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THE

NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE

FOR MARCH, 1791.

ACCOUNT of a PHENOMENON observed upon the ISLAND of SUMATRA.

[By William Marsden, Esq.]

DURING my residence on the island of Sumatra in the East Indies, I had occasion to observe a phenomenon singular, I believe, in its kind, an account of which may not perhaps be uninteresting to the curious.

In the year 1775 the S. E. or dry monsoon set in about the middle of June, and continued with very little intermission till the month of March in the following year. So long and severe a drought had not been experienced then in the memory of the oldest man. The verdure of the ground was burnt up, the trees were stripped of their leaves, the springs of water failed, and the earth every where gaped in fissures. For some time a copious dew falling in the night supplied the deficiency of rain; but this did not last long: yet a thick fog, which rendered the neighbouring hills invisible for months together, and nearly obscured the sun, never ceased to hang over the land, and add a gloom to the prospect already but too melancholy. The Europeans on the coast suffered extremely by sickness; about the fourth part of the whole number being carried off by fevers and other bilious distempers, the depression of spirits which they laboured under, not a little contributing to hasten the fatal effects. The natives also died in great number.

In the month of November 1775, the dry season having then exceeded its usual period, and the S. E. winds continuing with unremitting violence, the sea was observed to be covered to the distance of a mile, and in some places a league from shore, with fish floating on the surface. — Great quantities of them were at the same time driven on the beach or left there by

the tide, some quite alive, others dying, but the greatest part quite dead. The fish thus found were not of one, but various species, both large and small, flat and round, the Car-fish and Mullet being generally most prevalent. The numbers were prodigious, and overspread the shore to the extent of some degrees; of this I had ocular proof or certain information, and probably they extended a considerable way farther than I had an opportunity of making enquiry. The first appearance was sudden; but though the numbers diminished, they continued to be thrown up, in some parts of the coast, for at least a month, furnishing the inhabitants with food, which, though attended with no immediate ill consequence, probably contributed to the unhealthiness so severely felt. No alteration in the weather had been remarked for many days previous to their appearance. The thermometer stood as usual at the time of year at about 85°.

Various were the conjectures formed as to the cause of this extraordinary phenomenon, and almost as various and contradictory were the consequences deduced by the natives from an omen so portentous; some inferring the continuance, and others, with equal plausibility, a relief from the drought. With respect to the cause, I must confess myself much at a loss to account for it satisfactorily. If I might hazard a conjecture, and it is not offered as any thing more, I would suppose, that the sea requires the mixture of a due proportion of fresh water to temper its saline quality, and enable certain species of fish to subsist in it. Of this salubrious correction it was deprived for an unusual space of time, not only by the

wage

want of rain, but by the ceasing of many rivers to flow into it, whose sources were dried up. I rode across the mouths of several perfectly dry, which I had often before passed in boats. The fish no longer experiencing this refreshment, necessary as it would seem to their existence, sickened and perished as in a corrupted element.

If any thing similar to what I have above described has been noticed in other parts of the world, I should be happy by a comparison of the attendant circumstances, to investigate, and ascertain the true causes of so extraordinary an effect.

AN ESSAY ON FLATTERY.

————— Honey'd assent,
How pleasant art thou to the taste of man,
And woman also! Flattery direct
Rarely disgusts. They little know mankind
Who doubt its operation: 'tis the key
That opes the wicket of the human heart.

DOUGLAS, ACT III. Scene ult.

FLATTERY is a vice equally hateful in its nature, and dangerous in its consequences. Its lurking poison is extremely difficult to be avoided, as it wears the specious mask of friendship, and its hurtful approaches are seconded and facilitated by our insatiate desire of praise, which is so great, that we seldom consider whether we are praise-worthy or no. Pride, that universal passion which first

'Brought death into the world, and all our woe,'

And which, in its different degrees, possesses the prince and the peasant; makes us flatter ourselves, inflames our imaginations with a strong inclination to appear what we are not; and exposes us in a peculiar manner to the pleasing attempts of flattery, which like music,

————— 'So softens and disarms the mind,
That not one arrow can resistance find.'

The man who takes Persius's advice, will readily discover the deception, and consequently have it in his power to escape it. He says,

*Ne quicquam populo bibulas donaverit aures;
Respice quod non es.* Sat. 4. ver. 50.

His caution is very just and pertinent to those who listen to the siren flattery, who (if they do not take it) will perhaps entice them on to ruin; and equally opposite is the admonition he gives them, *respice quod non es*, 'reject what thou art not; that is, survey thyself, and reject that praise which is built upon qualities

thou dost not possess. The fatal effects of flattery have been too often felt by princes, whose natural ambition, fomented by the panegyrics profusely lavished upon their pretended virtues by sawning sycophants, has frequently led them blindly on to enterprises replete with destruction, and then, by dreadful experience, they have seen their error, which by a prudent examination of their own hearts might have been avoided. Examples of modesty are rare in exalted stations, where they are found they give a peculiar lustre to real merit, and from such a character, flattery will ever meet with deserved detestation. An instance of the truth of this observation is recorded by Huntington, of King Canute (justly styled) the Great, a prince equally conspicuous for his justice, piety, moderation and courage. 'One day while he walked on the sea shore, accompanied by his courtiers, who offered the grossest incense of adulation, and even compared his power to that of the Deity, he ordered a chair to be placed upon the beach, while the tide was making, and sitting down commanded the sea to retire; but being in a little time surrounded with water, he rose up and chid his flatterers for having bestowed upon him those encomiums which were due to God alone.'

Herod and Nebuchadnezzar, in the sacred writings, furnish us with awful instances of the dreadful effects of indulging the love of flattery, and exalting themselves; and ought to warn princes (whatever achievements they may perform, and however high they may rise in the opinions of their subjects) to remember, that it is through the will and power of the Almighty they are victorious; and that he

is ever above them, and can crush them at his pleasure. The love of flattery ever betrays a weak or wicked mind, and speaks its possessor unworthy of real praise; it has cast a shade over the most illustrious characters, it blinds and misleads those whom it possesses, and sometimes tempts them to wanton acts of lawless barbarity on those who refuse to soothe their vanity. Alexander the Great, though adorned with many good and amiable qualities, was, through the pernicious influence of this vice, guilty of an action that must create horror and disgust in every humane bosom, I mean his cruel treatment of the philosopher Callisthenes, who had been bred up with him under Aristotle, because the philosopher would not gratify his pride in calling him a God. As an excuse for his inhumanity, Alexander charged him with being accessory to the plots and conspiracies that were formed against him; then he caused all his limbs to be mangled and chopped in the most inhuman manner; he also commanded his ears, nose, and lips to be cut off, which not only gave the poor wretch infinite torment, but also rendered him a most deformed and miserable spectacle to others; and, to complete his revenge, he caused him, in this doleful plight, to be carried about *in terrorem*. He even carried his brutal resentment so far as to order Lyfimachus, one of his generals, (who had been a disciple of Callisthenes, and gave him poison to put an end to his miseries) to be cast to a very fierce lion; but Lyfimachus, by an extraordinary effort of courage and presence of mind, having slain this dreadful antagonist, not only gained his pardon, but maintained a higher place in Alexander's esteem ever after. Praise is justly due to merit, and when unalloyed with flattery, affords real and desirable pleasure; while it rewards virtue it shows the discernment of the bestower, and creates satisfaction to both the giver and receiver.

The character of a flatterer is detestable; like the butterfly he displays his gaudy colours in the sunshine of prosperity; but when black clouds and frigid blasts succeed, and the cold winter of adversity strips the gay scene of all its blooming pride; like that painted insect all his splendid appearances vanish, and he dwindles to an insignificant and despicable worm. A flatterer is necessarily a coward; a brave man learns to cringe with servile adoration at the foot of Majesty itself, when stained with tyrannic cruelty and lawless ambition; nor will he lavish unmerited encomiums on

To guard their rights, shall, for a grasp of ore,
Or paltry office, sell them to the foe.*

He detests such meanness, and boldly weathers the storm of ministerial vengeance, which (for a steady adherence to the rights and interests of his country, and a strenuous opposition of the measures taken to enslave it) is raised against him, and (maugre the unruly blasts of malice and disappointed pride) guided by the helm of probity, he steers safely into the harbour of conscientious integrity, or bravely splits upon the rock of virtue. I cannot close this essay without a word to the fair sex, on a subject in which they are so highly interested; their tender bosoms too easily admit the plausible arguments of flattery; and how fatal has it proved to many! Milton, finely describes Satan, the first flatterer, tempting our general mother:

‘Wonder not sov’rain mistress, if perhaps,
Thou can’st, who art sole wonder; much less arm
Thy looks, the heav’n of mildness with disdain,
Displeas’d that I approach thee thus, and gaze
Infatiate, I thus single nor have fear’d,
Thy awful brow, more awful thus retir’d.
Fairest resemblance of thy maker fair,
Thee all things living gaze on: all things thine;
By gift, and thy celestial beauty adore,
With ravishment beheld, there best beheld,
Where universally admir’d: but here,
In this inclosure wild, these beasts among,
Beholders rude and shallow to discern
Half what in thee is fair, one man except,
Who sees thee? (and what is one?) who should’st be seen,
A goddess among gods, ador’d and serv’d,
By angels numberless, thy daily train.—
So glaz’d the tempter, and his proem tun’d.
Into the heart of Eve his words made way’—

We all too well know what dreadful work they made there. If flattery could thus seduce Eve, in a state of innocence, how is it to be wondered at, that our modern Eves should listen to its enchanting voice? The lovely sex are too apt to admire their own charms, and indulge a secret pleasure in hearing them admired by others; they think a man secure when once they have ensnared him, and too seldom consider, that he who sighs at their feet, and vows the warmest love and con-

‘Those vipers,
Who singled out by a community

stancy, is often plotting their ruin. I would recommend to the consideration of the female sex, the following words of Chamont in the Orphan:

'Trust not a man, we are by nature false,
Dissembling, subtle, cruel, and inconstant:
When a man talks of love, with caution
trust him;
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive
thee.'

Assuredly, if they reflect how many of their sex have been gradually drawn from innocence to infamy, by the flatteries, protestations, and false endearments of ours, they would shun the very approach of flattery like death. I readily give up my own sex so far, for the benefit of the fair, and heartily wish they may have the good sense to despise flattery and the flatterer.

ACCOUNT OF THE USEFULNESS OF WASHING THE STEMS OF TREES.

[By Robert Marsham, Esq. From the Philosophical Transactions.]

THE following account is a kind of postscript to my letter to Dr. Moss, lord bishop of Bath and Wells, in 1775, which the Royal Society did me the honour to publish in the Philosophical Transactions in 1777. In that I shewed how much a beech increased upon its stem being cleaned and washed; and in this I shall shew, that the benefit of cleaning the stem continues several years: for the beech which I washed in 1775 has increased in the five years since the washing eight inches and six-tenths, or above an inch and seven-tenths yearly; and the aggregate of nine unwashed beeches of the same age does not amount to one inch and three-tenths yearly to each tree. In 1776 I washed another beech (of the same age, viz. seed in 1741;) and the increase in four years since the washing is nine inches and two-tenths, or two inches and three-tenths yearly, when the aggregate of nine unwashed beeches amounted to but one inch and three-tenths and a half. In 1776 I washed an oak which I planted in 1720, which has increased in the four years since washing seven inches and two-tenths, and the aggregate of three oaks planted the same year (viz. all I measured) amounted to but one inch yearly to each tree. In 1779 I washed another beech of the same age, and the increase in 1780 was three inches, when the aggregate of fifteen unwashed beeches was not full fifteen inches and six-tenths, or not one inch and half a tenth to each tree; yet most of these trees grew on better land than that which was washed. But I apprehend the whole of the extraordinary increase in the two last experiments should not be attributed to washing; for in the autumn of 1778 I had greasy pond mud spread round some favourite trees, as far as I supposed their roots extended, and although some trees

did not show to have received any benefit from the mud, yet others did, that is, an oak increased half an inch, and a beech three-tenths, above their ordinary growth. Now though the beech gained but three-tenths, yet, perhaps, that may not be enough to allow for the mud; for the summer of 1779 was the most ungenial to the growth of trees of any since I had measured them, some not gaining half their ordinary growth, and the aggregate increase of all the unwashed and unmudded trees that I measured (ninety-three in number of various kinds) was in 1779 but six feet five inches and seven tenths, or seventy-seven inches and seven-tenths, which gives but eight-tenths and about one-third to each tree; when in 1778 (a very dry summer in Norfolk) they increased seven feet and nine-tenths, or near eighty-five inches, which gives about nine-tenths to each tree; and this summer of 1780 being also very dry, yet the aggregate increase was above half an inch more than in 1778. But the best increase of these three years is low, as there is but twenty of the ninety-three trees that were not planted by me, and greater increase is reasonably expected in young than old trees; yet I have oak now two hundred years old (1780) which is sixteen feet and five inches in circumference, or one hundred and ninety seven inches in two hundred years. But this oak cannot be properly called old. The annual increase of very old trees is hardly measurable with a string, as the slightest change of the air will effect the string more than a year's growth. The largest trees that I have measured are so far from me, that I have had no opportunity of measuring them a second time, excepting the oak near the honourable Mr. Legge's Lodge in Holt Forest, which does not show to be hollow.

In 1759 I found it was at seven feet (for a large swelling rendered it unfair to measure at five or six feet) a trifle about thirty four feet in circumference, and in 1778 I found it had not increased above half an inch in 19 years. This more entire remain of longevity merits some regard from the lovers of trees, as well as the hollow oak at Cewthorp in Yorkshire, which Dr. Hunter gives an account of in his edition of Evelyn's *Silva*, and calls it forty-eight feet round at three feet. I did not measure it so low; but in 1768 I found it at four feet, forty feet and six inches; and at five feet, thirty-six feet and six inches: and at six feet, thirty-two feet and one inch. Now, although this oak is larger near the earth than that in Hampshire, yet it diminishes much more suddenly in girth, viz. eight feet and five inches in two feet of height (I reckon by my own measures as I took pains to be exact. Suppose the diminution continues about this rate (for I did not measure so high) then at seven feet it will be about twenty eight feet in circumference, and the bottom fourteen feet contain six hundred and eighty six feet round or buyer's measure, or seventeen ton and six feet; and fourteen feet length of the Hampshire Oak is one thousand and seven feet, or twenty-five ton and seven feet, that is, three hundred and twenty feet more than the Yorkshire Oak, though that is supposed by many people the greatest Oak in England.

I am unwilling to conclude this account of washing the stems of trees without observing, that all the ingredients of vegetation united, which are received from the roots, stem, branches, and leaves

of a mossy and dirty tree, do not produce half the increase that another gains whose stem is clean to the head only, and that not ten feet in height. Is it not clear that this greater share of nourishment cannot come from rain? For the dirty stem will retain the moisture longer than when clean, and the nourishment drawn from the roots, and imbibed by the branches and leaves, must be the same to both trees. Then must not the greatest share of vegetative ingredients be conveyed in dew? May not the moss and dirt absorb the finest parts of the dew? and may they not act as a kind of screen, and deprive the tree of that share of air and sun which it requires? To develop this mysterious operation of nature would be an honour to the most ingenious, and the plain fact may afford pleasure to the owners of young trees; for if their growth may be increased by cleaning their stems once in five or six years (and perhaps they will not require it so often) if the increase is but half an inch yearly above the ordinary growth, it will greatly overpay for the trouble, besides the pleasure of seeing the tree more flourishing. Although the extra increase of my first washed beech was but four-tenths of an inch, the second was nine-tenths and a half, and the third nearly two inches, so the aggregate extra is above one inch and one tenth yearly; and the increase of the oak is eight-tenths. But calling it only half an inch, then six years will produce five cubic feet of timber, as the oak is eight feet round, and above twenty feet long, and six pence will pay for the washing; so there remains nine shillings and six pence clear gain in six years.

LETTER ON ELECTRICAL AND OTHER PHENOMENA.

[From M. *Jepinus* to Dr. M. Gutbrie.]

I Acknowledge the pleasure I have received in perusing your paper on the northern climate, and certainly it would be difficult to give, with more method and intelligence, a clear and distinct idea of the peculiarities of our climate, *quod malus Jupiter urget*, and which distinguish it from other countries of Europe, placed under a more mild and temperate sky.

I shall, therefore, comply, with pleasure, in giving a circumstantial account of the curious facts mentioned in your Dissertation, as seen and authenticated by me; and shall, at the same time, avail myself

of your permission to communicate the remarks and reflections I have made on reading your interesting Dissertation.

The uncommon phenomena alluded to in your paper were as follow:

During the last weeks of the year 1766 and the first of 1767, we had constantly very strong frost, with the calm, clear, and serene sky which generally accompanies it in this climate; and during its prevalence, her Imperial Majesty having sent for me one morning, ordered me to go to the apartments of Prince Orloff, in another part of the palace, who, she said, had

for some days past, become uncommonly electric every time his hair was combed.

I found the Prince at his toilet, and observed, in fact, that, at every time his valet de chambre drew the comb through his hair, a pretty strong crackling noise was heard; and, on darkening the room, by drawing the curtains, the sparks were seen following the direction of the comb in great abundance, whilst the Prince, by this operation, was become so completely electric, that strong sparks could be drawn from his hands and face; nay, he was electrified when only powdered with a puff, the friction of the air against his hair being able to produce a considerable degree of electricity; a curious experiment which, however, but seldom succeeded afterwards, when I was desirous of repeating it. A few days after this scene with the Prince, I was witness to a still more striking effect of the electric state of our atmosphere at this period.

The Grand Duke sent for me one evening in the twilight, and told me that, having drawn a flannel cover off a green-damask chair in his bed-chamber, which had been put on by accident, he was astonished at the appearance of a strong brisk flame that followed it; but having immediately comprehended that it must have been an electric phenomenon, his Highness had been trying to produce a similar illumination on different pieces of furniture, and could now shew me a beautiful and surprizing experiment, that he had just discovered. His Highness then threw himself on his bed, which was covered with a damask quilt, laced with gold, and rubbing it with his hands, in all directions, the young Prince, who had then reached his twelfth year, appeared to be swimming in fire, as, at every stroke, flames arose all round him, which, darting to the gold lace border, ran along it, and up that of the bed, to the very top.

Whilst his Highness was shewing me his experiment, Prince Orloff, who had been making many different trials of his personal electricity, since the day I saw him at his toilet, came into the room with a sable muff in his hand, and shewed us that, by whirling it five or six times round his head in the air, he could electrify himself so strongly as to send out sparks from all the uncovered parts of his body; another proof that the simple friction of air against hair could produce electricity. Similar experiments were repeated in many houses of the city, whilst the strong frost prevailed, which shews that the uncommon disposition of bodies to electricity during the period treated of, was general.

These curious phenomena have appear-

ed from time to time since that epoch, particularly during the severe cold which has prevailed for some weeks past. A few days ago, a lady of my acquaintance informed me that, on having her head combed, not only her hair shewed the ordinary signs of electricity, but that, after the comb had been drawn through, it bushed out in a most surprizing manner, by the natural repulsion of the hairs, and occasioned, on rising upon her head, a most singular and disagreeable sensation, which would certainly have frightened her terribly if she had not instantly guessed the cause.

It must not, however, be taken for granted, that these appearances are quite common here, or that they appear every winter, although we never fail to have 20° and upwards of cold, by Reaumur's scale. No; to render these effects very remarkable, a great cold must have continued several weeks, without abating, as I shall explain in the sequel.

I shall here likewise account for a curious fact mentioned above, which must have drawn the attention of the reader, viz. that Prince Orloff became electrified whilst sitting at his toilet on a chair, on the bare floor, or on walking in the Great Duke's apartment, without any species of apparatus to cut off his communication with the naked boards; but he was in fact insulated in both situations, as the inlaid floors were become as completely ideoelectric as glass or resin, from the high-dried state to which they were reduced by an exsiccating quality of the atmosphere and constant waxing. Now, as I observe, Sir, that in your paper on our climate, you enter into some reasoning on these phenomena, I presume my opinion on them will not be disagreeable to you.

The great disposition, then, of air, and other bodies, to become electric, during great degrees of cold continued for a certain time, always appeared to me to be easily explained, that I looked upon it as a simple corollary of the best known of the laws of electric force, and as such, that it did not require to be deduced from it in a formal manner. However, that you may know on what I founded that supposition, I shall observe that, 1st, nothing indicates air, and other bodies, to contain, during severe frost, an atom of more electric matter than their mutual quantity; and they are certainly not in a state of spontaneous electricity, because, to render them electric, friction must be employed, as at all other times; so that all the uncommon appearances above mentioned are reduced to this, that, by means of friction, bodies, in the above state of the atmosphere, become

come more easily, and more strongly electric than at any other time, which does not indicate a larger quantity of electric matter, but a greater disposition to receive it.

2dly. There is no necessity, then, to enquire, why air, silk, wool, hair, wood, &c. contain a greater quantity of electric matter in this than in another season, since the fact does not obtain; so that the question left for investigation is only, Why they possess, during severe cold, a greater aptitude or disposition to become electric, than in any other state of the atmosphere? or, in other words, why they become, in a more eminent degree, *ideo-electric*?

3dly. Air possesses, like the other fluids, we call *menstrua*, the power of dissolving different bodies, especially water, which last process we term evaporation, and, like the other *menstrua*, this power is modified by the degree of heat it possesses, so that, *ceteris paribus*, warm air can dissolve, and hold in solution, a much greater quantity of water than cold air.

4thly. Suppose that air, heated to a given degree, holds in solution as much water as is able to dissolve, that is to say, that it is saturated with it, and it then cools down so considerably that it cannot hold in solution the same quantity it did at first; there should, in that case, take place a large precipitation, or a large portion of the dissolved water should separate itself from the cooled air; so that it must remain charged with a much smaller quantity than before it lost its heat.

5thly. It follows, then, that the atmosphere is never drier than during great frost, and never more humid than during great heat; and this assertion will appear a paradox only to those who confound a dry with a drying air, and a wet with a wetting air; or who do not recollect that a dry air may not be of a drying nature, and that a humid atmosphere may not be of a wetting quality. I hope, likewise, nobody will maintain that the apparent purity and perfect transparency of the air, in a fine summer day, is a proof of its not being charged with a heterogeneous matter, as that transparency is only the effect of a perfect solution of the water it contains. It is evident, by the common chemical operations performed every day, that every perfect solution is clear and transparent, and that when it becomes turbid, a precipitation is at hand. Let us confirm this fact, Sir, by a phenomenon we have an opportunity of seeing very often in summer, viz. that we shall find the air full of broken clouds in the morning, which vanish under our eye whilst looking at them

as the sun rises higher above the horizon, in the same manner as chemical solutions become turbid on cooling, and clear again on heating.

6thly. This extraordinary dry air penetrates into our apartments, either gently and insensibly, through chinks, or rapidly and perceptibly when our stoves are lighted each morning, once in twenty four hours at least. The external air thus introduced, soon acquires the temperature of the chamber, which is commonly from 12° to 15° , or more, of Reaumur, (in the better sort of houses, for those of the common people are warmer) and then recovers its dissolving power, which the severity of the cold had considerably diminished, nay, almost entirely overcome; but as it now contains little or no humidity, it must, like other *menstrua*, attack the humidity that it finds in the chamber, with a much greater rapidity than it could have done with the same degree of heat, had it not been thus purified (or dephlegmated, in the language of chemistry) by the cold. All the bodies, then, which happened to be in the room, must lose of their humidity, or be dried much quicker than in any other season; and, in fact, there is no housekeeper in Petersburg who does not perceive, to his cost, this extraordinary drying process, as our furniture warps, cracks, or splits, much more during the rigour of winter than in the hottest period of summer, nay, probably more than in any other country between us and the equator.

7thly. A natural result of this is, that, after our great cold has continued a certain time, the bodies mentioned above, viz. air, silk, wool, hair, wood, &c. are, in fact, without assistance from us, drier than during the rest of the year, and probably more so than in any other part of Europe, except they are dried expressly by some artificial means.

8thly. Now the bodies I have enumerated are all, in the class of imperfect *ideo-electrics*, and have, likewise, the common property of attracting moisture, so that they can never be perfectly dry; but water is, after the metals, the most perfect conductor of the electric fluid, or the least of an *ideo-electric*, I say, after the metals; for I think I have observed, and probably others have done the same, that water does not conduct quite so well as they do. But let that be as it may, these bodies cannot certainly imbibe water without becoming less of an *ideo-electric*, in proportion as they do so, and, of course, the more they dry again, the more they recover their natural quality.

The result upon the whole, then, must

be that, during our severe cold, the bodies of which I speak become spontaneously much better electro-positives here than they ever are in any other season or climate; therefore, these bodies have an extraordinary disposition to become easily and strongly electric.

It cannot have escaped your penetration, Sir, that in all I have said I have advanced only known and generally received facts, without admixture of hypothesis, or conjecture of my own; so that the explanation I have given of the phenomena (alluded to in your paper, and which I was called upon to illustrate) arises naturally and necessarily from those facts, in such a manner, that it may pass, in my opinion, for a demonstration such as is to be given in natural philosophy.

It appears to me, then, Sir, that we are not obliged to have recourse to the conjectures of Mess. Saussure, Bergman, Wilke, &c. to explain the above phenomena, as you appear to have been disposed to do, in the passage alluded to, with a moderation that does honour to your mode of philosophizing; nay, if we even inclined to employ them, I do not see how they would answer our purpose, being only hazarded opinions; but could they be verified, (which I doubt much) they would even then be of very little use to us, as they could contribute nothing to the perfection of the theory of electricity.

You must excuse me, Sir, if I enter into any other discussion which the same passage of yours has likewise given rise to. I mean the opinions which several of the learned have thrown out, of late years, relative to two sorts of electricity.

It was I, Sir, as you know, who first gave rise to that idea many years ago. I had proved, in my *Tentamen Theor. Electric. et Magn.* that the portions of matter belonging to every body in nature, repel one another. This proposition appeared hold to some of the learned, as, indeed, it would have done to myself, before I had well examined, digested, and compared it with the analogy of nature.

The philosophers you cite imagined they could remove this difficulty, by supposing the existence of two distinct electric fluids, one of which is positive and the other negative. I shall confine myself at present to a few remarks upon that subject.

1st. Those who would pass that idea for a new theory of electricity different from mine, (and there are those who attempt it) have not considered matters in their true point of view; for it is evident that a theory, founded on the supposition of two fluids, will coincide perfectly and essentially with mine; nay, the explanation of the phenomena, the reasoning, and even

the analytic formula which they draw from their pretended theory, is exactly the same as mine. But supposing their hypothesis could be proved, there would result from it nothing new, except that it might furnish an explanation of one of the fundamental facts on which I founded my theory, and which I did not follow, nor think important enough to investigate the origin of, but was contented to admit it as an established fact.

2d. My theory, in confining itself to simple, well-attested facts, neither assists nor denies the existence of two, or even several fluids; which nature might possibly employ to effect the fundamental laws on which I have established my theory, for when I make use of the expression *matter proper to bodies*, it is evident that it means what remains in a body after we have drawn off the electric fluid.

3d. In consulting the analogy of nature, one cannot fail to recollect that all known bodies possess, besides the Newtonian attraction, which is common and general to them all, another attractive force, or that which produces cohesion between two pieces of polished marble, the ascent of fluids in capillary tubes, and an infinite number of other phenomena. Now this last attractive force is evidently and essentially different from the first; for whilst the one follows the inverse ratio of the square of the distance, it is proved that the other is in proportion to a power, into which enters the reverse ratio of the cubes, and probably of some still higher power of the distance.

If, then, both experience and the analogy of nature shew the possibility of the co-existence of two attractive forces in the same body, governed by laws entirely different; and as a repulsive force is nothing else than a negative attractive one, my supposition of the repulsive force of bodies, contains nothing but what is perfectly conformable to the analogy of nature.

You also make mention, Sir, and with reason, of the frequent appearance of the beautiful phenomena of parheliisms and mock moons in our climate, which enables us to be better acquainted with all the circumstances attending them, than people nearer the equator. I paid a particular attention to these phenomena for a part of the years 1758 and 1759, and I think I have made some important observations on that subject; but it is not at present either the time or place to enter into them, especially as I have already given the principal facts in a paper inserted in the 3th volume of the *Novi Comment. Academ. Scien. Petrop.* page 302, by referring to which I shall content myself at present.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 18, 1789.

SINGULAR CHARACTER OF AN INHABITANT OF GLENORCHAY.

[From a Letter in the Gentleman's Magazine.]

I DO not recollect at present any thing particular to amuse you, unless the following account of a man in the upland part of my parish, be thought singular and uncommon. I can assure you that there is not a stroke in the picture embellished beyond the truth, nor a single trait given but what is really in the original. I have seen him occasionally two or three times, never indeed in the church but once, and that at the interment of his mother.

His name is Angus Roy Fletcher; he lives in the highest farm of Glenorchay, and has done so all his life-time. He has always made his livelihood mostly by fishing and hunting. The dog is his sole, though faithful attendant; the gun and the dirk are his constant companions. He sometimes indeed exchanges the gun for the fishing spear, but was never observed without one or the other. At a distance from social life, he has his residence in the wildest and most remote parts of the lofty mountains which separate the country of Glenorchay from that of Rannoch. In the midst of these wilds he builds his hut, and there he spends the most part of spring, summer, and autumn, and even part of winter. He has a few goats, which he tends at times on these lofty cliffs. These, with the dog, the gun, the spear, and the dirk, a belted plaid hose, and brogs, constitute the whole property of this savage. They are all he seems to desire. While his goats feed among the rocks and wide extended heaths, he ranges the hill and the forest in pursuit of the game. He returns to his little flock in the evening. He leads them to his solitary hut. He milks them with his own hands; and after making a comfortable meal of what game he may have caught for the day, and of the milk of his goats, he lays himself down to rest in the midst of them. By day they are his chief care, by night his only companions, the dog excepted. He desires not to associate with any of his own species, either man or woman; and yet if the step of the wandering stranger happens to approach his little hut; Angus Roy is humane and hospitable to a high degree. Whatever he is possessed of, even to the last morsel, he cheerfully bestows on his guest; at a time too when he knows not where to purchase the next meal for himself. Strange that a man who apparently has no affection for society, should be so much disposed to exercise one of its

hobblest virtues! His contempt for society, however, is incontestable, for if he happens at any time to build his hut near the shealing of a farm, he abandons the hut. The moment the people come to the shealing he removes to a greater distance, and builds another habitation for himself. He seems to have in solitude a certain enjoyment, of which no other highlandman has any conception or feeling:

Such is the manner in which this extraordinary man spends the spring, the summer, and the autumn, and even part of the winter. But when the chill blast of December returns; when the excessive coldness of the climate forces him to depart from the mountain, to quit the solitary cell, he condescends to hold some intercourse with mankind. He descends into the village, but he enters with reluctance into a society where no man thinks as he does himself; where no man lives or acts after his manner. In this situation; and in such society, he discovers evident symptoms of uneasiness and disgust. To alleviate the pain as much as possible, to remove the languor of an intercourse in which he finds no enjoyment, he has devised the most proper expedient; he goes forth every morning, before the dawn, to the hill and the wood, in search of game. He returns not till late at night, and then goes to his rest, generally without seeing any body.

If ever he felt the passion for sex, it must have been in a degree extremely low, for he hardly ever discovered the symptoms of such a passion; and yet he dresses after the manner of the most finished coxcomb.

The belted plaid and the dirk are fitted on him with a wild and affected elegance; his bonnet, which is very small, after the same manner. His hair, which is naturally curled and very thick, is always tied with a silken or variegated cord at the root, and being loose towards the crop, it curls, and forms a great bunch, in size and figure resembling a large bunch of heath. This he esteems as one of his brightest ornaments. His look is lofty; his gait is stately and slow. Who can conceive that this coxcomb is his own butcher, baker, and cook? and when he kills a bird, a hare, or a deer, he prepares it himself for eating; makes his bed, washes his shirt, milks his goats.

Under all these circumstances, so seemingly

ingly depressing, he is haughty and high-minded in the extreme. Were he starving for want, there is not a person living from whom he would ask a mouthful of meat. In conformity to the custom of men, he takes off his bonnet to what is called a gentleman, but he does it with reluctance, and in a manner which indicates contempt rather than respect for the person whom he addresses.

Upon the whole, he merits the appellation of a most singular character. In circumstances the most depressing to pride, he has hardly his equal among the proud

and haughty. Among coxcombs he would make a distinguished figure, and yet, as I said, he discovers nothing of the passion for sex. He may be said to live in the original state of fishing and hunting; but he discovers not the ideas, nor the love of society, peculiar to that state. He is above fifty years of age, can neither read nor write, nor speak English. As I never saw him but once at church, and could at no time find him at any of my diets of examination, when in his neighbourhood, I apprehend that his notions of religion must be faint and obscure.

THE HERMIT OF THE CAVERN:

A SPANISH STORY.

ALONZO left the abode of happiness and peace to find out new lands, in company with other adventurers. The repose of nations hitherto unknown was to be destroyed, and the simplicity of hearts corrupted.

Awhile favouring gales accelerated the course of their ship; every bosom beat high with the proud hopes of making fresh discoveries, and every heart had formed the cruel resolution of enslaving innocent and unoffending men. At length the rain descended in torrents.—the increasing agitation of the waves threatened destruction—the utmost efforts of the crew promised but little, and their situation from alarming became terrible; when a sight of land not far distant gave fresh vigour to exertion, and with extreme hazard the vessel gained a secure harbour from the storm, which soon subsided into a gentle calm; and a night of awful suspense was succeeded by the opening beauties of a glorious morning. Alonzo and his companions quitted the ship, in order to discover the situation and nature of the spot they had gained, which appeared as another Eden, and to see if any inhabitants resided on it. Nor man nor beast opposed their passage; silent yet captivating nature bloomed around, and they wandered on wrapped in pleasing wonder, until the shades of evening warned them to revisit the vessel. Alonzo was missing: he had strayed beyond the reach of their call; but, being in no apprehension for his safety, they gave up farther search until the returning morn. Alonzo had been imperceptibly led from his company through embowering shades, which brought him

to a deep rocky valley. He was struck with awe on viewing the towering height of its stony sides; where rich verdure, starting out from innumerable apertures, embellished the magnificent scene. And now his attention was arrested by sounds of the most delightful harmony, proceeding from a cavern, the entrance of which was gloomy and narrow, but, widening by degrees, terminated in a grand rocky chamber, light, lofty, and extensive: at the farther end he beheld a venerable old man, before whom were placed large shells collected from the sea shore, these he struck with the blade of a broken sword, which brought from them the most captivating sounds, whose responses had charmed the ear of Alonzo while wandering in the valley, which might truly be called that of Echo.

The aged inmate of the cavern arose on the approach of Alonzo, and said, 'Whoever thou art, welcome to a poor old man, who has almost forgotten a language he yet hopes can now be replied to.'—'Yes,' rejoined Alonzo, 'you are from Spain.—But what rooted sorrow has fixed you to an abode like this?'

'Alas! young stranger,' replied the hermit, 'my story will try your feelings, if a sense of justice and humanity sways your bosom. In this cavern my lacerated and guilty heart received the first impressions of shame, sorrow, and anguish. It is here that mental sufferings were visited by heaven-born repentance. These tuneful shells have long soothed my bewildered mind with sounds suited to its melancholy—sounds which have stolen my heart from remembrances, when they have be-

come too bitter to dwell upon.—But you want refreshment, and such fare as Providence has bestowed on an object unworthy of its attention, I will place before you;

The venerable penitent now entered a recess, from whence he brought some shell fish, which necessity had taught him to render

‘ Rich to the taste, and wholesome to the frame.’

Necessity! thy hand is invested with the wand of enchantment; thou createst ideas for the forlorn moment, which cheers the rugged path of human existence, and comforts the suffering children of mortality.

Alonzo having ended his repast, requested to hear the hermit’s story; who sighing deeply, said, ‘ Attend young stranger, and draw instruction from the relation of my self inflicted sufferings :

‘ Nursed in the lap of partial fondness, my infant years passed on with every wish gratified, and every error indulged. Donna Isabella de Cespides was esteemed one of the finest women in Madrid. To obtain her, my father Don Manuel de Guzman, had opposed a family whose enmity towards his own was implacable. Her early death, which happened soon after their union, not only involved him in the deepest affliction, but, by some means, the explanation of which shall not now interrupt my narrative, her relations threw around him the cruel net of law; and thus enwebbed, they not only harrassed his mind, but reduced his fortune to so low an ebb as to sink him into a state of despondency. Often would he weep over me in silent anguish; but it was not until I was fifteen that I found out the real cause of his dejection.

‘ Don Philip de Fernandez, whose fortune was equal, but whose family was less noble than that of my father, had been the approved friend of his youth, the companion of his happier days. Don Philip lived retired: the education of his daughter Elvira engrossed all his attention; and an object more lovely was never beheld. He had likewise a son about my own age, who had been placed for some years under the care of a rich relation in a distant part of the world, whose fondness for the youth exceeded that of his own parent.— This partiality shewn by Don Philip in the division of regard towards his children, was the only drawback upon as generous and noble a heart as Spain could boast of. I wish I could here omit the relation of my father’s conduct towards a gentleman who had a claim to far different treatment, and

who, in the moment of distress, not only made a proffer of a very considerable sum to support the long contested suit commenced by the family of Isabella, which now promised a favourable issue on the part of Don Manuel, but at the same time thus addressed him:—‘ It has been a wish long formed in my heart, that Felix and Eivira might be brought up under our mutual care, and that in their union our families might become one: let us then from this moment mingle our fates and our fortunes; let us live for our children only, consult their happiness alone, and teach them that goodness and felicity ever go together.’ Picture to yourself the feelings of this worthy man on beholding the cold disdainful look, and hearing the still more chilling reply of my father, who observed that, as his family was noble, he would never consent to sully its dignity—that he had ever treated Don Philip, although an inferior, with a marked distinction, which he was sorry to find had induced him to lose sight of the difference between them:—I had then attained the age before mentioned, and was witness to the conversation. Don Philip, remained silent for some time; a tear trickled down his cheek; his heart was wounded; but checking his feelings, he replied, ‘ I am sorry that Don Manuel’s prejudice is of a nature that common pride forbids me to oppose.—I feel myself insulted, and am sensible we can never meet again.—I am likewise sensible that I am sinking by slow but sure degrees to the grave, and that my duty commands me to die in peace with all the world.—Our parting, therefore, shall not still further embitter remembrance on my side; and in the farewell which I now take, I unite blessing, pity, and forgiveness.’

‘ My father made no reply, but with hasty steps and folded arms bit his lips, and measured the room from one end to the other. This sullen silence still more affected the disappointed Philip, who beheld him with a look of sorrow, and departed from a mansion he never again reentered. A few months after this an unlooked for turn in the long depending cause which had preyed upon the peace of Don Manuel, suddenly and unexpectedly restored him to his former affluence. But the stab had been given—the rankling wound was working its way to his heart. His idol, Dignity, had been tottering to a threatened fall; and, after lingering a few years, Don Manuel fell a martyr to those fears which ought never to disturb the children of mortality. So much indeed was he wedded to worldly pomp; that even his last sentiments were expres-

five of satisfaction, that he could die with all his state about him.

Without a monitor, and surrounded by sycophants, I entered upon the world. But alas! too vain for counsel, too light for friendship, my frivolous mind was turned only upon scenes marked by riot and excess, enveloped in self-love, and regardless where the torrent of affliction bent its involving course, I could behold its ravages unmoved.—Seduction the most cruel, still swelled the catalogue of my offences, accompanied by circumstances that years of misery can never atone for. Bitter as these self-reproaches may appear, what sufferings can expiate, when offences like mine are visited with judgment?

Ever attentive to externals, I raised the tomb of Don Manuel, and pretended to mourn his memory, while my heart inwardly rejoiced at an event which left me free to pursue my own inclination. Elvira had ever been the object of my passion—I dare not say, love. The sensations of love were too generous for a heart destitute of humanity. I accordingly courted the friendship of Don Philip, who received me, poor lost forgiving man! with open arms, and presented me with rapture to the blooming Elvira. The celebration of our nuptials accomplished his last wish; and in a few weeks after this event, he breathed his last on the pillow of peace, thankful to heaven for uniting his children, as he too fondly imagined, in the bonds of affection and constancy.

For some time after our marriage, Elvira engrossed all my attention. But too fickle and too vain for domestic happiness, I at length sickened at the sameness which marked each revolving day, and again returned to courses which soon ended in my destruction. If beauty, sense, virtue, and affection, united in a wife, constitute the happiness of a husband, and demand a due return, Elvira had the strongest claims on my gratitude and love. But in vain I experienced her gentleness and truth—in vain I beheld the silent tear, wiped away, which an almost breaking heart, too sensible to be deceived by an artful seeming, had taught to flow in secret—in vain were all the endearments of a smiling infant, who looked with all the sweetness, and spoke with all the softness, of its much injured mother. I wanted a soul to feel as a father, and I was destitute of principle to act as a husband. And now, finding it no longer needful to play the hypocrite, I gave full sway to my inclinations. A female domestic had for some time been the object of my attention. You may easily imagine her virtue was of the yielding kind. The artifice of this

woman was equal to her ambition; for, not content with ruling my heart, and rendering my ear deaf to the plainings of the forsaken Elvira, nothing but absolute government in my family would satisfy her unbounded arrogance; while my poor suffering wife confined herself to her chamber a prisoner through fear, and shrinking from a wretch who had assumed her power, and stolen from her the affections of a perfidious and unfeeling husband. It cannot be imagined that a mind of pure refinement, and a frame of extreme delicacy, could long struggle under such accumulated wrongs: Elvira drooped daily; and I was not so far lost, but that my heart experienced some pangs on beholding my poor and long wept suffering angel sinking to an early tomb, to which I was sending her. But these regrets were momentary; and it was not until the base object of my regard had so far presumed on the power she held over me, as to dare to turn the sorrows of Elvira into ridicule, that I was roused by my pride to some sense of the abject state into which I was plunged.

You, Sir, seem affected—Alas! the chilling damps of remorse would sooner have visited the bosom of a common villain.—But I had long learned to triumph over common feelings.

It was now, for the first time, that this designing woman experienced my displeasure, which almost kindled into rage; perceiving my growing anger, suprise overpowered artifice; and, trembling at the frown she had been courting, she at once sunk from insolence down to meanness. Elvira's alarming illness still farther increased my disgust towards the object who had contributed so largely to it, and I became pensive and melancholy. The past embittered reflection; the sufferings of Elvira haunted my imagination, rendering my dreams terrible, and the hours of night horrid. My only walk was in a thick grave, the shades of which were almost impenetrable to the sun. I was one day ruminating in this spot over the causes of my lost happiness, when my attention was arrested by the sudden appearance of a youthful stranger, whose form was as elegant as his aspect was commanding. He advanced swiftly, and said 'Do not I behold Don Felix, the owner of yonder castle?' There was a sternness in his manner which induced me to reply, that gentler looks, and words less rapid and impassioned, would become him better, while addressing Don Felix: adding, 'but you are right, and, if I mistake not, Don Carlos, the brother of Elvira, is now before me.' He instantly rejoined, that, to

my confusion, he was Elvira's brother; and upbraided me for my cruelty towards her in terms too severe for a proud spirit like mine to brook, consistent with those false notions of honour which sway the bosoms of the violent and unprincipled.

'Painful to memory is the whole of my fatal history! But at this period of it, recollection rises to torture; I see expectation pictured in your countenance; I behold your frame agitated for what is to come, which indeed proved dreadful in the extreme.

'To complete my cruelty to Elvira, I became her brother's murderer. Mutual reproaches brought on a fatal contest—my sword pierced the bosom of the noble youth—and as the light of heaven closed on Don Carlos, the night of existence encompassed the wretched Felix. On beholding my victim fall, my heart was struck with sudden desperation—my castle was soon to echo with the piercing shrieks of an injured wife wailing over the bleeding corpse of a long expected and beloved brother; therefore to enter its gates again was impossible! That ignominy which my conduct merited, my pride revolted at—my wish was death, but, immersed in guilt and infamy, I yet started at the idea of suicide, and yet live to thank heaven for preserving me from that deed, to which repentance is denied. Flight only could prevent public punishment. I therefore lost no time in gaining the first port, where I found a vessel ready to sail for St. Domingo, in which I embarked, completely wretched, and determined to hide my head where search could never find me. About six weeks after we had set sail, I beheld, with gloomy satisfaction, that storm approaching, which filled all the mariners with dread—thunder, lightning, rain, and tempest appalled every heart but mine. I considered myself as the wretch whom heaven was pursuing with the rage of elements, and that on my account the vessel was devoted. I now heard the seamen busy at cutting away the mainmast, which, with a tremendous shock, went over the ship's side; and now, expecting to go down every moment, a sudden swell precipitated the vessel against a rock, and it instantly was entombed in the deep and terrible ocean. I was borne by a wave to a cavity in the rock, a point of which wounding my side, awakened me to a sense of feeling. Though encompassed with horrors I had yet a chance for life.—Alas! we know not ourselves. Wicked men may pretend to brave death, but its instant terrors must and will appal them. An hour's existence to make my peace with heaven was all I could hope for, but even that

hour seemed worth the struggling for, and now another wave would have swept me back again; but the lightning, dreadful as it was at that instant, proved the means of my preservation. I discovered a chasm in the rock, into which I crept, and when the sea left me, by the same light I proceeded still farther, till I had got beyond the reach of the waters; and now the storm abating, the lightning ceased by degrees, and in a few hours I heard the appeased waves gently lashing the base of my asylum. Darkness and silence now surrounded me; I listened if I could hear the moan of any of the crew, but I listened in vain.—The morn arose, with a splendor doubly glorious. Imagine to yourself the ideas of a man, raised from death to life, and removed to a part of the world where he beheld the sun shine forth with a splendor before unknown to him, and even unconceived; placed too in safety, near the summit of a grand and shelving rock, forming one of a vast and continued range, skirting a glorious sea, where the eye looks in vain for an opposing shore!—Such was my situation, and I blessed the power which preserved me, as its goodness opened my lips in praise and thanksgiving!

—I now proceeded to the summit of the rock, which I easily gained, as the fissures formed verdant passages: and to my inexpressible satisfaction, I found that a gentle and safe declivity led me down to the vale you have passed, and which you must confess exceeds in beauty and description any you have met with. In a few hours my satisfaction was further heightened on discovering this cave, near which a winding passage between the rocks led me to the sea-shore, where I found abundance of shell-fish. The sides of the valley furnished me with plenty of those large leaves which luxuriantly enrich it, with which I soon formed a comfortable bed. I now began to feel hunger; my sword, though broken as you see, yet hung by my side; I again examined my garden of sweets, and discovered a bed of moss, which had been dried by the sun; of this I gathered, and had the satisfaction to find that, on striking my sword against the stony side of my cavern, I could set it in a flame; by this means I prepared my fish, and with a thankful heart made a most luxuriant meal.

The next morning I arose, after a repose as calm as my pained mind would permit, and had not proceeded far before I came to the adjoining wood, which abounded with the richest fruits.—Here let me close the history of my guilty life; full many a year have I wept for my offences, and I yet trust to meet those
whole

whose hearts I have wounded in the regions of immortality. Your agitation during my sad sad story has made my heart bleed afresh; for if the relation of crimes committed can thus affect my hearer, what a wretch must I have been, to have acted such crimes with a heart unfeeling as this sore on which I am reeling!

'Revered and respected mourner,' replied Alonzo, 'little do you imagine the cause of my agitation. For thus on my knees I supplicate the blessing of a father!' 'A father!' 'Yes,' replied Alonzo, rising and opening his breast, 'Know you this picture?' 'Mysterious heaven! the same I gave Elvira! Oh! say quickly, does she live?' 'Yes, my honoured parent,' replied Alonzo, 'Your Elvira lives a saint in heaven, where you and I shall one day join her.' The Hermit bowed his head; and bending on his knees, past a few minutes in solemn ejaculations to the disposer of human events; then rising, fell on the neck of his son, and wept over him. When the surprise and rapture of both father and son was somewhat subsided, Alonzo, at the request of his father, took up the melancholy narrative.

'It would not be in my power,' continued Alonzo, 'to gratify the desire you must naturally have to learn every particular respecting the fate of those from whom the event you have just related doomed you to quit so precipitately, if I had not experienced in Don Carlos, from my infancy, the protection of a father, and, from my manhood, the attention of a friend: frequent conversations with that worthy man have enabled me to relate every circumstance you wish to be informed of. The melancholy which oppressed you was too evident not to be observed by Elvira, who would gladly have sacrificed her life to your happiness and comfort; and it was with the utmost concern that she received intelligence, on the approach of evening, that the time of your usual return, had been greatly exceeded. Two messengers were dispatched to the grove, who were much alarmed at hearing the moan of distress. They immediately hastened to the spot from whence it proceeded, where they beheld Don Carlos extended, and faint with the loss of blood. They instantly raised him from the ground, and supported him to the castle. Don Carlos then informed the domestics who he was, but charged them not to announce his arrival to his sister until a surgeon had examined his wound.—Convinced of the propriety of obeying this injunction, they repaired to the agitated Elvira with the heart-rending intelligence that they had searched for you in vain.

'The hurt Don Carlos had received was found an examination, to be but slight; he therefore gave orders that Elvira should be informed that he was in the castle.—The meeting between my mother and this most valuable of men, was, as might be expected, affectionate and impassioned.—My uncle, with a guarded conduct worthy of his manly and collected mind, heard the pathetic bodings of Elvira, and admired and pitied the generous sorrow which sed on itself, rather than give up the cause to the sudden violence of passion, or to the more fatal determination of revenge. The night advancing, Don Carlos prevailed on my mother to retire to her chamber, where he entreated she would dismiss, as far as possible, her apprehensions, and endeavour to gain a little repose. But alas! the hours of darkness were filled up with the bitterness of anguish. Don Carlos closed not his eyes in sleep, but chusing a chamber adjoining that of his sister, he was attentive only to the deep sobs which he distinctly heard, and which made him tremble for the task of explanation he had to perform in the morning. At length its light returned; when, rising early, he waited the appearance of Elvira.—It was not long before she entered the parlour; and, after the greetings of the morning, Don Carlos requested her attention to a circumstance, he had to relate, which equally concerned them both. He then proceeded—'To bear with fortitude and resignation, my beloved sister, the ills that are sure to visit us during our continuance in this world of trial, is the duty of all, but more especially of those whose minds have been trained up to the love and practice of virtue, and who have been taught to look forward to the unmixed felicity which will attend a future state.—The shadowy vale of human existence is beset with the wiles of guilt, and engloomed with the clouds of adversity. Your lot and mine, my sister, is that of sorrow; but we must bear our sufferings with patience and humility. O, my Elvira! you know not the tyranny of the passions, and cannot imagine how deeply your brother has sinned against the dictates of that religion he has been taught so much to revere. I have, my sister, opposed wrong with wrong, and violence with violence; I have offended heaven, and feel, in a wounded mind, the punishment I have too justly merited. I had forgotten, in the fury of my resentment, that the bolts of vengeance are in the hands of the Almighty, who alone knows when and where to discharge them; but the mercy of Heaven has saved me from the guilt of murder.—The arm of my antagonist, raised in its

own defence, by proving more powerful than that of Elvira's brother, has preserved the life of Elvira's husband.' My mother, on hearing the conclusion of this impassioned address, was very near fainting; but she soon revived, and heard, with a tolerable degree of calmness, the whole of what had passed between my uncle and yourself. In a little time the hurt Don Carlos had received was entirely healed, and he made every possible enquiry concerning you, but in vain. The affliction, arising from an ignorance of your fate, pressed heavy on his bosom; he heard with pain and pity the whole of that conduct which you have so deeply condemned, and was continually accusing himself as the cause of my mother's melancholy.

I pass over in silence the few incidents which marked the years of my infancy.—During their course I had often heard my uncle and mother hold conversation about yourself, which always terminated in tears. On these occasions I felt and questioned as a child, but was only answered with embraces, and a promise that I should one day know the history of my father.—When I had attained my tenth year, the promise was performed by my uncle in the tenderest manner.—After your tale was told, he led me to the chamber of my expiring parent.—You weep sir; I will suspend my narrative. 'No,' replied the hermit; 'proceed; for I will follow her through the road of sorrow and repentance to that heaven where all tears shall be wiped away.'—Alonzo went on—'The last time I beheld my honoured parent was a few days before her departure. My uncle led me to her bedside,' and said, 'My dear dear Elvira, here is your child, give him your blessing; and if it be the will of heaven that we must shortly part for a season, may the interval be long enough for me to perform the duty of a father and a friend. Let but the dangerous period of youth pass over the head of your son, that I may leave him with reason for his guide, and I shall then lie down in peace trusting that, from the example which has been set before him, he will not render himself unhappy by his follies, or injure society by his offences.' My mother, with a placid smile, expressive of thankfulness to her brother and tenderness to me, leaned forward to enclose me in her never-to-be-forgotten embrace. With a deep sigh she took this picture from her neck, and placed it upon mine; then pressed her pale lips to my cheek, and grasped my hand in hers; while her heart seemed too full for utterance. At length a deep sigh relieved her; and thus, while looking wistfully in my

face, she addressed me in words which will for ever exist in my memory, and live in my heart:—'Beloved semblance of a poor wanderer from his home, and from those who loved him, I invest thee with the silent image of thy absent parent; look on it, my child, until death, with reverence; remember it was valuable to thy afflicted mother, and let that remembrance induce thee, if ever its long lost and dear original should return, to give him that honour and affection which is due from a son to a father. I have ever observed in you an amiable disposition; which, I trust, will render your life easy and your death happy. Look up, at all times, to this dear friend to you and me; and to be good, learn to copy him.' Here my uncle shed tears, and gently withdrawing me from Elvira, fell on his knees. I accompanied, instinctively, this best of men; and, kneeling with him, promised to remember and perform her solemn charge if ever Providence should enable me so to do. I then rose with my uncle, by whom I was led, deeply affected with suppressed sobbings, from the mournful chamber. It might be said of my mother, that

'Beside her couch Death took his patients
stand,
And, menac'd oft and oft, withheld the
blow.'

But not, as the same elegant writer adds,

'To wean her from a world she lov'd too
well.'

'For your Elvira, my father, had passed a life of piety and resignation, Don Carlos, in whom was united the affectionate uncle and endearing friend, has frequently in conversation dwelt on her sorrows, her goodness, her beauty, and particularly on that 'patient bearing' which marked her conduct through every trying scene of her interesting existence. To him she would relate how strongly her earliest regard was fixed on you; how, when but children together, she would watch the infant wishes that rose in your bosom; and what pure delight pressed upon her's, if haply it were in her power at any time to gratify them. Then would she advance onward to the commencement of her sorrows in the cruel refusal of your father to the union proposed by her's. But here, sir, your gushing tears prevent my proceeding farther; too well you know and feel the rest. I meant to comfort, and not to wring your heart, by—'O, my child! my child!' interrupted the hermit, 'you do not wring, but you relieve'

lieve my heart; and these tears bring comfort with them. I am thankful to Heaven, who gives them to flow. I weep only at the discovery you have made, for such was the delicacy of the lost Elvira's affection, that I knew not before the extent of her love towards me, ingrate, who was in every respect so utterly unworthy of so refined a regard.'

Alonzo, at the request of the hermit to dwell on every particular, related the last affecting conversation between Carlos and Elvira; at the close of which the latter sunk on the arm of her brother, and slept in peace. 'Thus, my father,' he continued, 'have I related every particular you wished to know concerning the dear departed. My uncle, being a finished scholar, took upon himself the charge of my education.—Under such a tutor my studies proved delightful; and, before I was sixteen, the task was completed. I now, sir, have to relate a circumstance which I am sure will affect you as much as it has your son.'

'Don Carlos had ever been remarkably fond of hunting, and one fatal day, in the rapidity of the chase, he was flung from his horse, and broke his arm. The pain arising from this accident brought on a fever, which proved fatal, and deprived me of a worthy relation, and a dear and valuable friend. For a long time I was inconsolable for a loss which was never to be made up.—In vain I endeavoured to divert my melancholy days by reading and society. I found no companion equal to that I had been thus suddenly bereft of: and I turned to no book but what reminded me of its dear and late owner; its most striking passages having been pointed out by that most amiable and deserving of men.'

'The world becoming thus a blank, I yet endeavoured to bear up, as my duty suggested, against the pressure of dejection;

and, willing to quit for a time a spot which was continually bringing to my recollection the hours of happiness for ever gone by, I determined to accompany my companions, who are now ranging this delightful garden of pure and unassisted Nature, who best knows how to deck and beautify her glorious works: with them I have indeed made a voyage of *discovery*; and, in finding the revered author of my being, to whom I have surely been guided by the hand of Providence, I end my pursuit.'

As if they had waited for its close, the narrative of Alonzo was now succeeded by the appearance of his friends, to whom he presented the Hermit, who was received by them with all that reverence his venerable and majestic presence inspired; for religion had dignified his countenance, and sorrow had marked his manner with that nameless something with which the sometimes invests her mourning children; and which at once raises commiseration and commands respect. It remains only to inform the reader, that Alonzo and his party, accompanied by the Hermit, who shed tears on quitting his cavern, departed from the island; which has been since peopled, and is now another Eden, filled with the children of simplicity and peace.

The reflections which arose in the Hermit's mind, on revisiting this castle may be conceived by some, but no pen can possibly describe them. His affectionate son soothed his sorrows in a degree, but they were not to be erased from a heart which was doomed to sink under them.—Don Felix passed a few years more in deep repentance 'for errors long confessed,' and then died a sincere penitent, whose life had exhibited a striking instance of Heaven's impartial justice and extended mercy.

ACCOUNT OF THE FRENCH ROYAL FAMILY.

LOUIS XVI. is now about thirty-four years of age; he ascended the throne of his grandfather about seventeen, and shortly afterwards married the sister of the present Emperor of Germany:

When he was first married, he was thin to a particular degree of observation; but being naturally of a mild, quiescent temper, and indulging in the pleasures of the table, he is now perhaps one of the fatterest men in his dominions.

To counteract this in some degree, he rises early, and almost daily takes the diversion of the chase; but from dinner till bed-time, indulges with the intervention of hardly any other business than the signing of dispatches, &c.

His general character is that of being mild, affable and ductile: hence his court has been a court of favoritism, party, &c.

He has had four children; two of whom are dead. His present family consists of

the Dauphin, a child about six years old, and a princess.

The Queen is nearly about the King's age, has much majesty and vivacity in her port, and is on the whole reckoned one of the finest women in France.

Monsieur, the King's next brother, is nearly as fat as the Sovereign, and was in the beginning of the present troubles rather a favourite of the people.

The Count d'Artois, the King's second

brother, is a tall, well-moulded, elegant figure, with much vivacity and decision in his character. He rendered himself unpopular on the first meeting of the Notables, and seems to have increased that unpopularity to a degree of proscription.

The Count's party has, for several years back, been called to the Queen's, aided by the Count d'Artois: these two were said to have the most prevailing influence on the King in all his measures.

ON THE EXPRESSION OF THE FACE.

AN ESSAY.

BY the expression of the Face is meant the expression of the passions; the turns and changes of the mind, so far as they are made visible to the eye by our looks.

The parts of the face in which the passions most frequently make their appearance, are the eyes and mouth; but from the eyes, they diffuse themselves very strongly about the eye-brows; as, in the other case, they appear often in the parts all round the mouth.

Philosophers may dispute as much as they please about the seat of the soul; but, wherever it resides, we are sure that it speaks in the eyes. Perhaps it is injuring the eye-brows, to make them only dependents on the eyes; for they, especially in lively faces, have, as it were, a language of their own; and are extremely varied, according to the different sentiments and passions of the mind.

A degree of displeasure may be often discerned in a lady's eye-brow, though she have address enough not to let it appear in her eyes; and at other times may be discovered so much of her thoughts, in the line just above her eye-brows, that she would probably be amazed how any body could tell what passed in her mind, and (as the thought) undiscovered, by her face, so particularly and distinctly.

Homer makes the eye-brows the seat of majesty, Virgil of dejection, Horace of modesty, and Juvenal of pride; and it is not certain whether every one of the passions be not assigned, by one or other of the poets, to the same part.

Having hitherto spoken only of the passions in general, we will now consider a little which of them add to beauty, and which of them take from it.

We may say, in general, that all the ten-

der and kind passions add to beauty; and all the cruel and unkind ones add to deformity: and it is on this account that good-nature may very justly be said to be 'the best feature even in the finest face.'

Mr. Pope has included the principal passions of each sort in two very pretty lines:

Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train;
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain.

The former of which naturally give an additional lustre and enlivening to beauty; as the latter are too apt to sling a gloom and cloud over it.

Yet in these, and all the other passions, moderation ought perhaps to be considered in a great measure the rule of their beauty, almost as far as moderation in actions, is the rule of virtue. Thus an excessive joy may be too boisterous in the face to be pleasing; and a degree of grief, in some faces, and on some occasions, may be extremely beautiful. Some degrees of anger, shame, surprise, fear, and concern, are beautiful; but all excess is hurtful, and all excess ugly. Dulness, austerity, impudence, pride, affectation, malice, and envy, are always ugly.

The finest union of passions that can perhaps be observed in any face, consists of a just mixture of modesty, sensibility, and sweetness; each of which when taken singly is very pleasing: but when they are all blended together, in such a manner as either to enliven or correct each other, they give almost as much attraction as the passions are capable of adding to a very pretty face.

The prevailing passion in the Venus of Medici is modesty; it is express'd by each

of her hands, in her looks, and in the turn of her head. And by the way, it may be questioned, whether one of the chief reasons why side-faces please one more than full ones, be not from the former having more of the air of modesty than the latter. This at least is certain, that the best artists usually chioose to give a side-face rather than a full one; in which attitude, the turn of the neck too has more beauty, and the passions more activity and force. Thus, as to hatred and affection in particular, the look that was formerly supposed to carry an infection with it from malignant eyes, was a slanting regard; like that which Milton gives to Satan, when he is viewing the happiness of our first parents in paradise; and the fascination, or stroke of love, is most usually conveyed, at first, in a side-glance.

It is owing to the great force of pleasingness which attends all the kinder passions, that lovers do not only seem, but are really, more beautiful to each other than they are to the rest of the world; because when they are together, the most pleasing passions are more frequently exerted in each of their faces than the are in either before the rest of the world. There is then (as a certain French writer very well expresses it) 'A soul upon their countenances,' which does not appear when they are absent from each other; or even when they are together conversing with other persons, that are indifferent to them, or rather lay a restraint upon their features.

The superiority which the beauty of the passions has over the mere beauty of form and colour, will probably be now pretty evident: or if this should appear still problematical to any one, let him consider a little the following particulars, of which every body must have met with several instances in their lifetime. That there is a great deal of difference in the same face, according as a person is in a better or a worse humour, or in a greater or less degree of liveliness? that the best complexion, the finest features, and the exactest shape, without any thing of the mind expressed on the face, are as insipid and unmoving as the waxen figure of the fine Duchess of Richmond in Westminster-Abbey: that the finest eyes in the world, with an excess of malice or rage in them,

will grow as shocking as they are in that fine face of Medusa on the famous seal in the Strozzi family at Rome; that a face without any good features in it, and with a very indifferent complexion, shall have a very taking air; from the sensibility of the eyes, the general good-humoured turn of the look, and perhaps a little agreeable smile about the mouth. And these three things perhaps would go a great way toward accounting for the *Je ne scui quoi*, or that inexplicable pleasingness of the face (as they chioose to call it,) which is so often talked of and so little understood.

Thus it appears that the passions can give beauty without the assistance of colour or form; and take it away where they have united the most strongly to give it. And hence the superiority of this part of beauty to the other two.

This, by the way, may help us to account for the justness of what Pliny asserts in speaking of the famous statue of Laocoon and his two sons; he says, it was the finest piece of art in Rome; and to be preferred to all the other statues and pictures, of which they had so noble a collection in his time. It had no beauties of colour to vie with the paintings and other statues there; as the Apollo of Belvedere and the Venus of Medici, in particular, were as finely proportioned as the Laocoon: but this had much greater variety of expression even than those fine ones; and it must be on that account alone that it could have been preferable to them and all the rest.

Before quitting this head, two things before mentioned deserve to be repeated: that the chief rule of the beauty of the passions is moderation; and that the part in which they appear most strongly is the eyes. It is there that love holds all his tenderest language: it is there that virtue commands, modesty charms, joy enlivens, sorrow engages, and inclination fires the hearts of the beholders: it is there that even fear, and anger, and confusion, can be charming. But all these, to be charming, must be kept within their due bounds and limits: for too sullen an appearance of virtue, a violent and prostitute swell of passion, a rustic and overwhelming modesty, a deep sadness, or too wild and impetuous a joy, become all either oppressive or disagreeable.

AMYNTAS. A PASTORAL FRAGMENT FROM GESNER.

AS poor Amyntas was returning one morning from the neighbouring fo-

rest with his hatchet in his hand, and a bundle of poles on his shoulder, he beheld

a young oak planted by the side of a rapid stream. The violence of the current had washed the earth from its roots, and the dry trunk seemed to wait a speedy and melancholy downfall. 'What a pity is it, said he, this young tree should fall a prey to the waters!—No, it shall not be torn away by the roots, and made the sport of the impetuous torrent.' Then taking the poles from his shoulders, he drove them into the ground, making a hollow fence round the bottom of the tree, which he filled up with moist earth. Thus having secured the roots of the oak, he threw his hatchet over his shoulder, and enjoyed the satisfaction of surveying his labour, under the shadow of the drooping tree he had saved. He was about to return to the forests, to cut a fresh bundle of poles, when the dryad of the oak, speaking in an hol-

low but enchanting voice from the trunk of the tree, addressed him thus:

'What shall I do for thee, young Shepherd, in return for this benevolent act? I know thou art poor, and hast only five ewes in the world. What dost thou wish for? Speak, and it is thine.'

'O Nymph, replied the poor shepherd, if thou permittest me to name my wish, it is, That my neighbour Palemon, who has been sick ever since harvest, may be restored to health.'

His request was granted. Palemon recovered; and Amyntas also experienced the protection of the divinity: his flock was increased, his fruits, and his trees. He became a rich shepherd—A bright example, that the gods leave not BENEVOLENCE unrewarded.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR THE MEASLES IN SWINE.

[From the Dublin Universal Magazine.]

IT frequently happens that swine are killed when disordered by the measles, which is easily discovered by the meat or flesh containing small globular red or white pustules, of different sizes, varying according to the different degrees of the disease; which originate from their being fed with fusty, damaged corn, or some unwholesome food; or from its being boiled in lead and copper vessels, in which it hath lain too long; or from their being kept in a wet or dirty pen; either of which causes tends to obstruct the free circulation of the fluids; hence arise those globular pustules, which are the juices render-

ed viscid and coagulated.—About once a week, mix two spoonfuls of madder in their food, which prevents obstructions, acting as a diuretic, and is at the same time an astringent. And on some other day in the week, give a spoonful or two of an equal quantity of flour of sulphur and saltpetre, well pounded and mixed, which purifies and cools the blood. All these different articles added to each pail of food in the morning, on separate days, prevent the measles, keep the swine extremely healthy, and fatten them more expeditiously.

CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE IN NATURAL HISTORY.

[Related by a Gentleman of Veracity, Learning, and Abilities, who fills a considerable Post in the Company's Service in India, dated Patna in Bengal, Sept. 24, 1788.]

THE travelling Faquirs in this country are a kind of superstitious devotees, who pretend to great zeal in religion, but are, in fact, the most vicious and profligate wretches in the world. They wander about the country here, as the Gypsies do with you; and having some little smattering of physic, music or other arts, they introduce themselves by these means wherever they go.—One of them called a

few days ago at my house, who had a beautiful large snake in a basket, which he made rise up and dance about to the tune of a pipe on which he played. It happened that my out-houses and farm-yard had for some time been infested with snakes, which had killed me several turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, and even a cow and a bullock. My servants asked this man whether he could pipe these snakes out of their

holes, and catch them? He answered them in the affirmative, and they carried him instantly to the place where one of the snakes had been seen. He began piping, and in a short time the snake came dancing to him: the fellow caught him by the nape of his neck, and brought him to me. As I was incredulous, I did not go to see this first operation; but as he took this reptile so expeditiously, and I still suspected some trick, I desired him to go and catch another, and went with him myself to observe his motions. He began by abusing the snake, and ordering him to come out of his hole instantly and not be angry, otherwise he would cut his throat and suck his blood. I cannot swear that the snake heard and understood this elegant invocation. He then began piping with all his might, lest the snake should be deaf; he had not piped above five mi-

nutes, when an immense large *Covuo Capelle* (the most venomous kind of serpent) popped his head out of a hole in the room. When the man saw his nose, he approached nearer to him, and piped more vehemently till the snake was more than half out, and ready to make a dart at him; he then piped with only one hand, and advanced the other under the snake as it was raising itself to make the spring. When the snake darted at his body, he made a snatch at his tail, which he caught very fast, without the least apprehension of being bit, until my servants dispatched it. I had often heard the story of snakes being charmed out of their holes by music; but never believed it, till I had this ocular demonstration of the fact—in the space of an hour the Faquir caught five very venomous snakes close about my house.

PLEASURE THE GREAT SPUR OF HUMAN ACTIONS.

PLEASURE, in one degree or other, is the soul of all human actions. It is engrafted with the human faculties, and cannot forsake us. Things useful are not desired merely because they are useful, but from some other motive—either pleasure itself, or something relative to pleasure. In respect to eating or drinking, soft music, sweet perfumes, agreeable colours, and the like, it is evident we value them chiefly from the pleasure resulting from them; and the same idea may be carried to the great arts and sciences.

The various employments of commerce, navigation, and war, are carried on in the hope of enjoying future ease, future pleasure; and every man, in short, who bustles through the world with fatigue and care, does he not undergo every thing, pleased with the distant hope of enjoying future ease and quiet—to eat when he shall be hungry, to drink when he is thirsty, to repose himself when he is weary, and to amuse himself when he is idle? This is generally the aim of all the world—of the husbandman, the tradesman, the soldier, the lawyer, the merchant, and the seaman. Horace says,

The soldier fights, the busy tradesman
cheats,
And finds a thousand tricks and sly de-
ceits;

The heavy plough contents the lab'ring
hind,
The merchant strives with every tide
and wind;
And all this toil to get vast heaps of
gold,
That they may live at ease when they
are old.

This too is the design of the courtiers, and of those who busy themselves in obtaining high employments and offices. They undergo many labours, use many devices, suffer many vicissitudes, and all for no other purpose than to retreat at last in peace, and spend the remainder of their lives consistent with their inclination and ease. Even the most sordid and most covetous misers propose to themselves the pleasure to look upon their coffers full of gold and silver.

A sordid churl, the jest of all the place,
Thus comforted himself for his disgrace:
The lousy rabble hiss me on the street,
And grin, and teaze at every turn we
meet;
But what care I, when I can hug at
home
My burbling bags, and gaze upon my
plum.

Alexander, who desolated half the world,
found

* That this method of charming the serpentine race was practised at a very early period of antiquity, appears from the allusion of the Holy Psalmist, in the 4th and 5th verses of the 58th Psalm.

found pleasure in the thoughts of mighty conquests. Cæsar would have never ventured to experience the dangers of Pharsalia, but to obtain the pleasure of becoming Pompey's conqueror, and master of the Roman empire.

Not to mention those who, not understanding that nature is satisfied with a little, delight in debauchery and excess; who by rapine, fraud, and every indirect means, strive to collect riches, only that they may have the pleasure of wasting them in prodigality, luxury, and riot. This gave occasion to Manlius to complain:

For heaven is kind; with bounteous hand it grants

A fit supply for nature's sober wants.
She asks not much, yet men press blindly on,

And heap up more to be the more undone:

By luxury they rapine's force maintain:
What that scrapes up, flows out in luxury again;

And to be squander'd, or to raise debate,
Is the sole service of a great estate.

But these men have mistaken what they were in pursuit of. Epicurus, who was even the head of the most sensual philosophers in the world, never intended that his pleasure should extend to a sottishness, or a privation of sense and action, as may be proved from what he was pleased with in his retirements, either in meditating, or in taking care of children. On the contrary, from that state of life he derived the most pleasing, the most delightful sensations. The pleasures of life do not consist in great things, but in little objects; and a refined philosopher would extract

the highest enjoyment from trifling circumstances or situations which others would be apt to overlook. When a man, says Epicurus, recalls to memory the storms that he has weathered, the dangers he has passed, he fancies himself in a safe haven, possessing a calm and serene tranquillity, and he derives from thence the most agreeable reflections.

'Tis pleasant, when the seas are rough,
to stand

And view another's danger safe at land;
Not 'cause he's troubled, but 'tis sweet
to see

Those cares and fears from which our-
selves are free.

He tells us also, to the same purpose, that it is pleasant to look from a high tower upon two great armies drawn up in battle, without being concerned in the danger.

'Tis also pleasant to behold from far
How troops engage, secure ourselves
from war.

But there is nothing so pleasant as to see ourselves, by the help of knowledge and learning, advanced to the top of Wisdom's temple, from whence, serene and quiet, we look upon the busy world below, without being concerned in its cares. This is the summit to which all the wishes of mankind lead.

————— How sweet
To sit upon the summit of thy hill,
O fair Philosophy! and view the world
Its little, trifling, bustling cares among,
Ourselves enjoying happiness and ease.

T H E S C E P T I C,

(Continued from p. 40.)

HOW shall a man avoid the smile of folly, or shun the bantering petulance of sarcasm? Is he stimulated by the imagined wisdom of self-important folly to judge, to decide, to dogmatize—others are as judicious and as dogmatical as himself, and must confirm the strength of their own judgments by laughing at the imbecility of his. Is he guided by true philosophy to shun the glare of confidence, and seek the gloom of doubt, whose twilight shades suit better his weak optics; the

sneering wit disturbs him with the broad glare of ridicule. Shall he shun the world, and satisfy himself with his own good opinion? Alas! in the narrow sphere of self, is there room sufficient for the enjoyments of intellect? Or quitting those, can sense supply the void?

THE SARCASM.

As I entered the house of my congenial friend Dubium, the other evening, I was
not

not a little surprised at the salutation of Arisor. 'Ha, Mr. Apathus,' said he, 'you are the very Operator we stand in need of to ease the Labour of our friend Dubium—to play the midwife to his seeming doubts. And who can perform this operation better than Apathus, who has already kindly peopled the regions of uncertainty, by helping into the world more objections and pyrrhonisms, than all the gramarians and lexicographers in Great Britain would undertake to clothe. Poor Dubium has been in hard labour of a doubt these three hours. I was wishing for the assistance of Mr. Hume, who had also much skill in those cases; but I know the talents of Apathus at a scepticism, are no way inferior.

MONASTIC SENTIMENTS.

'We have been reading'—said Dubium with great deliberation, contracting his brow very thoughtfully—'we have been reading a maxim of one of the pontifical councils, *that no man can, with a safe conscience, practise the law, or follow any trade or profession*; which these gentlemen have very loudly condemned. But you know what a *high authority* this comes from. And, therefore, I was thinking—I was supposing, you see—Let us see—perhaps it may be very—Uum—Ah! *any trade or profession*—Ah! that is—perhaps it may be—it may mean—*Can't with a safe conscience practise*—'What! in labour yet?' exclaimed Arisor, laughing. 'Do prithee, Apathus, perform the Casarian operation on his brain, and save the doubt, though at the expence of his head. Though, faith, I begin to suspect an imperfect conception.' 'However this may be,' said I, 'it is not clear to me whether you would not yourselves (if you spoke your sentiments freely) give countenance to my opinion, that it is as probable that the *maxim is true as that it is false*. Remember, gentlemen, I bar all offence. Let us begin with

'THE LAWYER.

'Now what are your real sentiments, captain, of the honour and integrity of the profession?' 'Why truly,' said he with an oath, 'to speak openly like a soldier, who, though he sometimes lays by his sword, never parts with his honour and sincerity, I do think it is a knavish piece of business, to skulk behind the fortifications of the law, to catch poor clients in the ambuscade of error, and give them over to be plundered. Then to hear them talk for and against as such a rate; and spend their

breath on any side of any quarrel; just for the sake of a fee! Hang me if I think there's either honour or conscience in it.' 'At least as much,' cries the gentleman of the robe, 'as can be attributed to

'THE SOLDIER,

Who cuts people's throats for the sake of plunder. If you file your bill against our profession, we are ready to join issue, and enter into recognizances to defend our action, and to proceed to trial on the merits of the cause. Not but I know that, much as you military men boast of your honourable actions, you generally leave it to others to pay the costs. Lawyers, let me tell you, are the guardians of justice, as law is the perfection of reason; and society cannot be preserved without us. But as for the gentlemen of the sword, let them but alone to their own summary process, they'd be removing all mankind by *Haieas Corpus* into the courts above presently. I declare I cannot think how people who make a trade of slaughter, can ever ever lay themselves down in peace upon their beds.' 'Nor I either,' said Philanthropus, 'or he who lives by harassing mankind with litigations either. I know, indeed, as you say, that those who treat of law abstractedly, call it *the perfection of reason*; but those who know it experimentally, generally agree in calling it the paroxysm of oppression and absurdity. Faith, I hardly know who is worst, he who beggars my whole family for a fee, or he who cuts my throat for renown. I thank heaven that I have enlisted myself among

THE LITERATI;

Whose philosophic studies, and elegant pursuits, quell the intemperate passions, and soften the manners, so as to make them strangers alike to the selfish principles and contentious spirits of the one, and the haughty turbulence and ferocity of the other.' 'And so, gentlemen, you each of you think the conclave right, so far as the maxim does not affect yourselves,' said Arisor. 'Perhaps your's commendable for preserving good opinions of yourselves;—*for bapless is he of whom no one speaks well*. But I cannot quite subscribe to the philosophic gentleness, the disinterested urbanity of these same literati. Where were all these boasted qualities, when the Dunciad of Pope poured the torrent of elegant illiberality, of witty malignice, and injurious satire, on all he thought his rivals or his foes?—Where, when the captious and envious Criticisms of John-

son blotted with indiscriminate censure the works of poetic genius, and endeavoured to tarnish the glories of our whole race of poets?—Where, when Kenrick declared this same Johnson (who with all his cynical envy, was a great and glorious character) unacquainted with any science, art, or language?—or, when he endeavoured to stain the character of our immortal Roscius with imputed crimes, of which he never believed him guilty; for the accusation, of which he begged pardon in the public prints, and yet afterwards repeated the charge?

The pen of the writer, believe me, is frequently as much the enemy to domestic peace as the litigious arts of the lawyer, and, sometimes, no less destructive than the soldier's sword. Archilochus among the Greeks, and Junius among the English, have steeped this sharp weapon first in gall, and then died in the blood of their adversaries. And, even in the present day (though with less success, perhaps not with more principle or humanity), does not the sarrago-monger, Peter Pindar, drive, assassin-like, his envenomed poinard at public and private worth,—at genius, science, and even at gracious Majesty.—But I leave him in peace to the oblivion in which he is sinking; advising him only, if ever he should make his appearance in the world of letters again, to accept of the following motto from Pope's Homer:

‘Thersites, only clamour'd of the throng,
Loquacious, bold, and turbulent of tongue;
Awd by no shame, by no respect controld,
In-scandal busy, in reproaches bold;
Achilles or Ulysses still his theme,
But royal scandal his delight supreme.’

‘Nor are they always restrained to their proper weapon. I was not long since at a literary society, where two of these philosophers differing in opinion, proceeded to acts of hostility, not of the most refined description.

‘THE SQUABBLE.

‘Often had I been delighted to hear *Cat-a-warwl* pour forth, with nasal twang, the sublime principles (to adopt his own phraseology) of *that conglomerated constellation of metaphorical beauty* (the holy writings); to see him, when elevated by the flowing howl, accompany his elaborate rhapsodies with all the tortuous exuberations of *tragic buffnery*, and roll his eyes, when he talked of the forbearing doctrines of the Prince of Peace, till the balls seemed starting from their astonished sockets. As often have I listened while *Jemmy M'Politic*, whatever might be the subject of conversation, began with *Hume's Ideas of a perfect Commonwealth*, waded through the annals of English history, with now and then a digression on the Principles of Morals; and shew that the only way to come at truth, and unite mankind in harmony and respect to religion, ethics, taste, or science, was to make Mr. Fox Prime Minister, and Sheridan Secretary of State; and that the only unalterable rule of right was to live peaceably, and oppose the Minister. But *cut awa mon*, *Jemmy* was contradicted about the pronunciation of a syllable, and *aw the blood of aw the Politics* was immediately in arms. *Jemmy* was loud, *Cat-a-warwl* reiterated his criticism. *Jemmy* swore—*Cat-a-warwl* recriminated. *Jemmy* forgot his peaceful patriotic creed, and bawled out fool and ass. The *par* of *Cat-a-warwl* was changed to a *squall* in high treble, and the punch-bowl flew into the face of his opponent; *Jemmy* immediately brandished his cudgel, which he now found to be his best rule of right, and levelled *Cat-a-warwl* with the earth; overturning, by his vehemence, table, glasses, bottles, candles, and his own loved self, much dearer far than all; so that, when the waiter, alarmed by the noise, brought in fresh lights, a scene of battle was discovered to the full as desperate, and almost as bloody, as any of which nine out of ten of our military gentlemen would wish to behold. For me I instantly retreated; forely surprised, no doubt, at the discovery that literati are but men, and that reading fine books, nor writing them neither, will subdue the passions of turbulence and pride.

THE LOST SON: AN AFFECTING HISTORY.

(Continued from Vol. III. P. 436.)

IN a letter to Mrs. Harley, announcing the pleasing hopes of soon seeing her in

England, Euphemia thus writes: ‘With this agreeable prospect before me, how shall

shall I account for an oppression of heart, which forces many an involuntary sigh from me, and sometimes draws tears from my eyes. You will call me weak, if I tell you that I have been greatly affected by a dream, which I had two nights ago; not that I can possibly draw either a good or bad presage from it, were I superstitiously disposed, which indeed is not the case; and I have often been surprised to find persons of good sense, lay so much stress on dreams, as to be uneasy or joyful according as they interpreted them.—The true reason, perhaps, why any credit is given them, is, because people mark when they hit, but never when they miss: my dream affected me because it called up some sad ideas, which to suppress has been a task to which all the fortitude I can boast has scarcely been equal.

* Methought I was passing to the water side, where a boat lay ready to carry me to the ship in which I was to embark for England. I had taken leave of my surrounding friends, and was preparing to step into the boat, when a youth crossed my path, and in an accent that harrowed up my soul exclaimed—“Ah, will you leave me! if you leave me now, you will never see me more.”

“I looked up; it was my child, my dear drowned boy, that stood before me; his very air and features with no other difference than what nine years growth might be supposed to make in his appearance. I screamed aloud—I clasped him in my arms; the strong emotion waked me; and I found I had my daughter, who slept with me, pressed close to my bosom, and her face all wet with my tears.

“Oh! my Maria, what melancholy scenes did this dream recal to my mind! I passed the night in tears and wailings: but no more on this sad theme: I will not suffer these bitter remembrances to cloud the happier prospects which our meeting again, after this long separation, affords me.”

In a subsequent letter from Euphemia is a pathetic account of the dangerous illness of her excellent friend Mrs. Benson. On the happy recovery of the latter, an event happened, highly interesting to Euphemia, and which Mrs. Benson thus relates, in a letter to Mrs. Hatley:

Madam,

My dear Euphemia puts the pen into my hand, that upon the first opening of this packet, the certainty of my recovery may be an earnest of her speedy return to you. I no longer regret that I was the cause of a delay which cost you so much uneasiness, and your sweet friend so much fatigue and distress, since that delay was

graciously ordered by Providence to produce an effect so surprising, so unlooked for, so happy. But my Euphemia commands me to give you an account of it in all its preparatory circumstances. I could have wished she had been willing to take this task upon herself, and have given it you in her own agreeable manner, which I cannot hope to imitate: so truly has it been observed, that the art of narration, which so many practise, and so few understand, is however easier to be understood than put in practice.

My recovery, madam, was as rapid as the progress of my disease had been; and my Euphemia's pious cares were rewarded with the re-establishment of my health in three weeks after Mr. Neville's departure.

Her friends at New-York now earnestly solicited her to take up her residence in that gay city, till an opportunity offered for her return to England; but she chose to pass her time at Mrs. Mountfort's villa, preferring the society of that agreeable woman, that of the sensible and pious Mrs. Lawson, and even mine, to the amusements she might have expected there, for which indeed she had little taste. ‘Conversation,’ said she, ‘has been properly stiled the air of the soul; they who value the health and ease of the mind, ought to chuse an element pure and serene for it to breathe in.’

I had nothing remaining of my former disorder but a little weakness, which lessened every day, and which did not prevent me from taking my early morning's walk as usual. In one of these excursions Mrs. Mountfort accompanied me; the weather being very warm I sat down under a tree and took out my netting, while she went to visit some other part of the plantation. While I was thus employed, I heard the sound of steps behind me. I rose up; and turning my eyes that way, perceived an Indian advancing towards me. Having now a full view of me, he stood still, expressing, by some very significant gestures, surprise and joy at meeting me (Mrs. Mountfort being out of sight,) I was a little uneasy at this encounter, and immediately took the same path she had done, with some precipitation.

The Indian perceiving that I was under apprehensions, stopped, and called out in English, ‘Madam, Mrs. Benson I pray do not be afraid; do not you know me madam?’

Struck with the sound of the voice, which I thought was not wholly unknown to me, I stopped in great agitation; he came up to me; and bowing low, said, ‘I am William, madam, Mr. Neville's servant; have you quite forgot me?’ Speech-

less with astonishment, I gazed eagerly on him; and notwithstanding the dark hue his skin had acquired his habit and the alteration that years had made in his countenance, I perceived all the features of William.

The fatal accident which his carelessness had been the cause of, now rushed upon my memory, and I burst into tears.

'Ah! what brings you here in this disguise?' said I, as soon as I was able to speak. 'Take care, and do not appear before your afflicted mistress; your sight will renew her sorrows. If you want my assistance, I am ready to afford it you; but never let my dear Euphemia see you.'

He answered with a smile.—'My mistress should not see me if I could not bring her comfort. Look there, madam,' added he, pointing to a young Indian, who that moment shewed himself between the trees, and upon the man's beckoning him came forwards slowly, with his eyes bent on the ground.

Amazement seized me! In the countenance of this Indian boy I perceived a strong resemblance to my Euphemia.—While I stood trembling unable to speak, my foot rooted to the ground, and my eyes fixed upon his face; William, throwing aside his mantle, bared his bosom, and shewed me the mark of the bow and arrow with which he was born.

Convinced of what till that moment I dared not to hope, astonishment and joy deprived me of all caution; I screamed aloud; and throwing my arms about the dear boy held him close embraced, without being able to utter a word. Mrs. Mountfort, who was not far distant, heard my cry, and came running in great terror to my assistance. The persons she saw with me, the attitude she found me in, filled her with astonishment.

'What is the meaning of all this?' said she, after a silence of some moments. 'What is this Indian boy to you, that you embrace him so fondly? Is this man his father? Good heaven! pursued she, looking earnestly in the face of the dear creature I still held in my arms, 'how handsome he is! Here is some mystery: speak to me, my dear Mrs. Benson; tell me what all this means!

'He is found,' cried I, almost breathless with emotion; 'my Euphemia's son is found! he whom we thought drowned—he is alive, this is he; see the indelible mark he was born with. But where is my Euphemia? let us fly to her.'—Mrs. Mountfort checked my transports.

'Take care how you communicate this news to Mrs. Neville,' said she; 'the surprise, the joy of such a discovery, will

operate too powerfully on her spirits, unless it is managed with great caution.'

'You are right,' replied I; 'but how, how shall we break it to her? how long shall we keep her ignorant of her happiness?'

That moment William exclaimed—'Sure, that is my mistress yonder—she is coming this way.—It is her—'it is your mother, Sir,' said he in French to the dear boy; who instantly withdrawing his hand from mine, sprung eagerly forwards a few paces, as if he intended to go and meet her, but was prevented by Mrs. Mountfort, who led him back. He yielded submissively, but still turned his eyes towards her, while on his expressive countenance all the various emotions that agitated his young breast were strongly painted.

Our two feigned Indians struck into the wood behind us; and Mrs. Mountfort and I hastened to meet Mrs. Neville. As soon as we came up to her she chid me gently for taking a walk so long for one so newly recovered from a dangerous illness; when, looking earnestly upon me—

'My dear Mrs. Benson,' said she; 'you are pale—you tremble. Alas! you are ill; let me lead you to the house.'

'No, no, my dear child,' replied I; 'I am not ill, my spirits have been hurried a little, that is all.'

'Has any thing happened to alarm you?' said she eagerly.

'Nothing to alarm me,' I replied; 'but I have met with something that has surprised me greatly.'

Mrs. Mountfort looked uneasy, and apprehensive that I should be indiscreet; but I went on.

'We met an Indian in our walk, who had so strong a resemblance to William, Mr. Neville's unfortunate servant, that—'

'William!' interrupted Mrs. Neville, sighing deeply; 'did he resemble William, do you say?'

'So much,' replied I, 'that for some moments I could scarcely persuade myself that it was not really him I saw.'

Mrs. Neville now appeared greatly agitated; she looked earnestly upon me for a moment—'My dear madam,' said she, 'you would not have said so much if you had not more to say—you have really seen this man. Is it not so?'

'You have guessed right,' I replied; 'your penetration seldom deceives you. I have seen William.' She now leaned her head upon Mrs. Mountfort's shoulder, who tenderly supported her, and shed some tears.

'I cannot see him,' said she; 'the sight of him will open a wound that neither
T
time

time nor reason have yet entirely healed ; if he has need of my assistance he shall have it ; but I cannot see him.

' Indeed you will do well to see him,' I replied ; ' he brings you some news that will be very acceptable to you.'—' News!' repeated she ; ' what news? of whom?'

' Of your son,' said I ; ' he will have it that he was not drowned ; nay, more, he thinks that he has reason to believe that he is alive.'

Mrs. Mountfort shook her head at me, fearing I had gone too far ; for my Euphemia trembled so much, that it was with difficulty she could support her.

William, who heard all that past, taking my last words as a signal for him to throw himself, now appeared in view, leading our dear Edward. At that moment, Euphemia raising her eyes, encountered those of her son, which were fixed upon her, and all bathed in tears.

' Oh! Heavens!' cried she, ' the very form I saw in my dream.'

Mrs. Mountfort called for help, for she sunk from her enclosed arms upon the ground in a deep swoon.

It was so long before she recovered, that the sweet boy, who had thrown himself on the ground beside her, thought she was dead, and filled the air with his lamentations. He was the first object that met her eyes when she opened them, for he was leaning over her, watering her face with his tears. She gazed a little wildly upon him ; then turning to me—

' Tell me,' said she, ' do I dream still—can this be real? Is it indeed my child that I see—and does he live—is it really he?' Mrs. Mountfort pointed to the mark on his breast : she saw it : she strained him eagerly in her arms, her eyes at the same time raised to heaven, whilst she uttered with the most affecting earnestness, an ardent ejaculation of gratitude and praise to the Almighty Giver, for the blessing she had thus unexpectedly recovered. For a long time all was wonder and tumultuous joy ; no one thought of returning home ; and the whole day had probably been wasted in this place in tears of joy and tenderness, in fond embraces, and strains of rapturous gratitude to Providence for the unhopèd-for blessing, had not the little Maria, attended by Fanny,

come running to fetch her mamma home.

' See your sister,' said Euphemia to her son, in French ; for by this time she had learned from William that he did not understand English. Smiles of joy and tenderness lighted up his face at sight of the little blooming girl ; but finding that when he approached her she clung to Fanny, he modestly drew back.

Mrs. Neville told her, he was her brother, and that she must love him.

' I shall never love him,' said she, bursting into tears, ' for all he is so handsome ; he is an Indian : I shall always be afraid of him.'

' He is no Indian,' said Mrs. Mountfort, ' he is only dressed like one ; you will love him when you see him in his proper clothes.' She made no answer, but continued gazing upon him ; while Fanny, who learned from me some particulars of this wonderful event, held him in her arms, mixing tears of joy with her embraces.

We now returned home. The footman accommodated William with linen ; but our dear Edward was obliged to keep on his Indian dress, till a taylor, who was immediately sent for from Albany, could provide him with another.

I shall be able to acquaint you with all the particulars of this wonderful preservation, as we have learned them from William and himself ; for the ship, by which we send this packet does not fail for some days ; we should have taken our passage in it, but, beside that it is too small to afford us proper accommodations, the Governor, who very kindly interests himself in every thing that regards Mrs. Neville's security and convenience, insists upon her going in the man of war which is expected soon at New York, and will sail for England soon afterward.

Your now happy friend, madam, employs all the moments she can spare from the company and conversation of her son, in writing to Mr. Neville. I must bring you acquainted with the person and character of this sweet youth, when I take up my pen again ; at present I can only add, that I am, with great truth, your faithful and obedient servant.

C. BENSON.

(To be continued.)

AN ALLEGORY : BY DOCTOR FRANKLIN.

IN a dream I thought myself in a solitary temple. I saw a kind of phantom coming toward me ; but as he drew near,

his form expanded and became more than human ; his robe hung majestically down to his feet ; six wings whiter than snow, whose

whose extremities were edged with gold, covered a part of his body : then I saw him quit his material substance, which he had put on not to terrify me ; his body was of all the colours in the rainbow. He took me by the hair, and I was sensible I was travelling in the ætherial plains without any dread, with the rapidity of an arrow sent from a bow drawn by a supple and nervous arm.

A thousand glowing orbs rolled beneath me : but I could only cast a rapid glance on, all those globes distinguished by the striking colours with which they were diversified.

I now suddenly perceived so beautiful, so flourishing, so fertile a country, that I conceived a strong desire to alight upon it. My wishes were instantly gratified ; I felt myself gently landed on its surface, where I was surrounded by a balmy atmosphere. I found myself reposed, at the dawn, on the soft verdant grass. I stretched out my arms, in token of gratitude, to my celestial guide, who pointed to a resplendent sun, toward which swiftly rising, he disappeared in the luminous body.

I rose, and imagined myself to be transported into the garden of Eden. Every thing inspired my soul with soft tranquillity. The most profound peace covered this new globe ; nature was ravishing and incorruptible here, and a delicious freshness expanded my sense to extasy ; a sweet odour accompanied the air I breathed ; my heart, which beat with an unusual power, was immersed in a sea of rapture ; while pleasure, like a pure and immortal light, penetrated the inmost recesses of my soul.

The inhabitants of this happy country came to meet me ; and after saluting me they took me by the hand. Their noble countenances inspired confidence and respect ; innocence and happiness were depicted in their looks ; they often lifted their eyes toward heaven, and as often uttered a name which I afterward knew to be that of the Eternal, while their cheeks were moistened with the tears of gratitude.

I experienced great emotion while I conversed with these sublime beings. They poured out their hearts with the most sincere tenderness ; and the voice of reason, most majestic, and no less melting, was, at the same time, conveyed to my enraptured ear.

I soon perceived this abode was totally different from that which I had left. A divine impulse made me fly into their arms ; I bowed my knees to them ; but being raised up in the most endearing manner, I was pressed to the bosoms that enclosed such excellent hearts, and I

conceived a presentiment of celestial amity, of that amity which united their souls, and formed the greatest portion of their felicity.

The angel of darkness, with all his artifice, was never able to discover the entrance into this world !—Notwithstanding his ever watchful malice, he never found out the means to spread his poison over this happy globe. Anger, envy, and pride, were there unknown ; the happiness of one appeared the happiness of all ; an extatic transport incessantly elevating their souls at the sight of the magnificent and bountiful hand that collected over their heads the most astonishing prodigies of the creation.

The lovely morning, with her humid saffron wings, distilled the pearly dew from the shrubs and flowers, and the rays of the rising sun multiplied the most enchanting colours, when I perceived a wood embellished by the opening dawn.

The youth of both sexes there sent forth hymns of adoration toward heaven, and were filled at the same time with the grandeur and majesty of God, which rolled almost visibly over their heads ; for in this world of innocence, he vouchsafed to manifest himself by means unknown to our weak understandings.

All things announced his august presence, the serenity of the air, the dyes of the flowers, the brilliancy of the insects, a kind of universal sensibility spread over all beings, and which vivified bodies that seemed the least susceptible of it, every thing bore the appearance of sentiment ; and the birds stopped in the midst of their flight, as if attentive to the affecting modulations of their voices.

But no pencil can express the ravishing countenance of the young beauties whose bosoms breathed love. Who can describe that love of which we have not any idea, that love for which we have no name, that love, the lot of pure intelligent beings, divine love which they only can conceive and feel ? The tongue of man, incapable, must be silent !—The remembrance of this enchanting place suspends at this moment all the faculties of my soul.

The sun was rising—the pencil falls from my hand.—Oh, Thomson, never did thy muse view such a sun !—What a world, and what magnificent order ! I trod, with regret, on the flowery plants, endued, like that which we call sensitive, with a quick and lively feeling ; they bent under my foot, only to rise with more brilliancy : the fruit gently dropped, on the first touch, from the complying branch, and had scarcely gratified the palate when the delicious sensation of its juices was felt glowing in every vein ; the eye, more

piercing, sparkled with uncommon lustre; the ear was more lively; the heart, which expanded itself all over nature, seemed to possess and enjoy its fertile extent: the universal enjoyment did not disturb any individual; for union multiplied their delights, and they esteemed themselves less happy in their own fruition than in the happiness of others.

This sun did not resemble the comparative paleness and weakness which illuminates our gloomy, terrestrial prison; yet the eye could bear to gaze on it, and, in a manner, plunge itself in a kind of ecstasy in its mild and pure light: it enlivened at once the sight and the understanding, and even penetrated the soul. The bodies of those fortunate persons became, as it were transparent; while each read in his brother's heart the sentiments of affability and tenderness with which he himself was affected.

There darted from the leaves of all the shrubs that the planet enlightened, a luminous matter which resembled, at a distance, all the colours of the rainbow; its orb, which was never eclipsed, was crowned with sparkling rays that the daring prism of Newton could not divide.—When this planet set, six brilliant moons floated in the atmosphere; their progression, in different orbits, each night formed a new exhibition. The multitude of stars, which seem to us as if scattered by chance, were here seen in their true point of view, and the order of the universe appeared in all its pomp and splendour.

In this happy country, when a man gave way to sleep, his body, which had none of the properties of terrestrial elements, gave no opposition to the soul, but contemplated in a vision, bordering on reality, the lucid region, the throne of the Eternal, to which it was soon to be elevated. Men awaked from a slumber without perturbation or uneasiness; enjoying futurity by a forcible sentiment of immortality, being intoxicated with the image of an approaching felicity, exceeding that which they already enjoyed.

Grief, the fatal result of the imperfect sensibility of our rude frames, was unknown to these innocent men; a light sensation warned them of the objects that could hurt them; and nature removed them from the danger, as a tender mother would gently draw her child by the hand from a pitfall.

I breathed more freely in this habitation of joy and concord; my existence became most valuable to me; but in proportion as the charms which surrounded me were lively, the greater was my sorrow when my ideas returned to the globe I had quitted.

All the calamities of the human race united as in one point to overwhelm my heart, and I exclaimed piteously—'Alas! the world I inhabited' formerly resembled yours; but peace, innocence, chaste pleasures soon vanished.—Why was I not born among you? What a contrast! The earth that was my sorrowful abode is incessantly filled with tears and sighs: there the smaller number oppresses the greater; the dæmon of property infects what he touches, and what he covets. Gold is there a god, and they sacrifice on his altar, love, humanity, and the most valuable virtues.

'Shudder, you that hear me! The greatest enemy man has is *man*; his chiefs are his tyrants; they make all things bend under the yoke of their pride or their caprice; the chains of oppression are in a manner extended from Pole to Pole; a monster who assumes the mask of glory, makes lawful whatever is most horrible, violence and murder. Since the fatal invention of an inflammable powder, no mortal can say, to-morrow I shall repose in peace:—to-morrow the arm of despotism will not crush my head;—to-morrow dreadful sorrow will not grieve my bones;—to-morrow the wailings of an useless despair, proceeding from a distressed heart, will not escape my lips, and tyranny bury me alive as in a stone coffin!

'Oh, my brethren! weep, weep over us! We are not only surrounded with chains and executioners, but are moreover dependant on the seasons, the elements, and the meanest insects. All nature rebels against us; and even if we subdue her, she makes us pay dearly for the benefits our labour forces from her. The bread we eat is earned by our tears and the sweat of our brow; then greedy men come and plunder us, to squander it on their idle favourites.

'Weep, weep with me, my brethren! Hatred pursues us; revenge sharpens its poniard in the dark; calumny brands us, and even deprives us of the power of making our defence; the object of friendship betrays our confidence, and forces us to curse this other wise consolatory sentiment. We must live in the midst of all the strokes of wickedness, error, pride, and folly.'

While my heart gave a free course to my complaints, I saw a band of shining seraphs descending from heaven, on which shouts of joy were immediately sent forth from the whole race of these fortunate beings. As I gazed with astonishment, I was accosted by an old man, who said, 'Farewell, my friend! the moment of our death draws near; or rather, that of a new life. The ministers of the God of Clemency are come to take us from this earth;

earth; we are going to dwell in a world of still greater perfection.'—'Why, father,' said I, 'are you, then, strangers to the agonies of death, the anguish, the pain, the dread, which accompany us in our last moments?'

'Yes, my child,' he replied, 'these angels of the Highest come at stated periods, and carry us all away, opening to us the road to a new world, of which we have an idea by the undoubted conviction of the unlimited bounty and magnificence of the Creator.'

A cheerful glow was immediately spread over their countenances: their brows already seemed crowned with immortal splendor; they sprang lightly from the earth in my sight; I pressed the sacred hand of each for the last time, while with a smile they held out the other to the seraph, who had spread his wings to carry them to heaven.

They ascended all at once, like a flock of beautiful swans, that taking flight raise themselves with majestic rapidity over the tops of our highest palaces. I gazed with sadness; my eye followed them in the air, until their venerable heads were lost in the silver clouds, and I remained alone on this magnificent deserted land.

I perceived I was not yet fitted to dwell in it, and wished to return to this unfortunate world of expiation: thus the animal escaped from his keeper returns, following the track of his chain, with a mild aspect, and enters his prison. Awakening, the illusion was dispelled, which it is beyond the power of my weak tongue or pen to describe in its full splendor: but this illusion I shall for ever cherish; and, supported by the foundation of hope, I will preserve it until death in the inmost recesses of my soul.'

NARRATIVE of the SUFFERINGS of the CREW of the NOOTKA, in PRINCE WILLIAM'S SOUND, during the WINTER in 1786—7.

[*Extracted from Mearns's Journal.*]

DURING the months of November and December we all enjoyed an excellent state of health; the natives also continued their friendly behaviour to us, except in their incorrigible disposition to stealing, which they never failed to indulge when an opportunity offered, and which the most attentive vigilance on our part could not always prevent. The thermometer, during the month of November, was from 26° to 28° , and in December it fell to 20° , where it continued the greatest part of the month.

We had now, at noon, but a very faint and glimmering light, the meridian sun not being higher than 6° , and that obscured from us by hills 22° high, to the southward of us. While we were thus locked in, as it were, from the cheerful light of day, and the vivifying warmth of solar rays, no other comforts presented themselves to compensate, in any degree, for the scene of desolation which encircled us. While tremendous mountains forbade almost a sight of the sky, and cast their nocturnal shadows over us in the midst of day, the land was impenetrable, from the depth of snow, so that we were excluded from all hopes of any recreation, support, or comfort, during the winter, but what could be found in the ship and in ourselves. This, however, was only the beginning of our troubles.

The new year set in with added cold, and was succeeded by some very heavy falls of snow, which lasted till the middle of the month. Our decks were now incapable of resisting the intense freezing of the night, and the lower parts of them were covered an inch thick with an hoary frost that had all the appearance of snow, notwithstanding three fires were kept constantly burning twenty hours out of the twenty-four; so that when they were first lighted, the decks were all afloat. For some time, we kept in the fires night and day, but the smoke which proceeded from a temporary stove, made out of one of the forges, was so very troublesome that the people, who were now falling ill, were fully convinced that this continual smoke was the cause of their sickness. After the heavy fall of snow, we had twelve down with the scurvy, and towards the end of the month four died, and the number increased to twenty-three who were confined to their beds, amongst whom was the surgeon, who was extremely ill. The first officer, on finding himself slightly affected in the breast, a symptom which generally foreboded a fatal termination in a very few days, got rid of it by continually chewing the young pine branches, and swallowing the juice; but, from the unpleasant taste of this medicine, few of the sick could

could be prevailed upon to persist in taking it.

At the latter end of February, the disorder had increased, and no less than thirty of our people were so ill that none of them had sufficient strength to get out of their hammocks; four of them died in the course of the month. Indeed, at this time our necessaries were so far exhausted, that if the more violent symptoms of the disorder had abated, there was a want of proper food, &c. to complete the cure. These melancholy circumstances were rendered more afflicting by the hopeless minds of the crew; for such was the general discouragement amongst them that they considered the slightest symptoms of the disorder to be a certain prelude of death.

During the months of January and February, the thermometer continued, for the greater part, at fifteen, though it sometimes fell to fourteen degrees. Notwithstanding this extreme cold, we were visited, as usual, by the natives, who had no other cloathing but their frocks, made of the skin of sea-otters and seals, though chiefly of the latter, with the fur on the outside. But whatever protection these dresses gave to their bodies, their legs remained uncovered, and without any apparent inconvenience.

They appeared to be as much distressed, for want of provisions, as ourselves, and as we had several casks of the whale blubber, which had been collected for oil, they used, whenever they came on board, under a pretence that the weather was too boisterous for them to engage in whale hunting, to entreat a regale of this luxurious article, which was always granted, to their great comfort and satisfaction. In their opinion, it was owing to our not taking the same delicious and wholesome nourishment, that such a terrible and alarming sickness prevailed amongst us.

We were, at first, much surprized at their being informed of the death of our people, and the places where we had buried them. They particularly pointed to the edge of the shore, between the cracks of the ice, where, with considerable labour, we had contrived to dig a shallow grave for our boatswain, who, for his piping, had attracted their particular notice and respect. We, indeed, at first imagined that they contrived to watch these melancholy ceremonies, in order to dig up the bodies for a banquet, as we had no doubt but that they were of the cannibal tribe: we, however, soon after discovered that they obtained their intelligence from the constant watch they kept, to prevent any other bands of natives from coming to trade with us, without giving them a share of their profits, whatever they might be.

As they paid us daily visits, we imagined that their place of habitation was at no very great distance, though we had never been able to discover it; but we now learnt that they were a vagrant people, without any fixed place of abode, sleeping where they could, and when they had the inclination; and that they made no distinction between day and night, wandering about as much during the one as the other. They never made any fires in the night, for fear of being surprized by those tribes with whom they seem to be in a continual state of hostility, and who must have come across the ice to attack them; for as they had no knowledge of snow shoes, the woods were wholly impassible.

The month of March brought no alleviation of our distresses. It was as cold as the months which preceded it. In the early part of it there fell a great deal of snow, which increased the number of the sick, and the violence of the disorder in those who were already afflicted with it. In the course of this month, we had the melancholy office of performing the last imperfect obsequies to the remains of the surgeon and the pilot. These were heavy misfortunes, and the loss of the former, at a moment when medical knowledge was so necessary, must be considered, by all who read this, as a consummate affliction.

The first officer, finding a return of his complaint, applied to the same means of relief which had been so successful before, exercise and the juice of the pine tree. He made a decoction of the latter, which was extremely nauseous, and very difficult, though very much diluted, to keep on the stomach. It operated immediately as an emetic, before it became a progressive remedy; and, perhaps, this very effect, by cleansing the stomach, aided the future salutary operations of this anti-scorbutic medicine. The second officer, and one or two of the seamen, persisting in the same regimen, found similar benefit, and were recovered from a very reduced state; but it was one of the unfortunate symptoms of this melancholy disorder to be averse to motion, and to find pain bordering on anguish, in attempting to use that exercise which is the predominant remedy.

Having lost our surgeon, we were now deprived of all medical aid. Every advantage the sick could receive from the most tender and vigilant attention, they received from myself, the first officer, and a seaman, who were in a state to do them that service. But still we continued to see and lament a gradual diminution of our crew from this terrible disorder. Too often did I find myself called to assist in performing the dreadful office of dragging
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the dead bodies across the ice, to a shallow sepulchre, which our own hands had hewn out for them on the shore. The sledge on which we fetched the wood was their hearse; and the chafms in the ice their grave: but these imperfect rites were attended with that sincerity of grief which does not always follow the gorgeous array of funeral pride to sepulchral domes. Indeed, the only happiness, or to express myself with more accuracy, the only alleviation of our wretchedness, was when we could absent ourselves from the vessel, and get away from hearing the groans of our afflicted people, in order to find relief, in a solitary review of our forlorn situation. All our cordial provisions had long been exhausted; we had nothing to strengthen and support the sick, but biscuit, rice, and a small quantity of flour, but no kind of sugar, or wine, to give them. Of salt-beef, and pork, there was no deficiency; but even if it had been a proper food, the aversion of the people to the very sight of it, would have prevented its salutary effects. Fish, or fowl, was not our offering of the winter here. A crow, or a sea gull, were rare delicacies, and an eagle, one or two of which we killed, when they seemed to be hovering about, as if they would feed upon us, instead of furnishing us with food, was a feast indeed. Our two goats, a male and a female, of the same age, and who had been our companions throughout the voyage, were at length reluctantly killed, and served the sick, with broth, &c. made of their flesh, for fourteen days.

Though we were at the latter end of March, there was, as yet no change in the weather;—the cold still continued its inhospitable severity;—we now, however, began to derive some hopes from seeing the sun, which had been so long obscured from us, just peep at noon over the summits of the mountains. The thermometer had, during this month, been for the most part at 15° and 16°, though it had sometimes risen to 17°.

The early part of the month of April was very frosty, with violent winds. Towards the middle of it, we had some very heavy southerly gales, which precede the summer in these high latitudes, as the northerly ones prevail throughout the winter.

The change of wind produced as may be supposed, a sensible alteration in the air; but it brought heavy showers of snow, and did not become stationary; so that with the return of the north wind it became as cold as ever. In short, during the latter part of this month there was a continual combat of the opposing winds, which were the more disagreeable, as it

occasioned thick and hazy weather. While the south wind prevailed, the sick people grew worse, and in the course of this month, four Europeans and three Lascars died. The second officer and the seaman who entered upon the pine regimen, were now so far recovered as to get upon deck to receive the short but welcome visit of the sun. This circumstance induced many of the sick men to apply to the decoction, and some of them were persuaded to continue it; but in general, it was neglected, with a determination to die at their ease, (according to the manner of their expression) rather than be tormented by such a nauseous and torturing remedy.

Towards the end of the month, in the mid day sun, the thermometer rose to 32°, but at night it fell below the freezing point to 27°. during the last three days of this month. The natives brought us some herring and seshowl; the fish I myself distributed to the sick, and no words can express the eager joy which animated their haggard countenances on receiving such a comfortable and refreshing meal; and every encouragement was, of course given to the natives to procure a constant supply of this strengthening food.

These people now began to console us with an assurance that the cold would soon be gone. They had, indeed, always made us understand, that the summer would commence about the middle of May, by counting the number of moons. The sun began now to make a large circle over the hills, and at mid-day it was exceedingly reviving; the supplies of fish were also frequent, and we began to feel hopes that the remaining part of us would get out of this desolate abode, and return again to our own country. These circumstances gave such a turn to the spirits of the people, that many of them consented to be brought upon deck to feel the rays of the sun, who fainted when they approached the air. It is very singular that many of them who preserved astonishing spirits, and would say or do any thing, who appeared, in short, as if they were free from all disorder while they were in bed, would, from the most trifling motion, or only touching the side of their hammocks, be thrown into such agonizing pains, and successive faintings, that every moment might be supposed to be their last. In this state they would remain for near half an hour, before they recovered.

By the sixth of May, there was an astonishing change in every thing around us; the seamen who had not been very much reduced, recovered miraculously, from drinking the decoction; we now had as much

much fish as we could eat, with a great variety of sea-fowl, with which the natives daily provided us.—We had also seen

several flocks of geese and ducks pass over us, but none had as yet come within our reach.

AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE LATE EMPEROR JOSEPH II.

[Translated from the German.]

DURING the Emperor's last residence at Luxemburgh, select parties went, every day, to pay their court to him. One evening, the conversation having taken a very serious turn, he said, 'If an epitaph be inscribed upon my tomb, it ought to be; *Here lies Joseph II. unfortunate in all his Undertakings*.'—'Unfortunate Joseph!' exclaims the writer of this account, 'thy miseries were not yet complete; it was not as the *sovereign* only, but as the *man*, the *man of feeling*, that thou wast doomed to suffer!'

During the whole night of the 18th of February 1790, the Emperor sent, every hour, to enquire after the Archduchess Elizabeth, who was then in labour. At length, at half after seven in the morning, he was informed of the birth of a princess; but the mother, amid the most severe sufferings, had just then expired. Her death was not to be concealed. It was the confessor's duty to announce it. The Emperor, overwhelmed by this unexpected stroke, was for some moments speechless, and turned his face, to hide the last tears he was to shed. A deep sigh broke from his wounded breast. He lifted up his eyes still suffused with tears, and, with a low voice, said, 'Lord! thy will be done!'—When he had revived, he called the Count of Rosenberg: 'Ah!' said he, 'it is impossible to describe my sufferings! I was prepared to support whatever it might please Heaven I should endure myself. But this last stroke is beyond all I have yet experienced!'

He now ordered that every soldier in the army serving against the Turks, should receive fourteen days double pay, from the moment of his death. He gave directions for the funeral of the Archduchess, and for his own. Extending his anxiety, in his last moments, to the preservation of others, he desired that the vault in which he was to be interred, should be opened immediately, that no person, during the funeral ceremony, might be hurt by the noxious air that proceeds from places so long shut up. He sent a note, written with his own hand, to his Chancellor, or-

dering him to take a million of florins from his privy purse, and appropriate the interest of that sum, for the future subsistence of the gallant soldiers who had distinguished themselves in the field.

On the 20th, the day of his death, he said to Marshal Laudohn, 'I die with the satisfaction that you will be the protector of my army. Give me your hand: in a few hours I shall no longer have the pleasure of pressing it in mine. The venerable Marshal Haddick was so struck with this scene, that he was conveyed almost senseless to his own house. From that moment, he never quitted his bed, and died a few days after his sovereign.

The new-born princess was brought to him: he took her in his arms, kissed her, and bedewed her with his tears: 'Dear child! the very picture of thy lovely, thy virtuous mother—Take her away; for my last moment approaches!—He then called his Confessor, who beginning the prayer, 'We praise thee, O God,' he interrupted him, and said, 'Lord! thou, who alone knowest my heart, I call thee to witness, that I had never any other object in view than the good of my subjects. Thy will be done!—He then permitted his Confessor to finish the prayer. Marshal Lascy, the Prince of Dietrich, the Count of Rosenberg, and his Physician and Confessor continued with him the whole night. At four in the morning, the Emperor waked, after a tranquil sleep. He took a little broth, and enquired for his Confessor. The latter began to read the prayer again. When he came to these words, 'Our trust is in faith, and hope, and love,' the Emperor repeated the word *faith* very loud, that of *hope* in a distinct, but softer tone, and then of *love* with the greatest fervour. 'All is over now,' said he to his Confessor: 'I have no longer any use for that prayer-book: take it, and keep it for my sake.'—Some moments after, he said, 'think I have now fulfilled my duties as a man and a sovereign.' Then turning on one side, he breathed hard, for a few moments, and expired.

THE EFFECTS OF ENVY AND JEALOUSY EXEMPLIFIED: A HISTORY.

[From the fifth Volume of the Observer. By Mr. Cumberland.]

WE have heard so much of the tragical effects of jealousy, that I was not a little pleased with an account lately given me of a gentleman, who has been happily cured of his jealousy without any of those melancholy circumstances, which too frequently result from that fatal passion, even when it is groundless: As this gentleman's jealousy was of that description, I am the rather tempted to relate the story (under proper caution as to name and persons) because there is a moral justice in its catastrophe, which is pleasing even in fiction, but more particularly so when we meet it in the real occurrences of life.

Sir Paul Testy in his forty-eighth year married the beautiful Louisa in her eighteenth; there are some parents, who seem to think a good settlement can atone for any disparity of age, and Louisa's were of this sort. Sir Paul had a maiden sister several years younger than himself, who had kept his house for some time before his marriage with Louisa, and as this lady was in fact an admirable economist and also in possession of a very considerable independent fortune, the prudent baronet took his measures for her continuance in his family, where under pretence of assisting the inexperience of his young bride she still maintained her government in as absolute authority as ever: As Miss Rachel would have been better pleased with her brother, had he chosen a wife with less beauty and more fortune than Louisa brought into the family, it may well be doubted if she would have remained with him after his marriage, had she not been pretty far advanced in an affair of the heart with a certain young gentleman, whose attentions, though in fact directed to her purse, she was willing to believe had been honourably addressed to her person: This young gentleman, whom I shall call Lionel, was undoubtedly an object well deserving the regards of any lady in Miss Rachel's predicament; with a fine person and engaging address he had the recommendation of high birth, being a younger son of the Lord Mortimer, a venerable old peer, who resided at his family mansion within a few miles of Sir Paul, and lived upon the most friendly terms with him in a frequent intercourse of visits: Lionel had given this worthy father great uneasiness from his early dissipation and extravagance; considerable sums had been paid for him to clear his debts, but the old Lord's estate being a moderate one and entailed upon

his eldest son, Lionel had been obliged to sell out of the army, and was now living at home upon the bounty of his father on a reduced and slender allowance.

It is not to be wondered at that Lionel, who felt his own embarrassments too sensibly to neglect any fair means of getting rid of them, should be willing to repair his shattered fortunes by an advantageous match; and though Miss Rachel was not expressly the lady he would have chosen, yet he very justly considered that his circumstances did not entitle him to chuse for himself; he was also strongly urged to the measure by his father, to whose wishes he held himself bound to conform not only on the score of duty but of atonement likewise: At this time the affair was in so promising a train, that there is little doubt but it would have been brought to a conclusion between the parties, had not Sir Paul's marriage taken place as it did; but as Miss Rachel for reasons, which are sufficiently explained, determined upon remaining with her brother, the intercourse between the lovers was renewed, as soon as Sir Paul had brought home his bride, and was sufficiently settled to receive the visits of his friends and neighbours on the occasion.

Now it was that the unhappy Rachel became a victim to the most tormenting of all human passions: her sister-in-law had a thousand charms, and she soon discovered, or fancied she discovered, that Lionel's attentions were directed to a fairer object than herself: She had now the strongest of all motives for keeping a watchful eye upon Louisa's behaviour, and it is the property of jealousy to magnify and discolour every thing it looks upon; for some time however she kept herself under prudent restraint; a hint now and then, cautiously introduced in the way of advice, was all she ventured upon; but these hints were so little attended to by Louisa, whose innocent gaiety lent no ear to such remonstrances, that they were occasionally repeated in a graver tone; as these grew more and more peevish, Louisa began to take a little mischievous pleasure in teasing, and was piqued into a behaviour, which probably she would never have indulged herself in towards Lionel, had not Rachel's jealousy provoked her to it; still it was innocent, but so far imprudent, as it gave a handle to Rachel's malice, who now began to sow the seeds of discontent in her brother's wretched bosom.

In one of those sparring dialogues which now frequently passed between the sisters, Rachel, after descanting upon the old topic with some degree of asperity, concluded her lecture with many professions of zeal for Louisa's happiness, and observed to her as an apology for the freedom of her advice, that she had a right to some little experience of the world more than had yet fallen to the other's lot: To which Louisa replied with some tartness—'True! for you have lived more years in it than I have.'—'A few perhaps,' answered Rachel.—'As few, or as many as you chuse to acknowledge,' added Louisa: 'It is one amongst a variety of advantages over me, which you are too generous to boast of, and I too humble to repine at.'—'Be that as it may,' said the elder damsel, 'you will give me leave to observe that you will have a double call upon you for discretion; you are a married woman.'

'Perhaps that very circumstance may be a proof of my indiscretion.'

'How so, madam! I may venture to say my brother Sir Paul was no unseasonable match for your ladyship; at least I can witness some pains were employed on your part to obtain him.'

'Well, my dear sister,' replied Louisa with an affected nonchalance, 'after so much pains is it not natural I should wish to repose myself a little?'—'Indiscretion admits of no repose; health, honour, happiness are sacrificed by it's effects; it saps the reputation of a wife; it shakes the affections of a husband.'

'Be content!' cried Louisa, 'If you will give no cause for disturbing the affections of the husband, I will take care none shall be given for attainting the reputation of the wife.'

At this moment Sir Paul entered the room; and perceiving by the countenances of the ladies, that they were not perfectly in good humour with each other, eagerly demanded of Louisa why she looked grave.

'I would look grave, if I could,' she replied, out of compliment to my company; but I have so light a conscience and so gay a heart, that I cannot look gravity in the face without laughing at it.'

This was delivered with so pointed a glance at Rachel, that it was not possible to mistake the application, and she had no sooner left the room, than an explanation took place between the brother and sister, in the course of which Rachel artfully contrived to infuse such a copious portion of her own poisonous jealousy into the bosom of Sir Paul, that upon the arrival of Lord Mortimer, which was at this crisis announced to him, he took a sudden determination to give him to understand how necessary

it was become to his domestic happiness, that Lionel should be induced to discountinue his visits in his family.

Under these impressions, and in a very awkward state of mind, Sir Paul repaired to his library, where Lord Mortimer was expecting him in a situation of no less embarrassment, having conned over a speech for the purpose of introducing a proposal for an alliance between the families, and with a view to sound how Sir Paul might stand affected towards a match between his son Lionel and Miss Rachel.

As soon as the first ceremonies were over, which were not very speedily dismissed, as both parties were strict observers of the old rules of breeding, his lordship began after his manner to wind about by way of reconnoitring his ground, and having composed his features with much gravity and deliberation, began to open his honourable trenches as follows—'In very truth, Sir Paul, I protest to you there are few things in life can give me more pleasure than to find my son Lionel so assiduous in his visits to this family.'—The baronet, whose mind at this moment was not capable of adverting to any other idea but what had reference to his own jealousy, stared with amazement at this unexpected address and was staggered how to reply to it; at last with much hesitation in a tone of ill-counterfeited raillery, he replied, that he truly believed there was one person in his family, to whom Mr. Lionel's visits were particularly acceptable; and as this was a subject very near his heart, nay, that alone upon which the honour and happiness of him and his family depended, he assured his lordship that it was with avidity he embraced the opportunity of coming to an explanation, which he hoped would be as confidential on his lordship's part, as it should be on his own. There was something in the manner of Sir Paul's delivery, as well as in the matter of the speech itself, which alarmed the hereditary pride of the old peer, who drawing himself up with great dignity, observed to Sir Paul, that for his son Lionel he had this to say, that want of honour was never among his failings; nay it was never to be charged with impunity against any member of his family, and that to prevent any imputation of this sort from being grounded upon his son's assiduities to a certain lady, he had now sought this interview and explanation with his good friend and neighbour.

This was so kind a lift in Sir Paul's conception towards his favourite point, that he immediately exclaimed—'I see your lordship is not unapprised of what is too conspicuous to be overlooked by any body,

body, whois familiar in this house; but as I know your lordship is a man of the nicest honour in your own person, I should hold myself essentially bound to you, if you would prevail on your son to adopt the like principles towards a certain lady under this roof, and caution him to desist from those assiduities, which you yourself have noticed, and which to confess the truth to you I cannot be a witness to without very great uneasiness and discontent.

Upon these words the peer started from his seat as nimbly as age would permit him, and with great firmness replied—' Sir Paul Testy, if this be your wish and desire, let me assure you, it shall be mine also; my son's visits in this family will never be repeated; set your heart at rest; Lionel Mortimer will give you and your's no further disturbance.'

' My lord,' answered the baronet; ' I am penetrated with the sense of your very honourable proceedings, and the warmth with which you have expressed yourself on a subject so closely interwoven with my peace of mind; you have eased my heart of its burthen, and I shall ever be most grateful to you for it.'

' Sir,' replied the peer, ' there is enough said on the subject; I dare say my son will survive his disappointment.—' I dare say he will,' said Sir Paul, ' I cannot doubt the success of Mr. Lionel's attentions; I have only to hope he will direct them to some other object.'

Lord Mortimer now muttered something, which sir Paul did not hear, nor perhaps attend to, and took a hasty leave. When it is explained to the reader that Miss Rachel had never, even in the most distant manner, hinted the situation of her heart to her brother, on the contrary had industriously concealed it from him, this *malentendu* will not appear out of nature and probability. Lionel, whose little gallantries with Louisa had not gone far enough seriously to engage his heart, was sufficiently tired of his mercenary attachment to Miss Rachel; so that he patiently submitted to his dismissal and readily obeyed his father's commands by a total discontinuance of his visits to Sir Paul. To the ladies of the family this conduct appeared altogether mysterious; Sir Paul kept the secret to himself, and watched Louisa very narrowly; when he found she took no other notice of Lionel's neglect, than by slightly remarking that she supposed he was more agreeably engaged, he began to dismiss his jealousy and regain his spirits.

It was far otherwise with the unhappy Rachel; her heart was on the rack, for though she naturally suspected her brother's

jealously of being the cause of Lionel's absence, yet she could not account for his silence towards herself in any other way than by supposing that Louisa had totally drawn off his affections from her, and this was agony not to be supported; day after day passed in anxious expectation of a letter to explain this cruel neglect, but none came; all communication with the whole family of lord Mortimer was at a stop; no intelligence could be obtained from that quarter, and to all such enquiries as she ventured to try upon her brother, he answered so drily, that she could gather nothing from him: In the mean time as he became hourly better reconciled to Louisa, so he grew more and more cool to the miserable Rachel, who now too late discovered the fatal consequences of interfering between husband and wife, and heartily reproached herself for her officiousness in aggravating his jealousy.

While she was tormenting herself with these reflections, and when Louisa seemed to have forgotten that ever such a person as Lionel existed, a report was circulated that he was about to be married to a certain lady of great rank and fortune, and that he had gone up with lord Mortimer to town for that purpose. There wanted only this blow to make Rachel's agonies complete; in a state of mind little short of phrensy, she betook herself to her chamber, and there shutting herself up she gave vent to her passion in a letter fully charged with complaints and reproaches, which she committed to a trusty messenger with strict injunctions to deliver it into Lionel's own hand, and return with his answer. This commission was faithfully performed, and the following is the answer she received in return:

' Madam,

' I am no less astonished than affected by your letter: If your brother has not long since informed you of his conference with my father and the result of it, he has acted as unjustly by you as he has by lord Mortimer and myself: When my father waited upon Sir Paul for the express purpose of making known to him the hopes I had the ambition to entertain of rendering myself acceptable to you upon a proposal of marriage, he received at once so short and preemptory a dismissal on my behalf, that, painful as it was to my feelings, I had no part to act but finally to submit and withdraw myself from a family, where I was so unacceptable an intruder.

' When I confirm the truth of the report you have heard, and inform you that my marriage took place this very morning, you will pardon me if I add no more than

that I have the honour to be, madam,
your most obedient and most humble ser-
vant,

‘LIONEL MORTIMER.’

Every hope being extinguished by the receipt of this letter, the disconsolate Rachel became henceforth one of the most miserable of human beings: After venting a torrent of rage against her brother, she

turned her back upon his house for ever, and undetermined where to fix, while at intervals she can scarce be said to be in possession of her senses, she is still wandering from place to place in search of that repose, which is not to be found, and wherever she goes exhibits a melancholy spectacle of disappointed envy and self-tormenting spleen.

A N E S S A Y O N M I R T H .

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple cheek;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
MIRTH admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee
In unproved pleasures free.

MILTON'S L'ALLEGRO.

MIRTH is to the mind, what exercise is to the body: As, without exercise, the human frame would grow indolent, unweildy, and debilitated, and the whole system would become a prey to languor and inactivity; so the mind, without occasional relaxations of mirth and cheerfulness, would grow languid and dejected, till at length, totally oppressed with the cares and attentions of life, and overwhelmed by 'the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to,' it would sink under them.

On the contrary, Mirth accelerates the slowly-creeping blood, impels it with due velocity thro' the veins, gives new vigour to the tone of the nerves, and promotes those secretions which are required to keep the body in a proper state of health. Of course, we generally see, that persons of a cheerful disposition, whose minds are prone to mirthful excitations, are much more active and vigorous than those of a saturnine habit.

But to make Mirth conducive either to the due temperature of the body or the mind, it is necessary that her pleasures shall be such as will bear reflection; 'to live with her,' as Milton sings, 'in unproved

pleasures free;' that is, our hilarity should be regulated by good sense, and accompanied by innocence; enlivened by wit, and conducted with decency; 'the feast of reason, and the flow of soul!'

The noisy mirth, arising from inebriation, can neither be productive of health of body, nor real elevation of the spirits. Illness, accompanied with unpleasant reflections, too often succeeds, and prevents all the beneficial consequences that result from a well-regulated mirth.

The mind experiences a similar derangement, when the subjects of our mirth are ill chosen. Low, illiberal raillery, or such witticisms and jests as promote discord, afford no satisfactory cheerfulness; nor, indeed, can the flashes of merriment proceeding from them be properly called mirth. Milton's 'jests, and youthful jollity; his quips and cranks, and wanton wiles; his sports; that wrinkled Care derides; and his Laughter, holding both his sides;' must spring from *unproved* sources, or they will not produce that happy hilarity he so beautifully describes in his L'Allegro.

But not to be too grave, when mirth is the subject, let us take a view of the dis-

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ferent gradations into which Laughter, the inarticulate expression of Mirth, is to be divided: These are, the Broad Grin; the Hearty Laugh; the Horse Laugh; the Giggle; the Titter; and the Simper; each of which is expressive, in some degree or other, of that levity of heart, which is termed *Mirth*.

The first of these, the *Broad Grin*, is impressed on the countenance, when any thing surprises, or astonishes, and, at the same time, tickles the fancy. It is generally used by the lower ranks at humorous exhibitions; and is no where exerted in a higher degree, than round the stage of a mountebank in a country town; the phizzes of the spectators of such diversions being peculiarly adapted by nature to this expression of the face. It is sometimes, indeed, likewise to be observed among the more polished occupiers of the galleries at *Astley's*, *Sadlers' Wells*, and the Theatres.

The *Hearty Laugh* is chiefly used by your *bearty* souls, who, devoid of every care or perplexity, enjoy a jest, and enter into the spirit of a sunny story, without finding any alloy to the enjoyment, from delicacy of sentiment, or the prohibition of reason. This species of laughter is the most salutary to the human frame, and best answers the purpose of keeping the body in due temperature.

The *Horse Laugh*, though it somewhat resembles the foregoing, is not, as that usually is, a proof of internal satisfaction, and of a heart at ease, but is generally used, both in private companies, and public assemblies, to laugh down an opponent, in order to effect, by this boisterous mode,

what reason and argument might not be able to accomplish.

The *Giggle* is a species of laughter, which is peculiar to the younger part of the female sex, and is generally made use of when any incident obtrudes itself that irritates the imagination, but which their youth, and the delicacy of sentiment supposed to be attendant on youth, will not permit their noticing.

The *Titter* is somewhat similar to the giggle, and, like that, most generally used by girls. It is a laugh which is smothered in its birth, the place, or the company laying them under a restraint that is not then to be removed.

The *Simper* is a contraction of the muscles of the face, somewhat more than a smile, yet scarcely amounting to a laugh; and which just shews that you are pleased with the attention paid you, or the incident that gives rise to it.

These are the different species into which laughter may be divided; and by these the different emotions of a heart disposed to mirth are expressed. A description of their causes and effects would exceed our limits.—Suffice it to say, that though persons, who are of a morose or grave disposition, may censure the sallies of mirth and the impromptus of laughter, and think the mind debased by every indulgence of them, yet mirth, subject to the foregoing restrictions, is not only an agreeable, but a necessary mental relaxation; and all we have to do, while we indulge ourselves in the pleasing gratification, is, to take care that we are, at the same time, *merry and wise*.

ORIGIN OF DUELLING.

THE custom of Duelling came originally from the northern nations, among whom it was usual to decide all their controversies by arms. Both the accuser and accused gave pledges to the judges on their respective behalf; and the custom prevailed so far among the Germans, Danes, and Franks, that none were excused from it but women, sick people, cripples, and such as were under twenty-one years of age or above sixty. Even ecclesiastics, priests, and monks, were obliged to find champions to fight in their stead. The punishment of the vanquished was either death, by hanging or beheading; or, mutilation of members, according to the circumstances of the case. Duels were

at first admitted not only on criminal occasions, but on some civil ones for the maintenance of rights to estates, and the like.

The general practice of duelling took its rise in the year 1527, at the breaking up of a treaty between the Emperor Charles V, and Francis I. The former desired Francis's herald to acquaint his sovereign, that he would henceforth consider him not only as a base violator of public faith, but as a stranger to the honour and integrity becoming a gentleman. Francis, too high-spirited to bear such an imputation, had recourse to an uncommon expedient to vindicate his character. He instantly sent back the herald with a cartel

of defiance, in which he gave the Emperor the lie in form, challenged him to single combat, requiring him to name the time and place of the encounter, and the weapons with which he chose to fight. Charles, as he was not inferior to his rival in spirit or bravery, readily accepted the challenge; but after several messages concerning the arrangement of all the circumstances relative to the combat, accompanied with mutual reproaches bordering on the most indecent scurrility, all thoughts of this duel, more becoming the heroes of romance than the two greatest monarchs of their age, were entirely laid aside.

The example of two personages so illustrious, drew such general attention, and carried with it so much authority, that it had considerable influence in introducing an important change in manners all over Europe. Duels, as has already been observed, had been long permitted by the laws of all the European nations; and, forming a part of their jurisprudence, were

authorised by the magistrate on many occasions, as the most proper method of terminating questions with regard to property, or of deciding in those which regarded crimes. But single combats being considered as solemn appeals to the omniscience and justice of the Supreme Being, they were allowed only in public causes, according to the prescription of law, and carried on in a judicial form. Men, accustomed to this manner of decision in courts of justice, were naturally led to apply it to personal and private quarrels. Duels, which at first could be appointed by the civil judge alone, were fought without the interposition of his authority, and in cases to which the laws did not extend. The transaction between Charles and Francis strongly countenanced this practice. Upon every affront or injury which seemed to touch his honour, a gentleman thought himself intitled to draw his sword and to call on his adversary to make reparation.

MR. DEPONT'S LETTER TO MR. BURKE.

[The great Notice which has been taken of Mr. BURKE'S REFLECTIONS on the FRENCH REVOLUTION renders every Thing on that Subject important. The young French Gentleman (Mons. DEPONT) to whom they were addressed, has published his Sentiments thereon, of which the following is a Copy.]

WHEN I last took the liberty of asking in what manner you considered the political events of France, I certainly did not imagine that my letter could give occasion to the publication of the work you have the goodness to send to me. I will even own, that I would not have hazarded my question had I been aware what effect it would produce, and that if your opinions had been then known to me, far from engaging you to disclose them, I should have entreated you to withhold them from the public.

I would have represented to you that the single authority of your name would give some degree of hope to the vanquished party in France, and that to encourage that party to make new attempts, was to expose it to new dangers. I should have agreed with you on some of the errors which the National Assembly must necessarily have committed in the midst of the agitations and shocks which that body has experienced; but I should have laboured to persuade you that time, experience and reflection, were the only proper correctives for these errors, and that to attempt to correct them instantly, would be to ex-

pose my country anew to the troubles and evils of every kind which for almost two years continue to afflict it, and which so cruelly distress the true friends of humanity.

I would have endeavoured to convince you that the anarchy, the mischiefs of which you paint so forcibly, must be dreadfully protracted, if the only authority in which the nation confided were made the object of attack. I might, perhaps, have been able to prevent one of the warmest friends of liberty, in his own country, from ranging himself with the Advocates of Despotism in mine. Yes, Sir, your susceptible and worthy heart has been too strongly affected with the evils that have attended our Revolution, not to fear exposing it to evils still more dreadful, in a manner, by involuntarily serving the party which dares to wish for a Counter-Revolution, and which thinks that our Constitution *ought to be purified by fire and by blood.*

This motive, Sir, I am confident, would have determined you to have preserved silence, if you had not been afraid of the reaction of transactions in our country upon your own: This sentiment, which may

may be perceived in the course of your work, ought to be deeply impressed on the mind of every good Englishman, and the apprehension of seeing his country abandon a real blessing for an ideal and remote advantage, appears to me very natural.

I will even own, Sir, that at the hazard of appearing a bad patriot to some of the innovators, the greater part of whose sentiments I have adopted, I would have strenuously opposed every sort of change in France, if our former Government had been as good as yours, and if our individual liberty had been equally secured. But can we really, Sir, compare the situation of the two countries? I am very far from thinking that a Revolution is at all times, or in all respects, a happy event. But was it not become indispensable in France at the moment in which it happened? It was not the 5th of October, on which it was effected, as you appear to suppose, by not looking for its origin to an earlier period, and detaining us so long on the detail of that dreadful day, the account of which ought to be torn from our history. The Revolution was already effected, and the events of the 5th and 6th of October, added to every other species of atrocity, the most absolute inutility. It was on the days of the 13th and 14th of July 1789, that the contest originated between oppressive authority, and rising liberty: it was at this moment that the French nation expressed its sentiments with the greatest energy, and obtained the most complete triumph.— Trust me, Sir, since that period good citizens have frequently lamented the abuse of their power by some malicious or misguided individuals, who can by no means be confounded with the body of the people, except by their enemies, who have an interest in representing them in the most odious point of view. You are too just, and too impartial, Sir, to attribute to the nation the crimes committed on the 5th and 6th of October; and you know me sufficiently to be convinced, that I entertain the same sentiments as you, with regard to this melancholy transaction, which you so pathetically describe.

But permit me, Sir, to remind you of some facts which happened previous to those days, and which have been mistated to you by some Frenchmen, whose interest it was to represent France such as it ought to have been, and not such as it really was at the opening of the States General. France, you say, needed then—only to pay

some new taxes in order to bring the public receipt and expenditure to a level. But did not the people, Sir, already groan under the load of subsidies so much the more oppressive, that they were exacted by the most arbitrary government? Had not a National Bankruptcy been already pronounced by an *Arret* of Council? You talk of laws, of religion, of opinion which tempered the effects of despotism, and made it exist rather in appearance than in reality. Laws, Sir! But had not the most respectable laws, and till that instant the most sacred been violated? Was not justice herself dumb? Anarchy prevailed in every part of the realm. Religion! But did it temper in France the effects of despotism in the period of ignorance, fanaticism, and superstition? Opinion! But was it not in general then express in opposition to the existing form of Government? Were not men, who are now most divided in interest, then united by the common interest of resisting oppression? Did not the officers, who complain with so much force and so much justice of the want of subordination among the soldiers, set the example of resistance to the execution of arbitrary and illegal orders? Did not the Magistrates, who most condemn the reprehensible excesses of the people, then regard them as indispensable? Was not the insurrection general against that Government, which you find so favourable to the population, commerce, and prosperity of the empire? Ought it not then to be granted, Sir, by every person who has been able to trace in this country the series of political events, and who has no interest to ascribe the Revolution to other causes, that the deposed Government could no longer subsist?

But you, Sir, say, that instead of making innovations, we should have endeavoured to reform, and improve. How! the firm and courageous man, who rose with so much vigour against the abuses of his own country; the man who in the Parliament of England, on the 11th of February 1780, pronounced these words:

‘There is a time when men will not suffer bad things, because their ancestors have suffered worse. There is a time when the hoary head of inveterate abuse will neither draw reverence, nor obtain protection.’

Does the same man at this moment borrow the artful language of Frenchmen, nourished by abuse, and who, after having

* Speech of the Right Honorable Edmund Burke, on presenting a Plan for the Economical Reformation of the Civil and other Establishments.

ving been driven with disgrace from the ramparts of despotism, have retreated to a pretended constitution, which presented itself to them, in the monstrous division of orders, and in the four *vetus*, a sufficient number of instruments, where they hoped to defend, inch by inch, all the vices of the ancient government?

Some valuable persons, respected by both parties, were of opinion, that the ancient division of orders ought to be replaced by a second chamber, nearly similar to that which exists in your country. But without examining the great question, whether the unity of the Legislative Body, with proper restrictions and modifications, is not preferable; without referring to the particular circumstances which gave the people reason to apprehend that the Nobility, who had shut them out from admission to all employments, might, when they again appeared in a different form, take occasion to usurp the same advantages; ought it not to be admitted, that the excessive eulogiums, which were given to your constitution, were more calculated to prevent us from accepting than to persuade us to adopt it? Free nations are too zealous easily to yield to their neighbours any superiority, especially in what respects their constitution.

I have hitherto, Sir, endeavoured to prove to you, that if the revolution of France did not commence with you till the moment at which the clubs of London and Dr. Price took it under consideration, with us it goes back to a period much more remote, and that its origin must be sought before the crisis at which the States General being convoked, the part of the nation the most numerous, the most unfortunate, and the most oppressed, had recorded their desire, that the votes should be collected individually by others, in instructions very different from those in which you see only a desire of reforming some abuses. I will not, Sir, attempt to reply to the different articles of your work, I should too evidently injure the cause, which I wish to defend, by entering the lists with you. This noble and glorious task I leave to some man more worthy of being your antagonist, and will content myself with communicating to you some hasty reflections, intended to convince you that my liberty has not been weakened by the incidental oppression of some individuals; that the horror, which the past troubles have inspired me, has tended only to increase my fear of seeing them renewed, and that your charge against Dr. Price, of taking the deviation from principles for the principles themselves, is not applicable to me.

You lament, Sir, the weakness of the executive power, and the influence of the Committees of the National Assembly; these are circumstances which I also lament, but I do not think it necessary to excite a civil war in France, in order to restore an order of things, to which reason must naturally lead.

You lament, Sir, the poverty of the people for the present moment, and I likewise lament it: But I rely much on the means which will be suggested by the Committee of Mendicity, the institution of which you seem to condemn; and I am of opinion, that in order to restore peace to the country, and recall emigrants, we ought not to excite fresh troubles.

You lament the suspension of public credit; and I, Sir, likewise lament it; but I do not think that the best method of reviving it is to attack the different operations of the National Assembly, and to persuade the landed and monied interests that they are necessarily enemies, when, in fact, they must stand or fall together.

You lament, Sir, the defection of the troops; and I also lament it: but I have recovered confidence from the conduct of the National Guards, and the troops of line in the affair of Nancy, and from the sincere repentance of the fleet at Brest; and I am convinced that a common danger will always unite all Frenchmen.

You lament the scandalous spectacle exhibited to all Europe by the intestine divisions of the members of the National Assembly; and I no less lament it, and frequently have felt the most poignant regret, in seeing some Frenchmen, unworthy of the name, calumniate, and shamefully traduce their country. But does not even the impunity of such men prove their liberty? And can a man, separated from us only by some miles, maintain, that an assembly is not free, when he knows that one of its members proposed, with vehemence, in that very assembly, a plan for a counter-revolution, and that it was listened to with coolness?

You lament the rigour with which the Ecclesiastics have been treated; and I, Sir, also lament it: But I cannot see how religion is attacked, or atheism established, because the salary of public ministers, employed in the service of devotion, is not larger.

You complain of the organization of the Judiciary power; and I, Sir, find it not free from defects: But for these I am consoled by the ease with which they may be redressed, and by the great advantage acquired in the institution of Juries, of which you speak not a word.

You lament the violation of feudal property;

property; and I likewise regret the misfortune of some individuals: But I think that there still remains another method of indemnifying them, without invading the property of M. de la Rochefaucault, de Noailles, and de la Borde.

You lament the creation of paper money; and I, Sir, likewise lament it: But I am consoled by the reflection, that it is only temporary, and that it tends to facilitate an operation productive of the greatest advantages.

You find the number of Municipalities too great; and I am of the same opinion: But I think that it will be more easy to diminish, when the people shall perceive that it is their true interest.

You are afraid of the National Militia; and I also might entertain the same fears, if I thought they were to continue on their present footing, and did not know that their speedy organization will quickly dispel all apprehensions from that quarter.

I am not so much alarmed as you, Sir, about the progress of the new political machine; and I am of opinion, that when once the principal wheels shall have been put in motion, the rest will easily follow. In fine, Sir, I am inspired with the highest confidence, from the progress of that enlightened spirit, which you have so cruelly attacked; and from the liberty of the press, upon which you have not touched, and I am convinced that these economists, these philanthropists, these philosophers, upon whom you speak with so much asperity, will contribute as much by their writings to the support of liberty, and the re-establishment of order, as those famous

paladins, those knights errant, whose extinction you deplore, and whose very institution proves that it was always necessary to oppose armed force to the excesses of a people more formidable, in proportion as they were less enlightened.

I hope, Sir, that you find in this letter only the simple expression of the most genuine regard for liberty, and that you will not discover the language of a man blinded by the spirit of Party. I will never be subservient to the ambitious views of Ministers or of demagogues, but I will always defend the Constitution which I have sworn to maintain. I wish not to exalt myself to the character of a reformer of mankind, or a missionary of the new French institutions. I believe, that an inhabitant of the Canton of Berne, or that an Englishman, may be free and happy, notwithstanding the apparent Aristocracy of their Constitution; but I think, that a Frenchman, who should despair of the safety of his country, and endeavour to foment new disturbances, would be the most culpable of men, whilst the sage Englishman, who wished to prevent those divisions ready to break out in his country, would discharge the most sacred of duties. I flatter myself, Sir, that this opinion will coincide with your own, and, that in spite of our seeing the same object in different points of view, so natural in our different situations, you will preserve the same friendship which you testified for me during my residence in England. I entertain the hope of being able to visit in the spring, and there renew to you the assurance of the sentiments, &c. &c.

RECEIPT FOR MAKING CURRANT WINE.

[From the *Hibernian Magazine*.]

GATHER your currants when full ripe, which will commonly be about the middle of July; break them well in a tub or vat, (some have a mill constructed for the purpose, consisting of a hopper, fixed upon two lignum vitæ rollers) press and measure your juice, and two thirds water, and to each gallon of that mixture, (i. e. juice and water) put three pounds of muscovado sugar (the cleaner and drier the better; very coarse sugar, first clarified, will do equally well) stir it well, till the sugar is quite dissolved, and then tun it up. If you can possibly prevent it, let not your juice stand over night, as it should not ferment before mixture.

Observe, that your casks be sweet and clean, and such as never have had either beer or cyder in them, and, if new, let them be first well seasoned.

Do not fill your casks too full, otherwise they will work out at the bung, which is by no means good for the wine; rather make a proportionable quantity over and above, that, after drawing off the wine, you may have a sufficiency to fill up the casks.

Lay the bung lightly on the hole, to prevent the flies, &c. from creeping in. In three weeks or a month, after making, the bung-hole may be stopped up, leaving only the vent hole open till it has fully done working.

working, which generally is about the end of October. It may then be racked off into other clean casks, if you please: but experience seems to favour the letting the wine stand on the lees till spring, as it thereby attains a stronger body, and is by that means in a great measure divested of that sweet, luscious taste, peculiar to made wine; nay, if it is not wanted for present consumption, it may, without any damage, stand two years on the lees.

When you draw off the wine, bore a hole, an inch, at least, above the tap hole, a little to the side of it, that it may run clear of the lees. The lees may either be distilled, which will yield a fine spirit, or filtered through a Hippocrates's sleeve, and returned again into the cask. Some put in the spirit, but I think it not advisable.

Do not suffer yourself to be prevailed on to add more than one-third of juice, as above prescribed, in hopes the wine may be richer, for that would render it insupportably hard and unpleasant, nor yet a greater proportion of sugar, as it would certainly deprive it of its pure vinous taste.

By this management you may have wine,

letting it have a proper age, equal to Madeira, at least superior to most wines commonly imported, and for much less money.

In regard to the quantity of wine intended to be made, take this example, remembering that twelve pounds of sugar are equal to a gallon of liquid.

For instance, suppose you intend to make thirty gallons only, then there must be,

8 gals. of juice,	24 gls. mixtr.
16 of water,	3 multid. by

24 gals. mixture,	12 7/2 lb. sugar
6 gals. produced	equal to 6 gals. of
by sugar.	[liquid.
30 gallons.	

And so proportionably for any quantity you please to make.

The common cyder presses, if thoroughly clean, will do well in making large quantities: the small hand screw press is most convenient for such as make less.

N. B. An extraordinary good spirit for medicinal and other uses may be distilled from currant juice, by adding a quart of mclasses to a gallon of juice, to give it a proper fermentation.

AFFECTING HISTORY OF THE COUNT DE PELTZER.

[From new Letters by an English Traveller.]

THE Count de Peltzer, an Officer in the Prussian service, was the only son of a widow near sixty years old. He was handsome, brave to an excess, and deeply in love with Mademoiselle de Benskow. She was in her eighteenth year, gentle, pretty and born with an extreme sensibility. Her lover, just turned of twenty, was loved with a passion equal to his own; and the day was fixed to make them happy. It was the 20th of June, 1778.

The Prussian troops are always ready to take the field; and the 17th of June at ten o'clock at night, the Count's regiment received orders to march at midnight for Silesia. He was at Berlin, and his Mistress at a country house four leagues from the town. He set off consequently without seeing her; and he wrote to her from the first place where he stopped, that it was impossible for him to live without her; that it was essential to his happiness that she should follow him immediately, and that they should be married in Silesia. He wrote at the same time to her brother, who was his most intimate friend, to plead his cause with her parents. She set out

then accompanied by this brother, and by her lover's mother. Never did the sands of Brandenburg appear so heavy as to this charming girl; but at length the journey ended, and she arrived at the town of Herstadt; it was in the morning, and 'Never,' said her brother to me, 'did my eyes see a woman lovelier than my sister: the exercise of the journey had added to her bloom, and her eyes painted what passed in her heart.' But, O human prospects! how deceitful are you! How near often is the moment of wretchedness to the moment of felicity! The carriage is stopped to let pass some soldiers, who, advancing with slow steps, bore in their arms a wounded Officer. The tender heart of the young Lady was affected at the sight: she little suspected that it was her lover.

Some Austrian foragers had approached this town, and the young Count went out to repulse them. Burning to distinguish himself, he rushed with ardour before his troops, and fell the victim of his unhappy impetuosity.

To describe to you the situation of this unfortunate young woman would be to insult

insult at once your heart and your imagination. Her lover is placed in his bed; the mother at his feet, and his Mistress holds his hand.—‘O Charlotte!’ cried he, opening a dying eye—he wanted to speak; but his voice broke, and he melted into tears. His tone had pierced the soul of his Mistress; she lost her reason, and,

‘No, I will not survive you!’ cried she, quite frantic, and seizing a sword. They disarmed her; and he made a sign with his hand that they should bring her to his bed side. She came; he grasped her arm; and, after two painful efforts to speak, he says with a sob, ‘Live my Charlotte to comfort my mother!’ and expires.

CURSORY REMARKS ON THE COMMERCE IN SLAVES.

[Addressed to the Editor of the Universal Magazine.]

Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames?

VIRG.

SIR,

IN your Magazine for December, I observed an extract from Mr. Bruce's Travels, in which that author has advanced some considerations, by way of apology for the commerce in slaves. But as what he has advanced is very far from being convincing to me, I have taken the liberty to send you a few cursory remarks on the subject.

The first argument adduced by this celebrated traveller, in extenuation of what I conceive to be the guilt of trading in slaves, is the antiquity of the practice. But shall a wicked practice be suffered to remain, merely because it is ancient? At this rate, every enormity that has been sanctioned by antiquity may claim toleration. Mr. Bruce has endeavoured to prove, that the principal occupation of two opulent cities, Tyre and Babylon, consisted in a commerce in the persons of men. But it should be recollected, that God, by his prophets, has denounced the most severe judgments, against these *very places*, for their abominable wickedness; which judgments were fully inflicted upon them; and the prophet Ezekiel, speaking of Tyre, gives this express reason; ‘for the iniquity of thy traffic.’ Ezek. xxviii. 18.

Mr. Bruce says, for many reasons which he could mention, ‘he cannot think that purchasing slaves is, in itself either cruel, or unnatural.’ It seems then, that he can see ‘nothing cruel,’ in plunging a fellow-creature into the deepest distress, by separating him forever from all those social ties, which render life agreeable; from that native country which he loves with such an enthusiastic ardour, as to long for the dissolution of that terrestrial frame, which, he imagines, impedes the flight of

his anxious soul to scenes so congenial to his heart. As Mr. Bruce can perceive nothing cruel in this, in like manner he can see nothing unnatural, in breaking the most tender ties of nature, in separating the husband from the wife, and parents from their children; although the feelings of this deeply-oppressed people, under such circumstances, are so poignant, that some are seized with madness, and others put an end to an existence, rendered insupportable by the cruelty of those who profess to be followers of Christ. Permit me to produce one instance from the many that could be stated; a negroe, at Philadelphia, from his first arrival from Guinea, appeared thoughtful and dejected, and frequently dropped tears when taking notice of his master's children; the cause of which was not known till he was able to speak English, when the account that he gave of himself was, ‘That he had a wife and children in his own country; that some of them being sick and thirsty, he went in the night to fetch water from a spring, where he was violently seized and carried away by persons who lay in wait to catch men; that the remembrance of his family, friends, and other connections left behind, were the principle cause of his dejection and grief.’ Yet Mr. Bruce pretends to see nothing *cruel* in a traffic, which is continually producing cruelties, equal to, and even surpassing this. I doubt not, but every disinterested, unprejudiced person will agree with me, that, to drag innocent people from their native land, and dearest connections, is unjust, and directly contrary to the doctrine of the blessed Jesus, who says, ‘Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye, even so unto them.’ Luke vi. 31. And

again, he enjoins us 'to love,' even 'our enemies.' Luke vi. 27. How shall we reconcile this with oppressing, and even murdering a people who never injured us, and over whom we certainly have no right? Do violence and injustice perfectly harmonize with this gospel, which breathes 'peace on earth and good will towards men?' Luke ii. 14. Does our encouraging war and desolation in the regions of Africa, breathe 'peace on earth?' Or does the cruelty we, as a nation, exercise on its unfortunate inhabitants evince 'our good will to men?' St. Paul classes men-stealers with the perpetrators of the most atrocious crimes. 1 Tim. i. 10. The slave trade being so opposite to the mild dictates of Christianity, has been opposed by many humane persons, not with clamour, as Mr. Bruce insinuates, but with such solid and substantial arguments, that the most subtle advocates for oppression have combated them in vain, and by their attempts to defend, have exposed the weakness of their cause. The traffic in the persons of Christians, on the eastern coast of Africa, is carried on by Mahometans, and as it is obvious that our government can make no laws to prevent that traffick, the friends of humanity can only pity the wrongs which it is not in their power to redress. But the case is far different with respect to the slave trade carried on between Senegal and Angula; for here, a very great portion of this traffic is engrossed by our countrymen, under the sanction of our government; and, consequently, a great portion of guilt is incurred by our nation. The friends of humanity, in course, have thought they could not be clear of innocent blood, if they did not use their utmost endeavours to convince government of the necessity of abolishing a traffic, which renders us so obnoxious to the displeasure of Him, "who made of one blood all nations of men."—As to our author's assertion, that the custom of eating and sacrificing them to the devil all over Africa, he should have told us at what period it was so general and what authority he had for it. Merely saying it was plain from history, is not sufficient to establish the fact; as the history of Robinson Crusoe may be includ-

ed among his vouchers; and from the best information I have procured, I believe such practices are very far from being general. The most ancient accounts we have of the country of the negroes, particularly that part situated on and between the two great rivers Senegal and Gambia, are from the writings of two ancient authors, one an Arabian and the other a Moor. The first wrote in Arabic, about the twelfth century. His works were printed in that language, at Rome. The second, John Leo, a Moor, was born at Grenada, in Spain, before the Moors were totally expelled that kingdom. He resided at Africa. From these writings we learn, that after the Mahometan religion had been extended to the kingdom of Morocco, some of the promoters of it, crossing the sandy deserts of Numidia, which separate that country from Guinea, found it inhabited by men, who, though under no regular government, and destitute of that knowledge the Arabians were favoured with, lived in content and peace.* That the country of Africa is fertile and delightful, and that many of the natives have an idea of the true God; that they are a peaceable people, and hospitable to strangers (unless irritated by the depredations of the Europeans) we have ample testimony in the Account of Guinea just mentioned, the writer of which quotes the most respectable authorities.† As to the position that the Slave Trade produces civilization among the natives of Africa, every person of common understanding will, I think, see the absurdity of it. Can a trade begun in violence, and carried on in iniquity; a trade, calculated to oppress uncivilized nations; produce in their minds a conviction of the rectitude of the principles of those who pursue such measures? It is a melancholy truth, that the more discerning Africans justly charge us with disturbing that peace, which before our disgraceful visits to their coast prevailed among them.

It is found, that on an average, 100,000 Africans are annually torn by Europeans from their native country; and, as we have no right to take them, and wear out their lives in cruel slavery, we may too justly be styled their murderers. Let us talk

* See Benezet's Historical Account of Guinea.

† James Barbot, agent general to the French African Company in his 'Account of Africa'; Ashley's Collection of Voyages; William Smith, who was sent by the African Company, in 1726, to survey their settlements in Guinea; Francis Moore, sent from England in the service of the said Company, in 1735; Mr. Adanson's Voyage to Senegal; and W. Bosman, principal factor for the Dutch at D'Elmina, in his Description of Guinea.

talk no more of human sacrifices in Africa, while the polished nations of Europe, the professors of Christianity, are offering up at the shrine of avarice 100,000 human sacrifices a year!!!

If this disgraceful traffic, which, the Rev. T. Clarkson (in his excellent Essay on the impolicy of the African Slave Trade) proves to destroy more seamen in one year

than all the other trades of Great Britain do in two, (by causes which could not exist in any other) were abolished, a friendly intercourse with the natives might take place, and a trade in the natural productions of Africa would be established, which in every point of view must be highly beneficial to this country. I am Sir, &c.

CHRISTIANUS.

THE BROTHERS: OR, THE USE AND ABUSE OF TRADE.

[From the Gentleman's Magazine.]

IN the town of North Berwick, in Scotland, lived an eminent merchant, who had acquired a considerable fortune in trading to Holland and the Baltick; and as he had only two sons, he resolved to give them an education that would enable them to make a proper use of what fortune he intended to bequeath them.

Accordingly, they were both sent to the same school, and the progress they made in learning was nearly equal. They seemed both qualified with such natural talents as were fit for trade; for neither of them took any great pleasure in reading. Nor did they discover any remarkable attachment to the reigning follies.

John, the eldest, was kept as a clerk in his father's counting-house; and Thomas, the youngest, was sent up to London, and bound apprentice to an eminent grocer in the Strand. Soon after the expiration of Thomas's apprenticeship, the father died: and his fortune was equally divided between his two sons, whose behaviour had given him the utmost satisfaction. Thomas opened a shop in London; and John, not chusing to remain any longer in Scotland, packed up all he had, and set out for London; where he was kindly received by his brother; and, by his interest, was taken into partnership by an eminent merchant near Tower-Hill.

It was not long, however, before some difference arose between him and his partner, and they mutually agreed to dissolve the partnership. John then opened an office to transact business on his own account; and married the daughter of a merchant, with whom he got a considerable fortune.

In the mean time, Thomas, the youngest, went on in his business with success; and married the daughter of an honest, industrious tradesman; who, instead of bringing her up a fine lady, had instructed her in all the duties of domestic life. She had been taught to believe that a stuff gown, a plain head-dress, and a few gui-

neas in her pocket, were of much greater value than a silk gown of the newest pattern, a head-dress in the fashion, or a pretension to credit, while a person is twenty pounds in debt. She had as much pride as kept her above contempt; and procured her the respect of those of her own station.

On the other hand, the wife of John, who had been brought up in the country, began gradually to discover the ruling passion of his mind.

The pleasures at the places of public diversions appeared to him of much more importance than a regular attendance on his business; and his spouse told him, that none but vulgar, low-minded fellows would spend their evenings in the city. 'Leave business to be minded by your clerks,' said she; 'for unless you appear like a man of fashion I will never own you as a husband. I was brought up as a lady, and I will live as such.'

John was one who had no need of being put in mind of these things; his attention had been already detached from business, and he was as pliant as his spouse could wish. His brother often remonstrated to him on the impropriety of his conduct; but he was too much attached to pleasure, and too obsequious to his wife, to pay any regard to the advice of the best friend he had in the world.

A carriage was set up; a country house was taken, and furnished in the most elegant taste; and idle livery-servants were kept, in order to grace the solemn farce. But this was too gay a life to last long; for when John and his lady were at the opera, the play, the pantheon, and the masquerade, his business was neglected, and his bills were protested.

His mornings were spent in coffee-houses, haranguing upon the misconduct of the ministry, without thinking of his own. He looked upon it as dishonourable to be seen on 'Change. An elegant dinner was served

served up about four o'clock; his lady did the honours of the table; and the court-end of the town concluded the evening, or rather began the morning, (for they seldom arrived sooner) the servants were scolded for not giving proper attendance, because they had been over-powered by sleep: and the first news the clerks generally communicated to their master was, that many different persons had been there with bills.

'Let them come again,' said John, 'I have no time to mind such low affairs.' 'I am surpris'd, Sir,' said the lady, 'that people should be so pressing for money; I wish, my dear, you would give over business, and take a house in Soho Square. Then, my dear, you would not be plagued with these mean wretches coming after you in this manner.'

Things went on in this manner for some time; but even the most pleasant life will not last for ever, and at last John saw his name in the Gazette. He knew that he was not able to give his creditors a satisfactory account in what manner he had disposed of his fortune, or rather of theirs; and, taking leave of his lady, he set out for Dunkirk.

Thomas beheld his brother's misfortunes with great concern; but, as it was what he had long expected, it did not so much affect him as it would otherwise have done. Thomas was a man of humanity; he considered himself as connected with his brother by the ties of nature; and, when he found that he had forfeited his life to the laws of his country, he set him up in a shop in Dunkirk. He mixed with the most vulgar company; he contracted a fatal disease, and died. His wife, who could not bear the thoughts of suffering the reproaches that were thrown out against her, on account of poverty, mustered up all the money she could, with which she bought some paltry clothes, and was taken into keeping by an eminent banker; who soon after died, and left her to range at large on the town. She sunk from one state to another, till at last she became so miserable, that she stole something to satisfy the immediate calls of nature; and, having received sentence of transportation, died in her passage to America.

Thomas lived in the world in the most industrious manner; and he died crowned with honour. His actions were just, his life reputable, and his death lamented.

ACCOUNT OF AN INDIAN ENTERTAINMENT.

[From Mearns's Narrative.]

THE Felice having finished her business at Nootka-Sound, prepared to get to sea. We sailed on the 11th of June, with a view to trace the the southern part of the coast from King George's Sound, as the Iphigenia was to trace the northern from Cook's River to the same place. We first determined to seek out the residence of Wicaninsh, who, we were informed, lived not far from Nootka, and soon saw his village. A message was received from the chief, to invite us to a feast; of which, and his habitation, the following is a description:

On entering the house, we were absolutely astonished at the vast area it enclosed; it contained a large square, boarded up close on all sides to the height of twenty feet, with planks of uncommon breadth and length. Three enormous trees, rudely carved and painted, formed the rafters, which were supported at the ends, and in the middle, by gigantic images, carved out of huge blocks of timber. The same kind of broad planks covered the whole, to keep out the rain; but they

were so placed as to be removed at pleasure, either to receive the air or light, or let out the smoke.

In the middle of this spacious room were several fires, and beside them large wooden vessels, filled with fish soup.—Large slices of whale's flesh lay in a state of preparation, to be put in similar machines, filled with water, into which the women, with a kind of tongs, conveyed hot stones from very fierce fires, in order to make it boil. Heaps of fish were strewed about, and in this central part of the place, which might be very properly called the kitchen, stood large seal-skins, filled with oil, from which the guests were served with that delicious beverage.

The trees which supported the roof were of a size which would render the mast of a first rate man of war diminutive, on a comparison with them; indeed our curiosity, as well as our astonishment, was on its utmost stretch, when we considered the strength that must be necessary to raise these enormous beams to their present elevation; and how such strength could be found

found by a people wholly unacquainted with the mechanic powers.

The door by which we entered this extraordinary fabric was the mouth of one of these huge images, which, large as it may be supposed, was not disproportioned to the other features of this monstrous image's visage. We ascended by a few steps on the outside, and after passing this extraordinary kind of portal, descended down to the chin into the house, where we found new matter for astonishment, in the number of men, women and children, who composed the family of the chief, which consisted of at least eight hundred persons; these were divided into groups, according to their respective offices, which had their distinct places assigned them. The whole of the building was surrounded by a bench, about two feet from the ground, on which the various inhabitants sat, eat and slept. The chief appeared at the upper end of the room, surrounded by natives of rank, on a small, raised platform, around which were placed several large chests, over which hung bladders of oil, large slices of whale's flesh, and proportionable goblets of blubber. Festoons of human skulls, arranged with some attention to uniformity, were disposed in almost every part where they could be placed, and were considered as a very splendid decoration of the royal apartment.

When we appeared, the guests had made a considerable advance in their banquet. Before each person was placed a large slice of boiled whale, which, with small wooden dishes, filled with oil and fish soup, and a large muscle-shell, by way of spoon, composed the economy of the table. The servants were busily employed in preparing to replenish the several dishes as they were emptied, and the women in picking and opening the bark of a tree, which served the purpose of towels. If the luxury of this entertainment is to be determined by the voraciousness with which it was eaten, and the quantity that was swallowed, we must consider it as the most luxurious feast we had ever beheld. Even the children, and some of them were not more than three years old, possessed the same rapacious appetite for oil and blubber as their fathers: the women, however, are forbidden from eating at these ceremonials.

Wicaninith, with an air of hospitality

which would have graced a more civilized society, met us half way from the entrance, and conducted us to a seat near his own, on which we placed ourselves, and indulged our curiosity during the remainder of the banquet, in viewing the perspective of this singular habitation.

The feast being ended, we were desired to shew the presents which were intended for the chief: a great variety of articles, brought for that purpose, were accordingly displayed, among which were several blankets and two copper tea kettles. The eyes of the whole assembly were riveted upon these unusual objects, and a guardian was immediately assigned to the two tea kettles, who, on account of their extraordinary value and beauty, was ordered to place them, with great care, in the royal coffers, which consisted of large chests rudely carved, and fancifully adorned with human teeth.

About fifty men now advanced in the middle of the area, each of them holding up before us a sea otter skin, of near six feet in length, and the most jetty blackness. As they remained in this posture, the chief made a speech, and giving his hand in token of friendship, informed us that these skins were the return he proposed to make for our present, and ordered them to be immediately sent to the ship.

Our royal host appeared to be entirely satisfied with our homage; and we, who were equally pleased with his magnificence, were about to take our leave, when the ladies of his family advanced towards us, from a distant part of the building, whither they had retired during the entertainment. Two of them had passed the middle age, but the other two were young, and the beauty of their countenances were so powerful as to predominate over the oil and red ochre, which, in a great measure, covered them: one of the latter, in particular, displayed so sweet an air of diffidence and modesty, that no disgust of colour, or deformity of dress, could preclude her from awakening an interest even in minds cultured to refinement. We had not very fortunately, disposed of all the treasure we had brought on shore, and a few beads and ear-rings that yet remained, served to give our visit a concluding grace, by presenting them to these ladies of the court.

INSTANCES OF LOW ANCIENT MANNERS.

THERE is a great difference between low and simple manners. The latter

are agreeable, not the former. Among the ancient Egyptians, to cram a man was an act

act of high respect. The Greeks, in their feasts, distinguished their heroes by a double portion. Ulysses cut a fat piece, out of the chine of a wild boar, for Demodocus the bard. The same respectful politeness is practised, at present, among the American savages. So much are men alike, in similar circumstances. Telemachus complains grievously of Penelope's suitors, that they were gluttons, and consumed his beef and mutton.

In Rome, every guest brought his own napkin to a feast; which a slave carried home, filled with what was left of the entertainment.

The manners of the Greeks did not correspond to the delicacy of their taste in the fine arts: Nor can it be expected, when they were strangers to that politeness of women, which refines behaviour, and elevates manners.

To live by plunder was held honourable,

by some of the Grecian states; for it was their opinion, that the rules of justice are not intended for restraining the powerful. All strangers were accounted enemies, as among the Romans, and inns were unknown, because people lived at home, having very little intercourse even with those of their own nation. Inns were unknown in Germany, and to this day are unknown in remote parts of the highlands of Scotland: but the reason is quite opposite. For hospitality prevailed greatly among the ancient Germans, and continues to prevail so much among our highlanders, that a gentleman takes it for an affront, if a stranger pass his door.

At a congress between Francis I. of France, and Henry VIII. of England, among other spectacles for public entertainment, the two Kings had a wrestling-match. Had they forgot that they were Sovereign Princes?

QUEEN ALLA'S LAMENTATION.

[*Translated from the Irish Poem, on which Carolan, called by Handel the Irish Orpheus, founded his Fairy Queen. By Charles Wilson, of the Middle Temple, Esq.*]

HOW solemn is the hour of night! when all things listen to the voice of love!—Hail awful shades, all-hail your placid gloom.—But hark! it is the Jark that calls upon the morn? The note awakes the ear of night; and see the young-eyed messenger of day, sings on the breast of Heaven, while the star-dropt waves of Allen seek the peopled shore. Sweet were your charms, ye moon-tinged waves, ye hazel wilds, ye rocks and willows green; when gentle Binna smiled on you all, as on his lips love budded in a thousand forms; the song of Salla rested there; sweeter than the breath of roses.

Whither art thou fled from thy disconsolate Queen?—Listen ye rocks and willows to my song, O thou, that art beautiful among the children of spring, return to my disconsolate Queen.—The rocks hear my sorrows, and the trees attend to my sighs; but thou art absent and cannot hear. My eyes hang on thy return, and my sighs steal to meet thee. O thou, that art fairer than the visions of the morning, return, and light up joy once more in the soul of Alla. My ear drinks in the breezes; but thy accents are not there. O, where shall I find thee, or whither bend my sight? The queen of Farra detains thee; her charms have bewitched thy soul.—She has loll'd thee on her bosom,

and the melody of water-falls prolongs thy dreams—the linnet sprinkles the air with notes, the breezes steal thy breath, and the roses thy complexion. I see, I see the blushes crimson thy cheek—I see, I see—Ah! cease to upbraid—thy Prince is true, no eye invites his constant soul; his queen alone employs his thoughts; nor whisper this complaint, ye listening winds, that Alla should suspect her Binna's faith. O! from love and me, say whether art thou fled? Has Sella's straggling host seized on my love? Yes, thou art seized; I see thee bound; I hear thee call; but ah! in vain, I cannot help; no pitying spirit there to lend its aid. I hear thy voice, yes, sure I do; the breezes tell me thou art there.

Oh! why on our return did I desert my Prince, to prepare the rosy wreath, the cooling beverage, and the shady bower—my dreams forewarned me of the sad event—the wreath too withered, and the morning's tears shone faintly on the violet pale, and joyless was the solitary bower. Perhaps now in the bower of death, new-cropp'd, you lie, the loveliest floweret there—the dart of Dana pierced thy bleeding breast—it did, thy ghost glided by me, on the pinions of a dream, like a flake of snow on the blast of winter. I felt thy kiss cool as the dews of April. I grasped the

the vision, and it melted into air. Ah! why did I leave my Prince in the valley of Arva?

There the Dart of Danā sought thy bosom—there the thicker hid the foe.—Ah! why did I leave thee when danger was nigh?—I should have shared it with thee: my ardent breast should have interposed, and shielded from the foe. We should have fallen together. and the bards would sing our loves, and the virgins of Carra wave our garlands.—O thou, that wast swift among the roes of Barra, pleasant were thy streams, O Barra! There I first beheld my Prince. Affix my plaint, ye streams of Barra—on thy banks I first beheld my love. Thy murmurs invited him to sleep, and thy willows watched over his slumbers.—His cheeks spoke the language of roses, and his countenance was the harbinger of love. His hair was spun from the blossoms of Edur—beautiful were thy flowing locks, like a flight of linnetts. Thy forehead shone smooth as polished yew, and mild as the opening gleam of water: thy chin was like a rose bud, and thy lips like the fresh cut fallow root: thy limbs lay careless like the branches of the new fallen oak. Thy charms sunk deep in my heart, and my eyes floated in mist. I beheld thee like some fair form in a vision, and the music of thy voice melted my soul; for it was sweeter than the streams of Barra: and sweet are thy streams, O Barra! Oft let the flowerets shade thy blue-eyed margin—Oft let thy circling wave reflect the wand'ring moon; for on thy banks I first beheld my love.

But thou art gone. and the midnight shews me how you fell amidst the enemy, far from thy unhappy queen.—Thy eye sought me as it sunk in death; but I was not there to close it. Had I been there thou hadst not died—my tears would have softened death—nor would his dismal shade have been spread over thee. But thou art fallen far from the presence of thy queen; thou didst not sink upon her faithful bosom—no weeping flowers expired upon thy breast, nor mint upon thy feet. The stranger's finger closed thy eye; no friend was there to woo thy cheek to

life—O thou, that wert beautiful among the flowers of Barra; thou, whose accents woo'd the linnet, now art pale, and sunk in death—thou sleepest among the fons of youth—No, thou wilt not speak to thy princess.—She bedews thy cheeks, but kisset not away her tears: thou dost not hear her sighs, nor dost thou press her hand—Thou art lovely in the arms of death; thou art pale as the fresh pour'd moon beam! No more thy smile lights up my soul. Ah! sure thy spirit is not fled! thy latest sigh would have reach'd me here—What trembling motion of the troubled air now waits, on full spread pinions, sounds of woe?—How every flower droops low its head, nor cheerful linnet swells the morning note.—O thou that art beautiful among the vales, return to thy princess; receive the gift wrought with thy much lov'd hair, thro' which thy snowy shoulders would appear like 'to the lily, shining through the dew-spun web of fairy elves.—Still on thy lips I feel thy parting kiss, sweet as the drops of rose buds. O canst thou leave thy queen in the valley of Arva? In sighs she wears the night away—the lute is sickly, the dying string no more shall charm the grove, nor sooth the heart of Alla.

Will not the spirit of Binna return—will not love wing his flight to hover o'er his dying Alla? Will he not sigh to hear her moan? O thou that wert strait as the furrows of Edur and beautiful among the breezes of the morn, whose fingers were like the joints of Lorra's reeds, and eye-brows soft as the down of willows—No more I'll listen to the airy harp of Allen, Ah! whether art thou fled. The sickly primrose droops for thy return, nor can the sun beam dry her tears.—On friendship's wings you flew to the vale of Corra, and didst return. On the wings of battle you rushed to Barra, and didst return. On pleasure's wings you sailed to Allen, and didst return—but now thou'rt gone, and wilt return no more!—O then farewell, ye banks of Bana! Once more adieu, but still flow mournful on, ye streams of Barra!—Oh! Barra's banks farewell!

— BIOGRAPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

DR. WENDEBORN, an ingenious German, who has long resided in England, has the following observation in his instructive and entertaining 'View of England; I cannot help ob-

serving, that this wise and learned nation have thought proper to lay heavy duties on all foreign learning, which is imported in books at the Custom-House, and is paid for by the weight. A ponderous, dull

folio is of far greater value in the Custom-House scales, than genuine wit and true refinement contained in a neat octavo or duodecimo. That English books printed or reprinted on the continent, should be prevented, by a heavy duty, from being imported, to the detriment of English authors, printers, booksellers, or bookbinders, is very just and necessary; but I do not see any reason for making the importation of foreign publications, which are never republished in England, so extremely costly, difficult, and troublesome. This is an impediment thrown in the way of the progress of learning, and a hardship under which the learned themselves are laid. At the Custom-House so little indulgence, even in trifles, is to be met with, that, if the whole of the duty amounts but to a penny, which would be readily paid six times over, it is to be entered in the most expensive manner. I remember that some years ago, two little German pamphlets, of the size of an English magazine, in a blue cover, were sent to me from Hamburg, and a ship-broker, on seeing them directed to me, drew up, without my knowing it, a petition that they might be delivered, which he presented at the Custom-House, where they, however, were ordered to be entered. The broker told me, that the duty, according to the weight of the pamphlets, would hardly amount to a half-penny, and the Custom-House fees to about five shillings. As the original value of both pamphlets was only fifteen-pence. I took the advice of prudence and economy, and sacrificed fifteen-pence to save five shillings, and a great deal of trouble besides, by leaving my pamphlets in the hands of the Custom-House officers. Here, indeed, is great room for just and pertinent remarks; but I will abstain from making them, and only ask two questions:—First, Is a man, who ought to pay only four-pence or six-pence duty, which the law requires, bound in justice and equity, to lose five shillings in fees, if he wishes to receive his property? Secondly—Should no distinction be made between things, particularly trifling ones, entered at the Custom House, upon oath, for a man's own use, and those brought in for sale and commerce? Indeed, the muses will never pronounce a panegyric on any Custom-House whatever, much less on that in London. I have been told, that a learned foreigner had invented a mathematical instrument, of which the great Newton entertained a high opinion, and had formed great expectations. The Royal Society received one as a present, and Sir Isaac hearing of its arrival, was so eager to see and secure

it, that he himself hastened to the Custom-House, to fetch it away. The duty it was subject to, was to be paid *ad valorem*, and the President of the Royal Society being asked how much its value might be, answered, contrary to his usual manner, with some warmth, 'What do you mean? Do you think I could ascertain its value?' Upon this, the Custom-House officers fixed their own price, which was by far more than the Royal Society thought it worth. However, the duty was paid, and the Society took care, that the great calculator should never afterwards transact their Custom-House business.

IN an expedition in the western part of North America, in 1758, General Forbes, who commanded it, was, by his infirmities, reduced so low as to be taken up in a litter.—The Indians, who saw him, were astonished that a warrior could not walk:—this so disgusted them at their commander, that they remonstrated against him. Their old friend, Colonel Weiser, to appease them made this sagacious reply:—'This man is so terrible in war, that we are obliged to confine him, and let him write his orders; for if he was let loose on the world, he would deluge it with blood.'

WHEN Marshal Saxe was in London, he happened one day to offend a scavenger, who was cleaning the streets near Charing-cross, and who challenged the Marshal to box with him. The Count, relying on his own uncommon strength, accepted the proposal, and the scavenger began to strip; but he had scarce taken off his shirt when the Marshal, perhaps despising the puny appearance of his antagonist, seized him by the arms, to the great astonishment of the spectators, and threw him, with the same ease as if he had been a truss of straw, into his own cart, where he struggled for some time, and narrowly escaped being stifled with the mud; while the Marshal walked off with the most perfect composure.

N. N. Ambassador from Peter the Great to a court of Europe, on his return to Petersburgh some time before the end of the Swedish war, sent immediately to inform the Emperor of his arrival, and received directions to go the palace about noon, as the breaking up of the council. He obeyed, and was very graciously received by the Czar, who invited him to dinner. Peter asked him many questions concerning the affairs, the situation, and the government of the country in which he had resided. During the whole time they were at

at table, the conversation turned only on this subject. At length the Czar asked him in a friendly way, what was the opinion entertained of him abroad? 'Sire, every one has the highest and best opinion of your Majesty. The world is astonished above all at the wisdom and genius you discover in the execution of the vast designs which you have conceived, and which have spread the glory of your name to the most distant regions.'—'Very well,' replied the Czar, 'very well, that may be; but flattery says as much of every King when he is present. My object is not to see the fair side of things; but to know what judgment is formed of me, on the opposite side of the question. I beg you to tell it me, whatever it may be; for I am not to learn that foreigners examine my conduct in every point of view, and speak so freely of me, that you cannot be ignorant of their opinion. In short, I wish to know if it be the fame that I have heard, and if you speak to me sincerely?' 'Sire,' said the ambassador, making a low bow, 'since you order me, I will relate to you all the ill I have heard. You pass for an imperious and severe master, who treats his subjects rigorously, who is always ready to punish, and incapable of forgiving a fault.' At these words the Czar interrupted him with a smile—'No, my friend,' said he; 'no, this is not all; you will not tell me what you have heard. I am represented as a cruel tyrant: this is the opinion foreign nations have formed of me; but how can they judge? They do not know the circumstances I was in at the beginning of my reign; how many people opposed my designs, counteracted my most useful projects, and obliged me to be severe: but I never treated any one cruelly, nor ever gave proofs of tyranny. On the contrary, I have always asked the assistance of such of my subjects as have shewn marks of intelligence and patriotism, and who, doing justice to the rectitude of my intentions, have been disposed to second them; nor have I ever failed of testifying my gratitude by loading them with favours.'

THE Czar, excited by natural curiosity, and his love for the sciences, took great pleasure in seeing dissections and surgical operations. It was him who made these arts known in Russia. He was so fond of them, that he was informed whenever any thing of this kind was going on in the hospitals, or other places in the vicinity of his residence, and seldom failed to be present if he had time. He frequently lent his assistance, and had acquired sufficient skill to dissect according to the

rules of art, to bleed, draw teeth, and perform other operations, as well as one of the faculty. It was an occupation in which he liked to employ himself for the sake of practice; and he always carried about with, besides his case of mathematical instruments, a pouch well stocked with instruments of surgery. He once exercised his dexterity, with laughable circumstances, on the wife of one of his valets-de-chambre, who was a little given to gallantry, and whose husband wished to be revenged. Perceiving the husband, whose name was Balboiarof, sitting in the anti-chamber with a sad and pensive countenance, he asked him what was the cause of his sorrow?—'Nothing, Sire,' answered Balboiarof, 'except that my wife refuses to have a tooth drawn which gives her the utmost agonising pain.'—'Let me speak to her,' replied the Czar, 'and I warrant I'll cure her.' He was immediately conducted by the husband to the apartment of the supposed sick person, and made her sit down that he might examine her mouth, although she protested that nothing ailed her.—'This is the mischief,' said the husband; 'she always pretends not to suffer when we wish to give her ease, and renews her lamentations as soon as the physician is gone.'—'Well, well,' said the Czar, 'she shall not suffer long. Do you hold her head and arms.'—Then taking out a tooth instrument, he drew, in spite of her cries, the tooth which he judged to be the cause of her complaint, with address and promptitude. Hearing a few days after, from some of the Empress's household, that nothing had really been the matter with the woman, and that it was only a trick of her husband, he sent for him, and, after having made him confess the whole, chastised him severely with his own hands.

AT a time a reward was offered for the best epitaph on General Wolfe, two gentlemen, both now living, in a frolic, agreed each to write one, and for a small wager to leave the determination of which was best to Dr. Johnson. After reading them both, the Doctor wrote his opinion to this effect. 'Both the epitaphs are extremely bad, and therefore I prefer the shorter of the two.'

PHILIP IV. having lost the kingdom of Portugal, Catalonia, and some other provinces, took it into his head to take the surname of Great; on which the Duke of Medina Celi said, 'Our master is like a hole, which grows the greater the more it loses.'

A P H O R I S M S.

[Translated from the ancient Ijfo.]

REST firm confidence in God. Fight in the cause of your country. Grieve not at the accidents, however untoward, that happen to you in the world; for your time is but short in it, and to attach yourself to it more than is necessary may injure your future existence. Marry a woman whose age and conduct announce wisdom, and she may bring you wise children. Shun contagious places. Avoid boasting and vain glory. Hear much and say little. First consider, then understand, and speak afterwards. Praise not a man for his wealth, if he be not otherwise laudable. Be patient in youth, and experienced in old age. Tell not aloud what you mean to execute, lest failing in the attempt, you may be a subject of ridicule to the public. Pay your debts. Correct your wife. If a faithless companion hurt you, bear with him for the first time, and, if you can, be even with him another time. Seldom or never make your friend your enemy, or your enemy your friend. Act not as judge between your friends. Enter not into contention with thy father or thy mother, though you were to defend the truth. Suffer your reason to correct your tongue. Be courteous to every body. Be not forward to speak, nor backward to listen. Praise God often. Ask nothing that you ought not to ask. Honour your King, and the people in power under him. Hold not close intimacy with wicked men. Be satisfied with a little, and you will obtain much. Take to wife an equal of thine own. Let your beginnings be good, and Providence will crown it with an happy end. Neither praise nor dispraise your wife, at the instance of a man of the moment. Be not vain-glorious, on account of your wealth, nor evil in your designs on account of poverty. Preserve truth and justice. Punish severely the doers of evil, and cut off the hands of those who steal. Hang thieves, and burn those who pretend to sorcery. Restrain adulterers. Avoid the lying and the vain-glorious boasters. Pursue not thine own advice altogether, but be regulated by the good advice of others. Covet not to get rich by deceitful means. Learn in your childhood what may turn to your advantage at the age of maturity. Meddle not with what does not concern you. Suffer not your hands or your feet to act, nor your ears to hear, nor your eyes to see, nor your lips to approve, a bad action. Sleep not till you

consider how you have spent the day; if well render God thanks for it, and if ill, ask forgiveness from him. Pray to God in the beginning of your work, and he will bring it to a good conclusion. Walk not with those who do not esteem you, where there are not more people than themselves. Do not what you wish, but what you ought. Be not forward to speak with a stranger, till you know his mind; and if you then think that he is knowing and intelligent, be courteous to him, and improve by his conversation. Suffer not your wife to have absolute controul over you; for if you suffer her to pass over your knee to day, she will get over your head to-morrow. Go not too often to thy friend's house, neither be a long time without seeing him. Disturb not yourself in seeking after the goods of this world, observing of the birds of the air, that it is in the morning they ask the day's sustenance. Do not be positive respecting any thing, till you have full assurance of its truth. Do not practice intimacies with women, except you are necessitated. Be cautious how you use victuals prepared for you by a jealous woman. Let not your youth or your eyes deceive you. Break not the ordinance made for the public good. Attempt not thy friend. Instruct no one in the time of thy wrath. Exhibit no mirth at an ill saying of another in thy presence, lest something may be ill said of thyself. Give bounty to a good man, for he will share it with you; but if you give a bad man any thing, his practice will be to demand more of you. If you have determined on doing a good thing, do not procrastinate. Listen to the aged, whom you suspect to have good knowledge and experience. Do thy utmost to avoid anger, if not for God's, at least for the world's sake. Be not the means of even conveying a bounty or favour to an evil person. Be indulgent, at least patient, to youth; and cautious with the mature and aged. Be courteous, kind, and affable among young people, that they may more willingly receive thy instructions. Let every one avoid drunkenness, anger, and sensuality; but particularly let those in a public capacity avoid them. The love, affection, and valour of his people, are what strengthen every King. As air quickens flame, so do these invigorate a King who adheres to truth, and governs according to law. Such a King lives peacefully.

peacefully over his dominions, but he who acts the contrary way requires to have another over him. A word from a King is better than a bounty from another. Discretion and caution are a King's best counsellors; a good conscience and to perform the works of mercy, his best treasures; for if the King be merciful, his strength will vegetate and increase; and God shall, whenever he is straightened, relieve him; and if he is equitable his people will rejoice in him. A King ought not to confide in an avaricious person, who totally gives up his mind to the world, and the acquisition of immense riches; for if his advantage lead to it, he would as soon be his enemy as his friend. It is proper to shun the intimacy of the evil. Kings ought to have their children instructed in literature, that they may instruct the nation by their example, and be better able to govern as lords of this world. O! Kings of the earth, adore, worship, and reverence the King of heaven, who is King over all Kings and kingdoms; so may your subjects obey and honour you! Do not practice intimacies with a talkative man! Admit not a man to share your secrets, before you prove him! Sleep not to indulge yourselves! Love your people! Do not enter into any pernicious schemes, on account of being embarrassed in your circumstances! Be not guilty of an action yourself, which you would criminate in another! Practice not the advice of him who does not benefit by it himself! Good council is the foundation of good works! Consult not a man in his wrath! Whoever keeps a secret without being desired, best deserves confidence! When you do not keep your own council, how can you imagine another will? Avoid desire, and your appetites will be cured! Covet only the wealth which will purchase heaven for you! He is laudable who is patient in poverty; God values not the power of riches, as he does patience in affliction. To be over-forward to talk is not laudable; for were a chattering or an idiot to hold his peace, he may be taken for a wise man. Much evil arises from talkativeness, that does not from a silent disposition. Of any good thing, the greater portion is the more valuable; wherefore God hath granted us the faculty of hearing in a double degree, and but one tongue to express our thoughts. Man has power over his voice till he exerts it, but it has power over him henceforward. What then is to be done, but to consider what you would

speak? The best mode of employing our language is to converse concerning the greatness, power and goodness of God!—As to Governors and other officers, their duty is first to correct themselves, and afterwards those under their command. Do not be wise in words and unwise in actions; for words vanish into air, and the actions remain with yourself, and with those that come after you. Would you inculcate any doctrine, give a suitable example, that your instruction may be the better received. Do not reason with, nor admit the instruction of a man who denies the most evident truth. Marry a virgin that you may instruct her according to your wishes. Employ not your thoughts to consider of living long in this world, but of living well while you are in it; for death is certain, and the hour uncertain. Believe not those who say they love truth, if they do not conform their actions to it. Let your generosity be proportionate to your means, for if it extend beyond this limit, you will be said to be an imprudent as well as unprovident man. Let your conversation be adapted to your company. Put not arms into the hands of a woman, nor a book into those of an unlettered clown. Grant a favour on first asking, or not at all, for it is not gratis that you give what you suffer to be often demanded. If you praise a man for exalted descent alone, it is no praise; if you praise him for his strength, consider that indisposition will make him weak; if he is handsome, old age will destroy his beauty; if it be for his manners or his learning, that a man is praised, he really deserves it, for the greatest perfection is always most worthy of praise. Avoid the intimacy of a liar; but if you should ever form one with him, be always on your guard against him. Be not reluctant to learn and improve your mind, since merchants and traders go beyond the seas, braving the terrors of the most dangerous elements, to increase their wealth and treasures, which are sordid in comparison to the riches of the understanding. Let your promise be as sacred as if you took an oath to perform it. Believe not him who tells you a falsehood of another; for, believe it, he will do the same of yourself. Information and intelligence are life, but ignorance and illiterateness are death. Learning and knowledge are the most exalted gifts of heaven to man—They make the soul the receptacle of worth and of goodness.

NEW BOOKS.

REFLECTIONS on the REVOLUTION in FRANCE, and on the Proceedings in certain Societies in London, relative to that Event. In a Letter intended to have been sent to a Gentleman in Paris. By the Right Honourable EDMUND BURKE. 8vo. Doddsley. 5s.

(Concluded from Page 115.)

HAVING in our last noticed the enthusiasm of Mr. B. in behalf of the religious orders, we shall not now dwell on the furious declamation he falls into (p. 54.) on account of the National Assembly's having thrown open the monasteries, emancipated the nuns from their unnatural obligations, and appropriated those revenues to the service of the state, which formerly were consumed in the promotion of indolence, and checking the progress of population.

The next topic that recurs to our mind is the violent and illiberal attack on Dr. Price's Discourse on the Love of our Country. We mean not to justify the principles of Dr. P. we deem them too much verging on the levelling maxims of the National Assembly, and agree: 'that levelers are never equalizers:' nay, that they are a dangerous species of innovators, who ought to be scouted and reprobated by all friends to order and society. Neither do we approve of political Philippics from the pulpit. On the contrary, we confess at once the beauty and justice of Mr. B.'s remark, 'Surely the church is a place where one day's truce ought to be allowed to the dissensions and animosities of mankind.' But what cool dispassionate man could approve the following, among a crowd of similar passages. Speaking of theories, that 'without opening one new avenue to the understanding, stop up those that lead to the heart,' and that 'pervert all the well-placed sympathies of human nature; he proceeds thus, 'This famous sermon of the Old Jewry breathes nothing but this spirit through all the political part. Plots, massacres, assassination, seem to some people a trivial price for obtaining a revolution. A cheap, bloodless reformation, a guiltless liberty, appear flat and vapid to their taste. There must be a great change of scene; there must be a magnificent stage effect; there must be a grand spectacle to rouse the imagination, grown torpid with the lazy enjoyment of sixty years security, and the still unanimating repose of public prosperity. The Preacher found them all in the French Revolution. This inspires a juvenile warmth through his

whole frame. His enthusiasm kindles as he advances; and when he arrives at his peroration, it is in a full blaze. Then viewing from the Pisgah of his pulpit, the free, moral, happy, flourishing, and glorious state of France, as in a bird's eye landscape of a promised land, he breaks out into the following rapture: '*What an eventful period, &c.*' But however the passage alluded to may, in the opinions of some, justify this warmth, as well as the ensuing comparison between Dr. Price and Hugh Peters, surely a better excuse is required for Mr. B.'s comment on the following: 'Those who dislike that mode of worship which is prescribed by public authority, ought, if they can find no worship out of the church which they approve, to set up a worship for themselves; and by doing this, and giving an example of a rational and manly worship, men of weight from their rank and literature may do the greatest service to society and the world.' P. 18. Dr. Price's Sermon. Surely no objection can be made to this passage, which would not heretofore have held good against the reformation;—nay, against the introduction of Christianity itself; yet, upon this passage Mr. B. has the following curious animadversions: 'It is somewhat remarkable that this reverend divine should be so earnest for setting up new churches, and so perfectly indifferent concerning the doctrine taught in them. *His zeal is of a curious character.* It is not for the propagation of his own opinions, but of any opinions. It is not for the diffusion of truth, but for the spreading of contradiction. Let the noble teachers but dissent, it is no matter from whom or from what. This great point once secured, it is taken for granted their religion will be rational and manly. I doubt whether religion would reap all the benefits which the calculating divine computes from this great company of great preachers.' It would certainly be a valuable addition of non-descripts to the ample collection of known classes, genera and species, which at present beautify the *hortus siccus* of dissent. *Zeal of a curious character!* Surely the noblest, the most liberal character of zeal, is that which

which is eager to promote the propagation of faith and piety according to the conviction of those who are to adopt it. Nor a zeal for the diffusion of *truth*! What does Mr. B. mean by truth? If he speaks of *truth* as an *abstract principle*, we give him over to the theological metaphysicians; for upon such a subject it is scarcely possible for any two persons to argue intelligibly. Should Mr. B. define this abstract principle, it would be one thing, should Dr. Price define it, it would be quite another; the reader, perhaps, would find a third interpretation; and we should perhaps define it 'a *non-entia*, a phantom of the metaphysical theologian's brain. But if by truth, Mr. B. means the conviction of the mind, we must deny his assertion, and say that nothing can show greater zeal for the diffusion of truth, than this very passage. We are sorry to see the very honorable zeal of Mr. B. in the cause of religion, sullied by passages which argue any narrow degree of bigotry or illiberality.

To speak in general terms of this Pamphlet, so far as relates to France, we must say it is rather declamatory than elaborate, though the latter part displays some depth of reflection and calculation; and that though it condemns with the utmost severity the measures of the National Assembly, it does not even pretend to particularize any effectual means by which a better remedy might have been applied to the state; a mode of proceeding which shews more of an inclination to deal in invective, than of a penetrating and philosophic spirit. That matters have been driven beyond the boundaries of discretion, and farther than the necessity of the times could justify, no moderate man can readily deny; but that they have meritedly drawn down this severe satire on the rights and liberties of mankind, does not appear by any thing advanced by Mr. B. who, by his Pamphlet seems to be excellently well informed of all that has past. That theory and speculation have also been too much confided in, is perhaps another undeniable truth; but can this justify our once philosophical politician, in exalting the prejudices and prescriptive attachments of mankind over the nobler principles of reason and investigation. It is remarkable also that Mr. B. seems to mistake cause for effect, and effect for cause; by attributing the pecuniary and other embarrassments of France, to the Revolution, and the conduct of the National Assembly; when, on the contrary, it is notorious that the threatened bankruptcy of the state, in effect brought about the Revolution. Something like this mistake is conspicuous in the follow-

ing comparative reflections on former usurpers and factious leaders, and on the National Assembly:

'These disturbers were not so much like men usurping power, as asserting their natural place in society. Their rising was to illuminate and beautify the world. Their conquest over their competitors was by outshining them. The hand that, like a destroying angel, smote the country, communicated to it the force and energy under which it suffered. I do not say (God forbid!) I do not say, that the virtues of such men were to be taken as a balance to their crimes; but they were some corrective to their effects. Such was, as I said, our Cromwell. Such were your whole race of Guises, Condes, and Colignis. Such the Richelieus, who in more quiet times acted in the spirit of a civil war. Such, as better men, and in a less dubious cause, were your Henry the 4th and your Sully, though nursed in civil confusions, and not wholly without some of their taint. It is a thing to be wondered at, to see how very soon France, when she had a moment to respire, recovered and emerged from the longest and most dreadful civil war that ever was known in any nation. Why? Because, among all their other massacres, they had not slain the *mind* in their country. A conscious dignity, a noble pride, a generous sense of glory and emulation, was not extinguished. On the contrary, it was kindled and inflamed. The organs also of the state, however shattered, existed. All the prizes of honour and virtue, all the rewards, all the distinctions, remained. But your present confusion, like a palsy, has attacked the fountain of life itself. Every person in your country, in a situation to be actuated by a principle of honour, is disgraced and degraded, and can entertain no sensation of life, except in a mortified and humiliated indignation.' Such are the Reflections of a boasted patriot, on a great nation's emerging from slavery, and vindicating (with rather too much violence we grant) the rights of humanity; and, indeed, every opportunity seems to be seized with the utmost avidity, to criminate, and throw contempt and odium on the National Assembly.

We shall conclude this review, with a few strictures on the beautiful rhapsody on the Queen of France, which is, in our opinion, the sublimest passage in the work. After describing with great pathos the tumult of Oct. 6, and paying a very handsome compliment to the fortitude and humanity of the King, Mr. B. then proceeds to a most insatuated and fulsome panegyric on the Queen; and a most poetical and anti-

anti-philosophical lamentation on the decay of Chivalry, by the influence of which, and other effects of the feudal spirit of former times, among other *charming* consequences, vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness, p. 111 to 113. How far these sublime and elegant compliments to unfortunate majesty agree with the sentiments of this gentleman during the agitation of the Regency business, we leave others to examine. We mean only to animadvert upon it as a detached passage standing upon its own basis; and undoubtedly, in point of beauty and energy of genius, scarcely any thing can go beyond it. But what shall we say to the principles? Shall the artful gloss of eloquence lead us to prefer that enthusiastic attachment to monarchical glory, that tame unlimited submission to the will of despotism which once distinguished France, before the manly spirit of the present day? Shall we admit the maxim that vice loses half its evil, by losing all its

grossness? Or shall we more truly declare, that when vice is wedded to refinement, or glossed over with apparent delicacy, it acquires a poignancy which renders it doubly insinuating and destructive? Or, lastly, shall we join in the lamentation for the degeneracy of the times, and the total extinction of the spirit of knight-errantry? But this last is unnecessary. Chivalry is not yet quite extinguished. Still does the knight of the rueful countenance wield his dread weapon in defence of beauty, and equip himself for the arduous adventure of storming the enchanted castle of usurping freedom, scattering and overthrowing the monstrous knights and giants of revolution, and restoring the beautiful Antonietta to all the hereditary honours of her race. But, like the Quixotic adventures, we forbode it will not be successful; though we, as well as Mr. B. perceive the possibility that the French Constitution may have to pass through great variety of untried being.

POSTHUMOUS WORKS of FREDERICK II. KING of PRUSSIA. Translated from the French, by Thomas Holcroft. 13 Vol. 8vo. 4l. 4s. in Boards. Robinsons.

THE contents of these volumes are of considerable importance to the present age and to mankind. Frederic the Second is not to be confounded with the mob of Kings, whose names survive only in the table of the chronologist, or are used like a range of boxes in the cabinet of the amateur to enable us to find readily what we happen to want. His talents were of uncommon magnitude. He cultivated the art of war with assiduity and success, and his situation afforded him a brilliant opportunity to exhibit his superiority. He was the patron, the correspondent, and the friend of men of letters, and his own literary pretensions were sedulously cultivated. He held up a model to the Princes of Europe, in some respects laudable, in some crude and imperfect, and in others distorted by malignity or caprice; but in the great whole, and the general effect, so dazzling as to have excited universal imitation. It is right therefore that his merits and his defects should be perfectly understood.

His history will infallibly furnish a fa-

vourite topic of enquiry to the politician and the philosopher; and of consequence the History of his Own Times, Wars, and Transactions, which constitute the first four volumes of the translation, is to be regarded as an inestimable source of materials. No man acquaints us so completely with his true springs of action as the actor himself, however he may wish to hide them. The fifth volume is miscellaneous. The three following contain the Correspondence of Frederic and Voltaire, and the five concluding ones, the reciprocal communications of the King, M. Jordan, the Marchioness du Chatelet, Messieurs de Fontenelle, Rollin, Algarotti, D'Argens, D'Alembert, Condorcet, Grimm, D'Arget, Fouquet, and the Prince Royal.

To the Translation, as now completed, there is prefixed a Preface, which has afforded us considerable pleasure. We are here presented with a rapid view of the contents of the publication; and the merits of the author and the compositions are estimated with a strong and enlightened judgment.

P O E T R Y.

For the NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

On the BIRTH-DAY of a LADY.

TO fair Maria's well earn'd praise,
Be mine to give the tribute lay;
And hail with joy th' auspicious morn,
That welcomes in her natal day.

The Muse shall lend her willing aid,
And Friendship yield a smile sincere;
And meek ey'd Pity's gentle voice,
Shall check awhile the flowing tear.

As o'er her head revolving time,
With swiftest wing his flight pursues;
Retentive mem'ry backward treads,
And all her days of bliss renews.

Renews the days of gentle peace,
When pleasure spread its flow'rets
round;

When harmless mirth, and careless ease,
The passing hours with gladness crown'd :

'Till Love, regardless of her worth,
The victim to his altar led :
Be dumb ye powers that guard the Fair !
And Virtue, hang your pensive head !

He led her there with dire intent,
Nor from his purpose bold recedes ;—
With cruel dart her bosom pierc'd,
And still the lovely Victim bleeds.

But e'er another Sun has mark'd
Its wonted course, returning joy
Shall all her suffering pains repay,
And Bliss again her soul employ :

In mutual passions fond embrace,
No more she'll think of dangers past ;
While ev'ry future year conspires,
To yield more transport than the last.—

Then let a faithful Swain impart
The wish that always warms his
breast ;
To see her blest is all he asks,
And ev'ry sorrow lull'd to rest.

Be his the task to sing her praise ;
To give sincere the tribute lay :
And hail with joy th' auspicious morn,
That welcomes in her natal day.

For the NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE

L I N E S

*Written in a Volume of Thomson's Seasons be-
longing to the same Lady.*

HERE mark the Seasons how they pass ;
And, Mary, as they glide,
View in their clear,—reflecting glass,
Thy Life's impetuous tide :—

So may your *Spring* expand its flowers,
In all their graces drest :
With gentle Love's refreshing showers,
Your *Summer* days be blest :

And may your *Autumn* yield you store
Of ease, devoid of care ;
No frightful Storms, nor Tempests roar,
Your *Winter* peace t' impair.

J. C.

CARELESS CONTENT.

I AM content, I do not care,
I Wag as it will the world for me ;
When fufs and fret was all my fare,
It got no ground as I could see :
So when away my caring went,
I counted cost, and was content.

With more of thanks, and less of thought,
I strive to make my matters meet ;
To seek what ancient sages sought,
Physic and food, in sour and sweet :
To take what passes in good part,
And keep the hiccups from the heart.

With good and gentle-humour'd hearts
I choose to chat where'er I come,
Whate'er the subject be that starts ;
But if I get among the glum,
I hold my tongue to tell the troth,
And keep my breath to cool my broth.

For chance or change of peace or pain,
For Fortune's favour, or her frown,
For lack or glut, for loss or gain,
I never dodge, nor up nor down ;
But swing what way the ship shall swim
Or tack about, with equal trim.

Y

I suit not where I shall not speed,
Nor trace the turn of every tide ;
If simple sense will not succeed,
I make no bustling, but abide :
For shining wealth, or scaring woe,
I force no friend, I fear no foe.

Of ups and downs, of ins and outs,
Of 'they're i' the wrong,' and 'we're
i'th' right,'
I shun the rancours and the routs,
And winning well to every wight,
Whatever turn the matter takes,
I deem it all but ducks and drakes,

With whom I feast I do not fawn,
Nor if the folks should flout me, faint ;
If wanted welcome be withdrawn,
I cook no kind of a complaint :
With none dispos'd to disagree,
But like them best who best like me.

Not that I rate myself the rule
How all my betters should behave ;
But Fame shall find me no man's fool,
Nor to a set of men a slave :
I love a friendship free and frank,
And hate to hang upon a hank.

Fond of a true and trusty tie,
I never loose where'er I link ;
That if a business budges by,
I talk thereon just as I think :
My word, my work, my heart, my hand,
Still on a side together stand.

If names or actions make a noise,
Whatever hap the question hath,
The point impartially I poise,
And read, or write, but without wrath
For should I burn, or break my brains,
Pray, who will pay me for my pains ?

I love my neighbour as myself ;
Myself like him too, by his leave :
Nor to his pleasure, power, or pelf,
Came I to crouch, as I conceive :
Dame Nature, doubtless, has design'd
A man the monarch of his mind.

Now taste and try this temper, sirs,
Mood it, and brood it in your breast ;
Or if ye ween, for worldly stirrs
That man does tight to mar his rest,
Let me be deaf, and debonair—
I am content, I do not care.

O D E T O L O V E.

A H Fortune! wilt thou never smile?
And have I woo'd thee still in vain?

And is the mead of all my toil
But sharper woe, severer pain ?

Ah, Delia, fairest of the fair!
Say, must thy beauty only prove
My earliest wish, my latest care,
But still the foe of hapless love ?

Ah Love, on mountains wert thou bred,
Nurs'd in some monster's horrid cave ;
Thy tyrant power we view with dread,
Which wounds the youth, affrights the
brave.

Hence ruthless passion, mock'ry hence,
Nor let me feel thy cruel sway ;
Come hours of careless innocence,
Return and cheer life's ling'ring day.

Return with all thy smiling train,
The gay, quick thought, the fancy
wild :

Each instant bliss return again,
And chace far hence these tumults wild

Season of thoughtless joy ! in vain
The Muse thy fancied aid implores ;
The smiling pleasures of thy train
Seek distant climes and happier shores

Let me, while others, idly gay,
'Mid proud ambition's trophies shine
Unknown attune my artless lay,
Be careless ease and leisure mine.

And, oh ! may friendship bless the hour
With temper'd joys, with social glee ;
May wit, may fancy, grace my bower,
For these, my Damon, dwell with thee.

In vain shall beauty's artful smile
Again enslave my love-torn heart ;
Friendship shall ward the powerful guile,
And all her milder bliss impart.

With thee, my Damon, may I rove
Where science points the arduous way ;
And leave the idle toys of love
To breasts as idle and as gay.

Thus thro' the varying scenes of life
Shall friendship gild the fleeting hour,
Dispel each ruffling storm of grief,
And give to joy its noblest power.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE VISION.

A FABLE.

A S Colin one morn went a-maying,
Thro' bow'ry retreats of the grove,

The wood-lark such fancies was play-
ing
As Philomel could not improve.

While he to the siren's sweet lays
His eager attention devotes,
Through music's meander she strays,
Now sinking, now swelling the notes.

At length, he in ecstacy cry'd,
' Ah! where could this science be
found!
For whom is this minstrelsy ply'd!
For whom is this banquet of sound!

Said a Vision, 'Tis meet that you know,
The minstrel addresses each note
To him from whom bounty but flows,
Who taught every grace to her throat;

Who now in beneficence gives
Parental delights to her breast,
From whose open hand she receives
Support for the young in her nest.

Deem not that the notes from the spray
E'er prove as a waste of sweet sound,
For heard and approv'd is each lay,—
Each lay the God's praise doth re-
sound.

Deem not that the flow'rets that blow,
And breathe in the lonely retreat,
Their sweets to the wilds but bestow;
As incense they offer each sweet.

Ten thousand pure beings still rove
Unseen by corruption's gross eye,
To join in each song of the grove,
— Each offering to waft to the sky.

Though man never waken'd sweet praise,
Though thankless his bosom were
sound,
Chaste anthems the woodlands would
raise,
Hallelujahs, the vallies resound.

Why were his vast faculties giv'n
To light him, why reason's blest beam,
If he leads not the chorus to heav'n,
If his gratitude proves not supreme?

O youth! this thy duty observe,
So ne'er shall thy pleasures decay;
'Twill prove the best honour to serve,
'The glory 'twill prove to obey.

Each morning to songs of pure praise,
Lyre like whilst thou tune'st thy heart,
Immortals shall list to thy lays,
And thou to yon wood poet's art.

The HOURS; or, the LIFE of MAN:

A PASTORAL. IN FOUR PARTS.

PART I.

INFANCY, exemplified in a Description
of the MORNING.

YE Dryads, who haunt the clear stream
and the grove,
For you shall my reed breathe the pas-
toral lay,
Whether courting the Muse, in the rap-
tures of love,
Or guarding my flock in the heat of the
day.

Aurora advances,—pale *Cynthia* retires,
Her tresses extinguish'd, the dawn is
increas'd;
Lo, Phœbus, slow rising, rekindles his
fires
And Light with her glories emblazons
the East.

The Thistle down falls on the lap of the
breeze;
Tranquility reigns o'er the opening
morn;
The cattle extended lay musing at ease;
And the black-bird's wild carols are
heard from the thorn.

Lov'd daisy, why bow thy sweet head to
the gale?
Though wet with the night-dew, thy
beauties yet live;
Again shall thy modesty spread o'er the
vale,
And the sun's bright refulgence thy co-
lours revive.

It is thus with mankind;—In his earliest
state,
In her arms the fond mother her infant
entwines,
While the child, wrapt in sickness, and
smiling at Fate,
All wet with her tears, on her bosom
reclines.

But transient affliction to joy soon gives
place,
When the sunshine of health sheds her
influence round;
Again blooming innocence dimples his
face,
And angels benignant the cradle sur-
round.

PART II.

YOUTH, exemplified in a Description of
NOON.

To thy shade, spreading oak, with my
sock I'll repair,
My refuge at Noon from the sun's
scorching beams:
The butterfly waves his rich colours in
air,
And the hay, newly mown, with sweet
fragrance teems.

Now sad, down the valley, indignant and
slow,
The bull, faint and panting, pursues his
lone way.
The stream's glassy surface is scarce seen
to flow,
And the rose in full elegance bursts on
the day.

And, hark!—from the inmost recess of
the grove
I hear Edwin's voice; 'tis his sorrowful
strain,
His notes I well know:—they are soften'd
by love,
And mournful for Hebe, thus sadly com-
plain:

'Fly swiftly, ye moments, bring on the
grey eve,
'For day without Hebe is joyless to
me;
'In her converse, so pleasing, I raptures
receive;
'When by moon-light we meet 'neath
the sycamore-tree.

'With gratitude's tear I'll her kindness
repay,
'Twas here in this grove, I first told
her I lov'd;
'And ever remember'd be that happy
day,
'The day on which Hebe my passion
 approv'd!

Proceed, blooming shepherd; you haste to
your prime,
In the Noon of thy life, smiling Cupid
embrace,
For the boy's airy wings shall be clipp'd by
old Time,
And his scythe will each youthful sen-
sation craf.

PART III.

MANHOOD, exemplified in a Description of
EVENING.

The rays of bright Phœbus inverted dis-
play'd,
Emits his last beams on the brow of the
hill,
The lowing of cattle is heard from the
glade,
And ceas'd are the labours erst heard at
the mill.

O'er the breath of the pasture the beetle
swift sails,
And humming proclaims the mild even-
ing at hand;
The leaves are all ruffled by murr'ring
gales,
And zephyrs rich-scented their odours
expand.

Now light o'er the mountains mild Luna
appears,
Slow rising in majesty, still and serene,
She mounts on the clouds;—all nature she
cheers,
And rivers bespangled reflect the bright
scene.

Thus rises in wisdom the science fraught
Youth,
By virtue directed he clears error's mist;
To him are laid open the pages of truth,
'Though envy and prejudice vainly resist.

When arriv'd at his zenith, he shines on
the world,
Till Death blights his laurels, and lost
is his name;
But glories hereafter to man are unfurl'd,
Surpassing the transient possession of fame.

Then consider that Manhood draws near
to thy end,
Nor shrink at the hasty approaches of
Night;
Thou shalt mount on the clouds which to
Heaven ascend,
And explore undisturb'd the blest re-
gions of night.

PART IV.

AGE exemplified in a Description of
NIGHT.

The owl from the tower at midnight de-
scends,
The bat, cloth'd in darkness, his prey
swift pursues;

Sweet

Sweet sleep's balmy treasure o'er nations
 extends,
 On grief-furrow'd eye lids her blessings
 she strews.

The watch-dog, incessant, the welkin a-
 larms,
 The raven's loud screams pierce the
 concave of night;
 While Fancy shews Hecate preparing her
 charms
 By the vapour's blue flame, or the glow-
 worm's pale light.

Now loud rolls the thunder, red lightning
 is seen,
 And horror o'er nature indignantly
 reigns.
 But Morning again shall enliven the
 scene,
 And Sol with his presence shall gladden
 the plains.

So Man, as the Hours, swift glides to his
 end;
 His *Morning* of *Infancy* hastens to
Noon;
 How vain their pursuit, who for honours
 contend,
 When the bud of perfection is blasted
 so soon!

What avails the wish'd bays, which erst
 pleasing he sung,
 That was wont o'er the brows of his
Manhood to wave;
 From *Age* he must sink to the earth whence
 he sprung,
 And the *Muse* he forgot in the *Night* of
 the *grave*.

But Death's fatal arrow's in darkness
 shall rust;
 For soon shall the system of Nature de-
 cay;
 The globe, and its temples, shall moulder
 to dust,
 And *Night* shall be left in the *glories* of
Day.

S O N G.

Tune, 'The Son of Alknomook.'

THE Power that created the night and
 the day
 Gave his image divine to each model of
 clay;

Tho' on different features the *God* be im-
 press'd,
 One spirit immortal pervades ev'ry breast.
 And Nature's great charter the right
 never gave
 That one mortal another should dare
 to enslave.

The same genial rays that the lily unfold
 Give the rose its full fragrance, the tulip
 its gold;
 That Europe's fond bosoms to rapture in-
 spire,
 Warm each African breast with as gen-
 erous a fire.
 And Nature's, &c.

May the head be corrected, subdu'd the
 proud soul,
 Who would fetter free limbs, and free
 spirits control!
 Be th' gem or in ebon or ivory enshrin'd,
 The same form of heart warms the whole
 human kind.
 And Nature's, &c.

May freedom, whose rays we are taught
 to adore,
 Beam bright as the sun, and bless ev'ry
 shore;
 No charter that pleads for the rights of
 mankind
 To invest these with gold, those in fetters
 can bind.
 And Nature's, &c.

T O C O N T E N T.

AN ODE.

[By Henry Green.]

COME, meek-ey'd nymph, of aspect
 sweet,
 Sober, modest, and discreet;
 Come calm Content, my breast possess;
 The dower thou bring'st is happiness.
 O lead me to the moss-grown cell,
 With thee and Virtue there to dwell,
 With Temperance, of gentle mien,
 And Conscience spotless and serene.

Let others share the glittering stores
 Of gorgeous Ind's ensanguin'd shores;
 Let soaring minds a lust inflame
 Of lawless Power and guilty Fame:
 From thee, Content, those joys can flow,
 Nor Wealth, nor Power, nor Fame be-
 flow.

C H R O N I C L E .

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Paris, Feb. 12.

THE Committee of Reports, having received successive couriers from the Department of the Higher and Lower Rhine, the last of which arrived on Thursday the 20th, with an account of the very critical situation in which the King's Commissaries were involved at Strasburgh, thought it necessary to lay the whole before the National Assembly, to whom things appeared so alarming, that they ordered their united Committees of the Military, the Constitution, the Diplomatique, and of Enquiries, to consult immediately on the necessary measures. The result of this report is as follows :

An association of no less than fifteen hundred persons, a great part of them men of fortune and family, has been formed in the Departments of the Higher and Lower Rhine, under the title of *Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman Citizens*, whose avowed object is to oppose, even by violence, if necessary, the decrees relative to the Clergy.

Commissaries from the King were, by a decree of the National Assembly, sent to put an end to the intrigues of this formidable party. They first directed their steps to Colmar, the capital of Upper Alsace. The Municipality, being previously informed of their arrival, required the National Guard to draw out, to honour and protect them in case of necessity, from the populace, who had been inflamed by the priests. The Military Committee, at the instigation of M. Dubois, who presided in it, as the Commander of the Regulars, refused. On this a number of citizens, as volunteers, offered themselves as guards to the Commissaries, who, as they entered the city were presently surrounded by an immense populace, crying out '*Vive le Comte D'Artois! Les Commissaires a la lanterne!*'—They however gained their hotel without experiencing any personal insults. When arrived there, they addressed the citizens, who still guarded the House, declaring, that they had no occasion for a guard in the middle of their brethren and fellow-citizens, &c. The Municipality nevertheless, knowing their danger, continued this guard, in spite of the efforts of M. Dubois, and of the populace, who again came on, with the cry of '*Les Commissaires a la lanterne.*' After remaining some time in this precarious situation, M. Stockmey-

er came at the head of the inhabitants of the suburbs, armed with bludgeons, and dispersed the mob, mingled among whom were found many persons of distinction, particularly the brother of the Proctor-General of the department of Strasburg.

The next day, the Commissaries exhibited their powers before the Assembly of the Department, and from thence proceeded to the College where the Scholars had opened a Theological Disputation, concerning the legality of the oath exacted by the officiating Ecclesiastics. Armed with the force of the laws, as well as reason, they had the good fortune to convert the Professors, eight of whom immediately took the oaths.

In short having in a little time calmed the disturbances at Connar, they departed from thence to Strasburgh. But here they found matters in a much worse situation; the Assembly of the Department even being in a state of open rebellion, at least of resistance to those decrees concerning the Clergy. It is the advice, therefore, of the united Committees who gave in their report, that the National Assembly should immediately suspend the Directory and the Proctor General, and that the Commissaries be authorized to choose other Members well affected to Government.

In consequence of the report above mentioned, a firm and vigorous decree passed the Assembly, to the following effect, viz.—The refractory Members of Administration in the Lower Rhine are suspended, and the King's Commissaries are empowered to elect others to go on with the business of the Department for the present, till the National Assembly shall otherwise provide. The Episcopal-See of Strasburgh is declared vacant, and the Electors are to be immediately assembled, to choose another Bishop in the place of the Cardinal D^x ROHAN, and the same with regard to the other Bishops and incumbents of the Department, who have refused to take the oath.

The regiment of light horse who refused to obey the summons of the Municipality of Colmar, to protect the Commissaries, is broke. Finally, the Judges of the tribunals in Colmar, and Strasburgh, are ordered to send a daily account of the proceedings in the actions instituted in their respective courts against the public delinquents.

A report presented to the National Assembly by M. Gossin, relates a very extraordinary fact.—The Reporter addressed himself

himself to the Assembly in these words: 'The Community of Bresse in the department of Vosges (by an exception of which there does not exist a parallel instance in the kingdom) have enjoyed for many ages the right of naming the Judges, who constitute the tribunal before which all disputes are determined, which you have declared to come under the cognizance of Justices of Peace. The Judges of this Tribunal have at the same time a more extensive jurisdiction; and they dispense justice without any pecuniary recompence.

'The population of this community extends to 1200 souls; the houses lie detached and scattered, like those of a pastoral people; they are situated in a country inaccessible at one season of the year, and are surrounded by the steep mountains of Vosges.

'The freedom and peace enjoyed by these people are owing to their peculiarity of situation. Their privileges were always held sacred, and confirmed by the Princes of the House of Lorrain; and they are now actually become constitutional. They demand that they may still enjoy them. The Administrators of the Department support their Petition, the success of which they deemed necessary to the prosperity and happiness of these peaceful Mountaineers. The Committee of Constitution propose to the National Assembly, that their desires may be granted.—It is congenial to the spirit of your Decrees.—The inhabitants of the Community of Bresse will receive this constitutional boon with the utmost joy and gratitude.—A decree immediately passed in terms of the Report.

Among the Ecclesiastics who took the oath to the constitution this day, were observed, M. D'Expilly, a Bishop chosen by the People, and the Bishop of Autun; who, though not chosen by the people, is unquestionably a very popular Bishop.

BRITISH NEWS.

London, Feb. 22.

The following is a Copy of an Address from the Resident Graduates in the University of Oxford.

To the Right. Hon. EDMUND BURKE.

WE, whose names are subscribed, Resident Graduates in the University of Oxford, request you to accept this respectful declaration of our sentiments, as a tribute which we were desirous of

paying to splendid talents employed in the advancement of public good. We think it fit and becoming the friends of our Church and State, to avow openly their obligations to those who distinguish themselves in the support of our approved establishments; and we judge it to be our especial duty to do this, in seasons peculiarly marked by a spirit of rash and dangerous innovation. As members of an University, whose institutions embrace every useful and ornamental part of learning, we should esteem ourselves justified in making this address, if we had only to offer you our thanks for the valuable accession which the stock of our national literature has received by the publication of your important 'Reflections.' But we have higher objects of consideration, and nobler motives to gratitude: we are persuaded, that we consult the real and permanent interests of this place, when we acknowledge the eminent service rendered both to our civil and religious constitution, by your able and disinterested vindication of their true principles; and we obey the yet more sacred obligation to promote the cause of religion and morality, when we give this proof, that we honour the advocate by whom they are so eloquently and effectually defended.

[This address was conveyed to Mr. Burke by Mr. Windham, of Norfolk; through whom Mr. Burke returned his answer:]

Copy of Mr. BURKE's Letter to Mr. WINDHAM.

My dear Sir,

The valuable present I received from the Resident Graduates in the University of Oxford becomes doubly acceptable, by passing through your hands. Gentlemen so eminent for science, erudition, and virtue, and who possess the uncommon art of doing kind things in the kindest manner, would naturally choose a person qualified like themselves to convey their favours and distinctions to those they are inclined to honour. Be pleased to assure those learned Gentlemen, that I am beyond measure happy in finding my well meant endeavours well received by them; and I think my satisfaction does not arise from motives merely selfish; because their declared approbation must be of the greatest importance in giving an effect (which without that sanction might well be wanting) to an humble attempt in favour of the cause of freedom, virtue, and order united. This cause it is our common interest to maintain, and it can hardly be maintained without securing on a solid foundation, and preserving in an uncorrupted

rupted purity, the noble establishments which the wisdom of our ancestors had formed, by giving permanency to those blessings which they have left to us as our best inheritance. We have all a concern in maintaining them all: but if all those, who are more particularly engaged in some of those establishments, and who have a peculiar trust in maintaining them, were wholly to decline all marks of their concurrence and opinion, it might give occasion to malicious people to suggest doubts, whether the representation I had given was really expressive of the sentiments of the people on those subjects. I am obliged to those Gentlemen for having removed the ground of those doubts.

I have the honour to be, &c.

EDMUND BURKE.

Duke-street, St. James's,
Dec. 22, 1790.

March 1.

The Empress of Russia, the 8th ult. on appointing General Baron d'Ingelstrom her Ambassador to the Court of Sweden, assigned him 20,000 roubles salary, 24,000 roubles for his table, and the sum of 15,000 roubles to procure his equipages, and fit himself out for the occasion. In this embassy he will be accompanied by four gentlemen.

Our Saturday's letters from the Baltick, contain no pacific information. The preparations making by all the Northern powers indicate, that the next campaign between the Russians and Turks will be a more bloody one than that which disgraced the annals of 1790.

The King of Prussia, and the Imperial Leopold, are drawn no nearer together by any bond of amity, than they were last Spring. The discontents of the Liegeois, and the politics of Poland, are the chief grounds of dissatisfaction; and will, probably, soon drive them into actual hostilities.

A mechanic called Francis Nunez, died in the month of November last, at Caldas, in Portugal, aged 119 years. Above 10 persons have died this year in that kingdom, each above 100 years old.

On Tuesday last Sir Richard Pepper Arden was robbed of his watch and purse on Finchley Common by two highwaymen, who are said to have enquired with the utmost civility, whether the watch was a family piece, and to have received a very candid answer, that it was not.

On the 2d of December, the wife of one Dubarry, a cooper, at Bourdeaux, was delivered at five months of a boy and four girls. They were all christened, and died

the next day. Their bodies were shewn for four days, to gratify the curiosity of the public. The mother is well, and felt no unusual uneasiness during her pregnancy.

Another attempt at the great desideratum of an universal language in the learned world, has been made by Professor Wolfe, of Petersburg, who has invented a language destitute of words, that immediately expresses the ideas, and fills the imagination with images and perceptions.

It does not take up a fifth of the space of any known language, and can easily be taught in any country where there are Jews, Turks, or Christians, or where the Bible or Koran is read.

It is not unpleasant to the ear; has no irregularities, no declensions, and only one extremely simple conjugation. Proper names persons and places may be accurately expressed by it, without the help of words or letters, and it may be conveniently read from left to right, or from right to left at pleasure.

The German Journal that mentions this interesting discovery has raised the curiosity of all the Philologists in Europe.

The General Election of the New National Assembly of France will take place in May.

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

Halifax, March 24.

ON Friday the 18th instant, a horrid murder was committed at Lunenburg, on the bodies of Frederic Emmino, his wife, and grand child, a girl about fourteen years of age, all French people. It is supposed, the house was robbed, after the murder was committed, it being burned to ashes, with the dead bodies of its inhabitants. Emmino's hat was found about six yards from the house, with a quantity of blood near it. It is thought he had notes of hand in the house to the amount of 500l.

Two men have since been apprehended who are supposed to have been the perpetrators of this shocking deed.

DEATHS.

March 17. Mr. James Wilkins, aged 47
19. Miss Margaret Dicky, aged 26.
20. Mrs. Margaret Sharp, aged 51.
21. Mr. James Lownds, aged 67.
30. Mr. Alexander Ross, aged 59.