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THE  
NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE

FOR M A Y, 1791.

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FITZCAREY; OR THE RECLUSE OF SELWOOD. A NORMAN TALE.

CANTO I.

Omnibus locis ingens apparet imago tristitiz.

ENNIUS.

Through all the wide expanse below,  
Appears the giant form of Woe:

**D**IM through the scudding mists shone  
the mild beauties of the moon, like  
the radiance of Virtue through Misfor-  
tune's cloud. The warbler of the night  
sat silent on the spray, and suspended was  
her sweet murmuring tale.

Hoarse through the forest rushed the ill-  
omen'd blast; Melancholy rode on its  
sullen wings; and Fear and Superstition  
awakened at its call. The fragments of a  
ruined pile were tumbling before the rising  
storm, and the owl shrieked discordant a-  
mong its ivy-vested walls—when Fitz-  
carey roved, desponding, on the banks of  
the troubled Frone, and listened to the so-  
lemn, tolling curfew.

Changed for the crucifix was the war-  
rior's lance; the burnished mail was re-  
signed for the hermit's cassock; and the  
love of maidens was a prey to remorse, and  
wandered by the roaring stream.

But Fitzcarey wandered not far: for  
darker spread the gloom, congenial with  
his soul; and sable Horror blotted out the  
silver lights of heaven. He paused with  
dismay. Like the courser, long famed for  
his swiftness in the chace, when fierce  
raging flames assail him in his stall, and  
relax the strong sinews which should bear  
him from his fate—so the mourner stood  
appalled on the brink of the torrent, and  
yielded his soul to the encroachments of  
despair.

'Aye, tremble, thou wretch!' howled  
the spirit of the storm, as he rode on the

swelling blast, 'tremble at the thought  
of thy perjured crime, and bow beneath  
the weight of my reproach. Hark! hear-  
est thou not my voice in the loud howling  
blast? How it groans forth Egwina's  
wrong!—List! hearest thou not my  
breath in the pause of the storm? How it  
sighs forth Egwina's woe.

'Remorse is my name—the sure atten-  
dant of Guilt; the avenging sword of In-  
nocence betrayed. Lo! Affliction and  
Wrath, the heralds of my approach; and  
Terror and Despair, who still follow in  
my train!'

As the roebuck in the forest, whom the  
hunters surround, stands dismayed by  
their brandished spears; so trembled Fitz-  
carey at the horrors of the scene—but he  
shrunk from those horrors in vain: for  
still in his view glared the spectres through  
the gloom; and menaced with revengeful  
ire. The terror of heroes felt the palpi-  
tations of fear: for Conscience was af-  
flicted by the recollection of guilt.

Wild in his sockets rolled his dim,  
glaring orbs: they sought for consolation  
in vain: as the heron through the skies,  
as he scuds o'er the barren heath, seeks  
for shelter in vain from the talons of the  
hostile kite. He smote his perturbed breast,  
he groaned from the bottom of his soul;  
while loud o'er his head burst the thun-  
ders of wrath, and the lightnings of ven-  
geance scared his dishevelled locks.

'Lo! these,' said the Spectre, who di-  
rected

rected the storm, 'Lo! these are the avengers of perjured guilt. Mine are the thunders that burst from the cloud; mine the forked lightnings that blaze through the sky; and thine the devoted head that must endure their wrath.'

Lower to the earth bowed the sulphur-breathing cloud, and burst with more impetuous rage, while the spectres of Remorse vanished before the Recluse; and Despair alone remained, bestriding the lurid blast. Gigantic was his form as the leviathan of the deep, and rude as the howling savage of the woods. Sullen was the glare of his deep sunken eye; clotted the sable locks that shaded his lowering brow; and like the fangs of the wolf the terrors of his loud-gnashing teeth.—At his frown Nature stood appalled.

'Caitiff!' said the fiend, as he seized upon his prey, 'to me thou art resigned. Yield then to my power: resistance is in vain: mine are all the children of Guilt.'

Congealed was the blood of Fitzcary at the touch, and Horror slackened the sinews of his once dauntless might. The spectre snatched him aloft. High o'er the swelling Frore he suspended him in the air: then headlong plunged him into the foaming wave.

'Spirits of Mercy!' exclaimed the victim as he fell, 'must repentance and tears be fruitless and despised? Must the dominion of Despair prevail for ever?'

The petitions of repentance ascended on high: the lightnings of heaven chased the darkness of the night; and the tempest was heard no more. The Recluse stood restored on the margin of the stream, like the fawn escaped from the pursuing wolf, or the dove from the fowler's art.

Changed was the scene which had smote him with dismay; and where darkness and horror had harrowed up his soul, the cheerful beauties of the prospect reflected peace to his breast—like the smiles of love to the bosom of the youth long drooping with anguish and despair. The silver moon illuminated the azure vault of heaven, thick spangled with burnished stars. Her cheerful beams played among the dripping foliage of Selwood, and waned with the rippling stream. The bird of ill-omen was silent in the ruined tower, and Philomel attuned her sweetest song, while sighing Echo prolonged the soothing strain.

In shining robes, tinged as with dawning light, the spirit of Hope appeared before the Recluse, smiled with placid mien; and fixing her aspiring eye on the white-robed Genius of Mercy, who waved his palmy sceptre through the air, and warbled his consoling strain.

'Mortal!' said the shining harbinger of Peace, as she smiled with cherubic grace, 'attend to my instructive voice: for vain, without me, are the tears of contrition, and remorse can only lead to increasing guilt. Why wanderest thou here in the fullness of grief, nor seekest to repair the injury thou hast done? Not the tunic of the Hermit, nor the solitary musings of the Recluse, can restore to the spotted soul the purity it has lost, or atone to society for the vices of youth. Why hang thy arms neglected in this ruined tower, when Cruelty and Oppression are stalking abroad?'

'Say, as in the indolence of grief thou reclinest in thy mouldering cell, as thou mournest among the ruins of this Saxon castle, (whose turrets thy former valour humbled to the dust) do not the clang of thy shield and spear, and the trappings of war, as they shake with the passing blast,—ah! do not they remind thee of former glory, and reproach thy inglorious sloth? Are plunder and oppression heard of no more? Is this forest not infested by murderous bands; that thou trustest alone to thy groans, and thy tears, and the plaints of unavailing regret?'

'Lo! even now, mayest thou hope for pardon and for peace. Virtue and Joy may again be inmates of thy bosom, and the injured spirit of Egwina be appeased, if thy limbs were clasped in the warrior's steel; if the plaited mail shone on thy many breast, and the trusty weapon armed thy undaunted hand.'

Such was the vision of Fitzcary, who, stretched on a wretched pallet, among the ruins of a dismantled tower, snatched a short and troubled repose in the centre of the forest of Selwood—the obscure retreat of penitence and despair. His neglected arms hung disordered over his head, polluted with cankered rust.

Troubled was his soul by the vision of the night; and eagerly he sought to reply: but the shrieks of distress resounding through the ruined domes, roused him from his sleep.

## C A N T O II.

Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.  
VIRG.

By sad experience taught, alas! to know  
The pangs of grief, I learn to succour woe.

FITZCARY started from his couch; his former value burned his throbbing heart. He snatches his helm, and again the plumed crest nods o'er his martial brow: he seizes his shield and sword, and rushes

rushes to the scene of strife, impetuous as the torrent that sweeps away its bounds, and eager as the war-horse that breaks through the hostile ranks. But the combat was ended ere he could arrive. On earth fell a gallant youth, bleeding with his wound; and the ruffians fled at the shout of approaching aid.

Fitzcary flew to the assistance of the wounded hero. Graceful was his form as the bending poplar beside the stream, and stately as the swan that sails on the transparent lake. The down of youth had not forsaken his cheek; but manly strength was conspicuous in his polished limbs.—The Recluse reared him gently, from the earth, and rending his garments, bound up the smarting wound, and led him to his mouldering cell,

But inconsolable was the wounded youth. The maid he protected was ravished from his arms. A ruffian had torn her, loud shrieking, from his side, while his companions, with their swords, baffled the succouring efforts of his valour. 'Ah! whither, injured mourner! art thou borne from my sight? Beloved of this heart! to what sorrows art thou reserved? What indignities may'st thou not suffer from brutal hands?'

'Ah! droop not in despair,' said the Hermit, with a sigh, 'for that is the meed of Guilt! Well hast thou sought in defence of Virtue, and Heaven with compassion will regard thy woes. Slight is thy wound. The morn may restore thee to vigour and health, and the valour of our arms may emancipate the distressed: for not the recesses of this forest shall conceal her from our sight; nor the swords of banditti defend the prison of thy love. Suffering Virtue may confidently hope for redress; but, ah! what shall restore the tranquility of the mind haunted by the consciousness of Cruelty and Guilt.'

'Listen, O youth! to the legend of my woes, the chronicle of perjured crimes; and learn how to shun the afflictions of remorse, by pursuing with honour the desires of thy heart.'

'Fitzcary is my name: once the glory of knights who fought, with the Norman William, for empire and renown. Dreadful was I esteemed in the ranks of war, and in the tournament unequalled for gallant exploits. But the joy of my heart was in the chambers of Love—to bask in the sunshine of Beauty's smile.'

'Egwin the fair, the pride of all hearts, the lily of beauty in the bowers of bliss, the rose of sweetness in the regions of delight, the bright star of admiration in the sphere of Virtue—Egwin awakened the soft sigh of desire, and my bosom panted

for the possession of her blooming charms.

'Artless was the maid as the transparent rill that waters the uncultured vale; tender was her soul as the turtle of the glade, whose lonely note resounds through the grove, and lures back her wandering mate: oft would the frequent the green-wood's side (the glowing noon painted on her blushing cheek) to meet me unobserved and alone—oft steal along the western Avon (her flowing ringlets glittering in the moon light beam) to listen to my ardent vows.

'Her artless soul reposed with confidence in my love—but her confidence, alas! was too basely betrayed. In the hour of unbounded tenderness I triumphed over her virtue, and sullied the pure beauties of her modest cheek with the tears of repentant shame.

'I triumphed—and I left the sweet victim to despair; to weep in the bowers that had been the scenes of our love, and lament to the wind, that had scattered my perjured vows.

'Oh! Egwin, my love, how unworthy was thy fate! And has that bosom, which ever sympathized with the woes of others, been pierced with Affliction's dart? Bright as the stars were the virtues of thy heart, and clustering as the fruitful vine; mild as the youngling of the flock were the artless graces of thy soul, and cheering as the vernal dawn thy shining manners.—One only fault was e'er attributed to Egwin: she loved a youth unworthy of her charms. But surely the punishment should have come from some other hand.

'Oh! that the repentance and sorrows of my life might recall thee, dear, hovering shade! to the sublunary sphere—might soothe all thy sorrows, and atone for thy wrongs! Blest were a life of anguish and remorse, might its latest moment be consoled by the smile of forgiveness, and my soul, ere it depart, hear thee pronounce its pardon!'

'And could Egwin,' said the youth, 'be restored to thy prayers, couldst thou meet her again with the open arms of affection? Wouldst thou lead to the nuptial hall of thy ancestors, a nymph with a sullied name?'

'Oh! joyful as the bird, that wanders for food, returns to its callow young, would Fitzcary, transported by repentant love, fly to the arms of Egwin!—Prouder than the chiefs of his house, of their quartered arms, or the records of ancestral fame, would be the heart of Fitzcary; to lead his Egwin to grace his nuptial hall—'

'But vain is the wish—Egwin is no more. A wretched outcast from her father's court, the scorn of the world, and

the reproach of her glorious race, she sunk beneath the load of shame and remorse, and sought in the grave the only refuge from despair.

'Eoward! why follow not her steps? Why should this hand not expiate my guilt? Come forth, thou keen sword, oft so fatal to my foes; do justice on the foe to Egwina.'

'Hold!' cried Earl Robert, as he started from his couch, 'forbear from the impious deed. Had thy repentance not appeared the wrath of my soul, this hand, not thy own, should have humbled thee in the dust: for I am the champion of Egwina, and I the avenger of her wrongs.'

'But gird on thy arms; for the sun appears in the horizon, and gilds with reflected light these tottering ruins. Rouse all thy wonted valour, for the hard adventure of the day; and appease the injured spirit of Egwina, by assisting her brother to recover the dear maid whom the ruffians have forced from his arms.'

Abashed, in silent reverence Fitzcary obeyed. He suppressed the deep sigh that was labouring in his breast; and concealing the confusion of his soul, prepared for the bold exploit.

Again the neglected cuirass burnished his manly breast; the glittering cuish flamed upon his thigh; the greaves adorned his legs and the gauntlet defended his determined hand; the shield was clasped to his arm, and in his strong right hand, he shook his massive spear. Then forth rushed the hero, with Earl Robert the bold; as the stag by the side of the youthful fawn trots over the verdant pastures, in his pride, and instructs him to knit his young sinews in the race.

### CANTO III.

Who now shall give unto me words and sound

Equal unto this haughty enterprise?

Or who shall lend me wing, that from the ground

My lowly voice may loftily arise,

And lift itself unto the highest skies.

SPENSER.

THE heroes fought not in vain the retreats of the banditti. The sword of Earl Robert had been powerful in the fight; and they traced the ruffians by their blood, even to the entrance of their cave.

'Here pause brave Lord Robert,' said the valourous knight—'here let us awhile debate. Not worthy of fame is he who rushes on destruction, and leaves those he should succour without hope of relief: but he who attentive to the dictates

of Reason, gives effect by discretion to the valour of his sinewy arm.

'If unassisted we assail this subterranean castle, what can the courage of two avail against a host? Repair then, brave youth, to the castle of thy father, on the borders of Selwood forest; rouse up thy bold knights to assist in the adventure, and the virgin of thy heart shall be restored to thy arms. I myself will remain and watch the entrance of the cave—if aught may be learned to advantage the attack?'

Lord Robert applauded the advice. Instant he departed to summon his knights, and promised to return ere the blaze of noon. But a secret design laboured in the bosom of Fitzcary, and thus he commended with his heart:

'Alone will I essay this hardy adventure, and expiate by my death the wrongs of Lord Robert's house. When returning with his knights, he shall emancipate the mistress of his heart, and shall find that Fitzcary has perished in the attempt, a tear shall he drop on my tangled corpse, and own that my repentance was sincere. But my spirit shall fly in quest of Egwina, and boast what I have done in atonement for my crime.'

Then seized he a ponderous stone, and whirling it with resistless force, burst open the cavern door; the concealing briars protested it in vain, and its pillars of rocky stone. The centinels started at the noise; but he slew them with his sword, as they arose. Then disguising himself with their arms, he passed, unobserved through the subterranean labyrinths: for the wearied banditti were retired to their pallets, and sleep lay heavy upon their eyelids.

The adventurer arrived at a lofty cavern, whose sullen walls were faintly illuminated by dying embers, which revealed the separate caves of the murderous train. His bounding heart exulted in the prospect of unhopèd success. Yet how should he discover the object of his pursuit? How explore the apartment which witnessed her woes!

Troubled was his soul with the anxious thought, till casting his eyes around, he beheld a centinel, with a lighted torch, at the extremity of the cave. 'Yonder,' said the knight, 'must the captives reside, by the caution which guards the pass.'

Then approaching the guard, as a trained spaniel his prey, with fair seeming smiles he concealed his design, and demanded the fair captive to be yielded to his hands, that he might lead her to the captain's couch.

'Traitor! stand aloof,' cried the centinel aloud, and brandished his opposing sword.

'Caitiff!'

'Catiff!' returned the knight, 'dost thou suspect my design? Then this be thy caution's reward!'

On earth fell the banditti, expiring with a groan; and, seizing his torch, the adventurer entered the cave. But instead of the fair captive expecting relief, he met the grim tyrant of the band, starting from his couch, and calling aloud to arms.

'Wretch!' said Fitzcarey, 'be silent and obey, or my weapon shall drink thy blood. Lead me to the fair captive I seek to release; the maid whom last night you ravished to those caves, or my sword quickly throbs in thy heart.'

The unarmed tyrant yielded to his threats, and conducted him in silence to the adjoining cave. But what was the wonder of Fitzcarey's soul—what were the transports of his delight, when in the imagined mistress of Earl Robert, he beheld the mourning sister of that gallant youth.—Egwin, the pride of his own repentant heart!

'And art thou indeed Egwin, my mistress and my friend? the sister—not the love of Earl Robert the brave! Then my repentance is not fruitless, nor my valour vain.' Egwin sunk speechless in his arms.

But the tempest was gathered which threatened them with destruction, and claimed all the torments of the hero's soul.

'Where is the traitor?' exclaimed the banditti aloud, as they rushed in confusion to arms—'Where is the bold adventurer who has invaded our retreats, and seized on our noble chief?'

'Here,' replies the hero, 'is the adventurer you seek, and his sword is at your captain's heart—Advance but to the door, and your leader dies.'

The ruffians stood checked and dismayed. 'Give us up our hero, uninjured,' they exclaimed, 'or unheard of tortures shall revenge his fall.'

'Nor racks, nor flames can appal Fitzcarey's mind. Firm stands my soul to the intent it has formed. The threats of torture I treat with scorn, for my sword shall purchase a more noble fate. Yield me then a passage, with the fair captive whom I sought, or your monarch dies, and dies not unattended.'

The banditti paused to debate; and faction and cabal raged in their troubled councils; for Gondibert the strong-armed to the command, and hailed the dawning hope of success.

'Shall a stranger escape to reveal our haunts?' resounded through the vaulted caves.

But the vaulted caves again resounded with the reply which bespoke the affection

of the band: Shall our leader, who conducts us to conquest and spoil, be yielded to inglorious death?'

Fierce was the contest, and hostile the wrath which governed the precarious debate; and the clanging of weapons smiting the echoing shields, proclaimed the intervention of force. Long was the contest of slaughter and debate, and awful the lingering suspense.

The tender pangs, ah! who can conceive, that fluttered at Egwin's heart? They only who have loved with such feeling excess—who have known what it is after a long absence to meet, and to meet in the jaws of Death.—Motionless stood with love gazing eyes, with anguish and terror imprinted on her face. But the hero stood firm to his threatened intent, with his sword at the leader's heart.

The banditti contested till the blaze of noon, when the party of the pretender prevailed.

'The stranger shall die,' resounded through the caves, 'and Gondibert shall be our chief.'

Egwin, with a shriek fell lifeless on the earth, resigning her lover as lost. But the clangour of trumpets shook the roof of the cavern, and the prancing of neighing steeds; and when Egwin awakened from her swoon, she found herself in the arms of her lover, delivered from the hideous cave, and seated by her brother's side. For Earl Robert had arrived with his gallant knights, and rushing down the subterranean pass, had attacked the banditti in their retreat.

Fierce was the contest; nor was Fitzcarey supine. He flew to the assistance of Lord Robert, and fighting with resistless fury through the hostile band, placed himself as a shield by the side of the gallant youth.

Victory declared for the adventurous knights; and the banditti being vanquished and slain, the conquerors bore the fainting fair one from the subterranean cave to the reviving influence of the vernal gale.

She awakened to life and to joy, and Earl Robert, who had shielded her from her father's wrath, and concealing her in the privacies of the sylvan scene, had protected her from the scornful world, now bestowed her, with tears of affection and joy, a willing bride to the repentant lover of her affections, giving her a dowry not unworthy of her charms; and blessing the lucky chance that interrupted their journey, as he conducted her in privacy toward the convent her wounded soul had chosen, as the retreat of contrition and peace.

Nor

Nor did Fitzcarey forget the vision of the night; confessing the vanity of an indolent repentance, which seeks not by *virtue* to obliterate *vice*; but by a *useless* age would atone for a *mischivous* youth.

Yet he bowed with gratitude to the supreme Disposer, who had made even the consequence of his error the cause of his present bliss.

## INSTANCES OF THE SAGACITY OF A MONKEY.

[From *Vaillant's Travels into the interior Parts of Africa.*]

**A**FTER giving an account of the usefulness of a cock, which he carried with him on his travels, M. Vaillant proceeds to expatiate on the diverting qualities of another of his companions.

'An animal,' says he, 'which rendered me still more essential service, whose diverting presence has suspended, nay, even dissipated a number of disagreeable and painful reflections; and whose provident instinct seemed to outstrip the efforts of my reason, was a Monkey, of that kind commonly known at the Cape, under the name of Bavians.

'He was very familiar, and particularly attached to me. I made him my taster: whenever we found any fruits, or roots, unknown to my Hottentots, we never attempted to eat them till they had been presented to Kees, and, if rejected by him, we concluded they were either disagreeable, or dangerous, and abandoned them accordingly. Animals of the monkey kind, seem distinguished from others, by their similarity to the human species.

'Nature had furnished this creature with an equal quantity of gluttony and curiosity; without appetite, he will taste any thing that is presented to him; without necessity, he will examine every thing on which he can lay his paws.

'Kees possessed another quality, still more estimable than these I have already mentioned: his extreme vigilance rendered him my greatest safeguard both day and night. The approach of the smallest danger roused him in an instant; by his cries and frighted gestures, we received intimation of the enemy, even before my dogs suspected it.

'They were accustomed to his voice and manner, and seemed to rely so much on his care, that they slept at their ease; and I was not without my fears, that if death should deprive me of my faithful guardian, I should not find that security from them I had flattered myself with, and which I thought I had a right to expect. When once Kees had raised them, they seemed very attentive to his signals;

they watched his eyes and motions, and I observed they never failed to run altogether toward the spot, to which his looks were directed.

'I often took him a shooting with me. What gambols, what expressions of joy would he manifest, on seeing me prepare to depart! He would leap up and caress me, seeming by his looks and actions to entreat me to hasten my departure, and expressing his gratitude for admitting him to be of the party.

'During our journey, he would amuse himself with climbing the trees to search for gum, which he was very fond of; sometimes he discovered honey in the crevices of a rock, or in hollow trees; but when he happened not to find any thing of this sort, and his appetite sharpened by fatigue and exercise, urged him more forcibly to seek a supply, a scene commenced, which to me was extremely entertaining,

'In those emergencies he would dig for roots, which, when found, were presently demolished. He seemed particularly fond of a kind, which, unluckily for him, I found also extremely good and refreshing, and ever obstinately persisted in partaking with him.

'Kees was artful, and if he happened to find any of this root, when I was at a distance from him, in order to prevent my coming in for my share, would eat it up with the greatest eagerness, fixing, at the same time, his eyes ardently on me, and seeming to calculate, by the distance I was at, the time I should be getting to him.

'I observed his haste was ever in proportion to the danger he supposed he run of losing a part of his prize; and, in general, he was too quick for me; but sometimes, having found more than he had time to make away with, he would endeavour to conceal it on my coming up with him. On these occasions, I usually favoured him with a good box on the ear, which never failed to make him give up the residue: when he was obliged to content himself with the part I chose to allot him,

him, Kees never entertained any animosity, though I sometimes gave him occasion, by keeping the whole, to reflect on that greedy selfishness of which he had set the example.

He had a very ingenious method of coming at these roots, which used to amuse me extremely: he took the tuft of leaves between his teeth, then bearing upon his fore paws, forced back his head, and generally drew out the root to which they adhered. When this method, which required all his strength, happened to fail, he again took hold of it closer to the earth, and giving a sudden spring, never failed to draw it up with him.

In our walks, when he found himself fatigued, he would mount upon the back of one or other of my dogs, who usually had the complaisance to carry him, even for hours together; but there was one among them bigger and stronger than the rest, and who ought rather to have offered his service on these occasions, that had a droll method of getting rid of his burden: the moment he felt Kees upon his shoulders, he became immoveable, and suffered me to proceed with the rest of the dogs without stirring from the spot. Kees, rather obstinate on his part, would usually maintain his seat, till I had almost got out of sight; when, fearful of being left behind, he was constrained to alight; and then both monkey and dog used to set off full speed to rejoin us; but I observed the dog always let Kees keep a head, taking care that he should not surprise him a second time. He had acquired over the rest of the pack an ascendancy, which was, doubtless, owing to the superiority of his instinct; for with animals, as with men, it is frequently observable, that address subdues strength.

Kees never cared to have company at his meals; and when any of my dogs approached too near his mess, he was sure to treat them with a box on the ear; which was always sufficient to make the cowardly animals make the best use of their legs.

One singularity, which I never could account for, was, that next to the serpent, he was most afraid of his own species, sensible, perhaps, that his present domestic state had deprived him of part of his faculties, or fearful that any other should partake of my kindness; for I could easily have taken some wild ones, and tamed them; but I never had any such intention. I had an attachment to Kees, which prevented my wishing for any other of his kind.

He sometimes heard the monkeys screaming in the mountains; and, not-

withstanding his fears, seemed instinctively to answer their cries: but when any one appeared, he ran with the utmost precipitation, and trembling with fear, seemed to implore our protection. At these times we always had enough to do to calm his terror.

He was a great thief, which is a fault common to domestic animals; but in Kees this vice seemed a talent, the ingenuity of which I could not help admiring. My people, who were not always inclined to take these thieveries in good part, frequently corrected him; but it was all in vain, they never could reform him in this particular.

He knew perfectly well how to untie the cords which fastened the baskets, in order to help himself to provision, especially milk, which he was very fond of; and several times, in consequence of this, I have been obliged to go without.

I sometimes beat him myself for his mischievous tricks, after which he usually made his escape, and would not return to the tent till it began to grow dark.

Having given his Hottentots a treat, M. Vaillant introduces the following humorous incident relative to his monkey.—‘This,’ says he, ‘was a night of revels; Kees was seated by my side, a place he never failed to avail himself of in the evening; indeed, I had spoiled him, never eating or drinking, but he came in for his share; and if I seemed inclined to forget him, he ever took care to remind me, either by munching, or giving me a touch with his paw.

He was equally fond of milk, and brandy; the latter I ever gave him on a plate, as I had remarked, that in drinking out of a glass, his greediness and precipitation made him draw as much up his nostrils as he took in at his mouth, which occasioned him to cough and sneeze for hours.

Kees, as I have already said, was seated by my side, the plate before him, ready for his share; while his eyes impatiently followed the brandy bottle, which the Hottentots served. With what impatience did he wait his turn! Alas! the unfortunate rogue, that licked his lips in advance, did not know that he was going to taste that bewitching liquor for the last time.—Not that I lost my friend Kees, though in future I saved his portion of brandy.

The bottle having now reached my monkey, I determined for once to cheat him; but without any other intent than to amuse myself with his surprise. The liquor had been just poured into the plate, and he was preparing to seize it, when I added, unseen, a piece of lighted paper.



The brandy blazed immediately; poor Kees screamed and chattered, running away as fast as possible. It was in vain that I called, and endeavoured to coax him; for being too angry to be easily pacified, he left us, and went to his bed.

Fear had so entirely possessed poor Kees, that it was in vain I afterwards endeavoured to make him forget what happened, by offering him his former favourite liquor, which I could never after prevail upon him to taste. Sometimes my men would tease him, by showing him the brandy bottle, which was ever enough to make him chatter, and grind his teeth.

Our learned and humane traveller, in the course of his entertaining publication, gives likewise the following instance of the sagacity of Kees. Having encamped on the banks of a fine river, called the Sondag, he tells us, that he there procured a number of birds, but had nearly lost poor Kees. 'An account of this incident,' says he 'may give an idea of my simple and uniform method of living.

'I was just sitting down to dinner, when I heard the warbling of a bird that I was unacquainted with. My meal was forgot in an instant; I snatched up my gun, left the tent, and in a quarter of an hour I returned with the bird, but was much surprised to find my table left empty, Kees having dispatched my provision with wonderful celerity.

'I had punished him very severely the night before for stealing my supper, therefore could not have supposed he would so soon have forgot it. Kees, however, disappeared. This was by no means unusual to him in similar cases, though he used constantly to return about tea-time, with an air of innocence, unconcernedly occupying his usual place by my side: but this evening he was missing, and the next day we saw nothing of him.

'I now felt some uneasiness, fearing he was entirely lost. On the third day, one of my men, who had been fetching water, saw my monkey ranging in the neighbouring trees; but the rogue at sight of him ran away, and concealed himself.

'I immediately went in search of him, beating all the environs with my dogs. Suddenly, I heard a scream, similar to that of Kees, when I used to return from shooting, and had left him behind. I instantly stopped, and soon perceived him in a tree, half concealed by a large branch.

'I enticed him by every means I could think of, but in vain; he would not trust to these signs of friendship, but obliged me to climb the tree, when he immediately suffered himself to be taken.

Pleasure and fear alternately marked his actions. I returned with him to the camp; it was there he expected his punishment. I had a great mind to tie him up, but that would have deprived me of the amusement his tricks afforded; I therefore pardoned him.

Perhaps he had before been punished, when he did not deserve it; for his character of thievery made me ready enough to believe what was said to his disadvantage. Possibly I might be wrong in this, as it was far from unlikely that my Hottentots had sometimes committed what poor Kees bore the blame of.

In another place, we find the following incident, which happened while he encamped at Koks Kracul. 'During the day,' says M. Vaillant, 'we were usually visited by considerable numbers of Bavarian monkeys, of the same species with my friend Kees. These animals seemed astonished at seeing so many people, and yet more so, on perceiving one of their kind among us, who answered them in their own language.

'One day, more than three hundred descended from a hill, which was on the side of our camp, and surrounded us, screaming *gou-a-cou, gou-a-cou*; the voice and appearance of Kees seeming to embolden them. They were not equal in size, some being much larger than others, but all of the same species, skipping and gamboling in a manner difficult to be described.

'An idea of these monkeys should not be formed from those who languish out a wearisome life of slavery in Europe, perishing by the kindness of the ladies, or poisoned by their ill bestowed dainties. The heaviness of our atmosphere deadens their natural gaiety, and they frequently play antics more from a dread of punishment, than from real humour.

'A singularity, that I have before remarked, fixed my attention; it was, that Kees, whom I held by the paw, though he appeared to know and answer his fellows, would by no means come near them. I pulled him forward; the strange animals, who simply appeared to stand on their guard, waited my approach, with as much tranquility as Kees shewed agitation and resistance. On a sudden he escaped, and ran to hide himself in my tent. Perhaps a fear that they would drag him with them, caused his uneasiness.

'The other monkeys continued antics gambols and screams for some time; till tired with the noise, and weary of the sight, I fired my piece. In an instant, the dogs were at their heels. It was now really amusing to see the dexterity and quickness of their flight, dispening in every direction, leaping

leaping from rock to rock, and disappearing like lightning.'

The following remarkable instance of the intuitive powers of the monkey-kind, is likewise recorded by our traveller: 'We began,' says he, 'to experience a scarcity of water which gave us great alarm. One day, when the weather was cloudy, and our march on that account very agreeable, though long, I perceived Kees stop suddenly, and turning his nose towards the wind, set out with the utmost speed, followed by all the dogs, who were totally regardless of my call. Astonished at this singularity, I set spurs to my horse, and was surprised to find them assembled round a fountain, at about three hundred paces from the place where they set off. I called to my men, who soon approached, and we encamped near this welcome spring to which I gave the name of Kees-Fountain.'

Having killed a large serpent, M. Vaillant concludes his account of the incident with the following observation:

'I remarked on this occasion, how much monkeys are afraid of these reptiles. It was not possible to make Kees approach this, though it was quite dead. I contrived, however, to amuse myself for a moment, by tying it to his tail; and not being able to stir, without giving motion to the serpent, it may be easily imagined by what leaps and antics poor Kees expressed his fright and impatience, while his dreadful enemy was in this situation.'

The last mention we find made in the two volumes already published, relative to M. Vaillant's entertaining and useful friend, or his species, is in the following passage.

'In the forest,' says he, 'I met with quantities of monkeys with black faces, but could not catch any; for jumping from branch to branch, they appeared to set me at defiance; their motions being so quick that they were seen and lost in the same instant.'

'One morning, as I was roving in the environs of the camp, I perceived about thirty seated on the branches of a tree, basking at the sun. The tree was alone, and not shaded by any others. I went round, and gained their settlement undiscovered, without giving them time to escape. Though I was certain they could not have got away, yet in an instant not one was visible. I turned on all sides examining the tree very particularly; as I

was certain they must be hid, but all to no purpose.

'At length I seated myself at a small distance, fixing my eyes constantly on it, and was presently paid for my perseverance; for one of the animals stretched out his head, and appeared to be looking for me. I fired, and he instantly fell. I expected, on the report of my piece, that the rest would have run as fast as possible, but was mistaken; for during an half hour there was not the least motion among them.'

'Tired with such unsuccessful sport, I fired at random among the branches. Two soon fell; and presently after a third, being only slightly wounded, hung by the tail to a small branch. A second shot brought him down.'

'I picked up my four monkeys, and walked towards the camp. When at a little distance from the tree, I looked back, and saw the whole party descend with precipitation, and hastily gain the thickest part of the wood, screaming violently.'

'I judged that some of them were wounded, as they appeared to follow the rest with difficulty. But I did not remark, as some travellers have observed, that those in health assisted the lame, or carried them on their shoulders; and I believe in respect to these, as of Hottentots pursued in war, that each one is too much occupied with his own safety to think of the escape of others.'

On returning to my tent, I examined these monkeys, which were of the middle size, the hair moderately long, and of a greenish colour; the belly white, and face entirely black.

'While I was examining them, Kees entered my tent. I knew his fear of these animals, (though these were of a different kind) and expected him to be much alarmed; but he appeared to fear dead monkeys much less than living ones. He seemed rather astonished than frightened; considered them one after another, and turned them over, as he had observed me to do: nor was he, I fancy, the first monkey that hadaped the naturalist.'

'A secret and selfish motive interested Kees. He had, in feeling the cheeks of the defuncts, discovered a treasure. In a little time he ventured to open their mouths one after another, and take from the pouch, that is between the cheek and the jaw, some ripe almonds, and deposited them in his own.'

## THE CONTEMPLATIVE PHILOSOPHER.

[From the Universal Magazine]

## On the INSTINCT of AFFECTION in the BRUTE CREATION.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all  
This waste of music is the voice of love;  
That even to birds, and beasts, the tender arts  
Of pleasing teaches.

THOMSON.

Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?  
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.

POPE.

THE great intention of Nature in endowing almost every animal with a sexual attachment, is the multiplication and continuation of the respective species. But, with regard to man, and, in an inferior degree, to all pairing animals, love is the source of many other social and important advantages. Love, or a strong affection for a particular woman, is to young men, perhaps, one of the greatest incentives to virtue and propriety of conduct. This observation, however, I shall not pursue, as it is more properly the subject of a moral essay. My present disquisition, in course, shall be confined to that instinct of Nature in the brute creation, taught by which, they form reciprocal attachments, and evince the most powerful and uncontrollable affection for their young.

The love of offspring, though not universal, is, perhaps, the strongest and most active principle in nature. It overcomes the sense of pain, and even the principle of self preservation. Among many wonderful examples of this, may be mentioned that of a bitch, which, during the operation of dissection, licked her young, whose presence seemed to make her forget the most excruciating tortures; and, when they were removed, she uttered the most dolorous cries\*.—Certain species of spiders inclose their eggs in a silken bag spun and wove by themselves. This bag they fix to their back, and carry it along with them wherever they go. They are extremely nimble in their motions. But, when the bag is forced from a spider of this kind, her natural agility forsakes her, and she falls into a languid state. When the bag is again presented to her, she instantly seizes it, and carries it off with rapidity. The young spiders no sooner escape from the eggs than they dexterously arrange themselves on the back of the mo-

ther, who continues, for some time to carry them about with her, and to supply all their wants. Another species of spider attaches her bag of eggs to her belly. This spider is likewise very agile, and so ferocious and determined in the protection of her eggs, that she has been known to suffer death rather than relinquish them.—The hind spontaneously presents herself to be chafed by the dogs, to prevent them from attacking her fawn.—When the fox perceives that her young have been disturbed in her absence, she carries them off, one after another, and conceals them in a new retreat.—Wasps feed their young, when in the worm or caterpillar state, in the same manner as pigeons and other birds that disgorge. The pigeon, after swallowing grain, retains it for some time in her stomach, till it is softened and macerated: she then disgorges, and throws it into the mouths of her young. 'In the same manner,' says Reaumur, 'I have observed a female wasp swallow a large portion of an insect: in a short time afterward, she traversed the different cells of her nest, disgorged the contents of her stomach, and distributed food in this half digested form to her young worms.'

All animals acquire a double portion of force and courage after they bring forth. A cow, at least in a domestic state, is a placid and phlegmatic animal: but whenever she produces a calf, a wonderful change is exhibited: she instantly becomes vigilant, active, and even ferocious, in the defence of her young. A lioness deprived of her cubs presents the most dreadful picture of anxiety, rage, and rapacity. Descending lower in the scale of animation, the same change is to be remarked. A domestic hen is a timid, indocile, and obstinately stupid creature. Though chafed, harassed, and even put in danger of her life, fifty times in a day, she never

\* Smellie's Philosophical Natural History.

never learns to avoid a garden, or any particular place which she is accustomed to frequent, or to which she is led by her appetite for food: but the moment her chickens are hatched, instead of her usual timidity, she becomes as bold as a lion. When she thinks her young are in danger, she bristles up her feathers, assumes a fierceness in her eye, makes an alarming noise, and attacks, in the most furious manner, and without distinction, every animal that comes near her. By the suddenness of her onsets, she often alarms men, and actually intimidates and beats off dogs, and other animals, that could devour her in an instant.

Though several of the insect tribes discover a strong attachment to their young, yet all those which undergo transformations, and do not form societies, must be completely ignorant of the existence of their progeny; because, in general, the parents die before the young are hatched. Nature, however, has endowed those species with an instinct which produces all the effects of parental affection: They uniformly deposit their eggs in substances which afford to the young, immediately after their escape from the egg, a nourishment adapted to their respective constitutions, and a comfortable and safe protection from injury. Thus Nature, ever attentive to the continuation and happiness of her productions, however seemingly insignificant in the scale of being, often employs very different means to accomplish the same beneficent purposes.

Nature has unquestionably attached pleasure to all the necessary functions of animals. But this pleasure cannot be considered as the original cause of any particular action; for the experiment must be made before the animal can discover whether the result is to be agreeable or disagreeable. The truth is that Nature has bestowed on the minds of all animated creatures a number of laws or instincts perfectly accommodated to the species, and which irresistibly compel them to perform certain actions. The effects of these we perceive: but the causes, or the modes by which they operate on animal minds, are inscrutable. We may and must admire, but we can never penetrate the mysteries of Nature.

Marriage, or pairing, though by no means an universal institution of Nature, is not unfrequently exhibited in the animal creation. In the feathered race, for instance, the same impulse or law of Nature, takes place among the partridge tribes, the swallows, the linnets, and, in general, all the small birds. The assiduity, attention, mutual affection, laborious vigilance,

and steadfast fidelity of pairing animals, are truly admirable, and, to ingenious minds, afford the most exemplary admonitions to virtue and conjugal attachment. Indeed in general, it is to be remarked, that all those species of animals, whose offspring require, for some time, the industry and support of both parents, are endowed with the instinct of selection, or of pairing. With regard to the feathered tribes, pairing is almost universal. A distinction, however, as to the duration and circumstances of their pairing, is to be observed. The young of all the small birds, as well as of most of the larger kinds, continue for some weeks in a helpless condition. The mother is not, like quadrupeds, provided with organs fitted to secrete milk; of course, she is unable to nourish them out of her own body. She is therefore obliged to go abroad in quest of food for them. But the progeny are so numerous, that all her industry, if not assisted by the father, would be ineffectual for their support and protection. In all birds whose young are in this condition, the males and females not only pair, but each of them is endowed with the strongest parental affection. Both are equally anxious and industrious in procuring food for their mutual offspring. This parental care and attachment uniformly continues till the young are fledged, and have acquired sufficient strength to provide for themselves. Eagles, and some other birds of prey, continue faithfully in pairs for years, and perhaps during life. These facts afford a strong argument in favour of marriage among mankind. No animal remains so long in the infant and helpless state as the children of men; and no mother could, with her own industry, possibly suckle and procure nourishment for a numerous family. Here, as in the feathered tribes, the assistance of the father becomes indispensable. On this subject, a curious instinct merits attention. The male of most birds not only selects a female, but, with great assiduity, brings food to her when sitting on her eggs, and often relieves her, by sitting on them himself.

I cannot forbear, in this place, to illustrate my subject, by some beautiful passages from Thomson, that accurate observer, and enthusiastic admirer, of rural nature:

The glossy kind  
Try every winning way inventive love  
Can dictate, and in courtship to their  
      mates  
Pour forth their little souls.

Connubial

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods

They haste away, all as their fancy leads,  
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;  
That Nature's great command may be obey'd;

Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive  
Indulg'd in vain.

The patient dam assiduous sits,  
Not to be tempted from her tender task,  
Or by sharp hunger, or by smooth delight,  
Though the whole loos'n'd Spring around  
her blows.

Her sympathizing lover takes his stand  
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaseless  
sings

The tedious time away; or else supplies  
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits  
To pick the scanty meal: Th' appointed  
time

With pious toil fulfill'd, the callow young,  
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,  
Their brittle bondage break, and come to  
light,

A helpless family demanding food  
With constant clamour: O what passions  
then,

What melting sentiments of kindly care,  
On the new parents seize! Away they fly  
Affectionate, and undesiring bear  
The most delicious morsel to their young;  
Which equally distributed, again  
The search begins.

Nor toil alone they scorn: exalting love,  
By the great Father of the Spring inspir'd,  
Gives instant courage to the *fearful* race,  
And to the *simple* art: With stealthy  
wing,

Should some rude foot their woody haunts  
molest,

Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,  
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, de-  
ceive

Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around  
the head

Of wandering swain, the white wing'd  
plover wheeis

Her sounding flight, and then directly on  
In long excursion skims the level lawn,

To tempt him from her nest. The wild-  
duck, hence,

O'er the rough moss, and o'er the track-  
less waste

The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to  
lead

The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

But now the feather'd youth their former  
bounds,

Ardent, disdain'd; and, weighing oft  
their wings,

Demand the free possession of the sky:

This one glad office more, and then dis-  
solves

Parental love at once, now needless grown;  
Unlavish Wisdom never works in vain.  
'Tis on some evening, sunny, grateful,  
mild,

When nought but balm is breathing  
through the woods,

With yellow lustre bright, that the new  
tribes

Visit the spacious heavens, and look a-  
broad

On nature's common, far as they can see,  
Or wing, their range and pasture: O'er  
the boughs

Dancing about, still at the giddy verge  
Their resolution fails; their pinions still,  
In loose libration stretch'd; to trust the void  
Trembling refuse: till down before them  
fly

The parent guides, and chide, exhort,  
command,

Or push them off. The surging air re-  
ceives

Its plummy burden; and their self taught  
wings

Winnow the waving element. On ground  
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,

Farther and farther on, the lengthening  
flight;

Till, vanish'd every fear, and every power  
Rous'd into life and action, light in air

Th' acquitted parents see their soaring  
race,

And once rejoicing never know them  
more.

The careful hen  
Calls all her chirping family around,  
Fed and defended by the fearless cock;  
Whose breast with ardour flames, as on  
he walks;

Graceful, and crows defiance. In the  
pond,

The finely checker'd duck, before her  
train,

Rows garrulous. The stately sailing  
swan

Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale;  
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet

Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-  
isle,

Protective of his young. The turkey  
hign,

Loud threatening reddens; while the pea-  
cock spreads

His every colour'd glory to the sun,  
And swims in radiant majesty along.

O'er the whole lonely scene, the cooing  
dove

Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton  
rolls

The glancing eye, and turns the change-  
ful neck.

It would exceed the limits of this paper, if I were to extend my observations to quadrupeds, among whom pairing does not universally take place. There is one circumstance, however, which I cannot pass unnoticed, as it displays, in the most conspicuous view, the over-ruling care of Providence; namely, that in the brute creation, with some few exceptions, the seasons of love are limited to particular times of the year. These seasons, though various, are admirably adapted to the nature and economy of the different species. They are so contrived, as well as the times of gestation, that the offspring, when brought forth, are amply supplied with the particular species of food upon which

they principally live. To instance in the feathered race, the young of pairing birds are produced in the spring, when the weather begins to be comfortably warm, and their natural food abounds. In a word, the bringing forth, or hatching, of all animals, not excluding the insect tribes, uniformly takes place at those seasons of the year when the nature of the weather, and the food peculiar to the species, are best adapted to the constitution of their offspring. Caterpillars of every kind are never hatched till the various plants on which they feed, though they grow in different months, have put forth their leaves.

O R I E N T A L A N E C D O T E S .

[From 'Sketches from the History, &c. of the Hindoos.']

THE influence of the most regular of climates, which lessens the wants of life, and renders men averse to labour, perhaps also the moderate use of animal food, and abstinence from spirituous liquors, contribute to render the Hindoos the mildest, and probably the most enervated, inhabitants of the globe. That they should possess patience and resignation under calamity, is perhaps not much to be wondered at, as the same causes that tend to damp exertion may produce these qualities; but beside these, we have numberless instances of firmness and active courage that occasion a considerable degree of surprize. The gentle and generally timid Hindoo, while under the influence of religion, or his ideas of duty and honour, will not only meet death with indifference, but embrace it by choice.

An Englishman, while on a hunting party, hastily struck a peon\*, for improperly letting loose a greyhound. The peon happened to be a Rajah-peon, which is the tribe of Hindoo soldiers. On receiving the blow, he started back with an appear-

ance of horror and amazement, and drew his poniard. But again composing himself, and looking stedfastly at his master, he said, 'I am your servant, I have long eat your bread †;—and having pronounced this, he plunged the dagger into his own bosom. In those few words he surely pathetically expressed, 'The arm that has been nourished by you, shall not be employed to take away your life; but in sparing yours, I must give up my own, as I cannot survive my dishonour.'

Some sepoy in the English service, being condemned to death on account of a mutiny, it was ordered that they should be blown off from cannon in front of the army. Some of the offenders being grenadiers, on seeing others, who were not led forth to suffer before them, they called out: 'As we have generally shown the way on services of danger, why should we be denied that distinction now? They walked towards the guns with firmness and composure; requested to be spared the indignity of being tied; and, placing their breasts to the muzzles of the cannon, were

\* A peon is properly a foot soldier. Men of rank have always peons in their service. They wear a sabre and poniard. They attend their masters when they go abroad, carry messages, and are in general extremely faithful. Those of the proper Hindoo cast will not do any menial office: but Europeans frequently take Pariahs into their service, whom they employ as peons.

† The expression literally is, 'I have long eat your rice.' Sometimes it is said, 'I have long eat your salt,' from the scarcity of that article in many parts of Hindostan, and the value consequently attached to it, from its being such a necessary ingredient in food.

were shot away. Though several had been condemned, the behaviour of these men operated so strongly on the feelings of the commanding officer, that the rest were pardoned.

The Rajah of Ongole having been driven from his possessions, after some fruitless attempts, he resolved to make a last effort to recover them. He accordingly entered the province at the head of those, who had still accompanied him, and was joined by many of his subjects. The English officer who commanded at Ongole for the Nabob of Arcot, marched to oppose him. They met: in the engagement the Rajah was killed by a musket shot; and most of his principal followers having also fallen, the rest were broken and fled. The English commander Lieutenant Colonel Fletcher, being informed that a relation of the Rajah was on the field wounded, went up to him with an interpreter, to offer him his protection and assistance. He found him lying on the ground, and speaking to an attendant, of whom he was inquiring whether the Rajah's body had been carried off. Being informed it had, without making any reply, he gave himself a wound with his poinard, of which he almost instantly expired.

When a Hindoo finds that life is near its end, he will talk of its dissolution with great composure; and if near to the Ganges, or any other sacred river, will desire to be carried out to expire on its bank; nor will he do any thing to preserve life, that may be in any way contrary to the rules of his cast or religion. One of the natives, who was employed in an eminent post at an English settlement, being prevailed on in a dangerous illness, to receive a visit from an European doctor, it was found that by long abstinence, which in sickness the Hindoos often carry to excess, the stomach would no longer retain any thing. The disorder being of a putrid kind, the doctor wished to give the bark in strong wine; but the Hindoo positively refused to take it, notwithstanding many arguments that were used both by the doctor and the governor who accompanied him, and who had a considerable degree of influence over the Hindoo. They promised that it should remain an inviolable secret: but he replied with great calmness, that he could not conceal it from himself; and a few days afterwards fell a victim to his perseverance.

Though I could add many examples

both of active and patient courage, I shall conclude with relating the principal circumstances of a melancholy story, which has already been detailed by a justly esteemed historian, and is commemorated and sung in ballads, according to the custom of Hindostan.

Monsieur de Bussy having, in 1757, led the army which he then commanded into the provinces called the Northern Circars, the revenue of which had been through his means granted to the French by the Souhadar Salabat Jung; Viziamrauze, Rajah of Vizianagaram, the most powerful of the Rajahs of Cicacole, was chiefly consulted by him on the affairs of that province, and enjoyed a principal share in his confidence. The Rajah, having either farmed the revenue of Cicacole at a certain rent, or being entrusted with the management of it, soon made use of the authority which this gave him to gratify an animosity that had long occupied his mind.

The possessions of Rangarow, Rajah of Boobelee, bordered upon those of Viziamrauze, and disputes concerning their boundaries, and the diverting the course of streams\*, were very frequent. But the secret, and probably the most powerful cause of his hate, was the consequence that Rangarow derived from his birth, which the other, notwithstanding his superior wealth and possessions, aspired to in vain. Rangarow enjoyed the honour of an illustrious ancestry, and could not always suppress the indignation which a superior birth sometimes produces in an elevated mind, when exposed to the insolence of one of inferior extraction, to whom fortune has been more propitious; he claimed his descent from the ancient kings of Orixia, and his person and family were universally respected. Viziamrauze, comparatively with him, was but of mean extraction; his family had been raised and enriched by their intrigues at the courts of Mahomedan viceroys. He took an early opportunity of writing to Rangarow, calling on him to attend him as the delegate of the government, and to account with him for his tribute. The other saw the danger he was exposed to if he refused—the indignity if he complied; and his feelings being too powerful to yield to the suggestions of prudence, without deigning to reply, he wrote to Mons. Bussy, assuring him of his readiness to conform in every thing to his commands,

except

\* In a country where water is so much required for cultivation, this is often the subject of great dissension between neighbouring proprietors of lands.

except that of attending his inveterate enemy; a mortification he conjured him not to insist on. The letter was probably intercepted by Viziamrauze, and Rangarow's silence and non-appearance were construed into contempt and disaffection. About the same time, some sepoy's in the French service, with some of Viziamrauze's peons, in attempting to enter the Boobelee district, were driven back. The people of that country say they were sent on purpose by him, without any communication to the Rajah, with a view to provoke resistance. But in whatever way it arose, the circumstance confirmed the opinion Mons. de Buffy had been taught to entertain, and Viziamrauze availed himself of that disposition to persuade him to march toward Boobelee with their joint forces. When Rangarow was informed of the motion of the French army and that Viziamrauze accompanied it, the former attempt that had been made to enter his territory, and his letter not having been replied to, concurred in making him believe that his ruin was resolved on. Being too proud to fly, or preferring any alternative to that of living as a suppliant in another country, he took the fatal resolution, instead of going and appealing to the justice of Mons. de Buffy, to prepare for defence, and suffered himself to be shut up in a small and ill-constructed fort with his family and principal relations. The place was immediately attacked; the artillery soon made a breach in the walls, but the besieged, fighting with the courage which is produced by resentment and despair, repulsed an assault, though sustained for a considerable time. On the 24th of January 1758, a second assault was made, and again repulsed; but the number of the besieged being now much diminished, Rangarow assembled his kinsmen, and informed them, 'that as it was impossible to defend the place much longer, or perhaps even to resist another assault, he had resolved not to outlive his misfortunes, or expose himself and his family to the humiliation of appearing prisoners before a person whom he despised; that he did not wish however that his example should have any influence on them, nor would he offer them any advice: that having followed the dictates of his own mind, he left them to be guided by theirs;

nor did he see that they stood in the same predicament he did, for as the resentment of their enemies was directed entirely against himself, they would probably, after his death, be less inclined to severity.' But they unanimously approved of his sentiments, and declared that they would not survive him. He then sent for his only child, an infant son, and taking him in his arms, and addressing him as all that remained of an ancient, illustrious, but unfortunate race of Princes, he gave him his dying blessing, and delivering him to the care of two of his officers in whose prudence he could confide, he desired them to conceal themselves with him in a secret place till night, and endeavour to convey him to one of his friends, a Rajah, among the western mountains, with this message: 'Rangarow sends you his son, as the last pledge of his confidence and affection.'

The resolutions taken place in this assembly being adopted by all who were in the place, they employed a short time in performing some religious ceremonies, and in taking a solemn leave of each other. Returning to their respective dwellings, they prepared them for the flames with straw, and such other combustible materials as they could procure. The women assisted them with alacrity and zeal, and every one received death from the hand of the person to whom he was the most nearly allied, or gave it with her own. This dreadful scene being closed, they set fire to their houses, that they might yet see this last ceremony performed, and be certain that the bodies of their women should not be exposed to any insult.

The enemy observing the conflagration, had again mounted the breach at the time Rangarow and his followers returned to it. He fell by a musket ball; and every man who accompanied him was killed, as they disdained to receive quarter. The only living person found in the fort was an old Brahman who related the dismal tale.\*

Monsieur de Buffy who is said to have been deeply affected by this horrid catastrophe, resolved to quit a place where every object recalled to his mind the unhappy fate of its late inhabitants. Notwithstanding the various revolutions which the empire had undergone, they

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\* I was told the circumstance as above related by some of the Rajahs of that part of the country, who had the means of being perfectly informed. The country was in the possession of the Rajah of Vizianagram not many years ago, though, I believe, Rangarow's son was then alive, and perhaps is now living. He was supported by the benevolence of some of the Rajahs.



Bill had retained a small and remote corner of the extensive possessions of their ancestors, which they might have continued to enjoy for many ages yet to come, but for the precipitancy of Europeans, who, on more occasions than this, have been the cause of much misery and wretchedness, by blindly taking part in Asiatic disputes, without properly inquiring into and understanding them.

The two officers to whose care Rangoon had confided his son, having successfully executed the trust that was committed to them, came disguised as Yogeys into the camp of Viziamrauze the day preceding that on which the army was to march from Boobelce. With the freedom allowed to those devotees, they took their station under a tree, near his tent, without being questioned. In the night they privately entered it, by creeping on the ground, and cutting a hole in a side of it where there happened to be no sentinel. He was a corpulent unweildy man: they found him lying on his bed asleep; but awakening him, and telling him who they were, they struck him with their poinards. The guards on hearing a noise, rushed in; but Viziamrauze was dead, being pierced with many wounds. Though they might have escaped by the way they came in, yet they made no attempt to do so; but standing by, and pointing to the body, said, 'Look here, we are satisfied.' They related the method they had taken to avenge their chief; and, having declared that no other knew their intention, or was concerned with them; they were put to death, satisfied with what they had done, and entirely resigned to receive their punishment.

The Hindoos are great observers of decorum; their manners are unaffected, they possess much natural politeness, and have an extraordinary degree of caution in not saying or doing any thing which they imagine may offend. The Brahmans in general shew the least civility, which is owing to the precedence they assume over the other casts, and the difference that is continually shewn them.

Some years ago, the governor of an European settlement was invited with some other gentlemen to a feast given by a Rajah on account of a wedding. It consisted, as their evening entertainments always do, of fireworks, dancing, and singing. The place where the Rajah received the guests, was a parterre, or small flower garden, surrounded by an arcade, or open gallery, spread with carpets, and, as is usual, these covered with white linen cloth. In the middle of the parterre there was a basin with a fountain. The guests

entered by a gate in the centre of the building opposite to the side where the Rajah sat: and walking up through the parterre, saluted him; and took their seats in the gallery. An elderly man, after having paid his compliments to the Rajah, inadvertently fell into the basin. The attendants immediately ran to his assistance, and took him out. The words and looks of all the natives were highly expressive of concern; but when their anxiety had subsided, by being informed that he had not received any injury, they were not a little surpris'd to observe some of the Europeans in an immoderate fit of laughter, for which they were entirely at a loss to account.

I remember a young Rajah, a boy of about twelve years old, who came to visit an Englishman, and though he had never seen any European before, his manner was polite and unembarrass'd; neither did he express any surpris'e at dresses and objects that were entirely new to him; yet this did not proceed from apathy or want of observation, for I understood afterward that he was very inquisitive, and asked a variety of pertinent questions.

The mental as well as physical faculties of the human species seem to arrive sooner at maturity in Hindoستان than in colder climates, and it is not uncommon to see children behave and speak with a degree of gravity and propriety, which seems incompatible with their age. But the mind, like the body, perhaps does not enjoy that vigour which is to be found in the natives of Europe. Beside moral causes, which undoubtedly have considerable effect, the climate certainly tends to enervate at least the body; it is less capable of bearing fatigue; the wants of life being few and easily procur'd, exertion is less excited; and every thing conduces to encourage indolence and love of ease.

The practice of burning the dead is almost universal; and that of the widow burning herself on the funeral pile with the body of her deceased husband, still exists. It seems to have been the intention of the Mahomedan government to discourage a practice so shocking to humanity; but the governors of the provinces are accus'd of having turned the prejudice of the Hindoos to their own advantage, by conniving at it for a sum of money. It at present prevails most in the Maharatta dominions, and in the countries of the ancient Rajahs, where instances of the kind are frequently to be met with, particularly in families of high distinction. In the territories belonging to the English, they have every where opposed

posed it; and it rarely happens, unless it be done secretly, or before those, who may have authority to prevent it, can be sufficiently apprized. The law rather commends than commands it,—as it only says: *It is proper for a woman to burn herself with her husband's corpse;*—and future blessings are promised as a reward for doing so. But in case the widow should prefer to live, she is enjoined to observe inviolable chastity, to cut off her hair, and not to wear jewels or any other ornament. There are nevertheless some particular cases in which it is even forbidden. A woman is not to burn herself if she be with child; or if her husband died at a distance from her, unless she can procure his girdle and turban to be placed on the funeral pile. The intention of so barbarous a practice is sufficiently evident; and in all Oriental countries, the superiority and security of the husband, and the preservation of his domestic authority, seem to have been a main object with legislators.

Such is the influence of custom, and the sense of shame, that a woman of the highest birth, brought up with the cares and delicacy suitable to her rank, and possessing that timidity and gentleness of manners natural to her sex, and more especially in that country, will undergo this awful sacrifice with as much fortitude and composure as ever were exhibited by any hero or philosopher of antiquity.

I never was present at such a ceremony, but a person of my acquaintance, who happened to see one, gave me the following description of it:

A funeral pile being erected on a piece of ground that was consecrated to the purpose, the body of the Rajah was brought from the fort, accompanied by many Brahmans, and followed by the widow attended by relations of both sexes. Being arrived at the funeral pile, the body was placed on it, and certain ceremonies being performed, the widow took leave of her relations. She embraced those of her own sex; took off some jewels that she wore, and distributed them among them, as the last tokens of her affection. The women appeared to be greatly afflicted; some silently weeping, and others making excessive lamentations. But she was perfectly composed, smiled, and endeavoured to comfort them. She then advanced to the pile, and in solemn manner walked round it. She stopped; and after contemplating the corpse, touched the feet with her hand, raising it to her forehead, and inclining her body forward. She then saluted the spectators in the same manner; and with the assistance of the Brahmans

mounted the pile, and seated herself by the side of the corpse. Some who stood near her with torches in their hands, set fire to it, and, as it was composed of dry wood, straw, and other such combustible materials, it was instantly in a flame. The smoke was at first so great, that I imagine this unfortunate young victim must have been immediately suffocated, which, I own, afforded me a sort of melancholy comfort, from the idea that her sufferings would soon be ended.

Mr. Holwell gives a very particular account of a ceremony of the same kind, which I shall insert from his *Mythology and Cosmogony of the Gentoos, or Hindoos*.

At five of the clock in the morning of the 4th of February 1742-3, died Rhaam Chund Puntit, of the Mahratta tribe, aged twenty-eight years. His widow (for he had but one wife) aged between seven and eighteen, as soon as he expired, disdainingly to wait the time allowed her for reflection, immediately declared to the Brahmans and witnesses present her resolution to burn. As the family was of no small consideration, all the merchants of Cossimbuzaar, and her relations, left no arguments untried to dissuade her from it.—Lady Ruffel, with the tenderest humanity, sent her several messages to the same purpose;—the infant state of her children (two girls and a boy, the eldest not four years of age) and the terrors and pain of death she sought, were painted to her in the strongest and most lively colouring;—she was deaf to all,—she gratefully thanked Lady Ruffel, and sent her word she had now nothing to live for, but recommended her children to her protection. When the torments of burning were urged in *terrorum* to her, she, with a resolved and calm countenance, put her finger into the fire, and held it there a considerable time; she then, with one hand, put fire in the palm of the other, sprinkled incense on it, and fumigated the Brahmans. The consideration of her children left destitute of a parent was again urged to her.—She replied, 'He that made them will take care of them.' She was at last given to understand, she should not be permitted to burn; this, for a short space, seemed to give her deep affliction, but soon recollecting herself, she told them, death was in her power, and that if she was not allowed to burn, according to the principles of her cast, she would starve herself. Her friends, finding her thus peremptory and resolved, were obliged at last to assent.

The body of the deceased was carried down to the water, early the following

ing morning; the widow followed about ten o'clock, accompanied by three very principal Brahmans, her children, parents, and relations, and a numerous concourse of people.

The order of leave for her burning did not arrive from Hossyn Khan, Fouzdaar of Morshadabad, until after one, and it was then brought by one of the Soubah's own officers, who had orders to see that she burnt voluntarily. The time they waited for the order was employed in praying with the Brahmans, and washing in the Ganges; as soon as it arrived, she retired and staid half an hour in the midst of her female relations, among whom was her mother; she then divested herself of her bracelets and other ornaments, and tied them in a cloth, which hung like an apron before her, and was conducted by her female relations to one corner of the pile. On the pile was an arched arbour formed of dry sticks, boughs and leaves, open only at one end to admit her entrance; in this the body of the deceased was deposited, his head at the end opposite to the opening. At the corner of the pile to which she had been conducted, the Brahmans had made a small fire, around which she and three Brahmans sat for some minutes; one of them gave into her hand a leaf of the bale tree (the wood commonly consecrated to form part of the funeral pile) with sundry things on it, which she threw into the fire; one of the others gave her a second leaf, which she held over the flame, while he dropped three times some ghee (a kind of butter) on it, which melted, and fell into the fire, (these two operations were preparatory symbols of her approaching dissolution by fire) and while they were performing this, the third Brahman read to her some portions of the Aughtorrah Bhade, and asked her some questions, to which she answered with a steady and serene countenance; but the noise was so great we could not understand what she said, although we were within a yard of her. These over, she was led with great solemnity three times round the pile, the Brahmans reading before her; when she came the third time to the small fire, she stopped, took her rings off her toes and fingers, and put them to her other ornaments; here she took a solemn majestic leave of her children, parents, and relations; after which, one of the Brahmans dipped a large wick of cotton in some ghee, and gave it ready lighted into her hand, and led her to the open side of the arbour; there all the Brahmans fell at her feet. After she had blessed them, they retired weeping. By two steps she ascended the pile, and entered the ar-

bour; on her entrance she made a profound reverence at the feet of the deceased, and advanced and seated herself by his head; she looked, in silent meditation, on his face, for the space of a minute, then set fire to the arbour in three places; observing that she had set fire to leeward, and that the flames blew from her, she rose and set fire to windward, and resumed her station. Ensign Daniel with his cane separated the grass and leaves on the windward side, by which means we had a distinct view of her as she sat. With what a dignity and undaunted countenance she set fire to the pile the last time, and resumed her seat, can only be conceived, for words cannot convey a just idea of her. The pile being of combustible matters, the supporters of the roof were presently consumed, and it tumbled upon her.

Two English officers, who were in the service of the Nabob of Arcot, being present at one of these ceremonies in the province of Tanjour, were so affected by it, that they drew their swords and rescued the woman. But although she was immediately restored to her relations, and it clearly appeared that they had not used any kind of liberty with her, or had any other motive for what they did but the sudden impulse of humanity; the Brahmans positively rejected her solicitations for permission to burn herself afterward; saying she was polluted, and had lost the virtues of her cast. To satisfy them for the insult, the officers were put under an arrest, and afterward sent to serve in a different part of the country.

A Rajah, in one of those provinces that are under the dominion of the English, being dangerously ill, it was privately communicated to the person who commanded in the province, that his wife, in case of his death, intended to burn herself with the body of her husband. The Rajah had an only child, a boy of about five years of age. The European commandant dispatched a native of distinction, in whom he had confidence, with instructions, if the Rajah died, to represent to his widow the danger to which her son must be exposed, if left to the doubtful care of ambitious relations, who had ever attempted to disturb the peace of his father: that to live for his sake would be yielding an unnatural and imaginary duty to one natural and important; and that by discharging the office of a tender and prudent mother, she would best prove her affection and respect for the memory of the deceased. He was likewise desired to signify to the Brahmans that, should they attempt to proceed to the ceremony, an officer, who commanded a neighbouring garrison, had orders to prevent

vent it. The fear of being insulted by some public act of violence prevailed with the priests, and not the arguments; with which, on the contrary, they were highly offended, and even affected to treat with much contempt. The Rajah died, and the widow, being a woman of sense and merit, was afterward of infinite use to her son. Having thus a claim to the good offices as well as protection of the person, who it may be said, forced her to live, she through his means enjoyed a degree of respect and consideration, which, according to the customs of the country, she must otherwise have lost. She obtained from him several marks of indulgence for her son, and in one of her letters she expressed herself to the following effect :

‘ When you shall recollect that I am his mother, and that you prevailed on me to dishonour myself for his sake, you will cease to be offended at my soliciting this favour for him. You forced a duty on me which does not belong to our sex (meaning the direction of his affairs): if I fail in the execution of it, I shall be the reproach of all who are allied to me; if I succeed, and this country flourish, my offence may be forgotten:—my happiness therefore depends on you; on mine depends that of many:—consider this and determine.’

The Hindoos sometimes erect a chapel on the spot where one of these sacrifices has been performed; both on account of the soul of the deceased, and as a trophy of her virtue.

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THOUGHTS upon the AMUSEMENTS and PUNISHMENTS which are proper for SCHOOLS.

*[Addressed to George Clymer, Esq; by Benjamin Rush, M. D. of Pennsylvania.]*

THE last time I had the pleasure of being in your company, you did me the honour to request my opinion upon the AMUSEMENTS and PUNISHMENTS which are proper for Schools. The subjects are of a very opposite nature, but I shall endeavour to comply with your wishes, by sending you a few thoughts upon each of them. I am sure you will not reject my opinions because they are contrary to received practices, for I know that you are accustomed to think for yourself, and that every proposition that has for its objects the interests of humanity and your country, will be treated by you with attention and candor.

I shall begin with the subject of  
AMUSEMENTS.

Montesquieu informs us, that the exercises of the last day of the life of Epaminondas were the same as his amusements in his youth. Herein we have an epitome of the perfection of education. The amusements of Epaminondas were of a military nature; but as the profession of arms is the business of only a small part of mankind, and happily much less necessary in the United States than in ancient Greece, I would propose that the amusements of our youth, at school, should consist of such exercises as will be most subservient to their future employments in life. These are; 1. agriculture; 2. mechanical occupations; and 3. the business of the learned professions.

1. There is a variety in the employments

of agriculture which may readily be suited to the genius, taste, and strength of young people. An experiment has been made of the efficacy of these employments, as amusements, in the Methodist College at Abington, in Maryland; and, I have been informed, with the happiest effects. A large lot is divided between the scholars, and premiums are adjudged to those of them who produce the most vegetables from their grounds, or who keep them in the best order.

2. As the employments of agriculture cannot afford amusement at all seasons of the year, or in cities, I would propose, that children should be allured to seek amusements in such of the mechanical arts as are suited to their strength and capacities. Where is the boy who does not delight in the use of the hammer—a chissel—or a saw? and who has not enjoyed a high degree of pleasure in his youth, in constructing a miniature house? How amusing are the machines which are employed in the manufactory of cloathing of all kinds! and how full of various entertainment are the mixtures which take place in the chemical arts! each of these might be contrived upon such a scale, as not only to amuse young people, but to afford a profit to their parents or masters. The Moravians, at Bethlehem in our state, have proved that this proposition is not a chimerical one. All the amusements of their children are derived from their performing the subordinate parts of several

of the mechanical arts; and a considerable portion of the wealth of that worthy and happy Society is derived from the labour of their little hands.—

If, in these amusements, an appeal should be made to that spirit of competition which is so common among young people, it would be the means of producing more pleasure to the children, and more profit to all who are connected with them. The wealth of those manufacturing towns in England, which employ the children of poor people, is a proof of what might be expected from connecting amusement and labour together, in all our schools. The product from the labour obtained in this way, from all the schools in the United States, would almost exceed calculation.

3. To train the youth who are intended for the learned professions, or for merchandize, to the duties of their future employments, by means of useful amusements, which are related to those employments, will be impracticable; but their amusements may be derived from cultivating a spot of ground; or where is the lawyer, the physician, the divine, or the merchant, who has not indulged or felt a passion, in some part of his life, for rural improvements?—Indeed I conceive the seeds of knowledge in agriculture will be most productive, when they are planted in the minds of this class of scholars.

I have only to add under this head, that the common amusements of children have no connection with their future occupations. Many of them injure their clothes, some of them waste their strength, and impair their health, and all of them prove, more or less, the means of producing noise, or exciting angry passions, both of which are calculated to beget vulgar manners. The Methodists have wisely banished every species of play from their college. Even the healthy and pleasurable exercise of swimming, is not permitted to their scholars, except in the presence of one of their masters.

Do not think me too strict if I here exclude *gunning* from among the amusements of young men. My objections to it are as follow.

1. It hardens the heart, by inflicting unnecessary pain and death upon animals.

2. It is unnecessary in civilized society, where animal food may be obtained from domestic animals, with greater facility.

3. It consumes a great deal of time, and thus creates habits of idleness.

4. It frequently leads young men into low, and bad company.

5. By imposing long abstinence from food, it leads to intemperance in eating,

which naturally leads to intemperance in drinking.

6. It exposes to fevers, and accidents. The news papers are occasionally filled with melancholy accounts of the latter, and every physician must have met with frequent and dangerous instances of the former, in the course of his practice.

I know the early use of a gun is recommended in our country, to teach our young men the use of fire-arms, and thereby to prepare them for war and battle. But why should we inspire our youth, by such exercises, with hostile ideas towards their fellow-creatures?—Let us rather instill into their minds sentiments of universal benevolence to men of all nations and colours. Wars originate in error and vice. Let us eradicate these, by proper modes of education, and wars will cease to be necessary in our country. Should the nations with whom war is a trade, approach our coasts, they will retire from us, because they will find nothing in us congenial to their malignant dispositions; for the flames of war can be spread from one nation to another, only by the conducting mediums of vice and error.

I have hinted at the injury which is done to the health of young people by some of their amusements; but there is a practice common in all our schools, which does more harm to their bodies than all the amusements that can be named, and that is, obliging them to sit too long in *one place*, or crowding too many of them together in *one room*. By means of the former, the growth and shape of the body have been impaired; and by means of the latter, the seeds of fevers have often been engendered in schools. In the course of my business, I have been called to many hundred children who have been seized with indispositions in school, which evidently arose from the action of morbid effluvia, produced by the confined breath and perspiration of two great a number of children in one room. To obviate these evils, children should be permitted, after they have said their lessons, to amuse themselves in the open air, in some of the useful and agreeable exercises which have been mentioned. Their minds will be strengthened, as well as their bodies relieved by them. To oblige a sprightly boy to sit *seven hours* in a day, with his little arms pinioned to his sides, and his neck unnaturally bent towards his book; and for *no crime!*—what cruelty and folly are manifested, by such an absurd mode of instructing or governing young people!

(To be continued.)

EXTRACTS from the CORRESPONDENCE of the present KING of SWEDEN, when a young Man, with the SUPERINTENDENTS of his EDUCATION.

*His Royal Highness to Count Scheffer.*

A LONG peace would naturally introduce indolence and effeminacy; but it is possible to devise preservatives from this evil. The Swiss give an example of it; they have, for two hundred years enjoyed peace, without any such corruption. I propose, therefore, as the principal expedient, a good militia, kept at all times in perfect discipline, by all the martial exercises that are requisite in real war. In addition to this, I would permit citizens of a military spirit to serve in foreign armies, that such, instead of being useless to their country, in time of peace, may qualify themselves for its defence, in time of need. The Swiss are also in the practice of this: an enlightened government may improve what this people has commenced.

A nation thus preparing for war in profound peace, will probably acquire such a respect from its neighbours, as will check hostile designs, and secure a lasting tranquillity. Yours, &c.

*Answer from the Count.*

YOUR plan is founded in reason: I shall take the liberty to add something on this most important subject. A nation cannot run any risk of contempt by pacific principles, while it keeps up a respectable state of defence. For this purpose it must with unwearied care provide means from within and without: augmenting its internal power, by agriculture and other branches of useful industry; forming advantageous connections abroad; and vigilantly observing the designs and movements of other states. A prince, who understands these maxims, will not permit his people to sink into sloth and voluptuous ease. When by salutary laws he animates them in the pursuits of agriculture, he forms a multitude of strong and laborious men. In promoting the other useful trades, he prepares materials for commerce. In extending commerce, especially by navigation, he enriches the country, and provides a navy for its defence. He is moreover busy in such foreign affairs as concern his own state, anxious to acquire good allies, and to preserve them by a punctual observance of his contracts. In

the midst of all these occupations, he is particularly attentive to military affairs; collecting stores and magazines; keeping the forts and ships of war in good repair; forming excellent troops by hardy, warlike and skilful exercises, and by an high sense of honour, and patriotic virtue. By these means a nation may, in the sweets of a long peace, preserve activity, strength, and courage. But, my dear prince, will such a wise and virtuous conduct infallibly secure the happiness of permanent peace? The question merits your consideration.

*His Royal Highness to Count Scheffer.*

I THINK that no people can hope for this felicity. If a nation becomes formidable to its neighbours, they will combine, and force it into an hazardous war. If again a people is weak, it becomes an inviting prey to avarice and ambition. Sometimes a neutral country is made a theatre of war by contending powers.

The example of Switzerland is perhaps without a parallel. It is a country fortified by the ramparts of nature, and not opulent enough to attract invasion.

*The Count's reply.*

THERE is much good sense in your answer to my question. In the present state of the great Christian Republic,\* a nation will generally avoid envious conspirations from its neighbours, by a constant adherence to the salutary principles which we have treated of in these letters: to wit, by a sincere love of peace; by never doing the least injury to other states, yet being always prepared to repel wrongs. It is perhaps more difficult to avoid a part in the wars of our allies. Alliances are, as I have said, necessary for our security; and a faithful observance of them is both our duty and interest. Yet our allies may, by their own fault or by the injustice of enemies, be involved in a critical war, and involve us much against our inclinations. Thus evil and good are inseparable in this world. When men are governed by men, the best and wisest people cannot always enjoy permanent peace; but it will certainly have more of this felicity than imprudent, effeminate, proud, and selfish nations.

*Count*

\* Europe is frequently so called by politicians, because it consists almost entirely of Christian states.

*Count Scheffer to his Royal Highness.*

AMONG the errors to which human nature is necessarily subject, those of a moral quality are most dangerous; A mistake in other sciences, as natural philosophy, and mathematics, does not render us less happy or less capable of promoting the happiness of others; but moral prejudices are baneful to our well-being, and, when they possess the rulers of mankind, have a deplorable influence on human affairs. It is therefore very important to form just opinions of virtue and vice. Nor is this so easy as it may at first appear; for daily experience proves, how often mankind esteem that virtuous which is quite the reverse; and that this error frequently arises, as well from inaccuracy of judgment, as from the heat and glare of passion. Thus that love of glory, which, rightly understood, is so noble and useful to the world, has made multitudes miserable, because it did not pursue the true objects! This, my prince, is a matter worthy our attention. I beg then to be favoured with your sentiments on *true glory*. A careful inquiry into all its properties will procure the double advantage, of never being seduced by *false honour*, and of despising those who make a parade with it.

*His Royal Highness's answer.*

I MUCH doubt my ability of giving you a satisfactory answer, but will do my best.

The character of true glory must be adapted to the conditions of life. A king acquires it by preserving the empire and extending its territory, by promoting the prosperity of his people, and consequently gaining their affection. A military man obtains true glory by his conduct and valour. I cannot give a minute description, before you mention the particular situation of those who run the career of honour.

*Reply from the Count.*

PARDON me, my prince, for asserting that a definition of true glory wants no re-

ference to personal circumstances. I will prove this from examples proposed by yourself. Why is a king crowned with glory, when he makes his people happy? Because he fulfils the duties of his station. Why is a warrior distinguished by his exploits? Because he did his duty. A man of letters acquires glory by works that instruct and amend mankind, that is, by discharging the obligations of his functions. From these reflections arises this general result, that *true glory is a conscientious regard to the duties of our station*. A mistaken sense of duty is the source of false honour. Thus when a king thinks himself obliged to make conquests, he becomes a votary of false glory, because his great duty is to promote the public felicity, which is generally inconsistent with a spirit of conquest. When a warrior places his glory in mere valour, he frequently disgraces himself, by acts of temerity, and a criminal waste of human blood. In the same manner the learned often go astray on the path of ambition; when they forget that their business is to teach wisdom and virtue: when setting aside this sacred duty, they only aspire to the applause of a public, which often cannot be pleased, but by writings that flatter its corruptions.

It is to be lamented, that the word *glory* is so frequently misapplied, both in conversation and writing. It is sometimes taken for  *fame* and often for *pride*. I hope, my dear prince, that you will secure *true glory* by a perfect knowledge, and faithful discharge, of those awful duties which divine Providence has assigned to you.

*Answer from his Royal Highness.*

I THANK you for this just and concise definition of *true glory*. I am well persuaded with you, that a king acquires no glory by an unnecessary war. Yet if he be compelled to vindicate his rights, he should earn glory by heroic deeds; still anxious to sheath his sword, whenever the welfare of his people requires it.

Yours affectionately &c.

(To be continued.)

## ON THE PLEASURE WHICH ARISES FROM PARENTAL AFFECTION.

NOTHING so effectually charms the mind into a settled esteem, as concurrence in an employment so beneficent, so delightful, as the care or education of our own offspring. This is a work of so much importance, and requiring so much time, that it contributes more than any thing

towards perpetuating our union. The necessary duties to one child, are succeeded by the necessary duties to another, until we have transferred, as it were, our whole souls into our offspring, passionately love each other again in our several images or representatives.

representatives, and live only to make ourselves happy through the happiness of our children. It is thus we may be said to be renewed or made young again. We view the progress of an infant mind, the sources and growth of its affections, with more pleasure than is experienced by itself. We interest ourselves in those great passions which determine the events of life; we forget our infirmities, we imagine ourselves in love again, because our children are enamoured; and we become fathers and mothers a second time, when they assume those happy denominations. Compare, if you can, the events of what is called a life of pleasure with such as these: and when nature is discomposing, when infirmities or disorders menace disso-

lution, you may see the man who has acted on the selfish and brutal principle of gratifying himself, at the expence of truth, honour, and the happiness of others, cursing a world which detests and despises him; deserted by all, by the very instruments of his pleasures, because universally disesteemed, and sinking into the grave in ignominy, or frantic wretchedness; while those men and women who had gone hand in hand in the pleasing duties of life, will not only have a firm support in honourable recollections; but will be led down its rugged declivity, by the tenderest care of an affectionate offspring, and will consign themselves to rest, like useful labourers, a little weary, but satisfied with the work of the day.

A MOTHER'S ADDRESS to her CHILDREN, on the Importance of Order and Regularity; delivered in her last Illness.

[Translated from the French.]

*My dear children,*

I HAVE chosen for the subject of this evening's conference, the importance of order in all your actions. By this it is that peace is preserved in kingdoms, and union in families: it is this which regulates the conduct of the servant towards his master, and of the subject towards his prince: it is this which engages my love towards you, and your respect towards me: it is this which makes you studious to mitigate my sorrows, and me incessantly solicitous to advance your happiness.

It is this regularity of conduct which makes us good parents, good friends, and good citizens; which gives us a right judgment of things, and assists us, both in the choice of the fittest time and the properest method of doing whatever is to be done. It is one of the greatest misfortunes in the world, to live without any stated rule of conduct, in perpetual disorder and confusion. Our life should be a transcript of the harmony of the universe, which could not subsist, much less attract our admiration, were it not for that just proportion, which is discoverable in all its parts. Take away order from the world, and you reduce it to a frightful chaos; leave man without any other guide than his own passions and caprice, and there will be nothing but perpetual discord betwixt his judgment and his will.

Ruin ensues, when a man exhibits in his own ill governed mind the miseries of anarchy: his ideas are confused: his

imagination is bewildered; his conscience is misled; his reason is obscured; and his soul becomes the seat of confusion and irregularity.

If you do not accustom yourselves, at your first setting out in life, to lay down some regular plan of conduct, you will never attain to that rectitude of judgment, which estimates things according to their worth; and which in the midst of errors and prejudices, will enable you to give the preference to truth.

The man who lives at random, is a slave to his own whims and caprice. The world reprobates such an one, as a monster who disturbs its harmony; and society rejects him, as a being incapable of friendship. We see, in short, that whoever is thus irregular in his own mind, is destitute of every quality, which can contribute to the ornament or benefit of human life; his manners are disgusting, his expences are excessive, and his whole conduct is unaccountable.

Do not think that I am carried away by my imagination beyond the truth, which I shall always strictly observe in conversing with you. The too sad experience of many confirms what I say; and it may serve to teach you, that it is impossible rightly to manage your affairs, or discharge your duty, without a proper command of your mind and passions; every movement of which should be as nicely regulated, as those of a well finished clock.

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The exact proportion observable in every work of God is intended to teach us, that order is the greatest beauty in nature; and that to despise this, is to counteract one of the great laws of the Creator of the universe. Endeavour then, I beseech you, to imitate in your behaviour that general harmony in the creation, which, in the course of every year, supplies us with whatever is either agreeable or useful; let your studies be methodical, all conducted rather with a view to instruction than mere amusement. If you read without a plan, you will overload your memory without improving it; and your knowledge will be little better than an undigested chaos.

The mind in which disorder prevails, is, in the eye of reason, like a city without a government, or a house without unanimity. But a person of this disposition deceives himself; and fancies, that if he keeps clear of those irregularities which are offensive to society, he may make himself easy, though he has all the reason in world to be dissatisfied with his way of life.

You will find many who seem to delight in nothing but irregularity; who go to rest when others rise; who eat when others fast; who stay at home when others go to church; in short, whose chief employment seems to be, to break through every rule, without the least regard to method in any part of their conduct.

The world is full of persons always engaged in new projects, and distracted with new desires; who die without reflection, because they have lived without any knowledge of themselves. When the mind is thus disordered, it is afraid to look into itself; or if it ventures to examine things at all, it only does it superficially. The senses are so many tyrants, from whose power we are unable to deliver ourselves: and nothing appears really valuable, which does not administer to their gratification.

Maintain then the dominion over your own minds, that you be not overcome by those passions, which will lay siege to your virtue; your thoughts will then be regulated by wisdom, and you will be raised above those clouds, which obscure the light of the understanding. Each of us may be considered as an epitome of the world, which is subject to eclipses, to changes of weather, to storms and tempests. We all observe the strange revolutions which happen in the universe; but as Providence, in the midst of such a multitude of created beings, preserves the utmost harmony, both in heaven and earth, so ought reason to preserve in the human mind the strictest attention to order and

peace. Without this we degrade ourselves below the meanest insect, or even the inanimate parts of the creation, which only subsist to answer the purposes for which they were made. Behold the bee, or the ant; a thousand times wiser each of them, than man who despises them. These never deviate from the laws of their nature, nor from the course which Providence has assigned them: it is only by an imitation of their conduct and foresight, that families are maintained, and kingdoms preserve their power and splendor.

This may serve to convince you, that whatever state of life you are placed in, it will always be full of disquiet, if your judgment and your passions are at variance with one another: you must therefore, frequently examine into the springs and motives of your conduct, in order to regulate your affections. You will then see, as in a picture, the tendency of your actions; and will soon be enabled to rectify whatever is amiss.

When a house is on fire, with what eagerness do we hasten to put it out? And shall we suffer our passions to burn with fury, in the midst of us, without giving ourselves the least trouble to extinguish the flame?

We seldom reflect that the mind is a kingdom, which cannot be well governed, without a constant care, as well to defend it from its enemies, as to promote whatever may tend to the establishment of peace and tranquility. Consider the stars, which shine in their courses over our heads; consider the elements, which are the sources of life and respiration: alas! what monitors are these to man, to be always ready like them to execute the commands of God! This view of the creation perpetually remind us, that every rational creature ought to move in his sphere, and discharge his appointed duty. When we only act as we are influenced by a capricious humour; we insult the wisdom of a God of order, and raise a perpetual tumult in our own breasts.

I have always observed, that persons of a dissipated turn are as much disordered with respect to their affairs, as they are unsettled in their own minds, and leave no inheritance to their children, but debts, and law-suits. There is an easy kind of arithmetic, which every lover of method is acquainted with; and which consists in computing our obligations and our necessities, and our ability to answer both, in order to keep ourselves in due bounds, and to pay a proper regard to that which may be reasonably expected from us. If you have not this love of method, which I wish to recommend; you will never be able

able to regulate your actions, or your families, or your minds. You will either behave with too great haughtiness, or with too great familiarity towards your domestics; you will not distinguish what is superfluous from what is necessary; and for want of calculation you will have nothing but creditors, or debtors who have nothing to pay.

You are born my children to a considerable fortune: but what will become of it, if its use is not regulated by economy? Riches are absolute ruin to a dissipated owner; the same confusion which distracts his mind, produces an inconsistency in all his actions; one while you see an astonishing prodigality, at another time you are shocked with as unreasonable avarice. He can throw away money, but he cannot give it: he sacrifices every thing to pleasure or to pride, but nothing to justice.

When you are confirmed in this wise habit of acting methodically, every part of your conduct will be happily adjusted; you will manage your time and your income with prudence; you will distribute exact justice to your neighbours, and you will never engage in an important enterprise, without *considering the end*. Nothing will ever make you forget the duties which you owe to your character and station; no day will pass, in which you will not remember your duty to God.— We never lose sight of these duties, but when we give the preference to a life of irregularity; when we go on without a single thought of what we are, and what will become of us; hence it is, that the affections of disorderly persons differ very little from the propensities of the brutish creation.

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T H E C O U N T R Y C H U R C H - Y A R D :

Pallida Mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,  
Regumque turres.

HOR.

With equal foot, impartial Fate  
Knock at the cottage and the palace gate.

CREECH.

[Addressed to the Editor of the Universal Magazine.]

SIR,

**I**F the following sentimental walk through the church yard of Thurlby, an obscure village, bordering on the fens of Lincolnshire, is not inconsistent with your plan of miscellany, you will oblige me by inserting it.—You may depend on the truth of the facts, and the justness of the descriptions; no part of it being fictitious, except the dialogue, which is the vehicle of communication, and the incident of the wanderer, with which it concludes. The last was suggested to my mind, by the superstitious tales which have rendered the neighbouring wood an object of terror to the ignorant rustics.

There are many other obscure villages in this kingdom, about which curious little circumstances might perhaps be collected, to the no small entertainment of your numerous readers.

W. C.

T H E C H U R C H.

‘Well! thou art a rude and ruined pile,’ said I, looking up at the little steeple

tering spire of Thurlby, as I entered the wicket that guards the church yard from invading cattle; ‘thou art indeed, but a crumbling atom of Gothic piety, and wouldst not have been large enough,—no nor grand enough either to have enshrined the ale barrels of a fat prebendary of those awful piles which lifted their gorgeous turrets to the skies above; the time thou wast erected,—But it is well! We view these ivy mantled walls without a sigh: they remind us of no melancholy decay, no ruined families, doom’d to experience the sad descent from affluence to penury; no populous city crumbled into ruins, to swell the triumph of an overgrown metropolis, leaving to the scanty remnant of its wretched inhabitants the bitter legacy of pride, and the painful remembrance of former grandeur.

‘Happy Thurlby! the pain of these transitions is unknown to thee. Secure in thy aguish bog, thy clowns are horn to the indefeasible inheritance of ignorance and obscurity.

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‘And

'And thou too—thou little skeleton of a sanctuary! thou art right to shroud thy meanness in the privacy of this marshy valley. How absurd would thy half hewn form appear, thrusting its three foot spire above the summit of the neighbouring hill, as a beacon for the pointing figure of Ridicule! Like those ambitious coxcombs, who in defiance of Reason and Nature, will lift their pigmy minds above the level of common affairs—to shew their vanity and proclaim their impotence.

'And yet,' resumed I, after a pause, and having paced, attentively, two or three times round the little pile—'and yet, circumstances as are thy homely walls, they witness,—perhaps, more fervent effusions of heartiest piety, than all the stately temples of modern times,—whose external grandeur in vain endeavours to render to the Creator that honour which the ingratitude of the votary's heart so thoughtlessly withholds!

'Within these walls, perhaps, the bonds of fraternal affection, which unite the little society in virtuous harmony, have been more closely knit. Here charity has learned to bestow her frugal mite to the best advantage: simple Nature has indulged her grateful feelings, and artless Purity poured forth its fainted prayer.'

The loud laugh of Eugenio interrupted my rhapsody.

'Tut!' said he, 'we are not now in Arcadia! The simplicity of Thurlby's clowns would give you, I fear, but a faint image of saturnian days. I would not lay a bottle of Champagne, that you rustics, who are in such eager conversation are not, at this instant, indulging, at our expence, in scurrility and defamation, all those malignant passions which a powdered head, and a coat finer than their own, so naturally excite in their bosoms.'

#### THE GRAVES.

So saying he led me round the church-yard, pointing, and moralizing in the language of Gray:

Beneath those rugged elms, or yew tree's shade,  
Where heaves the earth in many a mould'ring heap,  
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep;

And bidding me observe how

Even those bones from insult to protect,  
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,

Explores the passing tribute of a sigh.

My soul, which the solemn prospect of 'the peopled church-yard' ever disposes to melancholy, as it brings fresh to my remembrance that cruel destiny, by which the tender blossom of my youth has been stripped of many dear connections, leaving it a solitary relic on the half blighted stem of life!—my soul wanted not the assistance of the plaintive muse to accommodate it to such reflections. Yet I indulged Eugenio's humour for quotations—as I knew him to be one of those, with whom even a moral sentiment has an additional value, when it is known to be the original property of him who delivers it.

'Yes,' said I, as we trod the awful ground—'let us meditate among these humble tumuli—these mole hills, that must one day give up their dark inhabitants to light; and while we wander among the rustic monuments, let us reflect in the language of poor Gay's not less beautiful, though less celebrated elegy, how

—Hope after hope expires!

Friend after friend, joy after joy is lost;  
Our dearest wishes feed the fun'ral fires,  
And life is purchas'd at too dear a cost.'

'Poor broken hearted Gay!—Ah! tell me Eugenio,' said I, pursuing the melancholy thought, 'tell me—when hopeless love—when dying friendship—or the world's neglect have wrung the chords of thy too feeling heart, hast thou not also known that state of mind, to envy'

Ev'n these cold shades, the last retreat of grief?

'Hast thou not also sigh'd

To me, alas! what boots the light of heav'n,  
While still new miseries mark my destin'd way,  
Whether to my unhappy lot be giv'n  
Death's long sad night, or life's short busy day?

But Eugenio had turned another way, and was pointing, with his stick, to a high gilt monument which proudly overlooked the rest.

'With all my heart,' said I, 'let us go and see it—though these proud monuments, which would fain immortalize the censurable vanity the dust should cover, delight not me.—And, after all, I doubt whether the most superb labours of masonry would allure half the crowd to repeat their visits to the hallowed spot, as might

might be again and again attracted by the simplest stone, with the following epitaph, designed for an honest labourer, in a country not very distant :

O'er titled dust, tho' prouder tombs may raise,  
Blush, flatter'd Grandeur, at poor Beaver's praise.  
Mean tho' his lot, yet Oakham's griefs proclaim  
A nobler far, and less suspected fame.  
Would you the good man's real value know,  
His tomb consult not, but his neighbours' woe.

'The heart that feels the truth of these allusions shall revisit the stone that bears them, and the eye shall water it with a tear, as long as any one who knew the character shall survive: and tradition, assisted by the modest verse, shall perpetuate the pious sensation, when the gilded ornaments of this monument shall have lost their garish lustre, and the inscription —' But let us learn what the inscription says :

In Memory of  
CORNELIUS BLEWIT,  
Who died the 5th of January, 1784,  
Aged 66 Years.

Man sprung from dust, to dust returns again,

Fraught with disease, and overwhelm'd with pain :

Short are his days, his joys much shorter still,

Blended with care, and checker'd o'er with ill.

He's happy then who soon resigns his breath,

And feels betimes the icy hand of death.

So, wife and children, mourn no more,  
I'm only gone a step before.

'However little,' said Eugenio—observing the tranquil, melancholy pleasure, these lines had diffused over my countenance—'however little you may approve the tinsel fopperies of the sculptor, I fancy you are, in no small degree, surpris'd at the different taste of the poet.'

'True! and I have only to lament that the former, by the fine golden flourish with which he has decorated the bottom of this stone made it necessary to curtail the last couplet, which would otherwise I suppose, have had the same number of feet, with the rest; and might perhaps, have run thus—

So wife and children, mourn my loss no more;

I'm only gone a little step before.

'But who might this Cornelius Blewit be?' continued I—looking round among the mud built cottages, to see if I could discover a mansion fit to have been his former habitation. 'This epitaph is certainly above the genius of the parish clerk, or even of the pedantic schoolmaster of a paltry village.

'Poor, vain dust, that moulderest underneath! thou didst, perhaps, expect a prouder verse—a pompous legend of titles and exploits, to tell how great thou wert in public,—how wise—how philosophic in thy obscure retreat.'

THE GIPSY.

—'Ha! ha! my friend!' said Eugenio, interrupting me, 'the wings of thy fancy have borne thee again into the regions of delusion—as far from the point as morality from a canting face. Cornelius Blewit was a gipsy.

'And yet, perhaps, you have rather undervalued, than exalted, his importance: for with the alteration of no single circumstance—except the change of scene, from fertile England to the desert of Arabia—the dust we now despise, might, during life, have been entitled to its seraglio of beauties, and its guard of eunuchs; and have ordered the heads of a hundred captives to be struck off, to appease his capricious spleen, whenever a tempestuous wind prevented an excursion of plunder—or a cruel fair one had neglected the mandate of his love.

'Take Physic, Pomp!—Ambition check thy rashness.—Pultowa's loss sunk Sweden's madman nearly to this level—though Bender trembled at his shattered greatness;—and an unfortunate day on the bank of the Ganges mighty have rendered the mighty son of Philip (like him whose mouldering bones we are moralizing upon) the monarch only of a wandering tribe of robbers—as much despised, though I fear, not so little detested, as Cornelius Blewit.

'In short, Cornelius was king of the gipsies; and was used every year, attended by his royal family, and officers of state, to visit this village. He kept his court at the house of that same honest, grey-headed farmer, or publican, where we have left our horses; and in the very parlour where we enjoyed our tankard of excellent home-brewed, was erected his rustic throne.

'I met the wanderer there in one of my former excursions;—nor never beheld I a set of merrier—or, apparently, more harmless beings. And, believe me the venerable majesty of Cornelius—the despo-

tic ruler of the mysterious counsellors of fate, was regarded with no little reverence by the county maidens—Nay, and what will surprize you, his arrival was hailed with no small degree of pleasure by the whole village: for Cornelius and his subjects spent their money liberally, and paid with punctuality; and it is an inviolable rule with these people never to rob in the neighbourhood of their settled haunts.

But the majestic nod and imperial frown Death values not.—King Cornelius sleeps in the humble grave—and the Five Bells at Thurbly is no longer a royal residence. The palace and the empire have shared one common revolution; though the latter (it seems) has been considerably the greater loser by the change—for not only the family, but the nation of our hero is reported considerably to have declined from its ancient splendour, since it has been deprived of his wise administration.

A solemn deputation is, however, annually sent to visit the venerated tomb—to pay it, as is supposed, some mysterious honours—and to keep it in constant repair—a practice which would do honour to more regular societies; and the neglect of which is a disgrace to the surviving relatives of departed grandeur; for what can be more ridiculous or irreverend, than after immense sums have been expended on sepulchral monuments, to let them moulder away in neglect, and mingle with that dust they designed to immortalize!

#### THE WANDERER.

But let us have done with the gipsies, and their tomb, and repair to the other side of the church yard; where on a small flat stone, is the following beautiful little epitaph—

Free from this dream of life, this maze of care,

The tender mother rests, and friend sincere:

She follow'd virtue as her truest guide,

Liv'd like a christian—like a christian died.

'I know not how it is'—continued Eugenio—'but Thurbly, the most stupid of all the habitations of ignorance, has some as beautiful, and as few ridiculous epitaphs as ever I saw in any church yard I have visited.'

But let us seek this inscription—The ashes over which such a panegyrick could be pronounced without ridicule must deserve the tribute of an applauding tear.

I obeyed with alacrity. But as we were turning round the corner of the church, we were surprized by a slow and tremulous voice, warbling with exquisite harmony, but in so faint and obscure a key, that (as the wind set directly from us) we could scarcely distinguish the words.

Tell me, ye exquisite powers of Nature, who attune the finer nerves to mournful sympathy!—why did my heart vibrate sadly in my bosom, and my pulse beat in tender unison to the melting cadence?—Why was my breath suspended, and my foot rivetted to the consecrated turf? By what mysterious mechanism did the unconscionable tear steal down my cheek in solemn sympathy?

Here was no selfish retrospect—no anticipation of correspondent suffering.—Ye Sceptics! there was none.—I had not seen the mourner—I knew not the complexion of her woes—desire and apprehension stood aloof!—And yet I pined—and I wept!

Oh! there is something holy in the voice of sorrow—and woe to that degraded soul that feels not the awful impression!

'Hush!'—said Eugenio softly—'this is the bewildered maiden whose melancholy wanderings, and the impenetrable mystery which surrounds her, have given rise to so many fabulous legends.'

'She is sitting, I dare say—as is her practice, on the grave we were going to visit, and which she calls her mother's sepulchre.—Let us pause and listen unobserved; for the instant she sees us, her song is at an end; and she herself will disappear like a shadow.'

We went silently along by the side of the church, as near as we could without being observed; and listened with an almost superstitious reverence to the mournful dirge—which she several times repeated.

Sadly sweet, and incoherent strain! the sensations with which I heard thee have indelibly imprinted thee on my mind—nor shall memory ever forego the mournful cadences with which thou wert accompanied—Take reader—take the mysterious words;—but where is the pining Philomel—the nestling woodlark—or the dying swan—that can give the murmur'd notes that wrung my soul?

'Sepulchre of my parent dear!

'Oft conscious of my lone complaint,

'Oh! treasure still the holy tear:

'Chaste tribute to a martyr'd saint!

'Ah, what can hopeless anguish more—

'On earth—in heav'n without a friend

'Than

' Than thus her guiltless crime deplore,  
' And sighs and tears repentant blend ?

' Oh ! faithless Love !—oh constant Woe !

' Mysterious suffering ne'er to cease !

' Cannot these tears, that ceaseless flow.

' The mangled bosom lull to peace ?

' Then come again, sad soother Death !

' Again I seek thy gloomy cave,

' Resign the painful—fruitless breath,

' Which Heav'n, for ling'ring suff'rance  
gave !

' Sepulchre of my parent dear !

' Oft conscious of my lone complaint,

' Oh ! treasure still the holy tear :

' Chaste tribute to a murder'd saint !'

The curiosity inspired by this mysterious dirge, drew us insensibly nearer and nearer to the corner of the church, till at last we ventured to stretch out our heads, and steal one glance at the melancholy syren. She was sitting on the ground by the side of the tomb, arrayed in a loose white robe. Her form was small and delicate ; and gave no faint idea of what we conceive of a spirit, or a fairy. But as her long black hair was entirely dishevelled, the posture in which she reclined, leaning with both her hands upon the grave, prevented us from seeing her face. Yet, was there an air of exquisite melancholy diffused over the whole form, and fancy recognised, through the obtruding veil, the interesting features of feminine beauty, emaciated by unremitting sorrow.

We had not stood long in this attitude when the mourner with a sigh, lifted up her head. But she no sooner saw us, than, starting from the ground, she fled like a frightened bird. So that, except a single glance of her tearful eyes, the back of a delicate and scarcely human form, floating in snowy vestments before the gale, was all we were permitted to behold.

' Poor stricken deer !' said I—' why fleetest thou from the eye whose balmy tear would sooth thy rankling wound !—But thus it is, too often, that real sorrow shuns, with timid modesty, Compassion's aid, and leaves the gracious boon of mercy to impudent imposture—Unhappy fugitive,' continued I, resuming the former figure—could I reclaim thy wanderings, how gladly would I lead thee from the thorns and brambles of this cheerless common, to the smiling confines of my own peaceful inclosure.'

' Thus it always is,' said Eugenio—after gazing for some seconds on the point from whence she disappeared—' Thus

does she always fly the face of strangers : though with the neighbouring rustics, I hear, she is become so far familiar, as to look steadily at their faces, and suffer such of them as dare so far adventure, to approach within a few paces of the grave where she sits : but if even they attempt to come nearer, she starts and flies away, just as we have seen.'

#### THE GHOST.

' She will now wind round, at the back of the town, and bury herself in Bourn Wood—about half a mile from hence ; where, during the summer months—(when only she visits this part of the country) she is frequently seen plucking nuts, and berries, and wild fruits—upon which she is supposed chiefly to subsist.

' How and where she disposes of herself during the winter, no one has presumed to guess : nor has any rational account been obtained, either of herself or the cause of her insanity. So extraordinary an appearance could not however fail of filling the ignorant with superstition ; and the credulous rustics tell many curious and improbable stories about her.

' Bourn Wood has long had the reputation of being haunted ; and such dreadful shrieks are frequently heard resounding from it, that the stoutest cudgel player in the county cannot pass it by night, without

—' Each peculiar hair standing an end,

' With horror, and amazement.'

' The clown will have it, that the form we have seen, is the spirit from which these lamentations proceed—as if the nightingale of the day could be the screech-owl of the night. Some tell you she was really the daughter of the woman whose grave she haunts ; and that going one summer's moonlight night, to meet her lover in the wood, she was there inhumanly murdered—by him as it is supposed ; and that her mother, in consequence, broke her heart. And this they inform you is the reason why the ghost haunts the grave by twilight, at midnight the wood.

' Nay, smile not too soon. I myself can witness the truth of the wood being haunted :—for during the time I took up my residence here, oft—at the still and solemn hour of midnight, when melancholy darkness reigned over the vault of heaven, I have heard—the loud hootings of the screech-owl—and sometimes the shrill cry of the bittern.

The HEIGHT of the principal MOUNTAINS in the WORLD, brought into one View, as taken from the Level of the Mediterranean and Sea Ocean.

|   | Toises. |  | Toises |
|---|---------|--|--------|
| <b>T</b> HE highest mountain which bounds the Lake of Geneva is   | 188     | The summit of the <i>Pic de Raco</i> in the Island of Madeira  | 795    |
| That of Neuschatel  | 214     | Summit of Teneriffe  | 194    |
| From the valley of Chamouny                                       | 526     | Summit of <i>Catapoxi</i> in the province of Quito   | 3126   |
| From the valley of the Green Mountain                             | 877     | The highest part of the Cordilleras  | 3210   |
| The summit of the Breven  | 1387    | The above heights were ascertained by Messrs Condamine, De Luc, Neecham, La Lande, and Saussure; by whose measurements it appears, that all the mountains on this side of the Atlantic Ocean are mere <i>monticules</i> , or mole hills, when compared with those of the southern parts of the globe; and perhaps there are, in unknown regions, mountains still more lofty. |        |
| The Capuchin's convent on Mount St. Gothard                       | 2061    |  |        |
| The Platter of Mount Cenis  | 1000    |  |        |
| The summit above the Platter                                      | 2490    |  |        |
| The summit of Vesuvius  | 300     |  |        |
| The summit of Mount <i>Ætna</i>                                   | 2672    |  |        |
| The summit of <i>Canigou</i> , the highest of the <i>Pyrenæes</i> | 1441    |  |        |
| The highest part of Snowdon                                       | 576     |  |        |
| The summit of the Table of the Cape of Good Hope                  | 542     |  |        |

ANECDOTE OF MR. WHITFIELD.

**A**BOUT thirty years ago, the famous Mr. George Whitfield used annually to visit Edinburgh, and by his popular mode of preaching allured great multitudes, especially of the female sex, to attend his sermons. The great object of his discourses was to rouse them to acts of beneficence; and as he had instituted a charitable seminary at Georgia in Carolina, he was strenuous in his exertions to induce his audience to be liberal in giving alms for the support of the helpless persons he had there collected together. Among his constant hearers was one Mrs. — the wife of a brewer, in a small line of business, in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh, who had some difficulty to provide funds for carrying on his affairs without embarrassment. He had no time to attend the daily harangues of this ghastly orator; nor was he much pleased with the time his wife spent on these occasions, and far less with the demands she sometimes made upon him for money to be given for charitable purposes. This diversity of opinion between the man and wife sometimes produced family discord; and while the lady believed the Divine was little less than an angel from Heaven, the husband considered him as no better than a thief, or a pick pocket, who, under false pretences, induced simple people to throw away, upon others, the means that were necessary for the the subsistence of their families; nor was he, when heated

in the contest, and chagrined at times from the want of money, at all scrupulous, in expressing, without reserve, the opinion he entertained of the supposed saint. The wife, who was of a warm disposition, though not destitute of sense at bottom, was much irritated at these restrictions, and thinking they proceeded entirely from the worldly mindedness of her husband, felt a strong inclination to indulge her own propensity to benevolence by every means that should fall in her way. To get money from her husband avowedly for this purpose, she knew was impossible; but she resolved to take it when she could find an opportunity for that purpose. While she was in this frame of mind, her husband, one morning while he was writing at his desk, was suddenly called away, and, intending to return directly, he did not close his desk. His wife thought this too favourable an opportunity to be missed; and opening the shuttle where she knew the money was kept, she found about twenty-five guineas, which the husband had provided to pay for some barley he had lately bought. From this she took out ten pieces, and left every thing else as before; nor did the husband, on his return, take any notice of it.

She was now very anxious to get this money properly disposed of; and with that view dressed herself in great haste; and having wrapped the pieces in a bit of paper, she took them in her hand to go out; but

but as she passed a mirror, she observed something about her headdress that required to be adjusted, and putting the money on a bureau beneath the mirror, she spent a little time in making the necessary adjustments; and recollecting she had omitted to give some directions before she went out, she stepped hastily into the kitchen for that purpose, without taking up the money. Just at this nick of time, the husband came into the room, and seeing something on the top of the bureau, he took it up to examine it; and, seeing what it was, he immediately conjectured what was the truth. Without saying a word, however, he took out the gold, and put an equal number of halfpence in their stead, leaving the paper to appearance as he found it, and went out again. The wife having heard her husband go out of the room, was in great fear that he had discovered her treasure, and returned with great anxiety to search for it; but seeing it happily just as she had left it, she hastily snatched it up, without looking at it, and went directly to the lodgings of Mr. Whitfield to dispose of it.

When she arrived, she found him at home—and a happy woman was she! Having introduced herself, by telling him how much she had been benefited by his pious instructions, &c. which he returned with a ready politeness; she expressed her regret that she had it not in her power to be as liberal to his poor orphans as she could wish; but she hoped he would accept in good part the mite she could afford to offer to him on their account; and with many professions of charitable dispositions, and thanks for the happiness she had derived from attending his discourses, she put the money into his hands, and took her leave. Mr. Whitfield, in the mean time, putting the money into his

pocket without looking at it, made proper acknowledgments to her, and waited on her to the door.

He was no sooner, however, alone, than he took it out to examine the contents, and finding it only copper—and comparing the sum with the appearance of the person who gave it he instantly imagined it must have been given with intention to affront him; and with this prepossession on his mind, he hastily opened the door, and called the lady back, who had not as yet got to the bottom of the stair. This summons she instantly obeyed. On her return, Mr. Whitfield, assuming a grave tone and stern manner, told her, that he did not expect she could have had the presumption to offer to affront him; and, holding out the halfpence, asked her what she could mean by offering him such a paltry compliment as that. The lady, who was very certain she had put good gold into the paper, and recollecting that she had often heard him called a cheat and an impostor; immediately concluded that he himself, had put the halfpence in place of the gold, and made use of that pretext to extort more from her; and fell upon him most bloodily, telling him, she had often heard him called a swindler and a rascal, but till now she had never believed it. She was certain she had given him ten red guineas out of her hands, and now he pretended he had got only as many halfpence; nor did she leave him till she had given him a very full complement of abuse. She then went home in a great hurry; and had a much better opinion of her husband's discernment and sagacity ever afterwards. He kept his secret; and till her dying day, she made a good wife to him: nor ever afterwards went after field-preachers of any sort.

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ON COMPULSORY LAWS RESPECTING MARRIAGE.

Wealth and power, what are you worth,  
To pleasure if you give not birth?

COBB.

HEAVEN bestowed upon man the finer feelings of the soul, with a view to augment his happiness; and to render his situation in life the more pleasant: yet, in consequence of those erroneous notions which refinements in society engender, these very feelings are the cause of the greatest distresses to which human nature is subjected. To such a weak and fallible creature as man, the sympathetic endear-

ments arising from reciprocal affections are necessary, before his mind can experience the highest degree of gratification of which it is susceptible. In the times of distress, he seeks for some sympathetic bosom that shall take pleasure in administering the balm of comfort; and when the heart exults with joy, it feels a dreary want until it can find some one who will participate with him in that peculiar bliss. Every emotion



emotion of the heart proves that man was not made to be alone; and that if ever he hopes to attain to happiness, it can never be found in solitude, far less in the company of those whose dispositions, desires, and modes of thinking, are not of a nature congenial to his own.

These are truths that will be readily admitted by every one who is young and unhackneyed in the ways of men; but as age approaches, these sympathetic affections seem to subside: the pleasures of social intercourse diminish; and the love of wealth and power acquire dominion in their stead. Aged persons in general, greedy of power, and callous to the impulses of kindness, imagine that wealth or grandeur alone are sufficient to gratify every desire of the soul. Forgetting their own rule for judging white young, they wish to deprive others of the same privilege they valued once so highly themselves; and thus are led to dictate with the most inflexible authority to their children as to the choice of a companion for life; the most momentous transaction in which any man can ever be engaged.

—Nor is this propensity confined to one country, or to one set of people on the globe; but it extends its influence, in a greater or lesser degree, to all nations that can assume to themselves the proud name of *civilized*. Among such people, laws have ever been contrived, which by a stern inflexibility, overpower the voice of nature, and make man submit to her imperious decrees. The following affecting story evinces the truth of these remarks—would to God it were in the regions of despotism alone that such transactions were to be found! But in despotic and inflexible governments, the same cruel principle will be found to prevail. Even in Britain, which boasts of the happiness her people are permitted to enjoy the same tyrannical law in this respect prevails, as in that despotic state, where the transaction I am about to relate took place. What follows is a literal translation of a letter from Rome, which appeared as an *article of intelligence* in the *Mercurio de España*, for the month of December 1786.

'In this capital (Rome) we have just now witnessed an event, which has drawn tears from every body here. It is five

years since a young gentleman of the family Amedei, married an amiable and virtuous young woman he loved, but whose birth was not equal to his. At the end of one year, they had a daughter as the fruit of their love; but this tender union was in a short time cruelly disturbed by the parents and relations of the gentleman, who exclaimed against his marriage as clandestine, and obtained against the unhappy young man an order of the Pope, by virtue of which they tore him from the arms of his spouse, and conducted him a prisoner to the castle of St. Angelo. A process was immediately instituted for annulling the marriage. The gentleman tried every means possible to prove that his marriage was valid, and to make it be ratified; his wife also went with her daughter in her arms, and threw herself at the feet of her judges; but in vain. A sentence was at last pronounced, annulling the marriage, obliging the mother, that inconsolable wife, to write to her husband, with her own hand, the fatal news of their eternal separation. Oppressed with the most cruel despair, she thus wrote to him: 'I find myself under the cruel necessity of renouncing those sweet and sacred bands, which till now have held our hearts firmly united; but I resign myself with less repugnance, from the consideration that it will be the means of terminating that long and cruel captivity which you have suffered for my sake. Live free, dear husband, (this alas! is the last time that my lips will pronounce so sweet a name): O live! take comfort; and, if it be possible, live happy, far from me. Since you love the mother, remember the daughter which she has given to you, and take care of her when you know that I no longer exist; for the grief which this separation causes to me is so bitter, so penetrating, and absorbs in such a manner the faculties of my soul, that I want strength to resist it. Very soon I shall cease to live; may my death satiate the inhumanity of our cruel persecutors! God bless you! Farewell! Farewell! for ever!' Four days afterwards, that unhappy and tender wife died in horrible convulsions; and her death set the gentleman at liberty, whose despair has not yet been calmed.

REFLECTIONS ON CHRISTIANITY, in a comparative View of the RELIGION of the GREAT in the preceding AGES.

[From 'An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World.']

IF the general position of this little tract be allowed, namely, that religion is at present in no very flourishing state among those, whose example, from the high ground

ground on which they stand, guides and govern the rest of mankind; it will not be denied by those, who are ever so superficially acquainted with the history of our country, that this has not always been the case. Those who make a fair comparison must allow, that however the present age may be improved in other important and valuable advantages, yet that there is but little appearance remaining among the great and the powerful of that 'righteousness which exalseth a nation';—that there has been a *moral revolution* in the national manners and principles, very little analogous to that great *political* one of which we hear so much; that our public virtue bears little proportion to our public blessings; and that our religion has decreased in a pretty exact proportion to our having secured the means of enjoying it.

That the antipodes to wrong are hardly ever right, was very strikingly illustrated about the middle of the last century, when the fiery and indiscreet zeal of one party was made a pretext for the profligate impiety of the other; who, to the bad principle which dictated a depraved conduct, added the bad taste of being proud of it:—when even the least abandoned were absurdly apprehensive that an appearance of decency might subject them to the charge of fanaticism, a charge in which they took care to involve real piety as well as enthusiastic pretence; till it became the general fashion to avoid no sin but hypocrisy, to dread no imputation but that of seriousness, and to be more afraid of a good reputation than of every vice which ever earned a bad one.

It was not till piety was thus unfortunately brought into disrepute, that persons of condition thought it made their sincerity, their abilities, or their good breeding questionable, to appear openly on the side of religion. A strict attachment to piety did not subtract from a great reputation. Men were not thought the worse lawyers, generals, ministers, legislators, or histori-

ans, for believing, and even defending, the religion of their country. The gallant Sir Philip Sidney, the rash but heroic Essex, the politic and sagacious Burleigh, the accomplished Falkland\*, not only publicly owned their belief in christianity, but even wrote some things of a religious nature.† These instances, and many others which might be adduced, are not, it will be allowed, selected from among contemplative recluses, grave divines, or authors by profession; but from busy men of strong passions, beset with great temptations; distinguished actors on the stage of life; and whose respective claims to the title of fine gentlemen, brave soldiers, or able statesman, have never been called in question.

What would the Hales, and the Clarendons, and the Somers's‡ have said, had they been told that the time was at no great distance, when that sacred book, for which they thought it no derogation from their wisdom or their dignity to entertain the profoundest reverence, would be of little more use to men in high public stations, than to be the instrument of an oath; and that the sublimest rites of the christian religion would soon be considered as little more than a necessary qualification for a place, or the legal preliminary to an office.

This indeed is the boasted period of free enquiry and liberty of thinking, and a noble subject of boasting it is; but it is the peculiar character of the present age, that its mischiefs often assume the most alluring forms; and that the most alarming evils not only look so like goodness as to be often mistaken for it, but are sometimes mixed up with so much real good, as often to disguise, though never to counteract, their malignity. Under the beautiful mask of an enlightened philosophy, all religious restraints are set at nought; and some of the deadliest wounds have been aimed at christianity, in works written in avowed vindication of the most amiable of all the christian principles.§ Even the

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prevalence

\* Lord Falkland assisted the great Chillingworth in his incomparable work, *The Religion of a Protestant*.

† See that equally elegant and authentic work, *The Anecdotes of Royal and Noble Authors*.

‡ This consummate statesman was not only remarkable for a strict attendance on the public duties of religion, but for maintaining them with equal exactness in his family, at a period too when religion was most discountenanced.

§ See particularly *Voltaire sur la Tolerance*. This is a common artifice of that engaging but insidious author. In this instance he has made use of the popularity he obtained in the fanatical tragedy at Thoulouse (the murder of Calas) to discredit, though in the most guarded manner, christianity itself; degrading martyrdom, denying the truth of the Pagan persecutions, &c. &c. And by mixing some truths with many falsehoods, by assuming an amiable candour, and professing to serve the interests of goodness, he treacherously contrives to leave on the mind of the unguarded reader impressions the most unfavourable to christianity.

prevalence of a liberal and warm philanthropy is secretly sapping the foundation of christian morals, because many of its champions allow themselves to live in the open violation of the severer duties of justice and sobriety, while they are contending for the gentler ones of charity and beneficence.

The strong and generous bias in favour of universal toleration, noble as the principle itself is, has engendered a dangerous notion that all error is innocent. Whether it be owing to this, or to whatever other cause, it is certain that the discriminating features of the christian religion are every day growing into less repute; and it is become the fashion, even among the better sort, to evade, to lower, or to generalize, its most distinguishing peculiarities.

Having wisely and happily freed ourselves from the trammels of human authority, are we not turning our liberty into licentiousness, and wantonly struggling to throw off the *divine* authority too? Freedom of thought is the glory of the human mind, while it is confined within its just and sober limits; but though we are accountable for *opinions* at no earthly tribunal, yet it should be remembered that thoughts as well as actions are amenable to the bar of God: and though we may rejoice that the tyranny of the spiritual Procrustes is so far annihilated, that it is no longer thought a proof of the orthodoxy of one man's opinions, that he lop or lengthen those of another till they fit his own measure; yet there is still a standard by which not only actions, are weighed, but opinions are judged; and every sentiment which is clearly inconsistent with the revealed will of God, is as much throwing off *his* dominion, as the breach of any of his moral precepts.

There is, then surely one test by which it is no mark of intolerance to try the principles of men, namely, the *Law and the Testimony*: and it is impossible not to lament, that while a more generous spirit governs our judgment, a purer principle does not seem to regulate our lives. May it not be said, that while we are justly commended for thinking charitably of the opinions of others, we seem, in return, as if we were desirous of furnishing them with an opportunity of exercising their candour, by the laxity of principle in which we indulge ourselves? If the hearts of men were as firmly united to each other by the bond of charity, as some pretend, they could not fail of being united to God also, by one common principle of piety, the only certain source of charitable judgment, as well as of all virtuous conduct.

Instead of abiding by the salutary precept of *judging no man*, it is the fashion to exceed our commission, and to fancy every body to be in a safe state. But, in forming our notions, we choose between the bible and the world, between the rule and the practice. Where these do not agree, it is left to the judgment, of believers at least, by which we are to decide. But we never act, in religious concerns, by the same rule of common sense and equitable judgment which governs us in other occasions. In weighing any commodity, its weight is determined by some generally allowed standard; and if the commodity be heavier or lighter than the standard weight, we add to or take from it: but we never break, or clip, or reduce the weight, to suit the thing we are weighing; because the common consent of mankind has agreed that the one shall be considered as the standard to ascertain the value of the other. But, in weighing our principles by the standard of the gospel, we do just the reverse. Instead of bringing our opinions and actions to the *balance of the sanctuary*, to determine and rectify their comparative deficiencies, we lower and reduce the standard of the scripture doctrines till we have accommodated them to our own purposes; so that, instead of trying others and ourselves by God's unerring rule, we try the truth of God's rule by its conformity or non-conformity to our own depraved notions and corrupt practices.

Christianity, then, must be embraced entirely, if it be received at all. It must be taken, without mutilation, as a perfect scheme, in the way in which God has been pleased to reveal it. It must be accepted, not as exhibiting beautiful parts, but as presenting one consummate whole, of which the perfection arises from coherence and dependence, from relation and consistency. Its power will be weakened, and its energy destroyed, if every caviller pulls out a pin, or obstructs a spring, with the presumptuous view of new-modelling the divine work, and making it go to his own mind. There is no breaking this system into portions of which we are at liberty to choose one, and reject another. There is no separating the evidences from the doctrines, the doctrines from the precepts, belief from obedience, morality from piety, the love of our neighbour from the love of God. If we profess christianity at all, if we allow the Divine Author to be indeed unto us 'wisdom and righteousness,' he must be also 'sanctification and redemption.'

Christianity, then, is assuredly something more than a mere set of rules; and piety,

piety, though it never pretended to be the substitute for a good life, is indispensably necessary to its acceptance with God. The gospel never offers to make religion superfluous morality, but every where clearly proves that morality is not the whole of religion. Piety is not only necessary as a *means*, but it is itself a most important *end*. It is not only the best principle of moral conduct, but is an indispensable and absolute duty in itself. It is not only the highest motive to the practice of virtue, but is a prior obligation; and absolutely

necessary, even when detached from its immediate influence on practical goodness. Religion will survive all the virtues of which it is the source; for we shall be living in the noblest exercises of piety, when we shall have no object on which to exercise many human virtues. When there shall be no distress to be relieved, no injuries to be forgiven, no evil habits to be subdued; there will be a Creator to be blessed and adored, a Redeemer to be loved and praised.

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### HUMANITY OF A RAVEN.

[Addressed to the Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine.]

LET me give you an instance of the tenderness, I was about to say *humanity*, of a raven. He lives, or did live three years since, at the Red Lion at Hungerford; his name, I think, is *Rafe*. You must know then, that coming into that inn, my chaise run over, and bruised the leg of my *Newfoundland* dog, and, while we were examining the injury done to the dog's foot, *Rafe* was evidently a concerned spectator; for, the minute the dog was tied up under the manger with the horses, *Rafe* not only visited, but fetched him bones, and attended upon him with particular and repeated marks of kindness. The bird's notice of the dog was so marked, that I observed it to the hostler, for I had not heard a word *before* of the history of this benevolent creature. *John* then told me, that he had been bred from his pin-feather in intimacy with a dog; and, that the affection between them was mutual;

and that all the neighbourhood had often been witnesses of the innumerable acts of kindness they had conferred upon each other. *Rafe's* poor dog, after a while, unfortunately broke his leg, and, during the long time he was confined, *Rafe* waited upon him constantly, carried him provisionally, and never scarce left him alone! one night, by accident, the hostler had shut the stable door, and *Rafe* was deprived of the company of his friend the whole night; but the hostler found, in the morning, the bottom of the door so picked away, that, had it not been opened, *Rafe* would, in another hour, have made his own entrance-port. I then enquired of my landlady (a sensible woman) and heard what I have related confirmed by her, with several other singular traits of the kindnesses this bird shews to all dogs in general, but particularly to maimed or wounded ones.

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### SOME ACCOUNT OF THE INDIAN THEOLOGY.

KARTA is the name of the supreme and only sovereign God, who is called the most subtle of elements, infinitely perfect, eternal, independent, the power who contains and supports the universe, the soul that produces every thing, is self-existent, diffused every where, and the principle of all things.

In order to manifest himself, Karta has diffused his substance throughout the universe, and has of it composed the marvels of the fourteen worlds. Afterwards he appeared under a human form called Schi-

va; but as Schiva wanted to remove into the heaven of the most perfect beings called Sattialogom, Karta, in order to remain among men, transformed himself into three other human figures, named Roudra or Iswaren, Vischnou and Brouma or Brahma. These three persons, being filled with intelligence, constitute but one God, who is Karta, who for them (and perhaps by them) performs every thing. Brahma is the Creator, and presides over the transmigration of souls. Vischnou supports and regulates the worlds. Roudra de-

stroys and puts an end to all. Schiva, who is the fulness of Karta, rules with Karta over all.

According to other Brachman divines, Karta having assumed a human figure of a thousand heads, two thousand arms, and two thousand legs, brought forth Vishnou at his stomach, and gave him the power of preserving every thing; Brahma proceeded from the navel of Vishnou, and had the power of creating; Roudra sprung from the visage of Brahma, and received the power of destroying.

Some will have it that Karta made Brahma and Latchimi spring from one egg. Vishnou and Parvati from another, Roudra and Sarasouvadi from a third, that afterwards he gave to these three gods these three goddesses, formed of his substance, with the characteristic attributes already mentioned; that Sarasouvadi is the goddess of science, Latchimi the goddess of wealth, and Parvati of carnal pleasure. Karta placed these three gods in a rock of silver, called Nahoumerou, and filled with every delight, where they produced an infinity of other gods to govern the universe. As these three gods were only to reign for a certain number of years or ages, because finite in their nature, Karta, as an indemnification, removed them into the Sattialogom, in order to enjoy complete happiness. He afterwards produced them several times at the regenerations of the worlds; so that in the silver rock and Sattialogom there are several of these Vishnous, Brahmas, and Roudras. The time is likewise fixed for the duration of the reign of the other chiefs of the world; after the expiration of which, they will pass, according to their respective merits, into the Sattialogom; or else they will rise up again in Pulhoam under some particular figure, in order to do penance for their sins. Karta has frequently destroyed all the worlds, and we are at the fourth age. After this destructi-

on all the souls in the Sattialogom return into the first substance of Karta, and constitute for ever after the same thing. All other souls are thrust into Memai, a distinct world full of darkness, where there is neither pain nor pleasure, and where they wait for the re-production of a new world. When Karta effects this re-production; he likewise re-produces the gods of the Nahoumerou, or Paravadam; and those who are in hell or Memai, go according to their merits to inhabit or govern the other worlds.

The Brahmas believe the material world to be eternal, and without beginning; a pure spirit being to them inconceivable. Most of them admit of destiny or predestination with regard to good and evil. Every thing from a man's birth is fore ordained by Brahma, who sends to hell or paradise or into bodies souls according to their deserts. They count three millions three hundred thousand gods great and small subordinate to Karta. They think the soul of divine origin; and they have neither atheist, nor a man who does not believe in a future state. Only their resurrection goes by the name of reproduction.

What distinguishes the different casts or sects of Indians, is the worship they pay to these secondary gods, Brahma, Vishnou, and Roudra. The worship of the last, who is honoured under the figure of *lingam*, or the male and female parts of generation in union, is most extensive. These being the symbol of nature, always fruitful and productive, gave rise to *linganism*. Some of the different sects hold one another in such detestation that they keep at a distance as if they had the plague; and the impurity and pollution supposed to be communicated by the touch makes them sometimes murder one another in revenge. Yet the only difference in their religious system frequently is no more than this, that one eats, and the other does not, a bit of cow's flesh.

## CUSTOMS OF THE KAMTSCHADALES.

[From Lefse's Travels.]

THEIR cloathing consists of an outer garment, which is called *parque*, is like a waggoner's frock, and is made of the skins of deer, or other animals, tanned on one side. They wear under this long breeches of similar leather, and next the skin a very short and tight shirt, either of

nankeen or cotton stuff; the women's are of silk, which is luxury among them. Both sexes wear boots in summer, of goat or dogs skins tanned; and in winter, of the skins of sea-wolves, or the legs of reindeer. The men constantly wear fur caps; in the mild season they put on longer skirt

of nankeen, or of skin without hair; they are made like the *parque*, and answer the same purpose, that is, to be worn over their other garments. Their gala dress, is a *parque* trimmed with otter skins and velvet, or other stuffs and furs equally dear. The women are clothed like the Russian women, whose mode of dress is too well known to need a description; I shall therefore only observe, that the excessive scarcity of every species of stuff at Kamtscharka, renders the toilet of the women an object of very considerable expence: they sometimes adopt the dress of the men.

The principal food of these people consists, as I have already observed, in dried fish. The fish are procured by the men, while the women are employed in domestic occupations, or in gathering fruits and other vegetables, which, next to dried fish, are the favourite provisions of the Kamtschadales and Russians of this country. When the women go out to make these harvests for winter consumption, it is high holiday with them, and the anniversary is celebrated by a riotous and intemperate joy, that frequently gives rise to the most extravagant and indecent scenes. They disperse in crouds through the country, singing and giving themselves up to all the absurdities which their imagination suggests; considerations of fear or modesty restrains them. I cannot better describe their licentious frenzy than by comparing it with the Bacchanals of the Pagans. All beside the man whom chance conducts and delivers into their hands! however resolute or however active he may be, it is impossible to evade the fate that awaits him; at it is seldom that he escapes without receiving a severe flagellation.

Their provisions are prepared nearly in the following manner; it will appear, from the recital, that they cannot be accused of much delicacy. They are particularly careful to waste no part of the fish. As soon as it is caught they tear out the gills, which they immediately suck with extreme gratification. By another refinement of sensuality or gluttony, they cut off also at the same time some slices of the fish, which they devour with equal avidity, covered as they are with clots of blood. The fish is then gutted, and the entrails reserved for their dogs. The rest is prepared and dried; when they eat it either boiled or roasted, but most commonly raw.

The food which the epicures esteem most and which appeared to me to be singularly disgusting, is a species of salmon, called *tebacuitcha*. As soon as it is caught, they bury it in a hole; and in this kind of larder they leave it till it has had time to sour,

or properly speaking, become perfectly putrified. It is only in this state of corruption that it attains the flavour most pleasing to the delicate palates of these people. In my opinion the infectious odour that exhales from this fish would suffice to repulse the most hungry being; and yet a Kamtschadale feeds voluptuously upon this rotten flesh. How fortunate does he consider himself when the head falls to his lot! this is deemed the most delicious morsel, and is commonly distributed into many parts. I frequently wished to overcome my aversion, and taste this so highly valued food; but my resolution was unequal to it; and I was not only unable to taste it, but even to bring it near my mouth; every time I attempted, the fetid exhalation which emitted gave me a nausea, and disgusted me insuperably.

The entertainments and assemblies of the native Kamtschadales, at which I was also present, offered a spectacle entitled to notice for its singularity. I know not which struck me most, the song or the dance. The dance appeared to me to be that of savages. It consisted in making regular movements, or rather unpleasant and difficult distortions, and in uttering at the same time a forced and guttural sound, like a continued hiccough, to mark the time of the air sung by the assembly, the words of which are frequently void of sense, even in Kamtschadale.

In their dances they are fond of imitating the different animals they pursue, such as the partridge and others, but principally the bear. They represent its sluggish and stupid gait, its different feelings and situations; as the young ones about their dam; the amorous sports of the male with the female; and lastly, its agitation when pursued. They must have a perfect knowledge of this animal, and have made it their particular study, for they represent all its motions as exactly, I believe, as it is possible. I asked the Russians, who were greater connoisseurs than myself, having been oftener present at the taking of these animals, whether their pantomime ballets were well executed; and they assured me that the dancers were the best in the country, and that the cries, gait, and various attitudes of the bear, were as accurate as life. Meanwhile, without offence to the amateurs, these dances are, in my opinion, not less fatiguing to the spectators than the performers. It is a real pain to see them distort their hips, dislocate every limb, and wear out their lungs, to express the excess of pleasure which they take in these strange balls, which, I repeat it, resemble the absurd diversions of savages: the  
Kamtschadales

Kamtschadales may indeed, in many respects, be considered as of that rank.

Having given an account of the address with which these people counterfeit the postures and motions of the bear, who may be called their dancing-master, it may not be displeasing to relate in what manner they hunt this animal. There are various modes of attacking it; sometimes they lay snares for it: under a heavy trap, supported in the air by a scaffolding sufficiently high, they place some kind of bait to attract the bear, and which he no sooner smells and perceives, than he eagerly advances to devour; at the same time he shakes the feeble support of the trap, which falls upon his neck, and punishes his voraciousness by crushing his head, and frequently his whole body. In passing the woods I have seen them caught in this way; the trap is kept baited till it succeeds, which sometimes does not happen for almost a year. This method of taking them requires no great boldness, or fatigue; but there is another mode, very much adopted in this country, to which equal strength and courage are necessary. A Kamtschadale goes out, either alone or in company, to find a bear. He has no other arms than his gun, a kind of carbine whose but-end is very small; a lance or spear, and his knife. His stock of provisions is made up in a bundle containing twenty fish. Thus lightly equipped, he penetrates into the thickest part of the woods, and every place that is likely to be the haunt of this animal. It is commonly in the briars, or among the rushes on the borders of lakes and rivers, that the Kamtschadale posts himself, and waits the approach of his adversary with pati-

ence and intrepidity; if it be necessary, he will remain thus in ambush for a whole week together, till the bear makes his appearance. The moment it comes within his reach, he fixes in the ground a forked stick belonging to his gun, by means of which he takes a truer aim, and shoots with more certainty. It is seldom that, with the smallest ball, he does not strike the bear either in the head, or near the shoulder, which is the tenderest part. But he is obliged to charge again instantly, because the bear, if the first shot has not disabled him, runs at the hunter, who has not always time for a second shot. He has then recourse to his lance, with which he quickly arms himself to contend with the bear, who attacks him in his turn. His life is in danger if he does not give the bear a mortal thrust; and in such combats it may be supposed the man is not always the conqueror; but this does not prevent the inhabitants of this country from daily exposing their lives; the frequent examples of the death of their countrymen has no effect upon them: indeed they never go out, without considering before hand that it is either to conquer or to die; and this severe alternative neither stops nor terrifies them.

They hunt other animals nearly in the same manner, such as rein-deer, argali, or wild sheep, called in Russia *dikibarani*, foxes, otters, beavers, sables, hares, &c. but they have not the same dangers to encounter; sometimes they make use of snares, constructed of wood or iron, less than those which are set for bears, and resembling in their simplicity our pitfalls; no other attention is necessary than that of visiting them from time to time.

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#### SUCCESSION OF CRIMES AMONG MOST EUROPEAN NATIONS.

[From *Historical Law Tracts*, published at Edinburgh.]

FOR some time after the great revolution was completed, by which criminal jurisdiction, or the right of punishment, was transferred from private hands to the magistrate, we find, among most European nations, certain crimes, one after another, in a regular succession. Two centuries ago, Assassination was the crime in fashion. It wore out by degrees, and made way for a more covered, but more detestable, method of destruction, and that is Poison. This horrid crime was extremely common, in France and Italy chiefly, almost within a century. It va-

nished imperceptibly, and was succeeded by a less dishonourable method of revenge, Duelling. This curious succession is too regular to have been the child of accident. It must have had a regular cause; and this cause, I imagine, may be gathered from the history of the criminal law. We may readily believe, that the right of punishment, wrested from individuals, and transferred to the magistrate, was at first submitted to with the utmost reluctance. Resentment is a passion too fierce to be subdued, till a man be first humanized and softened in a long course of discipline, under

under the awe and dread of a government firmly established. For many centuries after the power of the sword was assumed by the magistrate, individuals, prone to avenge their own wrongs, were incessantly breaking out into open violence; murder not excepted. But the authority of law, gathering strength daily, became too mighty for revenge executed in this bold manner: and open violence, through the terror of punishment, being repressed, confined men to more cautious methods, and introduced Assassination in place of Murder committed openly. But as Assassination is seldom practicable without accomplices or emissaries, of abandoned morals, experience showed that this crime is never long concealed: and the fear of detection prevailed at last over the spirit of revenge gratified in this hazardous manner. More secret methods of gratification were now studied. Assassination repressed made way for Poisoning, the most dangerous pest that ever invaded society, if, as believed, Poison can be conveyed in a letter, or by other latent means that cannot be traced. Here legal authority was at a stand: for how can a criminal be reached, who is unknown? But nature happily interposed, and afforded a remedy

when law could not. The gratification which poisoning affords must be extremely slight, when the offender is not made sensible from what quarter the punishment comes, nor for what cause it is inflicted. Repeated experience showed the emptiness of this method of avenging injuries; a method which plunges a man in guilt, without procuring him any gratification. This horrid practice, accordingly, had not a long course. Conscience and humanity exerted their lawful authority, and put an end to it. Such, in many instances, is the course of Providence. It exerts benevolent wisdom in such a manner as to bring good out of evil. The crime of poisoning is scarce within the reach of the magistrate: but a remedy is provided in the very nature of its cause: for, as observed, revenge is never gratified, unless it be made known to the offender, that he is punished by the person injured. To finish my reflections upon this subject: Duelling, which came in the last place, was supported by a notion of honour; and the still subsisting propensity to Revenge blinded men so much, as to make them see but obscurely, that the practice is inconsistent with conscience and humanity.

## AN APPROVED METHOD OF MAKING CIDER.

[Communicated to the Burlington Agricultural Society, by Mr. Clifford.]

**T**AKE care to have every necessary utensil to be made use of in the whole process, perfectly clean, and free from every foreign smell. For this purpose, before you begin your work, let your mill, trough, and press, be made perfectly clean, by thoroughly washing, and if necessary with scalding water. The casks are another material object, and if musty, or any other bad smell, one head should be taken out, and with shavings or dry brush, burn the inside; then scrub them clean, and put in the head; scald them well afterwards, and drain them perfectly; when dry, bung them tight, and keep them in a cool shady place, until wanted for use.

The apples should be ripe; and all the unripe and rotten ones, leaves, and every other thing that can tend to give the cider any disagreeable taste, carefully separated from them.

I have found from careful attention and many experiments, that it is a great advantage to the cider to be separated from

the gross parts as soon as possible; for this purpose I tried several methods. That which I found succeeded the best, I shall now relate, as by following it, I was able to preserve my cider in a sound state, though made in the early part of the season.

I took a large pipe, of about 150 gallons, had one of the heads taken out, and on the inside of the other laid on four strips of boards, two inches wide, and on these strips placed a false bottom, filled with gimblet holes about three inches apart. On this false bottom I put a piece of hair cloth (old blanket, or even swingling tow will do,) so as to prevent any sand from washing into the space between the true and false bottoms. I procured a quantity of coarse sand, which was carefully washed in repeated waters, till it would not discolour the clean water, then dried the sand, and put it in the cask on the hair cloth, blanket, or tow, about nine inches thick.

Thus having every thing in readiness, I



went through the process of making, as quick as possible, by having the apples ground fine early in the morning, putting them in the press as fast as they were ground; and when in sufficient quantities, pressed out the juice, and put it over the sand in the cask, having previously bored a gimblet hole in the side of the cask, between the true and false bottoms, in which I introduced a large goose-quill, stopped with another. The pipe was placed so high as to admit a cask under it, to receive the liquor as it run from the quill, which, if rightly managed, will be perfectly fine, and being put away in a cool cellar, and stopped close, will keep well, and prove of an excellent quality.

This process is easy, and in every person's power to execute, as the liquor, by being cleared from its gross sculences, will not run into that violent fermentation, so destructive to the fine vinous flavour, which renders good cider so pleasing a drink.

*Observations on the above Method, by a Member of the Society.*

EVERY improvement on making cider, is an object worthy the attention of this society, as by improving its quality, it will more generally be introduced to our tables, and by that means lessen the consumption of foreign wines and spirits. Our apples, in flavour and variety, equal those of any other country, and with proper management, there can be no doubt but our cider may be made equally good. The rules offered by our correspondent are worthy to be communicated to the public, as they are the result of experience, the best teacher.

The cleanliness recommended, is undoubtedly necessary to the making good cider—any remains of pumice either in the mill, troughs or press, serve as a ferment to the juice of the apple, and hurry it into a premature and violent fermentation, that destroys the saccharine taste of the cider, and generally renders it hard and disagreeable; for which reason, as soon as any part of the operation is gone through, the utensil should be well washed, and wiped dry, so as to prevent the least degree of acidity: but after all this care, unless your casks are clean and sweet, your cider will acquire a disagreeable taste, and be rendered unfit for drinking. Separating the unripe fruit must be another advantage, as the austere juice of unripe fruit will not fer-

ment in that moderate manner, so essentially necessary to preserve the vinous taste of the cider. Freeing the apples from leaves and other impurities, is necessary to the salubrity of the liquor, and the pleasure of the drinker.

The common method with cider-makers is, to cart the apples, as they are collected under the trees, near to the mill, and shoot them down in the dirt, where they frequently lie several days exposed to rain or dews, acquiring a considerable share of moisture, which greatly injures the cider. People who have not their works under cover, should build temporary sheds, and cover the ground where the apples are to be laid, with a thick coat of straw, to keep them dry and clean, and to prevent their imbibing any moisture or taste from the earth. Instead of a large pipe, which in the country may not be attainable, two lesser casks might be substituted in its stead, and perhaps answer the intention full as well; and as some of the gross pumice will always mix with the liquor, whilst running from the press, a piece of hair cloth or blanket, might be spread over the tops of the casks, so as to prevent its mixing with and fouling the sand, which after pressing may be washed in pure water, and dried for use against the next pressing. Probably, by pursuing the method here recommended, the fermentation of the cider may be so slow and imperceptible, as to admit the casks to be close stopped; and, to prevent the admission of air, a clad of sound tough sward may be put over them.

As no mention had been made respecting racking the cider from the lees, I beg leave to remark, that in the method recommended by Mr. Clifford, which I think an admirable one, the juice of the apple, as it runs from the sand will appear perfectly fine and transparent, nevertheless it contains a portion of earth and woody particles, which from their minuteness admit the rays of light to pass through them, but on being separated in the act of fermentation, they become visible, and when over, settle to the bottom of the cask; in this state I would query, whether the cider by being then racked off, would not be less liable to have the fermentation (one prevalent cause of the hardness of our cider) renewed. And whether the same operation repeated just before the blossoming of the apple tree, would not secure it from every future danger.

*Published by order of the Society,*  
WILLIAM COXE, jun. Sec'y.

## ON THE MATRIMONIAL STATE AMONG THE RUSSIANS.

THE Russian women are remarkably fair, comely, strong, and well shaped, obedient to their lordly husbands, and patient under their discipline, they are even said to be fond of correction, which they consider to be an infallible mark of their husbands' conjugal affection; and they pout and pine if it is withheld, as if they thought themselves treated with contempt and disregard. Of this neglect, however, they have very little cause to complain; the Russian husband is so very well disposed, by nature and inebriation, as to exert his arbitrary power. Some writers observe, that, on the wedding day, the bride presents the bridegroom with a whip of her own making, in token of submission; and this he fails not to employ as the instrument of his authority. Very little ceremony is here used in match making, which is the work of the parents. Perhaps the bridegroom never sees the woman, until he is joined to her for life. The marriage being proposed, and agreed to, the lady is examined stark naked, by a certain number of her female relations; and if they find any noddy defect, they endeavour to cure it by their own skill and experience. This is a very wise and laudable custom, which if it prevailed in other parts of Europe, would prevent many unhappy marriages. The bride, on her wedding day, is crowned with a garland of wormwood, implying the bitterness that often attends the married state; when the priest has tied the nuptial knot at the altar, his clerk, or sexton, throws upon her head an handful of hops, wishing she may prove as fruitful as the plant thus scattered. She is muffled up, and led home by a certain number of old women, the parish priest carrying the cross before; while one of his subalterns, in a rough goat-skin, prays all the way, that she may bear as many children as there are hairs on his garment. The new married couple being seated at table, are presented with bread and salt; and a chorus of boys and girls sing the epithalamium, which is always grossly obscene. This ceremony being performed, the bride and bridegroom are conducted to their own chamber by an old woman, who exhorts the wife to obey her husband, and retires. Then the bridegroom desires the lady to pull off one of his buskins, giving her to understand, that in one of them is contained a whip, and in the other a jewel, or a purse of money. She takes her choice; and if she finds the purse, interprets it into a good omen; whereas should she light on the whip, she

considers it into an unhappy one, and instantly receives a lash as a specimen of what she is to expect. After they have remained two hours together, they are interrupted by a deputation of old women, who come to search for the signs of her virginity; if these are apparent, the young woman ties up her hair, which, before consummation, hung loose on her shoulders; and visits her mother, of whom she demands the marriage portion. It is generally agreed, that the Muscovite husbands, are barbarous, even to a proverb; they not only administer frequent and severe correction to their wives, but sometimes even torture them to death, without being subject to any punishment for the murder. If a woman dies in consequence of any correction she has received from her husband, the law of Russia interprets it not an offence, but an accident. A tradesman of Moscow has been known to burn his wife to death, by setting fire to a smock which had been soaked in spirits of wine; and no cognizance was taken of the murder. A man sometimes ties up his wife to a beam by the hair of her head, and scourges her to death; but such punishments have been reserved for those who were guilty of adultery or drunkenness, seldom inflicted, and now wholly laid aside. Indeed precautions are commonly taken against such barbarous practices by the marriage articles, in which the bridegroom obliges himself under certain penalties, to treat his wife according to her quality, supply her with good and wholesome provision, and to refrain from manual chastisement, either by whipping, boxing, kicking, or scratching. If a woman, provoked by hard usage, takes away the life of her husband, a case, that sometimes happens, she is fixed alive in the earth, up to her neck, and in this posture she is suffered to die with hunger; a punishment incredibly shocking, under which some of these wretched objects languish for several days in the most dreadful misery.

The canon law of Muscovy forbids the conjugal commerce on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; and whoever transgresses this law must bathe himself before he enters the church porch. He that marries a second wife, the first being alive, is not admitted farther than the church door; and if any man espouses a third, he is excommunicated; so that, though bigamy is tolerated, they nevertheless count it infamous. When a Czar, or Emperor, has an inclination for a wife,

the most beautiful maidens of the empire are presented to him for his choice.

Notwithstanding the arbitrary power and brutal disposition of the Muscovite husbands, the women are said to be very free of their favours, and even to transgress the bounds of conjugal fidelity, in order to incur the resentment of their husbands, when the whip is too sparingly administered. This discipline took its origin, many centuries ago, among the Scythian Sarmytes, the ancestors of the Muscovites. These people going in quest of a better settlement, left their wives under the care of their slaves, and made an irruption into Greece. Each side was already drawn up in order of battle, when one of the Sarmatians, addressing himself to his fellows, observed, that they should debase themselves by using the sword and spear against slaves, whom they had for-

merly over-awed with the sound of a whip; he therefore proposed that every man should arm himself with this weapon only; the advice was immediately pursued, and they attacked the enemy with scourges. The slaves had been so accustomed to dread this instrument, that they were instantly seized with a panic, and fled with the utmost precipitation. The prisoners were punished with death, and great part of the women made away with themselves; the rest submitted to flagellation, which was severally exercised. In memory of this event, and as a warning to Muscovite wives, the whip or scourge is the first wedding present; and hung up in the most conspicuous part of the house, that, by presenting itself continually to the good woman's eyes, it may never slip her remembrance.

#### ACCOUNT of a new EXTRACT of BARK, prepared in SOUTH-AMERICA.

[Communicated in a Letter to Dr. Simmons, by William Saunders, M. D. Physician to Guy's Hospital.]

**A** GREEABLY to your request, I now send you the following particulars relative to the new Peruvian Bark prepared in South America, and lately imported into this country from Spain, as an article of commerce.

It is of a consistence between the soft and hard extracts of the shops; of a dark colour, and beautifully transparent. It is extremely soluble in the mouth, and has none of that empyreumatic or burnt taste, so common to all extracts, and which obscures their original powers so much, as to have brought them into general discredit. It has the taste and flavour of the best Peruvian bark in a very concentrated form. It is very soluble in boiling water, and when gently agitated with it, in the proportion of two drachms to a pint of water, it gives an impregnation more powerful than that of a decoction of bark in the proportion of an ounce of bark to a pint of water, prepared agreeably to the usual formula for that purpose.

It is with more difficulty soluble in cold water.

One ounce of it softened with two ounces of boiling water, and digested with one quart of proof spirit, in a gentle heat, gives a more powerful tincture than that of the Dispensatory; the residuum left on the filter weighs two scruples, and is perfectly insipid.

It differs very materially from all other extracts of bark with which it has been compared; and even from some which were carefully prepared from the best bark, and slowly evaporated in a water bath. In its union with boiling water it resembles so much the decoction of the pale bark, both in colour and sensible qualities, that the difference is not perceptible; and by this synthetic test it may be distinguished from all other extracts of bark.

In collecting, from various druggists, extracts, with a view to a comparison, many of them evidently appeared to be sophisticated by being chiefly composed of the extract of gentian, an article of the materia medica better formed for that process than almost any other.

No information has been received relative to the method of preparing this extract in South America; we are, therefore, left to conjecture that it may have the advantage of an aqueous solution from recent vegetable matter, and that the inspissation or evaporation is conducted by an exposure to the air and the heat of the sun.

All who have seen it admit its superior elegance, and that it possesses the sensible qualities of the best bark, in the most soluble and concentrated form. I have made frequent trials of it, both in the hospital and in private practice, and have uniformly

ly found that it has done every thing which could be expected from the best Peruvian bark in any form. I have had the same favourable report of its operation from other practitioners.

It sits easy on the stomach, and in cases of great emergence, as in gangrene and malignant fevers, or the putrid diseases of warm climates, where the life of a patient may depend on the quantity of efficacious bark taken in a few hours, it must have a decided advantage. A patient may take four ounces of this extract in a day, a quantity equal in power and effect to a pound and a half of the best bark.

It is found efficacious in the cure of fevers, in the form of a clyster; for which purpose I have dissolved a drachm of it

in four ounces of water. This method of prescribing it is well adapted to children, and to such patients as cannot retain bark in any form on the stomach.

The quantity at present in this country, I am informed, is all that has been introduced into Europe, and unless frauds are committed, and it becomes the subject of adulteration, it promises to become a very important acquisition to the list of our useful and active remedies.

The solution of it in boiling water will be found a ready and easy substitute for the decoction of bark, and at an expence not exceeding the decoction of such bark as ought generally to be employed.

I am, dear Sir, your's sincerely,

WILLIAM SAUNDERS.

#### EXAMPLES OF THE DOCILITY OF BEASTS.

THERE was lately to be seen at the fair of St. Germain, in Paris, a little brown-bay horse, very well made, about six years old, who, on coming into the assembly paid his respects by an air, and some motions expressive of his satisfaction. He answered very exactly by signs of the head to all the questions his master put to him. He drank to the health of the King, by taking a cup into his mouth; and also fired off a pistol with his mouth. He could feign himself lame, or dead, that he should not be obliged to go to the war. If any person of the Assembly drew a card and held it before the horse's eye, he would beat on the ground with his foot as many strokes as there were spots on the card. He could likewise tell what o'clock it was by a watch, by beating with his hoof, expressing the quarters, as a repeating watch, by small redoubled strokes. Being asked if he had any knowledge of arithmetic, he made a sign that he had; and then whoever chused to question him, as, for instance, how many eight and six made, he gave 14 strokes with his foot. His master took several pieces of money from different persons of the assembly, and, having jumbled them together, he threw them one after another in a handkerchief to the horse, who, taking them out one by one in his mouth, brought to each person their piece. There is no exaggeration in all this; and all these feats of ingenuity have been seen by a great concourse of spectators. It cannot be doubted but that this horse was guided by the signs or voice of his master; but it is astonishing how he could so well

obey signs that were imperceptible to the assistants.

There are instances of the docility of beasts in ancient times as well as in the modern. When Augustus entered victorious into Rome, after the battle of Actium, several parrots saluted him from the windows, crying out, 'Honour and victory to Cæsar.' He had some of those birds purchased at a pretty high price. Some envious persons informed him, that the same citizens had taught other birds to pronounce the same compliments for Antony, in case of the contrary event. This reflection made Augustus very indifferent to this sort of flattery; and some days after a Roman Knight having presented a parrot to him that pronounced several words in praise of Augustus, the Emperor answered coldly 'I have enough of those winged courtiers.' Hereupon the parrot said very distinctly: 'Bah poor bird! thou hast lost all thy care and trouble;' words which his master had taught him at all events. This incident so pleased the Emperor, that he gave a very considerable sum for the parrot.

Sir William Temple speaks of a very extraordinary parrot he had seen in the possession of Prince Maurice of Nassau in Holland. This parrot was from Brazil, and, by answering all sorts of questions as exactly as a rational creature, the Prince's domestics thought there was some possession or magic in the bird; and even one of his Ministers would not see him, saying he was the Devil. Being asked before Sir William Temple, shewing the Prince to

him, what he was? He answered he is a General. Then the Prince asked him from what country he was? From Marinar, said the parrot. And what are you doing now, replied the Prince? I am keeping a parcel of chickens. The Prince laughing heartily at this answer, the parrot immediately added, Aye, and I will make them come too; whereupon he began to cry out, first, as one calling chickens, and soon after to cluck like a hen.

Plutarch says, that some elephants have been taught to dance on a rope, and crocodiles to swim under men, and make all sorts of evolutions in the water; or to suffer themselves to be led along by a chain on land, or to follow the voice of their masters.

Cedrenus and Father Schot relate, that in the time of the Emperor Justinian I.

there was a mountebank at Constantino-ple, who, having assembled a great concourse of people about him, told them that they might take the rings off their fingers, and throw them on the ground, and that his dog would bring to every one their ring without being mistaken. Vallemont in *Occult Physic*, c. 8, explains this singular industry of the dog, by saying that there remained on each ring some corpuscles. For it is certain, adds he, that every thing which enters into a bulk of transpired matter, is impregnated or humected thereby, as a piece of gold dipped into water; with this difference, that the corpuscles of insensible transpiration, being infinitely more subtle than the particles of water, they penetrate deeper into what they environ, and are not detached till after a long time, and with some difficulty.

#### AN ACCOUNT OF SOME NATURAL EFFECTS PRODUCED BY THEIR CONTRARIES.

**H**OW many natural effects do we see daily produced by their contraries? Thus it is that poisons are ingredients in the composition of the most excellent antidotes. The oils of tartar, and vitriol, mixed together, grow hot and boil, though separately cold. A pail, made with equal parts of filings of iron and sulphur, takes fire, when sprinkled with common water. A piece of unslacked lime, which is cold, receives a brisk heat, by the mixture of water which is still colder.

During the preparation of lime, heat breaks in the calcination the fibres of the stones, forms in them new pores, and enlarges those they had before. Those pores and interstices are filled up with some subtle matter and igneous bodies. When the lime begins to cool, the external air penetrates into several pores, and is condensed therein by the shrinking in of the parts upon one another. The subtle matter and igneous particles strive to dissolve those aerial condensed parts, but want for that purpose some degrees of force. The agitation of the water that penetrates with impetuosity the matter of the lime which is extremely dry, disengages the parts of the fire from the more compact matter and from the air, and furnishes them with the necessary degrees of force. The parts of the lime separate intirely, and dart about on all sides without being intirely dissipated, because the external ambient air restrains them: and hence we perceive an effervescence, a sensible heat, a flame that

glitens before the eyes. We may reason in the same manner on the experiments of other apparently contrary effects, and the ingenious naturalist will always find resources for their explanation.

Ice will produce fire, if fair water is made to boil for half an hour to make the air pass out of it. Two inches of this water must afterwards be exposed to a very cold air, and, when it is frozen, the extremities of the ice are to be melted before a fire, till the ice acquires a convex spherical figure on both sides. Then with a glove this kind of burning mirror being presented to the sun, and the rays being assembled by refraction in a common focus, will set fire therein to some fine gun-powder.

If a phial of round glass, and full of water, is exposed to the sun, when it is very hot, as in summer, from nine o'clock in the morning till three o'clock in the afternoon, it will set fire to fine gun-powder placed in the focus of this burning mirror made of water. Those experiments shew clearly that the rays of the sun lose nothing of their nature, by piercing and passing through the pores of water and ice.

We may have some difficulty in imagining that common water can become a burning phosphorus; yet, we find in the *Memoirs of Trevoux* that a ship on a voyage to the East-Indies, having taken in very good water, this water was found to be in flames some time after, on opening the barrel it was contained in. It was probably

probably impregnated with air, and a great quantity of sulphur; and this sulphur had its cells full of subtle matter violently agitated, but imprisoned, and waiting only for the opening of the barrel, and the subtle action of the external air, to be in a condition to break out of its little prisons, to dart about with the help of the internal air the parts the subtle matter was surrounded with, and thereby to cause that flame, which was seen to gush

out suddenly from the midst of the water.

If hay, still moist, is made up, the terrestrial spirits with which it is greatly impregnated, disengaging themselves more and more, by means of the spring of the internal air, and the shock of the subtle matter, come at last to float freely on that matter; and being carried away by its rapid motion, they break, drive, and dissipate all the small parts of the hay, whereupon the hay catches fire.

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EVERY BUSINESS of MOMENT should be carefully pondered in the MIND before we proceed to ACTION; or the ill Consequences of an imprudent Choice, exemplified in the Conduct of ROSHANA: A PERSIAN TALE.

[From the Universal Magazine.]

**I**N a season of hostility and famine, when grass grew in the public markets, and the threshold of the excluding gate of charity was worn with the foreheads of the poor; Beoffah, a son of obscurity, was seen naked, and emaciated with hunger on the ruins of a desolate street.

A worthy merchant of the city of Kinnoge, (formerly the capital of Hindoitan, now in ruins) who had almost been ruined in the calamity of the state, notwithstanding the innumerable objects of distress that surrounded him, had not yet shut the eyes of compassion; but, on viewing the horrors of Beoffah's condition, thawed the frost of his misfortunes with pity, clothed his bones with the flesh of his bounty, and cherished him under his hospitable roof.

To keep his eyes from the slumbers of indolence, and his hands from the bosom of sloth, he employed him to dig in his garden, which was situated behind his house, and overlooked by the windows of his Zennana.

One day as he began his work he beheld Roshana, the only child of his patron, throwing her bright eyes around like a timid roe when she first ventures upon the flowery borders of cultivation.

When she spied him, she started, and withdrew, but the bounding heart of the ungrateful youth became the immediate hunter of her incomparable charms.

Though he could conceive no possible hope of aspiring to the fruit of his wishes, accident pointed out a path unexplored by the foot of invention. For one day as he sang at his labour, some dubious expressions, striking the ears of Roshana, set the bird of curiosity on wing; then listening with attention, she thus heard him continue his amorous song:

'Unfortunate Prince of calamity (must love add his stings to all my other sorrows, while the maid I am sure never to possess, no more than my lost crown, is now in the hand of my enemies. It were death to reveal my rank, and my present disguise is such, that to aspire to her love were folly; and yet, to conceal my wound, I certainly must expire.'

Now this was a song composed by the Prince of Orissa, who about that time, having been conquered and expelled from his hereditary dominions, wandered about in the disguise of a collinder, and was smitten by the charms of a Lady, whom he had seen in the city of Ugein. As his fame had reached the ears of Roshana, though they had never been gratified with the song, it came into her fertile imagination, that possibly this might be the man.

Accordingly she began to weigh this bubble of creative fancy in the scales of a false imagination, which confirmed to her that he was an inestimable pearl, which misfortunes had torn from a crown: Every dusty feature was bright with majesty, and every awkward motion expressive of state. In short, the imprudent Roshana, by pursuing the rainbow of imagination, was bewildered in the desert of inclination, and overtaken by the tempest of love. Too late she called reason to her aid; for now she was become the captive of passion, surrounded by a troop of fancies, and led by curiosity in chains.

At length, she unfortunately determined to remove the thin veil of her doubts, she dressed herself out in all the luster of dress and charms, she beckoned with the finger of indiscretion one morning to this amorous youth, who ran in confusion to the window, treading on the air of bliss.

Roshana, pointing to an open pomegranate that blushed by the foot of the wall, told him that the beauty and ripeness of the fruit had a long time excited her fancy and desired him to throw it up. The youth having plucked the fruit, threw it towards the window; but desirous of prolonging his pleasure, contrived it should frequently return. Roshana, smiling, told him, if he did not throw better for his crown, he might wear a turban as long as he lived.

As he could not possibly comprehend the meaning of these words, he replied,—  
‘What concern has your slave with crowns, whose greatest ambition is to serve the Queen of beauty for ever?’

‘I only conceived,’ said Roshana, ‘that I heard you sing a song, some days ago, adapted to a Prince in distress.’

A beam of light struck the soul of Reof-sah, the surprise of which assisted his design, when, starting, he thus exclaimed,—  
‘Fool that I am! what have I done? To be unknown in misfortune is a blessing—but I owe it to a babbling-tongue.’ Having thus said, he retired in disorder, and peevishly struck the spade in the ground. Forgetful now of his labour, he ransacked every corner of his brain for the means of advancing his design, in confirming the lucky deception.

In the mean time the deluded Roshana was burning on the coals of anxiety to be let into the particulars of his history, which now she was well assured could equal her most sanguine hopes.

In the morning, when she opened the window, she beheld her lover by the foot of a hedge, in a sleeping posture, stretched supinely; he sometimes started as in a dream, and sometimes muttered incoherent syllables, till at length she heard these intelligible words:—‘Unfortunate Prince of Orissa! Roshana, thou fairest of maids! O love!’

Profound silence immediately issued—but fancy added all the rest, and quickly formed the application; so that, in short, this unexperienced maid became the dupe of her own imagination, and without ever applying the touchstone of caution, took the basest of metals for gold. In the mean time the poisonous spider fancy, in this slimy web of delusion, wove palaces, scepters, and crowns.

In a few days she laid the plan of an elopement, which she communicated to her imaginary Prince: He embraced the project with joy, and soon brought the plot to execution. So that throwing off the fair veil of reputation, and covering her parents with grief, she bound up all her jewels and ornaments, and, on a light-hoofed

horse of her father, took the way of the wilderness of distress.

All night through unfrequented paths, they pressed forward through the gloomy wood; and that timorous heart, which before would have started at the squeaking of a mouse, now dared the grim-spirits of darkness, and the roar of the lion, for love.

When this snake-hearted traitor imagined he had eluded the course of pursuit, he considered the difficulties of concealment, and dreaded the discovery of his imposture; so that, intigated by fear, lust, and avarice, he revolved in his dark mind to gratify these infamous passions, by robbing her of her virtue and wealth.

His design seemed already accomplished on a poor weak deluded virgin, far from the hand of help. When the morning in her dun mantle frowned on his gloomy purpose, he stopped the horse at the foot of a tree, and told the damsel she must alight.

‘Ah! my dear Prince, said Roshana, you do not surely intend to stop here? This is no place of safety; let us proceed to the house of your friend.’

‘But I do intend, to stop here, replied he somewhat hastily, for he could not conceal the working of his soul.’

Now the hapless Roshana first suspected that this discordant voice was not the voice of love, and a thousand fears in one cruel moment crowded confusedly upon her troubled mind, while thus she continued to importune him:

‘This is no place of safety, sweet Prince—indeed they may still pursue us—my heart beats, I know not why—sweet Prince; come, let us go a little farther.’

‘Not one step!’ said the villain, alighting and pulling her off the horse: ‘You are subject to vain fears; there is no living creature near us; and as for the place, you will find it the most pleasant you ever yet beheld.—What hinders us from enjoying our mutual passions; the opportunity is too precious to be lost?’

Having said this, he began to take indecent Liberties with the Lady, who endeavoured to divert him from his purpose, by soft and endearing words, to this effect:

‘You do not mean to hurt me, sweet Prince.—Ah! why do you twist my poor arms so?—You know I am not half so strong as you are.—Nay, you’ll hurt me, if you squeeze so hard: Why do your eyes burn so? and yet methinks you would not hurt me—have I not given you my heart? Have I not sacrificed my hopes for your sake? Have I not trusted you with my honour? Good Heaven! do not injure my confidence, my love, my life, my virtue! Ah! remember your noble self—remember

ber my generous father! have pity on my weakness; have pity on my youth; have pity on my tears!

When she found the ravisher, like a hungry bear, deaf to the voice of his expiring prey, rejoicing in his own strength, and preparing to glut his brutal appetite, she drew from concealment a poisoned dagger, with design to bury it in her own bosom.

The villain, observing her resolution, seized the dagger in his naked hand, and in attempting to wrest it from her, received deservedly a mortal wound; and the strong infection in a few moments curdled the current of his flaming blood, so that he expired in convulsive agonies, blaspheming Providence for the prevention of his horrid design.

The unfortunate Roshana now trembled at the yawning gulf she had just escaped. But an ocean of trouble raged before her, without the prospect of any shore, or the help of a pilot to direct her in the storm, while thus she mourned her unfortunate fate.

'Whither shall I wander? Where shall I search for a refuge from my woes? Who shall wash my fame pure as my virtuous thoughts? O Heaven! conduct my steps to a poor cottage, where some good old matron spins the last thread of life, that, bid from calumny, I may toil securely with penury, and forget this storm of my soul!

While thus on the thorn of sorrow, like the nightingale, she mourned her fate, she felt her nose-ring to be much bent, and, endeavouring to straighten it, it broke in her hand.

Immediately the earth trembled around her; her eyes were darkened as with a veil, and a hoarse voice struck her trembling ears, saying,

'Who endowed thee with that ring which thou hast broken, thus to force me from the palace of the abyss? Speak—What is thy demand? that I may quickly obey the dictates of Heaven.' Roshana, trembling with fear, replied—'Sacred genius! or whoever thou art, pardon the ignorance of thy humble slave. The ring

which I broke was the gift of a divest, whom I supported with the hand of charity, when lean famine walked abroad; but I was totally ignorant of its effects, though he indeed told me, it would relieve me from distress, yet refused to acquaint me in what manner. Be therefore so kind as to take me from hence.'

'Stop,' said the Genius; 'you can have but one wish.' In a moment, she perceived herself lifted up in the air, and, swift as the flight of imagination, found herself standing on other land.

Here refreshment hung clustering from every branch, and harmony sat warbling on every bough; the smiling spring was busy weaving her flowery carpets, while the infant breezes, with their little wings, fanned her with grateful perfume.

Now the eyes of Roshana brightened with pleasure, like pearly dew-drops at the morning ray; but as she moved forward on the light foot of expectation, searching on this paradisaical region the inhabitants of the happy shade, she was soon bewildered again in sorrow, in finding no marks of the hand of cultivation, nor any trace of the human foot. Here recollecting the ring, she broke it a second time.

Immediately the Genius appeared, and again demanded the reason of her call.

Falling upon her face, she cried—'Convey me to the house of my father.'

Immediately she fainted away, and when she recovered her senses again, she found herself seated upon a tomb-stone.

The sad reflection immediately occurred that she had lost her beloved father; so drowning his lamp (which the Mahomedans burn to the dead) with her tears, she sat in the shades of horror, conscious that her undutiful conduct had brought a virtuous parent to an untimely end.

In a short time, she beheld her mother with a weeping train in the robes of mourning, carrying jars of perfumed oil, and baskets of flowers to strew the tomb; so joining their tears in one stream of affliction, she related her tale in the ears of astonishment, and in purity of heart led a life of reason, deluded by vain imaginations no more.

#### INSTANCE OF MAGNANIMITY.

IN the year 1750, when the ambitious views of France, seconded by the amazing abilities of Mr. Dupleix, had involved the Coromandel side of India in war, the Nazirjng came into the Carna-

tick with an army of 500,000 men, and a train of 800 pieces of cannon. The state in which he lived, the pomp with which he carried the standard of the empire, and the lustre of a train, consisting of almost all



all the Princes of the Decan, were beyond the conception of an European.

On arriving at the settlement at Madras, he summoned all the Nabobs of the suba-ship, and the chiefs of the European establishments, to attend his divan, that he might speak the word of peace, and dispose of the nabobship of the Carnatick. They obeyed, came and prostrated themselves with presents of immense value, and all the Eastern ceremony of respect, before the tent of state. Among the rest came Mahomed Allen Cawn, the nabob, whose interest the English had espoused, and whose father had been king of the country. He was attended by General Lawrence, and on entering the tent of state, instead of shewing unmanly tokens of humiliation and flattery, he approached Nazirjng with ease and confidence, holding the English general by the hand.

The pride of the Mogul's representative seemed to be touched at this behaviour, and he cried out with a commanding voice, 'Whence, chief, art thou? and where the presents due to the greatest of the Omrahs, of the king of the world?' 'Magnanimous viceroy, (answered the nabob) I come the son of my father, and I am come with presents worthy of the greatest prince on earth: in one hand, (laying his right hand on his breast) I bring you a heart that is the treasury of honour, of affection, and the gratitude due to the brave; in the other, (introducing General Lawrence) I bring you this warrior, and the friendship of the English, *a nation composed of kings!*' 'Welcome (replied Nazir to the son of thy father) thy presents are worthy of me, and thou alone of the Musnude of the Carnatic. The high command is issued—hail nabob of the Carnatic!'

SUBSTANCE of a CONVERSATION between the late Sir CHARLES MORELL, and HORAM, the Son of ASMAR, concerning the latter's embracing CHRISTIANITY.

WE are told in the life of Horam, prefixed to his Tales of the Genii, that Sir Charles Morell had, during his residence in Asia, translated them into English; but, business calling him to Fort St. George, he unfortunately left a part of the Manuscript behind him at Bombay.

'I was sensibly affected at this loss, says he, and the more so, as I found it impossible, through the multiplicity of my affairs, to replace my translation; but, if my voyage to Fort St. George deprived me of the translation, it doubly repaid my loss, by the addition of a very valuable friend, with whom I got acquainted at Fort St. George. This was no other than the great Horam, the author of the Book in question, who then resided in the Blacks Town, and was esteemed as a Saint by all denominations, both Pagans and Mahometans; and who was very intimate with the English belonging to the fort.'

'As I was extremely desirous of his acquaintance, and very assiduous in pleasing him, he soon distinguished me from the rest of my countrymen; and he would often, in our walk through the gardens, at the back of the fort, entertain me with his elegant and instructive conversation.'

'At these times I did not fail, at proper intervals, to lament his disbelief of our holy Christian faith. To this, for some time, he made no answer; but, whenever it was mentioned, he seemed more thought-

ful and reserved: but I considered the subject of too much consequence to be laid aside, merely on a point of punctilio, and therefore seldom omitted to bring it up in all our private conversations; till at length one day, after I had been for some time expatiating on the blessings of Christianity, he stopped short, and falling prostrate on the sandy walk, in a solemn and aud ble voice, he pronounced, as follows, in the Persian language:

'O Alla! Thou most powerful and merciful Being, who, although thou spannest the heavens with thy hands, dost nevertheless, endue the pismire and the bee with wisdom and knowledge; vouchsafe also to enlighten the understanding of the reptile that adores thee, and, if it be thy will, who canst cause the light to arise out of darkness, that these men should teach that with their lips for truth, which they will not acknowledge by their lives, have mercy both on me and them; on me, who cannot be convicted by precept without example; and on them, who mock and deny thee, under the semblance of faith and obedience. Are not the Christian vices, O Alla, more hateful in thy sight, than Pagan blindness; and the eyes of those, who boast superior light, more dim than the eyes of him who gropeth in darkness and error? Are these men, who are sharp and greedy in worldly gain, lavish and profuse of heavenly riches? And would

would they, who covet the dust of India, offer us an eternal exchange for our mouldering possessions? Surely the purest and wisest religion cannot be revealed to the most unthankful and ignorant of mankind. The pearl would be cast to the swine, and the children of Alla be deprived of their inheritance. But the worm must not fly, the ignorant judge, nor dust presume!

After saying this, which, I confess, affected me strongly, he continued some time in awful silence prostrate on the ground, and at length arose with tears in his eyes, saying, 'Be the will of Alla the law of his creature!'

It was some minutes before I could muster up words to answer Horam, so much was I awed by his just, though severe imprecations; but, observing him still continue his meditations, I ventured to begin. 'My Friend, said I, God is just, and man is sinful. The Christian religion is professed by millions, and all are not like the Merchants of India. If these prefer wealth to religion, there are many who have suffered for the cause of Christ, who have preferred an ignominious death, in his faith, to all the glories of infidelity. I am not like one of these, but I trust O Horam, that my faith, though weak, is not dead; and that my obedience, though imperfect, will yet be acceptable, through his merits whom I serve.'

'If all Christians were like my friend, said Horam, Horam would embrace the faith of Christ: But what are those who mingle with Infidels, whose days are the days of riot, and whose nights are the nights of intemperance and wantonness? Who teach truth, and practise deceit? Who, calling themselves Christians, do deeds unworthy of Pagans?

'These, said I, my friend, are most of them unhappy men of strong passions, and small instruction, who were sent here as forlorn hopes; but even of these many have turned out sober and religious, and have spent the latter part of their lives in piety and devotion.'

'What interrupted Horam, they have served their lusts first, and their God last? Alla, whom I worship, likes not such votaries; he requires the earliest offerings of a pious heart, and prayers and thanksgivings that rise to Heaven, ere the dews of the night disappear. The man who serves the all glorious Alla, must prostrate himself, ere the watchful sun accuse him of sloth by its reviving presence, and continue his adorations, when the lamp of day is no longer seen. He must enter into the society of the faithful, while manhood delays to seal him for his own; and per-

severe his march, to the Rajaputis of the East.'

'O Horam, answered I, were the God, whom we worship, to be worshipped in perfectness, the whole length of our lives would not suffice to lie prostrate before him. But our merciful Father expects not more from us, than we are able to pay him; true it is that we ought to begin early and late, take rest, and daily and hourly offer up our praises and petitions to the throne of his grace. But better is a late repentance than none, and the eleventh hour of the day for work, than perpetual idleness unto the end of time; and this is not obtained to us, but through the merits of our Lord and Saviour; not the prophet only, as Mahomet represents him, but the King, the Priest, and the Saviour, of mankind.'

'What Saviour is this, said Horam, of whom you speak so often, and in such raptures? Can one then save another from the wrath of God, when you yourself acknowledge the best of men to be his unprofitable servants?'

'As a man only, answered I, he cannot, but, as God and man, he was able; and did offer a full atonement, not only for my sins, but for your's also.'

'It is certain, said Horam, that all flesh is weak and corrupted; and, as the creatures of God, we cannot suppose, that he, who is all goodness and perfection, should make us unable to perform what natural sense informs us is our duty both to Alla and his creatures; that some supernatural power was necessary to relieve us, I grant; but I see not why we should go so high, as to suppose that power must be divine.'

'If the offence, answered I, was against God, God could not remit the punishment, and no creature of God could possibly pay him more service than was due from an entire dependant on his Maker. Therefore neither Angel, nor Saint, nor Prophet could redeem; for all they could do was but the discharge of their own mortal debts, and cannot be called a work of mediation for another, with regard to a Prophet, or any private man; give him the utmost power and favour with God, suppose him to be born perfect; to pay an unflinching obedience, yet he still has paid but the service of one man, and therefore can satisfy but for one: And, with regard to Angel, Genius, or superior Being, tho' superior to man, he is but the servant of God, and a debtor to his Creator, to whom he must for ever owe all possible service and obedience. Considering an atonement in this light, O Horam, you see no possible Saviour but one equal to God;

and to suppose that there be many gods, is to derogate from his honour, and to deny his government and power. Therefore we Christians are taught that the Son came from the Father, the Messias, whom David wished to see, and called him Lord; of whom all the prophets, in the books of the prophecies of the Israelites did certify; took upon him our flesh, that he might be enabled to suffer for the infirmities of mankind: And truly I think, O Horam, that this stupendous instance of mercy, cannot be looked upon as absurd or unreasonable, though it be the most supreme declaration of God's mercy and forgiveness. For, when God condemns, who can ransom but God himself? Or to whom, think you, the glory of man's redemption could be, with any propriety, attributed, but to the Lord of all mercies?\*

\* Mr. Morell, said Horam, there is

reason and truth in the words of my friend, but I am persuaded few of the Christians I have seen think so seriously of these things as you do: Profession, without practice, and faith, (I think you call it so) without a true belief, contents your brethren. If your religion is true, how wicked are the greatest part of the Europeans! I can compare them only to silly women, who strive to shut out the glories of the meridian sun, that they may poke over the dull light of an offensive lamp.

My friend and I had many such conversations, but this in particular I took down as soon as I left him, because, I confess, I was very much shocked at his judicious remarks; and I am sure, if they make as much impression on others, as they did on me, they will not be unserviceable to the world.

#### SIMPLE AND EASY METHOD OF MAKING HAY.

[From *Essays relating to Agriculture and Rural Affairs.*]

And he gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground, where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together.

SWIFT.

**I**NSTEAD of allowing the hay, says he, to lie, as usual, in most places, for some days in the swathe after it is cut, and afterwards alternately putting it up into cocks and spreading it out, and tedding it in the sun, which tends greatly to bleach the hay, exhales its natural juices, and subjects it very much to the danger of getting rain, and thus runs a great risk of being made good for little. I made it a general rule, if possible, never to cut hay but when the grass is dry; and then make the gatherers follow close upon the cutters, putting it up immediately into small cocks about three feet high each, when new put up, and of as small a diameter as they can be made to stand with; always giving each of them a slight kind of thatching, by drawing a few handfuls of the hay from the bottom of the cock all around, and laying it lightly upon the top, with one of the ends hanging downward. This is done with the utmost ease and expedition; and, when it is once in that state,

I consider my hay, as in a great measure out of danger; for, unless a violent wind should arise immediately after the cocks are put up, so as to overturn them, nothing else can hurt the hay; as I have often experienced, that no rain, however violent, ever penetrates into these cocks but for a very little way. And, if they are dry put up, they never sit together so closely as to heat; although they acquire, in a day or two, such a degree of firmness, as to be in no danger of being overturned by wind after that time, unless it blows a hurricane.

In these cocks, I allow the hay to remain, until, upon inspection, I judge, that it will keep in pretty large tramp-cocks, (which is usually in one or two weeks, according as the weather is more or less favourable) when two men, each with a long-pronged pitch-fork, lift up one of these small cocks between them with the greatest ease, and carry them, one after another, to the place where the tramp-cock is to be built\*. And, in this manner,

\* If the hay is to be carried to any considerable distance, this part of the labour may be greatly abridged, by causing the carriers to take two long sticks of a sufficient strength, and having laid them down by the small cocks, parallel to one another, at the distance of one and a half or two feet asunder, let them lift three or four cocks, one after another, and place them carefully above the sticks, and then all together, as if upon a hand-barrow, to the place where the large rick is to be built.

ner, they proceed over the field till the whole is finished.

The advantages that attend this method of making hay, are, that it greatly abridges the labour; as it does not require above the one half of the work that is necessary in the old method of turning and tedding it; that it allows the hay to continue almost as green as when it is cut, and preserves its natural juices in the greatest perfection: for, unless it be the little that is exposed to the sun and air upon the surface of the cocks, which is no more bleached than every strew of hay saved in the ordinary way, the whole is dried in the most slow and equal manner that could be desired: And, lastly, that it is thus in a great measure secured from almost the possibility of being damaged by rain. This last circumstance deserves to be much more

attended to by the farmer than it usually is at present; as I have seen few who are sufficiently aware of the loss that the quality of their hay sustains by receiving a slight shower after it is cut, and before it is gathered; the generality of farmers seeming to be very well satisfied, if they get in their hay without being absolutely rotted; never paying the least attention to its having been several times thoroughly wetted while the hay was making. But, if these gentlemen will take the trouble, at any time, to compare any parcel of hay that has been made perfectly dry, with another parcel from the same field, that has received a shower while in the swathe, or even a copious dew, they will soon be sensible of a very manifest difference between them; nor will their horses or cattle ever commit a mistake in chusing between the two.

#### OF THE INCONSTANCY OF OUR ACTIONS. AN ESSAY.

[By Montaigne.]

SUCH as make it their business to controul human actions do not find themselves in any thing so much perplexed, as to reconcile and bring them into the world's eye with the same lustre and reputation; for they commonly so strangely contradict one another, that it seems improbable they should proceed from the same person. Boniface the English entered into his papacy like a fox, behaved himself in it like a lion, and died like a dog. And who could believe it to be the same Nero, that perfect image of all cruelty, who, having the sentence of a condemned man brought to him to sign, cried out, 'Oh! that I had never been taught to write?' So much it went to his heart to condemn a man to death. History abounds with like examples, and every man is able to produce so many to himself, or out of his own practice and observation, that I sometimes wonder to see men of understanding give themselves the trouble of sorting these pieces, considering that irresolution appears to be the most common and manifest vice of our nature; witness the famous verse of the Player Publius.

Malum consilium est, quod mutari non potest.

That counsel's ill, that will admit no change.

There is some possibility of forming a judgment of a man from the most usual meth-

ods of his life; but, considering the natural instability of our manners and opinions, I have often thought even the best authors a little out, in so obstinately endeavouring to make of us any constant and solid contexture. They chuse the general air of a man, and according to that interpret all his actions; of which, if some be so stiff and stubborn, that they cannot bend or writhe them to any uniformity with the rest, they are presently imputed to dissimulation. I am more hardly induced to believe a man's constancy than any other virtue, and believe nothing sooner than the contrary. It is a hard matter, out of all antiquity, to pick out a dozen men who have formed their lives to one certain and constant course. I formerly learned, that vice is nothing but irregularity and want of measure; and therefore it is impossible to affix constancy to it. There is a saying of Demosthenes, that the beginning of all virtue is consultation and deliberation; the end and perfection, constancy. If we would resolve on any certain course upon mature advice, we should pitch upon the best, but no body has thought of it. Our ordinary practice is to follow the inclinations of our appetite, be it to the left or right, upwards or downwards, according as we are waded by the breath of occasion. We never meditate what we would have, till the instant we have a mind to have it. What we but just now propose to ourselves we immediately alter, and presently return

again to the first; it is nothing but shifting and inconstancy. We do not go, we are driven; like things that float, now leisurely, then with violence, according to the gentleness or rapidity of the current. Every day a new whim, and our humours keep motion with time. We fluctuate between various inclinations; we will nothing freely, nothing absolutely, nothing constantly.

In any one, that had prescribed and established determinate laws and rules in his head for his own conduct, we should perceive an equality of manners, an order, and an infallible relation of one thing or action to another, shine through his whole life. In such case, there would be a harmony of very according sounds, which could not grate upon, nor deceive the ear. But it seems to be quite the reverse. Every particular action requires a particular judgment, wherein the surest way to steer would very probably be to take our measures from the nearest allied circumstances, without engaging in a longer inquisition, or without concluding any other consequence.

Antigonus, having taken one of his soldiers into a great degree of favour and esteem, for his virtue and valour, gave his physicians strict charge to cure him of a long and inward disease, under which he had a great while languished; and observing that, after his cure, he went much more coolly to work than before, he asked the fellow, Who had altered and cowed him? Yourself, Sir, replied the other, by having eased me of the pains that made me weary of my life.

When we read of Mahomet's furiously rating Chasan, Aga of the Janiziers, for behaving very ill when the Hungarians broke into his squadrons; and of Chasan's, instead of other answer, rushing furiously alone with his scymitar in his hand, into the first body of the enemy, where he was presently cut to pieces: We are not to look upon that action so much designed to vindicate himself from the reproach of cowardice, as an effect of recollection; nor so much proceeding from natural valour, as a sudden fit of vexation. The man you saw yesterday so adventurous and brave, you must not think it strange to see him as great a poltroon the next. Anger, necessity, company, wine, or the sound of the trumpet, had roused his spirits. This is no valour formed and established by meditation, but accidentally created by these circumstances; and therefore it is no wonder, if by contrary circumstances it appears quite another thing.

These supple variations and contradictions, so manifest in us, have given to

some occasion to believe that man has two souls; and, to others, two distinct powers, that always accompany and incline us, the one towards good, and the other towards evil, according to their natures and propensities, so sudden a variety of inclination not being to be imagined to flow from one and the same fountain. For my part, I must ingeniously declare, that the puff of every accident not only carries me along with it, according to its own proclivity; but that, moreover, I discompose and trouble myself by the instability of my own posture; and whoever will look narrowly into his own bosom, will hardly find himself twice in the same condition. I give my soul sometimes one face, and sometimes another, according to the side I turn her to. If I speak variously of myself, it is because I consider myself variously. All contrarieties may be found in one corner or another, or after one manner or another. Bashful; insolent; chaste, lustful; prating, silent; laborious, delicate; ingenious, heady; melancholic, pleasant; lying, true; knowing, ignorant; liberal, covetous; I find all this in myself more or less, according as I turn myself more about; and whoever will sift himself to the bottom will find in himself, even by his own judgment the same volubility and discordance. In a word, I have nothing to say of myself intirely, simply, and solidly, without mixture and confusion. Though we always might intend to speak well of good things, and interpret such things as may fall out in the best sense, rather than otherwise, yet such is the strangeness of our condition, that we are sometimes pushed on to do well even by vice itself, if well-doing were not judged by the intention only. One gallant action therefore ought not to conclude a man valiant. If a man was brave indeed, he would be always so, and upon all occasions. He would bear a sickness in his bed, as bravely as a wound in the field; and no more fear death in his own house, than at an assault. We should not then see the same man charge into a breach with a brave assurance, and afterwards torment himself, and pule like a woman for the loss of a law-suit, or the death of a child. When, being detected a coward to infamy, he is yet constant in the necessities of poverty and want; when he starts at the sight of a barber's razor, and rushes fearless on the swords of the enemy, the action is commendable, not the man.

Many of the Greeks, says Cicero, cannot endure the sight of an enemy, and yet are courageous in sickness; the Cimbrians and Celtiberians behave in a quite contrary manner. Hence nothing can be equal

qual that does not proceed from a certain ground of reason. Virtue cannot be followed, but for herself; and, if one sometimes borrows her mask for some other occasion, she presently pulls it away again. It is a stamp and lively tincture, which when the soul has once thoroughly imbibed, it will not out, but with the piece. And therefore, to make a right judgment of a man, we are long, and very observantly, to follow his track: If constancy does not there stand firm upon her own proper base; if the variety of occurrences makes him to alter his pace (his path I mean, for the pace may be faster or slower) let him go, such an one runs before the wind. It is no wonder, says one of the ancients, that chance has so great a dominion over us, since it is by chance we live. It is not possible for any one, who has not designed his life for some certain end, to dispose of his particular actions. It is impossible for any one to fit the pieces

together, who has not the whole form already contrived in his imagination. To what use are colours to him, or to what end should he provide them, that does not know what he is to paint? No one lays down a certain design for his life, and we only deliberate by pieces. The archer ought first to know at what he is to aim, and then accommodate his arm, bow, string, shaft, and motion to it. Our counsel deviates and wanders, because not levelled to any determinate end; and no wind favors him who directs his voyage to no certain port. So that the understanding must not merely judge us by our outward actions; it must penetrate the very soul, and there discover by what springs the motions are guided; and the rather, as we are all shapeless lumps, and of so various a contexture, that every piece plays every moment its own game, and there is as much difference between us and ourselves, as between us and others.

#### On the BENEFIT of laying up a STOCK of TURNEPS against the WINTER.

[By an Essex Farmer.]

I HAVE, in my time, sown a great deal of land in turneps, and have applied them with great advantage to various uses; but the chief reason for cultivating them in this country is for feeding and fattening sheep.

It is almost needless to say, that they answer this purpose extremely well: Their use is too well known to all the eastern farmers, to be in these days controverted.

We have various methods of spending them: Some fold their sheep on the land where the turneps grew; I have done this, but it is not a method I approve of: However, for the benefit of such farmers as chuse to practise it, I shall give one caution; which is, that they use wicker hurdles for folding their sheep, which will otherwise be apt to thrust their heads through the bars, and tangling themselves, are by that means often killed in the night, to the great loss of the owner.

If, however, it should not be convenient to the farmer to get these wicker hurdles, but he should be obliged to take up with those made of rest stuff in form of a gate, let him then be careful when he has set his hurdles, and staked and bound them tight, to pull up all the turneps that grow within two or three feet of the outside of the fold, and throw them over the hurdles for the sheep to eat within-side.

This will take away any temptation the sheep may have to put their heads through the bars, and they will, by that means, escape the danger of being strangled.

Every animal is fond of liberty; and, though the sheep will bear confinement, perhaps, better than any other creature, yet, whoever has seen them, when first driven into the fold, must have observed that they naturally go round the hurdles, to try to find an opening to get out at: By this means the turneps which grow near the hurdles are trampled on, dirtied, and spoiled. For this, there is a very easy remedy; let the shepherd only pull up all the turneps that grow near the inside of the hurdles, and all will be well.

I am not fond of giving my sheep turneps, as they grow: I think it much the better way to have them pulled; by this means they have an opportunity of eating the whole root, and my flock of winter-fodder goes much farther; whereas, when they feed on the turneps, as they grow, they generally scoop them out, and leave a hollow shell in the ground, which, though it may afterwards be forked up, the sheep will scarcely even by hunger be induced to touch, as it cannot but be foked by the dung, urine, and dirt, from the feet of the sheep.

I find it then the best way to have my  
turneps

turneps pulled before they are given to my sheep; they go much farther, and do them more good.

But in this method there is one seeming inconvenience, which is, that in frosty weather, when the ground is hard, I cannot have them pulled; yet this difficulty is very easily removed, by laying up, at the beginning of the winter, a sufficient store of turneps, secured from wet, and not much exposed to frost.

I think it worth while to have a building particularly dedicated to this use, and find it answer well. It is built in form of a small barn, and boarded round.

In the beginning of the winter, before the frost sets in, I have a large quantity of turneps pulled, and the dirt is carefully scraped off them; and, after cutting off the heads and tap-roots, I cause them to be regularly laid in my store, with this caution, however, that all round the sides next the boarding my men lay straw, to keep out the frost. The heads, or tops, I give to all my cattle in general, as they are cut off; by which means I, in fact, suffer no loss.

I find these stored turneps a happy resource when hard weather comes on; then I open my repository, and deal them out to my sheep in such a manner that there may be no waste; and, as soon as the weather breaks, and the earth becomes less hard, I resort again to the fields, and have them pulled as usual.

For some years I had another manner of storing my turneps, which was by digging

a deep pit in a sandy, dry field, which being filled with turneps, they kept there very well; yet, as this method was subject to many inconveniences, I left it off.

I have discovered another use for the turnep, besides feeding my sheep, oxen, and cows with it, which I must mention, before I conclude this letter. I find it agrees remarkably well with hogs, which will eat of it greedily, and thrive on it apace.

I have several times tried this, and have often killed fine young porkers that had for many weeks eat nothing but turneps boiled in swill, or wash, till they were tender.

I have at other times given turneps to large hogs, that have been put up to fatten, in order to their being killed and salted for family use; and here I was not disappointed in my hopes; they always came on well: But I made it a custom to give them, for a week or two before they were killed, a few bushels of boiled peas, in order to harden their fat, that it might not boil away in the pot.

I gave them boiled peas rather than raw, because having been long used to eating the soft turnep, I found they did not afterwards take kindly to the hard, raw pea.

Hogs may easily be brought to eat raw, unboiled turneps; but it is much better to boil them, when the hogs are to be fattened: for though they will eat enough of them in tolerable good plight, yet they will not eat enough to fatten them apace.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

**D**EAN SWIFT was of a humour so frank, that those who were unacquainted with his manner, could hardly be prevailed upon to consider him in any other light than that of an unpolished clown. How far he might deserve that character in general must be left to the determination of his most intimate acquaintance; but with regard to his behaviour upon particular occasions, nothing could be more rude. The very last time he ever was at London, he went to dine with the Earl of Burlington, who was then but newly married. My Lord being willing, perhaps, to surprize his Lady with a new character, and to have some diversion, forbore to introduce him in the usual manner, or even to mention his name; and as he generally appeared in a rusty gown, and had had no very striking person, her

ladyship could not help eyeing her new guest.—After dinner, said the Dean, *Lady Burlington, I bear you can sing; sing me a song.* The lady looked on this unceremonious manner of asking a favour, with disgust, and positively refused him. He said, *she should sing, or if he was her husband he would make her.* Why, madam, I suppose you ~~take~~ *take me for one of your poor, pauntry, English bodge parsons; sing when I bid you.* As the Earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was so vex'd that she burst into tears and retired.—His first compliment to her when he saw her again was, *Pray, madam, are you as proud and as ill-natured now, as when I saw you last?* To which she answered with great good-humour, *No, Mr. Dean, I'll sing for you, if you please.*

MOLIERE,

MOLIERE, the great Comic-poet of France, was esteemed an excellent actor. He died in performing the part of the *Hypochondriac* in a comedy of his own writing, called *Le Malade Imaginaire*, (which is part of a comedy in English called the *Meether-in-law*;) on the 17th of February, 1679, in his grand Climacteric. The Archbishop of Paris would not allow his body to be inhumed in consecrated ground, which the King being informed of, sent for the Archbishop, and expostulated with him; but he was an obstinate churchman, and would not willingly condescend to his Majesty's persuasions. The King, finding him unwilling to comply, desired to know how many feet deep the Holy Ground reached? The Bishop replied, *About eight.* Well, replied the King, *I find there is no getting the better of your scruples; therefore let his grave be dug twelve feet, that's four below your consecrated ground, and let them bury him there.* The Archbishop was obliged to comply; for Lewis the XIVth would be obeyed.

AFTER the French had suffered a continued series of misfortunes, by the loss of the battle of Oudenarde, the taking of Lisle, Gent and Bruges, a general murmur ran through the officers of the French forces, as well as the common men. Those of the duke de Vendome's division imputed their misfortunes to the duke of Burgundy's council; who on their side, charged all upon the duke de Vendome. One of the duke of Burgundy's courtiers, in particular, said to Vendome with a heavy brow, *See, Sir, the consequence of your never going to mass; to this we must ascribe all our misfortunes.*—*Do you think, then,* reply'd the duke, *contemptuously, that Marlborough gets to mass oftener than I?*

WHEN Lewis XIV. was arrived at the Meridian of his glory, the republic of Genoa happened to disoblige him. The cause of offence was this: The Genoese had sold bombs and gunpowder to the Algerines, with whom the grand Monarque was at war; and were building four galleys for the service of Spain. The king by his envoy commanded them not to launch those galleys, and threatened them with a severe chastisement in case of disobedience. But the Genoese, incensed at this attack upon their liberties, set him at defiance. The consequence was, that fourteen large ships, twenty galleys, and ten bomb vessels, with several frigates, immediately set sail from Toulon, and arrived before Genoa in a few days, where ten bomb-vessels threw 14,000 bombs into the city, and reduced to a heap of ruins part of those

marble edifices which have gained Genoa the surname of Proud. The Genoese, to save themselves from destruction, thought fit to submit. The king insisted that the doge and four of the principal senators should come and implore his clemency, in his palace at Versailles; and to prevent the Genoese from eluding this satisfaction, or depriving him of any part of his glory, he declared that the doge, who should be sent to beg his pardon, should be continued in his dignity, notwithstanding that particular law of Genoa, by which the doges are deprived of their dignity, whenever they absent themselves a moment from the city. All this was complied with; Imperiale Lescaro, the then doge, was sent into France, and made the required submission; which was no sooner performed, than his majesty ordered his minister to treat him with all imaginable state. The doge was a man of great wit; and when the marquis of Senelai asked him, what he thought most extraordinary at Versailles; his answer was, *What appears most extraordinary to me, my lord, is to see myself here.*

SIR GEORGE ROOK, before he was made admiral, had served as a captain of marines upon their first establishment; and being quarter'd on the coast of Essex, where the agues made great havock among his men, the minister of the village where he lay was so harrass'd with the duty, that he refused to bury any more of them without being paid his accustomed fees. The captain made no more words, but the next that died he ordered to be carried to the minister's house, and laid upon the table of his great hall; this greatly embarrassed the poor clergyman, who, in the fullness of his heart, sent the captain word, *That if he would cause the dead man to be taken away, he would never more dispute it with him, but would readily bury him and his whole company for nothing.*

WHEN Doctor Zink was in his greatest practice, he was in a very bad state of health; and being well respected by a number of the most celebrated physicians, had their assistance and advice. All of them pronounced that he was in a decline; but about the method of cure, they were not unanimous. Some prescribed one drug, and some another; and one of them recommended breast-milk. The drugs he swallowed; but the breast-milk he did not much relish the thought of. Finding himself grow rather worse than better, and being told that air and exercise was the best remedy for his complaint, he talked himself to walk through the Park,



Park, and up Constitution Hill, every morning before breakfast. This did not relieve him; but from habit rather than hope, he still continued his perambulations. One summer morning, a handsome young woman, very meanly clad, with a child about six weeks old in her arms, asked his charity. He gave her some pence, and asked her how she came into her present distressed situation. Her history was short: She had been a servant; she became partial to a footman in the same house, and married him; they were both turned away; the man had no other resource but to enlist; he became a soldier; was sent abroad; she had never heard from him since; had been delivered of the child now at her breast, for whose support and her own she should beg till her infant was a few months older, when she should try to get some more reputable employment.—‘Her frankness,’ said Zink, ‘pleased me;—her face pleased me; her complexion pleased me;—I gave her my direction; she came to me; I took her infant into my house; I did bring myself to take her milk; it recovered me; I made inquiry after her husband, and found he was killed in the first engagement he was in, at the pillaging a village in Germany. I married her; and a better wife no man ever had.’

With this woman she lived near twenty years. The soldier’s child he educated for the army, and promised to get him a commission when he was twenty-one; but the boy died at fourteen.

By Monsieur Zink she had two children, each of them were well provided for; and one of them was a very few years since alive, and well situated in a northern province.

A CITIZEN of Pennsylvania, formerly a student in Pembroke-College, Oxford, sitting at his table, heard a rap at the door of his chamber. Walk in said the youth—Immediately the door was partly opened, and a venerable man, with a large wig, but not in academical dress, stood upright on the threshold, staring around him, with a countenance equally expressive of chagrin and grief. ‘He is gone!’ he thrice repeated, and, shutting the door, departed. The student, after putting on his collegiate dress with all possible dispatch, followed this personage; who was no longer to be seen. On coming to the gate of the College, he enquired of a fellow student, if he had seen a strange figure go out—Yes, replied the youth, and I also saw him rap at your door. It is the celebrated Doctor Johnson, who, after an interval of thirty years, intended a visit

to Shenstone, who formerly lived in your room.—This anecdote is a proof of the absence of mind of this justly celebrated moralist.

WE are agreeably surprised to find traits of the high spirit of virtue in scenes where the prevalence of bad example, would seem to announce nothing but voluptuous pleasure. A few years ago, mademoiselle Heynel, a celebrated performer at the Opera-house in the Haymarket, received on the morning of her benefit, a bank note of 500l. from the late Earl of H——, who was remarkable for his profligate character. She instantly returned the following answer:

‘My Lord,

‘I do not hesitate a moment to return the bank note you sent me. If you intended it as an acknowledgment of the pleasure you received in my *public performances*—it is too much. If you meant it as a prelude to any *private rehearsals*—it is too little. HYZYL.’

WHEN Mrs. F—— was in England, she attended York races, where she met with the celebrated Laurence Sterne. He rode up to the side of the coach, and accosted her, ‘Well, madam, which horse do you bet upon?’—‘Sir,’ said she, ‘if you can tell me which is the worst horse, I will bet upon that.’—‘But why madam,’ said Sterne, ‘do you make so strange a choice?’—‘Because,’ replied the lady, ‘you know, *the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.*’

Sterne was so much pleased with the reply, that he went home, and wrote, from that text, his much admired sermon, entitled ‘Time and Chance.’

A WITNESS, who swore rather intemperately in a late cause, was asked by the Judge, ‘pray what profession are you?’—‘I am, sir, in the *periodical line*’—‘Very good—and you will soon be in the *perpendicular line*.’

WHEN Richard the Third was slain at Bosworth, and with him John Howard, Duke of Norfolk, Henry VII demanded of Thomas Howard, Earl of Surry, the Duke’s son and heir, then taken prisoner, how he durst bear arms in behalf of that tyrant Richard? He answered, ‘he was my crowned King, and if the parliamentary authority of England set the crown on a stock, I will fight for that stock. As I fought then for him, I will fight for you when you are established by the said authority.’ This he did for his son, Henry VIII. in Flodden Field.

## P O E T R Y.

For the NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

## ODE TO MAY.

**M**AY! (sweet season of delight,  
Fill'd with all that charms the  
sight!

While thy kind, refreshing showers,  
Wide expand the fragrant flowers,  
See the feather'd songsters move,  
To tunes of joy and notes of love.

Nature to our raptur'd hearts  
Pleasure all around imparts;  
From ev'ry bush, and ev'ry tree,  
Hear shrill music rise to thee!  
All creation hails the day,  
That ushers in the blithesome May,

Could the power mild, controul  
Ev'ry anguish of the soul;  
Lull to rest the troubled mind;  
Teach it bliss and peace to find;  
Then to thee I'd gladly sing,  
Leader of the smiling Spring!

Or to yield extatic joy,  
Would thou ev'ry aid employ,  
Let Maia smile with thee;—  
Warm her breast with love of me;  
O'er her heart thy influence shed,  
E'er frail life from mine is fled.

For not the songsters of the grove,  
Chirping thro' the green alcove;  
Nor the flow'rets wet with dew;  
And sweetest May, not even you!  
One happy hour can bestow,  
While from this bosom fill'd, with woe,  
Nought but corroding griefs and endless  
sorrows flow.

## C O N T E N T M E N T.

**F**AREWELL, aspiring thoughts, no  
more

My soul shall quit the peaceful shore,  
To plow Ambition's main;  
Fallacious as the harlot's kiss,  
It promises uncertain bliss,  
And gives us certain pain.

A beautiful prospect first it shows,  
Which while we gaze more tempting  
grows,  
And charms the wandering sight;

But soon, too soon, alas! 'tis lost—  
And all our mighty plans are cross'd—  
Sunk into endless night.

Midst folly, misery and pain,  
We ramble on from scene to scene,  
By flatter'ing Hope betray'd;  
I'm weary of the painful chase—  
Let others run this endless race,  
To catch a flying shade.

Let others boast their useless wealth;  
Have I not happiness and health?  
Which riches cannot give:  
Let fools then after honours soar,  
And changing liberty for pow'r:  
In golden shackles live.

'Tis time, at length, I should be wise,  
'Tis time to seek substantial joys;  
Joys out of Fortune's pow'r:  
Wealth, titles, dignities, and fame,  
Are toys the blind capricious dame  
Takes from us ev'ry hour.

Come white rob'd Virtue, fill my breast,  
And bring Content, thy daughter, dress'd  
In ever smiling charms:  
Let sacred Friendship too, attend,  
A friendship worthy of my friend,  
Such as my Lælius warms.

With these I'll in my bosom make  
A bulwark Fortune cannot shake,  
Though all her storms arise;  
Look down and pity gilded slaves,  
Despise ambition's worthless knaves,  
And wish the fools were wise.

## A L M I R A AND E M M A.

**A**S young Almira in the shady bower,  
Sat, pensive musing on the beauti-  
ous scene,  
Her lov'd companion in that silent hour,  
The graceful Emma, came with smiles  
serene.

In pleasing accents she these words ad-  
dress'd,  
To her Almira, with a modest air,  
'Will you, my friend, in this cool bower  
still rest,  
'Or with your Emma to your cot repair?

'Will you your footsteps to a cottage  
bend,  
'Where age and poverty your pity  
need,  
'There will your tender hand assistance  
lend,  
While Gratitude shall bless the bounte-  
ous deed.

'Come then, my Emma, we'll no longer  
stay ;  
'No longer we'll delay the pleasing  
task ;  
'But to the cottage we will bend our way,  
'To give the help that poverty shall  
ask.'

With hasty steps the flow'ry lawn they  
tread,  
And reach the habitation of the poor ;  
Beauteous Almira by her Emma led,  
Gen'rous and humble enters at the  
door.

The aged grandfire of a num'rous train  
Appears, with hoary locks and down-  
cast eyes ;  
With sighs of grief, which do their pity  
claim,  
Receives the lovely strangers with sur-  
prise.

Two lovely children their attention  
claim'd,  
Whose beauty shone through want and  
poverty,  
The one Eliza, t'other Lucy nam'd,  
By fortune destin'd happier days to see.

Their harmless prattle pleas'd the lovely  
pair,  
They view'd with pity their disguised  
charms,  
The infant Lucy claim'd Almira's care ;  
And Emma clasp'd Eliza in her arms.

Pleas'd with the favours of the bounte-  
ous fair,  
Each thankful parent smiling look'd a-  
round,  
Their blooming children all their pleasures  
share,  
While praise and blessings through their  
walls resound.

'Come then, said Emma, 'we'll no longer  
stay,  
'But homeward let our steps immediate  
bend ;  
'And to this family we have help'd to  
day,  
'Some future period we'll assistance  
lend.'

Almira then with pleasure viewed her  
friend,  
With conscious virtue glowing in her  
heart,  
While the two children on their steps at-  
tend,  
She and her Emma joyfully depart.

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ODE TO PATIENCE.

UNAW'D by threats, unmov'd by force,  
My steady soul pursues her course,  
Collected, calm, resign'd ;  
Say, you who search with curious eyes,  
The source whence human actions rise,  
Say, whence this turn of mind ?

'Tis patience—lenient goddess, hail !  
Oh let thy vot'ries vows prevail  
Thy threaten'd flight to stay ;  
Long hast thou been a welcome guest,  
Long reign'd an inmate in this breast,  
And rul'd with gentle sway.

Thro' all the various turns of fate,  
Ordain'd me in each several state,  
My way ward lot has known,  
What taught me silently to bear,  
To curb the sigh, to check the tear,  
When sorrows weigh'd me down ?

'Twas patience !—temp'rate goddess, stay ;  
For still thy dictates I obey,  
Nor yield to passion's power,  
Tho' by injurious foes borne down,  
My fame, my toil, my hopes, o'erthrown  
In one ill-fated hour.

When robb'd of what I held most dear,  
My hands adorn'd the mournful bier  
Of her I lov'd so well ;  
What (when mute sorrow chain'd my  
tongue,  
As o'er her fable hearse I hung)  
Forbad the tide to swell ?

'Twas patience !—goddess ever calm,  
Oh, pour into my breast thy balm,  
That antidote to pain ;  
Which flowing from thy nectar'd urn,  
By chemistry divine can turn  
Our losses into gain.

When sick and languishing in bed,  
Sleep from my restless couch had fled,  
(Sleep which e'en pain beguiles)  
What taught me calmly to sustain  
A feverish being, rack'd with pain,  
And dress my looks in smiles :

'Twas

'Twas patience ! heav'n-descended maid,  
 Implor'd, flew swiftly to my aid,  
 And lent her soft'ring breast ;  
 Watch'd my sad hours with parent care,  
 Repell'd the approaches of despair,  
 And sooth'd my soul to rest.

Say, when dissever'd from his side,  
 My friend, protector, and my guide,  
 When my prophetic soul,  
 Anticipating all the storm,  
 Saw danger in its direst form,  
 What could my fears controul ?

Oh, patience, gentle goddess, hear,  
 Be ever to thy suppliant near,  
 Nor let one murmur rise ;  
 Since still some mighty joys are given,  
 Dear to her soul, the gifts of heaven,  
 The sweet domestic ties.

B A L L A D .

**T**HE sun was hot ; the hay grew dry ;  
 All gaily smil'd the work :  
 The ruddy damsel ply'd the rake,  
 The sturdy hind the fork.

When underneath a spreading oak  
 Colin and Sylvia sat,  
 View'd in repose the rural toil,  
 And join'd in am'rous chat.

Oft had the youth his suit preferr'd,  
 The maid as oft denied :  
 A virgin's wishes rul'd her heart,  
 Her tongue a virgin's pride.

Colin observed her eyes, and then  
 Still unremitting strove ;  
 'Twas there he saw, or else he thought  
 He saw some signs of love.

How sweetly, softly sing, he cries,  
 The birds on ev'ry tree ;  
 All nature frowns, if I meet not  
 Returns of love from thee.

My off'ring is a faithful heart ;  
 A richer can I make ?  
 If love can ask, can wish for more,  
 That richer off'ring take.

These milk-white flocks, these lowing  
 herds ;  
 All, all, I have is thine ;  
 Much more than these should I possess,  
 If I could call thee mine.

Cease to be cruel, stubborn maid ;  
 Hear and reward my truth.  
 Cease thus to teaze me she reply'd ;  
 Cease foolish, foolish youth.

If nought but these complaining tales  
 We virgins hear from men ;  
 'Tis better e'en to wed at once,  
 Than hear them o'er again.

T O A L L L A D I E S O P P R E S S E D W I T H I R -  
 R E S I S T I B L E G E N I U S .

**F**ORBEAR ye studious nymphs, for-  
 bear  
 To let improvement be your care,  
 At least improvement of the mind ;  
 To read and write, and taste acquire,  
 Perhaps to feel the muses fire,  
 Is not for female souls design'd.

Hapless the maid, whose genius strong,  
 Breaks thro' restraint and glows in song,  
 As some ill-fated fair ones do,  
 Who blush to own the atrocious crime,  
 Yet can't forbear to write in rhyme,  
 And learning's lofty flight pursue.

To such I sing, and earnest pray,  
 That such will listen to my lay ;  
 No selfish interest prompts my verse,  
 I seek not praise, nor envy fear,  
 But love my sex with zeal sincere,  
 And only fatal truth rehearse.

That tho' they chuse their subjects well,  
 Tho' nervous sense, their numbers swell,  
 And modesty attends their pen,  
 Yet will the world no censures spare,  
 For witty ladies who can bear ?  
 Genius and wit belongs to men.

Tho' since poetic fire divine  
 Is vested in the immortal nine,  
 Nine modest virgins learn'd and chaste,  
 They'll often chuse their sex to teach  
 Parnassus steep ascent to reach ;  
 The spring of Helicon to taste.

Alas, they wist not they're unkind,  
 When they enrich the female mind,  
 With gifts men oft desire in vain.  
 Then be advis'd ye fair and young,  
 And never learn the muses song,  
 But shun their dear delusive train.

Oh dread the skill of writing well,  
 For fear you should the men excel,  
 Who will such excellence despise ;  
 Who

Since men who judge the female race,  
Think *ignorance* their sweetest grace,  
And love the silly, not the wise.

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T H E T O M B S.

(From the French of *Monf. Le Franc.*)

**T**HE other day 'unheedful wand'ring,  
To a solitude I stray'd,  
Where the lucid stream meand'ring,  
Curling, with sweet zephyr play'd :

Cool'd by the wave, the gentle breezes  
With refreshing softness blow ;  
And all around the prospect pleases,  
Hills, and woods, and meadows glow.

Onward I stray'd, the scene enjoying,  
When to a ruin'd pile I came,  
Which, the rude tooth of time destroy-  
ing,  
Scarce deserv'd an Abbey's name.

Where once had shone the spiry towers  
In the golden eye of day,  
Now the lone screech-owl nightly scowls  
Undistinguish'd mortals lay—

Save those whose monumental glory  
Rose the ruin'd arch above ;  
Who with an epitaph or story  
'Gainst annihilation strove.

The Conqueror's first, rever'd in battle,  
Monarch of a vast domain ;  
His high delight the cannon's rattle,  
On the blood imbrued plain.

Round the tomb were spears and lances,  
Tales of thirty battles won,  
Whilst by the sculptor's living fancies  
Kings and princes are undone.

Beneath a cypress branch luxurious  
Was of marble white a tomb ;  
Its ornaments attract the curious,  
Who from distant cities come.

There were the rose and lily twining,  
Flowers bloom, and lambkins breathe ;  
The lute, the lyre, the trumpet shin-  
ning,  
Hung around with laurel wreath.

Who then can such a tomb inherit ?  
Who but the Poet, king of days,  
He was ; and round the world his merit  
Swept with inexpressive praise.

Ne'er this, with nought of decoration,  
Save an humble net entwinn'd,  
Appear'd a tomb of lowly station—  
Here the Fisherman reclin'd.

' Ah me ! ' said I, ' this wretched neigh-  
bour,  
' Knew of nought but care and strife ;  
' Endless his hardships, toils and labour,  
' His I ween, was not a life.'

' And why,' replied a passing stranger,  
' Call it not a life, I pray ?  
' Say, does the field of death and danger  
' Give a nobler form of clay ?

' Each of those men in life's short minute  
' Sought his final end of bliss ;  
' The world's expanse and all within it  
' Teach the moralist but this :

' The end attain'd by Fisher, Poet,  
' Hero, all the sons of men,  
' Differs but in the means which shew it'  
' Whether the Net, the Sword, or Pen.'

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T O A Y O U N G G E N T L E M A N.

In Imitation of the 22d Ode of the 3d Book of  
CASSIMIR'S LYRICS.

**B**E not, my friend, by youth deceiv'd,  
Nor let the syren be believ'd,  
Though smooth and soft her strain :  
Away on whirling wheels she flies,  
Swift as the gulf that rides the skies,  
Without or yoke or rein.

Youth must resign its blooming charms  
To age, whose cold and shiv'ring arms  
Will wither ev'ry joy :  
'Tis brittle glass, 'tis rapid stream,  
'Tis melting wax, 'tis air-dress'd dream,  
That time will soon destroy.

So smiles at morn the dewy rose,  
And to the genial breezes blows,  
'Evolving odours round ;  
But, crush'd by ev'ning's rushing rains,  
It droops, it sinks upon the plains,  
Down trodden with the ground.

Hours, days, months, years, impetuous fly  
Like meteors darting thro' the sky,  
And must return no more.  
Know, my young friend, that moments  
Are moments ever, ever dead,  
And cancell'd from thy score.

See how the globes, that sail the heav'n,  
 Around in rapid eddies driven,  
 Are hast'ning to their doom ;  
 Time rushes to Eternity,  
 Eager in his embrace to die,  
 His parent and his tomb.

Though we in these low vales were born,  
 Yet these low vales our souls should scorn,  
 And to the heav'n's should rise ;  
 So the birds, hatch'd on clods of earth,  
 Disdain their mean inglorious birth,  
 And tow'r unto the skies,

AN OLD BACHELOR'S REFLECTIONS  
 ON MATRIMONY.

DOWN to the vale of life I tend,  
 Where hoary age creeps slowly on :  
 And with the burd'ning thought I bend,  
 That youth and all its joys are gone !

Successive years have roll'd away  
 In fancied views of future bliss :  
 But—'twere the phantoms of a day—  
 And all *that* future dies in *this*.

Now with a retrospective eye,  
 I look far back to early life,  
 When Hymen promis'd to supply  
 My highest wishes in—a wife.

I waited, hop'd, and trusted still  
 That time would bring th' expected  
 day :  
 But never happily to my will,  
 Did fortune throw it in my way.

Too nice, too wise, too proud was I,  
 To wed as taught by nature's rule ;  
 The world was still to chuse for me—  
 And I—the condescending fool.

Hence are my days a barren round  
 Of trifling hopes, and idle fears :  
 For life, true life, is only found  
 In social joys, and social tears.

Let moping monks, and rambling rakes,  
 The joys of wedded love deride :  
 Their manners rise from gross mistakes,  
 Unbridled lust, or gloomy pride.

Thy sacred sweets, connubial love,  
 Flow from affection more refin'd ;  
 Affections sacred to the dove,  
 Heroic, constant, warm and kind.

Hail, holy flame ! hail, sacred eye !  
 That binds two gentle souls in one !—

On equal wings their troubles fly,  
 In equal streams their pleasures run.

Their duties still their pleasures bring ;  
 Hence joys in swift succession come ;  
 A queen is she, and he's a king,  
 And their dominion is—their home.

Happy the youth who finds a bride  
 In sprightly days of health and ease :  
 Whose temper to his own allied,  
 No knowledge seeks but how to please.

A thousand sweets their days attend !  
 A thousand comforts rise around !  
 Here husband, parent, wife, and friend,  
 In every dearest sense is found.

Yet think not, man, 'midst scenes so gay,  
 That clouds and storms will never rise ;  
 A cloud may dim the brightest day,  
 And storms disturb the calmest skies.

But still their bliss shall stand its ground ;  
 Nor shall their comforts hence remove :  
 Bitters are oft salubrious sound,  
 And lovers quarrels heighten love.

The lights, and shades, and goods, and  
 ills,  
 Thus finely blended in their fate,  
 To sweet submission bow their wills,  
 And make them happy in their state.

ATTRACTION AND REPULSION,

A FABLE.

REPULSION to Attraction cry'd,  
 'Why do you draw me thus aside ?'  
 Attraction answered in a crack,  
 'If I pull this way, you pull back ;  
 Both are endued with equal might,  
 To keep the equilibrio right.  
 Shou'd you Repulsion, push too hard,  
 The universe would soon be marr'd ;  
 And I, to quit my destin'd law,  
 Shou'd soon the world to ruin draw ;  
 Then ne'er to join in friendship chase,  
 'Tis opposition keeps us safe.'  
 Thus in a nation parties view,  
 Some *this*, and others *that* pursue ;  
 The quarrel has a good effect,  
 For if *these* cheat us, *those* detect ;  
 But should they leagues of friendship  
 strike,

Why then they'd all be rogues alike.

## CHRONICLE.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

*Berlin, April 15.*

**T**HIS day the Etat Major of his Majesty's household was put on the War Establishment, and an early day is appointed for the departure of his Majesty's field equipage to the frontier of East Prussia.

The Commandeur Great Cross of the Order of the Sword, Sir Sidney Smith, an Officer of the Royal Navy of England, arrived at Potsdam last week, and was immediately admitted to a private conference with the King, to which he was introduced by the British Minister. It is supposed this officer is sent to concert a plan of operations to be combined between the naval force of England and our army, in order that they may act in conjunction: the orders given for the transportation of baggage and artillery towards Courland seem to announce that the campaign will be opened in that quarter. His Majesty will take the field in person, and the Prince Louis will attend him.

*Paris, April 26.* The Marquis de la Fayette has resumed the command of the National Troops, amidst the most astonishing crowds of people and shouts of applause, that were ever known on any occasion.

The whole body of troops, with him at their head, marched without distinction of rank, six abreast, to the Palace of the Thuilleries, having previously sent to know when the King would receive from them a Deputation, to thank him for the Letter he has written to his Ambassadors at Foreign Courts, to make known his determination respecting the new forming and correcting of the French Constitution.

On their arrival at the Thuilleries the procession entered the Great Court, and went up the great stair-case which crosses the apartments. The King received the Deputation in his Cabinet, when M. de la Fayette expressed to his Majesty their sentiments, who answered, that he received this as a fresh proof of their attachment with additional satisfaction.

All the troops then filed off before the King, shouting *Vive le Roi*, and often *Vive la Nation*. One of the soldier citizens, on passing the King, said to him, *Sire, See here your true friends. I am persuaded they are*, said his Majesty, with the strongest emotions of pleasure.

It is believed to be determined at Stockholm, that unless some unforeseen circum-

stance shall arise, his Swedish Majesty will, in this month, commence a tour of considerable extent. The ostensible purpose of it is for the recovery of his health, but political motives are in general assigned as its cause.

About the 12th instant he is expected to embark on board the *Amadis* yacht, which is already prepared for his reception, for Stralsund, from whence he will proceed to an interview with the Prussian Monarch, at this place, or Koningsberg. His route will then be to Aix-la Chapelle, or Spa, to Holland, and, perhaps, to England.

*Copenhagen, April 16.* It appears the intention of our government to put the navy on a respectable footing, though it is certain that Denmark will invariably persist in the system she has embraced, and employ her army in support of the neutrality in which she engaged about three years since.

On the other hand, every thing seems to announce some extraordinary event in the Baltic.

The English frigate, and the other armed vessels of that nation which are at anchor off the Skagen, passed the Grand Belt the 10th. Since this small squadron has entered the North Seas, there has been little doubt that the object of its mission was to reconnoitre these seas, and to take soundings: but it has been reduced to a certainty, since the captains and officers of the frigate have been observed to be making exact charts of these stations, which the Danish Court would not permit them to proceed with.

*Petersburgh, March 29.* On the 20th inst. we enjoyed a superb spectacle here; the regiment of horse guards defiled along the Imperial Castle, bearing to the fortress the trophies of Iffmail, composed of nearly five hundred horse tails, commanders staffs, maces, standards, and colours. It is said, that the better to perpetuate the remembrance of this important conquest, and the other advantages gained by Prince Potemkin over the enemies of the Christians, and in opposition to the Alcöran and to the Sword of Mahomet, our august Sovereign intends to present Prince Potemkin with a Bible richly bound, and set with brilliants, together with a sabre of immense value.

*Genoa, April 20.* The English Consul has communicated to our Government a letter received from the Duke of Leeds, in which he informs him, by the King's order, that a British squadron is fitting out to support the

the propositions of Peace between Russia and the Porte, and that it will be joined by twelve Dutch ships of the line.

The Vice-Consul of Spain, by order of the Consul, has been on board all the merchant ships of their nation, and given orders to their Captains and crews, to pay the highest respect to the new French National Flag.

BRITISH NEWS.

London, May 3.

THE National Assembly of France, in respect to M. Peyrouse, the celebrated navigator, have resolved that his pay should be continued to his representatives, till the return of the vessels sent in search of him; and that an account of his voyages shall be printed at the expence of the nation, for the benefit of his widow.

The whole amount of assignats burnt in France, since the diminution of the National Debt commenced, is three million five hundred thousand pounds sterling.

The State of the Continent at present remains in an awful kind of doubt. The King of Prussia's troops are all on tiptoe for action; whilst the Empress, collected in force, seems pausing whether to *sheath the sword or throw away the scabbard*.

Yesterday morning Lord Hood's baggage was sent to Portsmouth, in order to be put on board his Majesty's ship the *Victory*; and at noon instructions were sent from the Admiralty for shutting up some houses of rendezvous for the impress service, and orders given to the Lieutenants and gangs to proceed immediately on board their respective ships.

The Governor of the Russian Company, accompanied by Mr. Peters and Mr. Godfrey Thornton having been honoured by his Majesty's Ministers with a conference on the subject of the present state of the trade to the Russian ports, are authorized to inform the Members of the Company, and the Gentlemen concerned in shipping, that there appears a great degree of probability that ships sailing from hence under such circumstances, as would enable them to leave the Russian ports with their cargoes by the end of June, or the middle of July, would not be endangered by reason of any event of the present negotiations with the Court of Petersburg.

5. Lord Hood, the Commander in Chief of the Grand Fleet, intended for the Baltic, took his final leave of the Admiralty Board on Tuesday, and goes on board the *Victory*;

where he will sleep for the first time on Saturday. And the other officers are ordered to be with their ships, and no persons to sleep on shore on pain of being superseded.

Yesterday a courier arrived at the French Ambassador's with dispatches from his Most Christian Majesty to his Excellency, who, on receiving the Letters, sent a message to Lord Grenville with the purport of the dispatches, which are said to contain a very alarming account of affairs in that country.

Another group of foreigners of distinction are just arrived in London, in consequence of fresh disturbances at Paris.

The Mail which arrived on Monday at the General Post-Office from New-York, has brought over remittances to the American Merchants to the amount of 160,000l. besides orders for great quantities of goods.

The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have ordered, that no trading ships shall receive protections for seamen until the Captain Commander of the ship shall make his affidavit of the port he is to sail for, and also that they shall show their clearance from the Custom House.

Captain Heathcote, of the 45th regiment of foot, who was coming to England from Dominica for the benefit of his health, died the 18th of March on board the *Dartwood* packet.

The question respecting the abatement of Mr. Hastings's Trial has been resolved thus: First, that all judicial proceedings, when once lodged in the House of Lords, remain in full force not only from session to session, but from Parliament to Parliament; Secondly, that all legislative proceedings are terminated with the session; and Thirdly, as a corollary from those propositions, that a prorogation and dissolution (as far as they affect businesses in their House) are equivalent to each other, and are the same thing.

There never was a period when the Spanish Navy was in so formidable a state as it is at present, since the peace of 1763, more than 20 of the first, second, and third rates have been added to their line. The Marine Minister is indefatigable in his department, and every encouragement is given to foreign shipwrights, particularly to those of this country.

When the National Flag was hoisted at Cadiz, the Spaniards refused to pay it any respect whatever, but all the French ships fired a grand salute, and all the other foreign vessels hoisted their colours on the occasion.

The Emperor of Morocco, and the Regency of Algiers, have been applied to by the Ministry, and have promised not only



to respect the new flag on its appearance in the Mediterranean, but to fire a grand salute from all their batteries on its inauguration. Of all the Barbary Powers, the Bey of Tunis alone has resolved not to pay it the accustomed honours.

M. Cazales, one of the Aristocratical party, sent a challenge yesterday to M. Roderer, one of the Patriots, for having reprimanded his side of the Assembly for want of loyalty and respect to his Majesty, on his late appearance among the representatives of the People.

M. Roderer despised this *rodomontade*, and told his adversary, that an appeal to cold iron tended but little to the discovery of truth, and that his life and his sword were both consecrated to the service of his country!

The good woman who nursed his Majesty, has complained to the Assembly, that her pension does not amount to more than 17,533 livres (almost 800l. per annum, although her predecessors had more than double that sum! The modesty of this complaint occasioned a general smile; her petition, however, was referred to a Committee, as she informed the Assembly that some of the Clerks in Office had refused to pay her out of the Civil List.

The report which had been propagated, that orders were issued to supersede the holding the assizes of Wexford (Ireland); in consequence of the rumour of a pestilential disorder having broke out there, is totally groundless.

The alarming intelligence of a plague raging in the aforementioned county, has no other foundation than that an endemic fever prevailed there.

The Marquis de Noailles, on his arrival at Vienna, presented his commission from the King and National Assembly. A few days after, he effaced his armorial bearings and all marks of Nobility from his carriage, and now is called and signs his name M. Noailles.

#### DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

Halifax, May 12.

**S**ATURDAY last arrived the armed cutter Alert, from Lunenburg, with the Hon. Thomas Andrew Strange, and the Hon. James Brenton.

The trial of George Frederick Boutelier and John Boutelier, for the murder of Frederick Eminaud, took place on Wednesday the 4th inst. at Lunenburg. They were both found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged on the spot where the murder was committed, on Monday last.

By letters from Lunenburg we learn, that their sentence was carried into execution at the time appointed. Their behaviour at the gallows was such as became men who were sensible of the horrid crime they had committed.

The single lust of avarice seems to have brought these men to this untimely end, and has furnished a melancholy and striking instance of the depravity of the human heart. Aside from this transaction, their conduct had been, through life, as generally blameless as that of their neighbours. The love of money annihilated the influence of former habits, and led them, in this instance, not only to violate the strongest ties of nature and morality, but to commit the horrid deed whilst in the very act of receiving the kindest attentions of hospitality.

After their condemnation they made the following confession of their guilt: 'That they went to Eminaud's house, pretending a wish to sleep there, and while the old man was going to the barn for a bundle of straw to make them a bed, they followed him out, and upon his return killed him with sticks found by them at his own door; that he made but little resistance, and that both of them gave him repeated blows: That they then left him, re-entered the house, and murdered the old woman and grand-daughter in the same manner: That they broke open the chest, expecting to find more money than they did; that the amount was under ten pounds; that they burnt all his papers; that they were not in liquor, neither was the old man; that the time they remained in the house, after the fact, was little more than half an hour; that before they departed they dragged in the body of the old man, piled the three bodies one upon the other, covered them with straw (their intended bed), set fire to the house, and departed.'

#### MARRIED.

May 5. Lieutenant Charles Roberts, of his Majesty's 57th regt. of foot, to Miss Elizabeth Weeks, daughter of the Rev. Mr. Weeks.

#### DIED.

May 5. Mrs. Abigail Jagger, aged 31 years.

9. Mr. Wm. Dempsey, aged 41.
10. Daniel Wood, Esq; aged 64.
11. Mr. Robert Camplin, aged 29.
12. John Cunningham, Esq; aged 76.
13. James Heaton, son of James Spry Heaton, Esq;
16. Mrs. Margaret Schneider, wife of Mr. John Schneider, aged 49.
29. Mr. George Lynn, aged 27.