The men, if Americans, are detained prisoners; but if Spaniards, are treated as the negroes till they are restored, and are obliged to work in the field.

The Seventy Nations are divided each into separate families, who have each their distinct name: yet though each family continues distinct, and though it may be dispersed over the whole union a man can never change his family. The children take their name from the father, and both men and women retain it always. The warriors adopt another additional name recollective of some exploit. If a person happens to be in a town distant from the place of his residence, he goes to one of his own name, and is supported free of expence as long as he continues there; which wife regulation keeps up a very considerable and universal attachment. Their manners are simple, easy, and unreserved, but not remarkably cheerful; their chiefs in particular supporting great dignity and decorum; yet, they have their stated meetings, where, the ruling people excepted, they dance and sing—the others converse. They are very temperate, both in eating and drinking; the former takes place at no stated times, but is regulated by appetite alone. The latter consists of pure water and some wine, but no spirit: If a trader was discovered to have made an Indian drunk, he would be severely punished, and never suffered to return among them. They generally rise about four and go to rest about ten, thinking six hours sufficient rest for any one. They live in towns communicating with each other by tolerable good roads. Their houses are generally wood frames covered with shingles and boards; for at this time they have white mechanics of all kinds, chiefly Loyalists, who live amongst them, regulated by their own by-laws; but in things capital, amenable to the Chief and his Council of three, or to the Grand Council and their President; by which last a tax is imposed annually on each tribe, the chief and council of which assess each individual citizen according to his ability.

The citizens cultivate their lands as we do for Indian corn, rice, tobacco, cotton, and indigo, which, with beaver skins are exchanged for European goods of every kind. The industrious of course, as among Europeans, become rich, and the indolent remain poor; yet though the last is unpardonable, (for there every man may by exertion earn a living) he will always get something to eat at least if he but asks it. Their humanity is very extensive, and in many instances they carry it to excess. An Indian in this country will deprive nothing of life unless he actually molests him

him, or he should want it for food; even a rattlesnake is in no danger from them—they say, 'if we kill them it will make the others cross;' they judge of these reptiles by themselves. The deer range the forests and no one molests them, having vast herds of cattle which live without care or attention (except marking them once a year) they never throw away ammunition in hunting, of the art of which they are indeed perfectly ignorant. They have procured from the Spaniards the most beautiful high blooded horses which they raise with great care, and often value them as high as one hundred guineas; yet they have scrubs for common use as low as forty shillings. These blooded horses they breed for racing, to which they are much addicted, and frequently lose great sums of money at it. Husbandry is of such importance among them that by law every individual (the chiefs not excepted) is obliged to work in his field once a year.

As to Religion they make no show of any; that is, they have no place of worship, for they never supplicate or adore a Supreme Being—yet they acknowledge one as 'the Author of Breath,' and never use his name but with reverence; and on the most trying occasions. They admit of no missionaries to make converts, yet each one may follow his own inventions in religious matters as far as relates to himself and family, or as they term it, 'every man may paddle his own canoe.' They have a notion of a future state of rewards and punishment; but it is by no means so clear as to influence their conduct in this world. An Indian loves virtue for itself, and not through fear of punishment.

Their language is more comprehensive than the languages of Indians are in general; for as we increase in civilization our ideas extend and our language of course. It is very figurative and expressive—a bounding in sounds which we should express by a W, and with few that can be founded with a B.

They admit of polygamy, but treat their women with tenderness and affection.

Their customs have not always been so much reined as they are at present, but have considerably bettered since the American war, having now amongst them some Europeans and Loyalists, who have improved their manners, laws and customs. Their laws were formerly retained only by memory, which occasioned their being frequently interpreted at the will of the strongest; but now they are reduced to a regular code, and written on parchment. The citizens formerly had no distinguishing mark; but now every man who brings so much more to market than his family

consumes, is distinguished above his fellows by some badge, proportioned to his deserts. Their wars were a mere tumult, without discipline, and frequently made on themselves; but now, they are regular and orderly, and the union is become so extensive, as to take in every nation of Indians within their reach: their wars are, therefore, now confined to the Spaniards and Americans. The former, not being numerous, give them but little trouble; yet they are jealous of them as innovators; and, some few years ago, the Spaniards having permitted their priests to go amongst them as missionaries, the President sent word to Pensacola, that 'the Governor nor should either order them away, or send an army to support them.' The priests, without waiting the Governor's instructions took the hint and departed. The Americans are so numerous on the West side of the Allagany mountains, and are, besides, such expert warriors, that the Indians are anxious for a peace, which the Americans may always obtain on rational terms. The Indians will never break the treaty if the Americans but content themselves within their own lines.

They have a tradition of a general deluge, in which all mankind were drowned, except one man and his family, who saved themselves in a canoe; but they probably had this from the Europeans, for this is all they say about it, except that he made two men out of clay—the one he washed white, the other black; he then made a third, and him he washed with the dirty water, and he became an Indian. In this way they account for the difference of complexion; so that it is probable, as the latter part of the story was fabricated since their acquaintance with Europeans, they had the former by tradition of the same date.

This country was certainly once inhabited by a people more civilized than at present, for there are still remains of angular walls, which, though not cemented, are formed of hewn stones. They appear to be forts for there are about them, at certain distances, small hills of earth, which might and probably did serve as advanced posts. These works extend through the country in oneline, North and South, towards the Gulf of Mexico. The Indians have a tradition that they were built by the Mexicans in their progress to their present abode.

They continue the savage custom of scalping; but never scalp either women or children, or even men, till they are dead. An Indian, who should return from war without some proof of valour, would be despised; and as courage is a quality of all

all others the most requisite, it is impossible to abolish the custom, until a less horrid one can be adopted in its stead.

Here, after considering so many great properties possessed by a self-taught and, to us, a barbarous people, the mind naturally feels some superiority in our conduct, as to that unhappy, though necessary art. The trophies we bring from war are more congenial to the sentimental mind, than the hairy scalp of an expiring neighbour. But let us go on with the account, and examine a custom frequent with us, though more barbarous than scalping, not unknown to the Indians, but which they have guarded against by their laws.—Should two Indians fight a duel, they would be both punished, with the utmost ignominy; because they have no right to deprive their country of their support: their courage must be shown against the enemy, and there their personal exertion is always necessary. No two men, therefore, need fight to show their courage; and to quarrel, indicates that they are in want of some of those requisites which the Indians, in their manners, value so highly.

The healing art is not neglected amongst them; they have physicians who sometimes, though perhaps accidentally perform astonishing cures, and who are, in their way, regularly educated in administering simples. A people so uniform in their manners, and who are never guilty of excesses, have the juices in a state the most favourable to assist the cure of any wound, or of any disorder. Nature in them must necessarily require less assistance from compound medicines than in us, and in consequence, they have fewer disorders, and those require less art to cure. To instance the simplicity of their practice:—In long marches the warriors are frequently attacked with severe cramps which contract the muscles into knots on their legs; to cure this they scarify the part with an instrument formed of the teeth of a fish, set in a piece of soft wood; these they file very even and sharp like a saw, and draw it along the fleshy part of the legs and thighs with a smart stroke so as just to cut the skin. Though this ope-

ration is very severe as well as many others, for they are rough surgeons, their resolution is such, that no sign of pain ever escapes them. They consider no man as fit for a warrior, nor will any obtain an ascendancy over them who should shrink from pain—who should betray a sign of fear—who should be impetuous or choleric in council, or in any instance 'say the thing that is not.' If an Indian is bit by a snake in the leg he immediately throws himself on his back and holds it up till some one comes to his assistance, for the poison always ascends, and then by chewing some of the inner bark of the pasimman tree, and by applying some of it to the wound, the cure is effected; otherwise in the bite of the rattlesnake death is infallible. In this artless manner their physicians sometimes effect cures which would baffle the skill of our ablest practitioners. The disorders to which they are most incident are of the rheumatic and bilious kind, whose remedies being known from long experience, the cures are generally effected. In new cases, indeed, they have blundered considerably;—to instance one only:—A very favorite remedy is to throw the patient into a violent perspiration, and to make him jump into the river: this they tried with the small pox, and every patient consequently died; but now they have universally adopted inoculation, and not one in a thousand is known to die of that distemper. The young seldom fail of cure in any disorder; and the loss of the old is not of that importance which the same misfortune would be with us. An Indian never fears to die, and so long as he can enjoy life, benefit his nation, and thereby gratify his utmost ambition, he endeavours to live; and though suicide is unknown among them, yet as soon as he has no object in existing, he becomes indifferent about it, and frequently with desperation devotes it to his country.

In short, take their manners and customs—their laws and their sentiments—the most bigotted amongst us must acknowledge the Muskingsims to be a nation of practical philosophers.

LETTER ON THE CULTURE OF HEMP.

[By Joseph Blaney, Esq; and Mr. S. Barton. Published by Order of the Boston Committee of Agriculture.]

THE raising of hemp within this state, is a matter of such consequence, as to demand the attention of every one that has the real interest of the state at heart, especially,

especially at the time, when our trade is so much encouraged.

One hundred acres of good land, for each town within the state, would be sufficient to raise such a quantity of it, as would, when dressed, be equal, if not superior, in value, to the fisheries within the state. What then would be the value of it when converted into canvas, cordage, &c. ? And what numbers of the industrious poor would it employ ? Surprising ! that no proper measures have been taken to introduce so useful, so profitable a branch of business.

Being sensible we could take no better method to promote this branch of husbandry, than by going into the practical part thereof ourselves ; we accordingly last spring sowed ten acres of land with hemp-seed, nine in the drill method, and one in the common way.

The land we made use of, in the drill method, was in general very indifferent : and had, except half an acre of new land, borne several crops immediately before ; the greatest part more than three crops : but by the force of tillage, the hemp grew to a good height, from four to seven feet. The half acre of new land we broke up early in the spring with a fourcoultred plough ; but finding we could not bring it into such a degree of tilth, by the twenty second of May, as to ridge it, we were obliged to sow it on a level ; we sowed it in rows, and had a good crop of hemp.

We made use of no manure for any of the land ; but are of opinion that proper manure would have been of service : for hemp is a plant of quick growth, and requires a great deal of nourishment in a short time.

We made use of five feet ridges, two rows on each ridge, of ten inches in the partitions, and found the intervals and partitions to answer very well.

We sowed near a bushel of seed upon an acre in the drill way, and two bushels and a half in the common way ; but think, if the land be good, that one bushel and a half in the former, and three bushels in the latter method would be better.

We sowed our land at different times, viz. April 12th, 13th, May 7th, 14th, 22d, 25th ; thence conclude, that the best time for sowing hemp, is as early in the spring as the land can well be prepared ; and

that any time before the middle of May will do.

The quantity of hemp in the common way, if the land be good and well dressed, will be about one third more the first year than the drill way. If the land be indifferent, the quantity will be nearly equal. If the land be poor, the greatest quantity will be in the drill way.

We choose the drill-method, being the most certain, producing the best stalks, exhausting the land the least, and, in the end, we believe the most profitable.

But the common method, for a new country, we think the best, it requiring less labour, and land being plenty and cheap.

From the best of our land, in the drill method, we had at the rate of seven cwt. to an acre ; and from the best of that piece sowed in the common way, at the rate of ten cwt. : part of a piece sowed in the common way being wet and cold, the hemp was very indifferent.

We sowed nine separate pieces of various soils : thence found that the best soils we had for hemp were a rich, sandy loam, and a deep, dry, black mould ; and that cold, clayey, wet, and gravelly lands are the most improper.

In order to try the different growth of hemp sown in the drill method, and by hand, without further cultivation of the soil, we sowed a small strip of the same ground in the latter method, which was sowed in the other. The effect was, that none of the plants in the small strip rose higher than one foot and a half ; whereas those cultivated by the plough, reached to four and a half and five feet in height.

We would observe, that the more tillage we gave our land, the greater was the quantity of hemp :—that rich heavy land did not produce more than land that had borne several crops :—that it is very essential for hemp, that land be brought to a great degree of fineness by tillage, or proper manure and tillage jointly :—that new land should be broke up the summer or fall before.

We would also observe, that the hemp bears a drought as well or better than Indian corn ; and it is not so liable to be cut off by an early frost ; and that there is no more difficulty in the culture of it, than of flax.

ON SENSIBILITY.

THAT a feeling mind is of more service to the possessor than even a good understanding, is a proposition which I think no one has ever refuted. There is

a peculiar emotion even in its sorrows, which approaches very near to a pleasurable sensation; and its joys are as the raptures of angels—pure and elevated by the reflection of surrounding felicity. It has more virtue than was ever expected from the famous philosopher's stone, by the most laborious and romantic alchymist? for it can produce delight from circumstances which; to the vulgar and unfeeling, appear perfectly trifling and uninteresting—The glance of an eye will cheer it for hours—The pressure of a hand will make the heart of a sentimentalist vibrate for a twelvemonth—The appearance of a friend will transport—The sight of a lovely and engaging female will enchant him. His is the soul of friendship and of love; and every object of nature is to him a monitor, recalling to his mind these social and delightful affections. His joys are consistent with innocence. His sorrows are sacred to virtue. On the other hand, a man of the most solid understanding, or of the most extensive learning, may have a heart incapable of feeling the common emotions of humanity. His pleasures will consequently never rise to the rank of joys; though he will be perpetually tormented with anxious cares for his own security—his happiness, and his fortune: for it may be remarked, that he who has not his feelings ready to pity others, has them continually engaged in his own concerns.

From these reflections, I think we may reasonably conclude, that sensibility is preferable to erudition, and the most extensive powers of the mind: that is to say, it imparts more delight to the possessor; and I believe that with regard to its active influences upon society, it maintains the same superiority. At the same time I am very far from wishing to insinuate, that learning and wisdom are inimical to sensibility: On the contrary, there are no properties (or whatever else you may please to call them) which agree so well together.

This remark, I think will acquire additional confirmation, when we reflect what a vast store of pleasure may be received by the scholar of sensibility, from a perusal of those works of genius, which the world of literature for many ages has conspired to commend; and to the softer and sweeter beauties of which, none but the feeling heart can be truly awake: how clearly forever learning may reveal the sense, or judgment discover the propriety. Thus a person may be very well skilled in the inflections of every Greek word in Homer; he may tell you perhaps, that there is a difference in signification between the first and second Aorist (no reflection on Dr. Clarke, who was certainly a very sensible

as well as a learned man); he may run over a vast deal about the difference of the Eolian, Doric, and Ionian dialects, and yet never be fired with the sublimity of the father of poetry, nor delighted with the melody of the Grecian versification.—I shall not here particularize any of the beauties of this truly inspired poet, lest I should be accused of pedantry; but I cannot help noticing one exquisite passage in Virgil, which has often delighted me, and I dare say has frequently enchanted every reader of sensibility. I allude to the speech of Dido in the 4th book of the *Æneid*, immediately before the termination of her miserable existence: beginning with, *‘ Dulces exuvie dum fata deusque fitebant.’* Those who can peruse this passage without having their eyes moistened with tears, I would strike for ever from the records of sensibility: nay, I would not even honour them with the appellation of men.

But after having written so much upon this divine quality, you may perhaps think it necessary I should inform you what my ideas of it are. Not to perplex either my reader or myself therefore, with those nice distinctions and subtle definitions which schoolmen find it necessary to make use of to preserve their scholastic reputation, I shall simply say, that sensibility is that ardent feeling and generous sympathy which engages us to participate in all the feelings of others; to relieve those who are distressed, and to rejoice in the prosperity of every one who has succeeded, by means of which virtue might approve. This is the quality which has furnished all the real happiness in the world, in all ages, and in every country: The refined European has acknowledged, and the untutored savage has felt its benign influence; and both have had equal reason to extol its salutary effects upon the morals and manners of mankind, though both have not equally the power of discovering whence those benefits were derived.

If we contemplate the actions performed in the ages which are past, as recorded by the faithful pen of history, we shall be amazed at perceiving what influence sensibility has had in bringing about the most important occurrences, and shall be equally convinced of the superior gratification enjoyed by him who peruses those records, in proportion to the degree of sensibility which he possesses.

I shall not here make any apology for introducing an instance from the sacred page of revelation. Depraved as the morals of the natives of Britain are at present, I cannot suppose (as many have asserted) that a contempt for the most invaluable blessing that could ever be conferred on
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man pervades every order of society. I cannot believe that my countrymen are so horribly insensible of the divine favour, as to spurn at the regard of omnipotence—I cannot—nor I will not pay any attention to an assertion so inimical to the safety and prosperity of my native land. Can we who have been so peculiarly assisted by Heaven, ungratefully return the assistance by insulting the gracious being who aided us. Forbid it, ye generous feelings—which nature has implanted in our breasts! forbid it gratitude, of which in concerns of infinitely less importance, we should blush to be devoid.

Where shall we find a more amiable instance of sensibility, than is exemplified in the pathetic history of Joseph? who that calmly peruses—Calmly, did I say?—the man of sentiment will spurn at the frigid epithet—he will say who can peruse with calmness the return made by this patriarch for the unkindness of his brethren, and the miseries which that unkindness brought upon him?—if there is any one who can, let him retire to the shades of ignorance, and envelop himself in the Ercotian fogs of apathy; let him not seek for pleasure in perusing those narrations, where generous sensibility is represented triumphing over the selfish demon of revenge;—dispensing gladness to the heart of relative sorrow, or redressing the injuries of compatriot woe. Are further instances necessary to evince the beatitude of this principle in its effects, or to shew how superior are the pleasures which even the sacred volume of our pure religion itself can impart to the divine of sensibility; over what it can bestow to him whose pity is not animated by this social principle? If there are, go to the hallowed page; peruse the story of Lazarus—appeal to the parable of the Samaritan, or call to remembrance the widow's curse. If thou readest with holy transport, think how much of thy devotion originates in the sensibility of thy feelings: if thou contempest without sacred enthusiasm—the cause is evident, and the argument I have started needs no better demonstration.

But to return to those events, which history holds forth as the effects of sensibility. Greece, rich in instruction, as glorious in arms and arts, presents us with innumerable instances, in which sensibility has induced some cheerfully to bleed for the welfare of their country; others for the preservation of their parents, or the prosperity of those whom the ties of nature or affection had cemented; in the holy and delightful union of love, or of friendship.

Nor is the Roman story totally destitute

of instances in which this refined sensibility has been exemplified: although in the earlier ages of the commonwealth, when every citizen thought it his duty and his interest to pursue the paths of martial glory, we scarcely can perceive, through the glitter of arms, and amidst the splendor of victory and triumph, the modest though effervescent power, which, however her distates were perverted, must evidently have imparted that energy which prompted their generous patriotism, and banished the selfish passions from their bosoms. The well known story of Junius Brutus may particularly serve to convince us, that even in the most warlike ages there were many who were tremblingly alive to all the tender feelings and affectionate impressions which have prevailed in more refined periods. Nursed in a court, where to have displayed the fire of genius, or to have discovered the inspiration of wisdom, would have been to hold out the beacons of jealousy and destruction, he preserved the appearance of folly through years, when vanity is most predominant in the human breast, and when we are most proud of displaying our talents. But when the fate of Lucretia touched the fine cords of pity in his soul, prudence and caution were no more!—At the hazard of all which had hitherto appeared worth preserving, he nobly discarded the assumed appearance of idiotism, which he had so long endured, and displaying with bold and virtuous energy, the talents which he had acquired under the most depressing circumstances, stood forth the ready champion of an injured lady; and became the glorious author of his country's freedom; evincing thus a warm and virtuous feeling, and a manly fortitude, which I think we may with the strictest justice call the offspring of the sensibility I have defined.

But not to fatigue my reader with historical elucidations, I shall relate but one instance more, and then conclude this part of my subject. This I hope, as I am writing to Britons, will inspire some of my readers with those delightful emotions of patriot gratulation, which if they do not entirely originate in sensibility, at any rate must receive their highest zest from this divine principle: and hence will be further illustrated the pleasures which the Historian of sensibility may enjoy over him who is not endowed with this amiable quality.

The hero of the present fact is Edward the Black Prince; a hero whose valour and whose virtues must be alike applauded by everyone at all conversant in the history of Britain. His firm and manly conduct in the field of battle, and his delicate

highest attention to the sovereign of France, when his prisoner, have alike endeared his name to posterity. A less noble and generous mind, inflated with vanity, and swelled with the selfish insolence of triumph, would have exulted in his conquest over a rival king; and would have sought to gratify his own unfeeling pride, by making him submit to indignities, which might have displayed the power of the victor, and the embecillity of the wretched captive. But the gallant and unadulging Edward—even amidst the rough duties of a camp, the pupil of sensibility—possessed a heart glowing with the finest feelings of humanity; and instead of insulting the person whom the chance of war had committed to his disposal, he endeavoured, by soothing his pride with the appearance of homage, to make his royal prisoner forget his situation: and the feeling bosom beholds with benevolent satisfaction, the minion of fortune stooping from his state, in the very hour of his exaltation, to perform for the wretched victim of misfortune every office which prosperity could have expected from the meanest dependant. Glorious and heroic youth! may the applauses of thy countrymen last forever, and convince us that the general character of the natives of Britain is a sensibility which makes them zealous in the discrimination of merit, and prompt to reward the heroes of benevolence.

From these several instances, what conclusion shall we draw? Can we hesitate a moment in confessing, that Sensibility is at once the source of benefit to society, and of the sublimest happiness to its possessor? And if we consider the character of its opposite, Indifference, we shall be further delighted with the beauty of that divine quality, which it is the purpose of this essay to extol.

The mind of man is naturally social. An infant, before it can utter a syllable, or receive pleasure or improvement from the conversation of those around, will view with delight the approach of its parents, and rejoice in society even before the value of it is known. But when it becomes susceptible of intellectual acquisitions—when by the help of speech, it can make known its own desires, and gratify those of others, a new fountain of pleasure is opened, from which spring, in distant succession, all the delights of learning and of taste, of gaiety and of communion, of love, of friendship, and of benevolence. Now, when we contemplate the respectable character, who is at once a man of genius and learning, a tender father, an indulgent husband, an affectionate friend, and an useful member of society, can we think without detesta-

tion of those who can behold this pleasing and animating picture, without any emotions of pleasure, or any incitement to virtue? Yet this is the case with the Man of Indifference.—Devoid of the generous feeling of virtue and humanity, he can behold the most enchanting scenes of domestic felicity with the same stupid calmness with which he regards the deepest woes of modest virtue, sinking under the rod of affliction! He can view without a single tear, the scalding drop of anguish start from the eye of venerable age, when the loved, the filial, the only prop of his feeble year—the foundation of all his hopes, returns all his former cares with contempt; and his affection with insults! He can be stoically serious when one whom he has called a friend, rejoices in his union with the sensible and engaging female of his heart; or when the youth, inspired by filial affection, gladdens by his dutiful attentions the soul of a father, who is alive to all the feelings of parental fondness! These are the boasts and triumphs of Indifference! these are the pleasures of a Stoic!

I leave it to common sense to determine, whether an exemption from those generous sorrows, whose very excesses are attended with an honest pride at the conscious dignity, and generosity of our nature—for sorrows which assure us of an immortal soul within, and whisper promises of future joys—I leave it, I say, to common sense to determine whether an exclusion from sorrows like these, is a compensation for the loss of those refined and noble pleasures which, instead of leaving a sting behind them, like those of the sensualist, are succeeded by a pleasing remembrance scarcely inferior to the original delight.

After having represented this picture of indifference, need I expatiate upon its properties? The attempt would be vain and fruitless. He whose feelings, though originally keen, have been blunted by a continual disregard of the duties of humanity, which those feelings would incite him to exercise, may be sooner roused into a sense of his situation by the description I have just now given, than by the most learned and ingenious definition. Did I propose to myself no other object than this, I might surely be pardoned for the pains I have taken in displaying the advantages of the tender feelings.—I might surely be excused for the time I have occupied by this essay. But I have higher objects. I cannot, it is true, hope to teach as a science that which I have been applauding as a virtue—he who never possessed the native glow of sensibility, cannot be inspired with it by precept. But

But I may haply persuade the children of sympathy, not to repine at that susceptibility; which, by lifting them above the vulgar mass, exposes them, at times, to the keener blight of the tempest; but which

makes them more than ample recompence, by the rich and variegated prospects of delight which it frequently reveals, blooming in gaiety, and gilded by the cheerful sky.

THE ANCIENT AND MODERN FASHIONS AND DRESSES IN FRANCE, COMPARED WITH THOSE OF ENGLAND.

[Concluded from page 127.]

BEFORE the first descent of the Romans, clothes were almost unknown in Britain; even the inhabitants of the northern extremities went as naked as those of the southern parts; whilst the natives of the continent, in ten degrees of more indulgent skies, were covered from head to foot: such is the force of custom, that no inconvenience was then found from the want of clothing in the severest winters; while the successors of this hardy race can scarce keep themselves from perishing under the wool and furs of Europe and America.

Upon the second descent of the Romans, some of the Britons wore loose skins hanging over their shoulders; these were soon after changed for long jackets, and their heads, except the crown, were shaven. By degrees, as they became more civilized, the Roman dress prevailed among them. This gave way to that of the Lombards, which consisted of large white garments, trimmed with broad lace, of various colours. A short time before the conquest, they were all dressed very gay, their coats reaching to the mid-knee, with their hair cut, their beards shaven, their arms laden with bracelets, both men and women painted their faces. Robert, eldest son to the conqueror, wore short hose stockings; and from thence derived the name of court-hose; he being the first who introduced them in this island. Henry I. abolished many parts of the fashions of his juvenile years, which he considered as indecent. This we apprehend consisted of a kind of doublet, with short skirts, and of breeches and stockings all of a piece, which sitting very light upon the body, displayed its mouldings too exactly for the eye of delicacy. He also prohibited the wearing of long hair, with false locks or periwigs. The short mantle was introduced by Henry II.; and from thence it derived the name of court-mantle. It was at this period that silk was first brought from Greece into the northern parts of Europe; and

silken dresses soon after took place. Embroidery was also at this time transported from Italy into England, and ornamented the court habits of Henry II.

From these improvements in the luxury of dress, arose that pomp and magnificence which was displayed in the coronation robes of kings, the mantles, the dalmatica with sleeves, and the hose and sandals, the honourable habiliments and robes of state, as well as the sacerdotal garments.

The extravagance of dress now became so great, that many statutes were made to prevent the abuse of it, as we find in an ancient historian named Eulogium: he says, 'the commons were bestowed in excess of apparel, in wide surcoats reaching to their loins; some in a garment reaching to their heels, close before, and strutting out on the sides; so that, on the back, they make men seem women; and this they call by a ridiculous name, gown; their hoods are little, tied under the chin, and buttoned like the women's, but set with gold, silver, and precious stones; their hirihips reached to their heels, all jagged. They have another weed of silk, which they call paltock; their hose are of two colours, or pied; with white lachets, which they call herlots, which they tie to their paltocks, without any breeches. Their girdles are of gold and silver, some worth twenty marks; their shoes and pattens are snouted and spiked more than a finger long, crooked upwards, which they call crackowes, resembling the devil's claws, which were fastened to their knees with chains of gold and silver: and thus they were garmented: who, as this author says, were lions in the hall and hares in the field. The book of Worcester reporteth, that, in the year 1369, they began to use caps of different colours, especially red, with costly linings: and, in 1372, they first began to wanton it in a new round short garment, called the cloak. Hence we may trace the origin of caps, cloaks, and gowns, though it may be reasonably

sonably supposed their predecessors wore coverings somewhat similar, though under different names. Historians are indeed very sparing in their accounts of the dresses and fashions of their times: it is somewhat unaccountable, that we may form a better idea of the habits, both civil and military, in the time of King John, Henry III. and the succeeding ages, from their monuments, old glass windows, and ancient tapestry, than from the writings of the most accurate historiographers of those periods. We are glad to avail ourselves of the assistance of Chaucer the poet, who describes the dresses in the time of Richard II.

Alas, (says he) may not a man see, as in our days, the sinful costly array of clothing; such that maketh it so dear, to the harm of the people, not only the cost of embroidering, the disguised indenting or barring, ounding, plaiting, wending, or bending, and semblage waite of cloth in vanity; but there is also the costly furring in their gowns, so much pouncing of chisfel to make holes, so much dagging of sheers, with the superfluity in length of the aforesaid gowns, trailing in the dung and mire, on horse, and also on foot, as well of man as of woman; that all that trailing is verily as in effect wasted, consumed, thread-bare, and rotten with mould, rather than given to the poor. Upon that other side, to speak of the horrible disordinate scantiness of cloathing. Now as to the outrageous array of women, God wot, that though the visages of some of them seem full chaste, and debonnaire, yet notify in her array and attire lecoroufeness and pride. I say not honestly in clothing man or woman is uncoveryable; but assert the superfluity of disordinate quantity of clothing is reprovably.

About this period, a gown called a git, or jacket without sleeves; a loose cloak, like a herald's coat of arms, called a tabard; short breeches, called court pie; and a gorget, called a cheverail, were first introduced, prior to the use of bands, which they afterwards wore about their necks.

Side-saddles for women were brought in by Anne, wife to Richard II. Before this time, the ladies rode astride like the men. She also instituted the high head-dress, that resembles horns; and long gowns with trains; so that she may be considered as the most celebrated leader of female fashion to be met with in history.

In the time of Henry IV. the long pocketing-sleeve took place, and a few years after, the foot became the principal object of fashionable attention, when a proclamation was issued that men's shoes should not be above six inches in breadth over

the toes. At this period, the women, not to be less ridiculous than the men, raised their hips by fox-tails under their cloaths; which resembled our modern hoops: The men, piqued to be rivalled in absurdity, shortened their garments so much, that it was judged expedient to enact, that no person under the dignity of a lord should wear, from that time, any gown or mantle that was not of a sufficient length to cover his breech, in the penalty of twenty shillings for every default. Even the clergy caught the fashionable infection, though it is asserted that the clergy of England never wore silk or velvet till they were introduced by cardinal Wolsey. This we shall leave for casuists to determine, as silk and embroidery were worn by the priests in Rome almost as soon as these improvements in the luxury of dress were introduced into Europe.

We have already observed, that it was considered by Colbert as a stroke of policy to make the French language and fashions prevalent throughout Europe; and that he in a great measure succeeded; the modern dresses then may be considered under the reigning French modes, with but few deviations. Large periwigs, long waists, and short coats, fringed gloves, and laced cravats were the fashion in the beginning of this century. The women wore high forked caps, with round hoops; and patches and paint were first introduced among the British ladies at this period. Patches were routed towards the close of Queen Anne's reign, as Addison insisted upon it that every patch argued a pimple; and, to wash away their impression, an inundation of cold creams and lotions rushed in from the continent.

The men now began to curtail their wigs, and the women to diminish the height of their caps: but, to counterbalance these losses, the first added a large weighty bag hanging on the shoulders; and the latter stiffened and extended their petticoats with an additional quantity of whalebone. The men now judged that a sword under the elbow, instead of hanging at their knee, was more convenient and portable; and conscious of the hostility of the weapon, they endeavoured to hide it by the length of their skirts, which reached to the middle of their legs. The signal was given, and short coats, coming only to the first button of the breeches knee, long swords hanging entirely under the coat, with sword knots that reached almost to the top of the shoe, now took place; hats of a most enormous size, cocked with a fierce point before, and shoes with heels and tops of an immoderate height were the prevalent dress.

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The ladies turned up their hats before and behind, to look as bold as the men; they wore their hair hanging in ringlets behind, to appear still more Amazonian; and the extent of their hoops were almost as immeasurable as they were inconvenient.

Presently, the men cropt their hats, diminished their bags, raised their swords, and extended their skirts almost down to their shoes.

The ladies piqued at the false delicacy of the men, who nearly hid all their legs with their skirts, shortened their petticoats to their ankles, and displayed their bosoms without reserve.

The men's coats were once more shortened, their hats diminished to the size of a Scottish bonnet, though we are possessed of Canada the source of beaver; which

privation had judiciously excited the French, to wear not only diminutive beaver hats, but even a substitution of silk ones; and a disorder in the head, which could not support the violent heat of periwigs, seems universally to have prevailed from the magistrate on the bench to the link-boy in the street; so that a few straggling hairs dressed in a club, or in a bag, to be met with either at the chocolate-house at St. James's, or the soup-cellar in St. Giles's.

The English ladies, who are characteristically good housewives and economists, finding their husbands, as soon as their hair began to sprout, had thrown aside their Sunday wigs not half worn, judiciously resolved to keep their heads warm, shaved instantly, and converted them into têtes.

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF CULTIVATING AROMATIC OR PUNGENT GRASSES FOR SHEEP.

[From the *American Museum*.]

A Planter of my acquaintance in South Carolina, was remarkable for having the finest sheep in the place where he lived, and when any of his neighbours exchanged their lambs for one of his young rams, which was frequently the case, the sheep he had from them always improved in his keeping. Being curious to know the cause of this, I asked him the reason of it, and he informed me, that he took no more pains than common in feeding his sheep in the winter; but that in the pasture where they ran, which was pine barren land, there was a creeping species of pepper-grass, which came up early in February, but died in summer; that his sheep were excessively fond of it, and he believed that the stimulating warmth of that food in winter, kept them in health,

and preserved them from the rot and other disorders, which prove so fatal to them in cold rainy seasons. He was also of opinion, that if any planter who had not that grass, would sow a small piece, either of it, or of mint, pennyroyal, or any other pungent or warm aromatic, of which sheep are observed to be fond, it would have the same effect. Reading lately the works of a celebrated writer on agriculture, I found he recommends to the farmers in England, to sow a small piece of land with parsley, for the same purpose. As this corroborates the former opinion, I send it for insertion among the many hints for the improvement of agriculture, which have lately appeared, hoping it may prove useful.

THE RUINS OF CAITHNESS. A GOTHIC TALE.

[From the *Imperial Magazine*.]

SAVE us, O hermit of these mouldering towers; protect us, O master of the silver-sounding harp!—O thou, whose sweet song charmeth the still solemn night!

—whose strain can nerve the arm of patriot valour, can melt the furious soul to the tenderness of pity, or lift in sublime devotion the wayward spirit to heaven! Save us,

us, O save, thou venerable bard!—protect us from a father's rage!—O! hide us secure among the ruins of Caithness—shelter us among its tumbling courts: so shall the pursuit of Conon Dacarawd, my sire, be in vain; nor shall Colna Gurtha be torn from Loch Cawdor, the faithful lover of her choice. Hark! the neighing of steeds proclaims the approach of the pursuers—See! the affrighted moon trembles on their burnished helmets—nor are the vassals of Loch Cawdor here to defend. Save him—O hermit, save!

Suspended were the silver sounds of the hermit's lyre, while attentive he listened to the tremulated voice—and mute for a while was the song which praised the God of benevolence, that by the exertions of benevolence that God might be served.

Enter, O my children, yon dark solemn vault; take shelter by the tomb of Aeron Lodbrog, and let the fears of your bosoms subside.

Thus spoke the hermit the words of peace; and they entered the dark solemn vault.

The minstrel awaken'd the tuneful strings—they vibrated with the notes of soft tenderness. Solemn night was charmed—listening, she inclined the pensive ear—The nocturnal breeze was impregnated by the pity-wakening strain—it brush'd thro' the humid foliage of the adjoining forest, murmuring soft. Sad as the warbled pathos of the grief-attuned lyre, melting to tremulated murmurs died away, so fainted the sympathizing gales among the ruins of Caithness, and languishing among the trembling ivy, sadly sighed.—Then rested the minstrel on his mellow harp; and awaited the approach of the pursuers.

Conon Dacarawd and his champions arrived. Melted to pity by the sweet minstrel's had been every hero of his train; but inexorable remained the cruel pride of the hoary parent.

Ah tell me, ye who know the history of man!—ye who have explored the page of instruction, and poring over the records of empires, have not neglected to investigate the human heart—What is that which is more cruel than the sword of slaughter, and more destructive than the wasting fires of heaven?—Pride is more cruel than the slaughtering sword, for it cutteth asunder the bonds of love, and trampleth on the ties of nature.—Pride is more wasteful than the lightnings of heaven, for it consumeth virtue and peace, and destroyeth the heart of him who giveth it harbour.

Tell me, ye who know the history of man!—ye who have explored the page of instruction, and traced the fate of empires

to their causes!—What is that which is more dangerous than fleets and armies?—What is harder to subdue than castles and strong towers?—Revenge is more wasteful than hostile armies, and more fatal than the navies of rival potentates. The earth and the sea are too narrow for its wrath—it would pursue its victims beyond the oblivious boundaries of the grave—it would launch into the regions of eternity, and precipitate the objects of its hate from the thrones of immortal bliss.—Revenge is harder to subdue than castles of strength, and fortified towers are less slow to yield—it groweth by opposition, and acquireth strength by age.

CONON DACARAWD.

Where is my daughter, O hermit of Caithness?—Where hast thou concealed that traitress to mine honour?—Where is Loch Cawdor, the base and the accursed, O thou master of the lyre!—where hast thou hid that contaminator of my blood?

HERMIT.

Not a traitress to thy honour is Colna Gurtha the gentle—not a contaminator of thy blood, is Loch Cawdor the brave. Equal are they by birth, and alike distinguished by virtue; and Heaven hath united their hearts by the ties of irremiable love. Approve then the flame which is sanctioned by the author of nature, and let family feuds be forgotten in joy.

CONON DACARAWD.

Peace! peace, thou dreaming hermit! nor awaken my wrath, lest thy hoary locks protect thee not from mine ire. Was not the father of Loch Cawdor my rival and my foe? Did he not injure the fame of Conon Dacarawd?

HERMIT.

Is not the father of Loch Cawdor mouldering in the dust?—Did he not fall by thy hand in the combat? Alas, shall revenge be immortal like the soul, while the injury is less durable than the frail life which gave it birth? An infant was Loch Cawdor when his father fell beneath thy sword—an embryo was his spirit, in the unknown womb of providence, when the cause of thy wrath arose. Why persecutest thou then the innocent Loch Cawdor?—why refuseth thou thy daughter to his love?

Behold, O Conon Dacarawd, these once magnificent towers. Say, knowest thou why they are mouldering away—why the moss and the ivy cover the neglected ruins, and the turf and the brier grow over the pavement? This, if thou knewest it, would preach against revenge, and warn thee to dread perpetuities.

But listen, O ye warriors, the companions of Conon Dacarawd,—and thou, O

brave

brave chief, give ear! for while the strings of my lyre shall discourse responsive melody, my voice shall record the fate of Acron Lodbrog, the lord of Caithness, and the instructive verse shall meliorate your souls.

He said; and the fires of enthusiasm darted from his eyes.—He seized his lofty harp—he awakened its melody; and all was silent admiration while thus he sung:

THE SONG OF ACRON LODBROG; or the Fall of Caithness.

Thy fall, oh famed Caithness, shall resound in my strain; and the sorrows of Acron shall give tenderness to the song.

Begin, O my muse, with the plaint of Ros-Crana, the mourner at the tomb of Acron Lodbrog!—Bright as the orb of night was Ros-Crana the fair, and sad was her mien as the solemn ray that trembleth on the bosom of the deep: yet majestic were her charms, as the rock which braveth the stormy ocean, and listeth its head sublime above the clouds:—for proud was the soul of Ros-Crana—but her pride was the source of her woe. Despairing she deplored the victim of her ire. As the stars from their spheres, when the firmaments shall dissolve, thick fell the tears from the azure of her eye, and sprinkled the moonlight vault with lustrous woe. Her voice was as the warbler of vernal night, that lingereth on the note of sorrow; and thus did she vent the afflictions of her soul.

O spirit of the self-slain Acron! O melancholy shade of him I loved! behold, O sad spirit, the sorrows of my heart! with pity behold the anguish of my lost Ros-Crana.—Lo! for ever resigned is the pride of my heart;—prostrate I lay before the tomb of my beloved, and pour forth in tears the contrition of my soul. But what, alas! avails the contrition of the daughter of Loch-Conmac, since the self-slain Acron is mouldering to dust? The sigh of contrition—can it breathe life again into thy lovely form? The tear of remorse—can it supply the exhausted fountain of thy heart?

Ah! wherefore was pride an inhabitant of this breast, where softness and love should have dwelt uncontrolled?—Ah, why was resentment a ruthless tenant of this bosom, which alone should have swelled with tenderness and pity?—While Acron, my love, yet breathed the breath of life, then might the pardon of his Ros-Crana have imparted peace to his soul—ere yet the fatal poignard had reeked in his blood, the returning fondness of this bosom might have snatched from despair—might have restored him from anguish to joy.

But what can now avail the confession of love? Cold is that heart which should

vibrate at the tale—still is that pulse which should bound with delight—and senseless is the bosom which should answer to my sigh—Deaf is that ear which should devour the sweet accents, and mute the honeyed tongue which should echo to my vows. Palid is that cheek which should glow with desire;—icy that lip which should interrupt the fond words—which should catch the warm accents ere they parted from mine;—and that dark bright eye which should glisten with delight, alas! shall be expressive no more!—Yet, alas! had *this* eye ne'er been fierce with revenge, *his* still had been beaming with joy—with contempt had *this* lip yet never been deformed, the warm pressure of *his* even now might have been felt. But self-slain, alas! is Acron Lodbrog—my hero! and my love!—and the scorn of Ros-Crana was the edge of his fatal poignard!

‘Ah where are the blooming beauties of thy youth?—sullied, alas! by the dust of the grave! O where is the graceful dignity of thy form?—distorted, alas! by the agonies of death! Flown are those smiles which could win every heart—deposited is that strength which erst glittered in arms—motionless are those limbs which were active in the chase—unnerved are those sinews which were brave in defence of innocence:—and those feelings which prompted to benevolence and love—thy resentment, proud maiden, hath destroyed them all; and thy tears would recal them in vain! Yet this high solemn vault shall reverberate my cries—my sobs shall be echoed by these gloomy walls.’

Thus lamented Ros-Crana the effects of her resentment—thus mourned she at the tomb of Acron Lodbrog. Yon high arched vault was the scene of her sorrows; and such as is now was the hour and the night. The solemn moon gleamed through the storied casements—scarcely it gleamed; and tremulous was the chequered light; and all things accorded with the gloomy sadness of her soul.

Low was she sitting on the marble floor, heedless of the damp and of the cold. As the lily, once the pride of the garden, is humbled by the storm, so low did she recline her once stately head. Bathed was her bosom with the tears of her sorrow; like the virgin rose by the chilling shower. Thus disconsolate, she sat like a lovely warrior shipwrecked on a desert shore; till oppressed by her griefs she yielded to slumber, as the tulip, oppressed with the dews of the evening, folds up its humid leaves, and its beauties sink to repose.

But disturbed is the repose of sorrow; and for the children of misery the poppy

Number is mingled with the wormwood of remembrance. The scenes of her life were renewed in the vision of Ros-Crana, and her slumbers were made partakers of her waking anguish. Again did she stray with her lover by the side of the wandering stream, or rove by the margin of the roaring sea; again, as she was wont, did she range among the blossoms of the garden, or wander among the awful cliffs with the hero of her heart, neglectful of the varying scenes, and attentive alone to the loved accents of his voice. And again did Carl-Utha, the father of Acron, detect their stolen interviews—Memory had treasured the sounds of his rage, and fancy repeated them to her ear.

‘Traitor to my blood!’ said Carl-Utha the proud, ‘Why comfortest the heir of Caithness with the daughter of Loc-Conmac?—Why debaseth he himself with the foes of our race?—Why gloweth not thy soul with the spirit of thy ancestors?—Why are not the whole face of my enemies hateful in thy sight?’

Then saw she her Acron torn from her arms; and she repeated her sighs and her tears.

But now changed, as heretofore, was the scene of her sorrows, and lonely she sitteth in the hall of her ancestors. Sadly she ruminates on the ancient enmities of her fathers; and their wars with the ancestors of her Acron; and while she laments their discords and their hate, she gloweth with the pride of her house, and her bosom resenteth the scornful language of Carl-Utha. Then in vision she reviews the messenger of woe—Dolma, her sister, stands before her in tears, and relates to her the falsehood of Acron.

‘A traitor to his vows is the lover of thy heart—to the mandate of his father he yields his assent—and publicly he wooeth the daughter of Col-Osca.’ The sting of jealousy fireth her soul; and scorn and indignation mingle their flames. Her heart is distracted with the anguish of a lover—but the pride of her race gives fury to the pang.

And now again occurs the scene for ever to be repented—the hour of inflexible pride. Lonely she is ranging the rocky shore—Grief and resentment are struggling in her soul, and the haughty blush improves the starting tear; when Acron Lodbrog appears in the robes of woes, and prostrates himself at her feet.

‘Pardon, O Ros-Crana! thou idol of my heart!’ Thus sighs the repentant lover.—but he sighs in vain.—‘Pardon, O thou brightest of the daughters of Caledonia! O pardon the neglect of thy Acron, and the seeming falsehood of his

heart!—For faithful has been this soul to its Ros-Crana—the image of thy beauties were never absent from my thoughts; and though to appease the proud spirit of my father—though to avoid his rage—I became a suitor to the daughter of Col-Osca, never has this heart wandered from the daughter of Loch-Conmac—nor this hand been proffered in union to any but to thee.—But low in the grave lays Carl-Utha, my sire;—he slumbers in peace with his ancestors; and the conduct of Acron Lodbrog is free from restraint.—O turn not away in scorn, thou mistress of my soul! for true are the words of the heir of Caithness—and Acron hath no life but in the smiles of Ros-Crana!’

But scornful she taunts him for his dissembled neglect; nor listens to his pleading sighs. Should the lover of the daughter of Col-Osca disavow his flame; and the pride of her soul not repay the indignity with scorn.—Then disguising the love which was struggling in her heart, with affected indifference she leaves him to despair.

Thus in vision are renewed the resentments of her pride—thus in fancy she repeats her inexorable scorn, and petition after petition she rejects with disdain: till at last the sad tidings are repeated in her ear that the pride of heroes is no more—that the deluge of war, which swept away the rocks of opposing valour, had directed his latest fury on himself:—that, distracted with the scorn of Ros-Crana, Acron, the love of maidens, the pride of those who are graceful and expert in the chace, had plunged his dagger in his breast:—that buried in the castle of his ancestors he reposed—even in Caithness, the ancient and the renowned; while the mansion is deserted and forlorn, being haunted by his injured shade. Then in vision she flees distracted with her woes—she sees the solitary walls of Caithness—she rushes to the haunted doom—she hastens to the grave of the suicide—but a dreadful chasm yawns under her feet—her mangled lover appears to her view—dreadful as the howling monsters of the deep when they fright the ocean into storms—furious as the ministers of wrath when they seize the offending soul, appeared the livid glare of his once tender countenance. He seized her furiously by the arm, and plunged her down the precipice.

Such was the vision of Ros-Crana; and shaking with horror she awoke.—But she awaked as a prisoner whom the minister of death calleth from his last troubled sleep to prepare for the impending torture,—or as the guilty shall awake from the gloomy terrors of the grave to view the regions

regions of torment yawning to receive them.

She awoke—but awakening she heard the note of despair.—The slight affliction murmured through the vault, and the form of her lover was stalking melancholy along the aisles.—The vision was realized to her view.—She shrieked the name of Acron Lodbrog, and sunk upon the marble floor.

Acron started at the well known voice! He fled to his Ros-Crana, as the heifer of to her bleeding young. He caught her in his arms; he strained her unwilling to his bearing bosom—he exclaimed with sudden energy;

'Blessed of all hours be this hour of our meeting! and blessed the power which hath melted thy heart to compassion!—Happy shall be the remainder of those days which I had vowed to spend in the dark silence of this tomb! for not stain is thy Acron, nor doth his spectre haunt these walls!—tho' with this belief the vulgar are deluded, that here I might reside by day, undisturbed, in my tomb; and, despairing, meditate by night among the solitary domes!—Ah!—why answers not Ros-Crana to my rapturous tale?'

But deaf was the ear into which he poured the notes of joy—insensate were the charnis which he strained to his beating breast; for the angel of death had seized on his beauteous prey.

With a broken heart the lover laid her in the tomb—where himself soon after expired; having first thus inscribed upon the stone:

'Here lie the victims of inexorable resentment!—Be instructed all ye who pride yourselves in revenge, and in keeping alive an hereditary hate! Had Carl Utha, of Caithness, forgone the pride of revenge—had he known that virtue, however descended, is the enemy of no man, and that the child is not answerable for the offences of the sire,—then had Acron Lodbrog, his son, been united to the amiable daughter of Loch-Connac, and his family might have flourished to the end of time. But now extinct is the blood of whose resentment Carl Utha was so jealous; its honours are slumbering in oblivious dust—and Caithness shall be a mouldering ruin.'

Lo! time hath fulfilled what was prophesied on the tomb:—the turrets of Caithness are tumbled in the dust—its shattered pillars are props for the baneful nightshade—the gloomy ivy shadows its broken walls—the shrieks of the owl are heard in its chambers of delight—and its once hospitable courts give shelter to a solitary hermit.

Say, then, doth Caithness preach of pardon and peace?—the moss and the weed

which cover these ruins—say, have not they a voice?—that tottering pillar, doth it not warn thee to forgive?—Hark!—plead not those fragments as they fall?

Take warning, ye children of unrelenting pride!—ye who know not to forgive, read your fate in the story of Ros-Crana!—Ye who cherish with pride hereditary feuds, and would pursue your resentments even to the descendants of your foes, look upon the ruins of Caithness, and behold the catastrophe of your ire!

The instructive tale was closed: the hermit struck the mournful chords with his sweetest skill; he waked the tenderest notes, thrilling still softer and softer, till they melted into the feeling heart, like the pleading sigh of Pity; then rested he on his silver-sounding harp.—The silver-sounding harp still murmured over his parting notes, as sighing, that he ceased to awaken its melody.

The champions were dissolved in tears. 'Let Loch-Cawdor and Colna-Gurtha be united in peace!' was shouted by many a voice. 'Let Loch-Cawdor and Colna-Gurtha be united in peace!' was re-echoed through the mouldering towers.—The ears of the lovers were saluted by the sound, even at the tomb of Acron Lodbrog.

'Let hereditary feuds no longer exist!' was shouted by the pitying heroes.—The mouldering turrets of Caithness reverberated the sounds; and, 'Let hereditary feuds no longer exist!' loud echoed thro' the tottering ruins.—The shout reached the lovers at the tomb of Acron, and their souls were elated with hope.

But savage was the soul of Conon Decarawd, the proud—and, insensible to the captivating melodies of the lyre, he called for his daughter aloud:

'Yield up my daughter, O thou cold-blooded hermit! nor thwart the noble pride of my soul, by the mutterings of thy idle song!'—Caithness replied with a sullen echo; and its mouldering turrets trembled at his wrath.—The voice chilled the souls of the lovers at the tomb, and their hopes were converted to despair.

The hermit expostulated—but expostulation was vain. The warriors joined entreaties to reason—but to reason and entreaty was Conon deaf. He attempted to force his way into the vault; for his suspicion conceived that the lovers were there. But Toscar the pious opposed his design, and barred him with his shield and his spear.—Many were the years of Toscar the pious, and his hoary locks claimed the reverence of all, to whom virtue and wisdom were dear.

The affecting History
of Caroline

The affecting History of Caroline Montgomery. No 18,

'Pause, O rash Conon! from thy impious design—desist,' said he 'from thy daring attempt. Hallowed is this spot by the tread of saints; a sanctuary was this vaulted dome from the hour it was raised—a protection for innocence and woe. Never yet did hostile foot enter the sanctuary of Caithness, nor shall its sanctuary now be defiled. Nay, tremble not, man, in the fury of thy pride!—shake not with the wrath of thy heart! For by the soul of that saint, whose legend is pictured on the casements of this vault—though the ivy hath broke through the storied glass, tho' those pictured legends are burst by the gloomy spray, yet shall never violence burst into the sanctuary of Caithness—never shall the rest of the saints be broken by thy fury, while Toscar can lift his aged voice, or his wither'd arm can oppose the violation.'

Conon Decarawd was resolute in his ire—his fury was as the wolf that howleth in the forest—his voice was the yell of the spirit of the storm, that howleth among the Orkneys, and calleth the perturbed ghosts from their briny tomb. He sought to hew a passage with his sword: but the warriors flocked around: they restrained his hand; they disarmed him of his ill-directed weapons; and, heedless of his foaming ire, they dragged him from the

sanctuary of mouldering Caithness. But his disdainful soul, indignant of restraint, poured out itself in execrations of revenge, till his swollen heart burst with its own pride, and he expired without a groan.

The warriors bore away his corpse to his castle: the hermit soothed the sad soul of Colna-Gurtha with the pious raptures of his lyre: and when the days of mourning were passed; Loch-Cawdor was united to the mistress of his soul.

Mutual were the joys of their vassals, as mutual were the joys of the amiable pair. Tranquility and Content were inmates of their mansion, while Love and Delight hovered o'er their nuptial couch. And though sometimes Care will obtrude on the happiest condition of mortality, and Sorrow will assail even the mansions of commutual Affection; yet the consciousness of virtue blunted the shafts of Misfortune, and a confidence in Heaven made their afflictions light. Their children were like the blossoms of the sweet brier, drawing their alluring virtues from the parent stock, and adding to its cheerfulness by their sweetness and their beauty. Nor did they forget, in the midst of their happiness, to pay frequent visits to the instructive ruins of Caithness, and listen to the pious harp of the hermit of its mouldering domes.

THE AFFECTING HISTORY OF CAROLINE MONTGOMERY.

[From 'Eubelinde; or, the Recluse of the Lake.' By Mrs. Charlotte Smith.]

MY father was a native of Scotland, of the noble family of Douglas.—He was a younger brother of a younger branch, and married very early in his life a young woman as well born and as indigent as himself. In the year 1745, he was among those who joined the unfortunate Charles Edward; and he fell at Culloden, leaving me then about twenty months old, and his wife then not more than seventeen, entirely dependant on the bounty of his father, and overwhelmed with the greatness of her calamity; but when she held in her arms her unfortunate orphan, the sole legacy and sole memorial of a man whom she had fondly loved, she struggled against her unhappy destiny, and for my sake attempted to live.

Though peace was at length restored to the wretched country, which had been too long the seat of devastation, many families found themselves totally impoverished; and none suffered more than my

grandfather, who, having narrowly escaped with life, survived to lament the loss of three brave sons, and to see great part of his property in ashes. He lingered only a twelvemonth afterwards, and then sunk into the grave, leaving his small patrimony to his only surviving son, who had himself a numerous family. My mother saw, or fancied she saw, that he could willingly have dispensed with any additional burthen; and she determined to go to England, where she hoped to be received by a brother of her own who was settled in London. Thither she conveyed herself and me in the cheapest way she could, and was received by her brother (who had sunk his illustrious birth for the convenience offered him of becoming partner with a merchant) with kindness indeed; but such kindness as a mind, narrowed by perpetually contemplating riches, shews to the poor who are dependant on them. His wife, by whose means his

fortune had been promoted, convinced him that his sister and her child could not be commodiously received into his house. Lodgings were however provided for her in the neighbourhood, and she boarded with her brother; but the second month of her thus living was not passed, before the neglect she felt from him, and the pride and ill-nature of his wife, taught her to experience, in all its bitterness, the misery of dependence. Born with very acute feelings, and at an age when every sensibility is awake, my mother found this situation every day more insupportable. Yet whither could she turn? She had neither knowledge of business, nor any means of engaging in it. She had no acquaintance in England, and not in the world any friend who had at once the power and the will to assist her.

Almost the first circumstance which made any impression on my mind, was the agonies of passion with which my mother clasped me to her bosom, and wept over me, while she called on the spirit of her departed Douglas to behold the wretchedness of his widow, and his orphan. At that age, however, it is only a slight sketch now and then of some violent passion, or striking circumstance, that rests on the memory of an infant. I have no recollection of any thing else till the scene was greatly changed, and, in my childish eyes, greatly amended.

It was summer; and though at that period the mercantile inhabitants of London were less accustomed than they now are to go to country villas; yet my uncle, who was growing rich, had one near Hammer-smith, where he usually repaired with his family on Fridays, returning again to town the beginning of the following week. The weather was uncommonly hot, and my mother, who was never of these parties, but was left in London to share the dinner of the solitary servant who took care of the house, fancied that I had for many days drooped for want of air; and, alarmed by that idea, she took, after the family were gone, an hackney coach, and directed it to carry her to the gate of Hyde Park.

Though the sun was declining, it had yet so much power, that in walking through the Park with me in her arms, that I at least might not suffer, she became extremely fatigued. She saw people going into Kensington Gardens; thither she went also; and to avoid observation betook herself to an unfrequented part of them, where, quite overcome with bodily fatigue and mental anguish, she threw herself on a seat, and, straining me to her bosom, began with a torrent of tears to la-

ment not so much her own hard fate as that which awaited the infant of her lost Douglas, whose name she frequently repeated, broken by the sobs and groans which a thousand tender recollections of him, and poignant fears for me, extorted from her. From this delirium of fruitless sorrow she was awakened by the appearance of a gentleman, of about thirty, who suddenly approached her, and enquired with great politeness, yet with great warmth, whether her distress was of a nature which he could mitigate or remove?

Alarmed by this address from a stranger, my mother arose, and, making an effort to conquer her emotion and conceal her tears, she thanked him in a hurried voice for his politeness, but assured him that she was merely fatigued by the heat of the weather, and should now hasten home.

He was not however to be so easily shaken off. If my mother had at first struck him as a very beautiful young woman, he was still more charmed when she spoke, and when, amidst the confusion she was under, he observed as much unaffected modesty as natural elegance. It was in vain that she entreated him to leave her, and assured him that she lived in a very distant part of the town with a brother, into whose house she could not introduce a stranger, and that she should be otherwise much distressed by his attention. He would not leave her; but taking me up in his arms, he carried me out of the gardens, and then delivering me to my mother he ran towards the palace to procure, as he said a coach. My mother, who trembled she knew not why, at the politeness she could not resent, now hurried on in the hope of escaping from her new acquaintance; but she had not proceeded an hundred paces before he was again at her side, and again took me in his arms, and under pretence that there was no coach to be had where he had been, but that one would probably be met with if they walked on, he engaged her to proceed, till a coach overtook them; not such as he pretended to have sought, but one on which was an Earl's coronet, and the arms of Douglas quartered with those of an illustrious English family.

Now, said he, stopping as it came up, here is a carriage, which shall convey you and this little cherub to your home. You will not, I think, refuse me the honour of accompanying you, that it may afterwards take me to mine.

Again my mother urged every thing she could think of to prevail upon her new friend to desist from a proof of attention which could only distress her.—He would hear nothing; and the warmth of his importunity

portunity forced her, in spite of every objection, to get into his coach, where he seated me in her lap, and himself by her side.

He then attempted to quiet her fears, by entering into discourse on the topics of the day; in which he exerted himself so effectually, his manners were so easy, and his conversation so entertaining, that the agitation of her spirits gradually subsided. The soothing voice of friendship, of pity, of sympathy, which she had not heard for many, many months, again made its way to her heart; and when he insensibly turned the discourse from less interesting matters to her own condition, the tears flowed from her eyes, softness pervaded her heart, and she confided to this stranger, whom she had not yet known above an hour, the unhappy uncertainty of my situation, the actual misery she suffered herself, and the anguish which weighed down her spirit when she reflected that she had no other portion to bequeath me than poverty, servitude, or perhaps dependence, more bitter than either. In making this avowal, she had named her family, and that of her father.

'Yes,' interrupted her protector, 'I heard, as I listened to you in the gardens, the name of Douglass. I am myself of the race; for my mother was a Douglas; such a circumstance, added to the captivating beauty of the fair mourner to whom I listened, made my curiosity invincible.—Dangerous curiosity! to gratify it, I have, I fear, lost my peace!'

'Not to dwell too long on the recital, let me say that this nobleman professed himself passionately in love with the young widow; and though she insisted on his giving up so wild an idea, he declared before he left her that he would by some means or other introduce himself to her brother, since to live without seeing her was impossible. It was with difficulty he was at length prevailed upon to leave the house; and without extorting permission from my mother, he was there again the next day, and every day, till the family returned; after which he managed so adroitly, that in a few days he made an acquaintance with my uncle, and was in form invited to dinner; while neither himself or his wife at all suspected for whose sake the acquaintance was so anxiously cultivated, but were extremely elate at the notice which a man of rank took of them, and the compliments he paid to the respectability and intrinsic worth of men of business.

The attention however which he found himself obliged to pay to the mistress of the house, and the few opportunities of seeing or conversing with my mother

which this method of visiting allowed him, became very uneasy to him; and at length, after a long struggle with himself, he determined to hazard telling her his real situation. He probably knew that he had by this time secured such an interest in her heart, that it was no longer in her power to fly from him, whatever her honour might dictate. Having with some difficulty obtained an opportunity of speaking to her, he told her, that he knew she must long have seen his ardent and incurable passion 'which perhaps,' continued he, 'I ought never to have indulged; but, alas! from the first moment I saw you, my heart was your's! while reason in vain condemned me, and repeated the fatal truth which you must now hear. I am already married—I am not villain enough to attempt to deceive you; but listen to what I have to add in extenuation of my conduct, before you condemn me to despair.'

The indignation with which my mother received this acknowledgment, the attempts of her lover to appease and soften her, I need not relate; having at length prevailed on her to hear what he had to urge, he told her, that to gratify his family he had, when little more than twenty, married the heiress of a rich and noble family; plain and even deformed in her person; with a temper formed by ill health and the consciousness of her own imperfections, and with manners the most disgusting. For upwards of three years he dragged on a life completely wretched with a woman whose malignity of temper deadened all pity of her personal misfortune: at the end of that period she was seized with the small pox, attended with the worst symptoms; but the distemper acting on an habit constitutionally bad, failed to deprive her of life, which would have been a blessing to them both; but left behind it violent epileptic fits, which, continuing with increasing violence for many months, had deprived her of the slender share of reason she ever possessed, and threw her at length into confirmed idiotism, in which state she had invariably remained for the last six years. Thus situated, he considered himself, though the fatal tie could not by law be dissolved, as really unmarried, and at liberty to offer his heart to the lovely object who now possessed it, though the cruel circumstance he had related made it impossible for him to offer her that rank, in which it would otherwise have been his ambition to have placed her, and to which she would have done so much honour.

I was then in my mother's arms: he took me tenderly in his, and said, 'Inter-

cede for me, lovely Caroline, with your mother! Ah! soften that dear inexorable heart, and tell her that for your sake she should quit an abode so unfit for you both, and accept the protection of a man, who will consider and provide for her Caroline as for a child of his own. He then hurried away, leaving a paper in which he had repeated all he had before said; and protesting that his first care should be to settle a fortune on me. That evening, my uncle and his family, who had been absent, returned, and it happened that his wife, who was always rude and unfeeling, treated my mother with an unusual degree of asperity. Her brother too, whether from accident or from some intelligence he had received of his Lordship's visits, spoke to her with great acrimony, reproached her with having been now above twelve months a burthen to him, and advised her to try if she could not procure a place as companion to a lady, or governess in a family: adding coldly, that he would in that case take care of me, and put me out to nurse, till I was old enough to procure a livelihood.

Honour, and respect for the memory of her husband, had made in the breast of my mother a struggle, which this inhuman treatment rendered at once ineffectual. On one side, affluence, with the man whom she already loved more than she was aware of, and a certain provision for the infant on whom she doted, awaited her; on the other, poverty, dependence, and contempt; her child torn from her, and herself sent to servitude. The contrast was too violent: She retired to her room, and without giving herself time for reflection, wrote to Lord Pevensy, and the next day quitting her inhospitable and selfish relations, without giving them any account of herself, she set out with his Lordship for Paris. A servant was provided for me: all that love and fortune could offer were lavished on her; and at an elegant house on the banks of the Seine she was soon established; with a splendour which however served not to make her happy.

Still conscious of the impropriety of her situation, she could never conquer the melancholy that preyed on her mind; though she sometimes thought, that to have the daughter of Douglas, educated and provided for, as his Lordship's fondness educated and provided for me, was in reality a greater proof of attachment to his memory, than she would have shewn, had she offered me to have remained in the indigence and disgrace, to which the penurious and sordid temper of my uncle would have exposed me. The two sons, whom she brought my Lord, shared her tenderness

without lessening it; and while the utmost care was taken of their education, as soon as they were old enough to receive instruction, I had the best masters which Paris afforded; and, with such advantages, almost every European language, at an early age, became familiar to me. Lord Pevensy, who was as partial to me as if I had been indeed his daughter, and in whose fondness for my mother time made no abatement, saw with pleasure the progress I made, and flattered himself that he should establish me happily, though the situation of my mother (who, though she was treated in France with great respect, was well understood not to be the wife of Lord Pevensy) was a very unfavourable circumstance to me even in that country. The world, however, called me handsome; and I had received an education very different from that which is usually given to young women in France. On the day on which I completed my fourteenth year, Lord Pevensy came to me, as I was dressing for a little entertainment which he had ordered on the occasion, and wishing me joy of my birth-day, he saluted me, and put into my hands a bank note of a thousand pounds. 'Take it, my dear Caroline,' said he, 'as a trifling testimony of my affection for you. Use it for your smaller expences, and be assured that I will not neglect to make your future prospects equal to the education you have received, and to which you do so much honour.'

I received this generosity as I ought. Alas! my benefactor went in a few weeks to England, and I saw him, no more. A strange presentiment of evil hung over my mother, whose health had long been very uncertain. She could not bear to take the last leave of his Lordship; and he, who lived but to oblige her, still lingered and delayed his journey, till repeated letters from those who had the care of his estates compelled him to determine on it. His two sons, one of ten, the other of eight years old, were by this time at a public school in England, and he promised to gratify my mother with the sight of them on his return, which he said should be as soon as he could settle the affairs which called him over.

When he was gone, however, my mother fell into a deep melancholy; and as we were almost always alone together, she talked very frequently of the incidents of her past life, related the particulars I have repeated to you, and asked me whether I could forgive her for having thus been betrayed into a situation which, whatever it might be in the sight of Heaven, would, in that of the world, render me liable to eternal

reproach. It was in vain I conjured her to banish from her mind, reflections which served only to destroy an health so precious to us all. Still they recurred too often, and her delicate constitution very visibly suffered. After Lord Pevensy, who had been used to write by every post, had been gone about six weeks, his letters suddenly ceased. My mother for some days flattered herself, that it was merely owing to his being on his journey back; but her hopes gradually died away, and the most alarming apprehensions succeeded—apprehensions too well founded. We were sitting together one morning, when a sudden bustle of the servants in the anti-room surprized us. I rose to enquire into the occasion of it, and, on my opening the door, was shocked by the sight of my two brothers, and their Tutor, who had been attempting to prevent their sudden entrance. The poor boys on seeing me burst into tears, and exclaiming, 'Oh! Caroline! my father!' they rushed by me, and threw themselves into the arms of my mother; who, wild with terror, had no power to enquire, what indeed they soon told her.—'Oh! mamma!' cried they, 'our papa, our papa, our dear papa is dead! They have sent us here to you—they have taken him from us, and every thing that was his!'

The Tutor, who highly respected my mother, now attempted to take the children from her; but she held them in her arms, while, with a look which I shall never forget, and with the voice of piercing anguish, she enquired what all this meant? The worthy man related, in a few words, that Lord Pevensy had been seized with a fever at one of his country houses, where, after a few days illness, he died; that his brother, who became heir to his title, had instantly possessed himself of all his effects, and had directed the two boys to be taken immediately to France, and to drop the name they had hitherto borne. With reluctance the Tutor added, that the present Lord intended in a few days being at the house we inhabited, in order to receive the jewels and other valuables which belonged to his brother.

No tear fell from the eyes of the dear unhappy woman, no sigh escaped her heart. She desired me to tranquilize the poor boys (who still fondly clung round her, weeping for their dead papa), and complaining that she suffered great pain in her head, desired to be put to bed. I remained by her, and endeavoured to excite her tears, while mine flowed incessantly; but the greatness and suddenness of the calamity overwhelmed her constitution, though it still left to her mind strength enough to reflect on the condition of her children.

'Caroline,' said she to me as I sat by her, 'I shall probably be in a few hours reduced to that indigence, from which, perhaps, it were better I had never been relieved. But your brothers I for them I suffer! The proceedings of the present Lord Pevensy leave me little reason to hope that any will exist in England which secures them the ample provision their father designed for them. Therefore, in a box which my Lord left, are several papers which he told me were of consequence; but they will be taken from me unless immediately secured. Send therefore for Mr. Montgomery, and deliver to him that box.'

She then gave me a direction to him. I had never seen Mr. Montgomery, though he was a friend of my Lord's. I hastened to execute her commands. He flew to the house on receiving my message; and, instead of a man of business, as I expected, I beheld a young man of about seven and twenty, in the uniform of one of those Scottish regiments which were received by the King of France after their master's affairs became irretrievable. He had been quartered for some time in a remote province; but being distantly related to, and highly esteemed by the late Lord Pevensy, he had constantly corresponded with him, and had been entrusted with his intentions relative to my mother, my brothers, and myself.

I cannot describe the person of Montgomery. Suffice it to say, that his figure was even finer than that of his son, who resembles him extremely. The warm and lively interest he took for my mother, the manly tenderness which he discovered when he saw our distress, and the trouble which he instantly undertook to encounter for us, were powerful incentives to me to admire and esteem him. I then thought him the noblest of human beings, and a few days convinced me that he deserved all the partiality my young heart had conceived for him. The new Lord Pevensy, who intended to have reached my mother's house before she could have notice of his journey (and was prevented only by the zeal of the Tutor who had the care of my brothers), arrived on the third day after she had received these fatal tidings. He was a man not much turned of forty, but with a harsh and stern countenance, a large heavy person, and a formal cold manner. He brought with him a lawyer from England, and engaged another in France to accompany him to the house, where with very little ceremony, he demanded of my mother all the jewels and effects of his deceased brother. Summoning all her resolution, and supported by Montgomery, who never left her, she tried to go through this

this dreadful ceremony with some degree of fortitude. She delivered, with trembling hands, a star, a sword set with brilliants, and several other family jewels. She then opened a casket, in which her own were inclosed, and Lord Pevensey was taking them from her, when Montgomery interfered, saying that they were her's, and he should not suffer her to part with them.

It would be tedious to relate the scenes which passed between Lord Pevensey, his lawyer, and Montgomery; who finding it necessary, engaged lawyers on the part of my mother. A will of the late Lord had been found among the papers, which she had put in the possession of Montgomery, in which an annuity of eight hundred a year was settled on my mother, and all his estates charged with the payment of ten thousand pounds: to each of my brothers, and two to me. This will the present Lord disputed; and the contending parties prepared for law, the circumstances of the case rendering it necessary that this contention should be carried on as well in England as in France.

The spirits and health of my mother gradually declined. The friendship, the unwearied kindness of Montgomery, alone supported her; but neither his attention or mine could cure the malady of the mind, or bind up the wounds of a broken heart.

I will not detain you with relating the various expedients for accommodation which were in the course of the first month proposed by the relations of the family, who knew the tenderness of the late Lord Pevensey had for my mother; that he considered her as his wife; and that her conduct could not have been more unexceptionable, had she really been so. Still lin-

gering in France, and still visiting an house into which his cruelty had introduced great misery, the proceedings of Lord Pevensey wore a very extraordinary appearance. My mother was now confined almost entirely to her room; and Montgomery concealed from her his uneasiness at what he remarked; but to me he spoke more freely, and told me he was very sure his Lordship had other designs than he suffered immediately to appear. In a few days the truth of his conjecture became evident. I was alone in a small room at the end of the house, where I had a harpsichord which I had removed thither since my mother's illness. She was asleep. Montgomery, on whom my imagination had long been accustomed to dwell with inexpressible delight, had been detained two days from us. Those days had appeared two ages to me; and his absence, combined with the uneasiness of our situation, and the state of my mother's health, depressed my spirits, and I sought to soothe them by music. A little melancholy air, which I often sung to Montgomery, was before me; it expressed my feelings; and I was lost in the pleasure of expressing them, when the door from the garden opened, and Lord Pevensey stalked, in his formal manner, into the room.

I rose instantly from my seat; but he took my hand, and with an air of familiarity bade me sit down again; then drawing a chair close to me, he looked in my face, and cried—'Sweet Caroline! she will not refuse to sing to me! She does not hate me, and will perhaps be the lovely mediatrix who shall adjust all differences between me and her mamma.'

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON THE MULTIPLICATION OF THE SPECIES OF ANIMALCULES.

[By M. de Sauffurt.]

I Have verified, by incontestible experiments, that infusion-animalcules multiply by continued divisions and subdivisions. Those roundish or oval animalcules, that have no beak or hook on the fore part of their bodies, divide transversely: a kind of stricture or strangulation begins about the middle of the body, which gradually encreases till the two parts adhere by a small thread only; then both parts make repeated efforts, till the division is completed. For some time after separation, the two animals remain in a seemingly torpid state. They afterwards begin to swim about briskly. Each

part is only one half the size of the whole; but they soon acquire the magnitude peculiar to the species, and multiply by similar divisions.—To obviate every doubt, I put a single animalcule into a drop of water, which split before my eyes: next day I had five, the day after sixty, and on the third day their number was so great, that it was impossible to count them. Another species, with a beak or horn on the fore part of its body, which I obtained from an infusion of hemp seed, multiplied likewise by division; but in a manner still more singular than the former. This animal-

cule, when about to divide, attaches itself to the bottom of the infusion, contracts its body, which is naturally oblong, into a spherical form, so that the beak entirely disappears. It then begins to move briskly round, sometimes from right to left, and sometimes from left to right, the centre of motion being always fixed. Towards the end, its motion accelerates,

and, instead of a uniform sphere, two cross-like divisions begin to appear: soon after the creature is greatly agitated, and splits into four animalcules, perfectly similar, though smaller than that from which they were produced: these four increase to the usual size, and each, in its turn, subdivides into four.

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE BEE.

Of the Queen Bee.

THERE are three sorts of bees distinguished in every hive: viz. The queen, or female bee; the drone, or male; and the common working bee.

The queen is very different from the rest both in shape and colour; her body is longer than the drone, neater made, and tapers to a point. She has very short wings in proportion to her size, and her belly and legs are of a brighter yellow than the other bees. Like the common working bee, she is armed with a sting, but never makes use of it unless greatly irritated. Without a queen the bees can never prosper, as she alone is the breeder; and there is seldom more than one of these in a hive, at the same time, except in breeding season. If two swarms are purposely united, one queen is always sacrificed to the peace of the hive. But this is not always the consequence, as hath generally been believed when the stocks accidentally unite themselves; or when they are kept in colonies, that is, raised boxes.

It appears evident to me, that it is only for want of room that the bees dispatch their supernumerary queens. In support of this opinion, I observe it often happens, that two queens, when they lead swarms from a hive at the same time, generally settle together without the least commotion. Now it is well known, that bees always provide themselves an habitation before they leave their old hive, and that it is only from the queen's being unable to fly far at a time, that they so often alight on the branches of those trees that grow near them. It may reasonably be supposed, therefore, that as they swarm together, without the least disturbance, and both of them very amicably alight on the same branch, that they are both likewise destined for the same place, and that the place they have provided is sufficiently large. It is only then after they are hived, that, finding the habitation too small for

the offspring of both queens, hostilities commence, and one is sacrificed to the welfare of the colony.

The attachment of bees to their queen is very wonderful; be but possessed of her and you may lead them where you please. If by any accident she dies; the others immediately cease to work, and only consume what stores they have, and perish. However, this attachment is by no means constant to any one particular queen; for if a hive, which has lost its own, can by any means be provided with another, the same attachment to her will be observed as to the former: order and regularity will be immediately established, and they will resume their labours with all their former activity and diligence.

It is remarkable, that when you are possessed of the queen from any hive, the rest become more gentle, and seldom make use of their stings.

The queen bee scarce ever leaves a hive, unless when she leads a swarm.

It is commonly supposed that she lays nearly two hundred eggs every day, in the height of the breeding season. She sometimes begins laying so early as the latter end of January, but this depends entirely on the forwardness of the season. The most certain rule to know this is, that whenever the bees are observed to collect from the early flowers, it is then a sure indication of the queen's breeding, and beginning to lay her eggs.

Of the Drone, or Male Bee.

THE drone or male bee is very unlike any of the others, from which he may easily be distinguished: he is somewhat shorter in general than the queen, though of a thicker and clumsier make. He is covered with a sort of down at the nether end, and is considerably larger than the common working bee; and whenever he flies,

Of the Working Bees.

He makes a rougher and deeper sound. The drones, however, are not all of one size, for some of them are much smaller than others; they are not, like others, armed with a sting, therefore may be handled without fear. Five or six hundred, or more, are often bred in one hive; they are not formed to collect either honey, or wax, but feast on the labours of the rest; leading a luxurious life of idleness and love. But their pleasures, with their lives, are very short; for as they seldom appear before the middle of May, so they are generally destroyed, or expelled the hive, by the other bees, before the month of August, if the hive is strong. At this time, the breeding season being partly over, a most cruel war is commenced against them; for as they contribute nothing to the winter stores, by their industry, therefore, when they are no longer of any use, they are all destroyed: even the young brood are dragged from their cells, and every vestige of drone is totally annihilated.

In weak hives they are suffered to live longer, and the reason is, not that the other bees are not able to drive them out, but that they find them necessary in hatching the young brood, to which their additional warmth greatly contributes, being themselves but few in number. Therefore the custom of killing drones, when they are observed to remain later than common, and which some practise, thinking the other bees are not able to do it, is highly prejudicial to the prosperity of a hive.

When the drones first appear, in the spring, swarms from the single hives may then soon be expected, if the weather be favourable. They seldom appear before eleven in the morning, and very few are ever seen after six in the evening. An exception to this rule is, when the bees are going to swarm, which they sometimes do in very hot, sultry weather, so early as eight o'clock in the morning, though very seldom; and part of the drones always attend the swarms.

Those hives that have the greatest number of drones generally turn out the most swarms: it shews they are possessed with the most prolific queens. Those in which are found no drones at all, should either be immediately taken, or else united with some other stocks; for this circumstance shews that the bees have lost their queen, or else she is a barren one: in either case the bees can never prosper. Whatever may have been said, that bees have been known to prosper without any drones appearing, this for certain may be depended on, that those hives which breed no drones, breed no other sort of bees.

THE working bees are much less in size than the queen, or drone; they are armed with a sting, and soon irritated to make use of it. They may, with some propriety, be called mules, being of neither sex. These are the only labourers, and of this sort the hive or colony chiefly consists: The working bees collect all the wax and honey, build the combs, guard the hive, &c. and are ever ready to sacrifice their lives for the general good. And from all the observations I could ever make, there appears also of these a variety of species in every hive. Some seem to be formed to collect the honey, whilst others search the flowers for wax only; others again, I observe, never leave the hive, but seem as if constantly employed in the various works within: such as building the comb, disburdening those that return from the fields, feeding the young brood, and guarding their treasures, &c. In short, they seem to be endued with a peculiar instinct, directing each one in its different task; and that without a sufficient number of these, in each department, no colony will prosper.

It has been thought that bees, all the winter months, are in a state of sleep, or inactivity; but this is very erroneous: they are then equally alive and active within the hive; and consume nearly as much provision as they do in summer; except in very cold and severe weather. Consequently the more severe the winter proves, the greater quantity of stores remain with the bees in spring.

If any accident destroys the mother, or queen, the rest immediately cease to labor, and only live whilst their stores remain; unless there is a prospect of a young one's being soon hatched, or another can be given them from some other hive. But as the giving them one from another hive will be attended with great trouble and difficulty, I would advise, when such accident happens, always to unite them with some weak hive.

Although every good swarm is composed of many thousands of bees, commonly between forty and fifty thousand, yet such is their peculiar instinct, that a single bee of any other hive shall not obtrude himself, but he is instantly known, and seized on as a robber.

Bees have, if I may be allowed the expression, a sort of language amongst themselves, whereby they know each others wants. This will be easily known to the most superficial observer, by giving the least attention to them in building their combs, unloading their labourers, feeding each

each other, &c. They also foreknow storms; and will sound an alarm, when any thing injurious approaches their habitation; and such sounds will be instantly understood, and answered by the whole hive. But not one of the least instances of their sagacity is, a day or two before they swarm the second or third time, when it should seem as if a sort of council were held, night and morning, debating whether it should be for the general good that any more should emigrate. If there are bees sufficient in the hive, to

spare so many as will compose the cast, leave then is given to the young queen by the old one to lead a second or third swarm. This may readily be known by her descending to the bottom of the hive, and summoning her new subjects by repeated calls, in a louder and more shrill tone than what was used before. The next day the cast or second swarm, &c. may be expected, if the weather be favourable. If leave is not obtained by the young queen, she is then sacrificed to the peace of the commonwealth.

ON THE SUPPOSED SUPERIORITY OF THE MASCULINE UNDERSTANDING.

[By a Lady.]

THE mind of man no sooner expands itself into action, than it is impressed with the passions of vanity, and a love of power. An indulgence of these passions—a supine inattention to first causes, aided by a tame submission to whatever receives the authority of hereditary usage, has combined to sanction absurdities, and establish laws which nature never designed.—However inconsistent the hypothesis, if it flatters ambition, or promises dominion, it will have its votaries, and be handed down by the ignorant and designing, until it becomes sacred by prescription.

From these and various combining circumstances, we may trace the source of that assumption of superiority by which the men claim an implicit obedience from our sex: a claim which they support on the vain presumption of their being assigned the most important duties of life, and being entrusted by nature with the guardianship and protection of women. Let the daily victims of their infidelity speak how worthy they are of the boasted title of protectors. But it is in us that Heaven hath reposed its supreme confidence: to us it hath assigned the care of making the first impressions on the infant minds of the whole human race: a trust of more importance than the government of provinces, and the marshalling of armies; as on the first impression depends more than on the discipline of the schools, the grave lectures of divines, or the future terrors of the law.

But the duties imposed by this important deposit, disqualify us for the exercises necessary for the acquisition of that corporeal strength, which might fit us for

advantageous occupations, which accumulate wealth, the immediate source of power. Hence is derived the imputation of our imaginary inability; hence the opportunity, of which those men seldom fail to take the advantage, of arrogating to themselves all power and authority; which is too often displayed, in making us wretched, and rendering themselves ridiculous.

The daily follies committed by men, leave it unnecessary to prove the imbecility of their minds; and as to what strength of body they possess superior to the women, this may be chiefly attributed to the exercise permitted and encouraged in their youth; but forbade to us, even to a ridiculous degree.

Nothing gives muscular strength but exercise. In the nursery, strength is equal in the male and female. Education soon draws on those distinctions with which nature is charged. A boy no sooner goes to school, than his fellows dare him to fight; he has no alternative; he must fight or be wretched. He soon learns to whip up a top, run after a hoop, and jump over a rope. These exercises promote health and spirits; strengthen his whole frame, and often rectify those enormous errors committed in the nursery (that baleful prison with a fashionable name!) the consequences of which are rather confirmed than relaxed by the future education of girls; committed to illiterate teachers, and as illiterate school-mistresses: ignorant of manners, books, and men.—With these tyrants, they are cooped up in a room, confined to needle work, deprived of exercise, reproved without being fault-

ty, and schooled in frivolity, until they are reduced to mere automatons in the most active and best part of their lives : at a time, when they possess a redundancy of spirits, which were given by nature to establish a proper strength and activity of constitution, but which, if once forfeited, the loss draws on consequences which never after can be eradicated. These are some of the many disadvantages we are doomed to suffer, while the boys are encouraged in activity, instructed in sciences and languages, and rendered familiar with the best authors ; by which they may refine their taste, improve their judgment, and form a system of morals that may insure their happiness ever after.

When an intelligent and reflecting mind views and contemplates on such a combination of facts, all tending to advance one sex and depress the other, such a mind will be struck with horror, but not with surprise, at the pale faced, decrepit, weak, deformed women, daily presented to view : who have been tortured into a debility which renders their existence wretched, and leaves them only the melancholy hope that a friendly consumption may relieve them, by death, from their unhappy situation.

Thus it is the united folly of parents, which has brought on so wide a distinction of the sexes ; not the impartial wisdom of the Creator, who must equally delight in seeing all his creatures wise and happy.

But so tyrannic is custom, that if a woman of distinguished abilities rises superior to all her disadvantages, and, like the sun, bursts through the cloud, and shines from amidst the mists she has scattered by her rays, she is received like a noxious comet ; she is the dread of her own sex, and envied by every male dunce within whose sphere she may happen to move. Different, it is true, is the conduct of men of learning and genius ; they hourly lament the misfortune of being confined to ignorance ; while they are possessing beauty. A man of sense soon grows weary of saying silly things : he finds himself in a state of solitude when the same object daily presents herself to his senses, without affording any entertainment to the mind ; and he deplors that he must drag on a weary life with a woman he can neither forsake or enjoy.

Men contribute to their own wretchedness when they neglect the culture of our minds. They are our mental qualities that give their truest enjoyment ; and men are seldom brutish to such a degree as long to enjoy the company of women, who can only gratify the lowest appetite. These cloistered drones who affect to de-

spise the society of women, grow timid, sullen, and suspicious ; while those as the French, who form all their pleasurable parties in the company of women, retain their vivacity, and enjoy life to its latest period. This mixture in society improves both the sexes. Boys brought up under mothers form respectable ideas of women ; and girls, early introduced into mixed company, always behave with much propriety. Nothing makes so ridiculous a figure as an ignorant coquette, just relieved from the unnatural restraint of a boarding school. She is a stranger to all decorum : she is either grossly rude through reserve, or disgustingly familiar through uncultivated vivacity, and generally falls in love with the first coxcomb who affects to admire her.

But with all our disadvantages, it is to the judgment of women that the world is indebted for some of the greatest characters among men. Ben Jonson, Newton, Locke, and Henry the Great of France, were all left to the guardianship of women. Equal advantage may be hoped from the instructions of our sex in the present century, since we have women who excel in the sciences of commerce, government, poetry, and history ; and in the various branches of the polite arts.

Voltaire said, the minds of women were capable of whatever was performed by those of the men ; and refused the invitation of the king of Prussia for the company of Madame de Chatelot, telling the king, that (between philosophers) he loved a lady better than a king. This lady knew by heart most of the beautiful passages in Horace, Virgil, and Lucretius, and all the philosophical works of Cicero ; could write Latin elegantly, and could speak all the languages of Europe : was perfectly conversant with the works of Locke, Newton, and Pope, and was particularly fond of the mathematics and metaphysics. When she died, the king of Prussia gave Voltaire a second invitation : it was accepted, and he went and lived with the king. Does this not draw conviction, that we possess faculties which are by no means inferior to the greatest ornaments of the other sex ; and that the highest felicity man can possess must arise from the society of well educated women.

But what must be the sentiments of such women, when they hear from the lips of an idiot husband, that men are created their lords and masters ? when they find themselves united to those who know not their worth ? and discover, that where they looked up for protection, they are quickly taught submission ? When they

find the sawning slave of yesterday the tyrant of to-day; and having resigned themselves, they are given to understand that they have neither liberty nor property—like the lion in the fable, all is his by right of lion—can the soul subdue its feelings, and not revolt against the hidden baseness? Disappointment chills the heart, stagnates affection, and draws on that morbid indifference which we often observe in the married state. Yet how often do we see the hapless female, with patient virtue, smothering concealed wretchedness, and enduring her afflictions with a fortitude which would do honour

to the greatest hero that was ever drawn by the hand of fiction.

Thus, then, the superiority of man consists only in that strength which he pretends is needful for our protection; and his boasted protection resembles that of a ruffian, who should guard you from a pick-pocket, only that himself might do you a more selfish and more irreparable injury. Let them withdraw their injuries, and we shall easily spare their protection; but did our education disencumber them from our dependance, they could not as readily dispense with the assistance of our sollicitudes.

ACCOUNT OF THE POLYGARS.

[From Mr. Sullivan's *Philosophical Rhapsodies.*]

THE natives of Hindostan, who have uniformly exhibited a peculiar character, and who most probably will continue so to do until the end of time, have a people among them, inhabitants of almost impenetrable woods, who are under the absolute direction of their own chieftains, and who, in times of peace, are professionally robbers, but, in times of war, are the guardians of the country. The general name of these people is Polygar. Their original institution, for they live in distinct clans, is not very well understood. It probably took its rise from municipal regulations, relative to the destruction of tygers and other ferocious beasts. Certain tracts of woodland were indisputably allotted as rewards to those who should slay a certain number of those animals; and those lands approximating, probably laid the foundation of the several confederacies of Polygars.

The Pollams, or woods, from which is derived the word Polygar, lying in profusion through all the southern parts of Hindostan, the ravages committed in the open countries by these adventurous clans are both frequent and destructive. Cattle and grain are the constant booty of the Polygars. They not unfrequently even despoil travellers of their property, and sometimes murder, if they meet with opposition: yet these very Polygars are the hands into which the aged and infirm, the wives, children, and treasure, of both Hindoos and others are entrusted, when the circumjacent country unfortunately happens to be the seat of war. The protection they afford is paid for; but the price is inconceivable, when the helpless situation of those

who fly to them for shelter is considered, and especially when their own very peculiar character is properly attended to. The native governments of Hindostan are under the necessity of tolerating this honourable banditti. Many of them are so formidable as to be able to bring fifteen and twenty thousand men into the field.

The Hindoo code of laws, in speaking of robberies, hath this remarkable clause, 'The mode of shares amongst robbers, shall be this:—If any thief or thieves, by the command of the magistrate, and with his assistance, have committed depredations upon, and brought away any booty from another province, the magistrate shall receive a share of one sixth part of the whole. If they received no command or assistance from the magistrate, they shall give the magistrate in that case one tenth part for his share, and of the remainder their chief shall receive four shares; and whoever among them is perfect master of his occupation, shall receive three shares; also, whichever among them is remarkably strong and stout, shall receive two shares; and the rest shall receive each one share.' Here then, we see not only a sanction, but an inducement to fraudulent practices—a another singular inconsistency among a people who, in many periods of their history, have been proverbial for innocency of manners, and for uncommon honesty in their conduct towards travellers and strangers.

At the first sight it would appear, that the toleration of the Polygars, owing to their great numbers, and to the security of their fortresses, which are in general impenetrable but to Polygars, that the government

vernment licence, in this manner given to them, to live on the spoils of the industrious, might have originally occasioned the former division, and encouragement to perseverance, which we have just quoted; but the cause I should rather suppose to lie in the nature of certain governments, than to have arisen from any accidental circumstance afterwards; and I am the more inclined to this opinion from the situation of the northern parts of Hindostan, which are, and always have been, uninfested by these freebooters.

The dominion of the East was, in former days, most probably, divided and subdivided into all the various branches of the feudal system. The vestiges of it remain to this hour: rajahs and zemindars are nothing more than chieftains of a certain degree of consequence in the empire. If

then, experience has shewn, in other parts of the world, that clans have always been observed to commit the most pernicious acts of depredation and hostility on each other, and that the paramount lord has seldom been able effectually to crush so general and so complicated a scene of mischief, may we not reasonably venture to suppose, that the Hindoo legislature passed this ordinance for the suppression of such provincial warfare; and for the wholesome purpose of drawing the people, by unalarming degrees, more immediately under the controul of the one sovereign authority? The conclusion, I own, appears to me satisfactory. Moreover, Polygars cannot but be of modern growth; for the law relative to thefts is antecedent to the mention of Polygars in history.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF CASHMIRE AND ITS INHABITANTS.

[From the same.]

CASHMIRE is situated at the extremity of Hindostan, northward of Lahore, and is bounded on the one side by a ridge of the great Caucasus, and on the other by the little Tartarian Thibet and Idoulstan. The extent of it is not very considerable; but being girt in by a zone of hills, and elevated very considerably above an arid plain, which stretches many miles around it, the scenes which it exhibits are wild and picturesque. Rivers, hills, and vallies, charmingly diversify the landscape. Here a cascade rushes from a foaming precipice; there a tranquil stream glides placidly along; the tinkling rill, too, sounds amidst the groves; and the feather'd choristers sing the song of love, close sheltered in the glade.

At what time Cashmere came under the dominion of the Mogul government, and how long, and in what manner, it was independent, before it was annexed to the territories of the House of Timur, are points that are entirely unconnected with the nature of our enquiry. We shall content ourselves, therefore, with remarking, that, though inconsiderable as to its revenues, it was uniformly held in the highest estimation by the emperors of Hindostan. Thither they repaired in the plenitude of their greatness, when the affairs of state would admit of their absence; and there they diverted themselves of form and all the oppressive ceremony of state.

The royal manner of travelling to Cash-

mire was grand, though tedious and unwieldy, and shewed, in an eminent degree, the splendor and magnificence of an Eastern potentate. Aurungzebe, we are told, seldom began his march to that country, (for a march certainly it was to be called) without an escort of eighty or a hundred thousand fighting men, besides the gentlemen of his household, the attendants of his seraglio, and most of his officers of state. These all continued with him during the time he was on the road, which generally was a month: but no sooner was he arrived at the entrance of those aerial regions, than, with a select party of friends, he separated from the rest of his retinue, and with them ascended the defiles which led him to his Eden,

The temperature of the air of Cashmere, elevated as it is so much above the adjoining country, together with the streams which continually pour from its mountains, enables the husbandman to cultivate with success the soil he appropriates to agriculture; whilst the gardener's labour is amply repaid in the abundant produce of his fruit. In short, nature wears her gayest cloathing in this enchanting spot. The rivers supply the inhabitants with almost every species of fish; the hills yield sweet herbage for the cattle; the plains are covered with grain of different denominations; and the woods are stored with variety of game. In this country, therefore, we are not to be surpris'd that the ladies

Ladies are so singularly beautiful. The picture intended by heaven would have been incomplete without them,

‘ Adown their necks, more white than virgin snow,
Of softest hue, the golden tresses flow;
Their heaving breasts, of purer, softer white
Than snow-hills glistening in the moon’s pale light,
Except where covered by the sash, were bare,
And love, unseen, smil’d soft, and panted there.’
LUSIAD.

In almost every other part of Asia the Scythian feature is to be traced in a greater or a less degree. It is not so here. The Cashmireans seem a race distinct from all others in the East: their persons are more elegant, and their complexions more delicate, and more tinged with red. Were this insulated world, indeed, a little nearer Europe, its fair inhabitants might be looked upon as a collateral branch of your own unrivalled countrywomen, whose perfection they almost equal.

Where beauty is, there ever will be love; and love will always be attended by poetry and music. Thus we find the Cashmireans cultivate those arts with extraordinary success: poetry in particular. No country of the East has produced more elegant effusions of imagination than Cashmire; nor has any been more celebrated in story. Even Solomon’s Rose of Sharon, and Lilly of the Valley, will be found to droop, when compared with the flights of some of their bards, who whilom strung the lyre to love, and attuned it with delicacy and feeling.

Strange as it may seem, the people of this country believe, that even Solomon himself was inspired in the bowers of Cashmire. In many parts they point out places, which they represent as dedicated to him; and even some, that, at his desire,

were called expressly by his name. That Solomon might have had some of the fair ones of his seraglio from this nursery of beauty, is not at all improbable. He sought every where for gratification; and therefore, if, for the gold of Ophir, he could send vessels into the Indian seas, the advancing a few steps farther, for a much more estimable treasure, does not appear incompatible with that monarch’s disposition. Though a man of wisdom, he supposed there might be happiness in the indulgence of passions, granted him by heaven. His eagerness in the pursuit was great; nor did he spare either money, or attention.

‘ Fly swift, my friends; my servants,
fly; employ
Your instant pains, to bring your master joy.
Let all my wives and concubines be dress’d.
— Fresh roses bring
To strew my bed, till the impoverish’d spring
Confess her want; around my amorous head
Be drooping myrrh, and liquid amber shed
Till Arab has no more.’
PRIOR.

Towards the gratification of this disposition, therefore, Cashmire might have contributed her portion; and thence those legends, which have been circulated relative to Solmon’s having been resident there.

On the decadence of the Mogul power in Hindostan, Cashmire felt some of the ravages of war. It is now, however, in peace; and the inhabitants are desirous of keeping it so. Industry, sprightliness, and good fellowship, fill up the measure of their time. They gratefully return thanks to heaven for the blessings they enjoy. Their days are the days of comfort; and their nights are crowned with tranquility and repose.

REFLECTIONS ON THE DANGERS ATTENDING A PROPENSITY TO ILLIBERAL INTRIGUE.

[From the Massachusetts Magazine.]

UNIVERSAL soever as the spirit of amour may be; and great soever as the countenance may be which it receives from the polite world, there is no one source from which such a number of ca-

lamities are produced, nor any one spring which pours in such a variety of misfortunes upon society. Unhappily in this gay age the depravity of manners has arisen to so enormous a degree, that it is in

in some measure necessary for a young fellow to give into the fashionable, follies and, practice, vices to which he has a real abhorrence, if he would establish the character of a man of taste, or shew himself tolerably well acquainted with the world.

In the prosecution of modern amour, more than in any other vice, there are allurements which very few think themselves capable of resisting, or even chuse to resist, if they could. A man finds his vanity tickled, as well as his inclination gratified in the seduction of unwary innocence, and, abstracted from the transport resulting from possession itself, the generality of our sex think, with an infinity of satisfaction, upon their own accomplishments, and suppose they must be possessed of some extraordinary qualifications, when a woman shews her sensibility of them at no less price than her everlasting disgrace.

The same vanity which impels the one sex to a pursuit of unwarrantable amour, is the very reason why the other is so seldom offended, when they even know that a man's design is repugnant to honour and virtue. The pleasure arising from the adoration paid to a pretty face, casts a veil over the infamous intention of him who offers it, and the generality of women are content to be addressed upon the footing of strumpets, provided the offence which is offered to the purity of their hearts, is mingled with a well turned compliment to the beauty of their persons.— Hence, actuated by vanity, and perhaps rendered weak from constitution, the amiable idiot of the softer sex is immediately undone, and the remorseless libertine of ours feels no compunction in the ruin of her character, since the monstrous depravity of general opinion induces him to consider it as an enhancement of his own.— Nay, this vanity on the side of the ladies, has sometimes been so unaccountably absurd, that two sisters have quarrelled about the addresses of an agreeable spoiler, and contended, with an inflexible sedulity, for the honour of sacrificing their peace of mind in this world, and endangering their everlasting happiness in the next.

Independent of the lamentable consequences in point of character, which on the woman's part most commonly attend a deviation from virtue, the effects which such a deviation has upon her spirits, is generally fatal. There is a softness in the female mind, so very susceptible of tender impressions, that it is next to impossible the idea of a favoured lover should ever be erased; and as it is equally impossible that the libertine professed can confine himself to any single attachment, the wo-

man must necessarily be wretched when she knows that those vows and protestations are indiscriminately paid to the whole sex, which she once vainly imagined were engrossed by herself. Besides this there is an ingrateful sort of indolence in the temper of the man, which renders him indifferent in proportion to the study taken to please him, and a spaniel like kind of fondness in the disposition of the woman, which increases her tenderness in proportion as she experiences his indifference or abuse. I seldom or never heard of a man who behaved commonly civil to a woman who had granted him all she could grant, nor knew a woman once forget a man, by whom she was destroyed. I have an elegy before me, in which a lady, ruined and forsaken, paints the general situation of the sex in such circumstances, with no little sensibility, and as the performance has much merit, I shall make no excuse for transcribing a stanza or two, and submitting them to the judgment of my readers.

O THAT no Virgin would incline an ear
To wild professions from inconstant youth,

But nobly scorn a sentiment to hear,
That seems to laugh at innocence and truth.

For if no just displeasure she reveals,
Time will convince her dearly to her cost,

That step by step the sweet delusion steals,
'Till fame and honour are forever lost.

The female mind may bid its terrors cease,
Who never made her softer feelings known,

Nor fear a thought destructive to her peace,
While prudence tells her to conceal her own.

But if, alas! in some unguarded hour,
From this advice she madly should depart,

She gives her lover an unbounded pow'r
To wound her honour and to break her heart.

In vain the fair to such a crisis drow'd,
In sense or soul superior will confide;
For when has reason triumph'd over love,
Or inclination been subdu'd by pride?

Say, heav'n! to whom my pray'r is now
address'd,

Why are we subject to so hard a fate,
That

That tho the easy fondness of our breast
Be still abus'd, we never wish to hate,

For e'en this moment when my grief has
stole

The aching tribute of a falling tear,
I feel a foolish something round my soul
Declare the soft betrayer is too dear.

Alas, the anguish I am doom'd to prove,
From real passion only can begin,

For this sad drop proceeds from slighted
love,
And pardon, heav'n, no sorrow for the
sin.

But, O ye powers, remove each softer trace
That calls his faithless image to my
eyes;

For as I know him infamous and base,
It is but just I hate him and despise,

PHENOMENA OF THE OCEAN;

Explaining the Cause of the different Degrees of Heat, experienced at the same Period
by Water and on Land.

[Partly extracted from an ingenious Theory of Thunder Storms; by A. Oliver, Esq; of Salem,
Massachusetts.]

IT has been generally supposed that wa-
ter has the property of cooling the surround-
ing air; but this it seems is not strictly
the case, since it only operates by absorb-
ing the rays of the sun, and thus impeding
the generation of warmth, by preventing those
rays from exerting their influence on the sur-
rounding atmosphere. This is evident from
the following phenomena: In a perfect
calm, the heat is to the full as sensible on
the sea, as it is upon the dry land; for the
surface acting like a mirror upon the sun's
rays, strongly reverberates them back into
the atmosphere, and thus generates heat
in the same manner as when those rays
fall upon the solid earth. But whenever
the surface becomes agitated and broken
by the force of wind acting upon it, a com-
parative degree of coldness exists in its vi-
cinity, and especially in the incumbent
air; for the rays by perpetually impinging
upon an infinite variety of new formed
fluctuating surfaces, undergo innumerable
refractions, in all directions, whereby they

are absorbed, and lost within the fluid mass
in proportion to the violence of the agitati-
on; thus the greater the commotions, the
fewer of those rays can be reverberated
from the aqueous element to warm the in-
cumbent air, which of course can, in some
instances, only be sensibly affected by the
passage of the sun's descending rays. Now
as the ocular phenomena also depend on
the steady or disturbed reflection of these
rays, upon which light as well as warmth
depends: we accordingly find when the
water is serene and calm, and the surface
of the ocean smooth like a looking-glass,
that it reflects the exact resemblance of the
sky overhead; upon the first springing up
of a breeze it changes to a light blue,
which deepens to a fine sky colour as the
wind arises, saddens to a deep sea-green in
a brisk gale, and to a sullen blackness in a
storm—excepting where the waves are in-
terspersed with white heads of foam, which
by contrast, only render the scene more
gloomy.

BOUNTY REWARDED: OR, THE WORTHY SOLDIER.

A FRENCH soldier (one of those whom
Voltaire pleasantly calls 'the Alex-
anders at a great day') had obtained a
furlough to see his friends. One evening
he was trudging along with his knapsack
on his back, rich in honour and courage,
but with a pocket of the lightest: not

withstanding which he sung his old songs
with that heart of gaiety and ease, which,
under the most penurious circumstances,
is peculiar to his thoughtless countrymen.

In this merry mood he met a clergyman,
whom he soon conjectured to be the vicar
of some village, and whom he instantly
conceived,

conceived, moreover, to be a good man. Nor was he mistaken: there was an air of benignity in this clergyman that bespoke an excellent heart; and a careless frankness in our honest soldier, that prepossessed one in favour of him. The conversation (for two Frenchmen are never at a loss for conversation) turned at first on the military profession; and the good vicar was delighted to see the animation and loyalty which appeared in every gesture and every speech of the gallant veteran. At length, on the point of parting, the soldier said, 'How happy is your Reverence! You do not seem to be thirsty; while I --- I am absolutely choked; I have travelled so many miles to day.' -- 'If your way lies through my village I will give you some refreshment. I have some tolerable good wine; and there, to the left, beyond those trees, is my snug little parsonage.' -- 'Thank you, Sir, for all your civilities; but I am obliged to take a direct contrary way; I must be at my journey's end as soon as possible. However, I will not conceal it, some good wine would rejoice my eyes exceedingly. And why should I be ashamed to confess it? You seem to be a worthy clergyman; our pay is so very poor! Ah please your Reverence, a shilling would make me rich as Cræsus.'

The vicar, smiling, put the shilling into his hands. 'There, my honest friend; I give it with pleasure, drink my health with it.' -- 'Heaven bless your Reverence! On the faith of a grenadier, you are more generous than a King. Adieu, Sir; good night, and a thousand, thousand thanks.' They then parted, the grateful soldier continually repeating, 'Oh! what a good clergyman! What a good clergyman is this!'

The vicar, on his part, felt the most sensible pleasure in this adventure. He admired the blunt frankness and apparent sensibility of the soldier; and, on a sudden, he took the resolution to rejoin him. 'Comrade,' said he, as he came near him, 'return me that shilling.' -- 'What, your Reverence, do you repent of having made a poor devil happy? But here it is --- I did not extort it.' The vicar received it, and giving him a crown piece in its stead, 'I beg your pardon,' said he, 'this trifle was not worth having; I have thought better of it.' -- 'A crown, your Reverence! A crown! Do you mean to tempt me? I assure you that a shilling is sufficient.' -- 'But it was not sufficient for me,' replied the good-natured vicar; 'pray accept this trifle, and you will greatly oblige me.'

It is impossible to express the variety of sensations by which our pedestrian hero is overpowered. Nor could his worthy bene-

factor forbear from expressing how much he was affected by the exquisite sensibility which this humble and uncultivated mind displayed. In every gesture, in every word, there was that conciseness, yet pathetic eloquence of expression, which Nature teaches, and which no refinement can surpass. Their mutual satisfaction, it may be imagined, could scarce admit of being heightened. The poor veteran, who now thought himself 'as rich as Cræsus,' was the happiest of men; and the generous Ecclesiastic, whose income was far from affluent, yet who felt himself not the poorer for this bounty, enjoyed a felicity which none but the virtuous and good can feel. They parted once more. -- 'Oh! the excellent man! the excellent man!' said the soldier, when he found himself alone: 'after having, obliged me my own way, to come after me again, and oblige me still more! The good vicar, the good vicar! May he live a hundred years!'

The soldier had for some time made a considerable progress on his journey, when, at last, he perceived that the village where he had proposed to lodge that night, was still so very distant, that, after all, it would be much better to turn towards that which the vicar had pointed out, and take up his quarters there.

One would be tempted here to imagine, that that vigilant and invisible Providence which the ancients call *Destiny*, (*Fatum*) had determined the soldier to change his purpose, and to repair to the village in which this beneficent vicar lived. If we explore the pages of history, we shall find numberless examples of that protecting Power, which seems as it were, to create miracles for our preservation; and, what is more astonishing, the ingratitude of man is such, that he is either insensible of this heavenly interposition, or regards it with an indifference equally unwise and culpable.

Conducted then by a kind of guardian genius, the soldier directs his steps towards his benefactor's village. Attentive at this moment to economy, he enters a wretched alehouse. 'Comrade,' said he, 'bring me a pint of wine, and hark ye, let it be the best. I am intolerably thirsty.' -- The landlord placed him at the same table where three honest peasants were conversing with great volubility. -- 'Sit down here,' said one of the peasants; 'you will not be too much; we love gentlemen of your cloth; they serve the King, and fight for us.' -- Then turning to his companions, 'I tell thee, Claude, he is the jewel of men! Did you observe with what good judgment he judged in that thirg affair of Guster Matthew?' -- 'And you,

Nicholas,

Nicholas, do you remember what care he took of the poor family of Robert *bar's* dead and gone, and how he cried over them?" "Alr!" said Christopher, "he is one that does as he says, and so I get his sermons almost by heart."—"My good friends," interrupted the soldier, tossing off a large bumper of wine, "you are praising some honest fellow: may I know who he is?" "Mr. Officer, it is our vicar."—"Your vicar! Here, boy, bring me another pint. Your vicar—and all you say is true?"—"True? why we *an't* yet said half enough. There *isn't* his fellow upon earth. Hark ye, would ye believe it, we *an't* had a single law suit since he has been in the parish! He is the best creature in the world!"—"My good friends," again interrupted the soldier, "give me your hand. Do you know what pleasure you have just given me? You praise a man who has obliged me like a Prince. And I—I would put to death the man that could only think of hurting him."—He then related, and he could scarce refrain from tears, how good the Vicar had been to him. "Had you but seen him," said he, "turn back to give me a crown. Here it is, I won't carry it away. Comrades, we will sup together, on condition we all drink his health."

He instantly ordered the landlord to spread a supper on the table! and the conversation continues; "Hark ye, my friends, I have just thought of it: I cannot leave this place without seeing my good vicar. I am not satisfied with myself: I have not thanked him enough. But it is now late; I shall sleep here to night; and to-morrow morning early I will go and see him."—"And why not this evening, Mr. Soldier? The visits of such brave fellows are always acceptable. I'll answer for it, he will give you both supper and lodging with all his soul. Poor man! he has some rascals of nephews that torment him, and who are for getting whatever they can from him."—"They torment him! Let him turn them over to me: I'd manage them. I'll go then this instant to the good Vicar; but I scarce know my way."—"The three peasants, with one voice agreed to be his guides; the reckoning is all charged, and they all set out; the conversation on the way turning continually upon the excellent character and actions of their common benefactor.

They arrive at the door of the parsonage house; they knock; and they knock again. No answer is returned: not the slightest noise is heard.—"What," said one of the peasants, "what can be the

meaning of this? I don't half like it." They now knock with greater violence; but all is silent still; and even the great dog is not heard to bark. Their fears increase.—"This is very singular: he is always at home at this hour: we must absolutely make somebody hear."—"They won't open it, my friends. I know an excellent way to enter: we must burst open the door."—The soldier instantly applied to this work: the door soon yielded to his efforts; he enters the first; with what an object is he struck! A man hanging upon a beam! he runs to him; he recollects the good vicar; it is impossible to express his agitation: he perceives some signs of life; he quickly cuts the rope; he takes him in his arms; he revives him. "I hear some noise," said he; "shut the door; take care of this good man, and I'll do justice to the wretches that have treated him thus."—He perceives the dog killed; he goes up stairs into the vicar's apartment; and he there finds three wretches endeavouring to conceal themselves. Finding themselves discovered, they took the resolution to fall upon the soldier, with daggers in their hands.—"Wretches," said he, "I'll be revenged on you, and is it thus you have treated my good Vicar?"—With a single blow he laid no time: he killed one of the villains; he seized the two others, and he wounded one of them; and he then took them below. "I'll be revenged on you this time recorded."—"My friends," he exclaimed, "and oh, my good deliverer!"—"Your nephews!—The monsters I'll instantly give them over to the magistrates." In vain the forgiving uncle implied compulsion on his guilty nephews; the whole village had now gathered to the spot; the villains were delivered over to the hands of justice; and suffered the punishment due to their atrocious crime.

The Vicar would not permit his deliverer to leave him.—"My gratitude for you," he is inexpressible. You are my friend, my relation, my all: my whole life is yours; you have released me from death; and we will never part.

The good man wanted to purchase the discharge of the worthy soldier; and they ever after lived together. The peasants never recollected the happy meeting with him, without ascribing the blessing to the Providence of God; and the soldier ever jealously guarded the honour and care of a military life, had the satisfaction of seeing, in the said good actions, that endeared to him still more and more the best of men, the virtuous Vicar of * * *

DESCRIPTION of a MACHINE for RESTORING RESPIRATION to PERSONS DROWNED, or otherwise SUFFOCATED.

[Invented by M. Rolsud, Professor of Natural Philosophy at the University of Paris.]

LET there be made a double bellows, the middle board being common to both. In the centre of each external board, or back, pierce around hole for the insertion of a valve. The extremity or point of this double bellows must be cemented into a copper box, including two valves, which communicate with the inside of the bellows. The cover of this copper box, which screws on with an intermediate piece of leather, is shaped like a funnel, to the pipe of which is joined a flexible tube, made of a spiral wire, covered with a gummed taffaty, with an ivory pipe at the end to be inserted into the nostril. If you rather choose to introduce it into the mouth, the ivory pipe may be flattened a little. Each of these four valves consists of a copper neck, closed at one end by a piece of gummed taffaty, larger than the bore of the neck, and and hinged by a strong silken thread, wound round the neck, so that the valve opens when you blow into the tube. These valves fit into other copper tubes fixed into the bellows; but so disposed, that

the two external, and the two internal valves may open, the one inward, the other outward, so as to work alternately. The two valves within the box communicate with the bellows through one common tube. Having fixed the ivory pipe of the flexible tube in the nostril of the subject, you gently open the bellows, by which operation the bad air in the lungs will be drawn out into one half of the bellows, and the other filled with atmospheric air. You then close the bellows, the atmospheric air will thus be forced into the lungs, and that air, which was drawn out of the lungs, will escape. By thus continuing the operation you will oblige the lungs to perform the act of inspiration and expiration, and gradually induce the organ to resume its function, if the subject be not absolutely dead. The operator must be very careful not to proceed with too much precipitation. If you chuse to apply dephlogisticated air instead of atmospheric, it is easy to form a communication with one of the external valves, from a bladder, secured by a cock, containing that air.

The following ODE, called in the Northern Chronicles the EULOGIUM of HACON, KING of NORWAY, was composed on a Battle in which that Prince, with eight of his Brothers fell, by the Scald EYVYND; who, for his superior Skill in Poetry, was called the CROSS of POETS, and fought in the Battle which he celebrated.

THE goddesses who preside over battles come, sent forth by Odin. They go to chuse among the princes of the illustrious race of Yngveh, a man who is to perish, and to go to dwell in the palace of the gods.

Gondula leaned on the end of her lance, and thus bespoke her companions:—The assembly of the Gods is going to be increased; the Gods invite Hacon, with his numerous host, to enter the palace of Odin.

Thus spake these glorious nymphs of war, who were seated on their horses, who were covered with their shields and helmets, and appeared full of some great thought.

Hacon heard their discourse. Why, said he, why hast thou thus disposed of the battle? Were not we worthy to have obtained of the Gods a more perfect victory?

It is we, she replied, who have given it thee. It is we who have put thine enemies to flight.

Now, added she, let us push forward our steeds across those green worlds, which are the residence of the gods. Let us go tell Odin that the king is coming to visit him in his palace.

When Odin heard this news, he said, Hermode and Brago, my sons, go to meet the king: a king, admired by all men for his valour, approaches to our hall.

At length King Hacon approaches, and arriving from the battle, is still all besprinkled and running down with blood. At the sight of Odin he cries out, ah! how severe and terrible does this God appear to me!

The hero, Brago, replies, Come, thou that wast the terror of the bravest warriors: come hither, and rejoice thine eight brothers;

brothers; the heroes who reside here, shall live with thee in peace: go, drink ale in the circle of heroes.

But this valiant king exclaims, I will still keep my arms; a warrior ought carefully to preserve his mail and helmet: it is dangerous to be a moment without the spear in one's hand.

The wolf Fenris shall burst his chains, and dart with rage upon his enemies, before so brave a king shall again appear upon earth, &c.

Snorron Hist. Reg. Sedt. i. p. 163. This ode was written so early as the year 966. There is a great variety and boldness in the transitions. An action is carried on by a set of the most awful ideal personages, finely imagined. The goddesses of battle, Odin, his sons Horniope and Brago, and the spectre of the deceased king, are all introduced, speaking and acting as in a drama. The panegyric is nobly conducted, and arises out of the sublimity of the fictions.

MAGNANIMITY OF WILLIAM RUFUS.

WORD being brought to William, as he sat at dinner, that his city of Mans in Normandy was besieged, and in great danger to be taken, if not presently relieved; he hastily asked, which way Mans lay. Upon which being answered, the king immediately ordered a mason to take down a wall which happened to obstruct his nearest passage to the sea. His lords about him advised him to stay till such time as the people might get ready; but his answer was, 'No!—such as love me, will follow me.' Whereupon, the lords obeyed; but, being come on ship-board, and the weather growing very tempestuous, he was advised, a second time, by the master of the ship, to await some calmer season, alledging the present very imminent danger of the voyage; to which the valiant hero again answered, 'Fear nothing!—I never yet heard of a king being drowned, while defending the rights of justice and his kingdom.' And thereupon he set sail, and arriving at Mans unexpectedly, presently dispersed the besiegers, and took Helias, Count de la-Fleche, who had

been the author of the tumult, prisoner; who vauntingly said to the king, 'Now, indeed, you have taken me for a while, but if I were at liberty again, you should find me performing different feats!' At which Rufus laughing heartily, said, 'Go your way, and do your worst, and let us see what feats you can do.' Being reconciled to his brother Robert, he assisted him in recovering the fort of Moun and St. Michael, which their brother Henry formerly held in Normandy; during which siege he happened to be straggling along the shore alone, on horseback, and was met by three other horsemen, who assaulted him so fiercely, that they drove him from his saddle, and his saddle from his horse; but William taking up his saddle, and drawing out his sword, defended himself till rescue came: upon which, being blamed for minding his saddle almost in preference to life, he answered, 'It would have grieved me to the very heart, should the knaves have had it to brag, that they had won my saddle from me.'

ON THE BENEFIT OF SALT IN AGRICULTURE.

[By Cadwallar Ford, Esq. Published by Order of the Boston Society for promoting Agriculture.]

IN my younger days I studied much how to get the benefit of salt, to make the land yield its increase. To that end, I put one peck of salt upon every load of meadow hay, as it was put into the barn: which had a good effect, both upon the cattle and the dung. And once, when I had sowed three bushels of flaxseed, the

ground being smooth and clean, I sowed three bushels of salt, which had a good effect. The flax was well coated, taller, and fuller of seed, than any I had ever before. It was judged there were fifty bushels of seed from the three acres, which, as flaxseed sells now, would go near to pay for all the labour that is required in dressing

dressings and cleaning the flax. Since that, I have read, in Elliott's book of husbandry, of a gentleman that sowed a piece of land with flax, and sowed salt upon it, at the rate of five bushels per acre, except a strip through the middle. The effect was, that where the salt was sowed, there was tall, good flax; but the strip that had no salt, was poor and short, and good for little. I judge that five bushels of salt to the acre, was too much for the benefit of the land: but being called off from husbandry to attend other affairs, I left the care of my farm with my sons, who used no salt until spring 1785. The land being wet and miry, till near the latter end of May, we sowed one acre of flax; and after it was come up near a finger's length, we sowed a bushel of salt upon it, which had a very good effect. The flax grew well to a good height: but we had not quite ten bushels of seed, owing, as I conceive, to the unfriendliness of the season. There was none of my neighbours, for two miles

round, who had any that would pay for pulling:—therefore, whenever you sow flaxseed, be sure you sow double the quantity of salt to your seed, and you need not fear but that you will have a good crop, if the season suits.

I advise all to make the experiment, and try a glade in their oats, and even their winter rye, and all sorts of grain that they sow, and even their Indian corn, at the rate of two bushels of salt to an acre. They may depend on it that every bushel of salt will produce more than five times the price of the salt, and perhaps ten times as much.

The article of manure is a very important one, in the business of husbandry, and deserves much more attention than has been generally paid to it by the farmers in this country. Should any of them, from the foregoing account, be induced to make trial of salt, they are requested to communicate the result to the public.

A PARTICULAR ACCOUNT relative to an HINDOO WOMAN'S BURNING HERSELF ALIVE with her DECEASED HUSBAND.

[Taken from an authentic Letter, dated Calcutta, July 25, 1779.]

GOCUL CHUNDES GOSAU, a Bramin of superior cast, whose character as a merchant and a man of integrity was very respectable among Europeans, and exceedingly so with every native of this country who had any knowledge of him; for he maintained a great many poor daily at his house, and in the neighbourhood where he lived; and he expended his generosity to many Europeans, by lending them money when in distress—was Governor Verelst's Banian; and from that circumstance, I believe, you can confirm all I have advanced in Gocul's favour.

Gocul had been confined to his room about a fortnight by a fever and flux: I frequently visited him at that time, but did not apprehend his dissolution was so near, till last Tuesday morning, the 20th instant, when sending to inquire after his health, my servant informed me he was removed from his own house to the banks of a creek that runs from Collyghaut (a place held sacred by the Hindoos, and where the water is taken up that is used in administering oaths to Hindoos in and about Calcutta) into the river Ganges, as you know it is customary with them, in order to die in or near that river, or some creek

that runs into it. At about nine o'clock in the evening of that day I went to see him, where he lay in a Fly Palanquin in a boat in that creek. His servant told me he could hear, but was not able to speak to any body. I went near him, and called to him by name; he knew my voice, turned about, and held out his hand to me: I took hold of it, and found it very cold: he pressed mine, and said he was obliged to me for coming to see him. I told him he would get his death by lying exposed without covering (for he was naked to his hips) to the moist air this rainy season, close to a nasty muddy bank: he said, he wished to be cold, for that he was then burning with heat (although his hand, as observed before, was very cold). I then put my hand to his forehead, which was also very cold; still he insisted that he was burning with heat. I begged him to allow me to order him to be carried back to his own house; he shook his head, but said nothing in answer. I repeated the request, but he shook his head again without saying a word. I did not imagine such a proposition would be attended to, because it is an invariable custom, you know, amongst the Hindoos, when given over

over by their doctors, to be removed to the banks of the Ganges, or some creek that runs into it, which they have a very superstitious veneration for; and I have heard, that if a Hindoo dies in his own house, it is razed to the ground. Gocul's is a very large house, and such a circumstance would consequently be a great detriment to the estate. I staid about a quarter of an hour with him. On coming away, he repeated his obligations to me for the visits I paid him during his illness, and for my attention to him at that time. In particular, and pressed my hand very hard at parting, for he was perfectly sensible; and I believe, if proper care had been taken of him, it was in the power of medicine to have restored his health. There were a vast number of Bramins reading and praying near him.

Early the next morning I sent my servant to ask how he was: he brought me for answer that Gocul was in the same state as when I left him the preceding night; and whilst I was at breakfast, one of his dependants came to tell me he was dead. I went to see him soon after, and found him covered with a sheet. I then enquired if either of his wives (for he had two) would burn with him; but nobody there could inform me. I desired one of his dependants to let me know if either of them resolved to burn; that I might be present; this was about eight o'clock last Wednesday morning. At ten o'clock the corpse was carried to Collughaut, a little village about a mile higher up the creek, and about two miles and a half from Calcutta. Between twelve and one o'clock the same day, Mr. Shakespeare, who had an esteem for Gocul, whose nephew Joynerian Gosaul is Mr. Shakespeare's Banian, called on me to let me know that Gocul's first wife Tarrvaell was resolved to burn. We accordingly went together, and reached Collyghaut in time, where Gocul lay on a pile of sandal wood and dry straw, about four feet from the ground, on the banks of the creek, as naked as when I saw him the night before. His wife, we were told, was praying on the edge of the creek, where we were informed her children (two boys and one girl, one of the boys seven years, the other five, and the girl thirteen months old) were present with her and Kistenchurn, Gocul's eldest brother: that at first sight of her children, the strong ties of human nature, struggling with her resolution, drew a tear from her; but she soon recovered herself, and told her children their father was dead, and that she was going to die with him; that they must look up to their uncle, pointing to

Kistenchurn, who, with his son Joynerian beforementioned, would be both father and mother to them; and that they must therefore obey them in the same manner as they would Gocul and herself if living. Then turning to Kistenchurn, she enjoined him, and recommended him to enjoin Joynerian (who was then at Dacca), to be fathers and protectors to her children, and committed them to their care.

This done, she left her children, and advanced towards the funeral pile, which was surrounded by a vast concourse of people, chiefly Bramins, about eight or ten feet from it, so that there was a free passage round the pile. Mr. Shakespeare and I were in front of the circle, and I had a perfect view of the following scene.

As soon as she appeared in the circle, I thought she was somewhat confused; but whether from the sight of her husband lying dead on the pile, or the great crowd of people assembled, or at seeing Europeans among them, for there were two besides Mr. Shakespeare and myself, I cannot tell; however, she recovered herself almost instantaneously. She then walked, unattended, gently round the pile in silence, strewing flowers as she went round; and when she had nearly completed the third time, at Gocul's feet she got upon the pile without assistance, strewing flowers over it, and then laid herself down on the left side of her husband, raising his head and putting her right arm under his neck; and turning her body to his, threw her left arm over him; and one of the Bramins raised his right leg, and put it over her legs without a single syllable being uttered. They being thus closely embraced, a blue shawl was laid over them, and they were not seen afterwards by any body. Some dry straw was laid over the shawl, and then some light billets of sandal wood was put on the straw; but altogether not sufficient to prevent her raising herself up, throwing all off, and entirely extricating herself from the pile, if she had repented; or, from feeling the heat of the fire or smoke, she had been inclined to save her life. The dry straw which composed a part of the pile was then lighted. During all this time, that is, from the moment Gocul's wife made her appearance in the circle, to lighting the pile, there was a profound silence. But on the pile being lighted, the Bramins called out aloud, some dancing and brandishing cudgels or sticks, which I took to be praying, and a part of the ceremony; perhaps to prevent her cries being heard by the multitude, so as to give them a bad impression of it, or deter other women from following what the Hindoos term a laudable example. But I

was so near the pile, that notwithstanding the noise made by the Bramins, and those who danced round it, I should have heard any cries or lamentations she might have made: I am convinced she made none, and that the smoke must have suffocated her in a short space of time. I staid about ten minutes after the pile was lighted, for such a sight was too dreadful to remain long at; besides, nothing more was to be seen except the flames, which Mr. Shakespeare and I had a perfect view of at a distance, as we returned from the funeral pile.

Gocul's wife was a tall, well-made, good-looking woman, fairer than the generality of Hindoo women are, about twenty, or twenty-two years of age at most: she was decently dressed in a white cloth round her waist, and an Oorney of white cloth with a red silk border thrown loosely over her head and shoulders; but her face, arms, and feet were bare. I have heard, and indeed supposed, that women in that situation intoxicate themselves with bang or toddy; but from the relation given me of what passed between Gocul's wife, her children, and brother-in-law, as well as what Mr. Shakespeare and I saw at the funeral pile, I am persuaded she was as free from intoxication during the whole ceremony as it is possible; for she appeared to be perfectly composed, and not in the least hurried, except at first for an instant of time, as before observed; but went through it deliberately, with astonishing fortitude and resolution.

This barbarous custom, so shocking to Europeans, if I mistake not, was practised by our ancestors in Britain in the times of the Druids; but whether our countrywomen in those days, who did not sacrifice themselves, were treated with the same contempt after the death of their husbands, as the Hindoo women are, I know not; for by the religion of the Hindoos they never can marry again, or have commerce with another man, without prejudice to their calls, which to them is as dear as life itself; but generally are reduced to perform the most menial offices in the family of which they were before the mistress.

This reflection, together with the great credit they gain amongst the Bramins in undergoing so painful and horrid a religious ceremony, may be a very strong inducement to their continuing this practice.

The Moorish government in these provinces have frequently prevented such sacrifices, which I have heard is very easily

done; for that any person not a Hindoo, or even a Hindoo of an inferior cast to the victim, barely touching the woman during the ceremony, will have that effect. Job Channock, who obtained the first plura-mund from the King at Delhi for the English company, I am told, and I dare say you have heard it too, saved a woman from burning by touching her while she was going through the ceremony, and was afterwards married to her. Mr. Verelst was the means of saving the life of Gocul's mother who intended to burn herself with her husband, and she is now living; but Gocul's wife was so resolute, she declared last Wednesday morning, that if she was not allowed to burn with her husband, she would find means to put an end to her life in the course of that or the next day. As a proof of her composure, and being in her perfect senses, immediately on receiving news of Gocul's death, she resolved to sacrifice herself, and took an inventory of all the jewels and effects which she was in possession of.

I have now given you a full and circumstantial relation of the whole matter respecting Gocul Gofaul's wife sacrificing herself on the funeral pile of her husband. Such parts of it as were told me, of what was done out of my sight, I have no reason to doubt; and what I have written as seen by myself, you may depend on as literally true, which Mr. Shakespeare will confirm in every part. But I omitted to observe, that though the Bramins shed tears when praying by Gocul the night previous to his death, there did not appear the least concern in any of them during the ceremony at the funeral pile, not even in Kistenchurn, the elder brother of Gocul, or any of his dependents.

I am told that Gocul's other wife, named Rajeferry, would also have sacrificed herself at the same time if she was not with child: and that if she has preserved a lock of his hair, it is consistent with the Hindoo laws or customs for her to go through the same ceremony, by burning herself with that lock of hair on another pile whenever she thinks proper. Gocul had four children by this last-mentioned wife; one girl ten years, one girl six years, one boy seven years, and another boy five years of age.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient
humble servant,

JOSEPH CATON.

To Thomas Pearson, Esq;

STORY OF A TURK.

A Venetian ship having taken a number of the Turks prisoners, sold them according to their barbarous custom, to different persons in the city. One of those slaves named Ibraim, lived near a house of a Venetian merchant who was very rich, and had but one son a lad about twelve. As he had occasion frequently to pass Ibraim, he would stop and look very earnestly at him. Ibraim observing in the lad an appearance of benevolence and tenderness, was greatly pleased with him, and sought to have his company more frequently. The lad took such a fancy to the slave, that he renewed his visits much oftener than he had done, and brought him presents for his relief and comfort.—But tho' Ibraim appeared always to be pleased with the innocent caresses of his young friend, yet he observed; Ibraim was very sorrowful sometimes; and even shed tears. Afflicted by the repeated appearance of grief and sorrow of heart, he at length requested his father to make Ibraim happy if it was in his power.

The father pleased with this instance of generosity in his son determined to see the Turk himself, and inquire into the cause of his sadness. The next day he went to see him, and looking at him for some time, was struck with the mildness and honesty of his countenance. He at length said to him, 'Art thou Ibraim, of whose courtesy and gentleness my little son has spoken to me?' 'I am the unfortunate Ibraim, who have been now three years a captive; during that space of time this youth is the only human being that seems to have felt any compassion for my sufferings; I must confess therefore he is the only object to which I am attached in this barbarous country; and night and morning I pray that power, who is equally the God of the Turks and Christians, to grant him every blessing he deserves, and to preserve him from all the miseries I suffer.' 'Indeed, Ibraim' said the merchant, 'he is much obliged to you, although from his present circumstances, he does not appear much exposed to danger. Tell me in what I can assist you? for my son informs me that he often finds you in sorrow and tears.' 'And is it strange,' said the Turk, 'that I should pine in silence and be the prey of continual regret and sorrow, who am bereft of my liberty, the noblest gift of heaven?' 'And yet how many thousands of our nation,' said the Venetian, 'do your countrymen retain in chains?' 'I have never been guilty of the inhuman practice of enslaving my fellow creatures,

replied the Turk; 'I have never increased my property by despoiling the Venetian merchants of theirs; for the cruelty of my countrymen I am not accountable, more than you are for the barbarity of yours.'—A swelling tear started from his eye, and bedewed his manly cheek.—Recollecting himself immediately, and smiting gently on his breast, he bowed with reverence, and said, 'God is good, and man must submit to his decrees.' Affected with this appearance of manly fortitude, the merchant said, 'Ibraim, I pity your sufferings, and perhaps I may be able to relieve you. What would you do to regain your liberty?' 'I would,' said he, 'meet every pain and danger that can appal the heart of man.' 'The means of your deliverance,' said the merchant, 'are certain, without so great a trial, I have in this city an inveterate enemy who has offered me every insult and injury that malice could invent; but he is as brave as he is haughty, and I have never dared resent them as they have deserved. Here Ibraim, is the instrument of your deliverance; take this dagger; and when night has drawn her sable curtain over the city, go with me, avenged me of my adversary, and you shall be free.'

Indignant at the idea of being an assassin, he rejected the proposal with disdain; and raising his fettered arm as high as his chain would admit of, he swore by the mighty prophet, Mahomet, 'that he would not stoop to so vile a deed, to purchase the freedom of all his race.' The Venetian left him, adding, quite deliberately, 'You will think better of this perhaps by the next time I visit you.'

Returning the next day with his son, he accosted Ibraim mildly, telling him, that though he rejected his proposal before, he doubted not but he might now be convinced. 'Insult not the miserable,' interrupted Ibraim warmly, 'with proposals more shocking than the chains I wear. Know, Christian, that if thy religion permits such deeds, every true Mahometan views them with indignation. From this moment therefore let us break off all intercourse, and be forever strangers to each other.'—'No,' answered the merchant embracing Ibraim, 'let us be more strongly united than ever!—Pardon me this unnecessary trial of thy virtue. Mazzarino has a soul as averse to deeds of treachery and blood as Ibraim himself. From this moment, generous man, thou art free: Thy ransom is already paid, with no other obligation than that of remembering the

the affection of this thy young and faithful friend; and perhaps, hereafter, when thou seest an unhappy Christian groaning in Turkish fetters, thy generosity may make thee think of Venice.

Language cannot paint the ecstasy of joy and gratitude, which Ibraim felt at intelligence so agreeable, but unexpected. It is unnecessary to repeat the many and warm expressions of gratitude, which he uttered as soon as the first tide of joy had subsided as to give him utterance. He was set free that very day, and Mazzarino put him on board a vessel bound to one of the Grecian Islands, bade him an affectionate adieu, putting a purse of gold into his hands to bear his expenses, and wishing him every blessing. Their prayers and benedictions were mutual; for Ibraim regretted the separation from such a friend, whose disinterested goodness had set him at liberty, and with tears and prayers bade him a long farewell.

About six months after this an accident took place, which had well nigh deprived the Venetian merchant of all his hopes. Early in the morning of one of their Saints' days, while the family were locked in profound sleep, the house had taken fire, which had made a gradual progress, and nearly involved the whole in flame, before it was discovered. Scarce had the merchants been apprized of his danger in time to escape the awful conflagration; and no sooner had he escaped with the servants, who awoke him, than he enquired for his son. What a tumult of agony and despair rent his breast, when informed that, in the general consternation, he had been forgotten, and was now alone in an upper room? He would have rushed headlong into the flames in a fruitless search for his son, had not his servants restrained him. He offered half his estate to the intrepid man who would undertake the dangerous attempt of saving his son. Tempted by the greatness of the reward, ladders were immediately raised, and several daring spirits made the attempt, but were forced back by the violence of the flames. Upon the battlements of the house, the unhappy youth now appeared with extended arms, imploring aid, and seemed devoted to inevitable destruction. The father, beholding the imploring son, and the certain fate that awaited him, sunk under the weight of the dreadful prospect, and became totally insensible. In this moment of horrid suspense, a man rushing through the crowd, with a countenance indicating the most determined resolution, ascended a ladder, and was soon enveloped in a cloud of smoke. Lost to all appearance, the gazing multitude below

supposed he must perish in the flames. What then must have been their astonishment, when they beheld him issuing forth with the lad in his arms, and descend the ladder, to revive the heart of an almost expiring parent? Or what must have been his feelings, when he recovered his senses, at beholding in his own arms the darling of his heart, whom he had given up for lost?—Tenderly embracing his son, he earnestly inquired for the man who dared risk his own life to save his son. They shewed him a man of noble stature, but meanly clad, covered with smoke and scorched with heat, and all as one declared he was the intrepid adventurer who had saved his son.

Mazzarino, presenting him a purse of gold, requested his acceptance of that till he could make good his promise, which should be done the next day. 'No,' replied the stranger, 'I do not sell my blood. The pleasure of saving your son is a reward greater than all your riches could give.' 'Generous man!' cried the merchant, 'thy voice, sure, is not strange to me!—It is'—'Yes,' exclaimed the son, throwing himself into the arms of his deliverer—'It is my Ibraim!' Nothing could exceed the astonishment and gratitude of Mazzarino, to behold the deliverer of his son in the person of Ibraim. Taking his benefactor with him to another house of his, in a different part of the city, he enquired how he came into slavery a second time, and why he had not made him acquainted with his condition. 'That captivity which has given me an opportunity of shewing that I was not altogether undeserving thy kindness, and of preserving that dear youth, I shall ever reckon amongst the happiest events of my life,' replied the generous Turk. 'But,' continued he, 'I will relate you the whole affair.'

I believe you never were made acquainted with the circumstance of my aged father being a sharer with me in my captivity. Taken together by your galleys, we were sold to different masters. Those tears of sorrow, which so attracted the notice of your generous little son, were shed on account of the hard fate of my aged sire; and no sooner was I set free by your unexampled bounty, than I went in search of the Christian who had made him a slave. Having found him, I offered myself in his stead, that he might go back and let his declining sun set calm and serene in his own country land amidst the tender care of surrounding friends. At length I prevailed on the Christian, by adding the purse of gold your bounty had supplied me with, to permit my father to

go back in the vessel which was intended for me, without acquainting him with the means of his freedom. Since that time I have continued here a willing slave, to pay the debt of nature and of gratitude.

Ibraim ceased---The Venetian expressed great astonishment at such elevation of mind; and pressed him to accept the offer of half of his estate, and to spend the remainder of his days at Venice. Ibraim assured his friend, that what he had done was nothing more than the obligations of gratitude and friendship required; and therefore he must decline accepting any further recompense than that of reflecting that he was not ungrateful. The merchant, solicitous to make some returns worthy of so much greatness of soul, once more purchased his freedom, and freighted a ship on purpose to send him back to his own country. Most affectionately did he and his son embrace their deliverer, and accompanying him to the ship, they once more bade a last adieu, remaining on the shore until the ship lost itself under the horizon, and sending forward their ardent prayers for a safe and prosperous voyage.

Many years having now elapsed during which time no intelligence had been received of Ibraim, the young Mazzarino had grown up, and become the most accomplished, amiable youth of his age and rank. Having some business in a maritime town at some distance, which required dispatch in getting thither, he embarked with his father on board a Venetian vessel going to that place. The winds favoured their views; they had gained more than half their voyage, with a fine prospect of securing their whole passage, when a Turkish corsair was suddenly discovered bearing down upon them; from which they soon found it to be impossible to escape. Fear and consternation seized the greater part of the crew, and they soon gave all over for lost. But the young Mazzarino, drawing his sword, reproached them for their cowardice; and, by his manly courage and speeches, roused them to defend their liberties by one grand effort. The corsair approached in awful silence, till within reach of the Venetian ship, when on a sudden the very heavens were rent by the noise of the artillery, and the whole atmosphere wrapt in smoke. Thrice did the Turks essay, with horrid shouts, to board the Venetian ship; as often were they repelled by the well timed firmness of young Mazzarino and the crew inspired by his courage. Having lost many of their men, and seeing no prospect of carrying their point, they, the Turks began to draw off; and would have left the Venetians to pursue their

voyage, had not two other ships of their own nation, that instant, made their appearance, bearing down towards them with great swiftness. Upon their near approach the Venetians, seeing no possibility of escape, and that resistance would be madness, gave the sign for surrendering the ship, and soon saw themselves deprived of liberty and loaded with irons. In this situation were they carried to Tunis, where they were brought forth and exposed in the public market to be sold for slaves. One after another of their companions were picked out, according to their strength and vigour, and sold to different masters. A Turk of uncommon dignity in his figure and manners, at length came towards the captives, and surveying them with compassion and tenderness, applied to the captain for young Mazzarino, and enquired the price of this captive. The captain set a much higher price upon him, than he had done upon any of the others. The gentleman, a little surprised at the exorbitant sum, asked the reason of this great distinction. The captain replied that he had animated the Christians to the desperate resistance they had made; and had been the occasion of most of the damage they had sustained; and he was now determined to make him repay, some of it, or would gratify his revenge by seeing him drudge for life in his victorious galley. All this time had the young Mazzarino fixed his eyes in a dumb silence on the ground; and now lifting them up, beheld, in the person who was talking with the captain, the manly and open countenance of Ibraim. Mazzarino cried out, 'Oh my friend Ibraim!' No less astonished was the Turk, to find in the person of the captive his former companion and friend. He embraced him with the transports of a parent who unexpectedly recovers a long lost child. But when Ibraim found that his Venetian benefactor, and deliverer was among the captives, he could no longer restrain the violence of his feelings; he burst into a flood of sorrow for the misfortune of his friend; but recovering himself, exclaimed, with uplifted hands, 'blessed be that providence which has made me the instrument of safety to my ancient benefactor.' Being informed where he should find him, he instantly repaired to the part of the market where Mazzarino stood waiting his fate in manly, but silent despair. They were immediately known to each other. Their first interview was obstructed by the fullness of their joy. As soon as he was able, the Turk hailed him, friend, benefactor, and by every endearing name which friendship and gratitude could inspire; or

dered his chains instantly to be taken off, and conducted them both to his own magnificent house in the city.

After some preliminary conversation upon their mutual fortunes, by which they were again brought to see each other in their present condition, Ibraim informed them, that soon after their goodness had restored him to his own country, he accepted a command in the Turkish armies; and that having the good fortune to distinguish himself upon several occasions, he had been gradually promoted, through various offices, to the dignity of *Bashaw* of Tunis. 'Since I have enjoyed this post,' added he, 'there is nothing which I find in it so agreeable, as the power it gives me of alleviating the misfortunes of those unhappy Christians who are taken prisoners by our corsairs. Whenever a ship arrives, which brings with it any of those sufferers, I constantly visit the markets, and redeem a certain number of captives, whom I restore to liberty; and gracious Allah has shown that he approves

of these faint endeavours to discharge the sacred duties of gratitude for my own redemption, by putting it in my power to serve the best and dearest of men.'

After having passed about ten days in the house of Ibraim in a most agreeable manner, Mazzarino and his son were embarked on board of a ship bound to Venice. Ibraim dismissed them with great reluctance, but with many embraces; and ordered a chosen party of his own guards to conduct them on board their vessel. Their joy was greatly increased, when, on their arrival at the ship, they found that the generosity of Ibraim had not been confined to themselves, but that the ship which had been taken, with all the crew, were redeemed, and restored to freedom. Mazzarino and his son embarked, and, after a prosperous voyage, arrived safely in their own country, where they lived many years respected and esteemed, continually mindful of the vicissitudes of life, and attentive to discharge their duties to their fellow creatures.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

WHEN Pope Innocent the 4th excommunicated the Emperor Frederick the 2d, he commanded the sentence to be read in all the churches throughout Christendom: A certain curate of Paris began to read the sentence, prefaced with the following address. 'Hearken, my beloved, I have received command to pronounce the solemn sentence of excommunication, against the Emperor Frederick. Now, though I do not know the cause deterring it; yet I am not ignorant of the inexorable hatred between the pope and him; and am persuaded that one of them doth injure the other, but which it is I do not pretend to say. So far forth then as my power doth extend, I do excommunicate; and pronounce excommunicated, one of the two, namely him that doth injury to the other, and do absolve him who hath suffered the injury which is so hurtful to all Christendom.'

The prince drove, however, with such rapidity that the officer's clothes were covered with mud; he called out therefore to the prince to move more cautiously, who, upon that held on his horses, and at the same time whipped them so as to increase the dirty insult. The officer now losing all temper got upon the wheel, pulled the prince out, and caned him soundly; but upon cool reflexion of what he had done, and fearing the displeasure of the emperor, he waited upon him, and stating the provocation, begged leave to observe, that his clothes were new, his pay small, and the provocation great, and therefore entreated his imperial majesty to forgive him.

Joseph, like an emperor, took the officer by the arm, and said, my good soldier you are under a mistake, it was not the prince you caned, but the *Coachman*, and dismissed him with the utmost good humour.

WHEN prince Peccolomini, resided at Vienna, he was very fond of driving a phaeton and four furiously about the city; and coming near the guard the officer turned out his men to salute the prince. A puddle of water happened to be just before the officer, who was at the head of the guard, and had on a new suit of white re-

A LATE very eloquent and ingenious Chief Justice, in a commercial cause, sent back the jury twice, and a verdict they had given that displeased him. They, however, at last gave it according to his directions. Some time afterwards, revising the verdict in his own mind, he imagined he had been mistaken in his directions, and desired

desired one of the Counsel to make application for a new trial.

To some gentleman who was going Governor to the West Indies, and who (as not having been used to legal decisions) was afraid of not being able to satisfy his own mind, when he should have occasion to decide as Chancellor, he said, 'Decide as well as you can, but do not give any reasons for your decision. You will most probably decide well and justly, but most likely give bad reasons for your decision.'

THE late Lord Kaimes was for three or four days before he died, in a state of great languor and debility of body. Some friend came in upon him in that situation, and found him dictating to some one who was writing for him. He expressed his surprise at his being so actively employed at that time. 'Why, mon,' replied he, 'would you have me stay with my tongue in my cheek till Death comes to fetch me?'

Lord Kaimes's mind was active to the last, and was such in those moments as it had been in all the others of his life. He was no great scholar, but had a mind of great ingenuity, and of great ardour of pursuit. He had written on a great variety of subjects; on law, on equity, on farming, on education, on metaphysics. Dr. Johnson used to think well of his best work, 'The Elements of Criticism.'

DR. P. of Cambridge, used to tell this anecdote of Dr. Middleton: The Doctor found him one day propped up by a bed chair, and writing with a desk before him. On seeing the Doctor, he asked him, how long he thought he could live? The Doctor replied, 'Perhaps twenty-four hours.' 'Well then,' said he coolly, 'I shall not have time to finish what I am about.' So he ordered the chair to be taken away, and resigned himself quietly to his fate.

MARSHAL SAXE (of whose courage no one could ever doubt) used to declare he would never fight a duel, and always looked under his bed at night, and locked his chamber-door.

MARSHAL TURENNE could, it seems never salute with grace at the head of his regiment. It seems strange that a man who could do greater things so well, should fail in so trifling an one. The Marshal's parents were afraid, when he was a young man, that he would not have strength of constitution to bear the fatigues of the service. The method, however, he took to undeceive them was, to slip away one

evening from his tutor, and pass the whole night asleep upon a cannon on the ramparts of Sedan.

MARSHAL CATINAT, a famous French General, brought up originally at the Bar; but having lost a cause which he thought his client should have, in justice gained, he took to the profession of arms, where he distinguished himself so much that he had the command of the French armies at Casal and at Turin. His attention to his soldiers was so great, and his desire to preserve them so strong, that they always thought themselves secure while they were under his care. His common appellation amongst them was *Pere la Pensée*, or *Father Thought*. After having once gained a great victory, he was seen, soon after the battle, playing at bowls. Some one expressed his astonishment at this. 'It is not at all wonderful,' says Catinat; 'the wonder would have been, could I have done this if I had lost a battle.' He seldom or ever went to Versailles to pay his court to his Sovereign Louis XIV. and then upon business only. When that prince said to him, one day, 'We have talked enough about my affairs. Pray in what condition are yours?'—'In a very good one, sire,' replied Catinat, 'thanks to your generosity.'—'This,' said the king, looking round upon his courtiers, 'this is the only person in my kingdom who has ever spoke to me in this manner.'

Louis XIV. would have given him the *Cordon Bleu*. He, however, refused it. His relations were angry at his refusal. 'Well then,' said he, 'you may scratch me out of your pedigree if you please.' He was a man of great simplicity in his manners, in his character, and in his dress (wearing always a plain suit of cloaths of the same colour, though occasionally he dressed himself with more magnificence, when he was obliged to go to court). In his latter years he resided at a small estate he had near Paris, and at which he died, in 1712, at the age of seventy-two.

In the army he owed his advancement to merit only. Free from many of the prejudices of the times, but never affecting to despise them, he was universally beloved and esteemed; and though he could not procure the love, yet he acquired the esteem, of the haughty and insolent Louvois, the famous War Minister to Louis XIV. When he was told that Fenouquieres was employed by Louvois as a spy upon him:—'Alas!' said he, 'I wish him no harm. He is much more hurt by his own ambition, than I can be with any thing he can say against me.'

THE Emperor Aurelius in his dying moments, addressed his friends and the principal officers that were gathered round his bed: telling them, That as his son was going to lose a father, he hoped he would find many fathers in them; that they would direct his youth, and give him proper instructions for the public benefit as well as his own. 'Make him more particularly sensible (continued the dying emperor) that not all the riches and honours of this world, are sufficient to satisfy the luxury and ambition of a tyrant; nor are the strongest guards and armies able to defend him from the just reward of his crimes. Assure him, that cruel princes never enjoy a long and peaceful reign; and that all the real delights of power, are reserved only for those whose clemency and mildness have gained the hearts of the people. It must be yours to inform him, that obedience by constraint, is never sincere; and that he who would expect fidelity among mankind, must gain it from their affections, not their fears. Lay before him the difficulty, and yet the necessity, of setting bounds to his passions, as there are none set to his power. These are the truths to which he ought ever to attend; by steadily inculcating these, you will have the satisfaction of forming a good prince, and the pleasure of paying my memory the noblest of all services, since you will thus render it immortal.' As he was speaking these last words, he was seized with a weakness which stopped his utterance, and brought him to his end.

WE are informed of but few particulars of the reign of Constantius, except a detail of his character, which appears, in every light, most amiable. He was frugal, chaste, and temperate. Being one day reproached by Dioclesian's ambassadors for his poverty, he only intimated his wants to the people, and in a few hours the sums presented him amazed the beholders, and exceeded their highest expectations. 'Learn from hence (said he then to the ambassadors) that the love of the people is his richest treasure; and that a prince's wealth is never so safe as when his people are the guardians of his exchequer.' His mercy and justice were equally conspicuous in his treatment of the Christians, whom he would not suffer to be injured; and when at length, he was persuaded to displace all the Christian officers of his household, that would not change their religion, he sent the few that complied away in disgrace, alleging, that those who were not true to their God, would never be faithful to their prince.

FRANCESCO FRANZIA, a painter of Bologna, struck with the fame of Raphael, conceived a violent desire of seeing some of the works of that celebrated artist. His great age prevented him from undertaking a journey to Rome; he resolved therefore to write to Raphael, and to inform him how great an esteem he entertained of his talents, after the character which had been given of him. Reciprocal marks of friendship passed between these two artists, and they carried on a regular correspondence by letter. Raphael having about that time finished his famous painting of St. Cecilia, for the church of Bologna, he sent it to his friend, begging him to put it in its proper place, and to correct whatever faults he might find in it. The artist of Bologna, transported with joy at seeing the work of Raphael, began to consider it with attention; but he had no sooner cast his eyes upon it, than he perceived the great inferiority of his own talents to those of Raphael; melancholy took possession of his heart, he fell into a deep despondency, and died of grief, because he found that he had attained only to mediocrity in his art, after all his labour.

UPON the death of Queen Statira, who had been taken prisoner by Alexander, Tircus, one of her eunuchs, made his escape from the camp, and brought Darius the account. The king, who loved her tenderly, broke out into the most passionate lamentations, bewailing her loss, that she should have ended her days in such an abject state oppressed with the miseries of captivity, and that after death she was likely to be deprived of those honours, which should have graced her obsequies. 'Lament not for these things, O king!' said the eunuch; 'for neither did Statira, while she lived, nor do any of the royal captives, feel the least diminution of their former fortune, except it be the having lost the light of thy countenance, which the great Oromasdes will again cause to shine upon them; and, far from being deprived of her due obsequies, Statira was honoured with the tears of her very enemies; for, terrible as Alexander is in battle, he is equally mild in using his victories.'

The eunuch's words excited the darkest suspicions in the mind of Darius. 'Tell me then,' said he, taking the eunuch aside, 'if thou hast not yet revolted to the Macedonians, as the fortune of Persia has; tell me, as thou reverest the light of Mithra, and this right hand of thy king, is not the death of Statira the least of what I have to lament?' and, amidst

'all our calamities, had not our disgrace been less, if we had met with a more savage foe? For, what but the tenderest engagement could induce a young prince thus to honour the wife of his enemy!'

Tircus, humbling his face to the earth, entreated Darius not to harbour a thought so unworthy of himself, so injurious to Alexander, and so disrespectful to the memory of his excellent queen; nor to deprive himself of that reflection, which must administer the highest consolation to him, that Alexander, whose superiority in arms he had felt, was superior also to human nature; assuring him with the most solemn oaths, that Alexander was even more to be admired for the propriety of his behaviour to the captive princesses, than for the valour he exerted against Darius.

Darius, lifting up his eyes to heaven, is said thus to have expressed himself: 'Ye gods, the guardians of our births, and who watch over the fortunes of kingdoms, grant me to re-establish the state of Persia, and to leave it prosperous as I found it, that blessed with victory, I may have it in my power to return to Alexander the kindnesses which my dearest pledges have experienced from him. But if the fated term of this Empire is now come, and the glory of the Persians must have an end, may none but Alexander sit on the throne of Cyrus.'

—THOMSON, the Author of the Seasons, was a man so indolent, that Dr. — saw him one day, at Lord Melcombe's, go to a peach tree in the garden, with his hands in his pocket, and devour the fruit (as it was upon the tree.)

When Dr. — found him one day in bed, at two o'clock at noon, and asked him, Why he was in bed at that hour?

'Mon,' replied he, in his Scotch accent, 'I had no motive to rise.'

A HUMUROUS divine, visiting a gentleman, whose wife was none of the most amiable, overheard his friend say, 'If it was not for the stranger in the next room, I would kick you out of doors.'— Upon which the clergyman stepped in, and said, 'pray sir, make no stranger of me.'

A SCHOOLMASTER belonging to a small village in France, was deputed to compliment Louis 14th as he passed through. A nobleman, who knew the place to be celebrated for an annual fair of *asses*, asked him in the middle of his speech, 'how they sold last year.' 'My Lord,' said the pedagogue, 'those of your colour and size fetched little or nothing,' and finished his harrange amid the applause of thousands.

CHARLES JAMES FOX, canvassing for an election, asked the vote of an honest mechanic, who was bitterly opposed to his interests. The fellow refused it, but presented him with a *balter*.— 'Pray sir, keep it,' says the wit, 'for I presume it must be a family piece.'

LORD MANSFIELD being informed that Miss Sharpe of 25, had married a gentleman of 70, quaintly replied, that she had better have taken two *birby-five's*.

EARL TEMPLE, in the course of a conversation with a lady at court, complained that some of her ladyship's relations had spoken disrespectfully of him. Indeed, my good lord, replied the lady, patting him upon the forehead—*there is nothing in it.*

A COMPLETE LIST OF THE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

Returned to the New Parliament,

Summoned to meet on TUESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1796.

The Counties, Boroughs, &c. are arranged in the Order they are called over in the House,

Those in Italick are new Members.

Bedfordshire,
Bedford,
Berkshire,
Reading,
Abingdon,

E. of Upper Ossory, Honourable A. St. John
S. Whitbread, jun. W. Colhoun, Esqrs.
George Vansittart, *W. H. Hartley*, Esqrs.
Francis Annesley, R. Ald. Neville, Esqrs.
Edward Loveden Loveden, Esq.

New Windsor,	P. P. Powney, Esq; Earl of Mornington
Wallingford,	Sir Francis Syke, N. W. Wrexall, Esq;
Euchs,	Honourable W. W. Grenville, <i>Earl Ferny</i>
Buckingham,	Honourable James Grenville, Ed. Nugent, Esq;
Chipping Wycomb,	Earl of Wycombe, Sir John Jarvis, K. B.
Aylesbury,	<i>Major General Lake</i> , Scroop Bernard, Esq;
Great Marlow,	<i>Thomas Williams</i> , <i>W. Lee Antonie</i> , Esq;
Wendover,	Honourable Captain Conway, <i>J. B. Church</i> , Esq;
Agmondesham,	Will. Drake, sen. Will. Drake, jun. Esqrs.
<i>Cambridgeshire</i> ,	<i>Honourable C. Torke</i> , Major General Adeane
Cambridge University	Right Honourable William Pitt, Earl of Euston
Cambridge T.	Honourable E. Finch, Francis Dickens, Esq;
<i>Cheshire</i> ,	Sir R. Salisbury Cotton, J. Crewe, Esq;
Chester,	Viscount Belgrave, Honourable Tho. Grosvenor
<i>Cornwall</i> ,	Sir William Lemon, <i>Francis Gregor</i> , Esq;
Launceston,	<i>Honourable John Rodney</i> , <i>Sir Henry Clinton</i>
Liskeard,	Honourable Ed. James Eliot, Honourable John Eliot
Lestwithiel,	Viscount Valletort, Reg. P. Carewe, Esq;
Truro,	W. A. S. Boscawen, Ja. Gordon, jun. Esq;
Bodmyn,	Sir John Morshead, R. Wilbraham, Esq;
Helston,	{ Sir Gilbert Eliot, <i>S. Lushington</i> , Esq;
Saltash,	{ Ja. B. Burgess, <i>Charles Abbott</i> , Esqrs.
East Looe,	Edward Bearcroft, Esq; <i>Lord Viscount Carlies</i>
West Looe,	<i>Honourable Will. W. Pole</i> , Robert Wood, Esq;
Grampond,	<i>Sir J. W. De La Pole</i> , John Pardoe, Esq;
Camelford,	<i>Tho. Wallace</i> , Jer. Crutchley, Esq;
Penryn,	James Macpherson, Esq; Sir Sa. Hannay
<i>Argoney</i> ,	Sir Francis Bassett, <i>Richard Glover</i> , Esq;
Bollinney,	John Stephenson, Mar. Montagu, Esq;
St Ives,	Honourable James Stuart, Hum. Minchin, Esq;
Powey,	William Praed, <i>William Mills</i> , Esqrs.
St. Germans,	{ <i>Lord Shuldham</i> , <i>Sir R. Paine</i> , K. B.
Mitchell,	{ Lord Viscount Valletort, P. Rashleigh, Esq;
Newport,	<i>Marquis of Lorn</i> , Honourable Edward James Eliot
St. Mawes,	Christ. Hawkins, David Howell, Esqrs.
Callington,	Viscount Fielding, <i>Cha. Rainsford</i> , Esq;
<i>Cumberland</i> ,	Sir Will. Young, <i>John G. Simcoe</i> , Esq;
Carlisle,	John Call, Paul Orchard, Esqrs;
Cockermouth,	Sir Hen. Fletcher, H. Senhouse, Esq;
<i>Derbysire</i> ,	J. C. Satterthwaite, <i>E. Knubley</i> , Esqrs.
Derby,	Jo. B. Garforth, John Anstruther, Esqrs.
<i>Devonsire</i> ,	Lord George Cavendish, E. M. Mundy, Esq;
Ashburton,	Lord G. A. H. Cavendish, E. Coke Esq;
Tiverton,	John Rolle, John P. Bastard, Esqrs.
Hartmouth,	Robert Mackreth, Law. Palk, Esqrs.
Okhampton,	Sir John Duntze, Honourable Dudley Ryder
Honiton,	Edm. Bastard, Honourable J. C. Villiers
Plymouth,	{ Ro. Ladbroke, <i>Jo. St. Leger</i> , Esqrs.
Beerallston,	{ <i>J. W. Anderson</i> , J. Townson, Esq;
Plympton,	Sir George Yonge, <i>George Temple</i> , Esq;
Totness,	Alan Gardner, Esq; Sir F. L. Rogers
Barnstaple,	John Mitford, Esq; Sir G. Beaumont
Tavistock,	<i>Earl of Carhampton</i> , P. Metcalf, Esq;
Exeter,	<i>W. P. Paulett</i> , <i>F. B. Yard</i> , Esqrs
<i>Dorsetsire</i> ,	John Cleveland, W. Devaynes, Esqrs
Dorchester,	Honourable R. Fitzpatrick, <i>Honourable C. Wyndham</i>
Lyme-Regis,	<i>Ja. Buller</i> , John Baring, Esqrs
Weymouth and Melcombe	F. J. Browne, W. M. Pitt, Esqrs
Regis	<i>Fra. Fane</i> , Esq; Honourable George Damer
Bridport,	Honourable Henry Fane, Honourable Tho. Fane
Shaftesbury,	{ <i>Sir J. Murray</i> , — <i>Stewart</i> , P. Johnson, —
	{ <i>Jones</i> , Esqrs
	Charles Sturt, <i>James Waisen</i> , Esqrs
	C. Duncombe, <i>Will. Grant</i> , Esqrs

Wareham,	Lord Robert Spencer, R. Smith, Esq;
Corff-Castle,	John Bond, Henry Banks, Esqrs
Poole,	Colonel Stuart, Benjamin Lister, Esq;
Durham,	Rev. Burdon, R. Milbanke, Esq;
Durham City	W. H. Lambton, John Tempest, Esqrs
<i>Ebor. or Yorkshire,</i>	H. Duncombe, W. Wilberforce, Esqrs
Aldborough,	J. C. Knight, R. M. Cbijwell, Esqrs
Boroughbridge,	Sir Richard Sutton, Maur. Robinson, Esq;
Beverley,	John Wharton, Esq; Sir James Pennyman
Heydon,	Lionell Darell, B. Thompson, Esqrs
Knarsborough,	Lord Viscount Duncannon, James Hare, Esq;
Malton,	Edmund Burke, W. Weddel, Esqrs
Northallerton,	Henry Pierse, Edward Lascelles, Esqrs
Pontefract,	John Smyth, W. Sotherton, Esqrs
Richmond,	Earl of Inchiquin, L. Dundas, Esq;
Ripon,	Will. Lawrence, Sir George A. Winn
Scarborough,	Earl of Tyrconnel, Honourable H. Phipps
Thirsk,	Sir G. Page Turner, Robert Vyner, Esq;
York,	R. S. Milnes, Esq; Sir W. M. Milner
Kingston,	Sam. Thornton, Esq; Earl of Burford
<i>Essex,</i>	T. B. Bramton, John Bullock, Esqrs
Colchester,	Robert Thornton, George Jackson, Esqrs
Malden,	J. H. Sturt, Charles Western, Esqrs
Harwich,	John Robinson, Thomas Orde, Esqrs
<i>Gloucestershire,</i>	Honourable George Berkely, Tho. Master, Esq;
Tewksbury,	Ja. Martin, Esq; Sir W. Codrington
Cirencester,	Lord Apsley, Rich. Master, Esq;
Gloucester,	John Webb, John Pitt, Esqrs.
<i>Herefordshire,</i>	Right Honourable T. Harley, Sir G. Cornwall
Hereford,	John Scudamore, Ja. Walwyn, Esqrs
Leominster,	John Hunter, — Sawyer, Esqrs
Weobly,	Sir John Scott, Lord Viscount Weymouth
<i>Herefordshire,</i>	Will. Plumer, Will. Baker, Esqrs
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St. Alban's,	Honourable R. Bingham, J. Calvert, jun. Esq;
<i>Huntingdonshire,</i>	Lord Hinchinbroke, Earl of Ludlow
Huntingdon,	Honourable J. G. Montagu, J. W. Paine, Esq;
<i>Kent,</i>	Sir E. Knatchbull, Fil. Honeywood, Esq;
Rocheſter	Geo. Best, Esq; Sir Richard Bickerton
Queenborough,	Richard Hopkins, G. Crawford, Esqrs
Maidstone,	Mat. Bloxham, Clem. Taylor, Esqrs
Canterbury,	Geo Gipps, Esq; Sir John Honeywood
<i>Lancashire,</i>	Tho. Stanley, John Blackburne, Esqrs
Lancaster,	Sir George Warren, K. B. John Dent, Esq;
Preston,	Sir H. Houghton, Lieutenant General Burgoyne
Liverpool,	Colonel R. Tarleton, B. Gascoigne, jun. Esq;
Wigan,	John Cotes, Orlando Bridgeman, Esqrs
Clitheroe,	P. A. Curzon, Esq; Sir John Aubrey
Newton,	Tho. Leigh, Tho. Brooke, Esqrs.
<i>Leicestershire,</i>	William Pochin, Esq; Sir Thomas Cave
Leicester,	S. Smith, T. B. Parkyns, Esqrs.
<i>Lincolnshire,</i>	C. A. Pelham, Esq; Sir John Thorold
Stamford,	Sir George Howard, Earl of Carysfort
Grantham,	F. Cock. Cust, George Sutton, Esqrs
Boston,	Sir Peter Burrell, Tho. Fyddell, Esq;
Grimſby,	John Harrison, Dudley Long, Esqrs
Lincoln,	J. F. Cawthorne, Esq; Honourable R. Hobart
<i>Middlesex,</i>	W. Mainwaring, George Byng, Esqrs
Westminster,	Right Honourable Charles James Fox, Lord Hood
	{ William Curtis, Brook Watson, John Sawbridge, Esqrs.
	{ Sir Watkin Lewes
LONDON,	John Morgan, James Rooke, Esqrs
<i>Monmouthshire,</i>	Marquis of Worcester
Monmouth,	Sir John Wodehouse, T. W. Coke, Esq;
<i>Norfolk,</i>	

- King's Lynn,
 Yarmouth,
 Thetford,
 Castle-Rising,
 Norwich,
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A P H O R I S M S.

WIT, like every other power, has its boundaries. Its success depends on the aptitude of others to receive impressions; and as some bodies, indissoluble by heat, can set the furnace and crucible at defiance, there are minds upon which the rays of fancy may be pointed without effect, and which no fire of sentiment can agitate or exalt.

NOTHING can be of greater service to a young man, who hath any degree of understanding, than an intimate conversation with one of riper years, who is not only able to advise, but who knows the manner of advising; by this means, youth can enjoy the benefit of the experience of age, and that at a time of life when such experience will be of more service to a man than when he hath lived long enough to acquire it of himself.

THOUGH wit be sometimes a sign of ill nature, ill nature is not a sign of wit.

YOUTH is of no long duration: and in maturer age, when enchantments of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no comfort but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing good. Let us therefore stop, whilst to stop is in our power. Let us live as men, who are some time to grow old, and to whom it will be the most dreadful of all evils, to count their past years by follies, and to be reminded of their former luxuriance of health, only by the maladies which riot has produced.

YOUTH is the time of enterprize and hope: having yet no occasion for comparing our force with any opposing power, we naturally form presumptions in our own favour, and imagine that obstruction and impediment will give way before us.

HE who has seen only the superficies of life, believes every thing to be what it appears, and rarely suspects that external splendor conceals any latent sorrow or vexation. He never imagines there may be greatness without safety, affluence without content, jollity without friendship, and solitude without peace. He fancies himself permitted to cull the blessings of every condition, and leave its inconvenience to the idle and the ignorant. He is inclined to believe no man miserable but by his own faults; and seldom looks with much pity upon failings and miscarriages, because he thinks them willingly admitted, or negligently incurred.

IT is impossible, without pity and contempt, to hear a youth of generous sentiments and warm imagination, declaring, in the moment of openness and confidence, his designs and expectations; because long life is possible, he considers it as certain, and therefore promises himself all the changes of happiness, and provides gratifications for every desire. He is for a time to give himself wholly to frolicking and diversion, to range the world in search of pleasure, to delight every eye, and to gain every heart, and to be celebrated equally for his pleasing levities and solid attainments, his deep reflections, and sporting repartees.

PULL off your hat before him whom fortune has exalted above ten thousand; but put it on again with both your hands if he laughs at fortune.

HE is a great and self-poised character, whom praise unnerves not; he is a greater one who supports unjust censure; the greatest is he, who, with acknowledged powers, represses his own, and even turns to use undeserved censure.

NEW BOOKS.

A NARRATIVE of the MUTINY on board his Majesty's Ship BOUNTY, and the subsequent Voyage of Part of the Crew, in the Ship's Boat, from Tofoa, one of the Friendly Islands, to Timor, a Dutch Settlement in the East-Indies. Written by Lieutenant William Bligh. Illustrated with Charts. Quarto. 7s. Nicol.

THE high sense of courage and fidelity which fills the bosoms of British officers, renders them tremblingly alive to the least suspicion derogatory of their professional character; and every endeavour that truth will justify or spirit can achieve, is immediately adopted to rescue their fame from the apprehensions of jealousy or the prejudices of opinion. It is to feelings of this description that we may, perhaps, ascribe the present work. The loss of a King's ship is always the subject-matter of enquiry by Court Martial; and Captain Bligh has sought by means of this tribunal the justice to which, by the present Narrative, he has clearly proved himself to be fully entitled. That the Commander should not be able to prevent five-and-twenty out of forty men from forcibly taking away his vessel, can only appear extraordinary to those who are acquainted with the possibility of conducting a mutiny with impenetrable secrecy; a mutiny which, in the present case, was so closely planned, that thirteen of the crew, although they had lived forward among the people, and were the messmates of the principal insurgents, had never observed any circumstance to give them a suspicion of what was going on; it is not, therefore, wonderful that the possibility of such a conspiracy should never enter into the Captain's mind.—The women at Otaheite, says Captain Bligh, are handsome, mild, and cheerful in their manners and conversation; possessed of great sensibility, and have sufficient delicacy to make them admired and beloved. The Chiefs were so much attached to our people, that they rather encouraged their stay among them than otherwise, and even made them prodigies of large possessions. Under these, and many other attendant circumstances equally desirable, it is now perhaps not so much to be wondered at, though scarcely possible to have been foreseen, that a set of sailors, most of them void of connections, should be led away; especially when, in addition to such powerful inducements, they imagined it in their power to fix themselves in the midst of plenty, on the finest island in the world, where they need not labour, and where the allurements of dissipation are beyond

any thing that can be conceived. The utmost, however, that any commander could have supposed would have happened is, that some of the people would have been tempted to desert. But if it should be asserted that a commander is to guard against an act of mutiny and piracy in his own ship, more than by the common rules of service, it is as much as to say that he must sleep locked up, and when awake be girded with pistols. The work, which we are informed, by an advertisement prefixed, is only a part of a voyage, relating the manner in which the expedition miscarried, with the subsequent events, and that the rest will be published as soon as it can be got ready, is written without any ostentation of learning, in a plain, simple and perspicuous style, and bears, from the internal evidence, the strongest marks of authenticity with respect to its facts.—The hardships which the Captain and his adherents suffered, the astonishing perseverance they exercised, and the miraculous success which ultimately attended them, are so singular and extraordinary, that we shall endeavour to give a short outline of the eventful Narrative.

Lieutenant William Bligh was appointed in the month of August 1787, to the command of his Majesty's ship Bounty, of 215 tons burthen, carrying four six pounders, and including every person on board, forty six men. The object of the voyage, for which this appointment was made, was to convey the Bread Fruit Tree from the South Sea Islands to the West Indies; and Captain Bligh had so far effected the purpose of his mission, that arriving at Otaheite on the 26th of October 1788, after a prosperous voyage of ten months, he set sail from that place on the 4th of April 1789, with 1015 fine bread fruit plants, and many other valuable fruits of that country on board. On the seventh day after his departure he discovered the island of Whytootackee, lat. 18° 52' S. and long. 260° 19' E.; anchored on the 24th at Annamooka, one of the Friendly Islands; sailed from thence on the 27th; and on the evening of the ensuing day directed his course towards Tofoa. Just before sun rising the next morning, Mr. Christian, one of the mates who had the morning

morning watch, accompanied by three others, came into the Captain's cabin while he was asleep, and, seizing him, tied his hands with a cord behind his back, and threatened him with instant death if he made the least noise. The Captain, however, called so loud as to alarm every one; but the insurgents had already secured the officers who were not of their party, by placing centinels at their doors; and after vainly exerting every effort to quell the mutiny, which it was soon apparent had been long secretly concerted, the boatswain was obliged by the mutineers to hoist the launch out, and the Captain with eighteen men were forced over the side of the ship into the boat, and cast adrift in the open ocean, with four cutlasses, twine, canvas, lines, sails, cordage, carpenter's tool chest, an eight and twenty gallon cask of water, 150lb. of bread, six quarts of rum, six bottles of wine, a quadrant, a compass, some ship's papers, and sixteen pieces of pork, each weighing 2lb. The ship, with twenty-five hands on board, steered to the W. N. W.; and '*Huzza for Otahite!*' was frequently heard among the mutineers. The Captain and his companions rowed towards Tofoa, which bore N. E. about ten leagues from them, which they reached the ensuing day, and where they supplied themselves with a small quantity of fresh water which they found in the cavities of the almost inaccessible rocks, and with a few cocoa nuts which they knocked from the trees. A small plantain walk conducted them through a few deserted huts to a deep gully that led towards a mountain near a volcano which is almost constantly burning, covering the dreary country around it with abundant lava. At the head of the cove, about 150 yards from the water side, they found a cave, where they slept, and at dawn of day the party set out again upon a different route to see what they could find. The island was fortunately inhabited, and, after ingratiating themselves with the two men, a woman, and a child, whom they first met, they were introduced to the natives, who at first treated them with friendship and hospitality; but at length the natives, to the number of 200, attacked them with stones, by which they killed one man, drove the rest to their boat, and obliged them to put to sea in the most unhappy situation. While they sailed round the west side of the island, they came to a resolution of endeavouring to reach Timor in New Holland, a Dutch Settlement at the distance of full 1200 leagues; and agreeing to live on one ounce of bread, and a quarter of a pint of water a day, they bore across a

sea where the navigation is but little known, in a small boat twenty three feet long from stem to stern, deep laden with eighteen men, without a chart, and only Captain Bligh's own recollection and general knowledge of the situation of the places, assisted by a book of latitudes and longitudes, to guide them; and only with 150lb. of bread, twenty eight gallons of water, 20lb. of pork, three bottles of wine, and five quarts of rum for their subsistence.

In this situation, on the 5th of May they discovered several small islands between the latitude $19^{\circ} 5' S.$ and $18^{\circ} 19' S.$ and according to their reckoning from $3^{\circ} 17'$ to $3^{\circ} 46'$ West longitude from Tofoa; and after suffering the most dreadful hardships from the inclemency of the weather, and the want of provisions, they reached on Friday the 20th of May, an island, latitude $12^{\circ} 46' S.$ long. $40^{\circ} 10' W.$ from Tofoa, where they landed, without discovering any signs of its being inhabited. Captain Bligh, on the morning next ensuing his arrival, sent out parties in search of supplies, while others were putting the boat in order, that he might be ready to go to sea in case any unforeseen cause might make it necessary. The foraging party returned highly rejoiced at having found plenty of oysters and fresh water. This island is about two miles in circuit, and consists of a high lump of rocks and stones covered with wood; the trees, from the poverty of the soil, are in general small. The day on which Captain Bligh and his companions reached this shore, being the anniversary of the Restoration of Charles the Second, he named it *Restoration Island*. On the 31st of May, being all ready to put again to sea, with only thirty-eight days allowance of bread, at the rate of issuing a twenty-fifth of a pound at breakfast and at dinner, Captain Bligh directed every person to attend prayers, and by four o'clock they were preparing to embark, when twenty natives appeared running and hallooing to them on the opposite shore, each of them armed with a spear or a lance, and a short weapon which they carried in their left hand. To avoid the danger of a second attack, Captain Bligh made the best of his way between two small islands that lie to the north of Restoration Island, and passing these people within a quarter of a mile, observed they were quite naked, of a black complexion, with hair or wool bushy and short. Passing the channel between the nearest island and the main land, about one mile apart, and leaving all the islands on the starboard side, Capt. Bligh landed on another island, which he named Sunday Island, about four miles distant to the

the N. W. where he collected some fine oysters, clams, small dog-fish, and about two tons of rain water from the hollows of the rocks. From this island he proceeded on Monday June 1, to a key which he had seen, in N. W. by N. about four miles distant from the main, lat. $11^{\circ} 47'$ south; but after great fatigue and disappointment to procure supplies, except such as boobies and noddies, birds about the size of a pidgeon, afforded, he got every one into the boat, and departed by dawn of day, steering under a wind at south east, a course to the N. by W. Touching at several small islands, one of which, by a remarkable coincidence of ideas, received the name of Booby Island both from Captain Bligh and Captain Cook, they directed their course W. S. W. in order to counteract the southerly winds, in case they should blow strong; living upon one 25th part of a pound of bread and an allowance of water for breakfast with an addition of six oysters to each person. On Sunday June 7, Captain Bligh determined to make Timor, about the lat. of $9^{\circ} 30'$ S. and at noon observed the lat. to be $10^{\circ} 19'$ S. On Wednesday the 10th, gannets, boobies, men of war and tropic birds were constantly about them, and in a few days the appearance of rock weeds shewed that they were not far from land; and on June 12, at three in the morning, they discovered Timor, a distance of 3618 miles from To-lea, which they had run in an open boat in forty-one days, without any one, notwithstanding their extreme distress, having perished in the voyage. Steering round the coast in search of a Dutch Settlement which they expected to find, they landed on Sunday the 14th of June on the Island Roti, where they saw a hut, a dog, and some cattle; and the boatswain and gunner were immediately dispatched to the hut to find the inhabitants. They returned, accompanied by five Indians, and informed their intrepid Commander, that they had found two families, where the women treated them with European politeness. The Indians told them, that the Governor resided at a place called Coupang, which was at some distance to the N. E. and being solicited to shew the way to that place, they very readily entered into the boat, and the ensuing day they came to a grapnel off a small fort and town, which their Indian pilot informed them was Coupang, situated in $10^{\circ} 12'$ S. lat. and $124^{\circ} 41'$ E. long. Not chusing to land without leave, Captain Bligh made a small jack with some old signal flags which he hoisted in the boat; and hoisting it as a signal of distress, he was soon after day-break the next morning hailed to land by a soldier; which he accordingly did a-

mong a crowd of Indians, and was agreeably surprized to meet an English sailor, who belonged to one of the vessels in the road, and whose commander, Capt. Spikernian, was the second person in the town. The Governor, Mr. William Adrian Van Este, was ill, and could not then be spoken with; but Mr. Timotheus Wanion, his son in law, received the wanderers with every mark of attention and respect, and provided a house with every accommodation for their reception: 'The abilities of a painter,' says Mr. Bligh, 'perhaps could never have been displayed to more advantage than in the delineation of the two groupes of figures which at the this time presented themselves: an indifferent spectator would have been at a loss which most to admire,—the eyes of famine sparkling at immediate relief, or the horror of their preservers at the sight of so many spectres, whose ghastly countenances, if the cause had been unknown, would rather have excited terror than pity. Our bodies were nothing but skin and bones; our limbs were full of sores; and we were cloathed in rags: in this condition, with tears of joy and gratitude flowing down our cheeks, the people of Timor beheld us with a mixture of horror, surprize and pity.' From the great humanity and attention of the Governor and Gentlemen at Coupang, these emaciated beings were not long without evident signs of returning health; and Captain Bligh, in order to secure his arrival at Batavia before the October fleet sailed for Europe purchased, by the assistance of the Governor, a small schooner, 34 feet long, for which he gave 1000 rix-dollars; fitted her for sea under the name of his Majesty's Schooner Resource: and on the 20th of August, after taking an affectionate leave of the hospitable and friendly inhabitants, sailed from Coupang.

On the 29th of August he passed by the west end of the Island Flores, through a dangerous strait, full of rocks; and directing his course by Sumbawa, Lembock, and Bali, to the West, through the Straights of Madura, anchored on the 10th of September off Passourwang, in lat. $7^{\circ} 36'$ S. and $1^{\circ} 44'$ W. of Cape Sandara, the north east end of Java; from whence he sailed after a week's stay, and arrived at Batavia on the first of October. The Governor on account of his necessity to quit Batavia without delay, gave him leave with two others, to go in a packet that was to sail before the fleet; and on the 16th of December he arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, from whence he sailed on the 2d of January 1790, for Europe, and was landed at Plymouth by an Isle of Wight boat on the 14th March.

P O E T R Y.

SILVIA. A PASTORAL BALLAD.

[By T. Ayreton, Esq;]

PART FIRST.—THE APOLOGY.

OH Corydon! pride of all swains,
 Whoe'er to the soft oaten reed
 Could sing the heart's delicate pains,
 And love in sweet melody plead;
 If yet thou to listen wilt deign
 To the warblings of tender desires,
 Attend, while to copy thy strain
 A shepherd (unequal) aspires.
 It is not for me to pretend
 My sonnets with thine to compare,
 But this I will boldly defend,
 My mistress is equally fair;
 Her eyes are the fountains of love,
 Where Cupids a-bathing are seen;
 The locks o'er her forehead which rove,
 Are tendrils, those fountains to screen.
 In her form is each beauty display'd
 Which awes, or which wakens to love,
 Ah! let me not wrong the dear maid,
 Description unequal must prove.
 But what is the shape or the air
 To the beauties which dwell in her mind?
 The virtues beyond all compare,
 The bosom with feeling refin'd!
 Then oh, how advent'rous my lays,
 How daring my project and vain!
 The charms of my Silvia to praise,
 And copy soft Corydon's strain,
 Sure the shepherds will laugh me to scorn,
 Will point in derision and say,
 'Now this night's plaintive warbler is
 gone,

The sparrows will chirp on each spray.
 Yet scorn not, ye shepherds to hear,
 Tho' artless the reed which I tune,—
 When the sun will no longer appear,
 We are glad of the light of the moon.
 Let Corydon, once your delight,
 Be the sun, oh ye swains! whom ye praise,
 And I be the regent of night,
 Who shines by reflecting his rays.

PART SECOND.

COME Colin, attend to my strain,
 A carol both dulcet and gay;—
 No longer my pipe shall complain,
 But hope the blithe timbrel shall play.
 Yes, loud as the skylark at dawn,
 And soft as the woodlark at noon,—
 But not like the woodlark withdrawn
 My notes to the swains I'll attune.
 While high 'mong the beech's green tops

The doves sweetly pour their soft notes,
 While the thrush sings among the brown
 copse,
 And the blackbirds are swelling their
 throats,

My voice shall the melody join
 That reigns thro' the woodlands around;
 To delight shall my sonnets incline,
 And the heart in my bosom shall bound.
 Not the waters that rush down the steep,
 Reflecting the sun's cheerful ray,
 Then glide to the smooth-flowing deep,
 And murmur aloud, as they stray—
 Not the stream that is froth'd by the mill,
 Not the vallies so gaily bedight,
 Or the shades of yon beech-cover'd hill,
 E'er before could impart such delight.
 Not a rose on the hedge-brier that blooms,
 But in beauty redoubled appears;
 Not a gale but is charg'd with perfumes,
 And brings harmony now to my ears.
 For hope a soft fragrance bestows,
 With harmony fancy'd beguiles,
 And imparts a fresh bloom to the rose,
 Since Silvia so tenderly smiles.

PART THIRD.—ABSENCE.

WHY carries my Silvia away?—
 Why leaves she her Damon to moan?
 Thro' the woodlands and meadows to stray,
 Thus drooping and pensive alone?
 Ah! why, when my fair-one withdrew,
 Did she say, that the warblers of May,
 And the flow'rs of each delicate hue
 Would cheer me while she was away.
 Can the blossoms which blush on the
 bough

A pleasure to Damon impart?—
 Can a smile e'er enliven my brow,—
 Or a pleasure be felt at my heart?—
 Can the blackbird, who sings by the dell,
 Or the sky-lark, or linnet so gay,
 The gloom from my bosom dispell,
 While Silvia, dear Silvia's away?
 No, the blossoms which blush on the
 bough,

No beauty retain for my eye;
 The smile has forsaken my brow,
 And my heart is a stranger to joy.
 The blackbird who warbles so sweet,
 And the lark, and the linnet so gay,
 The ear with no pleasure can greet,
 When the nymph whom we love is away!

PART FOURTH.—SUSPENSE.

WHEN lately we met in the grove,
 Ah, why was my Silvia so coy?

And when I but mentioned my love,
 Ah! why did she instantly fly?
 When last thro' the meadow we stray'd,
 What tenderness did she display!
 Then why, oh thou false, fickle maid!
 And why didst thou fly me to-day?

Perhaps I'm by passion deceiv'd;
 Perhaps what I fancied was love,
 (For how soon what we wish is believ'd)
 Mere friendship and pity might move.
 And yet, when I droop'd in despair,
 When health from my bosom was flown,
 How anxious, how tender a care,
 Did her constant solicitude own?

Yet perhaps what I fancied was love,
 But sprung from a sensible heart,
 Still prone with compassion to move,
 And desirous relief to impart:
 Th' enquiry so constant and kind,
 Ah! say, might not Friendship suggest?
 In her efforts to cheer my sad mind,
 What more was than pity express?

Yet Friendship to Love is allied,
 And strongly can Pity persuade:
 Then sure I in hope may confide,
 Nor resign in despair the bright maid.
 Yet tho' Pity and Friendship may plead,
 Yet may friendship and pity be vain,
 Since Love may, alas! have decreed
 Her heart to some happier swain.

Alas! how does jealousy's lore
 A throng of gay rivals suggest!
 I dread (tho' ne'er dreamt of before)
 Her heart young Pastoros has blest;
 Or Strephon the handsome and gay,
 Who twines his bright ringlets with
 flow'rs:—
 Yes, with Damon I saw her one day,
 Beneath these sweet eglantine bowers:

And then, how familiar did he,
 While she sung a soft carol of love,
 With his crook beat the time on her knee:
 Yet she ne'er such a sop can approve.
 But Paradel!—he well I know
 Pretends the dear maid to admire;
 He's skill'd in soft flattery's flow,
 And knows how to waken desire.

'Tis she then her love has obtain'd,
 And for me only pity remains:—
 Yes, Paradel surely has gain'd
 My Silvia, the cause of my pains:
 For ah! as we talk'd t'other day,
 His name often dwelt on her tongue;
 She said he had long been away,
 And ask'd where he carry'd so long?

Why dwell she on Paradel's name,
 Unless to her heart he was dear?
 Why should she his absence proclaim,
 Unless she had wish'd he was near?
 Then Coiin, ah! lead home my flock,
 And leave me to grief and despair:—
 Yet hope still my passion would mock,
 And say I've misconstru'd the fair.

It might be a delicate fear,
 The timid distrust of a maid,
 Which refus'd my soft passion to hear,
 And made her my presence evade.
 Perhaps she in sport but withdrew,
 (For the fair so will a&e, I've been told)
 In hopes I should fondly pursue:—
 Ah! would I had been but so bold!

When I think with how partial a praise
 My sonnets she'll deign to approve,
 On wings of sweet transport I raise,
 And hope the reward of my love.
 Thus I flutter 'tween hope and despair;
 As the gossamer, sitting around,
 A'breath to the welkin will bear,
 Or a dew-drop depress to the ground.
 (To be continued.)

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

From the Latin of Sir Thomas Moore.

[By T. Best.]

MAY the companion of your life be
 such,
 Who neither talks too little or too much;
 Let her be learn'd, for science have a turn,
 If not, at least be capable to learn:
 A woman thus adorn'd, is sure to choose
 From proper authors subjects to amuse;
 No change of fortune can affect her mind,
 If things go well she's pleas'd, if ill re-
 sign'd;
 In her you'll have a friend as well as wife,
 Who'll cheer your hours throughout this
 tedious life:
 Your lovely children from their earliest
 youth
 She'll train to wisdom and a love of truth.
 When forc'd by business from your house
 to roam,
 Impatiently you'll wish to be at home,
 From all your social friends with glee retire
 To her soft bosom whom you most admire:
 When she with skilful hand the lyre ex-
 plores,
 And from her voice melodious accents
 pours,

(Than

(Than which not Philomel's can be more clear)

She'll soothe your cares and charm the list'ning ear:

Pleas'd with her sweet discourse, both day and night

You'll dedicate to hear her with delight;
New beauties in her ev'ry day descry,

And pass the fleeting hours in love and joy,

When you to joyous nonsense are inclin'd
In proper bounds she'll keep your captive mind;

And when by anxious care it is distress'd,
Will never suffer it to be depress'd;

Thus all her eloquence, in each extreme,
She'll use to keep it tranquil and serene.

Such was *Euridice* the *Thracian's* wife:—
He scarcely for a fool expos'd his life,

Or with the charms of music e'er had try'd
From hell to repossess a silly bride.

With such a daughter *Ovid* too was blest,
Of copious ingenuity possess'd.

Such *Cicero's* *Tullia* was, upon whose tongue

The eloquence of all her father hung.

And such the mother of the *Gracchi* fam'd,
From whom they all the lib'ral arts attain'd.

S O N N E T,

Written on the Sea-shore, in the month of
October,

[By Charlotte Smith.]

ON some rude fragment of the rocky shore,

Where, on the fractur'd cliff, the billows break,

Musing, my solitary walk I take,
And listen to the deep and solemn roar.

O'er the dark waves the winds tempestuous roll;

The screaming sea-bird quits the troubled sea;

But the wild gloomy scene has charms for me,

And suits the mournful purpose of my soul.

Already shipwreck'd by the storms of fate,
Like the poor mariner, methinks I stand,

Cast on a rock;—who sees the distant land,

From whence no succour comes—or comes too late.

Faint and more faint are heard his feeble cries,

'Till, in the rising tide, th' exhausted sufferer dies.

E L E G I A C S O N N E T.

[By the same.]

THE partial muse has from my earliest hours

Smil'd on the rugged path I'm doom'd to tread,

And still with sportive hand has snatch'd wild flowers

To weave fantastic garlands for my head.

But far, far happier is the lot of those
Who never learn'd her dear delusive art,

Which while it decks the head with many a rose,

Reserves the thorn to fester in the heart:
For still she bids soft pity's melting eye

Stream o'er the ill; she knows not to remove,

Points every pang and deepens every sigh,
Of mourning friendship or unhappy love;

Oh then how dear the muses' favours cost
If those paint sorrow best who feel it most!

E L E G I A C S O N N E T.

To Charlotte Smith.

SAY, plaintive songster, whose successful brows

Full many a flow'r and many a wreath adorn,

Why now despise the sweetly blooming rose,

Why now affect th' awarded prize to scorn?
Oh choose no more this sad ungenial theme,

To sprightlier strains let all your numbers flow;

Paint not fair fame a vain delusive dream,
Nor tell the poet's sole reward is woe.

Tho' oft he bids soft pity's tender breast
Breathe the deep sigh to zephyr's gentle gale

For faithful love, and virtuous worth depress'd,

Unmov'd he reads the known fictitious tale;

And pleas'd expects th' impartial trump of fame

In future ages will record his name.

ON READING A REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF RESUSCITATION.

IN days when savage violence prevail'd,
And courage (kindled at the barbarous flame)
With fierce rapacious cruelty assail'd
The sacred Fanes of Virtue and of Fame,

The bard, enraptur'd by the dazzling glare
Of splendid valour, and undaunted might
Taught the young muse the savage joy to share,

To sing of arms, and hail the sanguine fight.

Purpled was then the robe which Honour wore,

And his stern brows were crown'd with clotted gore;

Then Homer rose—immortal bard sublime!
And bade Achilles' name defy the wrath of Time.

But now Humanity, woe-soothing maid!
Warms the enlighten'd breast with softer fires,

Bids a more social zeal the soul pervade,
And the great heart to purer fame aspire.

Now sky-rob'd Virtue's placid brow appears,

Beaming with lustre, brightest gems supply:

Gems congelated from the frantic tears
Wip'd from the widow's or the orphan's eye.

Ah! who shall now those better heroes praise,

With equal ardour, and in equal lays,
Whose toils subdue, not spread the power of death,

And to its mansion back recal the fleeting breath?

PASTORAL BALLAD.

[By Peter Pindar.]

THE Swains and the Virgins so gay,
Resort to my fountains and groves;
Joy follows wherever they stray,
And my vales seem the Court of the Loves.

But with wonder they mark me forlorn,
Mid fountains and valleys so fair—

Ah! their hearts have no reason to mourn,
Nor to heave the sad sigh of despair.

To love, and be lov'd not again,
Is a curse that embitters each hour;
Then dull are the songs of the plain,
And faded the blooms of the bower!

But with her who will smile on our sighs,
Even rocks of the Desert must bloom,
Bale Night be a sun to our eyes,
And the Dungeon depriv'd of its gloom!

THE WAY TO HAPPINESS.

[Written by Master Drevitt, of the Grammar School in Plymouth.]

SAY, proud mortals, why thus eager,
Ye that bubble wealth pursue?
Why ye pant for fame and glory?
Say what charms has pow'r for you?

Ask yon rustic why he's cheerful
In a solitary cot,
And he'll tell you proud ambition
Ne'er disturb'd his humble lot:

But content with happy freedom
Ranges o'er the verdant plain,
While in rooms of costly splendour
Grief and melancholy reign.

On the mountain top the pine-tree
Prostrate falls before the gale,
But the myrtle blooms securely
In the low and silent vale.

Oft the stormy tempest rising,
Overthrows the lofty tower;
But the humble cottage shelter'd
Mocks the vivid lightning's pow'r.

Would you taste life's tranquil pleasures,
From its gayer scenes retire:
Seek those joys amidst shades sequester'd,
Innocence and peace inspire.

There discharge each social duty;
Learn by blessing to be blest;
Banish Envy and Ambition,
And let Virtue rule your breast.

See yon Sun in his meridian,
Now in glorious light array'd,
Too much heat his beams diffusing,
Bids you seek the cooling shade.

But

But when in the West declining,
As he sheds a milder ray,
Then upon some bank reclining
Prove the sweets of setting day.

Thus the man who moves securely
In the humble walks of life,
Tastes delight by care unfulled,
Free from fear, remorse, and strife.

Passion ne'er usurps dominion,
Happiness his constant guest;
And his length of day completed,
Down he sinks to peace and rest.

R O N D E A U.

Set to Music by Mr. Wiffentball.

FROM thy sweet lips, of rosy hue,
My fair, I sip a honey'd dew.
Let foolish bees on Hybla's hill
Their labour'd sweets no more distil;
But hither come, from labour free,
And richer treasures sip, with me,
From thy sweet lips.

The rose, whose breath perfumes the gale,
The fragrant lily of the vale,
The violet of imperial blue,
The hyacinth fill'd with nect'rous dew,
With sweets inferior far regale,
To those which I, my fair, inhale
From thy sweet lips.

Come then, my lov'd-one! fondly kind,
Let soft desire pervade thy mind!
By virgin fears no more detain'd,
Oh yield to passion unrestrain'd!
And, while no bounds our joys control,
My lips shall catch the panting soul
From thy sweet lips.

EXTEMPORE.

On seeing a Bird perched on the Summit
of a Poplar while it was shaking with
the Breeze.

[From *Thebellwall's Poems.*]

SEE, on yon poplar's topmast spray,
The little warbler stands;
And, fearless, while he pours the lay,
The distant view commands,

The spray that shakes with every breeze.
That fans the vernal air,
Shakes not his bosom's tranquil ease,
Nor gives one trembling care,

No weight of guilt to press him down,
No stores his heart to thrall;
Should he from yonder height be thrown,
He fears no dang'rous fall.

If shaken from the fickle spray,
He'll claim his native skies,
And sweetly pour his sprightly lay,
As thro' the air he flies.

So 'tis with him whose tranquil soul
With pious ardour glows;
No cares his steady joys controul,
He fears no threat'ning woes.

Secure on danger's brink he stands,
And laughs at Fortune's spite:
Prepar'd, when Fate or Chance com-
mands,
To seek the Realms of Light.

O D E TO F A N C Y.

COME, Fancy, from thy airy throne,
Where sportive visions hover round,
Girded with thy magic zone,
And with thy flowery chaplet crown'd:
Shew me those mazy lone meanders,
Where vague imagination wanders;
Where with wild eye and changeful pace,
The strange enchantress loves to trace
Each empty shadow as it flies,
Or each thin cloud that dims the azure
skies.
Obedient at her magic glance,
A thousand fairy-forms advance,
And at her step a thousand flow'rets rise.

Oft led by thee along the verdant lawn,
I've drank sweet fragrance from the morn:
Oft on the dewy ground,
With opening prospects all around,
When noon's meridian heat came on,
And Sol in all his radiant lustre shone;
In the cool grove or some sequester'd seat,
Shelter'd from the scorching heat,
By babbling brooks or falling fountains
laid;

With ardent prayer I've call'd on thee,
To sooth thy suppliant votary,
'Till thou propitious cam'st, Oh! sweet,
celestial maid!
When silent night expands her veil,
And busy mortals close their eyes;

Led on by thee, through heavenly climes
I fail,
Spurn the low earth, and tow'r above the
skies.

'Tis thus by morning, noon, and night,
Thy smiles afford us fresh delight :
Thy presence makes the morning fair,
And frees the sultry noon from care.
How sad would seem the shadowy mid-
night sky,
Unless thou rais'dst the raptur'd soul on
high.
Without thy aid e'en virtue is not blest :
Thou list'st the thoughts to heav'n, and
sooth'st the soul to rest.

THE COQUET.

[By W. Chatterton.]

PRYTHEE Chloe, why dost tease me
With these vain coquettish wiles?—
Come, with soft consenting ease me!
Cheer me with thy fondest smiles!

Trust me, I'll no longer languish
For a nymph of fickle mind,
Who but smiles to give me anguish,
And torments by seeming kind.

Silly fair! at once believe me,
Love's a fire that needs supply;
Let not maxims false deceive thee,
Feed my passion ere it die.

Never think that long pursuing
Can endear you to my arms.
Should you longer keep me wooing,
Sick'ning fancy 'll loathe your charms.

When you first made assignation
Here to meet me, in the grove,
Eagerly I sought the station—
Long before the hour of love.

Now, beyond my time I dally,
So does expectation pall;
Cease this idle *shilly-shally*,
Or I shall not come at all.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

THE other day, as Flavia fair
Inhal'd the balmy rural air;
And view'd what beaming smiles adorn
The vernal splendors of the morn,

Kind Love conducted me the way,
My blooming Flavia chanc'd to stray;
Transported thus the fair to meet
I led her through the green retreat;
And as in converse sweet we go—
Beside the waving quickset row,
Two Linnets there their art address
To build, as instinct taught, the nest,
We stopp'd to view the anxious toil,
And view'd the yet unfinish'd pile:
See, Flavia, See! I then express,
What various parts compose the nest,
What different ingredients join,
To perfect the compact design.
So should the soul of every maid,
With different beauties be array'd:
Virtue should guard the tender fair,
From man's deceptive flatt'ring snare,
Prudence direct her wav'ring youth,
And teach her feet the path of truth;
And modesty in outward mein,
Should speak the harmless soul within;
Honour protect her virgin heart,
From every low insidious art,
And soft good-nature still control,
Each hasty impulse of the soul;
And when these excellencies join'd
Display a Flavia's lovely mind,
The composition sure must prove,
The nest of Harmony and Love.

VALELUSA'S VALE.

[By W. Sym.]

WHEN Petrarch sought Valelusa's
vale,
And, sad, deplor'd in plaint divine;
While echo caught the mournful tale,
And, sad, restor'd each murmur'd line;
Tho' painful throbs his ardent breast,
Tho' never fades the soft desire,
By virtue awed, it glows confess'd—
A vestal's pure but constant fire.
What tho' to ev'ry tender strain,
His Laura's name a charm impart,
He breathes, without one thought profane,
The sigh which wastes his tender heart.
But pure as dreams of sainted maids,
The bosom of his Laura heav'd;
Tho' fast each blooming beauty fades,
Of ev'ry peaceful hope bereav'd,
Tho' destin'd, with *reluctant* charms,
(Thus parents deal with beauteous
youth)
To fill another's sordid arms,
Her Petrarch's woes she deign'd to
sooth.
Their mutual softness, mutual love,
Refinement's genuine grace impart;
So pure, that angels might approve,
The sigh which wastes the tender
heart.

THE PUPIL OF NATURE.

[By Mr. Balzano.]

THE tear in the eye, and the blush on
the cheek,
The tongue that reveals what the heart
bids to speak;
The tender sigh pregnant with pity or
love,
And the smile that congenial gladness can
move,
(What ideal raptures these tokens im-
part!)

Shew the Pupil of Nature, and stranger to
art.

But when I behold, in fair Emily's form,
The graces that please, and the beauties
that warm;
When I trace in her sorrow, or joy unde-
sign'd,
The feelings that mark a susceptible mind,
My rapture is lost in a wild throbbing
sineart

For the Pupil of Nature and stranger to
art.

To the EDITOR of the NOVA-SCOTIA
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

If the following Lines, address'd to a Gentle-
man in England, on the Loss of a virtuous,
and, in every respect, invaluable Wife, at
Bristol Wells, are thought worthy a place
in your Magazine, they are at your service.

SHOULD one like thee with trembling
anguish bring,
His soul's whole treasure to fair Bristol-
spring;
Should one like thee, to cure disease and
pain,
Pour forth those salutary streams in vain;
Condemn'd like thee to hear the parting
sigh,
To mark the fading cheek and sinking eye;
Condemn'd to lose the partner of his
breast,
Whose virtues charm'd him, and whose
beauties blest.

— If chance directs him to this artless line,
Let the sad mourner know his griefs were
mine:

But yet remembering that the parting sigh,
Ordains the just to slumber, not to die;

The starting tear then check, and kiss the
rod;
To death she's not surrender'd, but to
God.

AMICUS.

Halifax, Sept. 24, 1790.

For the NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

THE NOSEGAY.

WHEN spring adorn'd the rural
scene,
And fragrant blossoms deck'd the groves,
I cull'd the beauties of the green,
And bore them to the maid I love.

To sooth the sweetly anxious pain,
My tender sorrows I express'd—
And form'd a sympathetic strain,
To move my fair one's gentle breast.

The strain, 'tis true, was weak and trite,
The phrases quite worn-out and com-
mon;
Such trash as amorous coxcombs write,
And *petits-maitres* prate to women.

She kindly read the *billet-doux*;
Then, with a sweetness all her own—
' Say, friend, if what you tell be true,
' Think you I ought to smile or frown?

' There in your verse, you raise my pride,
' And bless me with an angel's power;
' Here, all my fancied charms deride,
' And sink me to a transient flower.

Charm'd with her frankness, and afraid
Lest rhyme should lose so fair a reader,
I kneel'd before the lovely maid,
And for the poets thus turn'd pleader.

Excuse, dear girl, our common place,
My humble plea indulgent hear;
Tho' rhymers are a lying race,
Deem not a lover insincere!

The gentle passion you inspire,
The anxious bliss your eyes impart,
Kindle that pure, refining fire,
That lifts to heaven the human heart.

'Tis lovely woman's soft controul
That sooths the jar of mental strife,
Expands the functions of the soul,
And sweetens all the ills of life.

Without.

Without your charming influence,
How wretched were our fleeting span!
Gross, and deprav'd in every sense,
Ah, what a groveling brute were man!

And when, sweet maid, from realms of
light
A cherub blesses mortal view,
With youth, and heavenly beauty bright,
The lovely form resembles you.

And justly, sure, that charming face
Is liken'd to the blooms of May;
In all the vegetable race,
Is ought so pure, so sweet as they?

The blush of morn thy cheeks disclose,
Thy lovely bosom's like the lily—
Thy balmy lips, the opening rose;—
—But smiles, you think, are silly!

Yet truth, lov'd maid, commands to speak
A semblance, certain as the rest:—
The rose will leave thy dimpling cheek,
The lily fade upon thy breast!

The present moment then improve,
Ere autumn seize thy blooming charms;
While lively youth allows to love,
O, bless thy faithful poet's arms!

Halifax, Sept. 30.

POLLIO.

For the NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

ODE TO FRIENDSHIP.

[By a Young Lady.]

O heavenly Friendship! tow'ring high,
Thou stranger to the earth!
Few mortals know thy valu'd price,
Thy dear intrinsic worth:

When fickle fortune, with her smiles,
Deludes the heedless heart,
Thy name is us'd, and flatt'ring wiles
Practis'd to gain a part.

But when the golden prize is lost,
In pleasure's circling bowl,
And on the sea of chance they're tost,
To wake the dormant soul;

No more the enchanting soft cares,
And kindly tender care;
The friendship which they once profess'd
Is hurst and turn'd to air.

But how supremely blest are they,
Who're favor'd with thy smile;
For friendship's sympathizing pow'r
Can ev'ry tear beguile.

Angel of kindness from on high,
Methinks I see thy form;
No sorrows heave the piercing sigh,
Or passions furious storm.

Noble thy air, serene thy grace,
Celestial is thy mien;
All heaven opens in thy face,
Thou reign'st a sov'reign queen.

My heart shall evermore admire
Fair Friendship's form so light,
While in my CHARLOTTE'S op'ning charms
She shines with radiance bright.

For the NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

To M

On his boasting his dislike to Matrimony.

YOU'VE seen your long-ear'd friend
disdain
The flowery verdure of the plain,
And shun the daisied field;
Led by his groveling sense to seed
On every vile and noxious weed
The dirty ditches yield.

Methinks the beast resembles thee;
(Excuse the homely simile).
Since daily you proclaim,
That lovely woman ne'er could move
Thy callous, blunted heart to love,
Proud of a grosser flame.

Even so, in Phedrus' moral lines,
The crowing, dung-hill coxcomb shines,
And boastive, tells he stung
The diamond's precious charms away,
His beastly passion to display,
For reptiles in the dung.

Unbridled, then, your ass bestride,
And while he's kicking proudly ride,
In fifth contented muddle—
The crystal stream tempts not a hog;
He grunts, quite happy, to the bog,
To wallow in the puddle!

STREPHON.

Halifax, Sept. 28.

CHRONICLE.

CHRONICLE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Naples, July 26.

It is positively asserted, that their Majesties will embark at Barletia for Trieste, from whence they are expected to arrive at Vienna, in the course of the month of August, accompanied by the two Princesses, Maria Theresa and Louisa Maria who are to be married to the two eldest Archdukes, Francis and Ferdinand.

Stockholm, August 3. On the 22d of July the King celebrated with much solemnity the victory gained over the Russian fleet on the 9th of July. His Majesty went to Sandhelmarne, where *Te Deum* was sung in a large tent, which was pitched on the shore, whilst the fleet, ranged in order of battle as on the day of the action, fired its artillery.

The *Te Deum* was preceded by a sermon by M. Müller, and followed by a discourse by the King; the subject of which was, an eulogium on the bravery of the troops.

His Majesty distributed yellow and blue scarfs to the Officers, which they were to wear as a mark of honour, in memory of that day.

After the ceremony, he stated the promotions by which he designed to reward the distinguished services of some Officers.

Colonel Cronstedt, who commanded under the King was invested with the Grand Cross of the Order of the Sword.

After the ceremony, his Majesty dined with the principal officers on board the Amphion.

Care had been taken by means of a parley, to inform the Russian fleet of this solemnity.

The Duke of Sudermania had likewise the precaution to inform the fleet when, on the 18th he celebrated the same event on board the fleet in the port of Sweaburg.

This victory was celebrated by the army near Hogfors on the 22d.

Since the check received by the Prince Nassau, the Swedish forces have continued in port, without being incommoded by the enemy.

Vienna, August 7. The losses we have experienced from the fatal war with the Turks, and the political intrigues in consequence of it, have been great. Among them may be reckoned, in the short space of two years, the loss of the Emperor Joseph, and twelve Generals of merit, who perished by the fatigues of the campaign

in an unhealthy climate, disorders in consequence of it, the sword, or the fire of the enemy; namely, the field marshals Haddick, Laudohn, Pallavicini, and the Prince Lichtenstein; Generals de Rouvroi, de Fabris, de Boehardt, Prince of Anhalt Cothen, de Cuhn, de Schindler, de Thurn, and de Bubenhofen. These losses are the more felt, as, by the pacification, Austria is deprived of the only circumstance that could console her, that of extending her dominions.

On the first of August were dispatched an Austrian and Prussian courier, the first of whom is to carry to the army of the Prince Saxe Cobourg, the other to that of the Grand Vizier, the news of the approaching armistice: And as they may have reached the places of their respective destinations to day, it is hoped that those hostile enterprizes may be prevented, which both sides appeared to undertake.

We learn that the Grand Vizier himself is expected at the Congress of Bucharest, and that a Russian Plenipotentiary may likewise be expected there.—The Baron de Herbert, has been at Bucharest ever since the 17th of July.

Breslau, August 8. The King's messenger sent to Vienna to procure the ratification of the King of Hungary to the preliminary articles signed at Reichenbach on the 27th of July, is returned with that ratification, which was exchanged for that of the King our Sovereign on the 5th inst.

This day there is to be a grand entertainment at Reichenbach, on the ratification of the preliminaries, which are to serve as the basis of peace between Austria and the Porte.

Rome, August 7. They still continue to arrest all the French who are in this capital, though inhabitants, and do not even except the Priests and Hermits of that nation; they are escorted to the frontiers, wished a good journey, and enjoined never to appear in the Pope's territories any more.

Cagliostro is perfectly recovered; but a report having been circulated, that he will shortly be set at liberty, Government has ordered his guards to be doubled.

Cadix, July 18. On the 24th inst. five ships entered this port from the Havannah and Montevideo, with cargoes of 80,875 piastres, 42,755 robes of sugar, 26,262 raw hides, and other merchandize. A polacre is also arrived at Malaga from the Havannah with a cargoe of 32,605 piastres, 640 cask of sugar, and 1100 raw hides.

Lisbon, July 27. The armaments are still continued in our ports, as if we were on the point of a war.

Don Juan Manuel Chaves a physician of the department of Condexia, has cured with 48 grains of mutki, administered inwardly, a negro slave 16 years of age, belonging to Joseph Lopez Guarcsma, of the small pox of the confluent malignant species of Helvetus. The Doctor still continues to try the efficacy of this remedy.

Franckfort, August 10. The fermentation in the different districts of Hungary still continues. The peasants have leagued together against the Noblesse, and the violences which have already commenced inspire a universal inquietude and fear.

Vienna, August 14. It appears that the truce was not published in the Turkish Army on the 26th of July, a courier having arrived here yesterday, who brought an account that a large body having passed the Danube to get footing in Wallachia, Count Clairfait marched the 26th with several regiments towards the banks of this river; he met the enemy, overthrew them, and made some prisoners. The Turks lost 300 men, and several of their boats of Zaiques, which were sunk. On the 29th the Count posted his troops in the situation they had before occupied. It is probable that this will be the last rencontre between our troops and the Turks.

The escape of the Swedish fleet is truly miraculous; opposite to the Swedish fleet, in the Bay of Wybourg, there were two sand banks, one of which extends towards Cronstadt, and the other towards the mouth of the Gulph of Finland.—Between this and the main land there was room only for one ship to sail at a time. Four large Russian men of war were stationed at the West end of this bank, to prevent the retreat of the Swedes through that narrow passage, while the rest of the Russian fleet were opposed to that of Sweden at the entrance of the Bay of Wybourg. In this situation, it is said, the Swedish fleet remained from the 4th of June to the 3d of July, when the wind shifting in favour of the Swedes, they sent three large ships in advance towards the Russian fleet, as if intending to force their way in the face of the main fleet, but having soon after set those three ships in flames; they retreated with the rest of the fleet through the narrow passage, in spite of the four Russian men of war that were stationed to prevent them, and by that means deceived the Russian Admiral, who could only come up with a few heavy sailing galleys and gun boats, which he captured.

Hague, August 21. The day before yesterday the States General resolved to advance the Hereditary Prince of Orange to a seat in the State Council of the Republic; and to signify at the same time to the Prince Stadtholder, his father that if he should think proper to propose his eldest son as a General in the Armies of their High Mightinesses, they were ready to give him the appointment extraordinary of General, at the rate of ten thousand florins a-year. This resolution was signified to the Prince Stadtholder yesterday.

Leyden, August 23. The Duke D'Ursel, whom the Volunteers of Ghent released from prison, July 22, soon after withdrew into the Dutch territory, whence he wrote a letter to his deliverers, dated July 30, in which, after recapitulating the injurious and illegal treatment he had received, and thanking his deliverers for the protection they had afforded him, he adds; 'Finding, gentlemen, that my persecutors, not satisfied with the unheard of injuries they have heaped upon me, openly persisted in endeavouring to regain their prey, I could not any longer see you exposed through my means to a rage so implacable. When the protection of the laws was of no avail, when on my account the constitution and the rights of the citizens were violated, could I expect to enjoy that tranquility which I hoped to find at Ghent? I therefore thought it my duty to withdraw. I demanded a passport, and I quitted my country, where my presence must constantly stir up my oppressors. To you, gentlemen, I am too much indebted not to feel it my duty to account to you for my departure, and to justify the regard that you have shewn to me. I may add, that I challenge any man to substantiate any charge against me. I desire that the information taken may be published. It will put those to shame who were the authors of it.

Another illustrious prisoner in the hands of the Congress at Brussels was the Count d'Arberg, late a Lieutenant General in the Austrian service, which he had quitted, and lived retired at la Rochette, in the principality of Liege, from which he was unexpectedly carried off without any known reason by General Schiackken, commander of the Belgic troops, in the province of Limbourg, and conducted to Louvain, from which he was released after three months detention, but without being able to obtain restitution of his papers, money, plate, or other effects.

However odious the conduct of those at the head of the Belgic Revolution may appear in violating the security of persons and of property, without even the colour of law; letters

letters from Brussels assure us, that prisoners of state are daily bringing in.

On the 10th the canon Van de Steene, second Secretary to General Vandermerfch and eight others accused of having been concerned in the plot imputed to the General, were committed.

The General himself is still detained in the castle of Antwerp, without any prospect of being released or brought to trial. In the mean time the Congress has been obliged to receive his brother as their President, he having been elected a Deputy by the city of Ghent immediately after the late revolution there.

A circumstance not less remarkable, is the arrest of General Schiplacktn, on account of the repeated loss of Limbörg, which is imputed to his misconduct and want of courage. He arrived at Brussels on the 16th to give an account to the Congress in person of the reasons which induced him to evacuate the province.

Berlin, August 6. The following are the Articles of Convention between Prussia and Austria, signed at Reichenbach in Silesia, on the evening of the 27th of July.

Article I. Austria renounces its alliance with Russia.

Art. II. Austria concludes a separate peace with the Turks, and renounces all its conquests made during the war. It shall, however, retain its ancient provinces of Galicia and Ludomeria.

Art. III. Should Austria be enabled to procure, by means of a friendly negotiation with the Turks, any change of territory, Prussia shall obtain from the Court of Vienna, in order to preserve the balance of power, as many square miles of land belonging to the Austrian possessions in Upper Silesia, as Austria shall obtain from the Turks on the side of the Aluta.

Art. IV. The King of Prussia engages to give King Leopold his vote at the approaching Election for the Imperial Throne, but under this express condition, (*sine qua non*) that the Emperor of the Romans shall never enter into alliance with Russia, in order that he may be enabled, as the Chief of the Germanic Empire, to resist any attack which Russia might, at a future period, be induced to undertake against it.

Art. V. Austria shall have full liberty to enforce obedience from its revolted subjects in the Netherlands, under condition that the King of Hungary restores to them all the privileges they enjoyed under the government of Maria Theresa. (This article is guaranteed by all the mediating powers.)

Art. VI. The King of Prussia does not expect any compensation for the expenses

of his warlike preparations, nor does he enforce his claim to the territories of Thorn and Dantzic.

Art. VIII. Should Russia persist in carrying on the war against the Porte and Sweden, and that the latter powers demand assistance of Prussia, according to the subsisting treaties, his Prussian Majesty shall have free liberty to accede to these demands, and the Court of Vienna shall not interfere in the dispute.

The 3d, 4th, and last Articles of this Convention, are the most material, and may lead to consequences which it is not very difficult to foresee. It is entirely confined to a cessation of hostilities between Austria and the Porte.

From the orders already issued, it is evident the first object of our Court will be to reduce the Empress of Russia to terms of peace; and that if her pride and ambition is superior to her sound judgment and real interest, force shall compel her to accede to what justice cannot prevail on her to accept.

The period is now approaching when it will become necessary that we shall prescribe for her the bounds of dominion, and narrow her ideas of universal empire, to those territories which common right may enable her to claim, and which it is the interest of our Court to admit.

To effect this purpose, our Court has claimed the assistance of Great Britain and Holland to send a fleet of men of war into the Baltic, to act in concert with that of Sweden, which is now inadequate to oppose the Russian fleet. We are in great hopes that this demand will be granted. A Prussian army is to co-operate at the same time by land.

The moment the Articles of Convention were signed, orders were immediately sent to General Ufedom, to return with his forces into West Prussia, and there to wait for further directions. Several other regiments are likewise to march directly from Silesia towards Prussia.

It is not known who will have the chief command of the army, which is to consist of 50,000 men. Its destination will, no doubt, be against Liefland.

The Turks enabled to collect their whole force against Russia, that Court will speedily be compelled to adopt whatever terms our combined forces may think proper to impose.

Stockholm, August 10. Twenty-six of the vessels taken by the Swedes in the late action have been repaired and rendered fit for service, of which number three are frigates, seven gallies, and two or three other vessels of a large force. The total of the Russian prisoners is now found to

be 260 officers, and 6200 privates; besides 189, who, being dangerously wounded, have been sent back to Fredericksham.

Copenhagen, August 14. A most melancholy accident occurred on Monday last, either at the mouth of the river Gotha, or, according to other relations, off the Scaw. The Sophia Magdalena, a Swedish man of war of 64 guns, which had been sent to Gottenburgh, for the purpose of conveying a considerable quantity of cannon to Carlscrone, was, upon that day, overset, either by a sudden squall, or (as is most probable) by the injudicious mode of stowing the cannon. The ship sunk with such rapidity, that that part of the crew which happened to be below the deck at the time of the accident, and amounting to eighty seven in number, had not the means or opportunity to escape. The principal part was happily saved by the activity and gallantry of the crews of some English merchant vessels, which were then at no great distance.

The National Assembly of France has decreed as follows :

1. Those Artists, Men of Learning, Men of Letters, those who have made any great discovery calculated to comfort humanity, to enlighten men, or to bring useful arts to perfection, shall be entitled to National rewards, in conformity to the Decrees of the 10th and 16th of the present month, and the particular regulations hereafter expressed.

2. He who shall have sacrificed his time, his fortune, or his health, to long and perilous voyages, in the prosecution of researches useful to the public œconomy, or the progress of arts and sciences, shall be entitled to a gratification proportioned to the importance of his discoveries and the magnitude of his labours; and if he perishes in the course of his undertaking, his widow and children shall receive the same succour as the widows and children of those who die in the service of the State.

3. The gratuities to be granted to those who apply themselves to researches, discoveries, and useful labours, are not to be given in form of annuities, but proportioned to the actual progress made in the works; and the reward they may deserve shall not be delivered to them till their works shall be completed, or till they shall have attained an age too far advanced to be able to continue them.

4. Annual gifts, may, notwithstanding be granted either to young men who shall be sent into foreign countries, to perfect themselves in arts and sciences, or to those who may be appointed to travel, to acquire information useful to the State.

5. The pensions destined to recompense

the persons above described, are divided into three classes.

The first, those pensions not exceeding 3,000 livres.

The second those pensions above 3,000, but not exceeding 6,000.

The third class, to comprise pensions above 6,000, but not exceeding 10,000, as determined by former decrees.

6. The kind of labour, the habitual employments of those who shall deserve to be rewarded, will determine the respective class in which they shall be ranked; and the quality of their services is to determine the amount of the pension.

Warsaw, August 14. As soon as the news was received here of the signing of the Convention of Reichenbach, the Polish States unanimously resolved to send immediate orders to their Ambassador at Constantinople to enter into a treaty of alliance with the Porte and even if it could be settled according to a plan which they sent by their said courier, that their Minister might sign it without sending back to the States for further orders,

Frankfort, Aug. 15. The substance of the King of Hungary's answer to the letter from the Diet assembled at Buda, is, that His Majesty has graciously received the humble prayer relative to sending of an individual of the Hungarian nation to assist at the negotiations for peace with the Porte; and that in transacting that treaty he should take care that the constitutions of the kingdom should all have their necessary effect.

The Courier who brought the above answer arrived at Buda on the 1st inst.— When it was read, not a person in the Diet, it is said, would give his opinion upon the subject; therefore we do not yet know whether the Diet will insist on the nomination of a Deputy on its behalf to the Congress at Bucharest or not.

B R I T I S H N E W S.

London, Aug. 28.

IN the requisition made by the Hungarians to Leopold, they demand,

I. That he shall insert in the oath the clause of the Degree of Andrew II. that was abolished by Leopold I. which authorizes the States to resist the King in case he shall violate the laws.

II. That there shall be an annual Diet, and a perpetual Senate charged with the Administration,

III. That the King shall reside a part of the year at Buda.

IV. That every tax or duty shall have the consent of the Diet; to which the Government shall render an account of the expences.

V. That there shall be a Council of War appointed by the Constitution.

VI. That the Hungarian troops shall be stationed in the country, and that the King shall employ no more than one third of them to the defence of his other territories.

VII. That Galicia and Ludomeria shall be joined in perpetuity to the crown.

VIII. That Hungarian Ambassadors shall reside at the Diet of Ratisbon, and at foreign Courts.

Letters from Brussels, dated August 18, say, 'The situation of this country is distressing beyond description: we know not what will be the probable issue of the reconciliation between Austria and Prussia. Our rulers, notwithstanding the favourable stipulations in their behalf in their preliminaries, are concerting measures to hold out alone against the Imperial forces. Dispositions are made to furnish all the peasants with ammunition, &c. Three Colonels are appointed to superintend the districts of Louvain, Brussels, and Antwerp, and to marshal the peasants.'

The States General have passed a law, by which the farmers are obliged to have their flax properly swinged, and to keep out all the refuse. This regulation has been obtained in consequence of a spirited memorial from some of the principal linen manufacturers in Edinburgh, addressed to the flax merchants in Holland, declaring, that unless such regulations were adopted, they would import no more flax from Holland. The estimate was 15l. per cent loss by the refuse, which will now be a considerable saving to the importers.

Thursday came on to be argued in the Court of King's Bench, and was determined a question, Whether a reduced Lieutenant in the army could assign over his future half pay?

After much argument by the Counsel, the Court said, that the half pay was given to officers for the support of the dignity of their station, and to prevent them from being called out of a state of poverty into the active service of their country.—To part with it was therefore repugnant to good policy, and contrary to the end for which it was given them.

The Court were unanimous in their opinion, that whatever officers might do with their pay already due, they ought

not to assign over the growing or future interest in it.

It is with infinite satisfaction we learn from the Lisbon Gazette, that Charles Murray, Esq; the consul-general of the Madeira Islands, having obtained drugs and apparatus from the London Humane Society, and having occasioned the reports and modes of treatment to be translated into Portuguese, some successful cases have crowned their efforts, and tended to encourage the humane exertion of the faculty there. On the 2d ult. one Simon Alvarez, a silversmith, apparently dead by suffocation from charcoal fumes, was restored to life by Dr. Henriques, in consequence of which the doctor received a very flattering compliment from the Queen, together with a very handsome present. On the 18th, also, one John Politarpio, having hanged himself, through despair, at the loss of his wife, was restored by the unremitting diligence of Mr. Ant. De Almeida, surgeon. The Academy of Sciences at Lisbon has very philanthropically taken these benevolent exertions under its patronage, and pays, in every successful case, besides a silver medal, a pecuniary reward of about eight guineas. But what is particularly worthy of notice, is, that the preservation and restoration of life are made objects of particular attention with the police, the intendant-general having occasioned the drugs and other useful implements to be deposited in proper parts of the city, and in every case making it his business to encourage and assist such benevolent labours. This is worthy of imitation. Surely, if it is incumbent on the officers of justice to protect the property of citizens, it is a no less important duty to preserve, or to be instrumental in restoring, their lives.

In the Upper Lusatia (Germany), a sort of white earth is found, of which the poor, in times of scarcity, make bread. It is taken from a hill, where there was once a salt-work. They take this earth, and place it in the sun, and when it is sufficiently warmed, a number of small globules appear to ooze from it, of a dry substance. It is then mixed in various proportions with meal, and made into bread. It has the peculiar quality of continuing fit for use, after the lapse of several years.

Last week a gentleman having occasion to call in the neighbourhood of Cavendish square, took coach; on being asked by the coachman what he deemed an unreasonable fair, he flew into a passion, and, by an involuntary act, drew out of his waistcoat pocket a bit of paper, which, after having twisted about his finger, he threw into the kennel, swearing he would not give him

the value of that bit of paper more than the usual fare. On his return home, he missed a bank-note of considerable value, which he recollected to have put into his waistcoat pocket; on mentioning the matter to his servant, he called to his mind the above circumstance, and, on going to the place, actually found the note in the kennel where he had thrown it.

At the assizes at Leeds, a lady brought an action of damages against a young gentleman, for a breach of promise of marriage. The jury found a verdict for the lady, with 200*l.* The contract on which the action was grounded, had the following emphatical expression: 'As love is the sublimest of passions, and has been the universal conqueror of mankind, we are not ashamed to own its influence, and do hereby agree to unite our hands and hearts in the silken bands of matrimony.'

An action was lately tried brought by a young woman against a taylor for a breach of promise of marriage.

The circumstances of the case were these:

The defendant, in June 1789, took a lodging in the house of the plaintiff's mother; soon after which he declared himself smitten with the charms of the daughter. He disclosed his passion to the mother, who gave her consent to his courting the plaintiff in marriage. The young man, who had often expressed an unconquerable aversion to a taylor, for some time treated his amorous suit with contempt and ridicule; but her heart at length melted into love, and the parties appointed a day for the celebration of their nuptials, which was to have been in December last. The defendant, notwithstanding his warm professions of regard for the plaintiff, about a week before the intended marriage, left his lodgings, went into the country, and has since married another woman, without assigning any reason for his infidelity.

Several letters from the defendant to the plaintiff, were read in court, and afforded much entertainment.

The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages 30*l.*

There is now living in France, a very virtuous lady, called Susannah la Broussa, who has foretold many strange things.—Eleven years ago she foretold the present revolution in France, the plan relative to the reform of the clergy, the suppression of monastic vows, and the approaching happiness of all the nations on earth, who would in future make but one great family. She also announced the establishment of the National Assembly, the event of the

American war, and many other matters beyond all intelligence, merely human, to foresee. The present humiliation of the Royal Family in France was so particularly pointed out by her in the year 1780, that it was impossible it could be understood, although it was generally delivered. Dom. Gerla lately attempted to give a full account of this extraordinary woman to the National Assembly, but was so minute and tedious in his account, that the patience of the assembly was exhausted, and the order of the day being called for from on all sides, he was obliged to sit down without coming to a conclusion.

An approved method of destroying Woevils.—The smell of lobsters is fatal to these voracious insects;—lobsters have been thrown alive among wheat infected with Woevils, and in a short time the walls of the barn were covered with them; if the lobsters be left till they become putrid, the insects will all die, and the corn be entirely cleared of them.

A gentleman who has lately made a survey of Antiquities in the North of England relates, that a chapel formerly belonging to St. James's Hospital at Newcastle, is now a tenement occupied by a woman with several children.—The pulpit is converted into a henroost, and a mutilated cherubim, formerly an ornament to the altar-piece, is now become the principal instrument of domestic correction! as when the children are noisy, &c. the good woman's threatening to give them to the *ard Angel*, never fails to procure instant obedience.

A man who resides at Frome, in Somersetshire, slipped down about three months since, and broke his leg. As he is 107 years of age, the surgeon, and indeed all who knew him, and were acquainted with the accident, agreed he could not live. The surgeon poured a little oil upon the fracture, and bound it up, and the patient and his friends took, as they believed, their eternal adieu.—Three or four days afterwards the surgeon opened the wound, expecting a mortification, but to his surprize found the bone had knit, and all other circumstances most favourable to recovery had taken place. He is now so well recovered as to be able to walk about without the assistance of crutches.

Among the many valuable qualities for which the late Dr. Franklin was distinguished, an evenness and tranquility of mind were not the least observable. A gentleman passing the Doctor's lodgings while in London, called to enquire after his health. It happened to be dinner time, and the room was full of a select party. The Doctor, however, received him with

with much familiarity; but the servant, in reaching a chair, threw down a very curious weather glass of considerable value, and broke it to pieces. The gentleman was extremely concerned at the accident, and began to make an apology for his being the cause of it; but the Doctor, with great good humour, interrupted him, saying, 'Sir, I am beholden to you for it—we have had a very dry season, and now I have hopes we shall soon have rain, for I never saw the glass so low.'

A young woman has just been discovered in the patriotic army at Namur; she has already served four months, and been at the taking of Ghent; this heroine is named Jeanne Delmoris a native of Brussels, where she had long loved a servant in the patriotic artillery, she was resolved to brave the dangers of war and follow him, she had engaged in the company of Capt. Philip Luykx of the Louvain volunteers. Multitudes of people flock to the female warrior and make her many presents; M. J. B. Vandernoot has equipped her completely, given her a medallion, and a brevet cadet in the army.

Another instance of female enthusiasm occurred a few days ago on the road to Antwerp, at a village of Willebroeck; whilst all the men of the parish were gone to perform the usual farce of parading the streets of Brussels with the rector and curates at their head, to pay their homage to the Congress and M. Vandernoot, the women mounted guard and patrolled; a stranger presented to pass by—they demanded his passport—he refused to shew it—and, on their insisting, acknowledged he had none,—they immediately secured him as a spy, and after some scuffle pinioned him, and twelve of them armed with sabres and pistols escorted him to Mechlin prison; where they delivered him in custody to the goaler, and discharging a volley, they took leave and returned home.

On Saturday the 14th inst. was decided at Tetbury, in Gloucestershire, the long expected battle between Herbert, formerly a collar-maker of that town, aged 75, and one M——, a comedian, aged 25. The origin of their dispute it seems arose respecting a family dinner-bell, which the former pretended to be his property, and in the possession of the latter, who also pretended he knew nothing thereof, which so aggravated old *Herse collar*, that skirmishes between the parties have frequently happened in the streets, greatly to the annoyance of the inhabitants; it is therefore much to be wished the decision of this battle may in future prevent a repetition. The combatants set to about six

in the afternoon, which, after several rounds in favour of the old champion, the comedian, having exerted all his stage activity in vain, being unable to resist the force of his antagonist's blows, and reduced with an effusion of blood from the cavity of the *nafus*, the sight of which apparently abated his courage, gave in to the old man, who did not a little triumph in his success. This battle, though intended to be conducted privately, was made public, and the knowing ones were taken in.

A few days ago died in Yorkshire, an old man, supposed to be near 130 years of age. He gave the following account of himself to a gentleman about a week before he died. He was born in Wales; was brought up to the farming business, which he followed all his lifetime; that he well remembered Charles the Second; that his wife died about ten years ago in her 92d year; that he had one daughter by her about 40 years ago who died in childbirth; that he had never accustomed himself to eat any breakfast, and only eat milk for his supper; that for many years he had taken a dislike to animal food, and seldom eat any excepting broiled mutton. His hair was very white, but his face had but few wrinkles at the time of his death.

The unremitting and strict attention of the late king of Prussia, is perhaps unparalleled among men, and is one of the most remarkable traits of his extraordinary character. That degree of industry which a man endowed with the greatest intellectual power may bestow on certain occasions, employed the king in the course of forty-six years, without suffering himself to be interrupted in his plan for one day; either by pleasure, indulgence, chagrin or disappointment.

As his age and infirmities increased, it happened that he slept a little longer than he designed to do; this vexed him so much; that he ordered his valet de chambre to wake him every morning at four o'clock precisely, and not suffer him to fall asleep again, whatever he might say to them. Not long after, a new-appointed valet entered the King's bed-chamber to execute his commands: 'Let me lie a little longer—(said the King)—for I am exceedingly sleepy.' 'Your Majesty ordered me to call you at this hour.' 'Only a quarter of an hour longer, say.' 'Not one minute, your Majesty—it is past four o'clock, and I will not be sent away in this manner.' 'You are a brave fellow,' (exclaimed the King, rising) 'for you would have fared ill if you had suffered me to sleep any longer.'

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

Lunenburg, Sept. 10.

ON Saturday, the 13th of August, the Right Rev. CHARLES Bishop of Nova-Scotia, arrived here in his Majesty's Ship *Thistle*, Capt. George, and on Sunday morning, at 11 o'clock, landed under a salute of 11 guns, and proceeded to church; and, after divine service, preached a sermon on the nature and end of confirmation, to a very numerous and crowded congregation: Wednesday following a confirmation was held, when upwards of thirty persons were confirmed.

On Thursday the Rector, Church Wardens and Vestry waited on the Bishop, and presented the following address:

To the Right Reverend CHARLES, Bishop of Nova-Scotia.

WE, the Rector, Church Wardens and Vestry of the Parish of St. John, Lunenburg, entreat you to accept our unfeigned thanks. We are much concerned at your indisposition, occasioned, we are sensible, by your zealous exertions to serve us.

Impressed with every sense of our most gracious Sovereign's benign condescension, and paternal care for the civil and religious rights of his subjects, we cannot but look up to you with cheerfulness for the success and welfare of the established religion in these provinces.

We have already in a particular manner experienced your great attention in having the mission continued to us, and shall ever endeavour to merit the continuance of your protection.

Too often, in addresses, there is so much of flattery, that what we say, though true, is disbelieved; and we displease while we study most to please; but believe us sincere when we declare, that your persevering zeal for the good of the church, is no less conspicuous than your learning, piety and ability.

Permit us to assure you, Right Reverend Sir, of our earnest wish and endeavour to promote the cause of true religion among us. To that God of peace, from whom all good comes, we humbly bow our knees, that he would make you perfect in every good work, to do his will, for the good of his church, and preserve you in health and happiness, as long as it shall please him to continue you the episcopal head of the established churches of these his Majesty's dominions.

We have the honour to subscribe ourselves, with the the most profound respect,
Right Reverend Sir,

Your most dutiful son,
And obedient humble servants,
RICHARD MONEY,

Missionary and Rector.

JOHN CREIGHTON, } *Church*
JOHN CHR. RUDOLF, } *Wardens.*

JOHN DONIG,
FOSTER LOMBARD,

Geo. MIC. SMITH,

THO. PINNELL,

JH. ANDERSON,

JACOB UELSHE,

JAMES PATTERSON,

Geo. JAMPERTN,

JH. DAUPHINE,

FREDERICK JODRY,

FRED. EMMENOTT, } *Vestry.*

To which the Bishop was pleased to return the following answer.

GENTLEMEN,

I feel myself exceedingly obliged by your address, and by the kind concern you are pleased to take in my present indisposition; I bless God, that it has not hitherto risen to such an height, as to prevent me from discharging the duties of my station.

Your wishes to promote true religion, are very laudable, and correspond with the sentiments which I had entertained of the inhabitants of Lunenburg, when I represented their case to the venerable society, and interposed for a continuance of the mission.—That most worthy society is ever attentive to the spiritual interests of their fellow-subjects in these parts, and ready to extend their bounty where there is a rational prospect of its being serviceable, and properly used.—The assurance you give me, that you still cherish the same disposition, affords me much pleasure, as it will insure that most important object; especially when accompanied with suitable endeavours, which, I flatter myself, will not be wanting on your part.

You may believe me sincere, when I assure you of my unfeigned wishes, that this flourishing settlement, which bears every mark of persevering well directed industry, may daily prosper more and more, and that pure religion, the choicest blessing which indulgent heaven can bestow, may abundantly shed its benignant influence on the inhabitants.

I have the honour to be, with sentiments of real esteem,

Gentlemen,

Your very affectionate,

And humble servant,

CHARLES NOVA-SCOTIA