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THE
NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE

AND
COMPREHENSIVE REVIEW

OF
Literature, Politics and News.

BEING A COLLECTION OF THE MOST VALUABLE ARTICLES WHICH
APPEAR IN THE PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS

OF
GREAT-BRITAIN, IRELAND, AND AMERICA;

WITH
VARIOUS PIECES IN VERSE AND PROSE NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED,

VOLUME III.

FOR JULY, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER,
NOVEMBER, AND DECEMBER,
1790.

*Quisquis es, ô faveas, nostrisque laboribus adsis?
His quoque des veniam.*

OVID,

HALIFAX:

Printed by JOHN HOWE, at the Corner of Barrington and
Sackville-Streets.

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To the Public.

THE Editor of the Nova-Scotia Magazine, having relinquished his undertaking, that Publication will, in future, be carried on by the Subscriber.

No alteration will be made in the original plan, except in the department of POLITICS; which, unless articles very important offer themselves, will occasionally give way to more amusing and instructive miscellanies.

The experience of a year has shewn, that few original productions are to be expected from correspondents; yet, as the means of education are becoming more extended in the country, we may, with well-grounded confidence, look forward to the time, when the Nova-Scotia Magazine will become enriched with the exertions of Native Genius.

It is much to be regretted, that gentlemen of talents and leisure in the country, do not discover a readiness to communicate their speculations. This country, though in its infancy, is not barren of subjects: Its natural history alone, is almost altogether unexplored, and would of itself afford an ample and most useful source of entertainment.

Hitherto the materials for this publication have been chiefly furnished by the periodical publications of Great-Britain and Ireland: And should we, in future, be confined in our selections to those alone, there can be no want of interesting matter, in every branch of science. The means, however, of selection shall be much enlarged, and no pains spared to render the publication a source of general information and advantage.

As the chief business, therefore, of the Subscriber will consist in selecting the beauties of other magazines, he feels a confidence in

the success of the undertaking, (the work being thus prepared to his hand) which, from a consciousness of his own inability, he should not otherwise entertain. He has, also, a still stronger ground of encouragement—a grateful recollection of the candor and support he has, for a length of time, experienced from a generous and indulgent public.

To render this publication a source of virtuous amusement to the young—interesting to the man of science—beneficial to the merchant, the farmer, the mechanic, and to every description of men in the country, will be the constant aim of the public's

Very humble servant,

JOHN HOWE,

Nova-Scotia Magazine,

FOR JULY, 1790.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE GENOESSE,

[From Dupaty's Travels.]

THE inhabitants of Genoa may be divided into three classes; nobles to the number of about two thousand; the citizens, merchants, artizans, lawyers, and priests, who compose the bulk of the people, and the poor of every sort who constitute its dress.

Formerly the nobles at Genoa were distinguished by different orders; but this distinction is wearing out.

Nobility, that is to say its privileges, may be purchased. The name is inscribed in a register, called The Golden Book, for about ten thousand livres (about 400*l*.) The ancient nobility are obliged to make this sacrifice to their safety. They prefer attaching into their order, where they may continue to despise, and cease to fear them, such citizens as have acquired a fortune, rather than let them remain in the class of the people, where it is no longer possible to despise, and where they must begin to fear them.

The Genoese love, esteem, and stand in such awe of money, that they will not grant nobility even to their secretaries of state, as a recompence for their services, until they have made a fortune.

Secretaries of state have been known, at Genoa, virtuous enough to retire in poverty.

The nobles possess enormous riches; some are reckoned to be worth between forty and fifty thousand pounds a year. Servants, horses, and monks, constitute their pageantry. Some of them bestow considerable alms on the poor; but it is on beggars. They are so well versed in

the art of bestowing injudiciously, that the state is impoverished by their donations.—They make mendicity a thriving trade.

Not a beggar at Genoa but is sure of eating and drinking every day: the artizan is not so sure of it.

The sovereign power is almost impotent. The pecuniary force, or imposts, do not exceed two millions eight hundred thousand livres, (or one hundred and twenty thousand pounds.) What remains of that sum applicable to the necessities of the state, after passing through a multitude of hands, and tumbling from fall to fall into the treasury of the republic, is very inconsiderable indeed.

The military force is short of two thousand men. We cannot bring into account either the fortifications or the gallees.

The public opinion, that invisible power, frequently a substitute for every other, and which sooner or later triumphs over every thing, has absolutely no existence at Genoa. The heart has ceased to obey.

What a legislation!—The nobles have enacted the greater part of the laws.

The whole is very little more than a list of privileges.

All the forces we have mentioned are as ill regulated and governed as they are feeble.

The military power remains but three months in the hands of the same general, who commands in *floating* *locks*, a *Burr* *Bank*, and a *black goat*.

The

The legislative power is too much divided; it remains too ſhort a time in the ſame hands; the concurrence of the conſent of too many is neceſſary to exerciſe it. The ſtate has too many heads to poſſeſs one.

The laws are framed, in the ſenate, almoſt always prematurely; never ſcarcely are they the fruit of that calm deliberation which alone can give them perfection; the rude ſketches of them are thrown into an urn, whence they are drawn forth by the hand of chance. Chance is in fact the legiſlature.

The only diſtinctive power of the doge is, that of laying before the ſenate ſuch propoſitions as he thinks proper for diſcuſſion; a power of ſufficient magnitude, if he be a man of abilities; but too great, ſhould he not happen to be an honeſt man; for the doge has it in his power to take advantage of every moment that the ſenate is aſleep; and that aged body almoſt always ſleeps.

The doge holds his office two years, in which time he cannot go out of his palace, but by a decree. The chief of the republic is treated as its priſoner.

At the expiration of the two years, he is obliged to return to his own houſe, and remain there ten days, under a ſtrict guard. During this time, every citizen has a right of accuſing him; and the council of the ſupreme examine his conduct. The tenth day he is acquitted; a tolerable wife inſtitution, but which has degenerated into a form.

I forgot to remark the loſs of time ariſing from the formalities obſerved at the opening of each aſſembly of the ſenate. A ſecretary of ſtate begins by reading an oath; after which, one of the clerks keeps crying for upwards of two hours, *Veniam jurare, Come and ſwear.*

The nobles are ſo indifferent about public affairs, that to procure the numbers neceſſary to render their reſolutions valid, their appearance is compelled by fines. They are conſtrained by force to the work of legiſlation.

The judicial power is aſſiſt administered as all the reſt. Appeals are multiplied to infinity.

One regulation of the tribunals is truly whimſical. The judges in the firſt inſtance are foreigners; the ſovereign judges Genoèſe.

The deciſions of the ſenate are removed to a tribunal, called the *Council of the Supreme*.

The hall, in which the leſſer council aſſembles, and where the audiences are public, cannot contain two hundred perſons. The hall of the great council, which

always deliberates in ſecret, will contain two thouſand.

The advocates in any cauſe have all the books they think they may want carried into court in baſkets, and read what they wiſh to refer to. This parade is ridiculous, and only ſerves to lengthen the pleadings, which are ſtill longer here than in other countries, in a profeſſion that is neceſſarily loquacious, and a language remarkable for its fluency.

The advocates plead ſeated; a poſition highly unfavourable to the agitations of eloquence. Accordingly theſe gentlemen do not pique themſelves much on their oratory. One of the advocates I heard ſpoke tolerable good Italian; the other with a provincial dialect.

Five judges are ſeated round a table; the preſident is in the middle. At noon they riſe up, the audience fall upon their knees, and even the lawyers are ſilent, till the preſident is ſaid. Some of the judges then go out for a moment; the lawyers continue their harrangues; and it is no more poſſible to ſtop them than to ſtop the ſight of time.

The opinions of the judges are given with black and white balls, a form which prodigiouſly prolongs the deciſions, and covers many acts of injuſtice.

I have ſaid that the civil laws are very imperfect. Take the following example. Neither the parties nor the witneſſes ſubſcribe the acts they execute before a notary; ſo that the notaries have every convention in their power. Exchange brokers have all bargains ſtill made in their power; they are not even required to produce witneſſes; their word is a contract.

The motives for criminal judgments are aſſigned. The ſenate have the rights of pardon, which they ſeldom fail to exerciſe, to pleaſe the people, who call in puniſhment, liberty; as the nobles beſtow that ſacred name upon oppreſſion. By theſe two modes of enjoying freedom, the people and the nobles balance the account.

Totus parca is pleaded by lawyers, as, in general, are all criminal affairs.

Sentences of death are very rare. For the laſt fix years there have been only two; nor would the ſecond have taken place, but for the outcry of the populace. The ſenate made the people compel them to it; they were aſſaulted with libels and placards for the ſpace of two months. As it was, the criminal had nearly eſcaped. The perſons who conducted him to execution ſuffered him to get off; but the people purſued him, and obliged the officers of juſtice to take him back into cuſtody. He had committed ten murders.

At the entrance of the city are ſeen ſeveral

ial defamatory inscriptions on the wall. These stones contain the condemnation of certain criminals, and devote them to the public execration. With defamatory stones and statues, it were possible to create many virtues, and to annihilate many vices. We should have public morals.

The Genoese are vindictive. But this spirit of vengeance is connected with the difficulty of obtaining justice, whether against the nobles, on account of their power or against equals, from the protection of the nobles. This accounts for the number of assassinations, and justifies the motive, as well as the general impunity. The greater part of assassinations are not crimes, but justice; which certainly must be done in one mode or another.

All nations have begun with this kind of criminal justice; of this duels are at once a remnant and a proof.

The power of the administration passes through so many hands, and so rapidly, that you know not to whom you should address yourself; orders of every kind cross, run counter to, and destroy each other. And what an administration! It is customary for the senate to request permission of the ecclesiastical power to eat meat in time of lent. This year, as the nobles, on whom that request depend, had a great deal of *salt fish to sell*, the senate did not apply for the indulgence and the state has kept strict lent. But the nobles have sold their salt fish.

An infinity of similar traits have inspired the people with such a detestation of the nobility, that, but the other day, they openly uttered imprecations against the republic; that is against the nobles.

The decline of morals, arts, and knowledge, cannot be doubted. There is no longer an academy; nor a sculptor, or a painter. Twelve thousand looms, instead of thirty thousand. Every thing is going to ruin.

There are still well-informed men, however, among the people. I have seen *The Administration of the Finances* in many hands. Every man who can read, has read that work; every man who thinks, values it; every man who feels, is enthusiastic in its favour. And, in fact, how important are its principles! How deep its reflections! How just its ideas! Its style is truly the style of the masterly writer. It breathes too a sacred love for the happiness of mankind, which is the soul. I had almost said, the divine principle which animates the whole work. This book shall reform the governments of Europe. Envy in vain must gnaw the statue of M. Necker—it is of brass.

Cicisbeism merits a particular attention.

It is said to be no where more in vogue than at Genoa.

What is a *cicisbeo* in appearance? What is he in reality? How can a man wish to be one? How can a husband suffer it? Is he the *locum tenens* of the husband? How far does he represent him? What is the origin of this custom? What causes operate to maintain or diminish it? What influence has it on morals? Are any traces of it, or approaches towards it, to be found in the manners of other nations? These are questions difficult to answer. In two words, the *cicisbeo* represents, very nearly, at Genoa, the *ami de la maison* at Paris.

The women have no domestic authority. The husband orders and pays. In the houses of many nobles and rich men, a priest has the management. I have seen one settle the account of a breakfast that was carrying to a lady.

The women at Genoa are exceedingly ill dressed; they confound what is rich and what is fine with what is truly becoming; they have no idea of adapting their head dress to their features, colours to the complexion, or stuff to the shape. Not one of them knows how to amend a defect, to set off a beauty, or to conceal the ravages of time, all of them daub on white even the fairest. White is the fashion at Genoa, as rouge is at Paris; rouge is in disrepute at Genoa, as the white is with us; a contrast that appears whimsical to those who have not travelled.

The women have adopted a certain veil they call *mezzarro*. With this veil they may go any where without incurring any censure. Their veil however does not hide them; it hides only a multitude of intrigues.

The manners of Genoa are deprived of all those natural affections, which in other countries constitute their ornament, their happiness, and virtues. Here there is no mother, no child, no brothers; the Genoese have only heirs and kindred. There is no such thing even as a lover; they are only men and women.

Games of chance are publicly allowed at Genoa; nor is it astonishing that sovereigns, who gamble in the public funds all the morning on the Exchange, should play the whole evening at cards in their assemblies. They are nevertheless, at a loss to spend their time. They never meet to dine or sup together; in their assemblies they give refreshments, they illuminate, they win or lose, and *cicisbeism* offers its aid for their amusement.

Superstition is excessive at Genoa. The streets appear black and gloomy with

Description of Avignon.

priests and monks, but are sufficiently lighted by *maderns*.

This city presents the most extraordinary contrasts. Libertinism is at such a height at Genoa; that there are no prostitutes by

profession. There are so many priests, that there is no religion; so many governors that there is no government; and such an abundance of alms, that it swarms with beggars.

DESCRIPTION OF AVIGNON.

[From the same.]

I ARRIVED yesterday at Avignon.— Despair not of the spring at Paris; I met it on my entrance into the *Comtat*.

My first anxiety was to visit the fountain of Vaucluse. I went to see it yesterday. I know not why I say *yesterday*, for it seems still present to my eyes.

I think I still see escaping from the midst of a chain of mountains, as from the depth of a vast tube, a river which rises, rushes up; and instantly overflows, with an impetuosity, a thunder, a boiling, a foam,—with falls which never can be described either by the pen of the poet or the pencil of the painter. Such is the fountain of Vaucluse. In an instant this river becomes calm, like a happy disposition, moderated by its native goodness, after the first transports of vivacity. It now changes its silver waves into waves of azure, and pours, and rolls, and diffuses them on a bed of emerald; but it soon divides itself into a multitude of little streams, to meander through a charming valley. On quitting the valley, these rivulets unite, and all together take their course, by a hundred different ways, to water, fertilize, and embellish, under the name of the *Sorgue*, the delightful county of Avignon.

The description of this beautiful abode, as traced by the Abbé Delisle, is very accurate. I have verified every verse. They are true as prose, a circumstance not very usual either in travellers or poets; yet these verses can give no idea of this spot; they only aid the memory. The same is true respecting the portraits and descriptions of each particular object. In his poetry, I could neither discover that foam, that din, nor all those murmurs proceeding from the fountain. I behold not those rocks so black, which form so admirable a contrast with the foaming waves that dash and break upon them. The poet, in short, has not displayed that brilliant carpeting of emerald, which is the couch of the *Naiads*.

Vaucluse presents at once the most de-

lightful scene and the most singular phenomenon. But I shall say with the poet:

Mais ces eaux, ce beau ciel, ce vallon enchanteur,
Moins que l'étrarque et Laura, intéressoient mon cœur.

Those streams, that sky, and yon enchanting vale;
Touch not my my heart like Petrarch's piteous tale.

The memory of Petrarch and Laura animates every object, it embellishes and renders enchanting the landscape. I sought for traces of these lovers on every rock. Here then, said I, they used to sit together; here Petrarch gave way to his passion, and shed so many tears; here he vented all those immortal sighs, still living to our ears. I seated myself on the declivity of a rock, and for an hour was absorbed in listening to the noise of these water-falls, contemplating the verdure of that turf, the azure of yon beautiful sky, the youth of the year, and thinking on Laura. There I summoned, in imagination, and assembled round me all the objects most dear to my heart. I figured to myself all my children sporting on those spots of turf, running on that bank, and striving who should best strike the echoes and my heart with a thousand playful shouts of happiness and joy.

Before I departed, I wished to know whether, as the Abbé Delisle assures us, Echo had not forgotten the gentle Laura's name. Begging the poet's pardon, the ingrate had forgotten half.

Adieu, charming fountain of Vaucluse. Scarcely do we know the places where Alexander gained his battles; but those where Laura and Petrarch loved will be eternally remembered. The murmurs of thy waters, O Vaucluse! and the verses of the poet, who sung of gardens, and of the months, will proclaim them to all ages.

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ACCOUNT OF A VOYAGE TO BOTANY-BAY.

[Concluded from Vol. II. Page 413.]

TO the geographical knowledge of this country, supplied by Captain Cook, and Captain Furneaux, we are able to add nothing. The latter explored the coast from Van Dieman's land to the latitude of 39° south; and Cook from Point Hicks, which lies in 37° 53', to Endeavour Straights. The intermediate space between the end of Furneaux's discovery and Point Hicks, is, therefore, the only part of the south-east coast unknown, and it so happened on our passage thither, owing to the weather, which forbade any part of the ships engaging with the shore, that we are unable to pronounce whether, or not, a straight intersects the continent hereabouts; though I beg leave to say, that I have been informed by a naval friend, that when the fleet was off this part of the coast, a strong set off shore was plainly felt.

At the distance of 60 miles inland, a prodigious chain of lofty mountains runs nearly in a north and south direction, further than the eye can trace them. Should nothing intervene to prevent it, the Governor intends, shortly, to explore their summits; and, I think, there can be little doubt, that his curiosity will not go unrewarded. If large rivers do exist in the country, which some of us are almost sceptical enough to doubt, these sources must arise amidst these hills; and the direction they run in, for a considerable distance, must be either due north or due south. For it is strikingly singular that three such noble harbours as Botany-Bay, Port-Jackson, and Broken-Bay, alike end in shallows and swamps, filled with mangroves.

The general face of the country is certainly pleasing, being diversified with gentle ascents, and little winding vallies, covered for the most part with large spreading trees, which afford a succession of leaves in all seasons. In those places where trees are scarce, a variety of flowering-shrubs abound, most of them entirely new to an European, and surpassing in beauty, fragrance, and number, all I ever saw in an uncultivated state; among these, a tall shrub, bearing an elegant white flower, which smells like English May, is particularly delightful, and perfumes the air around to a great distance. The species of trees are few, and, I am concerned to add, the wood universally of so bad a grain, as almost to preclude a possibility of using it; the increase of labour occasioned by this in our buildings has been such, as nearly to exceed belief. These trees

yield a profusion of thick red gum (not unlike the sanguis draconis) which is found serviceable in medicine, particularly in dysenteric complaints, where it has sometimes succeeded, when all other preparations have failed. To blunt its acid qualities, it is usual to combine it with opiates.

The nature of the soil is various. That immediately round Sydney-Cove is sandy, with here and there a stratum of clay. From the sand we have yet been able to draw very little; but there seems no reason to doubt, that many large tracts of land around us will bring to perfection whatever shall be sown in them. To give this matter a fair trial, some practical farmers capable of such an undertaking should be sent out; for the spots we have chosen for experiments in agriculture, in which we can scarce be supposed adepts, have hitherto but ill repaid our toil, which may be imputable to our having chosen such as are unfavourable for our purpose.

Except from the size of the trees, the difficulties of clearing the land are not numerous, underwood being rarely found, though the country is not absolutely without it. Of the natural meadows, which Mr. Cook mentions near Botany-Bay, we can give no account; none such exist about Port-Jackson. Grass, however, grows in every place but the swamps with the greatest vigour and luxuriance, though it is not of the finest quality, and is found to agree better with horses and cows than sheep. A few wild fruits are sometimes procured, among which is the small purple apple mentioned by Cook, and a fruit which has the appearance of a grape, though in taste more like green gooseberry, being excessively sour; probably were it meliorated by cultivation, it would become more palatable.

Fresh water, as I have said before, is found but in inconsiderable quantities. For the common purposes of life there is generally enough; but we know of no stream in the country capable of turning a mill; and the remark made by Mr. Anderson, of the dryness of the country round Adventure-Bay, extends, without exception, to every part of it which we have penetrated.

Previous to leaving England I remember to have frequently heard it asserted, that the discovery of mines was one of the secondary objects of the expedition. Perhaps there are mines; but as no person competent to form a decision is to be found

found among us, I wish no one to adopt an idea, that individuals, whose judgments are not despicable, are willing to think favourably of this conjecture, from specimens of ore seen in many of the stones picked up here. I cannot quit this subject without regretting, that some one capable of throwing a better light on it, is not in the colony. Nor can I help being equally concerned, that an experienced botanist was not sent out, for the purpose of collecting and describing the rare and beautiful plants with which the country abounds. Indeed, we flattered ourselves, when at the Cape of Good Hope, that Mason, the King's botanical gardener, who was employed there in collecting for the royal nursery at Kew, would have joined us; but it seems his orders and engagements prevented him from quitting that beaten track, to enter on this scene of novelty and variety.

To the naturalist this country holds out many invitations. Birds, though not remarkably numerous, are in great variety, and of the most exquisite beauty of plumage, among which are the cockatoo, lory, and parroquet; but the bird which principally claims attention is, a species of ostrich, approaching nearer to the emu of South America than any other we know of. One of them was shot, at a considerable distance, with a single ball, by a convict employed for that purpose by the Governor; its weight, when complete, was seventy pounds, and its length from the end of the toe to the tip of the beak, seven feet two inches, though there was reason to believe it had not attained its full growth. On dissection many anatomical singularities were observed; the gall bladder was remarkably large, the liver not bigger than that of a barn door fowl, and after the strictest search no gizzard could be found; the legs, which were of a vast length, were covered with thick, strong scales, plainly indicating the animal to be formed for living amidst deserts; and the foot differed from an ostrich's by forming a triangle, instead of being cloven. Goldsmith, whose account of the emu is the only one I can refer to, says, that it is covered from the back and rump with long feathers, which fall backward, and cover the anus; these feathers are grey on the back and white on the belly. The wings are so small as hardly to deserve the name, and are unfurnished with those beautiful ornaments which adorn the wings of the ostrich; all the feathers are extremely coarse, but the construction of them deserves notice—they grow in pairs from a single shaft, a singularity which the author I have quo-

ted has omitted to remark. It may be presumed that these birds are not very scarce, as several have been seen, some of them immensely large, but they are so wild, as to make shooting them a matter of great difficulty. Though incapable of flying, they run with such swiftness, that our fleetest greyhounds are left far behind in every attempt to catch them. The flesh was eaten, and tasted like beef.

Besides the emu, many birds of prodigious size have been seen, which promise to increase the number of those described by the naturalists, whenever we shall be fortunate enough to obtain them; but among these the bat of the Endeavour-tyer is not to be found. In the woods are various little songsters, whose notes are equally sweet and plaintive.

Of quadrupeds, except the kangaroo, I have little to say. The few met with are almost invariably of the opossum tribe, but even these do not abound. To beasts of prey we are utter strangers, nor have we yet any cause to believe that they exist in the country; and happy it is for us they do not, as their presence would deprive us of the only fresh meals the settlement affords, the flesh of the kangaroo. This singular animal is already known in Europe by the drawing and description of Mr. Cook. To the drawing nothing can be objected but the position of the claws of the hinder leg, which are mixed together like those of a dog; whereas no such indistinctness is to be found in the animal I am describing. It was the Chevalier De Perouse who pointed out this to me, while we were comparing a kangaroo with the plate, which, as he justly observed, is correct enough to give the world in general a good idea of the animal, but not sufficiently accurate for the man of science.

Of the natural history of the kangaroo we are still very ignorant. We may, however, venture to pronounce this animal a new species of opossum, the female being furnished with a bag, in which the young is contained, and in which the teats are found. These last are only two in number, a strong presumptive proof, had we no other evidence; that the kangaroo brings forth rarely more than one at a birth. But this is settled beyond a doubt, from more than a dozen females having been killed, which had invariably but one formed in the pouch. Notwithstanding this, the animal may be looked on as prolific; from the early age it begins to breed at, kangaroos with young having been taken of not more than thirty pounds weight; and there is room to believe that when at their utmost growth, they weigh

not less than one hundred and fifty pounds. A male of one hundred and thirty pounds weight has been killed, whose dimensions were as follows:

	Feet.	Inch.
Extreme length	7	3
Do. of the tail	3	4½
Do. of the hinder legs	3	2
Do. of the fore paws	1	7½
Circumference of the tail at the root	1	5

After this perhaps I shall hardly be credited, when I affirm that the kangaroo on being brought forth is not larger than an English mouse. It is, however, in my power to speak positively on this head, as I have seen more than one instance of it.

In running, this animal confines himself entirely to his hinder legs, which are possessed with an extraordinary muscular power. Their speed is very great, though not in general quite equal to that of a greyhound, but when the greyhounds are so fortunate as to seize them, they are incapable of retaining their hold, from the amazing struggles of the animal. The hound of the kangaroo, when not hard pressed, has been measured, and found to exceed twenty feet.

At what time of the year they copulate, and in what manner, we know not; the testicles of the male are placed contrary to the usual order of nature.

When young, the kangaroo eats tender and well flavoured, tasting like veal; but the old ones are more tough and stringy than bull-beef. They are not carnivorous, and subsist altogether on particular flowers and grass. Their bleat is mournful, and very different from that of any other animal; it is, however, seldom heard but in the young ones.

Fish, which our sanguine hopes led us to expect in great quantities, do not abound. In summer they are tolerably plentiful, but for some months past very few have been taken. Botany-Bay, in this respect, exceeds Port Jackson. The French once caught near two thousand fish in one day, of a species of grouper, to which, from the form of a bone in the head resembling a helmet, we have given the name of light-horseman. To this may be added, bass, mullets, skait, soles, leather-jackets, and many other species, all so good in their kind, as to double our regret a their not being more numerous. Sharks of an enormous size are found here. One of these was caught by the people on board the *Sirius*, which measured at the shoulders six feet and a half in circumference. His liver yielded twenty-four gallons of oil; and in his stomach was found the head of a shark, which had been thrown

overboard from the same ship. The Indians, probably from having felt the effects of their voracious fury, testify the utmost horror on seeing these terrible fish.

Venonious animals and reptiles are rarely seen. Large snakes, beautifully variegated, have been killed, but of the effect of their bites we are happily ignorant. Insects, though numerous, are by no means, even in summer, so troublesome as I have found them in America, the West-Indies, and other countries.

The climate is undoubtedly very desirable to live in. In summer the heats are usually moderated by the sea breeze, which usually sets in early; and in winter the degree of cold is so slight as to occasion no inconvenience; once or twice we have had hear frosts and hail, but no appearance of snow. The thermometer has never risen beyond 34, nor fallen lower than 55; in general it stood in the beginning of February at between 78 and 74 at noon. Nor is the temperature of the air less healthy than pleasant. These dreadful putrid fevers, by which new countries are so often ravaged, are unknown to us; and excepting a slight diarrhoea, which prevailed soon after we had landed, and was fatal in a very few instances, we are strangers to epidemic diseases.

On the whole, (thunder-storms in the hot months excepted) I know not any climate equal to this I write in. Ere we had been a fortnight on shore we experienced some storms of thunder, accompanied with rain, than which nothing can be conceived more violent and tremendous, and their repetition for several days, joined to the damage they did, by killing several of our sheep, led us to draw presages of an unpleasant nature. Happily, however, for many months we have escaped any similar visitation.

For the purpose of expediting the public work, the male convicts have been divided into gangs, over each of which a person, selected from among themselves, is placed. It is to be regretted that government did not take this matter into consideration before we left England, and appoint proper persons, with reasonable salaries, to execute the office of overseers, as the consequence of our present imperfect plan is such, as to defeat in a great measure the purposes for which the prisoners were sent out. The female convicts have hitherto lived in a state of total idleness, except a few who are kept at work making pegs for tiles, and picking up shells for burning into lime. For the last time I repeat, that the behaviour of all classes of these people, since our arrival in the settlement, has been better than could

could, I think, have been expected from them.

Temporary wooden store-houses, covered with thatch or shingles, in which the cargoes of all the ships have been lodged, are completed; and an hospital erected. Barracks for the military are considerably advanced; and little huts, to serve until something more permanent can be finished, have been raised on all sides. Notwithstanding this, the encampments of the marines and convicts are still kept up; and to secure their owners from the coldness of the nights, are covered in with bushes, and thatched over.

The plan of a town I have already said is marked out; and as free stone of an excellent quality abounds, one requisite towards the completion of it is attained. Only two houses of stone are yet begun, which are intended for the Governor and Lieutenant Governor. One of the greatest impediments we meet with, is a want of lime-stone, of which no signs appear.—Clay for making bricks is in plenty, and a considerable number of them burned and ready for use.

In enumerating the public buildings, I find I have been so remiss as to omit an observatory, which is erected at a small distance from the encampments. It is nearly completed, and when fitted up with the telescopes and other astronomical instruments sent out by the Board of Longitude, will afford a desirable retreat from the listlessness of a camp evening at Port Jackson. One of the principal reasons which induced the Board to grant this apparatus was, for the purpose of enabling Lieut. Dawes, of the marines, (to whose care it is intrusted) to make observations on a comet which is shortly expected to appear in the southern hemisphere. The latitude of the observatory, from the result of more than three hundred observations, is fixed at $33^{\circ} 52' 30''$ south, and the longitude at $151^{\circ} 16' 30''$ east of Greenwich. The latitude of the south head, which forms the entrance of the harbour, $33^{\circ} 51'$, and that of the north head opposite to it at $33^{\circ} 49' 45''$ south.

Since landing here our military force has suffered a diminution of only three persons, a serjeant and two privates. Of the convicts, fifty-four have perished, including the executions. Amidst the causes of this mortality, excessive toil and a scarcity of food are not to be numbered, as the reader will easily conceive, when informed, that they have the same allowance of provisions as every officer and soldier in the garrison; and are indulged by being exempted from labour every Saturday afternoon and Sunday. On the latter of those days they are expected to attend

divine service, which is performed either within one of the store-houses, or under a great tree in the open air, until a church can be built.

Amidst our public labours, that no fortified post, or place of security, is yet begun, may be a matter of surprise.—Were an emergency in the night to happen, it is not easy to say what might not take place before troops, scattered about an extensive encampment, could be formed, so as to act. An event that happened a few evenings since, may, perhaps be the means of forwarding this necessary work: In the dead of night the centinels on the eastern side of the cove were alarmed by the voices of the indians, talking near their posts. The soldiers on this occasion acted with their usual firmness, and without creating a disturbance, acquainted the officer of the guard with the circumstance, who immediately took every precaution to prevent an attack, and at the same time gave orders that no molestation, while they continued peaceable, should be offered them. From the darkness of the night, and the distance they kept at, it was not easy to ascertain their number, but, from the sound of the voices and other circumstances, it was calculated at near thirty. To their intentions in honouring us with this visit (the only one we have had from them in the last five months) we are strangers, though most probably it was with a view to pilfer, or to ascertain in what security we slept, and the precautions we used in the night. When the bells of the ships in the harbour struck the hour of the night, and the centinels called out on their posts 'All's well,' they observed a dead silence, and continued it for some minutes, tho' talking with the greatest earnestness and vociferation but the moment before. After having remained a considerable time they departed without interchanging a syllable with our people.

The author of this narrative would subject himself to the charge of presumption, were he to aim at developing the intentions of Government in forming this settlement; but without giving offence, or incurring reproach, he hopes his opinion on the probability of advantage to be drawn from hence by Great-Britain, may be fairly made known.

If only a receptacle for convicts be intended, this place stands unequalled from the situation, extent, and nature of the country. When viewed in a commercial light, I fear its insignificance will appear very striking. The New Zealand hemp, of which so many sanguine expectations were formed, is not a native of the soil; and Norfolk Island, where we made sure

to find this article, is also without it; so that the scheme of being able to assist the East-Indies with naval stores, in case of a war, must fall to the ground, both from this deficiency and the quality of the timber growing here. Were it indeed possible to transport that of Norfolk Island, its value would be found very great; but the difficulty, from the surf, I am well informed, is so insuperable as to forbid the attempt. Lord Howe's Island, discovered by Lieut. Ball, though an inestimable acquisition to our colony, produces little else than the mountain cabbage-tree.

Should a sufficient military force be sent out to those employed in cultivating the ground, I see no room to doubt that in the course of a few years, the country will be able to raise grain enough for the support of its new possessors; but to effect this, our present limits must be greatly extended, which will require detachments of troops not to be spared from the present establishment. And admitting the position, the parent country will still have to supply us with every other necessary of life; for after what we have seen, the idea of being soon able to breed cattle sufficient for our consumption, must appear chimerical and absurd. From all which it is evident, that should Great Britain neglect to send out regular supplies, the most fatal consequences will ensue.

Speculators who may feel inclined to try their fortunes here, will do well to weigh what I have said. If golden dreams of commerce and wealth flatter their imaginations, disappointment will follow; the remoteness of situation, productions of the country, and want of connexion with other parts of the world, justify me in the assertion. But to men of small property, unambitious of trade, and wishing for retirement, I think the continent of New South Wales not without inducements. One of this description, with letters of recommendation, and a sufficient capital (after having provided for his passage hither) to furnish him with an assortment of tools for clearing land, agricultural and domestic purposes; possessed also of a few household utensils, a cow, a few sheep and breeding sows, would, I am of opinion, with proper protection and encouragement, succeed in obtaining a comfortable livelihood, where he well assured, before he quitted his native country, that a provision for him until he might be settled, should be secured; and that a grant of land on his arrival would be allotted him.

That this adventurer, if of a persevering character and competent knowledge, might, in the course of ten years, bring

matters into such a train as to render himself comfortable and independent, I think highly probable. The superfluities of his farm would enable him to purchase European commodities from masters of ships, which will arrive on Government account, sufficient to supply his wants; but beyond this he ought not to reckon, for admitting that he might meet with success in raising tobacco, rice, indigo, or vineyards, (for which last I think the soil and climate admirably adapted) the distance of a mart to vend them at, would make the expence of transportation so excessive, as to cut off all hopes of a reasonable profit; nor can there be consumers enough here to take them off his hands, for so great a length of time; I come, as I shall not be at the trouble of computing.

Should then any one, induced by this account, emigrate hither, let him, before he quits England, provide all his wearing apparel for himself, family, and servants; his furniture, tools of every kind, and implements of husbandry (among which a plough need not be included, as we make use of the hoe) for he will touch at no place where they can be purchased to advantage. If his sheep and hogs are English also, it will be better. For wines, spirits, tobacco, sugar, coffee, tea, rice, poultry, and many other articles, he may venture to rely on at Teneriffe or Madagascara, the Brazils and Cape of Good Hope. It will not be his interest to draw bills on his voyage out, as the exchange of money will be found invariably against him, and a large discount also deducted. Drafts on the place he is to touch at, or cash (dollars if possible) will best answer his end.

To men of desperate fortune and the lowest classes of the people, unless they can procure a passage as indentured servants, similar to the custom practised of emigrating to America, this part of the world offers no temptation; for it can hardly be supposed, that Government will be fond of maintaining them here until they can be settled, and without such support they must starve.

Of the Governor's instructions and intentions relative to the disposal of the convicts, when the term of their transportation shall be expired, I am ignorant. They will then be free men, and at liberty, I apprehend, either to settle in the country, or return to Europe. The former will be attended with some public expence; and the latter, except in particular cases, will be difficult to accomplish, from the numberless causes which prevent a frequent communication between England and this continent.

THE OLD MAN of THIRTY, and the YOUNG MAN of EIGHTY YEARS:

A MORAL TALE: By WIELAND.

IN the reign of the Caliph Haroun Al Raschid, it happened that a rich Emir of Yemen had the misfortune, at his return from Damascus, to be attacked by robbers in the mountains of Arabia Petraea. The Turks were so uncivil as to massacre his whole retinue: they carried off the beautiful women, that for the sake of ostentation he had with him, and then fled back into the mountains with as much haste as they had approached. Luckily the Emir had fallen into a swoon at the beginning of the fray, so that the robbers, after despoiling him of his money and clothes, left him lying among his attendants, without enquiring whether he was dead or alive.

The good Emir, when he came to himself, made great lamentation on perceiving his situation. He found himself among unknown mountains, without tents, provisions, women, eunuchs, cooks or clothes. But, in order to understand the following history, it is necessary that the reader should have a lively idea of the circumstances of the Emir, to obtain which I take the liberty of intreating that he will put himself for a moment in the Emir's place, and think what he would have done on such a trying occasion.

Upon due reflection, the Emir found it was necessary to resolve on one thing, which for want of practice, seemed to him very distressing; that was to put his legs in motion, and endeavour to find a road out of those mountainous deserts. The sun was just about quitting our hemisphere, when, with incredible fatigue, he came to a place in the mountains, that shewed him a valley beautiful beyond the power of imagination to conceive. The sight of some well-built houses among groves of trees made him exert the remains of his strength to arrive before the close of the day. The way he had come, and that he had still to go, was not so long as that which a young villager skips over morning and night for a kiss of his mistress; but it was a laborious journey for the enervated limbs of our Emir. He stopped so often to take breath, that it was night before he reached the nearest of the houses. This seemed to him a rural palace, though built only of wood: the sound of music, and other signs of gaiety, which had struck his ear at a distance, increased his astonishment at finding such objects in such a place. As he had never read any thing but fairy tales, it came into his head at first, that

all that had happened to him was enchantment. But his necessities soon got the better of this idea; he knocked at the door, and demanded an asylum for that night. The singular contrast of pride and misery that appeared in his demeanour, would perhaps have exposed him to a refusal, if the inhabitants had not held sacred the law of hospitality. The Emir was conducted, with every mark of friendship and cordiality, to a little parlour, where he was invited to repose himself on a sofa, plain indeed, but furnished with very soft cushions. A little after two young slaves attended him to the bath, where they sprinkled him with perfumes, and presented him with clothes made in the simplest fashion, but of very fine cotton cloth. A female slave, more beautiful than any he had ever seen in his seraglio, entered with a theorb, and began to chaunt the pleasure they enjoyed at having received so agreeable a guest. The Emir was more at a loss than ever to know what he should think of all this; but the figure and voice of the fair slave made him incline to imagine, that she was a houri of paradise.

He was scarcely dressed, when a domestic appeared, and made him a sign, without speaking, to follow him. The Emir approached a great hall elegantly illuminated: as the door opened, there issued a delightful odour of jasmin, of roses, and of orange flowers. A number of little tables, round, which were sofas of exquisite beauty, were spread with a cloth white as snow. In the middle of the hall, there was assembled a number of people of both sexes, who welcomed the Emir with open arms, and who, by the noble beauty of their persons, and the lively expression of goodness and joy thrown over their manners, struck him with the most agreeable surprise. A venerable old man, with grey hairs, was seated in the uppermost place of the sofa, in an attitude indicating the enjoyment of healthful rest after labour. The fire of a great soul shone in his animated eyes; eighty years of a happy life had marked his brow with but a few faint wrinkles, and the colour of health, like a rose in autumn, was still seen on his cheek. 'It is our father,' said the young people, as they conducted the Emir to the old man.

This last did not offer to rise, but, taking the hand of the Emir, he pressed it with honest freedom, and unaffectedly expressed the joy he felt at having him for a guest.

quest. However, it must be owned, that, notwithstanding this gracious reception, there was something in the first look, which the old man cast upon the Emir, that cannot well be described; something between pity and contempt, something—in short, it was the look with which an amateur considers the mutilated statues of a Praxiteles, partaking a little of the indignation with which such a man would eye the Cloth that had maimed them.

In order to account for this, we must give the reader a sketch of the character of this Emir. He had been, from his youth, a rake of the first fashion, one of those men who think they have been created to eat, to drink, and to divert themselves with women; and who, in order to recruit themselves after their toilsome employments, spend the half of their days and of their nights in sleep, from which they awake only to betake themselves to the same occupations. He was ambitious of being thought the ablest disciple of Epicurus, the most favoured votary of Bacchus, and the most valiant hero in those feats in which the sparrow and the mole laughed him to scorn. When a man is so unfortunate as to possess the means of gratifying such an ambition, he is soon obliged to have recourse to opium and other stimulants to procure false appetites. The Emir, though born with a very robust constitution, now found himself, at thirty years of age, reduced to the necessity of supplicating the aid of cooks and of quacks whose inventions never failed to procure him an hour of pain for a moment of pleasure.

He was surprised to recover, at the table of his old host, an appetite he had long lost. Two things had contributed to produce this effect; a fast of twenty-four hours, and the exercise he had been forced to take. He thought himself seated with the favourites of the Prophet. The feast was simple, but exquisite; there were none of those rare but poisoned dishes that distinguish the tables of princes. The Emir could not but confess that the wine seemed as old as his host, and that the fruits were as delicious as nature could produce under the happiest climates.

Is all this enchantment? said the Emir to himself. Who is this old man who preserves, with hoary hairs, so fresh a complexion, and who eats and drinks with as much appetite as if he was only entering upon life? He could not contain his astonishment; but the agreeable conversation of all but himself, with the easy and engaging manners with which he was treated, made him unable to compose the different thoughts that agitated his mind.

'Taste this pine-apple,' said the old man. The Emir could not find words to do justice to the delicacy of its flavour. 'I cultivated it with my own hand,' said his host. 'Since age has prevented me from assisting my children and my grandchildren in the labours of agriculture, I have taken to gardening. It affords me the degree of motion and exercise which is necessary to preserve the health you see me enjoy. The fresh air, and the salutarious exhalations from the flowers, do not a little contribute to this.' The Emir had nothing to reply. The old man was accustomed to drink pure water, and after meals, three small glasses of wine; the first, said he smiling, 'assists the digestion of my old stomach; the second raises my spirits; and the third lulls them asleep.' The Emir, who could not drink water, though it had been drawn from the Fountain of Youth, did honour to the old man's wine; and the glasses were so frequently repeated, that he gradually lost the faculty of discerning whether he was not actually as vigorous as the old man; or whether he only thought himself so.

After supper, the man with the silver hairs retired, and as it was the custom for his children to attend in his chamber till he fell asleep, the Emir chose to accompany them, and did himself the honour to hand along one of the oldest of the women.

They entered a chamber that resembled the Temple of Morpheus. The air was perfumed with the fragrance of a thousand flowers and numerous candles, placed behind transparent green and rose coloured screens, formed a twilight that disposed to gentle slumber. The walls were painted by a master's hand, with Grecian figures of sleep. The old man was laid on a bed of damask, and three beautiful women were employed in endeavouring to compose him to rest. One of them gave a gentle undulation to the air with a nosegay of roses and myrtles; another played softly on a lute, while the third accompanied the music with her voice. At last the happy old man insensibly sunk to rest, and the company retired in respectful silence, after having softly kissed one of his hands.

The surprise of the Emir was extreme. He was conducted to his chamber, and the two youths, who had attended him at the bath, now assisted to undress him. Their presence recalled to his imagination the beautiful slave, but he was uncertain whether he should regret or rejoice at her absence. He was put to bed, a bed as soft as elastic and voluptuous as ever Emir pressed. The two youths had no sooner retired, than the beautiful slave came in with

with her theorbo. Her flowing hair adorned with roses fell partly in ringlets on her shoulder, and partly on her snowy bosom. After a respectful salutation, she sat down on a chair by the bed, and tuned her theorbo. She played so charming an air, and sung with so bewitching a voice, that the good Emir, intoxicated with her music, with her beauty, and with the eighty-years old wine of his host, forgot what he ought to have remembered. The beautiful slave retired with a smile that indicated more of pity than of contempt, leaving the Emir to reflections that he could not get rid of. The comparison that he made of himself, an old man of thirty, with the young man of eighty, so preyed upon his spirits, that in bitterness of heart, he cursed his seraglio, his quacks and his cooks, and all those young rakes that had enticed him by their advice and example to the ruin of his constitution. Exhausted with painful reflection he at last fell asleep, and after a few hours he awoke in the belief that all he had seen was a dream. He arose, and opening a window which looked into the garden, the pure fresh air dissipated the thick vapours that still clung around him. In spite of his taste for the artificial and super-ber, the beauty and rural simplicity of the gardens did not fail to enchant him. While he was admiring this scene, he observed the old man seated in a bower of myrtle, and employed in the little labours of the garden. The desire of informing himself with regard to the many strange and marvellous things he had seen since he entered the house, prompted him to go down and talk with the old man. After having thanked him for his hospitable reception, the Emir began by expressing his astonishment, that a person so old as he was should appear so erect, so robust, so lively and so gay, and he begged of him to impart the secret he had used for attaining so desirable a condition.

"I can inform you of my secret, said the old man smiling, in a very few words. A moderate share of labour and of rest, with perpetual contentment, is my only secret. The approach of lassitude is the notice that nature gives us of the time when labour should be succeeded by relaxation, and when both should give place to rest. Labour softens the taste for natural pleasures, and improves the faculty of enjoying them. Let my example teach you, young stranger, the happiness of obeying the precepts of nature. She rewards us with enjoyments the most precious. Labour itself, when proportioned to our strength, and divested of whatever can make it disagreeable, is accompanied with

a pleasure that extends its influence over our whole being. But to be happy, by following nature, we must preserve the greatest of her benefits, the faculty of keen unvitiated sensibility, and of rational and just discernment.

The old man perceived by the look of the Emir, that he did not comprehend him perfectly. "It would detain you too long, continued he, if I should relate to you the history of our little colony, but I will read to you a part of the laws by which we are governed, as they are contained in the book which our great law-giver *Psammiss* hath left us for our direction.

"The Being of beings (says he in the beginning) invisible to our eyes, incomprehensible by our understanding, proves to us his existence only by his benefits. He stands in no need of us, and exacts no other gratitude, than that we would suffer him to make us happy. Nature whom he hath appointed to be our mother and our nurse, inspires us with the first sensations, the first inclinations, on the moderate use and consent of which our happiness depends. It is she that speaks to you by the mouth of *Psammiss*, and his laws are hers.

"Pleasure is the universal wish of thinking beings. It is to man what air and the sun are to plants. It announces, in the sweet smile of the infant, the first development of humanity, and its departure is the forerunner of our dissolution. Love and mutual affection are its purest and most fruitful sources, and flow with an even stream into the harbour of an innocent heart.

"Nature hath formed all our senses; every fibre that composes the marvellous tissue of our frame, is an organ of pleasure. Can there be a stronger proof of the purpose for which we were created?"

"Had it been possible to make us capable of pleasure, without being sensible to pain, nature would have done it. But she hath, as much as possible, obstructed the paths that lead to sorrow. While we follow her precepts, she will seldom interrupt our enjoyments; she will heighten our sensibilities; she will be to our life what shade is to a fine country exposed to the sun, or what variety of sounds is to harmony.

"The greatest misery is the consciousness of having brought that misery on ourselves, and the greatest pleasure is the enjoyment of a life unembittered by remorse.

"Enjoy as much as possible every moment of life, but never forget that without moderation your most natural desires become the sources of pain; that excess destroys

destroys the purest pleasures, and stifles the germs of future enjoyments. Moderation and voluntary abstinence are the forest preservatives against satiety and insensibility. The wise alone drink the cup of pleasure to the dregs.

Give ear, O child of nature, to her unalterable law! Without labour there can be no health either of body or of mind; and without health no possible felicity. 'Tis not the body alone that suffers from sickness or disease; the mind too is affected; it receives false impressions from the surrounding objects; and the judgment of a man in health, compared to that of a person in disease, is as the splendour of a meridian sun to the glimmering of a pale sepulchral lamp.

Nature seems to have united in man, as her favourite work, all the perfections she was able to bestow on a creature of this world. But, he may second her intentions, or render them abortive. Every harmonious motion of his body, every delicate sentiment of joy, of love, or of tender sympathy, beautifies him and ennobles. Violent and extraordinary emotions, impetuous passions, envious and illiberal inclinations, disfigure the features of his face; and degrade the human figure to a level with that of the brutes. The man whose countenance betokens internal joy, and gaiety, and benevolence, is the fairest of the children of men.

Endeavour to extend your benevolence over all nature: cherish every being that participates with you of the blessing of existence; love all that bear the august characters of humanity; rejoice with them that rejoice; encourage the return of the deluded wanderer from the path of virtue; kiss away the tear from the cheek of innocence; and taste as often as you can the sweet satisfaction of making others happy.

Such (said the old man) are the principles by which our conduct is regulated. Can you then be surpris'd that, at the age of eighty, I am still able to take part in the pleasures of life; that my heart and my senses are open to every soft sensation; and that, when nature has denied to my age certain amusements, which I neither despise nor regret, I should be content with the enjoyment of those she has left me: in short, that the latter part of my life should resemble the evening of a fine day, and that, in this respect at least, I resemble the sage who drinks to the last drop the cup of pleasure?

Here the old man ended his discourse. The sun was already high, when he conducted the Emir into a bower formed by the interwoven branches of tall chestnut trees. They were hardly seated, when the former was surrounded with a crowd of his grandchildren, that, like a hive of bees, swarmed around him, to salute him, and receive his caresses. The contrast, of age with infancy, softened by the affecting condescendance of the one, and the tender endearments of the other, with a gradation of little circumstances, which we can much easier feel than describe, the lively air of the old man, the serenity of his venerable countenance, the mute rapture that appeared in his features at the sight of so many happy beings, in whom he saw himself so often renewed, the affecting complacence with which he viewed and permitted their turbulent vivacity, the pleasure he took in letting them play with his white beard, made all together such a picture, that the heart even of the Emir was moved, and the passing riy of pleasure illumined for a moment the darkness of his soul, like a glimpse of heaven to the miserable; only to augment his despair.

THE PRUDENT JUDGE. AN EASTERN TALE.

[Translated from the German.]

A MERCHANT who, on account of business, was obliged to visit foreign countries, entrusted to a dervise, whom he considered as his friend, a purse containing a thousand sequins, and begged him to keep it until he should return. At the end of a year the merchant returned, and asked for his money; but the deceitful dervise affirmed that he had never received any. The merchant, fired with

indignation at his perfidious behaviour, applied to the Cadi. 'You have had more honesty than prudence,' said the Judge; 'you ought not to have placed so much confidence in a man of whose fidelity you was not sufficiently assured. It will be difficult to compel this cheat to restore a deposit which he received when no witnesses were present. Go to him again,' added he, 'address him

him in a friendly manner, without informing him that I am acquainted with the affair, and return to me to-morrow at the same hour.

The merchant obeyed, but instead of getting his money, he received only abuse. While the debtor and creditor were disputing, a slave arrived from the Cadi, who invited the dervise to pay a visit to his master. The dervise accepted the invitation. He was introduced into a grand apartment, received with friendship, and treated with the same respect as if he had been a man of the most distinguished rank. The Cadi discoursed with him upon different subjects; among which he occasionally introduced, as an opportunity presented, the highest encomiums on the wisdom and knowledge of the dervise. When he thought he had gained his confidence by praises and flattery, he informed him that he had sent for him in order to give him the most convincing proof of his respect and esteem. 'An affair of the greatest importance' says he, 'obliges me to be absent for a few months; I cannot trust my slaves, and I am desirous of putting my treasures into the hands of a man who, like you; enjoys the most unspotted reputation. If you can take charge of them, without impeding your own occupations, I shall send you to-morrow night my most valuable effects; but as this affair requires great secrecy, I shall order the faithfullest of my slaves to deliver them to you, as a present which I make you.'

On these words, an agreeable smile was diffused over the countenance of the treacherous dervise; he made a thousand reverences to the Cadi, thanked him for the confidence which he reposed in him, swore in the strongest terms that he would preserve his treasures as the apple of his eye; and retired, hugging himself with joy at

the thoughts of being able to overreach the Judge.

Next morning the merchant returned to the Cadi, and informed him of the obstinacy of the dervise. 'Go back,' said the Judge, 'and if he persist in his refusal; threaten that you will complain to me. I think you will not have occasion to repeat your menace.'

The merchant immediately hastened to the house of his debtor, and no sooner had he mentioned the name of the Cadi, than the dervise, who was afraid of losing the treasure that was about to be entrusted to his care, restored the purse, and said, smiling, 'My dear friend, why should you trouble the Cadi? Your money was perfectly secure in my hands; my refusal was only a piece of pleasantry. I was desirous of seeing how you would bear disappointment.' The merchant, however, was prudent enough not to believe what he had heard, and returned to the Cadi, to thank him for the generous assistance which he had given him.

Night approached, and the dervise prepared to receive the expected treasure; but the night passed, and no slaves appeared. As soon as it was morning the dervise repaired to the Judge's house. 'I am come to know, Mr. Cadi,' said he, 'why you have not sent your slaves according to promise?'

'Because I have learned from a merchant,' said the Judge, 'that thou art a perfidious wretch, whom justice will punish as thou deservest if a second complaint of the same nature is brought against thee.'—The dervise, struck with this reproof, made a profound reverence, and retired with precipitation, without offering a single word in his own vindication.

SOME PARTICULARS RESPECTING THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

THE Russian gentlemen have almost adopted the same manner of living as that of the other nations of Europe. The citizens being, for the most part, slaves who have been made free, retain, in a great measure, the manners of their primitive state, and are very few in number. It is amongst the peasants, therefore, that we must look for the true national character of the Russians. Some of them are slaves of the crown, and the rest, who form

the greater number, are slaves to the great lords, who have every power over them, except that of life and death. The Russian peasants were originally free; but about the middle of the sixteenth century, they were made part of every estate, in order to prevent emigration. Since that period a custom has prevailed of treating them entirely as serfs, of selling and buying them, and of transferring them as property in any other manner. Their yoke, however, is much

much easier than that of the peasants of Livonia, because the Livonian gentlemen consider theirs as procured by conquest, while the Russian peasants have the same origin as their masters.

The ordinary food of the Russian peasants, besides bread, is the *sebuschi*, that is to say, a kind of soup made of cabbage, rendered sour by fermentation, and hashed very small: this soup is, for the most part, accompanied with a piece of boiled meat. Their drink is *kvass*, a sort of sour yellowish small beer, which they brew themselves in large earthen pans. Their dress consists of a shirt, always very neat, which hangs over their breeches, a linen frock, a surtout shaped like their frock, and made of coarse woollen cloth; the whole descends as low as their knees, and is fastened to the body with a girdle. In winter, instead of a surtout, they wear a cloak of sheep's skin, their heads are bare in summer, and in winter covered with a cap.

They wear no covering to their necks: either winter or summer, their legs are wrapt up in bandages of cloth; but they use shoes, or rather a kind of slippers, made of the rind of trees, cut into slips, which are interwoven together. The women are dressed almost in the same manner as the men, but their exterior garments are loose, and not fastened with a girdle; they are also very long, and reach down to their feet.

Their wooden huts have all a perfect resemblance one to another. They are built in villages, bordering the highway, are placed parallel to it, and are covered with boards. Nothing is seen but a wall formed of planks, having two or three holes in it which serve as windows.— These windows are only large enough for one to put the head through them. They are seldom filled with squares of glass; but in the inside there is a piece of wood to shut them during the night, or in the time of bad weather. On one side of the hut is a small gate, which conducts to a yard, the greater part of which is covered with wooden planks, to shelter their carts, hay, &c. From the yard you enter the house by a back-door, to which you go up by a few steps, and when you have opened the door, you find in the first corner, towards the right hand, a stove constructed of bricks, which serves them for culinary purposes, and to warm the apartment. Around the stove, and on a level with its top, runs a circular projection upon which the family sleep, and take a forenoon nap, as well as on the stove itself, however warm it may be; for they are remarkably fond of excessive heat. In the corner opposite to the stove, in a diagonal

direction, that is to say, in the corner on the left, stands a small wooden shelf, at about the height of a man, containing a few images of their saints, ranged in order, and surrounded by small wax candles or lamps, which are lighted on certain festivals; the drapery of these saints's embozz'd, and formed of tin plate or of copper, gilt; but the visage, the hands, the feet, and in general all the naked parts, are only painted. The Russians pretend that they are authorized to have painted images, but none of carved work, because the commandment says, 'Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image.' All around the hut is a large wooden bench, made for sitting or sleeping upon. Nearer the door than the saints, and to the left as you enter, there is a long table, formed of two boards, joined together lengthways, and before it, on one side, the bench already mentioned, and on the other a portable bench much narrower. The rest of the furniture consists of a wooden basin, suspended from the roof, on one side of the stove, in order to wash their hands whenever cleanliness requires it; a wooden platter, two or three wooden dishes, and a few wooden spoons.

As the hut forms only one apartment, all mix together without any distinction: one may see sleeping on the earth, on the bench, or on the top of the stove, the master of the house, the mistress, the children, and servants, both male and female, and all without any scandal. In some huts, however, there is a particular corner for the master and mistress, but it is separated from the rest only by a curtain, suspended from a pole placed in an horizontal direction. These huts have no chimneys; the smoke, therefore, renders them exceedingly black in the inside. If they are entered at the time when the mistress of the family is preparing dinner, the smoke and the smell of the onions, which they use in all their dishes, do not fail to make those sick who are not accustomed to them. When the smoke becomes too powerful to be resisted, they open a small wicket, which is a little higher than the window, in order to give it vent; but these peasants do this with reluctance, as they fear that part of the heat may escape at the same time; they are fond of being, as it were, roasted in their huts.

These peasants supply all their own wants; they make their own shoes, benches, tables, wooden dishes, and construct their own stoves and huts. The females also weave a kind of cloth, which resembles a very broad ribband; they have occasion, therefore, to buy only a little woollen cloth or sheep skins to cover them;

their girdles, which they consider as objects of great luxury, and the iron they employ for their implements of husbandry.

The Russian peasants are temperate in eating, but not in drinking: they are extremely fond of strong liquors, and often get intoxicated, especially on their festivals. They think they would not show their respect for their saints, did they not honour them by getting drunk; and they have a word to express the state in which one finds one's self next day. They call this state, between health and sickness, *spikominie*; the women are addicted to drinking as well as the men. They cannot be accused of laziness; but they consider labour as a necessary evil, and never execute any piece of work thoroughly, contenting themselves with finishing it in a very imperfect manner; for this reason, therefore, they scratch up the ground, instead of tilling it. They are fond of keeping their persons neat: however dirty, their upper garments may be, their shirts are always clean: they have warm or vaporated baths, into which the men and women, boys and girls, without distinction, plunge themselves two or three times a week. An order has lately been made, forbidding different sexes to mix together promiscuously in these baths; but this order is very little observed.

They marry when very young, and often even at the command of their masters. Paternal authority among them is very great, and it continues during the lives of their children; a father may give a blow with a stick to his son, of whatever age or condition he may be. We are told, that an old peasant having gone to visit his son, who had made a fortune in the army, and who enjoyed a considerable rank; the latter was so proud of his promotion, that he ordered his domestics to send the old man about his business. The father, however, having found means to enter the house when none of the servants were in the way, took a large cudgel, and gave his son a sound beating; nor did the son, so powerful was parental authority, dare to defend himself, or call out for assistance.

The people in Russia are very hospitable. A Russian peasant, when on a journey, enters whatever house he chooses, makes the sign of the cross before an image, salutes the company, and lays down his knapsack without any ceremony. If he finds the family at table, he says *bread and salt*; upon which the master of the house replies, *eat my bread*, and the stranger immediately places himself among the

company. If he happens to arrive when the people are not at meals, he sits down among the rest, without any formality at the proper time. If it be in the evening, he sleeps in the bed, and the next morning departs very early, without saying a word: if the family are up, he says, I thank you for bread and salt. A stranger who is travelling, meets with almost the same hospitality, if he can be satisfied with the usual fare of these peasants; if he cannot, he must pay the full price for every thing extraordinary; he pays also for the hay which his horses have eat; but the price is always moderate.

Whatever little money these peasants acquire, they place it behind their images, and commit it to their care. Robbery is never heard of among them, although the doors of their huts are always open, and often left without any person to guard them. However disinterested the Russians may be naturally, they soon become fond of money, especially when they begin to trade; they have then a perfect resemblance to the Jews; they are as exorbitant in the prices which they ask, and equally ready to take every advantage; but at the same time, they are equally disposed to sell, with a small profit, when they cannot get rid of their goods in any other manner.

These peasants are not sullen, like those of Germany; they speak much, are very polite, and even sometimes to excess. Their mode of saluting is by shaking one another by the hand, and by bowing.— Their equals they call brothers, and their superiors they call fathers. Before their lords, and before those from whom they ask a favour, they prostrate themselves, that is to say, scratch themselves out at their length on the ground. These Russians have very little ambition. If you speak to them with mildness, you may obtain from them whatever you desire; and they will not be offended when you call them knaves and cheats, and even much worse. They are very honest; but when they cease to be so, one cannot use too much precaution not to be a dupe to their promises. Their minds receive very little cultivation, for they can neither read nor write; all their learning consists in a few proverbs, which they transmit from father to son. They are fond of vocal music, and are always singing. The labourer sings behind his plough, the coachman on his box, and the carpenter on the roof of the hut where he is at work; their songs are generally upon love, and their music is very monotonous. The religion of the Russians is that of the Greek church; that of these peasants consists

consists in going to hear mass, in prostrating themselves evening and morning before their images, saying *prospedi peccatai*, Lord have pity upon me! in making the sign of the cross before and after meals, or when passing a church, and lastly, in observing Lent.

This last article is absolutely indispensable; a Russian peasant is firmly persuaded that God would sooner pardon murder than a violation of Lent. Their priests are equally ignorant as themselves; all their learning consists in knowing their ritual pretty well, and being able to give a benediction, even in the streets, to those who ask it, gratis or for the value of a penny, or a halfpenny.

One village has sometimes more than one church, and churches are in general very numerous in Russia, because it is a work of great merit to found one. The ringing of bells is here almost continual, as it is thought to be a part of religious service. Besides churches, one finds on the highways small chapels, images covered by little wooden houses, and fountains of water accounted sacred or miraculous, which have generally small chapels in their neighbourhood. The present Emperor has formed a plan for gradually instructing these people, by sending school-masters among them, and priests, to enlarge their ideas with respect to religion.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR RAISING AND SECURING A CROP OF TURNIPS.

[From the European Magazine.]

In a Letter from Mr. HENRY VAGG, to one of his Subscribers.

S I R,

IN pursuance of the engagement I entered into by my printed proposals, I have the honour of transmitting to you a particular account of the process for securing a crop of turnips. For effecting this good purpose, and attaining this desirable end, many expedients have been offered, and many compositions projected, all having for their object the preparation of the seed of turnips, so as to impregnate the young plant springing from the seed with the qualities of the several ingredients, and by making it offensive to the taste or smell, preserve it from the attack of insects. What reason there is or is not in this, cannot be determined by me, whose time has been spent mostly in the fields, and not at all in the schools of philosophy. But without intending the least reflection on, or depreciating the merit of the several inventors; I shall only say, I have never found any thing of the kind on which I could place a dependence. The leading step towards the cure of an evil, is a right knowledge of its cause, without which our practice will be built on conjecture, and consequently be liable to error; and from want of such knowledge, as to the failure of turnips, the proper remedy has lain so long undiscovered. The destruction of these crops is generally attributed to the fly, and in compliance with the popular opinion, (which I once entertained in common with others) I have in my advertisement held forth the same

idea. But I have now an absolute certainty grounded on experience; that the fly is not the only nor indeed the principal occasion of the mischief. The turnip in its infant state has many enemies; the fly, the common earth-worm, and the slug. The fly is of two sorts; the one of a dark brown colour, inclining to black; the other of a lighter brown, with longitudinal strokes of white on its back and wings. Of both these sorts, considerable numbers may be seen on a single seed leaf of a young turnip plant, on the upper surface of which they make many small punctures; and though these punctures retard the progress of it, and are in some degree injurious, yet they are not fatal to it, but, enlarging as the plant increases in growth, are (as I apprehend) the occasion of those holes always to be found in the leaves of the best crop of turnips. It cannot however be denied, that in lands naturally poor and unmanured (in which by the way turnips ought never to be sown) the puncture of the fly is very prejudicial, as from the languor of vegetation, the plant cannot recover and outgrow the injury, but from its weakness droops and dies.

The common earth-worm (of which in all lands there are more or less, and which in some are very abundant) by its workings makes the ground light and hollow about the plants, in consequence of which they are liable to be injured, and are frequently

quently destroyed by the scorching rays of the sun. But the greatest and most destructive enemy is a reptile of the snail class, but without a shell, of a whitish colour, and of the medium length of one inch, some being more and some less. What it is called by naturalists I am ignorant, but in Somersethire it is well known by the name of the SLUG, and singly does more damage to young and tender plants, than all the other species of insects. And this I assert, not from speculation only or conjecture, but from certain experience and ocular demonstration. In the year 1777, I sowed a field of ten acres of turnips, and at the first appearance of the seed leaf, saw in the evening the crop coming regularly over my field; but observing it again the next morning, found large patches entirely eaten off, and much slime on the vacant places resembling the tracks of a snail, without being able, on the most attentive examination, to discover any sort of insect except the fly. Reflecting further on this appearance, and considering it to be highly improbable, if not almost impossible, that so great havoc should be made by so small an insect in so short a space of time, I was led to think, that (whatever might be the operations of the fly by day) the principal damage was done in the night, and that it arose not from the fly, but from some other then unknown cause. Strongly possessed with this opinion, about midnight I went into the field with a light to examine the ground, and viewing it in various parts, saw the slug in great abundance, in almost every part of the field, then feeding on the plants that remained from the ravages of the preceding night. It immediately struck me, that if these could be destroyed, the remainder of the crop might be saved, and with that view I sent out my servant to make the experiment, with a barley roller and two horses, with which in the same night he went over the field; and the next day the number of slugs to be seen lying dead on the ground, and turned brown by the sun, was almost incredible. From this time the plants were no more molested, though the fly was at all times after to be seen in the field, but less active than before; and by this simple operation was part of a crop preserved, which there is strong reason to believe would otherwise have been totally destroyed in forty eight hours. Encouraged by this success, I privately pursued the same method for several successive years, and without the aid of any kind of composition, have had regularly good and full crops of turnips; when there has been a partial and general failure around me.

To ascertain as well as I could the com-

parative damage done by the fly and the slug, in June 1787, I sowed some turnip seed in two earthen pots, kept within doors. In both it came up well, and when it appeared in the seed leaf, I collected a quantity of flies of both sorts, which I put into one of the pots, and confined them under a glass, aired at the top with holes made in paper. Into the other I in like manner put two slugs. The consequence was, that the young plants were entirely cut off by the slugs, close to the earth. In the other pot, the flies daily were on the plants, and made some degree of punctures on the upper surface of the leaves, but did not so far affect them, but that every plant went on to the rough leaf, when no more attention being paid to them, they died for want of water.

Having premised thus much, and faithfully related the facts on which my management is grounded; I propose to your practice the following cheap, easy, and (as I am persuaded) effectual method of raising and preserving a crop of turnips.—Immediately on sowing and harrowing in the seed, and which should be in dry weather if possible, roll the ground as for barley, and as soon as the turnip appears in the seed leaf, go over the field with a barley roller, IN THE NIGHT, and at the interval of two or three days at farthest, go over it again a second time, in the same manner, and at the same time, unless after the first night's rolling you observe the plants strong and vigorous, and in a state free from danger, which in clean, sandy, or loamy land, will often be the case. But in rough and stony ground the second night must not be omitted.

The roller must be eighteen or twenty inches diameter, that it may have weight sufficient to answer the intended purpose.

By this simple process the slug is destroyed while feeding on the plant; the operations of the earth-worm impeded, the activity of the fly checked, the power of the sun abated, and the vigour of the plants increased in proportion as the earth is broken by the roller, and pressed closer to the roots.

But it may possibly be asked, (as the sole dependence is on rolling for destroying the slugs) why it may not be performed in the day-time? To this the answer is easy. The slug is impatient of the heat of the sun; retires by day into the earth for shelter; and except in moist, close, and cloudy weather, I have at no time been able to see any, and then but very few; so that rolling in the day cannot be effectual to that purpose, though in other respects it will be most certainly beneficial.

And as doubts may arise with you and many

many, whether the great weight of the roller and the horses feet may not be injurious to the young plants, I do from my own experience assure you, the fact is so far from being so, that the direct reverse is the truth. I have frequently remarked myself, and heard the same observation made by others, that on headlands which the horses go over at the end of every furrow, and in tracts where they have been driven to soil, even after the appearing of the seed, the turnips have been generally better than in other parts, and have succeeded there when they have failed in other quarters of the field.

Thus, sir, I have fulfilled my engagement, having advanced nothing which is not the result of experience, and I have well-grounded expectation, that you and every cultivator of turnips strictly following the practice I propose, will find it as effectual as I have.

But the utility of this practice is not confined to turnips only, and being desirous to aid the cause of agriculture as much as lies in my power, I wish to engage your attention to the following particulars.

About nine years ago, being two after I had experienced the benefit of night rolling on turnips, I sowed a field of wheat, after a crop of peas which had been destroyed as I suppose by the slug; the wheat came up strong and thick, but very soon after began to look thinner, the blades being much stripped and eaten in many places. On a nearer inspection, I observed a slime on the stalks, and concluding the slug to be the cause of this mischief, I had immediate recourse to night-rolling, and by once performing it, the enemy was subdued; and the crop preserved. Two years after this, I had another field of wheat attacked in like manner, when my neighbours told me the grub was got into it, and that I should certainly lose my crop. But knowing by experience the grub to take its food under the

surface of the earth and seeing the blades of my wheat stripped, at and above the surface, I pursued my method of night-rolling and by so doing, secured that crop also.

Flax I have never sown, but have often heard it said to be injured by the fly. I rather suspect the mischief is done by the slug, and would advise night-rolling to be tried, which is neither difficult or expensive.

Cabbage seed, califlower, and other garden seeds, are very frequently attacked and often destroyed both by the fly and slug; and the former of these seeds being now sown in large quantities for feeding cattle, I recommend night-rolling as the most probable means of preserving them; having several times practised it with the garden roller, and always with the same good success,

Whilst I am writing this, I have a Dutch clover field of eighteen acres, where there is scarce a stalk from which the leaves are not eaten by the slug; millions of them sheltering themselves by day at the bottom of the grass, and making their depredations by night. Two night-rollings I have no doubt would destroy them, but for obvious reasons I at present forbear to perform them.

This is what I have to communicate in regard to other seeds; and if on further trial, which I strongly recommend, it shall be found to answer, I shall have the pleasure of contributing to the advancement of agriculture, and the public benefit; but if otherwise, and my expectations should prove too sanguine, I shall still enjoy the conscious satisfaction of having discharged my duty to the best of my abilities, and with the most upright intentions.

I have the honour to be,

S I R,

Your much obliged,

And most obedient servant,

HENRY VAGG.

Chilcompton, May 1788.

THE HISTORY OF OKANO. THE FRAGMENT OF A VOYAGE TO ST. DOMINGO.

[From the French of the *Mercuré de France*.]

THE Caribs, so numerous in the American islands when Columbus discovered the new world, have been almost entirely extirpated. The feeble remains of these people, which are still scattered in some of the West Indian isles, are either degenerated, or nearly extinct. The in-

human conquerors who began this depopulation, have thought proper to paint them in the most unfavourable colours; but in thus traducing these poor people, in order to lessen the horror which their destruction must excite, they have not been able to conceal from us, how much the manners

manners of these unfortunate Indians were distinguished by gentleness and infantine simplicity. When we contemplate them, even in the blackened pictures of the Spanish historians, we shall find striking resemblance between these Caribbs and the Islanders of the South Sea, which the celebrated Captain Cook and M. de Bougainville have exhibited in such interesting views. Such, indeed, is the man of nature; mild, artless, and intent alone upon enjoyment. The fertile soil, the happy climate which he inhabits, afford in profusion, without the slightest labour, whatever can contribute to his felicity; and the primitive goodness of his heart is undegraded by the fictitious passions of civilized nations, or by the wants of those savage tribes that dwell in less favoured countries. Love is the only passion to which he is sensible with more than ordinary animation; that alone which can disturb the tranquility of his soul.

The Caribs, notwithstanding their natural apathy, experienced the excesses of this irresistible passion; and as they obeyed its impulse with greater impetuosity, and better understood its delights than those nations do whom other cares engage, they felt also with more impatience, perhaps, the restraints of opposition and impediment. These peaceful beings would then so far forget their natural character, as to yield to the horrid dictates of revenge and cruelty. Of this the following narrative is an instance, which may give us, moreover, some idea of the character of a people, whose history will, probably, ever remain unknown.

Torn, some years ago, from the follies, intemperance, and heedlessness of youth, as well as from all the pleasures of study and friendship, I crossed the ocean, and landed at St. Domingo. Fortune, which had just exiled me from all that was dear to my heart, now appeared, as it were, disposed to make me some compensation; by introducing me to one of those unenimous men, in whom the virtues are not less conspicuous than genius, and who ever command unsolicited admiration and respect. Notwithstanding the disparity of our years, this excellent man instantly gave me the most cordial welcome. The climate had subjected me to that cruel change, to which

all are exposed who arrive in the torrid zone. My generous friend, therefore, prevailed upon me to leave Cape Francois, for change of air, and to endeavour to perfect my recovery at his plantation.

Here I had liberty to indulge in that solitude, and in those reveries, of which I had ever been fond. With a volume of Homer, of Racine, or of Fenelon in my hand, I wandered often along the plantations of sugar canes, to visit the banks of a fine river, which at last surrounds my friend's extensive estate. I then followed a majestic walk of bamboos, that extended to the mouth of the river. A small meadow partly shaded by a forest of log-wood and mangoe trees, presented in this spot an enchanting landscape. On the other side of the river, are the downs that separate the Limba from Port Margot; and, beyond these, is an immense extent of ocean, where the eye is amused by the vessel constantly passing in all directions.

While I was admiring this magnificent prospect, and my soul, borne, as it were, beyond the waves, followed the distant vessels, or flew towards my country and my friends, I perceived a naked man often cross the shore at some distance from me, cast his net into the sea, and return laden with fish, to a little grove of mangoes. I took him, for some time, to be one of the mongrel inhabitants of the island, a fisherman in the neighbourhood. But at last, his industry in this solitary spot excited my curiosity; and, one day, I followed him, as he was returning to his asylum. Here some leaves of the palm tree formed a little hovel, sufficient to shelter him from the violent rains. A hammock, made of a kind of hemp that spontaneously grows here, was suspended on two trees, and many calabashes of different sizes admirably carved, were all the utensils he had.*

I perceived, as he approached me, that this man was of the Indian race. His glossy hair, copper colour, flattened forehead, and eyes that seemed to seek each other, all bespoke his origin. I observed him in silence; and he without speaking a single word continued his work. Presently, he made a great hole in the sand: in this he put a quantity of dry wood, which he kindled

* The fruit of the calabash-tree is seldom eaten; but the shell, when dried, is converted to a variety of very useful purposes; and serves to make cups, saucers, and many other articles of household furniture; for cases to put divers kinds of goods in, as pitch, resin, &c. The Indians, also, both in the North and South Sea, put the pearls they have fished in calabashes, and the negroes on the coast of Africa do the same with their gold dust. The smaller calabashes are also frequently used by these people as a measure, by which they sell their commodities to the Europeans.

kindled, and which soon became a fierce flame: Over this he placed the fish he had just caught, sprinkling over it a little salt and allspice, and plenty of citron juice; and, when the fish was well broiled, he spread it over a large banana leaf, with a heap of bananas, † and invited me to eat. This invitation was the first speech he addressed to me; for he had hitherto acted as if he had been quite alone. An air of frankness and simplicity, as well as the delicious appearance of his repast, would not permit me to refuse the good savage. I confess, too, that I never eat more excellent fish. My appetite delighted my host, and he appeared so well satisfied with me, that, when we had finished our meal, I ventured to ask him some questions.

'Zou are a Carib,' said I.—'Ah! yes,' answered he, his head dropping on his breast, and tears swimming in his eyes. Then he suddenly rose, and looked round, as if apprehensive of being heard. 'My friend, added I, 'how long have you lived here?' 'Three years,' he replied: 'the negroes of the neighbouring plantations bring me bananas and tobacco: and, in return, I give them a part of my fish, and some calabashes that I carve for them.'

'Where did you live before you came here?' At this question he uttered a deep sigh, and his tears began to flow again. 'But tell me at least your name,' I continued.—'My name! my name!' replied he with an air of wildness: 'You shall know it; but never mention it while I inhabit this spot.' My name is Okano.—Saying this, he threw himself with his face on the sand, and with his hands pressed the earth, as if he wished that it might open to conceal him. My soothing expressions, and all the signs of sensibility and compassion that I evinced, obliged him, at last, to rise; but I could not extort another word from him, and, at the approach of night, I retired, my heart oppressed with melancholy.

Deeply affected as I was by this adventure, I took care, however, not to mention it to any person; but I was determined to see Okano again, and to prevail upon him, if possible, to gratify my curiosity. Nevertheless, I was cautious not to betray too much eagerness, lest I should render

him mistrustful of me. The next day, I waited till it was somewhat late before I repaired again to the same place; and that day I would not even put any questions to the Carib. But I presented him some tobacco-leaves and different fruits, which seemed to please him much. The following days, I returned familiarly, and began to accustom him so well to my presence, that he would now hardly begin his evening repast till I arrived. Every time, however, that I again enquired his history, he kept a profound silence: he wept; he made signs to me, with his hand, not to urge him; and he often threw himself, as before, upon the ground.

One day, when I went to visit him at an earlier hour than usual, I did not find him; and I spent the whole afternoon, expecting him, in vain. His hammock was still suspended, and his calabashes in the same order. Not a single thing was missing in his hovel. The next day, and many days after, I still sought for him in vain. Okano appeared no more. Many reports were then spread of the death of this unfortunate Indian. The negroes, who loved him, were exhausted in conjectures. Some supposed that the Zombies † had carried him off; others, that he had killed himself; and others, with greater probability, that he had been devoured by a shark or an alligator. At last, my health being firmly re-established, I left the plantation of my excellent friend, without being able to discover what was become of the unfortunate Okano.

About a year afterwards, I took a journey to that part of the island called Port-au-Prince, unfortunately celebrated by the earthquakes, which have so often rendered it a scene of desolation. I was then desirous to see those great lakes, which in this part of the island, divide the French settlements from those of the Spaniards; and a hunting party, concerted with some of the inhabitants, soon gave me the opportunity. We were five white hunters, attended by five negro slaves, and some mules laden with our baggage, with buis-cuit and with wine. We repaired to a small harbour, at the bottom of the plain, where we embarked in a canoe, in order to cross the first lake. We sent our negroes, our horses, and our mules, by the defiles

† The leaves of this plant are seven or eight feet long, and twenty inches broad; as strong as parchment, and are used for umbrellas, and other purposes. Its fruit is a kind of bread, which is dry and mealy.

‡ The Zombies make a great figure in the superstition of the negroes. Like the Larvas of the ancients, they were supposed to be the spirits of dead wicked men, that are permitted to wander, and torment the living.

of the mountains, and rejoined them at the farm of a Spaniard named Narcisso.

The Spaniards of St. Domingo lead, in general, a kind of patriarchal life, with which, perhaps, it will not be unentertaining to be acquainted. The description of that of Narcisso will exhibit an idea of it.

Proprietor of a farm about eight leagues long, and half as many broad, Narcisso possessed many great herds of cattle, with numerous flocks of goats and sheep. His house, situated in the centre of an extensive meadow, is very plain and convenient. The galleries which surround, and the peristyle which divides it, preserve a perpetual coolness. In this peristyle are suspended many light hammocks, in which the men swing while the women sitting round, on folding chairs of leather, are employed in embroidery, or needle-work, or in singing some ballads accompanied by the guitar.

At whatever time of the day any strangers arrive there, they are treated with coffee, sweetmeats, fruit, and excellent milk; and a refusal would be almost deemed an affront. Narcisso appeared to be fifty years of age; his wife, who was younger, and of Indian origin, was still very handsome; and five charming daughters composed their family.

We were engaged four or five days together in hunting and fishing, in which this country afforded abundant sport. We were satiated with fish, with wild speckled hons, peacocks, curlews, ring doves, and other game, not less delicious. At length I, who was desirous of visiting the two lakes, proposed to one of my companions to second me; he consented; and while the three others remained with Narcisso, he proceeded along the mountains of Barococ. I set out on the opposite side, followed by my negro; and we agreed to meet at the bay of Neybe.

On the second day of this excursion, after having coasted, for a long time, on the banks of the lake, I was obliged to leave it, to seek for an asylum. I proceeded, about two leagues, by the side of a small river; and, at last, among many thickets of cocoa and banana trees, I discovered a neat little cot. I repaired to this, and requested hospitality of an Indian woman, at the door. She desired me to alight, and, while my negro took care of my horses, I spread my provisions on the table, and invited to partake with me, not only the In-

dian woman who had welcomed me, but also two women much younger, one of whom had a child at her breast. These women kindly accepted my invitation; and after my negro had also supped, he hung my hammock under a small gallery of the cottage, and I retired to rest. The women also retired to their apartment, and it was quite night when a man arrived. From the manner in which he was received, I could not doubt that he was the master of the cottage; but imagine my surprize, when I heard his voice, I fancied I heard that of Okano. I could not, however, be quite persuaded of this. It was too certain, I thought, that Okano had perished in the Limba, to be thus resuscitated at Neybe. I durst not even venture to call my hosts, to ascertain the truth. I spent the night in this suspense, and it was not till sun-rising that I again beheld the good Carib.

His surprize was equal to mine; and it is impossible to describe his transports. He kissed my hands and feet, he wept, laughed, uttered cries of joy, and leaped like a child. In fine, after having breakfasted, 'Okano,' said I, 'now that you seem happy, you will relate your adventures.'—'Very willingly,' he answered, 'I have no longer any thing to conceal from you.'—He instantly began the following narration, interrupted often by his tears.

'I am of the small number of free Indians that are yet existing in this island. Neither the Spanish nor African blood has been mingled with my race. Born on the banks of the Ozama, I lived there, thoughtless and happy, when an Indian woman, who had then just lost her husband, came to beg an asylum in our little cottage.—The character of my father had led this woman to believe, that she should find a protector in him; and she was not disappointed. My mother was dead. My eldest brother lived here, with his wife and two daughters, whom you now see. I was the only child that lived with my father; and that good old man was happy to afford the widow the protection she implored.—But, alas! why must I relate an adventure so dear and so fatal? an adventure, to which I owe the few happy moments I have enjoyed, and which has embittered the rest of my laborious life. This Indian widow was not alone. She was accompanied by her daughter, or rather by one of our Zemas,* who had condescended to take

* The Indians believe these Zemas to be celestial beings; but they regard the Mimatou [the devil] as much superior to the Zemas.

take a human form. To all the charms which we can desire in women, the beautiful Yanga, in the flower of her age, united that celestial candour which they sometimes possess. Her person was majestic as the young palm trees, and flexible as the pliant reeds. But her exterior charms were the least worthy of admiration. The sweet-minded Yanga surpassed in tenderness the amorous and timid dove. In a word, the moment my eyes beheld, my heart adored her. I desired not to speak my sentiments to my well beloved; and with what extasy did I find her sensible to my passion. Scarce, however, had we formed the blissful union, when death deprived me of my father. This was the first misfortune I ever knew; but Yanga and her mother wept with me; and ah! how soothing were the tears of Yanga! Alas! could I then foresee, that I should soon have to weep for her?

My father, in his dying moments, had been visited by a Carib, named Tinamou, who knew the virtues of many plants, but who, nevertheless, had not found one that was salutary for us. This Carib saw Yanga then, and the poison of love infected his heart. Tinamou, soon after, lost a wife by whom he had two children; and he eagerly came to desire Yanga to replace her. Yanga and her mother frankly told him the insurmountable obstacle in our union. The Carib retired in silence.

Some months passed since this adventure: we had even forgotten it, when I formed a design to catch in the Ozama, a kind of fish of which Yanga was very fond, and which is very plentiful in a particular pool of that river, some leagues from our habitation. I left my cottage at sun-rising, but before I departed, I embraced my well beloved. She wept profusely; and never, never were her caresses so tender and endearing. Oh heaven! I think I still see—I still hear her—I still feel her embraces! I went to fish for my Yanga only, and yet, the whole day, my heart was overwhelmed by melancholy. Heaven gave me a confused presentiment of my misfortune; for our good Zemas constantly endeavour to discover the evil that awaits us; but the Manitou irresistibly drags us on.

My fishing was successful. I even resumed my serenity, when, on a sudden, the idea of Tinamou obtruded upon me. I flew to my cottage; but it was too late; the crime was committed; and the first object I saw, on entering my habitation, was the mother of Yanga lying on the body of her dying daughter, and endeavouring in vain to revive her. I flew to my well beloved. I received her last sigh; she

expired in my arms. Oh, my friend, if you have ever loved, and in the moment you loved the most, have lost the object of your tenderness, think what was the grief, the anguish of my soul! Without that, you can have no conception of it. I could not weep: I was distracted: I sunk to the earth in long fainting fits.—From this state of stupor, I recovered only to utter cries of rage and desperation, and to invoke death, who would not hear me. At last, in a few days, when my senses were somewhat calmed, and a more tranquil grief had succeeded my distraction, I was told the cause of my wife's death. The barbarous Tinamou had taken advantage of my absence, and watched the moment to surprize Yanga when she went to bathe in the Ozama. There, the monster had seized her, and forced her to swallow a manchinele apple, which is the most dreadful poison in nature.

I instantly swore, that I would live to avenge my well beloved. I flew to Tinamou: he was not to be found. I sought for him in vain many months together. At last, I imagined, that he might be found in that bay of our island, where the Spaniards still employ some Indians to dive for pearls. This was the season for that fishery. I went there. When I arrived, I mixed with the Caribs, who were on the shore, and observed the divers as they disappeared, or as they came up again with oysters. What was my satisfaction when I discovered Tinamou! He did not perceive me. I waited for the moment that he dived again, when I suddenly plunged in after him, I seized him by one of his legs, and dragged him far into the sea, resolved that he should perish, and to perish with him, were it necessary. Tinamou was at least twice my age, and much more robust than I. But all his efforts were in vain: I had so well fastened to him, that he could not disengage himself. At last, I perceived his limbs benumbed: he was drowned; and I left him to the waves. When I returned to the shore, I related my misfortune and my revenge to the Indians, who universally applauded me.

Tinamou left two sons, who soon became men. The custom among us, is constantly to punish death by death. The two sons of Tinamou determined upon mine, and I was obliged to leave the banks of the Ozama, to escape from them. I retired to the mountains of Cibao: they went there to seek me. I removed to Sabama, and they followed me there. At last, I could conceal myself no where but on the shore of the Limba, where first you knew me. After six years of exile and apprehensions, I saw, one night, in a dream,

my elder brother, who seemed to implore my assistance. I departed instantly: I came hither; and I learned, that the two sons of Timamou, despairing of finding me, had assassinated my unfortunate brother, and had abandoned the island of St. Domingo. I went, at first, to see my former habitation, and to weep over the grave of Yanga. Not finding her mother, who had gone to die far from thence, I took up the remains of my well-beloved; I bro't them to this place, and reinter'd them in the midst of those cocoa-trees, where I can adore them every day.

I then settled in this place, that I

might be a protector to the widow and daughters of my brother. Shall I avow it to thee? They were all desirous that I should become the husband of her whom you see with that child; and I have yielded to their desire, and to the dictates of Nature. O Yanga, wilt thou pardon it?!

In uttering these last words, the tears flowed more profusely from him; but his young wife, who was weeping also, went, and presented his child to him. Okano took it, caressed it, and began even to smile upon it; and I saw, that in the deepest affliction, the affections and effusions of nature are ever sweet and consolatory.

DESCRIPTION OF A WINTER, AS IT APPEARS IN HINDOSTAN.

In a Letter to the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

INNUMERABLE translations from the Persian have been given to the world, some of them assuming the title of paraphrases, from their being destitute of the remotest analogy in sense or similarity of expression with the original. But I have seen none which could convey to an English reader any idea of the common figurative style of their authors, which prevails in far the greatest part of their compositions, and from which our translators shrink, terrified at the appearance of mutilated periods, redundant circumlocutions, and crowds of metaphors heaped together without art or connection. You will perceive by this time, Mr. Editor, that the above is meant to serve as an apology for all those faults in what I now submit to your inspection, and which you will lay before the public, if you think it deserves it.

The following, which has only the merit of being a literal translation, is presented to the public, as a specimen of the kind of composition, termed by the Persians COLOURED EXPRESSION, which name it has acquired from the multitude of epithets, of metaphors, and other oriental embellishments with which it is interspersed. These are so foreign to the genius of the English language, that every translation in which they are preserved, must inevitably have an appearance of extreme gaucheté. But that I may, in some

measure, compensate the style, I have chosen a description of winter, which cannot fail to have something particular, from the pen of a writer, who never saw its severities displayed on any other scene than Hindostan. The reader, then, will not expect to see her advance 'sullen, and sad, with all her rising train, vapours, and clouds, and storms,' but under an aspect more gentle and conciliating.

I am, Sir, &c.

PERSIUS.

ALREADY a change was apparent in the season, and symptoms of mutability became evident in the constitution of the times. The mighty king of the stars, forsaking the scale* of justice, laid violent hands on the sheaf, which injustice curtailed the career of day, and lengthened the broad veil of darkness. The troops of harvest, who had long waited for this event in the ambuscade of expectation, now leaped from their concealment, with a design of pillaging the four inhabited quarters of the globe; and advancing on the plain of the universe, began to extend the hand of rapacity: the coldness of their charity froze justice; whilst they began their attack, by laying siege to orchards and gardens, divesting them completely of their leaves and musical notes. The earth and its inhabitants, from a dread of their swift and warlike couriers, began to shiver

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* Alluding to the sun's quitting Libra, and entering the sign Virgo; by the Arabs denominated the sheaf.

ker like the trembling aspen; whilst others like foxes, becoming enamoured of furs, shut themselves up in their secluded apartments, and observed the external desolation from the roots of their security. The clusters of grapes which have escaped the persecution of the jackalls, now offer thanksgiving in the cell of humility; whilst that vagrant fluid, which formerly aspired to circumnavigate the globe, now banishing the fantastic idea of travelling, remains contentedly in its place; and that wind, which used to sport in the smooth expanse of the ocean, being seized with a violent panic, in its flight overset huge rocks. The trees as naked as if just come to resurrection, and stripped of their leaves and buds, extend their imploring arms to heaven. The nightingales fly from the garden to complain of the sun's elopement, leaving the ravens in possession of the orchards; and the sheet of the earth, in expectation of being imprinted with vernal

productions, becomes whiter than the cheek of the jessamine. The lowly inhabitants of the field, chid by the raging blast, have fled on the road of annihilation; the rose and the tulip, leaving their deserted habitations to the owl, fall victims to the gloomy Di †, and the furious Behmen their beautiful ornaments torn in ten thousand pieces: the stately cypress, which had long reigned in the metropolis of vegetation, is pulled from the throne of dominion; the lily, rising on its unbending stalk, was divested of its foliage, by these worse than Tartarian invaders, and thrown prostrate in the cell of destruction. Neither did the fragrant locks of the hyacinth, nor the plaited tresses of the honey-suckle, preserve them from the ruthless foe; whilst the rose-buds, just opening to the day, expired with terror at the dismal shrieks of Di's oppressive squadrons, and their crimson remnants were scattered on every side.

ELECTRICITY AND MAGNETISM COMPARED.

[By the Abbé Bertrism.]

THE phenomena of magnetism, which have an affinity with those of electricity, have induced several philosophers to think that there is an analogy between the two fluids which produce them, and even to consider them as of the same nature. These phenomena being curious and interesting in themselves, it may not be amiss to mention them. Natural and artificial electricity sometimes produce magnetism in bodies which are susceptible of it, and sometimes changes its direction. The truth of this we cannot doubt, since it is demonstrated by well authenticated experiments. Let us begin with the proofs furnished by observations made upon natural electricity.

First, the Philosophical Transactions relate, that Mr. Howard, being on board a vessel bound to Barbadoes, in company with another vessel commanded by Mr. Grafton, of New-England, they heard a dreadful clap of thunder, in the latitude of Barbadoes, by which the mizen mast of the second vessel was broken, the sails torn, and the rigging considerably damaged. When the danger of this accident was passed, Mr. Howard, whose vessel had not

been touched, was much surprised to see the companions of his voyage going on a course contrary to that which they had pursued before. He at first thought that fear had made them mistake their direction and that they would soon discover their error; but perceiving that they still continued to go on, and not being near enough to hail them, he followed their course. When he was near enough to speak to them, he found that they were pursuing their voyage as they thought, and sailing upon that rhomb which, according to their compass, was proper to conduct them to their place of destination. This mistake proceeded from the poles of the needle being changed, the north pole having become a south pole, and the south pole, a north. They turned the flower de luce with the finger, and pointed it directly north; but the moment it was left at liberty, it resumed its former direction to the south. All the compasses in the ship were in the same situation, and this strange accident could not be accounted for, but by attributing it to the thunder and lightning above mentioned. Mr. Howard was obliged to lend Mr. Grafton a compass

† Di and Behmen give their names to two of the winter months.

compass to enable him to finish his voyage; but we are not told, whether those who had been affected in this manner ever recovered their first direction. We know also, that lightning having fallen upon the vessel of Captain Waddel, the poles of the needles of all his compasses were changed in the like manner, the north point turning always towards the south.

To these proofs, we may add also a phenomenon long known to mariners. They have often had occasion to remark irregular motions in the needle of the compass during stormy weather, and sometimes the cause of these agitations is so strong that the needle moves several times round the card.

Besides, it is certain, that in the time of an Aurora Borealis, which is inconceivably a phenomenon of electricity, the needle is more or less agitated, and experiences most astonishing variations. The observations of several German, English, and French philosophers, leave us no doubt of the truth of this singularity. I myself have remarked it several times. As a farther proof, I shall mention an observation made by Father Cotte. This able philosopher, on the 17th of September 1770, observing a continual agitation in the needle of his compass, which every instant varied from fifteen to twenty minutes, thought himself authorized in consequence of this, to announce an Aurora Borealis for the evening of that day, which indeed appeared not only at Paris, but in most of the countries of Europe. Since that period he has announced others, and always with the same success.

A constant remark which this careful observer has made since he has followed the daily declination of the magnetic needle is, that its variations are much greater and more frequent on the approach of stormy weather. I have also observed, in certain cases, that when stormy clouds passed over a building guarded by a large conductor, good magnetic needles well suspended experienced very singular agitations.

Observations analogous to the preceding, have been made on the electricity of volcanoes, the influence of which on the needle of a compass is very sensible. Father della Torre observed, that a magnetic needle was much agitated on the summit of Mount Vesuvius. Mr. Erydore made the same remark on the top of Mount *Ætna*. The needle, however, always pointed to the north; but on the top of the volcano, more time was requisite for it to assume that direction than it was at the bottom. Recupero, a man perfectly well informed of every thing which con-

cerns *Ætna*, soon after the eruption of 1755, placed his compass in the lava, and to his great astonishment, the needle was agitated with much violence for a considerable time, until it entirely lost all its magnetic virtue. It turned indifferently towards every point of the card, and did not recover its former property without being again touched with a magnet.

Secondly, Several direct experiments concur also to prove, that electricity has a very sensible influence over magnetism. Mr. Kinnerley having placed the needle of a compass upon the point of a long pin, and held it in the atmosphere of a prime conductor, at the distance of about three inches, found that it whirled round with great rapidity.

Mr. Franklin, at Philadelphia, about the year 1751, succeeded in giving to needles a polar direction by artificial electricity, and even of changing it at pleasure. A shock (says he) given by two large glass vessels in the form of jars to a fine sewing needle, floating in the water, gave it a magnetic direction, and it traversed readily. If the needle be placed east and west, at the time when it is struck, the end by which the electric fluid entered points to the north. If it be placed north and south, the end which is turned towards the north will continue to point north when it is put upon the water, whether the fluid entered by that end or by the other. It may, perhaps, be superfluous to mention here, that when the masses upon which one operates are too large, or when the electricity is too weak, the experiment will not succeed, as happened to Mr. Wilson at London.

Mr. de Buffon was also one of the first, who thought that magnetism must be an effect of electricity, and this was the case a long time, before he was acquainted with the conjectures of the philosopher of Philadelphia. In the beginning of the year 1752, this great man begged Mr. d'Alibard to make him six needles of steel, that he might try to communicate the magnetic virtue to them by an electric shock. The method which the latter pursued was as follows. Having prepared for the Leyden experiment a large glass cucurbit and a matras, he put a needle, the cap of which had been taken off, between two plates of glass, the one longer than the other, in order that the two ends of the needle might extend beyond the edges of the latter. The whole was then put into a press made on purpose, placed in such a manner that it formed part of an electrical circle, or communicated at both ends with a machine, and the shock was discharged through it. The apparatus being

Being then taken to pieces, the cap adjusted, and the needle suspended upon its pivot, it assumed a northern and southern direction, and was strongly attracted by a piece of iron presented to it; in a word it had fully acquired the magnetic virtue.

Mr. d'Alibard immediately tried to change the poles of this needle, by giving it another shock in a contrary direction, and had the wished for success.

The experiment repeated several times produced the same effects. This needle preserved its magnetic virtue several months, but some time after its force decreased insensibly; it was even necessary at that period to hold a key within the distance of three or four lines from it before it could be attracted. The same philosopher conveyed the magnetic virtue by the same means to two other needles, which preserved their force for a considerable space of time. They were struck by a shock given at the same instant by four large glass jars prepared for the Leyden experiment.

These effects give us reason to believe, that old bars of iron exposed long to the injuries of the air, on the tops of very high buildings, such as those on the steeples of Chartres, Aix, &c. would not acquire the magnetic virtue, were it not for the influence of natural electricity. However this may be, Mr. d'Alibard remarked, that in whatever direction his needles were placed, when they received the shock, the end of the needle by which the electric fluid entered was that which constantly turned towards the north, and consequently the end through which the fluid came out directed itself towards the south. To change therefore, the poles of a needle to which the magnetic virtue is communicated in this manner, nothing is necessary, but to give it a shock in a contrary direction.

From these proofs some philosophers have concluded, that electricity and magnetism are the same thing; but it appears to me that they are wrong, for all that we can thence conclude is, that electricity produces magnetism in certain cases. Perhaps even this effect depends rather on the strong agitation and violent shock, which the electric fluid causes in the needle, than from any peculiar virtue. Mr. Van Swinden is of the same opinion. It is well known from Mr. Reaumur's experiments, that iron immediately acquires the magnetic virtue by the stroke and percussion of a common hammer.

Whatever truth there may be in this observation, it is certain, that if electricity

resembles magnetism in a few points, there are a great many in which they differ, and which establish a very essential unlikeness. From these we shall select a small number, which will undoubtedly appear decisive. The electric fluid shows itself under the form of luminous sparks, but the faintest light could never yet be obtained from the magnetic fluid. The electric fluid is rendered very sensible by shocks and violent commotions, but it has never yet been possible to give the smallest shock by means of the loadstone. The electric fluid acts in some manner or other upon every body, but the case is different with that of the magnet. The electric fluid communicates itself readily to all metals and semi-metals, while the magnetic fluid acts only upon iron; for example, it has never been found practicable to communicate the magnetic virtue to a needle made of silver. The magnetic virtue is permanent in the loadstone, and in iron; the electric virtue, on the contrary, is almost instantaneous. If one approaches a bar of iron electrified, a simple touch immediately deprives it of its virtue, but however long or often one touches an artificial magnet, it still retains its magnetism.

It would be easy to recount a great many more marks of difference between the two fluids of which I speak, but those which I have mentioned appear to be sufficient to refute the opinion of those who assert their identity. From the observations and experiments which I have related, it results, therefore, that there is a great difference between magnetism and electricity, consequently that they are not produced by the same agent and the same principle, unless we suppose the fluid, which is the cause of both, to be modified in a very different manner in each case, which would be equivalent to allowing that they are two distinct fluids.

If there be so great a difference then, between magnetism and electricity, we ought not to conclude that they are the same, or even analogous; otherwise there would be an analogy between bodies the most unlike; for we observe, classic and generic marks of resemblance between them, which are not sufficient to establish a particular analogy. Therefore, until direct, repeated, and well authenticated experiments force us to admit a real analogy between the electric and the magnetic fluids, we may rest assured, that they have not a certain, but a very vague and general identity or analogy.

ACCOUNT of a DREADFUL INUNDATION of the SEA at INGERAM, on the
COAST of COROMANDEL, in the EAST-INDIES.

In a Letter from Mr. William Parson to Alexander Dalrymple, Esq.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU wish to have a just and circumstantial account of the late calamity we have sustained. It is no wonder the accounts you have seen, should be incoherent and imperfect; for while the misfortune was recent, our minds were distracted with a thousand fears and apprehensions for the consequences: indeed people less alarmed and less gloomy than ourselves might have admitted the apprehension of pestilence and famine; the former, from the air being tainted from some thousands of putrid carcases both of men and cattle; and the latter, from the country around us being destroyed as well as our stock of provisions and the fruit of the earth.

From the 17th of May, it blew hard from the N. E. but as bad weather is unusual at such a season, we did not apprehend that it would become more serious; but on the 19th at night it increased to a hard gale; and on the 20th in the morning it blew a perfect hurricane, insomuch that our houses were presently untiled, our doors and windows, beat in, and the railing and part of the wall of our inclosures blown down. A little before eleven it came with violence from the sea, and I presently perceived a multitude of the inhabitants crowding toward my house, crying out that the sea was coming in upon us. I cast my eyes in that direction, and saw it approaching with great rapidity, bearing much the same appearance as the bar in Bengal river. As my house was situated very low, I did not hesitate to abandon it, directing my steps towards the old Factory; in order to avail myself of the Terrace: for in that dreadful moment I could not so far reflect upon causes or effects, as to account for the phenomenon, or to set bounds to its increase. I had indeed heard of a tradition among the natives, that about a century ago the sea ran as high as the tallest Palmira trees, which I have ever disregarded as fabulous, till the present unusual appearance called it more forcibly to my mind. In my way to the old Factory, I stopped at the door of Mr. Boures' house, to apprize the rest of the gentlemen of their danger, and the measures I had concerted for my safety: they accordingly joined me; but before we attained the place of our destination, we were nearly intercepted by the torrent of water. As the house is built on a high spot, and pretty well

elevated from the ground, the water never ran above a foot on the first floor, so we had no occasion to have recourse to the Terrace. Between one and two o'clock the water began to subside a little, and continued gradually decreasing till the body of it had retired; leaving all the low places, tanks, and wells full of salt water, I think the sea must have risen fifteen feet above its natural level. About the time of the water subsiding, the wind favoured it by coming round to the Southward, from which point it blew the hardest. As the Factory-house was in a very ruinous state, and shook exceedingly at every gust, we were very anxious to get back to Mr. Beures' house. I attempted it twice, but found I had neither power nor strength to combat the force of the wind, getting back with the greatest difficulty to my former station. About five o'clock, during a short lull, we happily effected our remove. It blew very hard the greatest part of the night: at midnight it veered to the westward and was so cold, that I thought we should have perished as we reclined in our chairs. The gale broke up towards the morning. I shall not attempt to describe to you the scene that presented itself to our view, when day-light appeared: it was dreary and horrid beyond description. The trees were all blighted by the salt water, and the face of the country covered with salt mud; yet it had more the appearance of having suffered by a blast of hot wind, or by the irruption of volcanos, than by an inundation of water, such an effect had it in destroying the herbage and foliage of every description. Our houses were found full of the inhabitants, who had taken refuge therein, stripped of doors and windows, and quite open to the weather at top; the godowns mostly carried away, and several substantial tiled houses so completely levelled, as scarcely to afford a mark of their ever existing: but our sufferings were light, when compared with those of *Coringa*; and the rest of the villages nearer the sea. At *Coringa*, out of four thousand inhabitants, it is said not more than twenty were saved, and those mostly on Mrs. Corfar's Terrace, and on the beams of Captain Webster's house. Mr. Gideon Firth, Mr. George Day, and the Portuguese Padre were, I believe, the only Europeans that were drowned. At first the sea rose gradually, and as it came in with

the tide the people were not much alarmed; but when they found it still increase so as to render their situation dangerous, they mounted on the top of their Cadjan-houses, till the sea impelled by a strong easterly wind rushed in upon them most furiously, when all houses at the same awful moment gave way, and nearly four thousand souls were launched into eternity. This tremendous scene was visible from Mrs. Corfar's Terrace, over which the sea sometimes broke, and they were frequently in great danger from the drifting of vessels and other heavy bodies; which must inevitably have brought down the house, had they come in contact. At the Dutch village of *Jaggernaikperan*, I hear the distress was very great, and that about a thousand lives were lost; many of the villages in the low country between *Coringa* and *Jaggernaikperan* were totally destroyed, and the inundation carried its dreadful effects as far to the northward as *Apparah*; but I do not hear that many lives were lost at that place. The inundation penetrated inland about ten Coss from the sea in a direct line; but did little more damage to the westward of us than destroying the vegetation. It would be very difficult to ascertain with any precision, the number of lives lost in this dreadful visitation; the most intelligent people I have conferred with on the subject state the loss at from ten to twenty thousand souls; This is rather an indefinite computation; but I think if the medium be taken, it will then rather exceed than fall short of the real loss. They compute that a lack of cattle were drowned, and from the vast numbers I saw dead at *Nellapilla*, I can easily credit their assertion. For two or three days after the calamity such was the languor of the inhabitants, that not a Cooly or workman was to be procured at any price; it required our utmost exertion to get the dead-bodies and the dead cattle buried with all possible speed, to prevent the air being impregnated with putrid effluvia. This, to be sure, was a task we could not fully execute, except just in the villages; However, no bad effects have ensued, which I impute to the continual land winds that have blown strongly for some time past. These have the property of drying up the juices of dead bodies and preventing putrefaction, which must necessarily have been the consequence in a damp air. It is extraordinary, that the vast tract of low ground on the south-side *Guadavery*, from *Gotendy* to *Bundarnilankaz* suffered very little from the inundation, and scarcely a person perished. This country lies so exceedingly low, as to be flooded in many places by the common

spring-tides, and a great deal of it is in consequence covered with salt jungle. It is probable they owe their safety to those small islands at the mouth of the *Guadavery*, as well as *Point Guadavery* itself, which must have both contributed to break the force of the sea.

When we had recovered from our consternation on the 21st, we began to consider how we should be able to exist in such a field of desolation, as our wells were filled with salt water, our provisions destroyed, and we found by digging in different places that no sweet water was to be procured; when it was discovered that Providence had so far interfered in our favour, as to bring down the freshes at a very early and unusual season. From what accounts we could hastily gather, we were apprehensive that the stores of rice were either much damaged or totally destroyed; as the rice godowns and gomarks are generally secured against an accident less formidable than this. However, the event has happily falsified our surmises, and proved our information fallacious, for rice has hitherto been plentiful and not dear. The generous supplies that have been sent us from the Presidency, will I trust secure us from serious want. Our markets have not yet been attended by a person with an article for sale; but this is not to be wondered at, as our supplies were generally furnished by the villages at no great distance inland; and these countries have been drenched sufficiently in salt water to destroy their produce. The fishermen, a most useful body of people, inhabiting chiefly by the sea side, have been almost totally extirpated; and we are thereby deprived of a very material part of our subsistence. Time alone can restore us to the comforts we have lost, and we have reason to be thankful that things have not turned out so bad as we apprehended. I have tired myself in attempting this narration, and I fear I have almost tired you in the perusal of it. A great deal more might be said upon the subject in a flowery garb; if it yields a moment's amusement to my friend, my end is fully answered. The greatest part of this intelligence you have already had in detail, but it is your desire I should bring it to one point of view. It is hastily written and very inaccurate; but you will remember I was in a good deal of pain at the time of writing it; from an inflammation in my legs, so had not sufficient ease or leisure to correct or transcribe it.

Your's affectionately,

WILLIAM PARSON.

Ingeram, June 7, 1787.

STORY OF AMELIA NEVIL.

[From the Philosophical, Historical, and Moral Essay on Old Maids.]

IT was the custom of Mrs. Wormwood to profess the most friendly solicitude for female youth, and the highest admiration of beauty; she wished to be considered as their patroness, because such an idea afforded her the fairest opportunities of secretly mortifying their insufferable presumption. With a peculiar refinement in malice, she first encouraged; and afterwards defeated, those amusing matrimonial projects, which the young and beautiful are so apt to entertain. The highest gratification which her ingenious malignity could devise, consisted in torturing some lovely inexperienced girl, by playing upon the tender passions of an open and unsuspecting heart.

Accident threw within her reach a most tempting subject for such fiend-like diversion, in the person of Amelia Nevil, the daughter of a brave and accomplished officer, who, closing a laborious and honourable life in very indigent circumstances, had left his unfortunate child to the care of his maiden sister. The aunt of Amelia was such an old maid as might alone suffice to rescue the sisterhood from ridicule and contempt. She had been attached, in her early days, to a gallant youth, who unhappily lost his own life in preserving that of his dear friend, her brother; she devoted herself to his memory with the most tender, unaffected, and invariable attachment; refusing several advantageous offers of marriage, though her income was so narrow, that necessity obliged her to convert her whole fortune into an annuity, just before the calamitous event happened, which made her the only guardian of the poor Amelia. This lovely but unfortunate girl was turned of fourteen on the death of her father; she found in the house of his sister, the most friendly asylum, and a relation, whose heart and mind made her most able and willing to form the character of this engaging orphan, who appeared to be as highly favoured by nature as she was persecuted by fortune. The beauty of Amelia was so striking, and the charms of her lively understanding began to display themselves in so enchanting a manner, that her affectionate aunt could not bear the idea of placing her in any lower order of life: she gave her the education of a gentlewoman, in the flattering and generous hope that her various attractions must supply the absolute want of fortune, and that she should enjoy the delight of seeing her dear Amelia

settled happily in marriage, before her death exposed her lovely ward to that poverty, which was her only inheritance. Heaven disposed it otherwise. This amiable woman, after having acted the part of a most affectionate parent to her indigent niece, died before Amelia attained the age of twenty. The poor girl was now apparently destitute of every resource, and exposed to penury, with a heart bleeding for the loss of a most indulgent protector. A widow lady of her acquaintance very kindly afforded her a refuge in the first moments of her distress, and proposed to two of her opulent friends, that Amelia should reside with them by turns, dividing her year between them, and passing four months with each. As soon as Mrs. Wormwood was informed of this event, as she delighted in those ostentatious acts of apparent beneficence, which are falsely called charity, she desired to be admitted among the voluntary guardians of the poor Amelia. To this proposal all the parties assented, and it was settled that Amelia should pass the last quarter of every year, as long as she remained single, under the roof of Mrs. Wormwood. This lovely orphan had a sensibility of heart, which rendered her extremely grateful for the protection she received, but which made her severely feel all the miseries of dependence. Her beauty attracted a multitude of admirers, many of whom, presuming on her poverty, treated her with a licentious levity, which always wounded her ingenious pride. Her person, her mind, her manners, were universally commended by the men; but no one thought of making her his wife. 'Amelia, they cried, is an enchanting creature; but who, in these times, can afford to marry a pretty, proud girl, supported by charity?' Though this prudential question was never uttered in the presence of Amelia, she began to perceive its influence, and suffered the painful dread of proving a perpetual burden to those friends, by whose generosity she subsisted: she wished a thousand times that her affectionate aunt, instead of cultivating her mind with such dangerous refinements, had placed her in any station of life where she might have maintained herself by her own manual labour: she sometimes entertained a project of making some attempt for this purpose; and she once thought of changing her name, and of trying to support herself as an actress on one of the public theatres; but this idea, which her

honest pride had suggested, was effectually suppressed by her modesty; and she continued to waste the most precious time of her youth, under the mortification of perpetually wishing to change her mode of life, and of not knowing how to effect it. Almost two years had now elapsed since the death of her aunt; and, without any prospect of marriage, she was in her second period of residence with Mrs. Wormwood, Amelia's understanding was by no means inferior to her other endowments: she began to penetrate all the artful disguise, and to gain a perfect and very painful insight into the real character of her present hostess. This lady had remarked, that when Miss Nevil resided with her, her house was much more frequented by gentlemen than at any other season. This indeed was true; and it unluckily happened that these visitors often forgot to applaud the smart sayings of Mrs. Wormwood, in contemplating the sweet countenance of Amelia; a circumstance full sufficient to awaken, in the neglected wit, the most bitter envy, hatred, and malice. In truth, Mrs. Wormwood, detested her lovely guest with the most implacable virulence; but she had the singular art of disguising her detestation in the language of flattery: she understood the truth of Pope's maxim,

‘He hurts me most who lavishly commends;’

and she therefore made use of lavish commendation as an instrument of malevolence towards Amelia; she insulted the taste, and ridiculed the choice, of every new married man, and declared herself convinced, that he was a fool, because he had not chosen that most lovely young woman. To more than one gentleman she said, you must marry Amelia; and, as few men chuse to be driven into wedlock, some offers were possibly prevented by the treacherous vehemence of her praise. Her malice, however, was not sufficiently gratified by observing that Amelia had no prospect of marriage. To indulge her malignity, she resolved to amuse this unhappy girl with the hopes of such a joyous event, and then to turn, on a sudden, all these splendid hopes into mockery and delusion. Accident led her to pitch on Mr. Nelson, as a person whose name she might with the greatest safety employ as the instrument of her insidious design, and with the greater chance of success, as she observed that Amelia had conceived for him a particular regard. Mr. Nelson was a gentleman, who, having met with very singular events, had contracted a great but ve-

ry amiable singularity of character. He was placed, early in life, in a very lucrative commercial situation, and was on the point of settling happily in marriage with a very beautiful young lady, when the house in which she resided was consumed by fire. Great part of her family, and among them the destined bride, was buried in the ruins. Mr. Nelson, in losing the object of his ardent affection by so sudden a calamity, lost for some time the use of his reason; and when his health and senses returned, he still continued under the oppression of the profoundest melancholy, till his fond devotion to the memory of her, whom he had lost in so severe a manner, suggested to his fancy a singular plan of benevolence, in the prosecution of which he recovered a great portion of his former spirits. This plan consisted in searching for female objects of charity, whose distresses had been occasioned by fire. As his fortune was very ample, and his own private expences very moderate, he was able to relieve many unfortunate persons in this condition; and his affectionate imagination delighted itself with the idea, that in these uncommon acts of beneficence he was guided by the influence of that lovely angel, whose mortal beauty had perished in the flames. Mr. Nelson frequently visited a married sister, who was settled in the town where Mrs. Wormwood resided. There was also, in the same town, an amiable elderly widow, for whom he had a particular esteem. This lady, whose name was Melford, had been left in very scanty circumstances on the death of her husband, and residing at that time in London, she had been involved in additional distress by that calamity to which the attentive charity of Mr. Nelson was for ever directed: he more than repaired the loss which she sustained by fire, and assisted in settling her in the neighbourhood of his sister. Mrs. Melford had been intimate with the aunt of Amelia, and was still the most valuable friend of that lovely orphan, who paid her frequent visits, though she never resided under her roof. Mr. Nelson had often seen Amelia at the house of Mrs. Melford, which led him to treat her with particular politeness whenever he visited Mrs. Wormwood; a circumstance on which the latter founded her ungenerous project. She perfectly knew all the singular private history of Mr. Nelson, and firmly believed, like all the rest of his acquaintance, that no attractions could ever tempt him to marry; but she thought it possible to make Amelia conceive the hope that her beauty had melted his resolution; and nothing she supposed, could more effectually mortify her guest

chan to find herself derided for so vain an expectation.

Mrs. Wormwood began, therefore, to insinuate, in the most artful manner, that Mr. Nelson was very particular in his civilities to Amelia; magnified all his amiable qualities, and expressed the greatest pleasure in the prospect of so delightful a match. These petty artifices, however, had no effect on the natural modesty and diffidence of Amelia. She saw nothing that authorised such an idea in the usual politeness of a well-bred man of thirty-seven; she pitied the misfortune, she admired the elegant and engaging, though serious manners, and she revered the virtues of Mr. Nelson; but, supposing his mind to be entirely engrossed, as it really was, by his singular charitable pursuits, she entertained not a thought of engaging his affection. Mrs. Wormwood was determined to play off her favourite engine of malignity, a counterfeited letter. She had acquired, in her youth, the very dangerous talent of forging any hand that she pleased; and her passion for mischief had afforded her much practice in this treacherous art. Having previously, and secretly, engaged Mr. Nelson to drink tea with her, she wrote a billet to Amelia, in the name of that gentleman, and with the most perfect imitation of his hand. The billet said, that he designed himself the pleasure of passing that afternoon at the house of Mrs. Wormwood, and requested the favour of a private conference with Miss Nevil in the course of the evening, intimating, in the most delicate and doubtful terms, an ardent desire of becoming her husband. Mrs. Wormwood contrived that Amelia should not receive this billet till just before dinner-time, that she might not shew it to her friend and confidant, Mrs. Melford, and, by her means, detect its fallacy before the hour of her intended humiliation arrived.

Amelia blushed in reading the note, and, in the first surprise of unsuspecting innocence, gave it to the vigilant Mrs. Wormwood, who burst into vehement expressions of delight, congratulated her blushing guest on the full success of her charms, and triumphed in her own prophetic discernment. They sat down to dinner, but poor Amelia could hardly swallow a morsel; her mind was in a tumultuous agitation of pleasure and amazement. The malicious impostor, enjoying her confusion, allowed her no time to compose her hurried spirits in the solitude of her chamber. Some female visitors arrived to tea; and, at length, Mr. Wilson entered the room. Amelia trembled and blushed as he approached her; but she was a little

relieved from her embarrassment by the business of the tea-table, over which she presided. Amelia was naturally graceful in every thing she did, but the present agitation of her mind gave a temporary awkwardness to all her motions: she committed many little blunders in the management of the tea-table; a cup fell from her trembling hand, and was broken; but the politeness of Mr. Nelson led him to say so many kind and graceful things to her on these pretty incidents, that, instead of increasing her distress, they produced an opposite effect, and the tumult of her bosom gradually subsided into a calm and composed delight. She ventured to meet the eyes of Mr. Nelson, and thought them expressive of that tenderness which promised a happy end to all her misfortunes. At the idea of exchanging misery and dependence for comfort and honour, as the wife of so amiable a man, her heart expanded with the most innocent and grateful joy. This appeared in her countenance, and gave such an exquisite radiance to all her features, that she looked a thousand times more beautiful than ever. Mrs. Wormwood saw this improvement of her charms, and, sickening at the sight, determined to reduce the splendor of such insufferable beauty, and hastily terminate the triumph of her deluded guest. She began with a few malicious and sarcastic remarks on the vanity of beautiful young women, and the hopes which they frequently entertain of an imaginary lover; but, finding these remarks produced not the effect she intended, she took an opportunity of whispering in the ear of Amelia, and begged her not to harbour any vain expectations, for the billet she had received was a counterfeit, and a mere piece of pleasantry. Amelia shuddered, and turned pale: surprise, disappointment and indignation, conspired to overwhelm her. She exerted her utmost power to conceal her emotions; but the conflict in her bosom was too violent to be disguised. The tears, which she vainly endeavoured to suppress, burst forth, and she was obliged to quit the room in very visible disorder. Mr. Nelson expressed his concern; but he was checked in his benevolent enquiries by the caution of Mrs. Wormwood, who said, on the occasion, that Miss Nevil was a very amiable girl, but she had some peculiarities of temper, and was apt to put a wrong construction on the innocent pleasantry of her friends. Mr. Nelson observing that Amelia did not return, and hoping that his departure might contribute to restore the interrupted harmony of the house, took an early leave of Mrs. Wormwood, who immediately flew to the chamber

chamber of Amelia, to exult, like a fiend, over that lovely victim of her successful malignity. She found not the person whom she was so eager to insult. Amelia had indeed retired to her chamber, and passed there a very miserable half hour, much hurt by the treacherous cruelty of Mrs. Wormwood, and still more wounded by reflections on her own credulity, which she condemned with that excess of severity so natural in a delicate mind in arraighing itself. She would have flown for immediate consolation to her friend, Mrs. Melford, but she had reason to believe that lady engaged on a visit, and she therefore resolved to take a solitary walk, for the purpose of composing her spirits: but neither solitude nor exercise could restore her tranquillity; and, as it grew late in the evening, she hastened to Mrs. Melford's, in hopes of now finding her returned. Her worthy old confidant was indeed in her little parlour alone, when Amelia entered the room. The eyes of this lovely girl immediately betrayed her distress; and the old lady, with her usual tenderness, exclaimed, 'Good heaven! my dear child, for what have you been crying?' 'Because,' (replied Amelia, in a broken voice, and bursting into a fresh shower of tears) 'because I am a fool.'—Mrs. Melford began to be most seriously alarmed, and, expressing her maternal solicitude in the kindest manner, Amelia produced the fatal paper—'There, says she, is a letter in the name of your excellent friend, Mr. Nelson; it is a forgery of Mrs. Wormwood's, and I have been such an idiot as to believe it real.' The affectionate Mrs. Melford, who, in her first alarm, had apprehended a much heavier calamity, was herself greatly comforted in discovering the truth, and said many kind things to console her young friend. 'Do not fancy (replied Amelia) that I am foolishly in love with Mr. Nelson, though I think him the most pleasing as well as the most excellent of men; and though I confess to you, that I should certainly think it a blessed lot to find a refuge from the misery of my present dependence, in the arms of so benevolent and so generous a protector.' 'Those arms are now open to receive you,' said a voice that was heard before the speaker appeared. Amelia started at the sound, and her surprize was not a little increased on seeing Mr. Nelson himself, who, entering the room from an adjoining apartment, embraced the lovely orphan in a transport of tenderness and delight. Amelia, alive to all the feelings of genuine modesty, was for some minutes more painfully distressed by this surprize, than she had been by her past

mortification: she was ready to sink into the earth at the idea of having betrayed her secret to the man from whom she would have laboured most to conceal it. In the first tumult of this delicate confusion, she sinks into a chair, and hides her face in her handkerchief. Nelson, with a mixture of respect and love, being afraid of increasing her distress, seizes one of her hands, and continues to kiss it without uttering a word. The good Mrs. Melford, almost as much astonished, but less painfully confused than Amelia, beholds this unexpected scene with that kind of joy which is much more disposed to weep than to speak:—and, while this little party is thus absorbed in silence, let me hasten to relate the incidents which produced their situation.

Mr. Nelson had observed the sarcastic manner of Mrs. Wormwood towards Amelia, and, as soon as he had ended his uncomfortable visit, he hastened to the worthy Mrs. Melford, to give her some little account of what had passed, and to concert with her some happier plan for the support of this amiable insulted orphan. 'I am acquainted, said he, with some brave and wealthy officers, who have served with the father of Miss Nevil, and often speak of him with respect; I am sure I can raise among them a subscription for the maintenance of this tender unfortunate girl: we will procure for her an annuity, that shall enable her to escape from such malignant patronage, to have a little home of her own, and to support a servant.' Mrs. Melford was transported at this idea; and, recollecting all her own obligations to this benevolent man, wept, and extolled his generosity; and, suddenly seeing Amelia at some distance, through a bow window, which commanded the street in which she lived, 'Thank heaven,' (she cried) here comes my poor child, to hear and bless you for the extent of your goodness.' Nelson, who delighted most in doing good by stealth, immediately extorted from the good old lady a promise of secrecy: it was the best part of his plan, that Amelia should never know the persons to whom she was to owe her independence. 'I am still afraid of you, my worthy old friend (says Nelson); your countenance or manner will, I know, betray me, if Miss Nevil sees me here to night.'—'Well, (said the delighted old lady) I will humour your delicacy; Amelia will probably not stay with me ten minutes; you may amuse yourself, for that time, in my spacious garden. I will not say you are here; and, as soon as the good girl returns home, I will come and impart to you the particulars of her recent vexa-

tion.—'Admirably settled,' cried Nelson; and he immediately retreated into a little back room, which led through a glass door into a long slip of ground, embellished with the sweetest and least expensive flowers, which afforded a favourite occupation and amusement to Mrs. Melford. Nelson, after taking a few turns in this diminutive garden, finding himself rather chilled by the air of the evening, retreated again into the little room he had passed, intending to wait there till Amelia departed; but the partition between the parlours being extremely slight, he overheard the tender confession of Amelia, and was hurried towards her by an irresistible impulse, in the manner already described.

Mrs. Melford was the first who recovered from the kind of trance, into which our little party had been thrown by their general surprize; and she enabled the tender pair, in the prospect of whose union her warm heart exulted, to regain that easy and joyous possession of their faculties, which they had lost for some little time in their mutual embarrassment. The applause of her friend, and the adoration of her lover, soon taught the diffident Amelia to think less severely of herself. The warm-hearted Mrs. Melford declared, that these occurrences were the work of heaven.—That, (replied the affectionate Nelson) I am most willing to allow; but you must grant, that heaven has produced our present happiness by the blind agency of a fiend; and, as our dear Amelia has too gentle a spirit to rejoice in beholding the malignity of a devil converted into the tor-

ment of its possessor, I must beg that she may not return, even for a single night, to the house of Mrs. Wormwood. Amelia pleaded her sense of past obligations, and wished to take a peaceful leave of her patroness; but she submitted to the urgent entreaties of Nelson, and remained for a few weeks under the roof of Mrs. Melford, when she was united at the altar to the man of her heart. Nelson had the double delight of rewarding the affection of an angel, and of punishing the malevolence of a fiend: he announced in person to Mrs. Wormwood his intended marriage with Amelia, on the very night when that treacherous old maid had amused herself with the hope of deriding her guest; whose return she was eagerly expecting, in the moment that Nelson arrived to say, that Amelia would return no more.

The surprize and mortification of Mrs. Wormwood arose almost to frenzy; she racked her malicious and inventive brain for expedients to defeat the match, and circulated a report for that purpose, which decency will not allow me to explain. Her artifice was detected and despised.—Amelia was not only married, but the most admired, the most beloved, and the happiest of human beings; an event which preyed so incessantly on the spirit of Mrs. Wormwood, that she fell into a rapid decline, and ended, in a few months, her mischievous and unhappy life, a memorable example, that the most artful malignity may sometimes procure for the object of its envy that very happiness which it labours to prevent!

RULES FOR PREDICTING CHANGES OF THE WEATHER, BY THE BAROMETER.

[By Mr. W. Jones.]

1st. THE rising of the mercury presages, in general, fair weather, and its falling, foul weather, as rain, snow, high winds and storms.

2d. In very hot weather, especially if the wind is south, the falling of the mercury foretells thunder.

3d. In winter the rising presages frost, and in frosty weather, if it falls three or four divisions, there will follow a thaw; but if it rises in a continued frost, snow may be expected.

4th. When foul weather happens soon after the falling of the mercury, expect but little of it; and the same infer, if fair weather succeeds shortly after its rise.

5th. When the mercury continues to rise for two or three days before the foul weather is over, expect a continuance of fair weather to follow.

6th. In fair weather, when the mercury falls much and low, and continues so for two or three days before the rain comes, then expect much wet, and probably high winds.

7th. The mercury generally rises very fast after great storms of wind, when before it was very low. Dr. Halley mentions that he once observed it to rise an inch and a half in six hours, after a long continued storm of south-west wind.

8th. The unsettled motion of the mercury

tury indicates uncertain or changeable weather.

The words on the plate are not strictly to be adhered to, though they will in general agree, for the height of the mercury does not so much indicate the weather as its motion up and down; to know therefore whether the mercury is actually rising or falling, observe,

1st. If the surface of the mercury is convex, (standing high in the middle) it is then rising.

2d. If the surface is concave, (standing low in the middle) it is then falling.

3d. If the surface is plain, or a little convex, it may be considered as stationary.

4th. A small shake of the tube will sometimes bring the mercury to its approaching height.

The foregoing rules are chiefly to be depended upon; but the following are not unworthy of regard.

1st. The greatest heights of the mercury are on easterly and north-easterly winds, and its lowest stations on southerly or westerly winds,

2d. A continuance of fair weather, the wind being in the north, and the mercury high or rising, is never succeeded by rain till the wind changes southerly.

3d. A continuance of rain from the

south, is scarce ever succeeded by settled fair weather, before the wind changes either to the west or some point of the north.

4th. If the mercury falls when the wind is full south, it scarcely ever fails to be a sign of rain.

5th. If it is going to be cold, frosty, or foggy, it rises pretty high; but if going to be windy or tempestuous, it will then sink very low, and as soon as the first storm is over rise again apace.

The barometer never fails to shew the true cause of the alterations of the weather, and we are thereby prepared to expect them; but it may sometimes happen, that the column of the mercury will not alter its altitude agreeably to the foregoing rules, for when the atmosphere is charged with more aqueous matter than it can dissolve (the atmosphere is known to be a dissolvent medium) the surplus will form clouds, and these produce showers of rain when the mercury stands *very high*; and for the contrary reason, there may be sometimes no rain when the mercury is *very low*. Hence it follows, that we are generally satisfied by the barometer what weather we may at all times probably expect, though sometimes the contrary may happen, and a general monitor (to any wise man) is better than none at all.

ON THE GALLANTRY OF THE ROMAN LADIES, AS COMPARED WITH THAT OF THE MODERNS.

CUSTOMS founded upon the passions and the affections of the heart, must be prevalent in all ages, and common to every nation. Of all customs none is more general than that of gallantry. Every where, and in every period, there have been ardent lovers, jealous and deceived husbands, insipid coquettes, and vain coxcombs, who have boasted of the favors conferred on them by the fair sex. A like cause must always produce like effects. The Romans, from whom we often take examples, in the most flourishing times of the republic, conducted themselves with respect to gallantry, almost in the same manner as we. Theirs, however, could not properly be called gallantry; it was rather a real species of debauchery, authorized by example and custom.

Irregularities of this kind, among women of the first class, were so common at Rome, that it often appeared surprising, that there were found a few who formed an exception; and though among the

Romans, there were some delicate husbands, as among us, it is certain that, in general, they were not much incensed at the worthless conduct of their fair spouses; on the contrary, they were often the best friends of their gallants.

What renders their customs in this respect perfectly similar to ours is, that among them, the greatest men were most liable to be disgraced by the infidelity of their wives: This observation is so just, that we shall scarcely find an illustrious character, in the last age of the republic, who may not serve as a model of the unfortunate husbands of the present day.

Julius Cæsar, without doubt, was one of the first personages at Rome, and at the age of twenty three, possessed a considerable share of merit: he was one of the best made men of his time, and enjoyed, in an eminent degree, the favor of the Roman ladies. Every body, however, who has read ancient history, is acquainted with the illicit correspondence of his wife

wife Pompeia with Clodius, and the adventure which the latter had at the sacrifices offered up to the *Bona Dea*. The address with which Cæsar extricated himself from this affair is worthy of admiration. Being unwilling to quarrel with Clodius, he repudiated his wife, whom he asserted to be innocent; but he did not by this entirely shelter her from suspicion. What man, then, is there who will not be comforted under such a misfortune, when he considers that Julius Cæsar himself was not exempted from it?

Pompey, the celebrated rival of Cæsar, who was styled *The Great*, at the age of twenty-five, when returning from the Mithradatic war, was informed of such strange things respecting the conduct of his wife Mutia with Cæsar, that he could not help repudiating her. We, however, find, that he afterwards united himself in the closest manner with Cæsar; and this did not prevent Mutia from marrying a man of better family than Pompey. So true it is, that all these great men were extremely tractable, and easy on this head. We must indeed acknowledge that Pompey was not betrayed by his wife but in his absence, whereas that of Cæsar carried on her intrigue in an open and scandalous manner, and during the time of a celebrated and splendid festival.

The famous triumvir Mark Anthony, who, as we are told, was a man of great merit among the ladies, was well assured, and even a witness of the infidelity of his spouse with Dolabella; but notwithstanding, he lived with the latter in habits of the most intimate friendship: there is every reason to believe also, that he was not ignorant of the passion which his second wife Fulvia entertained for Augustus, who was neither sufficiently prudent, nor so much his friend, as to conceal this distressing secret. And if it be true, as several authors have assured us, that he had married Cleopatra, it is certain that he was cruelly deceived by that queen, who saw Dellius in private, under pretence of being the friend and confidant of Anthony.

The father of Brutus, the conspirator, saw, without emotion, the amours of his wife Servilia with Cæsar, and heard it publicly declared that Brutus was his son. Servilia was the uterine sister of Cato, that stern philosopher, and the private commerce which Cæsar carried on with her,

did not end but with the death of both; for, amidst the numberless political intrigues which Cæsar was engaged in, he always retained his passion for Servilia, who, on her part, continued inviolably faithful to her admirer.

Lucullus, whose mildness, greatness of mind, and magnificence, were never exceeded, experienced the same fate with his wife Claudia, who carried her debauchery and perversity so far, as to give herself up to her own brother, and in such a scandalous and public manner, that her conduct was well known to every body.

The father of Lucullus had been equally unfortunate as his son. It is well known to what excesses Cecilia, the mother of Lucullus, proceeded. They were so shameful and dishonourable, that it required all the merit of her son to prevent the splendor of the actions, which that young man performed, from being tarnished by them.

We should never have done, were we to quote all the examples which history furnishes us on this subject. We must however confess, that amidst so many irregularities, and that universal corruption which prevailed amongst the ladies at Rome, there were some women of so rare and sublime virtue, that in a great measure, they effaced those stains which the rest brought upon the whole sex.

In Octavia, the third wife of Anthony, and sister of Augustus, we observe the most beautiful and exalted character that can adorn humanity. Her charms, the great number of her admirers, and the inconstancy of her husband, all invited her to prove unfaithful, but nothing was capable of making her deviate even for a moment from her duty.

Livia the wife of Augustus, absolute mistress of the empire, and of the emperor himself, and whose influence was great in a luxurious and refined court, never gave the least occasion for the voice of scandal to defame her reputation.

Cornelia, the last wife of Pompey, whose fidelity and greatness of mind have been a subject of admiration in all ages, made it be said, and with great justice, that she was still more illustrious than her husband, and even than the conqueror of her husband.

The wife of Paulus Emilius exhibited also a great and virtuous character; but we shall find one still more magnanimous

III

* Profligate souls, in all ages of the world, have boasted of their own disgrace, and even added insult to injury, by revealing to the world the frailty of the unhappy object by whom they have been favoured. Were examples of this truth in modern times required, we need not go far to look for them.

in *Portia* the wife of *Brutus*. As their history is well known, it will be needless to enlarge upon it here; but whatever may have been the virtues of these Roman ladies, it must be acknowledged, that such instances were rare, and that they were only to be met with now and then in an age.

We may daily hear illiberal detractors of the fair sex decry the ladies of the present day, and reproach them with their inclination for gallantry; but if these ignorant despisers of the most beautiful and enchanting part of the creation, would give themselves the trouble to read the history, and study the private manners of the Romans, they would find that their women were much less delicate in that respect than ours. And who are those who take such liberties with the most agreeable part of society? Old batchelors, or young libertines.

The first, like the butterfly, have stained so many roses, that they are fully persuaded it is impossible for them to find one unfilled. Debauchees by taste and by habit, and deaf to the voice of sentiment and friendship, they have seduced without remorse the wives of their best friends, and judging of the perversity of the rest by that of those who have been the miserable victims of their unbridled passions, they think themselves authorized to swear that they will never marry, lest they should be exposed to that misery, which they have occasioned to more perhaps than one husband. According to them a virtuous woman is a phoenix that never had existence but in the imagination; and at the very moment when they advance this ridiculous assertion, if you should ask them, whether their mothers were virtuous and chaste, they would not hesitate to answer in the negative.*

Libertines from the age of twenty to twenty-five, calumniate the fair sex in a different manner. Elated with the advantage which age and the bloom of youth give them over the ladies, and being best acquainted with those only who will dispose of their favours to the highest bidder, they boldly declare that there is no woman whom an *amiable* and *handsome* young man may not seduce, if he pursues a proper me-

thod. They will tell you that nothing is necessary but to assume the character and disposition of each whom you address. 'Read,' say they, 'with the woman of learning; frolick with the romp; dance with those who are fond of dancing, and you may rest assured, that in three or four visits, you will fully accomplish your end.' All this may, in a great measure, be true; but, there are some women whose virtue is so strongly marked in their physiognomy, that with a single look they can damp the courage of the infamous betrayer, and, notwithstanding his consummate impudence, plunge him into the depth of despair. Disappointed in his aim, he must then retire like a fool, and, amidst confusion and embarrassment, desist from his vain attempt.

By indulging in these reflections, we do not pretend to apologize for the levity of the fair sex, nor to plead any excuse for their gallantry, but only to prove to the men that what they complain of has prevailed at all times and in all countries; and that the ladies too often suffer, and very unjustly, from the misrepresentations of those who ought to be their most strenuous advocates and defenders. Our modern ladies are not more culpable in respect to their amours than the Roman, and perhaps they are less so, since the generality of them have not that austerity of manners, and firmness of character, which distinguished the latter, and which seem little calculated to inspire love, or to rouse the tender passions. We must allow, indeed, that if we consult the annals of *Doctor's Commons*, and those of the *Court of King's Bench*, we shall find many examples of infidelity and baseness, which we cannot behold without indignation and regret; but it would be highly unjust, and even cruel, on account of the profligacy and abandoned licentiousness of what may be called a few in comparison of the whole, to throw a slur upon all the sex, to lessen their dignity and consequence, and, by this, to deter men from entering into the state of marriage; which the wiser part of them must undoubtedly consider as one of the greatest blessings given by Providence to alleviate the miseries of life.

ON

* The following repartee is very applicable to the present subject: A certain person having asserted, in company, that all women without exception were unchaste; one present, immediately replied, 'You are then, Sir, the son of a Drumpet, or you have advanced an infamous falsehood.'

scene, by losing all ideas of its being either past or fabulous, the more perfectly we forget ourselves, and are absorbed in the feeling,—the more exquisite is the sensation.

But, as our subsequent speculations will chiefly turn upon the pleasure derived from real scenes of calamity, and not from those which are imaginary, it may be expected, that we produce instances, in proof, that such pleasure is felt by persons very different in their taste, and mental cultivation.

I will not mention the horrid joy with which the savage casts his eye upon the agonies and contortions of his expiring prisoner—expiring in all the pains which artificial cruelty can inflict! Nor will I turn your eye to the almost equally savage sons of ancient Rome, when the majesty of the Roman people could rush, with eagerness and transport, to behold hundreds of gladiators contending in fatal conflict, and, probably, more than half of the number extended, weltering in blood, and writhing in agony, upon the plain. Nor will I mention the Spanish bull-fights; nor the fervent acclamations of an English mob around their fellow-creatures, when engaged in furious battle, in which it is possible, that some of the combatants may receive a mortal blow, and be hurried, dreadful thought! in this awful state, to the bar of his judge.

Let us survey the multitudes which, in every part of the kingdom, always attend an execution. It may perhaps be said, that, in all places the vulgar have little of the sensibility and tenderness of more polished bosoms. But, in the last mentioned instance, an execution, there is no exultation in the sufferings of the poor criminal. He is regarded by every eye with the most melting compassion. The whole assembly sympathizes with him in this unhappy situation. An awful stillness prevails at the dreadful moment. Many are wrung with unutterable sensations; and prayer and silence declare, more loudly than any language could, the interest they feel in his distress. Should a relieve come to rescue him from death, how great is the general triumph and congratulation! And, probably, in this multitude you will find, not the mere vulgar herd alone, but the man of superior knowledge, and of more refined sensibility; who, led by some strong principle, which we wish to explain, feels a pleasure greater than all the pain, great and exquisite as one should imagine it to be, from such a spectacle.

The man who condemns many of the scenes we have already mentioned as barbarous and shocking, would, probably, run

with the greatest eagerness to some high cliff, overhanging the ocean, to see it swelled into tempest, though a poor vessel, or even a fleet of vessels, were to appear as one part of the dreadful scenery, now lifted to the heavens on the foaming surge, now plunged deep into the fathomless abyss, and now dashed upon the rocks, where they are, in a moment, shivered into fragments, and, with all their mariners, entombed in the wave. Or to vary the question a little; Who would not be forward to stand safe, on the top of some mountain or tower, adjoining to a field of battle, in which two armies meet in desperate conflict, though, probably, thousands may soon lie before him prostrate on the ground, and the whole field present the most horrid scenes of carnage and desolation?

That, in all these cases, pleasure predominates in the compounded feeling, is plain from hence, because you continue to survey the scene; whereas when pain became the stronger sensation, you would certainly retire. I was lately in company with a gentleman, who described to me, in very glowing and picturesque colours, an engagement between two privateers, of which he had been a spectator from one of the cliffs on the eastern coast of England. Several lives were lost; and the contest was long, doubtful, and severe. Having this subject in my thoughts, I asked him, whether he felt pleasure in the spectacle. He answered with great energy, that he would not have missed the fight for a very considerable sum. His tone and manner proved that he spoke from his heart.

Cultivation may, indeed, have produced some minuter differences in the taste and feelings of different minds. Those, whose sensibilities have not been refined by education or science, may feel the pleasure in a more gross and brutal form. But do not the most polished natures feel a similar, a kindred pleasure, in the deep-wrought distresses of the well-imagined scene? Here the endeavour is, to introduce whatever is dreadful or pathetic, whatever can harrow up the feelings, or extort the tear. And the deeper and more tragical the scene becomes, the more it agitates the several passions of terror, grief, or pity—the more intensely it delights, even the most polished minds. They seem to enjoy the various and vivid emotions of contending passions. They love to have the tear trembling in the eye, and to feel the whole soul wrapt in thrilling sensations. For that moment, they seem to forget the fiction; and afterwards commend that exhibition most, in which they most entirely

entirely lost sight of the author, and of their own situation, and were alive to all the unutterable vibrations of strong or melting sensibility.

Taking it, then, for granted, that in the contemplation of many scenes of distress, both imaginary and real, a gratification is felt, let us endeavour to account for it, by mentioning some of those principles, woven into the web of human nature, by its benevolent Creator, on which that gratification depends.

Dr. Akenfide, with his accustomed strength and brilliancy of colouring, describes, and accounts for it in the following manner. I will make no apology for the length of the quotation.

—————
Behold the way;
Of heaven's eternal destiny to man!
For ever just, benevolent, and wise!
That Virtue's awful steps, how'er pursued

By vexing fortune, and intrusive pain,
Should never be divided from her chaste,
Her fair attendant, Pleasure. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought, through all the various
round

Of this ex-nunc, that thy softening soul
At length may learn, what energy the hand
Of Virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of Passion, swelling with distress and pain,
To mitigate the sharp, with gracious drops
Of cordial Pleasure. Ask the faithful
youth,

Why the cold urn of her, whom long he
loved,

So often fills his arm? So often draws
His lonely footsteps, at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
O! he will tell thee, that the wealth of
worlds

Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when stealing from the
noise

Of care and envy, sweet remembrance
sooths,

With Virtue's kindest looks, his aching
breast,

And turns his tears to rapture. Ask the
crowd,

Which flies impatient from the village-
walk

To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when
far below

The cruel winds have hurled upon the
coast

Some helpless bark: whilst sacred Pity
melts

The general eye, or Terror's icy hand
Smites their distorted limbs, or horrent
hair,

While every mother closer to her breast
Catches her child; and, pointing where
the waves

Foam through the shattered vessel, shrieks
aloud,

As one poor wretch, that spreads his pit-
out arms

For succour, swallowed by the roaring
surge,

As now another, dashed against the rock,
Drops lifeless down. O dearest thou in-
deed

No kind endearment here, by nature given,
To mutual terror, and compassion's tears?

No sweetly melting softness, which at-
tracts

O'er all that edge of pain, the social
powers,

To this their proper action and their end?

The Poet pursues the sentiment in the same animated imagery, describing the strong but pleasurable sensations, which the soul feels, in reading the sufferings of heroes, who nobly died in the cause of liberty, and their country:

—————
When the pious band
Of youths, who fought for freedom, and
their fires,
Lie side by side in gorm'

Or, in the strong movements of indignation and revenge against the tyrant, who invades that liberty, and enslaves that country.

—————
When the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended
arm

In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove,
To fire the impious wreath on Phillip's
brow,

Or dash Octavius from his trophied car;
Say—Does thy secret soul repine to taste
The big distress? Or, would'st thou then
exchange

Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot
Of him, who sits amid the gaudy herd
Of mute barbarians, bending to his nod,
And hears aloft his gold-invested front,
And says within himself, 'I am a king,
And wherefore should the clamorous voice
of woe

Intrude upon mine ear?'

The sentiment of this charming and moral poet is, that sympathetic feelings are virtuous, and therefore pleasant. And from the whole, he deduces this important conclusion; that every virtuous emotion must be agreeable, and that is the sanction, and the reward of virtue. The thought is amiable. The conclusion noble. But still the solution appears to me to be imperfect.

We have already said, that the pleasure arising

arising from the contemplation of distressful scenes is a compounded feeling, arising from several distinct sources in the human breast. The kind and degree of the sensation must depend upon the various blendings of the several ingredients which enter into the composition. The cause assigned by Mr. Addison, the sense of our own security, may be supposed to have some share in the mass of feelings. That of Dr. Aken-side may be allowed to have a still larger proportion. Let us attempt to trace some of the rest.

There are few principles in human nature of more general and important influence, than that of sympathy. A late ingenious writer, led by the fashionable idea of simplifying all the springs of human nature into one source, has, in his beautiful Theory of Moral Sentiments, endeavoured to analyse a very large number of the feelings of the heart into sympathetic vibration. Though it appears to me most probable, that the human mind, like the human body, possesses various and distinct springs of action and of happiness, yet he has shewn, in an amazing diversity of instances, the operation and importance of this principle of human nature. Let us apply it to our present subject.

We naturally sympathize with the passions of others. But, if the passions they appear to feel be not those of mere distress alone; if, amidst the scenes of calamity, they display fortitude, generosity, and forgiveness; if, 'rising superior to the cloud of ills which covers them,' they nobly stand firm, collected, and patient; here, a still higher source of pleasure opens upon us, from complacence, admiration, and that unutterable sympathy which the heart feels with virtuous and heroic minds. By the operation of this principle, we place ourselves in their situation; we feel, as it were, some share of that conscious integrity and peace, which they must enjoy. Hence, as before observed, the pleasure will vary, both as to its nature and degree, according to the scene and characters before us. The shock of contending armies in the field,—the ocean wrought to tempest, and covered with the wreck of shattered vessels,—and a worthy family silently, yet nobly bearing up against a multitude of surrounding sorrows, will excite very different emotions, because the component parts of the pleasurable sensation consist of very different materials. They all excite admiration, but admiration, how diversified, both as to its degree and its cause! These several ingredients may, doubtless, be so blended together, that the pleasure shall make but a very small part of the mixed sensation. The more

agreeable tints may bear a little proportion to the terrifying red, or the gloomy black.

In many of the instances which have been mentioned, the pleasure must arise chiefly, if not solely, from the circumstances, or accompaniments of the scene. The sublime feelings excited by the view of an agitated ocean, relieve and soften those occasioned by the shipwreck. And the awe excited by the presence of thousands of men, acting as with one soul, and displaying magnanimity and firmness, in the most solemn trial, tempers those sensations of horror and of pain, which would arise from the field of battle.

The gratification we are attempting to account for, depends also, in a very considerable degree, upon a principle of human nature, implanted in it for the wisest ends; the exercise which it gives to the mind, by rousing it to energy and feeling. Nothing is so insupportable, as that languor and *ennui*, for the full expression of which, our language does not afford a term. How agreeable it is, to have the soul called forth to exertion and sensibility, let the Gamester witness, who, unable to endure the lassitude and sameness of unanimated luxury, runs with eagerness to the place where, probably, await him all the irritation and agony of tumultuous passions.

Again; it is a law of our nature, that opposite passions, when felt in succession, and, above all, when felt at the same moment, heighten and increase each other. Ease succeeding pain, certainty after suspense, friendship after aversion, are unspeakably stronger than if they had not been thus contrasted. In this conflict of feelings, the mind rises from passive to active energy. It is roused to intense sensation; and it enjoys that peculiar, exquisite, and complex feeling, in which, as in many articles of our table, the acid and the sweet, the pleasurable and painful pugnacities are so happily mixed together, as to render the united sensation amazingly more strong and delightful.

We have not yet mentioned the principle of curiosity, that busy and active power, which appears so early, continues almost unimpaired so long, and to which, for the wisest ends, is annexed so great a sense of enjoyment. To this principle, rather than to a love of cruelty, would I ascribe that pleasure, which children sometimes seem to feel from torturing flies and lesser animals. They have not yet formed an idea of the pain they inflict. It is, indeed, of unspeakable consequence, that this practice be checked as soon and as effectually as possible, because it is so important, that they learn to connect the ideas of pleasure and

and pain, with the motions and actions of the animal creation. And, to this principle may we also refer, no small share of that pleasure in the contemplation of distressful scenes, the springs of which, in the human heart, we are now endeavouring to open.

To curiosity, then—to sympathy—to mental exertion—to the idea of our own security—and to the strong feelings occasioned by viewing the actions and passions of mankind in interesting situations, do we ascribe that gratification, which the mind feels from the survey of many scenes of sorrow. We have called it a pleasure; but it will approach towards, or recede from pleasure, according to the nature and proportion of the ingredients, of which the sensation is composed. In some

cases, pain will predominate. In others there will be exquisite enjoyment.

The final cause of this constitution of the human mind is probably, that by means of this strong sensation, the soul may be preserved in continual and vigorous motion—that its feelings may be kept lively and tender—that it may learn to practise the virtues it admires—and to assist those to whom its sympathy can reach—and that it may thus be led, by these social exercises of the heart, to soften with compassion—to expand with benevolence—and generously to assist in every case, in which assistance can be given. An end this sufficient,

— ‘ To assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man.’

AN ESSAY ON GLORY,

GLORY may be compared to a fire burning on an eminence, from which it dazzles the eyes of the beholder; but he who attempts to climb towards it, often finds, with regret, this deceitful splendor, like an *ignis fatuus*, fly before him, and elude his pursuit.

It is the sublimest means that humanity could find to direct man; and as he is the best ruler who can obtain every thing by giving nothing, it is towards this object that all the efforts of legislation should be directed.

By punishment and penalties one may prevent individuals from publicly injuring the common good, and the hurt that is done is seldom irreparable; but to engage men to increase the general riches is a work of difficulty, because it requires the consent and free co-operation of every individual; because there is no method of forcing the mind, or the inclination; and because, in order to accomplish the proposed end, one can only present some attraction, to fix the value of which requires the utmost precaution.

The nation capable of performing the greatest actions, is that in which the love of glory can soonest be roused, and in which it can be made the promoter of the public good; in which the people are blinded neither by fanaticism nor superstition, and where they are conducted to their duty neither by abject fear, nor ignorant hope. Sprung from the noble sentiments of liberty, Glory, besides the advantage of having more force and energy than any

other stimulus, is not, like fear, or predestination, a contemptible illusion, which deceives those who adopt it; or which debases them, when they suffer themselves to be led astray by it.

It is an illusion, we must confess. If mankind were virtuous, they would have occasion for no other incitement to make them pursue a proper path through life; but, as they are not, they must be conducted by the attractions of self-love. The fault of Glory then is, that, leading man to consult the general good, by a desire for that esteem and pre-eminence which follow it, he remains insensible towards that good which he might do in private, and that it secures to the world, that only the authors of which are known.

But with this imperfection, though it cannot secure duration to empire, nor happiness to man, it at least contributes towards both, and by artfully deceiving him, puts his arm or his genius in action. It is Glory which draws the warrior from his family enjoyments; which revives, during the silence of the night, the philosopher exhausted with mental labour; and which whispers into the ear of the citizen, ‘leave to the succeeding race a few steps, to enable them to mount to the summit of science, and you shall become great.’ It would appear that all men know, as if by instinct, that Glory supplies the place of real virtue; for, without reflection, we asfix Glory only to such actions as have been produced by an innate desire for public good; and we measure it, as if involun-

luntary, by that degree of influence which any thing done has upon the common happiness.

If the actions of the hero conduct soon-ast to Glory, and with the greatest splendor, and if the victorious general is so great after a signal engagement; it is because the service he has done is for the moment, and for all; and because we think, without reflecting, that he has saved our habitations, our wealth, and our children, and every thing that attaches us to life. If the man of letters, who, in his study, has discovered and calculated the motions of the heavenly bodies; who, in his alchemies, has unveiled some of the secrets of nature; or who has exhibited to mankind a new art, rises to fame with less noise; it is because the utility which he procures is often of less service to the present than to succeeding generations.

The consequences, therefore, of these two advantages are as opposite as the causes are different; and while the benefits procured by the warrior appear to have no

more influence, and while his glory becomes obscure, that of a celebrated writer or inventor, still increases, and is more and more enlarged. His works, every day, bring back his name to that age which uses them, and thus still add to his celebrity and fame.

Glory seldom comes to comfort the life of that man who has deserved it; but this is not so much the fault of Glory, as of personal interest, which stands continually in its way, and which, always fearing to lose those rewards which are due to the man whose merit they would render conspicuous, becomes just only when a celebrated character ceases to be a rival. In loving Glory, therefore, we must consider it as a beautiful posthumous child, which has never received the caresses of a fond father.

But, with all its imperfections, Glory is a sentiment which elevates our faculties in the most powerful manner, and which may be considered as one of the principal springs of all human actions.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF BODILY STRENGTH.

WHILE Louis XIV. was in Flanders his coach, in crossing a very bad part of the road, sunk so deep in the mud, that all the horses and oxen that could be yoked to it were not able to extricate it, as the nave of one of the wheels was entirely hid. One of the King's guards, named Barfabas, impatient at being an idle spectator of this scene, immediately dismounted from his horse, lifted up the wheel, and giving a signal to the coachman to whip his horses, soon disengaged the carriage. For this piece of service Louis XIV. gave him a pension, and he soon became major of Valenciennes. After he had risen to this rank, a Gascon, who quarrelled with him, offered to fight him. 'I agree,' said Barfabas, holding out his hand; 'touch that.' Upon which the Gascon stretched out his, but the major squeezed it so hard, that he broke some of his fingers, and rendered him entirely incapable of fighting. Another Gascon, on a like occasion, took advantage of this example; and instead of complying, when Barfabas desired him to hold out his hand, ran him through the body with his sword, saying, 'thus I defend myself against the treachery of a man like you.' The wound however did not prove mortal. The major one day, in a certain village, went to a farrier's shop, and having asked

for some horse-shoes, broke all those that were presented to him, telling the blacksmith, that they were too brittle. The farrier then wished to make others; but Barfabas took up his anvil, and concealed it under his cloak, so that when the farrier had heated his iron, he was much surprised not to find his anvil, and his astonishment was greatly increased, when he perceived it under the major's cloak. Imagining, therefore, that he had to deal with the devil, he immediately betook himself to flight, and could not be prevailed on to return, until the supposed demon was gone. Barfabas had a sister equally strong as himself; but he did not know her, because he had quitted his father's house when very young, to seek his fortune in the army; and she had been born during his absence. Having met with her in Flanders, where she dealt in ropes, he purchased some of the largest she had, which he snapped in pieces; telling her, that they were worth nothing. 'I will give you some stronger,' said she; 'but, if you please, lay down the money for them.' 'I will give you whatever you ask,' replied Barfabas, pulling out a handful of crowns. His sister then took the crowns, and breaking them all into two or three pieces, told him, that his crowns were no better than her ropes, and desired

48. Plot of the Negroes to massacre the White People at Goree.

desired him to give her some others. The major, surpris'd, desired to know her name; and having learned to what family she belonged, soon discovered that she was his sister. The Dauphin, son of Louis XIV. being desirous to see some proofs of this man's prodigious strength,

he put himself below his horse, rais'd him up, carried him upon his shoulders more than fifty paces; and afterwards stooping, plac'd him on the ground, with as much ease as if he had only weigh'd twenty pounds.

ACCOUNT OF A PLOT FORMED BY THE NEGROES AT GOREE, TO DESTROY ALL THE WHITE PEOPLE ON THE ISLAND.

IT has been asserted by some writers, but upon no just grounds, that the Negroes are a distinct race of men, every way inferior to the Whites; that their mental powers are weak, and unfit for great enterprises; and that they are destitute of genius and courage. Many instances however, might be mentioned, where they have laid plans for procuring their own freedom, which, though they miscarried, clearly evinc'd their ingenuity, and where the constancy with which they endur'd the tortures of their punishment when detected bespoke the greatest resolution. The following relation, which is taken from an account of Nigritia, by a French gentleman, who resided there many years, and which we shall give nearly in his own words, though, perhaps, it is not so striking as some other examples that might be produc'd, still tends to refute the opinions of those, who wish to justify the oppression of the slave trade, by depreciating the unhappy Africans who are the objects of it, and by sinking them almost to a level with the brutes.

Goree is a small island in the neighbourhood of Senegal, scarcely the eighth part of a league in length, the half of which forms a high mountain, where the French have a small fort named St. Michel, formerly built by the Dutch. The French had a second at the other end of the island, named St. Francis, but I was told it had been demolished several years before.

The commerce of this island is very trifling; not above two or three hundred negroes are procur'd from it annually, but on some occasions it furnishes a much greater number. When the King of Dahomy is threatened with a war, he endeavours to pillage some of the neighbouring nations, and exchanges the prisoners whom he takes for powder, sulphur, flints, and common fabres. These people fight with great courage, and shew no fear of death. I once purchas'd near five hundred slaves, the whole produce of one of these wars,

but this bargain had nearly proved the ruin of all the white people who were upon the island.

It is customary here, when slaves are purchas'd, of whatever nation they may be, to chain them together by the neck, two and two, until an opportunity occurs of putting them on board some vessel. An iron chain, five or six feet in length, is used for this purpose, having a collar at each of its ends, which is fasten'd in such a manner, that these captives cannot open it without tools. Great care is taken not to leave them by themselves, and in this condition, their arms and legs being free, they are conducted to their labour, by one, two, or three white persons, according to their number. They are often employ'd in splitting rocks, to procure stones for building, in transporting them from one place to another, in digging up the earth, rolling water casks, and unloading boats and canoes. In the evening when they return from their labour, as soon as they have taken a little refreshment, they are shut up in their prison, which is situated in the middle of the fort.

These five hundred captives, abhorring slavery more than any of their neighbours, after making themselves acquainted with the situation of the island and the fort, laid a plan for their liberty, which was form'd with great secrecy, and which could not be so easily succeed, had not a child of about eleven years of age, who had been put into the same prison, with irons on his legs, to punish him for some petty theft, disclos'd the whole affair. This child, while lying on an ox hide, as if asleep, heard them settle the whole plan of their design, which was to be executed the same day, at six in the evening, when they were returning from their labour; but in the morning, after the slaves were gone forth, the child call'd to us and reveal'd the plot, which was concert'd in the following manner.

In the evening, on their return, a third part of the conspirators were to rush suddenly

Suddenly upon the guard house, which is at the entrance of the fort, seize upon the soldiers arms; and kill the ten or twelve centinels, who would have been unprepared for such an attack. During this business, another third were to enter the fort, where the muskets, powder, and ammunition were kept, while the remainder were to disperse themselves in the village, and massacre all the white men and others they should meet, in order that nothing might be left to oppose their designs. Become masters of the fort and island, they proposed to arm themselves each with a fusée, powder and ball, to carry off the finest and most valuable goods, or such things as could be easily transported, and then march to the sea-side; and embarking in boats, canoes, and other vessels, which they would have found there, make immediately for the continent.

This revolt, so well concerted, must have been attended with success, had the conspirators been more cautious, and not mentioned the circumstances of the plan before the boy, who overheard them. Without this lucky incident, the whole of the white men on the island would have been destroyed, and the negroes would have attained to the summit of their wishes. Thus fortune often sports with the best laid schemes of weak mortals, and often leads them into dangers, or secures them from them.

As soon as we were informed of this conspiracy, while the captives were abroad at their labour, the guards were tripled, and they had orders to be all ready under arms, with their bayonets fixed, to wait for their return. The rest of the garrison were also under arms, with four pieces of cannon, loaded with grape shot, which were pointed to that place by which the negroes were to enter the fort. Care was taken not to suffer them to approach but in small bodies, and when they came up to the guard-house, it was easy for them to perceive, from the appearance of fifty soldiers under arms, that their project was discovered, and on that account rendered abortive. They entered, however, according to custom, and being immediately surrounded by more than a hundred soldiers, they were secured, by putting irons upon their legs, and by handcuffing those who were supposed to be most resolute. In this condition they were shut up in their prison, and a centinel was placed at the door.

Next morning, the commandant of the island ordered them all to be assembled in the square of the fort, and addressing himself to two or three who were the chiefs of the revolt, and whom he knew to be grandees in their own country, he asked them, if it was true that they had concerted a plan the evening before, to massacre all the white men in the island? On this question, which was asked publicly, the two chiefs, without shewing any signs of fear or terror, and without offering any excuse for their conduct, replied boldly, that they intended to have put to death all the white people on the island, not through any hatred which they bore to them, but that no obstacles might oppose their flight, and prevent them from joining the standard of their young King,* adding, that they were all ashamed not to have died for him in the field of battle, with their arms in their hands; and that since their design had miscarried, they preferred death to slavery. On this answer, which was truly worthy of a Roman patriot, they unanimously cried out, *it is true, it is true.*

The answer of the two chiefs was too clear to render any more questions necessary, and the Council assembled to deliberate what was properest to be done on this occasion. For an example to the country, it was determined that the two chiefs of the conspiracy should suffer death the next day, before all the captives and people of the island, in the following manner.

In the morning, all the slaves were assembled in the Savannah, and drawn up into an oval, open at one end. Opposite to this opening, were placed two small pieces of cannon, loaded only with powder; and the two criminals being tied to them, the cannon were fired, by which means the unhappy sufferers were killed, and thrown to the distance of fifteen paces. All the rest of the captives, struck by so terrible an example of severity, returned to their prison in the utmost consternation. If this execution appears cruel and inhumane, it must be considered as the necessary consequence of that infamous commerce, which almost all Europeans carry on in these countries.

What might serve to excuse, were it possible, the rigour of the sentence which I have just now mentioned, was, that several years before, another plot had been

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formed

* Their King had been dethroned by his uncle, and they wished to shew their patriotism and loyalty, by restoring the lawful sovereign, and expelling the usurper. These were sentiments every way worthy of a free, an independent, and a civilized people.

formed at Goree, which had like to have occasioned the destruction of all the inhabitants. All the slaves then in confinement, to the number of nearly three hundred, found means, in the night time, to get off their irons, and mounting one upon the shoulders of another, in a corner of the fort, which was at a distance from the centinels, they got into the interior part. Here they been prudent enough to wait till they had all got over, they would have killed every white man in the place with the greatest facility, as almost all the garrison had gone to bed drunk, which was the case often on a Sunday; but the impatience of the conspirators to begin the massacre, was so great, that the first six who got into the fort, instead of waiting till their companions should join them, fell upon the centinel on duty. Though unexpectedly attacked, he had time to fix his bayonet to the end of his musket; but he could not make use of it, because one of the blacks seized the musket by the barrel, while others struck him with the ends of their irons, which they carried in their hands. In this situation, the centinel gave the alarm, and the main guard running to his assistance, delivered him, but not until he had received many dangerous wounds. The conspirators, however, defended themselves with great bravery, with no other arms except their irons. Two of them, even when their bowels were hanging from their bodies, knocked down four or five of the soldiers, one of whom died next day in the hospital. During this confusion, the rest of the conspirators, luckily frightened by the noise, did not venture to appear, or attempt to scale the walls, and returned to their prison, which prevented any farther mischief from this sudden commotion.

But to return to the five hundred conspirators, whose two chiefs had been punished; a ship soon after arrived from Rochelle, to bring provisions to Senegal, and to carry off such slaves as were ready on the island. On the day appointed for their departure, they were marked according to custom upon the shoulder, arm, or thigh, with the company's mark. In short, they were all embarked, and the ship set sail; but on the second or third day after, the captain had the imprudence to take the

irons from fourteen or fifteen of them, and to bring them upon deck, to assist the crew in working the vessel. These negroes, thus set at liberty, collected all the nails and pieces of old iron they could find, and giving them to their companions, enabled them all in one night to free themselves from their irons. The sixth day after he had sailed, the captain, while going about break of day from his cabin to the fore-castle, was suddenly seized by the leg, and dragged from the gang-way upon the deck, where he was soon knocked down by the slaves, who were there assembled with their irons on, but entirely loose.

As soon as he called out, one of his officers came to his assistance, with five of the sailors, who all shared the same fate as their captain; and if at the same time part of the negroes had run to the quarter-deck, they could have soon made themselves masters of the ship, but the remainder of the crew, consisting of about twenty men, awakened by the noise, and perceiving that the slaves had got their irons off, had the presence of mind to secure the arm chest, to arm themselves with pistols and muskets, and to run to the barricado, which separates the negroes from the quarter-deck. This the negroes attempted to pass, while the sailors kept up a constant fire upon them; and though they saw their companions fall, they renewed the attack, without being the least daunted. This skirmish continued for near an hour; some climbing up by different ropes, and still experiencing the same fate; till at length they became so desperate, that the officer on deck, fearing that his people would not have time to fire, ordered two small cannon to be loaded with grape shot, which made so great a slaughter amongst them, that they abandoned their enterprise, and hid themselves in the hold.

When there was not a single black to be seen, the gratings were put on, and the dead being counted, they were found to amount to two hundred and thirty, without including seven who had been thrown into the sea. The reader may easily judge what a horrid spectacle this must have been; and I cannot help observing, that it is another consequence of that detestable commerce, which cannot be too much reprobated.

THE MANNER IN WHICH THE HINDOOS TREAT THEIR WOMEN.

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

It is not easily reconcilable to European ideas, that a people boasting of some

refinement, as the Hindoos may justly do, should in the most public manner be guilty

ty of every species of indelicacy to their females. Many nations have the custom of immuring their women; but the Hindoos are singular, I think, in the grossness of their ordinances relative to them. 'A woman,' say they in their code of laws, 'is never satisfied with man—no more than fire is satisfied with burning fuel, or the main ocean with receiving the rivers, or the empire of death with the dyins of men and animals. She has six qualities:—the first, an inordinate desire of jewels and fine furniture, handsome cloaths, and nice victuals; the second immoderate lust; the third, violent anger; the fourth, deep resentment; the fifth, the good of others appears evil in her eyes; the sixth, she is invariably addicted to bad actions. For these reasons, it is evident, the Creator formed her for no other purpose than that children might be born from her'—'A wife shall not,' continue they, growing with the subject, 'a wife shall not discourse with a stranger; but the may converse with a *Sinassee* (a wandering priest,) a hermit, or an old man. She shall not laugh without drawing the veil before her face. She shall not eat (unless it be physic) until she has served her husband and her guests with victuals. She shall not while her husband is on a journey, divert herself by play, nor shall laugh, nor shall dress herself in jewels and fine cloaths, nor shall see dancing, nor hear music, nor shall sit in the window, nor shall ride out, nor shall behold any thing rare; but shall fasten well the door of the house, and remain private; and shall not eat any dainty victuals, and shall not blacken her eyes with eye powder, and shall not view her face in mirror: she shall never exercise herself in any such agreeable employment during the absence of her husband.

After these tender dogmas, with respect to unhappy woman—who should be nourished like unto the ewe lamb—who should grow up with her husband and with his children—who should eat of his own meat and drink of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and be unto him as a second daughter:—after these tender dogmas, the hoary headed Brahmins, whom the froit of age must have rendered callous to all the finer dispositions of the soul, in the excess of their wisdom, and parental care, furthermore ordained, 'That a man, both night and day, should keep his wife in such subjection, that she should never be the mistress of her own actions; for should she have her will, though sprung from a superior cast, she yet would go astray.'

When sentiments, such as these, could prevail, when they could formally be in-

terwoven with the laws of the land, conjecture would naturally lead one to conclude, that the brutal subordination would be carried a step farther; that an absolute authority with respect to the lives of women would have been granted; at least, that the privilege of casting them aside would have been allowed, when no longer captivating, or when the love of variety might urge their lords to seek enjoyment in the company of others. But the laws of the Brahmins, we will do them justice, have been more generous in this respect. No man is permitted to repudiate his wife at pleasure. Even should a calamity happen to any person, he may not give away his wife to another man, without that wife's consent; if she is willing, he then indeed, has power to give her away.'

It is somewhat strange, notwithstanding all this severity of disposition, all this contemptuous treatment of the women of Hindostan, that the men are astonishingly constant to their wives; that the women are remarkably chaste; and that adultery is a crime seldom to be heard of among them. As there is no country, however, where such a general position can unexceptionably be admitted, so in Hindostan it has been ordained, that 'if the wife of a Brahmin, by her consent, shall commit adultery with a *Sooder*, the magistrate shall cut off the hair of her head, anoint her body with ghee (butter,) and cause her to be led through the whole city naked, and riding upon an ass, and cast her out on the north side of the city, or cause her to be eaten by dogs.'

But as human nature is every where the same, and as passion is too often paramount to reason, the intercourse of the two sexes in Hindostan is probably as general and well understood as in any other part of the world. The blood freezes not in the neighbourhood of the equator. There is a tribe of people in Hindostan, who, in appearance, answer the description of *Elijah the Tishbite*, 'who was an hairy man, and girt with a girdle about his loins,' who are prescribed continence and mortification. But I shrewdly suspect these holy men, these *senassees*, or wandering saints, that they do more good towards keeping up the population of the East than the poor husbands imagine. Who charitably admit them into their houses. The droves in which they travel through Hindostan are inconceivable: many thousands of them may be seen at a time, all of them athletic fellows, and none of them over bashful.

I will not repeat to you, what I know you must have heard of the practice of the *senassees* to leave his slipper or his staff

the door, when he is at prayers with the lady of the house. The fact, however, I believe to be as represented; and I believe it to be farthermore expected by the elect of Brahma, that on sight of that signal, the husband is not to interrupt the pair at their devotions. But the *senaffees*, though infinitely esteemed, are not exclusively warranted to plume themselves on the favour of the ladies: they have fellow-labourers in the vineyard. There is a cast of people on the Malabar side of India,

called *Naires*, who, it is said, are allowed to claim a privilege of gallantry; a privilege superior even to that of the *senaffees*; for what the latter procure by stealth and imposition, the *Naires* insist upon as a right inherent in their tribe. From these circumstances, therefore, whatever the tenure by which the intercourse is held, it may naturally be concluded, the *Hindooes* are not outrageously virtuous; but that the men and women are of much the same complexion with those of other climates,

LETTER TO THE MARQUIS OF VICHY, ON ASCENDING THUNDER.

[By M. Carmoy, Correspondent of the Academy of Dijon.]

THE last time I had the pleasure of seeing you, I found you struck with admiration at the awful but magnificent spectacle which the storm that ravaged our fields and destroyed our vines had afforded you. I now take the liberty of communicating two observations which I have made with the greatest care, and which will appear no less interesting.

It was long supposed that lightning was darted upon the earth from the clouds; but it has been lately discovered that it proceeds sometimes from the earth, and rises thence into the atmosphere. In this there is nothing but what is entirely consistent with the principles of electricity. The Abbé Chappe, Cassini, Prunellay, and several others, have communicated decisive observations upon this subject; the two which I am going to relate will augment the number.

Last summer I happened to be at Tancou, a village of Beaujolois, where a man who had taken shelter under a tree, had been killed by lightning; his clothes were torn to shreds, as well as those of his companion, who had also sheltered himself under the same tree, but the latter sustained no injury except a momentary deprivation of sensation. Their hair was forced to the top of the tree, and an iron ring which bound one of their wooden shoes, was carried also to a high branch of the same tree, where it remained suspended.

I observed, under a tree that stood at the distance of three or four feet from that under which the unhappy man had been killed, and his companion struck senseless, a round hole in the earth, wide at the top, and decreasing downwards in the form of a funnel. Some feet above it the inner bark of the tree was peeled off, and the in-

ner was raised from the bottom upwards, not in broad but narrow pieces, much like carpenters' shavings. On one side of it was the tree under which the two men had taken shelter, and their clothes, which had been torn into small pieces, lay scattered around. A silk handkerchief, which one of them wore around his neck, was however, found whole and untouched. The lower part of the tree appeared to have sustained no damage; but at the distance of ten feet from the root the bark was torn off, as well as considerable portions of the body of the tree itself. A great number of narrow pieces of bark, peeled off from the bottom upwards, appeared hanging to the tree by their upper extremities. The leaves were entirely dry and withered upon one side, but on the other they appeared with their usual verdure.

The progress of the lightning may be easily traced. It had proceeded from the hole in the earth at the bottom of the first tree, of which I have spoken; it had thence risen, and peeled off the bark; when it reached the height of two or three feet it changed its direction, and darting upon the two men who sat under the neighbouring tree, killed the one and struck the other senseless, rent their clothes to rags, carried their hair, and the iron ring to the top of the tree, stripped off its bark, tore away several splinters from the trunk in its ascension, and detached from the wood those pieces of bark which could not have been raised according to the nature of things, but from the bottom upwards. Lastly, it blasted those leaves which were entirely withered, as happens to plants that receive any violent commotion, and then it returned to the cloud from which it had at first proceeded.

I forgot to mention, that a few moments after the first clap of thunder, which was hollow, and of short duration, a second followed, exceedingly sharp and loud. May we not consider this as a characteristic sign of ascending lightning? And is it not probable that the first clap deprived the cloud of all its electric matter, and that the second restored what the first had taken away?

The habitude in which we are of seeing lightning proceed from the clouds, the profound ignorance that long prevailed of the principles and theory of electricity, as well as of its affinity to thunder, and the systems respecting the formation of this terrible meteor, naturally excluded every idea respecting its ascension; but since the motion of the electric fluid has been known this phenomenon does not appear at all surprising. Observations have been often made which might have led to this discovery. In the eruptions of Vesuvius and Mount Etna, streams of electric fire may be seen issuing from the mouths of these volcanoes, which rise with an undulating motion through the smoke, and darting upon the neighbouring objects, produce the same effects as lightning. Of this Sir William Hamilton gives unquestionable proof in his beautiful description of the eruptions of these volcanoes in the years 1767, 1779, and 1783.

Another observation which I have made is highly interesting to your Lordship, as well as to all those who are fond of electrical researches; it may serve as a caution not to make experiments in the time of a storm, especially when it thunders.

The 11th of October, 1787, was extremely stormy. I had just charged my electrical apparatus by a few turns of the wheel, and had drawn forth a spark by which great part of the electric matter must have been discharged. We were several in company, and some moments after, we

perceived upon the large conductors, the surface of which is equal to twenty five square feet, an electric light, accompanied with a strong explosion, and at the same instant heard a loud clap of thunder.

You know that my apparatus stands very much insulated: no body is so near it as to have power to draw forth a spark from it; the only one which could do so was the ball of the electrometer, which was about an inch distant from the principal conductor, and placed five or six feet below the large conductors. The explosion proceeded from the latter. The spark had not directed its course to the earth, the common reservoir, since the only body which could transmit it thither did not attract it. It rose, therefore, into the atmosphere, and it must have been powerfully attracted by some body charged with less electric matter than my conductor.

The clap of thunder, which was heard at the same instant, has too near a relation to the phenomenon of which I speak, not to give us reason to believe that the cloud which was above my apparatus, was that negative body which occasioned the explosion that astonished us, as well as the clap of thunder heard at the same instant.

Had the apparatus been completely charged, or had any one been within reach, the like accident might have taken place as that which happened to the unfortunate Richman. The spark drawn from the conductor might have determined the electric matter proceeding from the earth, to direct its course through the body of the person, which would have formed a communication. There must undoubtedly be a combination of certain circumstances before such a misfortune can happen, but it is possible, and on this account you will do well to suspend every electrical experiment during a storm. This is the advice of one who has the honor to be with the greatest sincerity, &c.

EXTRACT FROM MR. HERSCHEL'S PAPER ON THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE HEAVENS.

[From the Seventy-fifth Volume of the Philosophical Transactions.]

THE subject of the construction of the heavens, on which I have so lately ventured to deliver my thoughts to this Society, is of so extensive and important a nature, that we cannot exert too much attention in our endeavours to throw all possible light upon it: I shall, therefore,

now attempt to pursue the delineations of which a faint outline was begun in my former paper.

By continuing to observe the heavens with my last constructed, and since that time much improved instrument, I am now enabled to bring more confirmation to
(several)

several parts that were before but weakly supported; and also to offer a few still farther-extended hints, such as they present themselves to my present view. But first let me mention, that, if we would hope to make any progress in an investigation of this delicate nature, we ought to avoid two opposite extremes, of which I can hardly say which is the most dangerous. If we indulge a fanciful imagination, and build worlds of our own, we must not wonder at our going wide from the path of truth and nature; but these will vanish like the Cartesian vortices, that soon gave way when better theories were offered. On the other hand, if we add observation to observation, without attempting to draw not only certain conclusions, but also conjectural views from them, we offend against the very end for which only observations ought to be made. I will endeavour to keep a proper medium; but if I should deviate from that, I could wish not to fall into the latter error.

That the milky way is a most extensive stratum of stars of various sizes admits no longer of the least doubt; and that our sun is actually one of the heavenly bodies belonging to it is as evident. I have now viewed and gaged this shining zone in almost every direction, and find it composed of stars whose number, by the account of these gages, constantly increases and decreases in proportion to its apparent brightness to the naked eye. But, in order to develop the ideas of the universe, that have been suggested by my late observations, it will be best to take the subject from a point of view at a considerable distance both of space and of time.

Theoretical View.

Let us then suppose numberless stars, of various sizes, scattered over an indefinite portion of space in such a manner as to be almost equally distributed throughout the whole. The laws of attraction, which no doubt extend to the remotest regions of the fixed stars, will operate in such a manner as most probably to produce the following remarkable effects.

Formation of Nebulae.

Form I. In the first place, since we have supposed the stars to be of various sizes, it will frequently happen that a star, being considerably larger than its neighbouring ones, will attract them more than they will be attracted by others, that are immediately around them; by which means they will be, in time, as it were condensed about a centre; or, in other words, form

themselves into a cluster of stars of almost a globular figure, more or less regularly so, according to the size and original distance of the surrounding stars. The perturbations of these mutual attractions must undoubtedly be very intricate, as we may easily comprehend by considering what Sir Isaac Newton says in the first book of his Principia, in the 38th and following problems. But in order to apply this great author's reasoning of bodies moving in ellipses to such as are here, for a while, supposed to have no other motion than what their mutual gravity has imparted to them, we must suppose the conjugate axes of these ellipses indefinitely diminished, whereby the ellipses will become straight lines.

Form II. The next case, which will also happen almost as frequently as the former, is where a few stars though not superior in size to the rest, may chance to be rather nearer each other than the surrounding ones; for here also will be formed a prevailing attraction in the combined centre of gravity of them all, which will occasion the neighbouring stars to draw together; not indeed so as to form a regular or globular figure, but however in such a manner as to be condensed towards the common centre of gravity of the whole irregular cluster. And this construction admits of the utmost variety of shapes, according to the number and situation of the stars which first gave rise to the condensation of the rest.

Form III. From the composition and repeated conjunction of both the foregoing forms, a third may be derived, when many large stars, or combined small ones, are situated in long extended, regular, or crooked rows, hooks, or branches; for they will also draw the surrounding ones, so as to produce figures of condensed stars coarsely similar to the former which gave rise to these condensations.

Form IV. We may likewise admit of still more extensive combinations; when, at the same time that a cluster of stars is forming in one part of space, there may be another collecting in a different, but perhaps not far distant quarter, which may occasion a mutual approach towards their common centre of gravity.

V. In the last place, as a natural consequence of the former cases, there will be formed great cavities or vacancies by the retreat of the stars towards the various centres which attract them; so that, upon the whole, there is evidently a field of the greatest variety for the mutual and combined attractions of the heavenly bodies to exert themselves in. I shall, therefore, without extending myself farther up-
on

On this subject, proceed to a few considerations, that will naturally occur to every one who may view this subject in the light I have here done.

Objections considered.

At first sight then it will seem as if a system, such as it has been displayed in the foregoing paragraphs, would evidently tend to a general destruction, by the stroke of one star's falling upon another. It would here be a sufficient answer to say, that if observation should prove this really to be the system of the universe, there is no doubt but that the great author of it has amply provided for the preservation of the whole, though it should not appear to us in what manner this is effected. But I shall moreover point out several circumstances that do manifestly tend to a general preservation; as, in the first place the indefinite extent of the sidereal heavens, which must produce a balance that will effectually secure all the great parts of the whole from approaching to each other. There remains then only to see how the particular stars belonging to separate clusters will be preserved from rushing on to their centres of attraction. And here I must observe, that though I have before, by way of rendering the case more simple, considered the stars as being originally at rest, I intended not to exclude projectile forces; and the admission of them will prove such a barrier against the seeming destructive power of attraction, as to secure from it all the stars belonging to a cluster, if not for ever, at least for millions of ages. Besides, we ought perhaps to look upon such clusters, and the destruction of now and then a star, in some thousands of ages, as perhaps the very means by which the whole is preserved and renewed. These clusters may be the laboratories of the universe, if I may so express myself, wherein the most salutary remedies for the decay of the whole are prepared.

Optical Appearances.

From this theoretical view of the heavens, which has been taken, as we observed, from a point not less distant in time than in space, we will now retreat to our own retired station in one of the planets, attending a star in its great combination with numberless others; and, in order to investigate what will be the appearances from this contracted situation, let us begin with the naked eye. The stars of the first magnitude being in all probability the nearest, will furnish us with a step to begin our scale; setting off, therefore, with

the distance of Sirius or Arcturus, for instance, as unity, we will at present suppose, that those of the second magnitude are at double, and those of the third at treble the distance, and so forth. It is not necessary critically to examine what quantity of light or magnitude of a star intitles it to be estimated of such or such a proportional distance, as the common coarse estimation will answer our present purpose as well; taking it then for granted, that a star of the seventh magnitude is about seven times as far as one of the first, it follows, that an observer, who is inclosed in a globular cluster of stars, and not far from the centre, will never be able, with the naked eye, to see to the end of it; for, since, according to the above estimations, he can only extend his view to about seven times the distance of Sirius, it cannot be expected that his eyes should reach the borders of a cluster which has perhaps not less than fifty stars in depth every where around him. The whole universe, therefore, to him will be comprised in a set of constellations, richly ornamented with scattered stars of all sizes. Or if the united brightness of a neighbouring cluster of stars should, in a remarkable clear night, reach his sight, it will put on the appearance of a small, faint, whitish, nebulous cloud, not to be perceived without the greatest attention. To pass by other situations, let him be placed in a much extended stratum, or branching cluster of millions of stars, such as may fall under the third form of nebulae considered in a foregoing paragraph. Here also the heavens will not only be richly scattered over with brilliant constellations, but a shining zone or milky way will be perceived to surround the whole sphere of the heavens, owing to the combined light of those stars which are too small, that is, too remote to be seen. Our observer's sight will be so confined, that he will imagine this single collection of stars, of which he does not even perceive the thousandth part, to be the whole contents of the heavens. Allowing him now the use of a common telescope, he begins to suspect that all the milkiness of the bright path which surrounds the sphere may be owing to stars. He perceives a few clusters of them in various parts of the heavens, and finds also that there are a kind of nebulous patches; but still his views are not extended so far as to reach to the end of the stratum in which he is situated, so that he looks upon these patches as belonging to that system which to him seems to comprehend every celestial object. He now increases his power of vision, and, applying himself to a close observation, finds that the milky

way is indeed no other than a collection of very small stars. He perceives that those objects which are called nebulae are evidently nothing but clusters of stars. He finds their number increase upon him; and when he resolves one nebulae into stars, he discovers ten new ones which he cannot resolve. He then forms the idea of immense strata of fixed stars, till, going on with such interesting observations, he now perceives that all these appearances must naturally arise from the confined situation in which we are placed. *Confined* it may justly be called, though in no less a space than what before appeared to be the whole region of the fixed stars; but which now has assumed the shape of a crookedly branching nebulae; not indeed one of the least, but perhaps very far from being the most considerable of those numberless clusters that enter into the construction of the Heavens.

Result of Observations.

I shall now endeavour to shew, that the theoretical view of the system of the uni-

verse, which has been exposed in the foregoing part of this paper, is perfectly consistent with facts, and seems to be confirmed and established by a series of observations. It will appear that many hundreds of the nebulae of the first and second forms are actually to be seen in the heavens, and their places will hereafter be pointed out. Many of the third form will be described, and instances of the fourth related. A few of the cavities mentioned in the fifth will be particularised, though many more have already been observed; so that, upon the whole, I believe it will be found, that the foregoing theoretical view, with all its consequential appearances, as seen by an eye inclosed in one of the nebulae, is no other than a drawing from nature, wherein the features of the original have been closely copied; and I hope the resemblance will not be called a bad one, when it shall be considered how very limited must be the pencil of an inhabitant of so small and retired a portion of an indefinite system in attempting the picture of so unbounded an extent.

EXTRACT from the TRANSACTIONS of the SOCIETY instituted at LONDON, for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures and Commerce, for the Year 1789.

UNDER the head of Mechanics we find some letters and certificates on the utility of the gun harpoon in striking whales. Captain *Wheatley* writes to the Society as follows:

I have been informed lately of the encouragement given by you for the use of the Harpoon-guns, in the Whale-fishery. I beg leave to lay before you the following instance of their utility, in the *Britannia*, belonging to Mr. John Thompson, of London, under my command, during the three last seasons, in Davis's Straits; in which time we killed fourteen large whales, and in all of which the guns have been the principal instruments of their destruction: eight of which were first struck by the gun harpoon; and the others, although not the first, were generally the second and third: and often when a boat, with the common harpoon, dare not approach them by reason of their throwing about their fins and tails, the gun, at a safe distance of eight, twelve, or fifteen fathoms, has given them their mortal wound. Our two guns are made by Staghold of Straxford.

The greatest inconvenience we laboured under was the rain or snow, and some-

times the sea wetting the lock: to remove that obstacle, I had a case of leather, lined with tin, to fit round the gun, and over the lock, big enough to fire the gun with the case on; so that we could fire in any weather: and found thimbles made of wire, twisted in the slit of the harpoon, and a bit of cork in the upper end of the harpoon, to answer the purpose very safely and well.

Their uses in calm and still weather are very great; as a whale, although it is a timorous creature, will very often let a boat approach it to twenty, fifteen, and even ten fathoms, before it sinks; all of which distances are in the reach of the gun, but none of them in the reach of the hand-harpoon.

Then follows several instances of its utility in striking whales, and the names of the persons who struck them, which are confirmed by the testimony of other captains employed in the whale fishery. As an encouragement the society give a premium of two guineas to every person who strikes a whale with this instrument.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

MR. Ségrais, in his memoirs and anecdotes, or the person who compiled them, relates that a certain preacher, making a panegyric on Louis XIII. and praising his chastity, gave the following example, with all the emphasis of exaggeration: 'This Prince,' said he, 'playing one day at shuttlecock, with one of the ladies belonging to the court, and the shuttlecock having fallen into her bosom, she desired that his majesty would come and take it out himself. But what did this chaste prince? To avoid the snare that was laid for him, he took the tongs from the chimney corner, and by means of that instrument, prevented the danger, to which he might otherwise have been exposed from such a temptation.'

THE Japanese give the following names to the twelve signs of the zodiac, and the twelve hours of the day. The first they call the rat; the second, the cow; the third, the tyger; the fourth, the hare; the fifth, the dragon; the sixth, the serpent; the seventh, the horse; the eighth, the sheep; the ninth, the ape; the tenth, the cock; the eleventh, the dog; and the twelfth, the boar. The Emperor who was on the throne when Kœmpfer was in Japan, was born under the eleventh sign, or the dog, consequently he had a great fondness for that animal. According to an edict published by this prince, all the dogs that died within his dominions were to be carried to the top of a mountain, and to be interred with great funeral pomp. A poor man, who was carrying his dog to the appointed spot, finding the body heavy, and the way long, began to murmur against the orders of his Sovereign, upon which a neighbour who accompanied him, observed with much propriety, that instead of complaining, he ought on the contrary, to thank the gods, who in their wisdom had decreed that the Emperor should not be born under the sign of the horse, 'for,' said he, 'a horse would have been a much more disagreeable burden than a dog.'

IN a small book, entitled *Nugæ venales seu Theaurus Ridendi et Jacandi*, printed in 1644, in which there are a great many insipid things, we find the following verses on the perfidy of the fair sex:

Adam, Sansonem, Loth, Davidem et Salamonein
Femina decepti, quis modo tutus erit?

A Merchant of Smyrna had a son, who, after profiting by that confined education which the Turks generally give their children, had risen to the office of *Naib*, that is to say, of Lieutenant to the Cadi, whose principal duty is, to inspect the weights and measures which the merchants use in commerce. One day as this officer was going his ordinary round, some neighbours of the old merchant, who had been long acquainted with his dishonest dealing, advised him to be prepared for the visit of the *Naib*, and to take care to conceal his weights and measures before he should appear; but this old offender, thinking that as the *Naib* was his own son, he would not expose him to public disgrace, instead of following the advice given, fell a laughing, and, with great unconcern, waited at the door of his shop for the officer's arrival. The *Naib*, who was not ignorant of his father's character and disposition, and who had often warned him of his danger, and earnestly requested him to change his conduct, resolved at length to make an example of him. Addressing him therefore in a grave tone, 'Bring me (said he) your balance and weights, they must be examined publicly.' The old merchant, assuming a smiling countenance, begged his son to pass on, and to come and dine with him on his return. 'No, (replied the officer, sternly) let me first see if your weights are just.—Soldiers bring me hither immediately his balance and his weights.' The father, after having seen his fraudulent weights and measures destroyed, vainly imagined that all was over, and began to console himself for the loss he had sustained, when the *Naib* condemned him not only to pay a fine of fifty piastres, but to receive as many blows of a stick on the soles of his feet, which punishment was instantly inflicted, notwithstanding all the tears and cries of the old man.

The son then dismounting from his horse, threw himself at the feet of the merchant, and bursting into tears, 'Father,' (said he) 'I have now discharged my duty to my God, to my Sovereign, and to my country. Permit me, with a God, to discharge that which I owe to nature. Justice is blind; it is the hand of God upon earth; it knows not parents; you have offended justice; another would have punished you; I am sorry it has fallen to my lot, but my duty is my supreme law.—Let me beseech you to be just for the future, and instead of blaming, pity that son, who, after having several times ad-

'monished you, has been compelled by your own fraudulent behaviour and obstinacy, to exercise the severity of the law against you.'

The Sultan, informed of this adventure, raised the young *Naib* to the office of Cadi; by degrees he was promoted to that of Vizir, and no one in that station displayed more prudence, wisdom and justice.

LORD Chancellor Cowper, when at the bar, was wont to say of Lord Chief Justice Holt, that 'He had but little wit, but then he had it always about him.'

DOCTOR Franklin, in the early part of his life, followed the business of a printer, and had occasion to travel from Philadelphia to Boston; in his journey, he stopped at one of their inns, the landlord of which possessed the true disposition of his countrymen, which is, to be inquisitive even to impertinence into the business of every stranger.

The doctor, after the fatigue of the day's travel, had set himself down to supper, when his landlord began to torment him with questions; the doctor well knew the disposition of these people; he apprehended, that, after having answered his questions, others would come in and go over the same ground, determined to stop him. Have you a wife, landlord? Yes, Sir, pray let me see her: madam was introduced with much form. How many children have you? four, Sir: I should be happy to see them. The children were sought and introduced. How many servants have you? two, Sir; a man and a woman; pray fetch them. When they came, the doctor asked if there was any one else in the house? and being answered in the negative, addressed himself with much solemnity: My good friends, I sent for you here to give you an account of myself; my name is Benjamin Franklin; I am a printer of—years of age; reside at Philadelphia, and am now going on business from thence to Boston. I sent for you all, that, if you wish for any further particulars, you may ask, and I will inform you; which done, I flatter myself you will permit me to eat my supper in peace.

AFTER the battle of Marfelles, gained by Marshal de Catinat, while the acclamations were still to be heard, and the general was surrounded by persons who came to congratulate him, an old soldier of his regiment broke through the crowd, and threw himself at his feet, asking forgiveness for one of their bravest fellows, whom they would have seized as a deserter; and who in the evening before, had

taken a pair of colours and several prisoners. 'Be easy,' said the general; let the deserter come to me.' He soon appeared. 'Oh! my father,' says he; 'I am a gentleman, son of an officer killed at the battle of Lens. My mother was left destitute, without protection, and obliged to labour for her livelihood, and to rear me; but when she became impotent, and reduced to the lowest state of misery, I undertook to support her. Some time after I had joined my regiment, I heard she was dangerously ill: I asked leave to go and see her, and was refused; not being able to resist the impulse of nature, I quit my colours, and stole away; and as soon as she was a little recovered, I rejoined the army. Oh! my father this is the crime I am now to expiate, and of which I yesterday endeavoured to wipe away the shame: I do not, however, solicit a pardon; but only, that when I am no more, they will take care of my mother.' 'My son,' answered Catinat quickly; 'why did you not come to seek me? or if you thought me a barbarian, why did you call me father? Your birth, and, above all, your sentiments entitle you to the rank of an officer, and you shall be one; your mother shall be succoured, and your honest comrade rewarded. Come, I will inform the king of your affair: be sure to act always as a worthy man.' Catinat solicited a pension for the unfortunate mother; and not being able to obtain it, he paid it out of his own pocket, in the king's name, to avoid hurting her delicacy.

THE good fortune of the house of Austria had brought into its service Prince Eugene of Savoy. This prince had worn the clerical band in France. Lewis XIV. refused him a benefice; Eugene requested a company of dragoons; this he was likewise refused, because they mistook his genius, and because the young lords of the court had given him the nickname of Dame Claude. Eugene, perceiving every gate of fortune shut upon him, left his mother Madame de Soissons, and France, and offered his services to the Emperor Leopold. He became a colonel and obtained a regiment. His merit made rapid strides. The signal services he performed, and the superiority of his talents, soon raised him to the first military commands. He was generalissimo, president of the council of war, and finally prime minister to the Emperor Charles VI. This prince saw himself the chief of the Imperial army; he governed not only the Austrian provinces, but the empire itself; properly speaking he was emperor. So long as Prince Eugene preserved the

the vigour of his mind, the army and negotiations of Austria prospered; but the head which had so long laboured for the welfare of the Imperial house was, when enfeebled by age and infirmity, incapable of continuing the same labours, and of rendering the same services. How humiliating to our vanity are reflections like these! A Condé, an Eugene, a Marlborough, behold the understanding extinct while the body continues to live, and men of the most boundless genius end in imbecillity! Pride thyself hereafter, poor humanity, in thy powers, if thou darest. The mental decline of Prince Eugene was the moment of intrigue, among the Au-

strian ministers. Count Zintendorf acquired the most control over the mind of his master; he had little industry, but was fond of good cheer; he was the *Aspicius* of the Imperial court, and the emperor said the excellent ragouts of his minister were the cause of the ill success of his affairs. The count was insolent and haughty; he imagined himself an *Agrippa*, a *Mecenas*; the princes of the empire were offended at the severity of his government, very different, in that respect, from the government of Prince Eugene, who employed gentleness only, by which he guided the Germanic body at his pleasure.

APHORISMS ON MAN.

[Selected from a small Volume, under that Title, by the Rev. J. C. Lawater, Author of a celebrated Work on Physiognomy.]

HE, whom common, gross, or stale objects allure, and, when obtained, content, is a vulgar being, incapable of greatness in thought or action.

He scatters enjoyment who can enjoy much.

Who in the same given time can produce more than many others, has *vigour*; who can produce more and better, has *talents*; who can produce what none else can, has *genius*.

The more uniform a man's voice, step, manner of conversation, hand writing—the more quiet, uniform, settled, his actions, his character.

Who forces himself on others, is to himself a load. Impetuous curiosity is empty and inconstant. Prying intrusion may be suspected of whatever is little.

The shameless flatterer is a shameless knave.

As the imprudence of flattery, so the imprudence of egotism.

Let the degree of egotism be the measure of confidence.

You can depend on no man, nor no friend, but him who can depend on himself. He only who acts consequentially toward himself will act so toward others, and *vice versa*.

He who acts most consequentially, is the most friendly, and the most worthy of friendship—the more inconsequential, the less fit for any of its dependencies. In this I know I have said something common; but it will be very uncommon if I have made you attentive to it.

The most exuberant encomiast turns easily into the most inveterate censor.

Who affects useless singularities has surely a little mind.

All affectation is the vain and ridiculous attempt of poverty to appear rich.

Softness of smile indicates softness of character.

The horse-laugh indicates brutality of character.

A sneer is often the sign of heartless malignity.

Who courts the intimacy of a professed sneerer, is a professed knave.

All moral dependence on him, who has been guilty of one act of positive cool villainy, against an acknowledged virtuous and noble character, is credulity, imbecillity, or insanity.

The wrath that on conviction subsides into mildness, is the wrath of a generous mind.

The discovery of truth, by slow progressive meditation, is wisdom—intuition of truth, not preceded by perceptible meditation, is genius.

Avoid the eye that discovers with rapidity the bad, and is slow to see the good.

Dread more the blunderer's friendship than the calumniator's enmity.

Who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man.

Who seldom speaks, and with one calm well timed word can strike dumb the loquacious—is a genius among those who study nature.

Who always loses, the more he is known, must undoubtedly be very poor.

Who, in a long course of familiarity, neither gains nor loses, has a very mean and vulgar character.

Who always wins, and never loses, the more he is known, enjoyed, used, is as much above a vulgar character.

Who has no friend, and no enemy, is one of the vulgar; and without talents, powers, or energy.

A Voyage round the World, but more particularly to the North-West Coast of America, performed in the Years 1785, 1786, 1787, and 1788, in the King George and Queen Charlotte, Captains Portlock and Dixon; embellished with twenty Copper Plates. By Captain Nathaniel Portlock. Stookdale, 1789. Quarto.

WE have already had occasion to mention the object and destination of this voyage, in reviewing the account of it published by Captain Dixon. Capt. Portlock informs us, that in May, 1785, Richard Cadman Etches and other traders entered into a commercial partnership, under the title of *The King George's Second Company*, for the purpose of carrying on a fur trade from the Western coast of America to China. With this view, they obtained a licence from the South Sea Company; and another from the East India Company, the latter of whom engaged at the same time, to give them a freight of teas from Canton. The company having purchased a ship of 320, and a snow of 200 tons burthen, as being best fitted for such a voyage they appointed Captain Portlock commander of the former, as well as of the expedition, and Captain Dixon of the smaller. As both these gentlemen had accompanied Captain Cook in his last voyage into the Pacific Ocean, they were deemed well qualified to carry into execution a plan, which required great nautical knowledge and great experience. Inferior officers of competent talents were at the same time appointed; and that the voyage might embrace other objects besides the profits of traffic, or the advantages of discovery, several gentlemen's sons who had shewn an inclination for a sea-faring life, were put under Captain Portlock's care, to be initiated in the knowledge of marine affairs. He at the same time engaged William Philpot Evans, and Joseph Woodcock, two of the pupils of Mr. Wales, master of the mathematical school in Christ's Hospital, to assist in teaching the boys the rudiments of navigation, and to make drawings of remarkable lands, and of other objects.

Captain Portlock sailed from Deptford in the month of August, 1785, and after touching at Guernsey, St. Jago, and Falkland's Islands, doubled Cape Horn, and arrived at Karakakooa Bay, in Owhyhee, one of the Sandwich Isles, on the 26th of February, 1786. Soon after the ships had come to anchor, they were surrounded by an amazing number of the natives, both in canoes and in the water, who became so exceedingly troublesome, crawling up the cable and the ship's sides, that most of the

seamen were employed in keeping the vessel clear, and it was not without some difficulty that they could get moored. By day light next morning, they were visited by a vast number of the natives, but no Chief was to be seen among them, who had sufficient power to keep them in order. They therefore became so daring and insolent, that Captain Portlock was under the necessity of placing centinels, with cutlasses, to prevent them from boarding the vessels. This unexpected reception convinced him that nothing could, with safety, be done on shore, without the protection of a strong guard; and taking such a step might, perhaps, have irritated the natives. On this account he left Karakakooa Bay as soon as possible, and proceeded to Woahoo, another of the Sandwich Isles, which Captain Portlock considers as the most important of the whole.

' Before I quit Woahoo, says he, let me observe, that I think it the finest island in the group, and most capable of being turned to advantage, were it settled by Europeans, than any of the rest, there being scarcely a spot which does not appear fertile. Here we found a great number of warriors and warlike instruments. Many of the warriors were tattooed in a manner totally different from any I ever took notice of amongst the Sandwich Islands; their faces were tattooed so as to appear quite black, besides great part of the body being tattooed in a variety of forms.

' The greatest part of the daggers left by us at these islands, during our last voyage, at present seem to centre here; for we scarcely ever saw a large canoe that the people in her had not one a-piece, and at Owhyhee I do not remember seeing more than two or three.

' As they are very dangerous and destructive weapons, I did not suffer any to be made in either ship, though strongly importuned to it by many of the natives. Indeed I always thought it, the last voyage, a very imprudent action to furnish the Indians with weapons which, at one time or other, might be turned against ourselves. And my suspicions were but too well founded, for with one of the daggers given by us to the natives of Owhyhee my much lamented commander, Captain Cook, was killed;

killed; and but for them that ornament of the British nation might have lived to have enjoyed the fruits of his labour in ease and affluence, after a series of years spent in the service of his country, and for the benefit of mankind in general. He, however, unfortunately set the example, by ordering some daggers to be made after the model of the Indian pahoots; and this practice was afterwards followed by every person who could raise iron to make one; so that, during our stay at these islands, the armourer was employed to little other purpose than in working these destructive weapons; and so liberally were they disposed of, that the morning we were running into Karakakooa Bay, after the Resolution had sprung her foremast, I saw Maiha Maiha get eight or nine daggers from Captain Clarke in exchange for a feathered cloak; though, since our arrival at Woahoo, I have purchased some cloaks, considerably better than that of Captain Clarke's, for a small piece of iron worked into the form of carpenter's plane-bit. These the Sandwich islanders make use of as adzes, and call them *rowes*; and to them they answer every purpose wherever an edge-tool is required.

After procuring water and some refreshments at this island, our navigators visited Oneahow, another of the same group. They then proceeded to the coast of America, and arrived at Coal Harbour, in Cook's River, where they found a party of Russians; but as they had no person on board who understood the Russian language, they procured very little information from them. As far as they could understand, they had come last from Kodiak, an island near the Schumagins; on a trading expedition. They had left their vessel at Kodiak, and proceeded to Cook's River in boats. This party consisted of twenty-five men. They had also a number of Indians among them, who had skin canoes, and who seemed to be on the most friendly terms with the Russians. The Russian chief brought Captain Portlock, as a present, a quantity of fine salmon, sufficient to serve both ships for one day; in return for which the captain gave him some yams, and directed him how to dress them; and likewise some beef, pork, and a few bottles of brandy. Salmon are found here in great plenty.

On quitting Coal Harbour Captain Portlock proceeded up Cook's River; but being disappointed in his expectations of meeting with furs in abundance, he determined to quit it on the first opportunity, and to make his way to Prince William's Sound, where he hoped to have more suc-

cess. Speaking of the commercial advantages which might be derived from this part of America, Captain Portlock says, 'Besides the various sorts of furs met with here, Cook's River produces native sulphur, ginseng, snake-root, black lead, coal, together with the greatest abundance of fine salmon, and the natives behave quietly, and barter fairly, so that a most profitable trade might doubtless be carried on here, by any persons of sufficient enterprise to undertake it.'

Being prevented by contrary winds from reaching Prince William's Sound, our navigators proceeded along the coast, with intention of making King George's Sound; but the weather turning out bad, and appearing to be set in for a continuance, and as their sails and rigging were much damaged, and as the crews stood greatly in need of refreshments, Captain Portlock came to a determination of leaving this coast, and of standing directly for the Sandwich Islands, where he came to anchor, in King George's Bay, in Woahoo, on the 30th of November, 1786. Having remained at Sandwich Isles till the 3d of March, 1787, our navigators directed their course to the coast a second time, and visited Montague Island, soon after which the ships separated, and the King George proceeded to Hinchinbrooke Cove, at the entrance of Prince William's Sound. The natives here are described by Captain Portlock in the following manner:

'These people are for the most part short in stature, and square-made men; their faces, men and women, are in general flat and round, with high cheek-bones, and flattish noses; their teeth are very good and white; eyes dark; quick of sight; their smell very good, and which they quicken by smelling at the snake-root parched. As to their complexions, they are generally lighter than the Southern Indians, and some of their women I have seen with rosy cheeks. Their hair is black and straight, and they are fond of having it long; but on the death of a friend they cut it short, to denote them to be in mourning; nor have I ever observed that they have any other way to mark their sorrow and concern for their relations. The men have generally bad, ill-shaped legs, which I attributed to their sitting in one constant position in their canoes. They seem possessed of as great a share of pride and vanity as Europeans; for they often paint the face and hands; their ears and noses are bored, and the under lip slit. In the hole in the nose they hang an ornament (as they deem it) made of bone or ivory, two or three inches long. At the ears they mostly

mostly wear beads, hanging down to the shoulder; and in the slit in the lip they have a bone or ivory instrument fitted, with holes in it, from which they hang beads as low as the chin. These holes in the lip disfigure them very much, some of them having it as large as their mouth.— But with all this fancied finery they are remarkably filthy in their persons; and, not frequently shifting their garments, they are generally very lousy; and in times of scarcity these vermin probably serve them as an article of food, for I have seen them pick and eat to the number of a dozen or more, and they are not very small. Their clothing consists wholly of the skins of animals and birds. I must do them the justice to say, that we in general found them very friendly; and they appear so remarkably tender and affectionate to their women and children, that you cannot please them more than in making them small presents; but carry your attention to their women no farther, for nothing gives them greater displeasure than taking liberties with them. Another very prevalent inclination is that of thieving; which is by no means peculiar to them, but is equally to be seen in all other Indians, not only from strangers, but from one another, I have frequently, in the course of my trading with them, seen them steal from one another, and, on being detected, they will give up the articles they have stolen with a laugh, and immediately appear as unconcerned as if nothing had happened amiss. I am sure that with them thieving with dexterity is rather thought a grace than a disgrace; and the complete thief is a clever fellow, but the bungling pilferer is less admired. You may generally know the man who comes as a professed thief, for his face will be all daubed with paint; and whilst you may be viewing the curious figure he cuts with his painted face, you may be sure that his hands are not idle, if there is any thing near him worth stealing; and whenever you see the arm slip from out of the sleeve of the frock of skins which they always wear, you may be well assured that the person is intent on thieving; and they always conceal the articles they have stolen under their frock, until they have an opportunity of stowing them away in their canoes; but, notwithstanding our knowing the professed thief, and all our vigilance, they frequently stole little things from us, but of no consequence. During our intercourse with them they grew less addicted to thieving, in consequence of my sometimes appearing a little angry with them, and taking some pains to convince them of the impropriety of their behaviour. Upon the

whole, they appear a good kind of people; and I am convinced, in a little time, provided a settlement of sufficient strength were established, would be an industrious set of people, in hunting, and procuring the sea-otter, and other skins, for sale to the settlers.

The articles of food of the inhabitants are fish and animals of all kinds, of which they eat very heartily when they have it in their power. They eat the vegetables which the country affords, and the inner bark of the pine tree; which, in the spring of the year, must be of infinite service in recovering them from the scurvy, with which disease I am apt to think they are much afflicted during the winter, having seen many of them with swollen legs, and sores, which I am pretty certain proceeded from that disease. As the summer advanced we saw little of those appearances. They never practise the method of smoking their provisions; and, for want of salt, they have no other way of curing their winter stock of fish than drying it in the sun. Their fish they generally roast, by running some sticks through to spread it, and clapping it before a fire. Their animal food they generally dress in baskets or wooden vessels, by putting it on red-hot stones, until the victuals are dressed enough; and it is surprizing how quick they dress their provisions in this way.

During the summer season they lead a strange wandering life; and the shelter they live under in bad weather, when from home, is either their canoes, or small sheds made of a few sticks covered with a little bark. Their winter habitations are also very ill-made and inconvenient. Those I have seen are not more than from four to six feet high, about ten feet long, and about eight feet broad, built with plank, and the crevices filled up with dry moss; and in those houses they generally stow very thick. The method they use in making plank is, to split the trees with wooden or stone wedges; and I have seen a plank twenty or twenty-five feet long, split from a tree by their method.

Their weapons for war are spears of sixteen or eighteen feet long, headed with iron; bows and arrows, and long knives; all of which they are amazingly dexterous in using. Their fishing implements are wooden hooks, with lines made of a small kind of rockweed, which grows to a considerable length, and will hold a good strain, if kept clear of hinks, and properly moistened. With these hooks and lines they catch halibut and cod; salmon they catch in wiers, or spear them; and hering, I believe they catch with small nets.

The implements with which they kill the sea otter, and other amphibious animals, are harpoons made with bone, with two or more barbs; with a staff of about six or eight feet long, on which is fastened a skin or large bladder, well blown, as a buoy; and darts of about three or four feet long; which they throw with a wooden instrument of about a foot long.

On leaving Prince William's sound, Captain Portlock ranged along the American coast, and steered his course to Portlock's harbour, which he describes. The people here appear to be remarkably indolent, wretched and dirty.

They have not the use of bladder skin frocks for their dress, but make dresses of the skins of land and sea animals, made up in the same manner as the inhabitants of Cook's river and Prince William's sound. The men do not use the method of sitting their under-lips; but wear their ornaments of beads, shells, &c. at their ears, through which they have small holes bored; they likewise bore a small hole through the gristle of the nose, through which they will sometimes put a needle or nail that they purchase in trade, or may have given them as a present; but the women disfigure themselves in a most extraordinary manner, by making an incision in the under-lip, in which part they wear a piece of wood made in an oval form, a little hollow on each side, and about the thickness of a quarter of an inch; the outer part of the rim is hollowed all round: this curious piece of wood is thrust into the hole, and is secured there by the rim of the lip going round it, fixed in the hollow which is made round the wood. They appear to be worn large or small, in proportion to the age of the women, or perhaps to the number of children they have bore: those that I took to be between thirty and forty years of age, wore them about the size of a small saucer, and the older larger in proportion; one old woman, I remarked particularly, having one as large as a large saucer. The weight of this trencher or ornament weighs the lip down so as to cover the whole of the chin, leaving all the lower teeth and gum quite naked and exposed, which gives them a very disagreeable appearance.—When they eat, it is customary for them to take more in the mouth at a time than they can possibly swallow; when they have chewed it, the lip-piece serves them as a trencher to put it out of their mouths on, and then they take it occasionally. It seems a general practice among the females to wear the wooden ornament in their under lip; the

children have them bored at about two years of age, when a piece of copper wire is put through the hole; this they wear till the age of about thirteen or fourteen years, when it is taken out, and the wooden ornament introduced; its first size is about the width of a button. They likewise have their ears bored, where they wear their ornaments of beads and other things. Their apparel is the same kind as wore by the men; both men and women being very fond of long hair, which is considered as a great ornament. At the death of a friend the hair is cut off pretty short, which seems to be the general mourning of all Indian tribes. The women wear the hair either clubbed behind or tied up in a bunch on the crown of the head; the men wear theirs either loose or tied at the crown. The method of dressing the hair with birds down is only practised by the men. The women in general are hair dressers for their husbands, which office they seem to perform with a great deal of dexterity and good-nature.

Their persons are in general much about the size of Europeans. The men have a very fierce and savage aspect, which with their dress gives them much the appearance of warriors; their weapons of war are daggers and long pointed spears; they are very easily irritated, and would make very little scruple to kill you when they think themselves injured. More than once I had nearly experienced that fate, from some trifling disagreements in trade; but being pretty well acquainted with their tempers, I guarded as much against them as possible; and on all occasions took care to be well provided for them in case of an attempt, by keeping my pistols ready charged before me.

Their women, were it not for the filth and nastiness which continually cover them, would be by no means disagreeable; their features in general are pleasing, and their carriage modest. They frequently gave us opportunities to observe their wits to please, particularly when the wooing party were on shore; at these times they would place themselves in a line, and begin singing and making motions all the time the men were at work, and if their drollery happened to please the people, and make them laugh, they all immediately joined in a loud burst of laughter; and when the Indians were not there, they would assist the people in getting wood and taking it to the boats. They were particularly useful in taking the wood from the beach through the surf to the boat, as they were not encumbered with shoes and stockings; and it saved the men from wetting themselves. But if at any time

the Indians came to them at the time when they were thus making themselves useful, they would instantly drive them all away with very little ceremony. Upon such occasions as these, I used to give the people small bright buttons to make them presents, with which their pride and ambition were highly gratified. One time, not having an opportunity of sending the boat on shore at the usual hour, to fetch the wedding party on board, the women gave them an invitation to their habitations, which was about three hundred yards from the place where they were at work; and upon this occasion treated them (or offered to do it) with every thing their wretched habitations afforded, and behaved very kindly to them. Their huts are made of a few boards, which they take away with them when they go to their winter quarters. It is very surprising to see how well they will shape their boards with the knocking tools they employ; some of them being full ten feet long, two feet and a half broad, and not more than an inch thick.

Speaking of the advantage which would arise from a fur trade being established here, Captain Portlock says,

"I shall now take leave of my Indian traders, and for the last time of the American coast. The inestimable value of their furs will always make it a desirable trade, and whenever it is established upon a proper foundation, and a settlement made, will become a very valuable and lucrative branch of commerce. It would be an easy matter for either government or our East-India company to make a settlement of this kind, and the thinness of the inhabitants will make it a matter of easy practicability; and as the company are under the necessity of paying the Chinese in cash for their teas, I look upon it a settlement on this coast might be effected at a very inconsiderable expence, which would more than pay them for every article that is brought from China. Another convenience likely to accrue, is from a well-known enterprising character having, if he meets with proper encouragement from the country, intentions of going over land to these parts; by this means will be finally determined the long sought North-

west passage, with some account of the inferior parts of the country, to which we are yet entire strangers. That such an event may take place, must be the wish of every lover of his country; and though the enterprise is fraught with every danger that idea can suggest, yet what is it that British valour dares not attempt?"

After quitting the American coast, Captain Portlock proceeded to Sandwich isles, and thence to China; from which he sailed to England, where he arrived in the end of August, 1785. He concludes this account of his voyage in the following words.

"The grand object of the voyage, of which an account is given in the preceding sheets, being to trade for furs, with an expectation, no doubt, of gaining more than common profits, by an undertaking which at once was new, hazardous, and uncertain, the world will naturally enquire whether such expectation has been answered, and more particularly as reports have been industriously propagated to the contrary.

"That the King George's Sound Company, have not accumulated immense fortunes, may perhaps be true; but it is no less certain that they are gainers to the amount of some thousands of pounds; and that the voyage did not answer the utmost extent of their wishes, undoubtedly was owing to their own inexperience; for when the King George and Queen Charlotte arrived at Canton, and even a month after that period, prime sea-otter skins sold from eighty to ninety dollars each. Of this quantity these ships had at least two thousand on board, besides a large quantity of furs of inferior value. But though we could have sold our cargo with ease, we were not at liberty to dispose of one material article; the sole management of it being vested in the hands of the East-India Company's supercargoes; and, at length, the skins just mentioned were sold for less than twenty dollars each.

"From this plain statement of facts, the public may at once perceive, that this branch of commerce, so far from being a losing one, is perhaps the most profitable and lucrative employ that the enterprising merchant can possibly engage in."

P O E T R Y.

ADDRESS TO FRIENDSHIP:

[By Ann Yearley.]

FRRIENDSHIP! thou noblest ardor of
the soul!
Immortal essence! languor's best support!
Chief dignifying proof of glorious man!
Firm cement of the world! endearing tie,
Which binds the willing soul, and brings
along
Her chastest, strongest, and sublimest pow-
ers!

All else the dregs of spirit. Love's soft
flame,
Bewildering, leads the infatuated soul:
Levels, depresses, wraps in endless mists,
Contracts, dissolves, enervates, and en-
raves,
Relaxes, sinks, distracts, while Fancy fills
Th' inflaming draught, and aids the calcu-
ture.
Intoxicating charm! yet well refin'd
By Virtue's brightening flame, pure it
ascends,
As incense in its grateful circle mount,
Till, mixt and lost, with thee it boast thy
name.

Thou unsound blessing! woo'd with ea-
ger hope,
As clowns the nightly vapour swift pur-
sue,
And vain wou'd grasp to cheer their lonely
way;
Vain the wide stretch, and vain the shor-
ten'd breath,
For, ah! the bright delusion onward flies,
While the sad swain deceiv'd, now cau-
tious treads
The common beaten track, nor quits it
more.

Not unexisting art thou, but so rare,
That delving souls ne'er find thee; 'tis to
thee,
When found, if ever found, sweet fugitive,
The noble mind opens all her richest stores;
Thy firm, strong hold suits the courageous
breast,
Where stubborn virtues dwell in secret
league;
And each conspires to fortify the rest.

Ethereal spirits alone may hope to prove
Thy strong, yet soften'd rapture; soften'd
more
When penitence succeeds to injury;

When, doubting pardon, the meek, plead-
ing eye

On which the soul had once with pleasure
dwelt,

Swims in the tear of sorrow and repentance.
The faultless mind with treble pity views
The tarnish'd friend, who feels the sting
of shame;

'Tis then too little barely to forgive;
Nor can the soul rest on that frigid thought,
But rushing swiftly from her Stoic heights,
With all her frozen feelings melted down
By Pity's genial beams, she sinks, distress'd,
Shares the contagion, and with lenient
hand

Lifts the warm chalice fill'd with conso-
lation.

Yet Friendship's name oft decks the
crafty lip.

With seeming virtue clothes the ruthless
soul:

Grief-soothing notes, well feign'd to look
like Truth,

Like an insidious serpent softly creep
To the poor, guileless, unsuspecting heart,
Wind round in wily folds, and sinking
deep

Explore her sacred treasure, basely heave
Her hoard of woes to an un pitying world;
First sooths, ensnares, exposes and betrays.
What art thou, fiend, who thus usurp'st
the form

Of the soft cherub? Tell me, by what
name

The ostentatious call thee, thou who
wreck'st

The gloomy peace of sorrow-loving souls?
Why thou art Vanity, ungenerous sprite,
Who tarnishest the action deem'd so great,
And of soul-saving essence. But for thee,
How pure, how bright would Theron's
virtues shine;

And, but that thou art incorporate with
the flame,

Which else would bless where'er its beams
illumine,

My grateful spirit had recorded here
Thy splendid seemings. Long I've known
their worth.

O, 'tis the deepest error man can prove,
To fancy joys disinterested can live;
Indissoluble, pure, unmix'd with self;

Why, 'twere to be immortal, 'twere to
own

No part but spirit in this chilling gloom.

My soul's ambitious, and its utmost
stretch

Wou'd

Wou'd be, to own a friend—but that's
deny'd.

Now, at this bold avowal, gaze, ye eyes,
Which kindly melted at my woe-fraight
tale;

Start back, Benevolence, and shun the
charge;

Soft bending Pity, fly the sullen phrase,
Ungrateful as it seems. My abject fate

Excites the willing hand of Charity,
The momentary sigh, the pitying tear,

And instantaneous act of bounty bland,
To misery so kind; yet not to you,

Bounty, or charity, or mercy mild,
The pensive thought applies fair Friend-

ship's name;
That name which never yet could dare
exist.

But in equality

But in equality

But in equality

But in equality

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But in equality

But in equality

She swift detects amid their dark retreats
(Horrid as Cacus in their thievish dens);
Regains the trophies, bears in triumph
back

The pilfer'd glories to a wand'ring world;
So Stella boasts, from her the tale I
learn'd;

With pride she told it, I with rapture
heard.

O, Montagu! forgive me, if I sing
Thy wisdom temper'd with the milder ray
Of soft humanity, and kindness bland:

So wide its influence, that the bright
beams

Reach the low vale where mists of igno-
rance lodge,

Strike on the innate spark which lay im-
mers'd;

Thick clogg'd, and almost quench'd in to-
tal night—

On me it fell, and cheer'd my joyless
heart.

Unwelcome is the first bright dawn of
light

To the dark soul; impatient, she rejects,
And fain would push the heavenly stran-
ger back;

She loaths the cranny which admits the
day;

Confus'd, afraid of the intruding guest;
Disturb'd, unwilling to receive the beam,

Which to herself her native darkness
shews.

The effort rude to quench the cheering
flame

Was mine; and, e'en on Stella cou'd I gaze
With sullen envy, and admiring pride,

Till, doubly rous'd by Montagu, the pair
Conspire to clear my dull, imprison'd
sense,

And chase the mists which dimm'd my
visual beam.

Oft as I trod my native wilds alone,
Strong gusts of thought wou'd rise, but
rise to die;

The portals of the swelling soul ne'er op'd
By liberal converse, rude ideas strove
Awhile for vent, but found it not, and
died.

Thus rust the mind's best powers. Yon
starry orbs;

Majestic ocean, flowery vales, gay groves,
Eye-wasting lawns, and heaven-attempting
hills

Which bound th' horizon, and which curb
the view;

All those, with beauteous imagery, awak'd
My ravish'd soul to extacy untaught,

To all the transport the rapt sense can
bear;

To all the transport the rapt sense can
bear;

To all the transport the rapt sense can
bear;

To all the transport the rapt sense can
bear;

ON MRS. MONTAGU.

[By the same.]

WHY boast, O arrogant, imperious
man,

Perfections so exclusive? are thy powers
Nearer approaching Deity? can'st thou

Questions which high Infinity propounds,
Scar nobler sights; or dare immortal
deeds,

Unknown to woman, if she greatly dares
To use the powers assign'd her? Active
strength,

The boast of animals, is clearly thine;
By this upheld, thou think'st the lesson
rare

That female virtues teach; and poor the
height

Which female-wit obtains. The theme
unfolds

Its ample maze, for Montagu befriends
The puzzled thought; and, blazing in the
eye

Of boldest opposition, strait presents
The soul's best energies, her keenest pow-
ers;

Clear, vigorous, enlighten'd; with firm
wing

Swift she o'ertakes his Muse, which spread
afar

Its brightest glories in the days of yore;
Lo! where she, mounting, spurns the sted-
fast earth,

And, sailing on the cloud of science, bears
The banner of Perfection.

Ask Gallia's mimic sons how strong her
powers,

Whom, flush'd with plunder from her
Shakespeare's page,

Whom, flush'd with plunder from her
Shakespeare's page,

Whom, flush'd with plunder from her
Shakespeare's page,

Whom, flush'd with plunder from her
Shakespeare's page,

Whom, flush'd with plunder from her
Shakespeare's page,

But all exquir'd, for want of powers to
 speak;
 All perish'd in the mind as soon as born,
 Eras'd more quick than cyphers on the
 shore,
 O'er which the cruel waves, unheedful
 roll.

Such timid rapture as young Edwin
 seiz'd,
 When his lone footsteps on the sage ob-
 trude,
 Whose noble precept charm'd his won-
 d'ring ear,
 Such rapture fill'd Laetilla's vacant soul,
 When the bright moralist, in softness drest,
 Opens all the glories of the mental world,
 Deigns to direct the infant thought, to
 prune
 The budding sentiment, uprear the stalk,
 Of feeble fancy, bid idea live,
 Woo the abstracted spirit from its cares,
 And gently guide her to the scenes of
 peace.
 Mine was that balm, and mine the grate-
 ful heart,
 Which breathes its thanks in rough, but
 timid strains.

ON THE DEATH OF A LADY'S BULL-
 FINCH.

[By Mr. Cooper.]

YE Nymphs, if e'er your eyes were red
 With tears, o'er hapless favourites shed,
 Now share Maria's griefs;
 Her favourite, even in his cage,
 (What will not cruel hunger's rage?)
 Assassinated by a thief.

Where Rhenus strays his vines among,
 The egg was laid from which he sprung;
 And though by nature mute,
 Or only with a whistle blest,
 Well taught, he all the sounds express'd
 Of flagellet, or flute.

The honors of his ebony-poll
 Were brighter than than the sleekest mole;
 His bosom of the hue
 With which Aurora decks the skies,
 When piping wind shall soon arise
 To sweep away the dew.

Above, below, in all the house,
 Dire foe alike of bird and mouse,
 No cat had leave to dwell;
 And Bully's cage supported stood
 On props of smoothest shaven wood,
 Large built, and lattic'd well.

Well lattic'd, but the grate, alas!
 Not rough with wire of steel, or brass,
 For Bully's plumage sake;
 But smooth with wands from Ouse's side,
 With which, when neatly peel'd and dry'd,
 The swains their baskets make.

Night veil'd the pole—all seem'd secure,
 When led by instinct, sharp and sure,
 Subsistence to provide,
 A beast forth fally'd on the scout,
 Long-back'd, long-tail'd, with whisker'd
 snout,
 And badger-colour'd hide.

He entering at the study door,
 Its ample area 'gan to explore,
 And something in the wind
 Conjectur'd snuffing round and round,
 Better than all the books he found,
 Food chiefly for the mind.

Just then, by adverse fate impress'd,
 A dream disturb'd poor Bully's rest;
 In sleep he seem'd to view
 A rat fast clinging to his cage,
 And screaming at the sad presage,
 Awoke, and found it true.

For, aided both by ear and scent,
 Right to his mark the monster went;
 Ah! muse, forbear to speak.
 Direful the horrors which ensu'd!
 His teeth were strong, the cage was wood,
 He left poor Bully's beak.

Maria weeps, the muses mourn;
 So when by Bacchanalians torn,
 On Thracian Hebrus' side,
 The tree-enchanter, Orpheus, fell,
 His head alone remain'd to tell
 The cruel death he died.

V E R S E S

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY OF FIF-
 TEEN,

On putting a Butterfly out at her window,
 after having been in her room all winter.

[From the Literary Magazine.]

GO! happy insect! fly thy way,
 And frolick all the live-long day,
 Where'er thy fancy please;
 Thy tender form no blasts needs fear;
 Soon will the summer smiles appear,
 Then fly and take thine ease.

The damask rose-bud soon will blush ;
 Already hear yon warbling thrush
 Tune his sweet note to love :
 Then, happy creature, haste away,
 The spring invites—no longer stay ;
 But haste its joys to prove.

Go! on the lilly's bosom play,
 Which soon will welcome in the May ;
 Soon charm the gazing sight :
 Till then the violet beds frequent,
 Where odors of the sweetest scent
 Will yield thee pure delight.

Oft may I meet thee in the grove,
 And see thee wanton—see thee rove ;
 Blest Liberty enjoy :
 O could I wanton—rove like thee
 On silken wing, from bud to tree,
 My bliss would never cloy.

Hear! from yon wood sad Philomel
 Her love-lorn anguish mildly tell ;
 Soft trills her tender woe :
 The bee her labour has begun,
 And sips the produce of the sun :
 Then haste, my fly, to go.

When winter comes, seek out my cell,
 Again with grief and me to dwell,
 And mourn thy long-lost bliss ;
 But lest my soul ere then be fled,
 This form be mingl'd with the dead,
 Take thou a parting kiss.

SONG.

Tune—GILDEROY.

I.

I TOLD my charmer, that of wealth
 Tho' little was my store,
 I still would strive, while blest with health,
 To make that little more.
 Content should thro' my labour smile,
 And every care remove,
 If she, the solace of my toil,
 Would bless me with her love.

II.

Her lily hand I softly prest,
 And kiss'd the flowing tear :
 A sigh of pity heav'd her breast,
 Which spoke the soul sincere.
 That spotless shrine where virtue lies,
 May pity ever move!
 But in her lustre-streaming eyes
 I found expressive love.

THE DOG AND THE WATER LILY,

NO FABLE.

[From the Biographical and Imperial Magazine.]

THE noon was shady, and soft airs
 Swept Ouse's silent tide ;
 When, 'scap'd from literary cares,
 I wander'd on his side.

My spaniel, prettiest of its race,
 And, high in pedigree,
 (Two nymphs, adorn'd in ev'ry grace,
 That spaniel gave to me)

Now wanton'd, lost in flags and reeds,
 Now starting into sight ;
 Pursu'd the swallows o'er the meads
 With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse display'd
 His lilies newly blown,
 Their beauties I intent survey'd,
 And one I wish'd my own.

With cane extended, far I sought
 To steer it close to land ;
 But still the prize, tho' nearly caught,
 Escap'd my eager hand.

Beau mark'd my unsuccessful pains
 With fix'd considerate face,
 And, puzzling, set his puppy brains
 To comprehend the case.

But with a chirrup, clear and strong,
 Dispersing all his dream,
 I thence withdrew, and follow'd long
 The winding of the stream.

My ramble ended, I return'd,
 Beau, trotting far before,
 The floating flower again discern'd,
 And, plunging, left the shore.

I saw him, with that lily cropt,
 Impatient swim to meet
 My quick approach, and soon he dropt
 The treasure at my feet.

Charm'd with the sight, the world I cried,
 Shall hear of this thy deed,
 My dog shall mortify the pride
 Of man's superior breed.

But chief myself I will enjoin,
 Awake at duty's call,
 To show a love as prompt as thine
 To him who gives me all.

NIGHT.

NIGHT-PIECE.

THIS night, and storms the forests shake,
Dark roll the billows on the lake;
The whirlwind speeds, descends the rain,
The torrents echo to the plain.

Here sounds an oak, there spreads a plain,
Above, the rock defends the rain;
The murmuring rill o'er pebbles flies,
The wind along the bramble sighs.
A fox is howling on the rock,
A screech-owl on a blasted oak.
The passing meteor lights the vale,
A spirit whispers in the gale,
Or, beck'ning, longs to breathe its care,
And ghastly horror rides the air.

A ruin!—'twas of old the seat
Of heroes, now resign'd to fate;
Where often mirth relax'd the soul,
And midnight crown'd the rosy bowl;
Where sprightly music swell'd the sound,
While blooming beauty tript around,
With every blast the fragments fall,
The winds are blust'ring in the hall,

Go, on the stone inscribe thy name,
And to the marble trust thy fame:
Bid half the mountain form thy tomb,
The wonder of the times to come!
The mound shall sink, the stones decay,
The sculptur'd figure wear away.
The bust that proudly speaks thy praise,
Some shepherd's future cot may raise;
While smiling round, his infant son
Admires the figures on the stone.

A tomb its dreary honours shows,
Three stones exalt their heads of moss;
A bust half sunk in earth appears,
The rude remains of former years;
Dry tufts of grass around it rise,
The wind along the brushwood sighs:
Now peeping from the cloudy pole,
The moon has silver'd o'er the whole.

H O R A C E Book II. ODE X.

IMITATED.

Rehins vivet, &c.

YOU'LL safer be, my friend, to keep
Not always in the open deep;
Yet cautious you must shun
The dang'rous shore: when storms arise;
And dismal clouds obscure the skies,
And hide the cheering sun,

Whoe'er hits on the golden mean,
Enjoys a mind calm and serene,
Nor prides himself on shew;
His modest roof no pomp displays;
His gilded domes no envy raise,
Nor round their lustre throw.

The tow'ring pine stretched to the sky,
Feels more the blast 'cause it is high;
Proud turrets soonest fall;
And mountains first feel the effects,
When awful thunder roaring breaks,
Around this earthly ball.

The mind prepar'd for either state,
Shews prudent fear, however great,
And hope in midst of ills;
Winter, we see at heaven's command,
Appear—soon quit the gladd'ned land,
Then spring her dew distils.

Tho' fortune now mayn't on us smile,
Have patience—wait a little while,
A change no doubt you'll see;
Sometimes Apollo tunes his lyre,
Unbends his bow and lends his fire,
To such as you and me.

Tho' with misfortunes sore oppress'd,
Be steady still—and do your best;
And when mid'st prosp'rous gales,
Against the absent storm prepare;
Whate'er the wind—however fair,
Be sure to reef your sails.

THE L A R K.

[By Maria Falconer, sixteen years of age.]

THE rising sun's enlivening ray
Dispell'd the gloom of night;
Each verdant field and flowery spray
With dew drops twinkled bright.

The earliest of the feather'd throng,
As round all nature smil'd,
A woodlark tun'd his matin song,
In strains divinely wild.

O say ye soft-harmonious train,
Ye warblers of the grove,
Who taught you thus to pour that strain,
Or tune your voice to love.

The sweetest bird that e'er could sing,
Or flower that e'er could blow,
Alike to Heaven's eternal King,
Their bloom and music owe.

To him, ye birds, attune your lays,
For they to him belong;
And let your music sound his praise
In one concordant song.

M U S I C.

AN ODE.

THE various passions of the soul
Are under Music's vast controul,
When genius strikes the lyre;
Hark! how the sweetly soothing strain
Diffuses love thro' ev'ry vein,
Awakening soft desire.

Anon the rapid notes impart
Extatic fury to the heart,
Bellona wields her spear;
The coward now a hero seems,
Of laurel'd ensigns, victory dreams,
Devoid of pallid fear.

Now like the voice of Philomel,
Th' elegiac notes are taught to swell,
And pity melts the heart;
The lover views th' untimely bier,
And sheds the sympathetic tear,
Compell'd by magic art.

And now th' allegro notes entrance,
Let gay-eyed Pleasure lead the dance,
Her roseate wreaths entwine;
Lo! Beauty, by the Graces dress'd,
Responsive heaves the raptur'd breast,
And owns thy pow'r divine.

AN EFFUSION.

[From the European Magazine.]

WHERE are my wonted pleasures
Now flown;
Oh, Mem'ry, how my bosom bleeds!
The sun of Fancy now is down,
And Truth's calm light its place suc-
ceeds.

The dreams that charm'd my earlier days
Are now, alas! for ever fled;
O happy times, on you I'll gaze,
And weep till Mem'ry's self be dead.

O Memory, how my bosom bleeds!
My faithful friend, to thee I fly:
Thou talk'st of youthful scenes, and deeds
Replete with innocence and joy.

Then Hope with every morn arose,
And breath'd in every verse I sung;
Nor left me at the evening's close,
For Love and Fancy both were young.

O Ignorance! our joy and shame!
Within thy arms, tho' wild and rude,
Pleas'd with each object and each aim,
We feel no pangs of thought intrude.

In life unskill'd, we count its charms,
Which Fancy paints with magic hand;
Suspicion wakes no harsh alarms,
To spoil the promis'd fairy land.

Delighted with the scene we stray
Where Pleasure rears her bright abode;
The passions lead the fated way,
And deck with flowers the winding
road;

And Hope allures us to the place,
Tho' distant still the prospects seem;
Till, wearied in the fruitless chace,
The spirits sink—and sinks the dream!

Then Age comes on, in fears array'd,
And faithless Hope and Fancy fly—
We mourn through life our youth betray'd,
And play the trisler till we die.

Haste! bring the goblet, god of wine!
Haste!—I will chase this gloom away!
To folly every thought resign,
To Stupor give the lingering day!

—Cease, simple youth! forbear to mourn,
Forbear in wine to drown thy woe:
Tho' Fancy's dreams no more return,
Life still has blessings to bestow.

Tho' cares intrude—tho' hopes beguile,
Tho' youth is transient—joy remains;
Love gives to Life her happiest smile,
And softens all her wringing pains.

Youth still is thine, and Daphne's eyes
In thine all other eyes excel—
Go, and possess the Heav'n-sent prize,
Whose worth thou long hast known so
well.

Go, and possess, in her and Love,
The joys whose loss thy heart bewails;
Go, fix thy shed in _____'s grove,
Where Nature's nicest taste prevails.

Then shalt thou realise the scene
Which Fancy's plastic hand pourtray'd;
Go, dwell amidst the shades serene,
And love thro' life thy sylvan maid.

CONSOLATORY ODE.

[From Mr. Pratt's Landscapes in Verse.]

NO more, fond youth, the strains pro-
long,
Break off, break off, the plaintive song;
With mandate high from spheres above,
Our golden harps are strung to love!
In ev'ry flow'r that Nature blows,
Breeze that fans, and wave that flows;
On earth, in ocean, and in air,
Love is the sov'reign bliss, the universal
prayer.

'Tis love sustains the starry choir,
Love is the elemental fire;
Ah! naught in thy mortality,
Nor ev'n in our eternity,
Like love can charm, like love can bless,
The sun and soul of happiness;
Love is to ev'ry Muse allied,
Touches each tuneful chord, and spread
the chorus wide.

'Tis ours to waft the lover's sighs,
Swift to the nymph for whom they rise;
And gently as we strike the string,
Convey the nymph's on rosy wing.
Absence, tho' it wounds, endears,
Soft its sorrows, sweet its tears;
Pains that please, and joys that weep,
Trickle like healing balm, and o'er the
bosom creep.

Love and Sorrow, twins, were born
On a shining show'ry morn,
'Twas in prime of April weather,
When it shone and rain'd together;
He who never Sorrow knew,
Never felt affections true;
Never felt true passion's power,
Love's sun and dew combine, to nurse
the tender flow'r.

ODE TO PETER PINDAR.

[From Peter Pindar's Lyric Odes.]

A Thousand frogs, upon a summer's
day,
Were sporting 'midst the sunny ray,
In a large pool, reflecting every face;—
They show'd their gold-lac'd cloaths
with pride,
In harmless sallies, frequent vied,
And gambol'd through the water with a
grace.

It happen'd that a band of boys,
Observant of their harmless joys,
Thoughtless, resolv'd to spoil their happy
sport;
One frenzy seiz'd both great and small,
On the poor frogs the rogues began to
fall,
Meaning to splash them, not to do them
hurt.

As Milton quaintly sings, 'the stones
'gan pour,'
Indeed, an Otaheite show'r!
The consequence was dreadful; let me tell
ye;
One's eye was beat out of his head,—
This limp'd away, that lay for dead,—
Here mourn'd a broken back, and there a
belly:

Amongst the smitten, it was found
Their beautiful queen receiv'd a
wound;
The blow gave ev'ry heart a sigh,
And drew a tear from ev'ry eye:—
At length king Croak got up, and thus be-
gun—
'My lads, you think this very pretty fun!
'Your pebbles round us fly as thick as
hops,—
'Have warmly complimented all our
chops;—
'To you, I guess that these are pleasant
stones!
'And so they might be to us frogs,
'You damn'd, young, good-for-no-
thing dogs!
'But that they are so hard,—they break
our bones.'

Peter! thou mark'st the meaning of this
fable—
So put thy Pegasus into the stable;
Nor wanton, thus with cruel pride,
Mad, Jehu-like, o'er harmless people ride.

To drop the metaphor—the Fair,
Whose works thy muse forbore to
spare,
Is blest with talents Envy must approve;
And didst thou know her heart,
thou'dst say—
'Perdition catch the idle lay!
Then strike thy lyre to Innocence and
Love.

'Poh! poh! cry'd Satiré, with a smile,
'Where is the glorious freedom of our isle,
'If not permitted to call names?'
Methought the argument had weight—
Was logical, conclusive, neat;—
So once more forth, volcanic Peter flames!

T O H O P E.

FRRIEND of the wretch whose bosom
bleeds,

A prey to Anguish and Despair,
When tort'ring thought to thought suc-
ceeds,

When life is scarcely worth our care,
Oh, hither come, and smile on me,
The helpless child of Misery.

To me how sweet life's early dawn,
And oh ! how sweet youth's rosy hours ;
I gaily sported on the lawn,

And rovd amid my native bow'rs :
— But manhood chang'd the scene of
glee,

— And brought me woe and Misery.

E'er, then, to wan Despair a prey,
E'er Sorrow's bitter cup runs o'er,
E'er hateful wastes the parting day,
E'er life itself can charm no more,
In pity come and smile on me,
— The helpless child of Misery.

But if I court thy aid in vain,
— If slow reluctance guides thy eye,
Death then alone can ease my pain,
— And hush to peace the rising sigh :
He sets the pining captive free,
— And gives the balm for Misery.

VERSES WRITTEN IN JAMAICA, IN
THE DOG-DAYS.

T O A F R I E N D.

O'ER fertile vales, and mountains
— green,
You bid my wand'ring eye to stray ;
And tell me each surrounding scene
Affords a subject for my lay.

Go sing yon pure meand'ring stream,
That thro' luxuriant valleys roves ;
That now reflects the noontide beam,
Now hides within the fragrant groves.

Did e'er your boasted native Tweed
In such romantic windings play ?
Or found he e'er so fair a mead,
Thro' which to sport his wanton way.

Bleak, bare, and barren, Cheviot* leurs ;
Chill is the wind, and keen the frost
But these more lofty hills of ours
Eternal vegetation boast.

My eye, 'tis true, this moment views
The richest scenes e'er Poet sung ;
Yet unpropitious is the Muse,
My heart unfix'd, my harp unstrung.

Say what avails the scented grove ?
Or what the verdure of the vale ?
Amidst their beauties can we rove ?
Or can we half their sweets inhale ?

Or what avails the mountain's pride,
That thus attracts the longing eye ?
We cannot climb its beauteous side,
To taste the distant charms we spy.

A burning sun, a sultry air,
Our nerves in listless languor bind ;
Each active principle impair,
And ev'ry function of the mind.

In temperate climates reign the Nine,
Where healthful bards may widely stroll ;
Their Passion breathes in ev'ry line,
And Fancy kindles all the soul.

But, underneath this glowing sky,
Our first felicity is EASE :
Give me in indolence to lie ;
Be you the Poet if you please,

A S O N N E T.

[By John Rannie.]

NOW slowly o'er the streaks of parting
Day,
Her dusky curtain, gentle Evening
throws :
As thro' the shades of Solitude, I stray,
Where sighs the gale accordant to my
woes !

Poor Philomela—murmurs in the vale !
Soft on her voice the notes of sorrow rise,
While distant woodlands bear the plain-
tive tale,
That on the lips of ling'ring Echo dies.

Sadly she breathes the woe-inspiring lay,
In all the anguish of despairing love !
Inur'd to grief—when I approach the
spray,
Still melting throes her tender bosom
move.

Pensive I listen, while she pours her moan,
And think I trace a sorrow like my own !

CHRONI-

* A ridge of mountains on the borders of England and Scotland.

C H R O N I C L E.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Constantinople, March 22.

COUNT Potocki, Envoy Extraordinary from Poland, arrived here in the night of the 18th inst. The Ottoman Ministry have impatiently expected this Minister, with whom they mean to stipulate new conventions, and settle a more strict alliance with the Republic of Poland. He has not as yet appeared in character, but will make his public entry, and afterwards fulfil his commission with the Divan. In the interim, the preparations for war go on with great activity, and the different squadrons, reinforced with additional vessels, are quite ready to sail. The Grand Vizir's army is to be increased to 200,000 men, and a number of Asiatic troops are expected for that purpose. If we reflect that these are the last efforts of the Ottoman empire, we may be assured that the Divan will unite all their strength. Two days ago the Grand Signior sent a courier to Schiumla to the Grand Vizir, with the treaty of alliance concluded with Prussia, and with orders for him to renounce all negotiations for a peace.

Hamburg, May 1. Every thing contributes to affirm the suspicion that an attempt is designed upon Livonia and the town of Riga. The King of Sweden has long had it in contemplation, and it is not improbable, that he may wrest this gem from the crown of the Czarina, supported, as he will be, by a body of Prussian troops.

The army of Poland is expected to form three camps in the course of this month.

Poland testifies a strong inclination to retake Galicia, formerly belonging to her, but which has been greatly improved by the cultivation and expence bestowed upon it by Joseph II.

This ambition, on the part of Poland, is perfectly congenial to the system of the Cabinet of Berlin; for, an alliance having taken place between that Court and Poland, the return of Galicia to that Republic will tend to secure the frontiers of Prussia.

Vienna, May 1. Notwithstanding the continued march of troops, and other preparations for war against Prussia, communication between the two Courts is yet uninterrupted. War is now more expected than ever, more particularly since a conference on the 26th April, held in presence of the King, which continued from nine o'clock in the morning till two in the af-

ternoon. The principal ministers were present, as was Field Marshal Laudohn. The categorical answer of the Prussian Cabinet being expected by the next courier, his return will probably decide for peace or war.

Paris, May 16. The National Assembly were thrown into the utmost confusion, on Friday last, by a detail of the insurrection at Marseilles, in which the forts were seized by the insurgents, and the second in command beheaded.

It was resolved—

That the President do wait on the King, and express the sorrow of the Assembly for the disturbances which have taken place in divers parts of the kingdom, and especially at Marseilles—and their thankfulness for the measures adopted by his Majesty for the discovery of the offenders, and for the reparation of the excesses committed, and finally, that a committee be directed to enquire into the fact and its circumstances, and report them to the Assembly.

The inhabitants of Marseilles were jealous of the designs of the King's party, imagining that the Port and Citadel would soon be in possession of the Spaniards. The speeches of Fayette and Mirabeau, in the National Assembly, obviously countenanced the popular suspicions.

A letter was read from M. de la Luzerne, stating, that great popular tumults existed at Toulon, owing to the detention of three canonéers. The populace assembled, and marched in a body to M. de Glandeves, the Commandant, and demanded their liberty. By the prudent and conciliatory deportment of the officers of the Municipality, the tumult was appeased. M. de Cholét of the marines, is the only person who was wounded;—he received a stab from a bayonet.

The appearances of an approaching rupture between England and Spain, have filled the minds of the French patriots with the most alarming apprehensions. The commerce from China to Nootka Sound having for several years been carried on by the English, without any objection from the Court of Spain; the month of December last was not, without some particular reason, a more proper time to make that objection than any other.

Since the Revolution in France, inflammatory writings published in Paris, found their way to Madrid, and soon caused there an effervescence which was afterwards communicated to several parts of the Spanish

nish Monarchy. His Catholic Majesty may probably have adopted the expedient to which Oliver Cromwell had recourse after his usurpation, and by engaging his subjects in a war, prevent them from making one against himself.

On the other hand, the French are apprehensive the Articles of the Family compact may be brought to prove the necessity of their joining the Spaniards in support of their unjust pretensions, and that by arming fleets, and voting subsidies, they will indirectly endanger the liberty they have recently acquired. Their nobility, clergy, and parliamentarians, are in general dissatisfied with the new order of things, and would receive great advantages, were the interests of the Court of Madrid to have their usual influence in the Cabinet of France. It is true, an article in the compact states, that neither of the Contracting Powers shall be obliged to assist the other, should it, by being the aggressor, draw upon itself the resentment of any nation whatsoever. In the present case Spain must by all Europe be allowed to stand in this situation. But Kings have a manner of construing things very different from the spirit of treaties, when this is not in their favour; and his Catholic Majesty will, no doubt, use great pains to prove, that in the present instance England, by interfering in a commerce exclusively belonging to Spain, gave rise to the quarrel, in which France will on that account be required to take a part. Such are the reasonings at Paris.

BRITISH NEWS.

London, May 27.

THE King of Hungary has prohibited the burning of any seized contraband goods, and ordered that in future they should be sold for the benefit of the poor.

The dissolution of parliament depends wholly on the event of a Spanish war. If hostilities are found necessary, a new parliament will be immediately called; as no Minister would choose to enter into a war with a parliament near its expiration. If things blow over, parliament may probably sit sometime longer.

The great theme of discourse and speculation that continues to occupy the political world, is, the boldness of the Spaniards in hazarding a rupture with England. The reports of the greatness of their present armament, and their fixed resolution

to try the fortune of war, in support of their ideal and extravagant pretensions to exclusive dominions on the Western shores of America, have gained ground daily; and the public opinion on this interesting subject has been emphatically declared by a very considerable fall in the price of stocks. An opinion has been expressed in the House of Commons, by a member celebrated for the independence of his principles and the unreserved freedom of his discourse, that the foreknowledge of the present dispute with Spain was abused by certain of the Ministerial Party, who were in the secret, to the purposes of private interest, in the way of gambling. This surmise however if it be in any degree founded in truth, does not appear to fix any blame on the minister, whose rising passion is the pride of power rather than avarice, and who expressed a desire of bringing such delinquents, if any such there were, to condign punishment, in terms of apparent sincerity and indignation.

Concerning the circumstances that encourage the Spaniards to venture on a war with Great Britain, there are various conjectures. It would be equally idle and tedious to enter into a detail of the different theories that politicians throw out on this subject. The most plausible of these is that which follows.

The Spanish nation, though renowned for high honor and romantic gallantry, are neither so chimerical nor so ill-informed as to imagine that it is within the compass of their utmost efforts long to sustain a contest with England, if they are not seconded and supported by powerful Allies. It is the expected co-operation of Allies, therefore, that encourages them to raise their tone to its present pitch of elevation, and to carry on their warlike preparations without interruption. The Allies on whom the Spaniards are supposed to depend, are, the Russians, the Austrians, the Kings of Sardinia and Naples, and some think the French and the Venetians. The spring or first mover of this mighty confederacy, it is supposed, is the policy of the more enlightened and refined adherents to the fallen and falling fortunes of the House of Bourbon. By exciting or reviving in the French Nation an animosity against their old enemies the English, by rousing the honour of Spain, proud of extending dominion, it is supposed that the spirit and genius of both France and Spain, may be diverted from political innovation to the maintenance of national honour.

Against this refined, though not un- plausible theory, there lie the following obvious objections:—Spain is not able to contend

contend in a war, which must be chiefly naval, against England, though she should be joined in that war by the Russians and Austrians, and the Italian powers just mentioned. And as to the Venetians, that wise republic whose ruling maxims are peace and neutrality as long as possible, will not be prone to throw themselves, on the present critical occasion, into the scale of either Turkey or Austria; of both which powers she has reason to be jealous. As to France, the National Assembly, more anxious at the present moment to establish internal freedom than to encrease external dominions, will watch with vigilant care, and timeously check, any measure or political manœuvre that may ultimately tend to slip again, the yoke on an unguarded people. They will undoubtedly be aware that France can never act with effect as a party in a war without an established government; but a spirit of war and a general exertion would probably restore, in its zeal, the old government since there would neither be time, nor so much inclination, as at present to establish any other. Farther still, a war with England might precipitate the revolt that has been long fermenting, and that has often threatened to break out in Spanish America.

A comparative statement of the English and Spanish navy made by a correspondent, and we sincerely hope, founded in truth, makes the number of the former 264, of the latter 125—a majority of 119 in favor of Old England.

A letter from Longford, dated May 30, says, 'On Thursday night last, the 20th inst. the house of Mr. Jonathan Barbar, of Curbois, about three miles from hence, a respectable grazier, was forcibly entered by several villains between eleven and twelve, who, after plundering the drawers of cash and notes to the amount of one hundred and fifty pounds, as is supposed, murdered Mr. Barbar and his wife, by mangling their heads and limbs in a manner too shocking for description. His daughter, a widow, with three children and a nurse, through whose rooms the villains passed, heard the dreadful bustle occasioned by the horrid deed, but durst not stir for fear of sharing in the same fate, as one of the gang stood at the door, and threatened destruction if they moved from the spot. The bloody affair appears to have been soon accomplished, as the murderers quitted the house a little before twelve. No person either of the house or neighbourhood are yet suspected, the servants being at a wake the whole night, as appeared on the Coroner's Inquest. The mangled state of the body proves, that the facts must have been perpetrated with a

large wooden bolt belonging to the hall door, together with the tongs and fire shovel of the apartment, as these instruments were found almost covered with blood, so that it is probable these monsters had neither fire arms nor edged weapons in the diabolical expedition to which they were certainly induced by the expectation of finding a round sum, on account of the great fairs that take place about this season of the year.

The Scots are taking the lead in a species of industry not thought of in this kingdom. In the course of last month and beginning of this, several vessels have sailed from Greenock and Rothsay, with nets, barrels and salt; for taking and curing herrings, on the coasts of Nova-Scotia and Newfoundland. Samples of herrings and mackarel have been sent from thence, and prove of an excellent quality and flavor; and it is hoped the benefits arising from this fishery may supply the defects on this coast and Scotland, in providing for home consumption and exportation, instead of applying to Sweden and other foreign markets.

M. Bailly the Mayor of Paris, visiting the prison of the *Bicêtre*, a miserable object presented himself, and falling down upon his knees cried out for justice and vengeance: 'I was at a distance from Paris (said the unfortunate man) when my father died. Hearing of his decease, I came up to claim my inheritance; but my sister had taken possession of it, and she had influence enough with the minister to get me plunged into this dungeon, where I have groaned for fifteen years.' M. Bailly was much affected, and after releasing the prisoner, there is no doubt but he will take the necessary steps to do him justice.

The following affair has lately been much talked of both at home and abroad, and imperfect hints given of it in some of the papers. The following, we are sorry to say, is the fact.

Some years ago, a lady was reported and supposed to have blessed the nuptial bed with an honorable encrease of offspring; great were the family congratulations; the lady recovered, and the child grew and prospered.

About two years ago, the lady, her husband and child, accompanied by a young lady of the family, quitted England, and embarked for a warmer climate. While at sea, the young lady unhappily discovered a mind not so well stored with prudence and recollection, as the circumstances of the case required, and behaved, on one occasion, in a manner, that too plainly discovered her near relation to the

blooming child. This it may be supposed, startled the *supposed mother*—an explanation took place.

The husband admitted the fact, allowing at the same time, that, although his lady had no *maternal* claim on the child, that he, himself was the *father!*—and we add with horror—the *father of his MOTHER* too!!!

The parties agreed to conceal this affair, and mutually engaged in inviolable secrecy. They had not, however, reached the place of destination many weeks, when a gentleman who had paid his addresses, and was on the very eve of being married to the young lady, was waited on by a particular friend who whispered to him the unhappy secret—and a resolute enquiry produced a discovery of the above circumstances.

The husband and his lady have been since formally voted out of every respectable society. No situation on earth can be more miserable than theirs; and it would be difficult to conceive what can remedy their present unhappy situation, or give them hopes of a better. Their return from the *East*, however, can hardly be expected.

A letter from Madras, May 30th, says, 'A native named Juggul Ghose, died last week at his house near Calcutta; and no less than two females, who claimed the honour of being his wives, devoted themselves voluntarily sacrifices on his funeral pile. It were to be wished that some mode could be adopted to restrain this savage and barbarous custom.'

The late decision in the National Assembly of France forms an epoch in the political administration of Europe. Taught by experience, that the most destructive wars originated in the injustice, the animosity, or the capricious passions of individuals, the philanthropist fondly anticipates that renovation of the golden age of society, when human victims will be no longer sacrificed to the resentment and ambition of Princes.

But distinct from abstract politics, the relative consequences of this decree are deeply interesting. The Family Compact is not an object for which an Assembly of Statesmen and Philosophers will 'let loose the dogs of war,' and destroy the peace of human kind.

But perhaps the glory of France is preserved by this decree of the National Assembly. Had the power of making war and peace been delegated to the throne, and had the King resolved to support the cause of Spain, whence could he have drawn the necessary supplies? Vast as they are, the resources of France are suspended, the

national treasure nearly exhausted, and, in the present situation of affairs, there is no prospect of a speedy restoration of order and energy.

The spirit of liberty has spread quite to the foot of Mount Etna; the peasants of Sicily seriously threaten the Barons to throw off their yoke, and the latter have offered the King a million to construct another ship in the room of the Roger, which was burnt by an incendiary of the mob, in case he will protect them against the peasantry and preserve their privileges.

A violent earthquake has again done considerable damage at Messina, and has also destroyed whole provinces adjacent, leaving a large volcano open.

A Carmelite nun availed herself lately of the decree of the National Assembly, and quitting her cloister, returned to society at the age of 75, near 60 of which she had passed in a convent.

We have seen, in several papers, accounts of two amiable young women having committed suicide, after having their *fortunes told*, by those idle pests of society, *fortune-tellers*.—Louis XIV. rewarded the *ingenuity* of one of these *gentry*, in a manner which, if any thing can, makes despotism wear *some marks of justice*. An *astrologer*, just before the battle of Fontenoy, made a violent effort to get into the presence of the King, to inform him of something of great importance—when there, he told the King his profession—and that from it, he had knowledge that the King would die on such a day. This struck a panic in several of the courtiers and attendants on his Majesty; but the King, with perfect *sang froid*, asked the conjurer if he could tell the hour? The conjurer confessed, that that was beyond his art: *Then*, rejoined the King, *you are not so good an astrologer as I am; for I can tell you, that you will die this afternoon, precisely at five o'clock*; and immediately gave orders that he should at that time be hanged. Events proved the conjurer a liar.

The following specimen of literary abilities is copied from a paper which was stuck against the wall of the Change at Bristol.

'To all marchants, traders, and uther, A yung man about 30 yeeres of age who understands the bakker business, and husbandry would be glad to go to A merry ka or any ourlandish places as a hover seer and the like of that Enquire o'the Change Keeper N.B has no objection to go to Bottomley-Bay as a Skool Measter on condition his life can be ensured to the wild Savages.'

IRISH TRANSACTIONS.

Cork, May 17.

VERY early yesterday morning a press gang, attended by some petit constables, seized on all persons they could meet without distinction, and conveyed them to the Guard house, after which they were all carried in boats to Cove, except such as were able to bribe the constables, and these were set at liberty, when the Captain of the frigate humanely discharged every one but sailors, and sent them back to their sorrowing wives and children.

Waterford, May 18. Saturday evening a press took place in this city, when about 20 hands were procured.

Sunday morning the 13th regiment marched hence to Cork, where they are to embark for Jamaica.

Same morning as a boat's crew belonging to the Swallow sloop of war, were going on shore at Passage for milk, &c. they were attacked by a riotous mob, when they were compelled to fire in their own defence, and unfortunately killed one man on the spot.

Dublin, May 24. Every man who reads the account of the number of prisoners tried every year at the different assizes, would be led to imagine that the country swarms with the most wretched, abandoned criminals.—So, in fact, it does in one sense; but the number is by no means so great as is generally imagined. It is from the stock of old offenders, and not from any new accessions to the republic of thieves, that the appearance of numbers is kept. The culprit acquitted in one county transfers his trade to the next, so goes the rounds thro' every county, and takes his degree in every prison throughout the kingdom, until he is hanged at last.

This circumstance frequently, and continually occurs to the observance of the Judges on Circuit, and to the Inspector of prisons, Sir Jerome Fitzpatrick.

At the present assizes of Wicklow, there were tried, five prisoners, two of whom the Inspector had before found under felonious charges in five different goals—one of whom he had seen in four, and two in three different prisons, within the last two years.

It is from the tuition of those strolling miscreants that the seeds of villainy are disseminated. This indiscriminate intercourse with novices in the first stages of criminality and imprisonment renders every gaol in fact a school of abomination instead of a check to its progress.

The solitude, the temperance, and the industry proposed in the penitentiary plan as laid down by Sir Jerome Fitzpatrick,

adopted in England—and now patronized by Government in this country—most certainly promises an effectual remedy for this alarming progress of vice.

The increase of criminality in England has been peculiarly remarkable in the present year—at the assizes of Warwick alone nineteen persons have been capitally convicted at the Lent assizes; and more punished throughout the country than almost at any other period.

Limerick May 27. That the name of William Hogg will be celebrated in future times, as much as William Penn, who founded Pennsylvania, we have no doubt;—Mr. Hogg has done much in improving the city of Limerick; his buildings in William-street increase rapidly, and his posterity will certainly reap the benefit of his enterprising disposition.

Yesterday morning the 38th regiment marched hence for Galway; they were intended to do duty here the ensuing year, but on their arrival last Monday, received a route for Galway.—They are to be replaced by the 69th regiment, who are on their march hither.

Three transports in the Cove of Cork, are victualling with expedition, and are expected to sail the first fair wind to Gibraltar.

From Cherbourg we have the following account of one of the most abhorred culprits that for some time has disgraced even the *Kalendar of the Gallies*.

At a late riot in that town, the property of several worthy citizens fell a prey to the violence and rapacity of a lawless mob. Among the sufferers was a Mr. De Lamprey, a considerable merchant of Cherbourg, then in England upon business. The ring leaders were soon after dispatched for Mr. De Lamprey; he returned home just before the execution of the rioters.

Finding all the inhabitants under arms, he repaired to the guard house, and was appointed to do his duty at the prison where the criminals were confined. But how great was his surprise at remarking that most of them were persons whom he himself had frequently employed. One of them familiarly enquired—'If he was in good health?' This fellow's name was Piquenot, who, at the time of the riot, had made every possible search after Mr. De Lamprey, in order to have the pleasure of cutting off his head.

Mr. De Lamprey, who could hardly suppose the wretch capable of such horrid ingratitude to a generous master, asked him if there was any truth in such a report? The ruffian very coolly replied—'Had I found you at that time, I certainly should have been curious to see how you would

would have looked without your head. Perhaps I might have been sorry next day. That is past, however, and to-morrow I am to die. But what difference does it make, whether I die of a fever, or am hanged? It's all one to me, if I must go. But I hope, Mr. De Lamprey, you will give me something to drink, then they may do with me what they please."

Next morning their sentence for immediate execution was read to Piquenot and one of his comrades; and a clergyman attended to prepare them for death. The hardened offender swore, that he would not confess till he had two bottles of wine in his belly. A compassionate heart indulged him. When he drank the wine, he said archly to the priest—"I thank you for this hearty swill; but as to your pious exhortations, you may save yourself the time and trouble, for it is all nonsense to me." "My dear friend," said the clergyman, "consider your situation, and where you are going shortly to appear—eternity is just before you." "Ah," replied the culprit, "I know that very well, and you are the cause; but we shall meet again another day, and I shall settle the balance with you."

On his refusing to confess, the officer of the police forced him out of the prison, and the hangman then asked him, according to the usual form, "if he forgave his Judges and the witnesses?" "Yes," replied Piquenot, "I forgive them, and you, Mr. Breakbones, for my heart is better than yours." He then insisted on having his sentence read over again, saying he had a right to it, as he was going to be hanged.

From the prison to the place of execution, he behaved with the utmost indifference, carelessly bidding adieu to his acquaintances as he passed along, and telling them he should never see them again. Observing his companion very much affected, at his approaching fate, he did what he could to divert his attention, and desired him to pay no regard to what the priest said, adding—"Jack, it's all nonsense—The gospel is no preservative against a hempen collar—you must swing as well as me."

His comrade suffered first, while the clergyman was endeavouring to rouse Piquenot to a sense of his situation. But this impenitent reprobate turning about and, observing the suspended criminal in the agonies of death, he cried out—"What grimaces the fellow makes!—Do you think Sir, I shall look as ugly as he?" A moment after, the unhappy man happening to touch him with his foot on the shoulder, the wretch fell into a passion, and called

out to know—"If he had not almost done with that sport."

He insisted on drinking with one of his acquaintances before he mounted the ladder, but this was refused him. "Well," said he, "if you are resolved to hang me, you will carry me up, for I will have another ride before I die."

As he ascended the ladder, at every step he called aloud for liquor, and finding that he was going to be turned off—"H," said he, "I can have no liquor, Mr. Hangman, I am determined to have a taste of you before I go." Upon which he bit Jack Ketch through the arm, and in that impenitent state was launched into eternity.

AMERICAN OCCURRENCES.

Norfolk, July 20.

Extract of a letter from a gentleman in Abing-ton, (Washington county, Virginia), dated June 12.

ON Saturday last, the family of Capt. Isaac Newland (who resides within about six miles of this place) consisting of his wife and two little girls, were taken prisoners by the Indians. A party of volunteers from the town and its vicinity followed; the number of Indians was supposed to be about 8. When we crossed the Poor Vally mountain we separated into different companies, and some of us being unacquainted with following Indians footsteps (of which number I was one) determined to return for our horses, to Clinch, and join a party there. Next morning about 10 o'clock, we got to one Mrs. Farland's, near the west side of the Clinch mountain, where we heard that the Indian trail had been seen within about a mile of the place, and that such of our party as had continued on foot were come upon it and pursuing close. We followed, but in a few miles the trail was lost, and we could find it no more. Our party then proceeded to Colonel Cowan's, and, being fatigued, took some refreshment; when proceeding a little further we received intelligence that the unhappy prisoners were murdered by the Indians, who finding themselves discovered, had committed this horrid deed, and, having their plunder, fled with precipitation.

Great was the rage and thirst of vengeance which every heart experienced, and every countenance expressed by some flew to the place where the bodies lay; the shrieks of the unfortunate victims having by being

ing overheard led to their early discovery; and some to the different passes of the Clinch river, and adjacent mountains, in hopes of vengeance, but were unsuccessful. The bodies of the prisoners were found covered with blood from the wounds made by the tomahawk and scalping-knife. There lay the mother, with her youngest child still clinging to her shoulders, one of it's hands wrapt fast in her hair: their spirits were departed to him who gave them; the eldest child still breathed, but it's eyes were fixed and it quickly followed. I saw them not till next day: then I saw a scene that must have moved a heart of stone. Beside each other were laid the mother and her two lovely babes; near them, in silent grief, sat the father on the ground; his tears were exhausted, and he no longer wept. Around him stood the brothers of his now departed wife; 'silent they stood, like trees after a storm, when the drops descend from their leaves, and they hang their drooping heads.' I spoke to the unhappy man, my words were meant for consolation, but they opened the fountain of his tears: 'Come,' said he, 'and look at my once loving wife; come and see my children, my poor innocent lambs.' He uncovered the faces of the corps, and his grief arose; he seemed to listen, but his children slept. 'O God!' said he, 'what have these done to provoke thy anger, or I to deserve thy mercy, that thou hast taken the innocent lambs and spared the old rebel? Sleep on,' said he, 'my dear wife and children, take your rest in the silent grave; there the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest; there the prisoners rest together; they hear no longer the voice of the oppressor.' My tears descended, but I did not think it weakness, they seldom flow, but my feelings overcame me. My breast was filled with different passions; grief and revenge, by turns, had taken possession there. Before my eyes lay the murdered innocents. And shall these, said I to myself, die unrevenged? Shall a handful of Savages come into the heart of our settlements? Shall they murder, before our eyes, our helpless women and children, and depart with impunity? Shall we return without satisfaction? No, thought I, my arm is not so feeble. Tho' my nerves are not strong by toil; yet I can follow the foe. But alas! I stand alone, without influence or power; and altho' I fall in battle, yet my name shall not be heard: altho' I fall in youth, yet no tear shall be shed on my grave.

But will not those whom the people have chosen guardians of their safety, do

something for them in their hour of distress? Will the government of the United States, of a civilized, powerful and warlike people, who number thousands, where the Indian nations number tens, submit to these outrages? No, surely that government will not! It will stop the depredations of savage barbarity.

July 21. This day arrived the ship *Betsey* of Greenock, Captain James Young in 19 days from Jamaica, consigned to Gilbert Robertson, Esq. On the 1st inst, in lat, 22, 40. long. 85, 32, she fell in with a long boat belonging to the ship *Prudence*, Capt. Addies, who had been wrecked about three weeks before, that on Cape Catulon; the particulars of which are as follows:—That from the 7th to the 10th of June, the weather had been very hazy, with little wind, so that they could not get an observation, and a strong current setting to the southward and westward, drove them farther leeward than they imagined. On the 12th, about three in the morning, the watch discovered land, but before intelligence could be given to the Captain she struck; for some time she made no water, but about seven o'clock, the water came in so fast, that by eleven o'clock, A. M. the water was 6 feet in the hold (the depth of the water in which she lay) the people being 16 in number, took to their long boat, and endeavoured to make Cape Antoine; but after four days fruitless labour, they were obliged to return to the wreck, where they found two Spaniards plundering, who informed them that there were only four inhabitants on the island and therefore could receive no assistance from them; upon which having taken an hoghead of water and a quantity of beef and biscuit aboard, they left the wreck a second time, and after being absent fourteen days, were providentially picked up by the ship *Betsey*. The *Prudence* was from Jamaica, bound to London, and had upwards of 500 hogheads of sugar and rum on board.

On the 5th, the *Betsey*, spoke the *Earl of Derby*, of and for Liverpool, from Jamaica, in lat, 22, long. 67, out ten days, all well. At five o'clock P. M. spoke the ships *Hope* and *Clarant*, of and for Bristol from Jamaica.

On the 13th, spoke the ship *Lively*, of Halifax, on a whaling voyage, lat. 31, 40.

Salem, July 23. About two o'clock last Saturday morning, the dwelling house of Mr. William Mansfield, of Lynnfield, was severely shocked with lightning; which struck the top of the chimney, and took off the south part of the roof, and shook the whole to such a degree as to unite six smokes into one—tore up the hearth, then entered

entered a large sleeper, which led to another in the middle of the room, and tore the floor all up as it went; from thence took its course to another part of the house, and went out under a bed at the corner, in which were two persons who received no injury; although the bed was much damaged, the cord broken in a number of pieces, and the bed-clothes considerably burnt; as it went out of the house, it tore away the boards, and in that part much damaged the frame; thence proceeded to a chaise house, several rods from the dwelling house and set some tow on fire, which must have consumed that with all the adjacent buildings, had not the fire been immediately extinguished by one of the family, who in the alarm had run out of doors. The lightning, in its progress through the house, entirely demolished two large windows, broke the sashes and melted the glass, besides slightly damaging two or three other windows at the opposite side of the house; it overturned the furniture, unhinged the doors, and almost entirely destroyed all the brittle ware in the house. There were fifteen persons lodged in different parts of the house; but protected by a divine providence, not one of them received the least injury.

Hartford, July 26. Last Saturday se'night the Hon. Jedidiah Strong, Esq; member of the council of state, and one of the judges of the county court in Litchfield, was arrested upon the complaint of his wife, and brought before Tapping Reeve, Esq; for trial. The delinquent requested an adjournment, that he might procure council; and the court was adjourned until Monday last. At the time of trial, the concourse of people made it necessary to move to the court house, where, after full enquiry, it appeared, upon evidence, that the delinquent had often imposed unreasonable restraints upon his wife, and withheld from her the comforts and conveniences of life; that he had *beat her, pulled her hair, kicked her out of bed, and spit in her face*, times without number. Whereupon the judge, after summing up the testimony in a most elegant and masterly manner, pronounced sentence, that the delinquent should become bound with sureties for his good behaviour towards all mankind, and especially towards his wife, in the penal sum of *One Thousand Pounds*, and to appear and answer the charges against him at the next county court. Nothing could be more satisfactory than this sentence, among his acquaintance in Litchfield and elsewhere, who have long known the insanity of his private character, which his hypocrisy and intrigues have imposed upon the good people of the state at large.

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

Halifax, July 15.

TUESDAY at 11 o'clock, his Majesty's Supreme Court, was opened at the new Court house—On this occasion, the Hon. Thomas Andrew Strange, Esq; took his seat on the bench as Chief Justice of the Province. After the King's commission was read, declaring the appointment, and the Grand Jury impanneled and sworn, the Chief Justice delivered his charge to the Grand Jury.

Yesterday afternoon arrived a small schooner from Shelburne, by which we have received an account of the following accident:—On Saturday last, Colonel White, Capt. Sharpe, Lieutenants Ball and Perfect, Esq; Maxwell and White, Quarter Master Hague, of the 6th regt. and Nicholas Ogden, Esq; with some of the gentleman's servants, were going in a boat from the barracks down the harbour to the fort, when a sudden gust of wind overset the boat near Hart's point. Lieut. Ball, and Ensign Maxwell with one of the gentleman's servants were unfortunately drowned. The others, after being a considerable time in the water, were taken up by boats, which came as expeditiously as possible to their assistance.

The two abovementioned gentlemen arrived from Scotland here, a few days ago, in the Mary, Capt. Milne.

But a few days before this accident happened, as Mr. Largin, of Shelburne, and some others, were sailing in a boat, which was slightly built, a sudden shifting of the ballast stove a hole in her bottom, when Mr. Largin and another person perished.

25. Arrived the brig Prince Wm. Henry, Captain Pinkham, from whaling, with 110 barrels of sperm oil.

Also, the brig Hibernia, Capt. Worth, with 105 barrels of sperm, and 32 black.

26. Arrived the ship Fair, Capt. Clarke, with 280 barrels of sperm, and 100 black.

Also, the brig Harriet, Captain Kelly, with 200 barrels of sperm.

MARRIED.

July 7. James Stewart, Esq; to Miss Elizabeth Haliburton, daughter of the Hon. John Haliburton.

24. Mr. Edward Wisdom, to Miss Elizabeth Greenwood, daughter of Mr. Samuel Greenwood.

DIED.

July 10. Joseph Fairbanks, Esq; in the 73d year of his age.

23. Mrs. Eleanor Watson.

24. Mrs. Ann Eleanor Margerita Spangenberg; Lenzi; wife of Mr. Philip Lenzi, aged 40.

25. Mr. William Forbes, aged 53.

28. Mrs. Lucy Fletcher, aged 36.