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T H E

NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE

FOR M A R C H, 1792.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF THE LATE M. DE MIRABEAU.

[From the *Universal Magazine*.]

GABRIEL Honoré Riquetti de Mirabeau was born at Paris, in the year 1749. The count, his father, a man of illustrious birth and uncommon attainments, who had distinguished himself in the republic of letters, by a celebrated work, entitled 'L'Ami des Hommes,' (The Friend of Mankind) after having occupied several high offices under government, retired to his family chateau, a venerable and majestic building, which he inherited from one of his ancestors, who enjoyed the confidence of Henry IV, and was in the carriage with that monarch, when he was assassinated by Ravillac. In this remote and romantic retreat, the count still cultivated letters; but he was a singular and inconsistent nobleman, and was too eagerly occupied about his own fame, to lay a proper foundation for that of his children! The countess too, a haughty, intriguing, and discontented woman, did not pay the necessary attention to the education of her offspring; and her frequent and violent contentions with her lord, rendered the old Gothic castle but a melancholy and disagreeable residence.

The subject of these memoirs, who was their eldest son, at an early age, displayed talents not unworthy of his future reputation; but they were neither cultivated,

nor ripened, by the fostering hand of a father. Driven to extremities by the severities of this parent for some youthful indiscretions, before he was twenty years of age he fled from the persecutions of his family, and took refuge in Holland. The future character, the pursuits, and the ruling passions of the human mind, often originate in trivial incidents, that make a strong and indelible impression in early life. Oppressed and pursued by the vengeance of his own father, Mirabeau became the avowed enemy to tyranny, and even wrote and printed a book against despotism, both local and parental; and before he could be properly termed a man, he had actually, and unknown to himself, become a patriot.

On his return to his native country, he was seized and immured in a state prison: but the walls of a dungeon could not repress the fervid vigour of his mind, nor damp the activity of his genius; for amid the gloom and melancholy, naturally attendant on a close and rigorous confinement, he composed his eloquent declamation against *Lettres-de-Cachet*. This work, was published soon after he had procured his liberty, and circulated in France, and indeed throughout Europe, by the industry of the officers of the police,* whose inter-

R. est

* The superior abilities of M. de Mirabeau were no where more eminently displayed than on this occasion. He knew that his book could not be published in France, without the connivance of the police; and, to procure this, he dedicated his work to M. le Noir, who presided over that *respectable* body. This man, one of the most base and cruel minions of despotism, possessed, as the count well knew, an egregious and insatiable vanity, which operated so forcibly on the present occasion, that he mistook the satirical compliments of the author for so many marks of esteem, and thought that the circulation of this book tended greatly to the propagation of his own reputation. So blinded was he with the incense of flattery, that he did not perceive, until too late, that this was one of the most dangerous libels on the government of France, that had ever been printed.

est and whose duty it was to have suppressed it, excited a fermentation among the people, that shook the very foundations of absolute monarchy, and, at length, deprived the kings and ministers of France of this odious engine of oppression!

M. de Mirabeau had now required considerable reputation as an author; and as he was utterly destitute of any certain revenue for supporting the dignity of his rank, or even procuring the necessaries of life, he had often recourse to the press; sometimes to administer to his pleasures, and sometimes to his wants. He bore up, however, against the misfortunes, with a manly dignity, and has often been heard to exclaim, with a gallantry and a frankness peculiar to himself, 'that he thought it more honest, and even more glorious, to be indebted for his support to his pen, than, like his ancestors, to procure it by means of his sword!'

The death of his father at length relieved him from his calamities; but, on this occasion, he did not acquire any property, but what he was strictly entitled to by law: for such was the rancour of the deceased count, that he was continually devising means, even on his death-bed, for disinheriting that son of his property, whom he had formerly deprived of his liberty, and against whom he had procured more than thirty *lettres-de-cacher*, in the course of his life! Immediately after this event, the young count de Mirabeau determined to travel; and he accordingly visited Germany, Switzerland, Flanders, and England. In this country, he studied the constitution and laws, with a keen and penetrating eye; and although he discovered the blemishes that, according to some, still disfigure and disgrace our government, he yet had the candour to acknowledge, 'that it was, at that time, better calculated than any other in Europe, for the happiness and prosperity of the people!'

The unruly passions of his youth, however, held out but a faint prospect of his future greatness; for the ardour of his temperament was such, that he indulged, both in France and foreign countries, in scenes of dissipation, that seemed to obliterate the native dignity of his mind, and efface the purity of his moral character. His attachment to the fair sex was unbounded; and he had often recourse to means for achieving the completion of his wishes, and gratifying the dissoluteness of his inclinations, which his judgment could not approve, and his heart, naturally susceptible of the most delicate impressions, could not but disclaim. The melancholy

end of madam Vernon, a young lady, whom he ravished from the eye of jealousy, and the arms of power; whom he adored in the delirium of enjoyment, and dismissed in the capriciousness of youthful folly; and who, disdainful to survive his affection, meditated and accomplished her own destruction; is an event which, while it gratified the malice of his enemies, made a lasting impression on his own mind, and occasioned for many years, the most bitter contrition and remorse!

But the period of reformation was not far distant: true genius is seldom incorrigible. M. de Mirabeau felt that he had but too long sacrificed to the passions; and something seemed to whisper to his mind that a nobler pursuit, and a more elevated destiny awaited him.

His first wish was to be employed in some honourable situation under government. He, accordingly solicited the ministry for an appointment; and M. de Calonne, who had raised himself from being the intendant of Metz to the post of comptroller general of the finances, perceived his abilities, and thought that they might be subservient to his own designs. Frederick the Great, laden alike with honours and with years, was, at that time, verging toward the grave; and it was the interest of France to be minutely acquainted with the progress of an incurable disorder, with which he was afflicted; to discover the genius, the capacity, and the inclinations of the prince royal, and the sentiments of those ministers and generals who surrounded him. Although an ambassador from Versailles resided at the court of Berlin, yet it was thought necessary to find some person of rank and abilities, who, without being invested with any public character, might visit the capital of Prussia, in a situation less liable to suspicion.

Mirabeau was solicited for this purpose; and, notwithstanding he did not receive his stipulated appointments with regularity, and that he was often left destitute of any resources but those suggested by his own abilities, yet he fulfilled the object of his mission with uncommon success, and disclosed the situation, the views, and the characters of the Court of Berlin, in a work, entitled 'The Secret History of the Court of Berlin,' that has attracted the notice of all Europe. His memorial to the prince of Prussia, on his succeeding to the throne, is also another production, no less celebrated for its masterly composition, than the noble principles it inculcates, and the salutary advice it instills into the heart of a young sovereign.

At this period of his life, his ambition aspired no higher than to fill some inferior diplomatic

diplomatic office; nay, so hounded were his hopes and his wishes, that he earnestly solicited to be appointed consul, either to the city of Dantzic or Hamburg. But happily for the interests of France, M. de Calonne either did not justly appreciate his abilities, or possessed such an envious and ungrateful disposition that he did not dare to reward them. At that period, the minister of the finances did not dream that a day of retribution would come, when he himself might be forced to solicit that protection which he then refused.

Digusted, disappointed, and vowing eternal enmity against the ministry, Mirabeau arrived in Paris; where a great and important event soon offered a new career to his abilities; and opened a field to his genius, that flattered his wounded pride, consoled him for his unmerited misfortunes, and seemed peculiarly adapted at once to sooth and to inflame the ambition of a man, formed by nature for some great enterprise.

Propelled, on this memorable occasion, by the impulse of patriotism, and burning with a desire to distinguish himself and rescue his country from oppression, the count de Mirabeau posted to that part of the kingdom where he had received his birth, and pronounced a speech before the states of Provence; by which, while he obtained the palm of eloquence, he inspired the assembly with an attachment to liberty, and a regard to their own and the rights of their fellow citizens, that attracted the gratitude and the applause of all that heard him. This memorable oration secured him a seat in the national assembly; where, having thrown off the trammels of the passions, that had before fettered the exertions of his mind; he, at the age of thirty-nine, distinguished himself as the most able advocate that had ever appeared, in modern times, on the side of the people.

Possessed of a bold and a commanding eloquence, derived from nature, but matured by experience, he soon became the idol of France, and the organ of the states general. Nor were his talents more conspicuous than his courage; for at a time that Versailles was surrounded by troops, and the word of command seemed alone wanting to let loose the indiscriminate fury of a mercenary soldiery, Mirabeau, with a bold and undaunted voice, informed the officer who desired the members of the third estate to retire in the king's name, 'that they were sent there by the people, and would never depart till they were forced by the point of the bayonet.' In all the succeeding operations of the assembly, M. de Mirabeau acted a part equally

great and conspicuous. Although courted and beloved by the nation, he was not, however, the slave of popular opinion. Great and original in his mind, he acted from the impulse and conviction of the moment, and sometimes dared to incur the odium of a people who adored him! At one time, when he was surrounded by a mob, who threatened him with their vengeance, he turned round to a friend, and exclaimed with his usual serenity, 'I know that there is but a step from the Capitol to the Tarpeian rock.'

Within the last two years, his domestic affairs seemed to assume a more favourable appearance than formerly; and this may be partly attributed to a rigid economy, of the value of which he became at length sensible, and partly to the unexampled sale of 'The Courier of Provence,' of which he was the editor; for, while discussing the rights of the people, regulating the laws of a new empire, and limiting and curtailing the usurped prerogatives of a despotic monarch, this singular man, still cultivated letters, and did not disdain to acquire a fortune by such honourable labours. He was thus enabled, about six months before his death, to purchase the monastery of Argenteuil, celebrated as the retreat of Heloïse after the catastrophe of the unfortunate Abelard, until she was expelled from that asylum by the brutal violence of the abbot of St. Denis. When the library of M. de Buffon, the famous naturalist, was sold for the benefit of his family, he became the purchaser of that also; and he seems to have resolved, after having achieved and secured the liberties of his country, that the remainder of his life should be dedicated to the pleasures of friendship, the quiet of contemplation, and the calm but delicious enjoyments resulting from the pursuits of literature and science.

But while thus planning schemes for security, he was unhappily cut off from society, before he could taste the fruits of a revolution, so glorious to France and so honourable to himself. While sitting in his study, he was suddenly seized with a malady, which evinced, from the beginning, symptoms of the most fatal tendency. Immediately, on the report of his illness, all Paris flocked to his gates, to learn news of his health. His distemper, which was a rheumatic gout, brought on by excessive mental and bodily labour in the service of the public, increased every day; and so anxious were the multitude for the preservation of his life, that not content with the accounts published every three hours, they incessantly surrounded his house, and resigned their anguish,

or their joy, as the symptoms became more or less favourable. Deputations from all the clubs in Paris waited upon him daily; the debates in the national assembly became languid and spiritless from his absence; and so alarmed were the inhabitants of the capital at the dread of the approaching catastrophe, that the fate of the new constitution seemed actually involved in his existence. Mirabeau, who preserved his senses to the last, was not insensible to these repeated marks of esteem; but grateful for the strong and general interest which his fate inspired, and finding the pains of death softened, as it were, by the attachment of the people, he repeatedly exclaimed, 'O how happy should I have been to have died in their service!' Even on his deathbed he acted the hero; for the physician who attended him, and for whom he had a particular regard, having expressed a wish to call in other assistance, his patient continually resisted his importunities, saying 'If I recover, you shall have all the glory of my cure!'

Perceiving his strength to fail him, he called M. Petit, a gentleman celebrated for his medical skill, to his bedside, and desired to know if there were any hopes of his recovery? On being answered in the negative, he, from that moment, assumed a more bold and determined countenance, and met his fate with a calmness and intrepidity, no where to be paralleled but in the dying moments of his illustrious countryman, the chevalier Bayard. The national assembly, and the rostrum, were never out of his mind; for while death was approaching with hasty strides, he called his friend, the abbe Talleyrand, to his bedside, and presented him with a paper to be delivered to the national assembly. 'This is my last legacy,' says he, 'for it contains my opinion on the law of testamentary devises, which they are now employed in discussing: I confide it to your friendship, and desire you will read it from the tribune. Remember too, that it is my dying sentiment, that nothing is so likely to perpetuate an odious and dangerous aristocracy, as the law in favour of primogeniture, which, by bestowing all on one son, introduces a dangerous inequality in regard to property!'

M. de Mirabeau, soon after, requested the key of his bureau; and a messenger having gone to his secretary's apartment for that purpose, found him weltering in his blood, in consequence of several stabs, which he had given himself with a pen-knife.

This circumstance, which excited the surprise of every one, until it was disco-

vered that he was the natural son of M. de Mirabeau, and had committed this rash action from excess of grief, was carefully concealed from the expiring patient, who continued to the last, to talk of public affairs, and, when no longer able to converse, made signs to the attendants for pen and ink, and actually expressed his sentiments in writing on the very threshold of eternity. In this situation he made several observations on the effects of the laudanum that had been administered to him; remarked how much more easy death was, than he had expected; and immediately before that last pang which was about to deprive him of his mortal existence, he pressed the paper with his dying hand, and, in legible characters, formed the word 'Dormer,'—'I am about to sleep.'

Thus expired, in the forty second year of his age, the celebrated Gabriel Honoré Riquetti de Mirabeau; the first man of noble birth, either in ancient or modern times, who ever spoke against the tyranny of the nobility. On this, which was his darling subject, he displayed all the masculine eloquence of a Marius; but it became infinitely more persuasive and forcible, when it was recollected that this Marius was himself a patrician! Such, indeed, was his consciousness that a distinction of ranks naturally tended to arbitrary power, and so deeply was he interested in the general happiness of mankind, that he wrote his celebrated essay against the institution of the American order of Cincinnati, on purpose to point out with what jealousy a free people ought to decry every innovation that may lead to unnatural and artificial distinctions in society.

The talents of this great and extraordinary man, were no less singular than his sentiments. By struggling against misfortunes, he had acquired courage and experience; the necessity of defending his character, and vindicating his actions, had taught him the art of public speaking, and made him an orator; while exile and compulsory solitude had given him a habit for study, a turn for inquiry, and a knowledge of books equally extensive with that of men. Ardent and impetuous in his disposition, fervently attached to the interests of his country, and the avowed and determined enemy of oppression, whatever shape or colour it might assume, he meditated to distinguish himself by an undertaking equally great and singular, and succeeded so far as to obtain a reputation, that will not be subject to the usual caprice of fortune.

Voltaire had produced a change in the empire of opinion, and Rousseau had regulated

gulated the conduct of domestic life anew ; but Mirabeau meditated to attain a more certain and a more glorious reputation, by a revolution in politics, that was to unite the celebrity of his own name, with the freedom and the happiness of his native country. Convinced that every thing in the government of France stood in need of reform ; possessed of the talent to detect abuses, the courage to proclaim, and, above all, the genius to remedy them ; he beheld France on the crisis of her fate, and saw, that as the power of the monarch had become enfeebled by the prevailing philosophy of the times, nothing but a bold and determined man was wanting to strike off the fetters from the nation.

There were few questions of importance in which he either did not determine, or at least facilitate the decision. His mind, enlightened by sudden gleams of intelligence, darted new and unexpected light, in the midst of those agitations and convulsions with which a popular assembly is often embarrassed and confounded ; and while he flashed conviction on the friends of the constitution, and terror on its enemies, his ideas had the peculiar advantage of being developed by a voice so strong, so clear, and so sonorous, that it pervaded every part of the assembly. Often, indeed, when he had no time for premeditation, and when no ruling passion gave energy to his eloquence, his ideas and his expressions flowed slowly ; but this proceeded solely from his endeavours to collect his thoughts on the subject ; which, when he had once achieved, his eyes seemed to flash with the fury of genius, and his words to be impelled by the ardour of inspiration !

Although an enemy to absolute power, M. de Mirabeau is thought to have possessed an attachment to the kingly government : he either imagined that his countrymen were too fickle, luxurious, and inconstant, to require the hardy virtues of a republic, or that a large society is best governed by the authority of a limited monarch. While he was, therefore, sedulous to prevent the power of the sovereign from oppressing the people, he yet thought it necessary to entrust the first magistrate with as much energy, as would enable him to act for the prosperity of the society and the good of the people. With the Jacobins, who had uniformly supported him, he quarrelled, because he thought them less zealous for the welfare of their country than the gratification of their own personal resentments ; and with his

friends, Messieurs de Barnave and Lameth, he had an open rupture, because he imagined that there was more of faction than of liberty in their declamations.

His funeral was conducted with a splendour, such as never had been seen from the days of Pharamond and the very foundation of the monarchy. His ashes rest, at present, in the same tomb with the immortal Descartes ; and they will be soon placed in the new church of St. Genevieve, with those of the other great men to whom France has decreed public honours ; so that, while a free people offer up their homage to the Divinity, they will, at the same time, contemplate the monuments of their philosophers, their legislators, and their heroes !

The following is a correct list of the Works of M. de Mirabeau.

1. *Essay on Despotism*, 8vo.
2. *Thoughts on Lettres-de-Cachet*, 2 vol. 8vo.
3. *Considerations on the Order of Cincinnati*.
4. *Doubts concerning the Liberty of Scheld*, 8vo.
5. *Letter to the Emperor Joseph II, on his Regulations concerning Emigration*, 8vo.
6. *An Essay on the Caisse d'Escompte*, 8vo.
7. *Disquisition on the Bank of St. Charles*, 8vo.
8. *A Pamphlet on the Water works of Paris*, 8vo.
9. *Letter to Frederick William II, King of Prussia, on the Day of his Elevation to the Throne*, 8vo. pamphlet.
10. *Impeachment of the Stock Jobbers of Paris*, 8vo. pamphlet.
11. *Secret History of the Court of Berlin*, 2 vol. 8vo.
12. *Letter on the Administration of M. Neckar*, 8vo. pamphlet.
13. *Correspondence with M. Cerutti*, 8vo. pamphlet.
14. *A Letter to the Dutch on the Stadtholdership*, 8vo.
15. *Observations on the Bicesbre*, 8vo. pamphlet.
16. *Counsels to a young Prince on his Education*, 8vo. pamphlet.
17. *The Prussian Monarchy under Frederick the Great*, 4 vol. 4to. and 8 vol. 8vo.
18. *Letters to his Constituents in the Courier de Provence*, 5 vol. 8vo. Of these, the first twenty only are written by M. de Mirabeau.

THE CONTEMPLATIVE PHILOSOPHER.

ON THE MINERAL PRODUCTIONS OF THE EARTH.

Æs atque aurum, ferrumque repertum est,
Et simul argenti pondus plumbique—

LUCRET.

Then brass, and gold, and iron ore, were found,
And pond'rous lead and silver press'd the ground.

IN my last paper, I have conducted my readers into the interior regions of our globe: I have treated of its wonderful natural fissures and caverns, the disposition of the different kinds of earths, and the nature and origin of that part of fossil productions, which we denominate *extraneous*. I have been hitherto accompanied by the philosopher, not the poet: in treating, however, of mines, and their productions, which I have already noticed as *notive* fossils, I find more than one poetical invitation:

Through dark retreats pursue the winding
ere,
Search Nature's depths, and view her
boundless store;
The secret cause in tuneful numbers sing,
How metals first were fram'd and whence
they spring:
Whether the active sun, with chemic
flames,
Through porous earth transmits his geni-
al beams;
With heat impregnating the womb of
night,
The offspring shines with its paternal
light:—
Or whether, urg'd by subterranean flames,
The earth ferments, and flows in liquid
streams;
Purg'd from their dross, the nobler parts
refine,
Receive new forms, and with fresh beau-
ties shine:—
Or whether by creation first they sprung,
When yet unpois'd the world's great fa-
bric hung:
Metals, the basis of the earth were made,
The bars on which its fix'd foundation's
laid:
All second causes they disdain to own,
And from th' Almighty's fiat sprung alone.

YALDEN.

And now the regions deep ex-
plore,
Where metals ripen in vast cakes of ore.
Here, sullen to the sight, at large is spread
The dull unwieldy mass of lumpish lead.
There, glimm'ring in their dawning beds,
are seen,

The light aspiring seeds of sprightly tin.
The copper sparkles next in ruddy streaks;
The silver then, with bright and burnish'd
grace,
Youth and a blooming lustre in its face,
To th' arms of those more yielding metals
flies,
And in the folds of their embraces lies.

GARTH.

In treating this subject philosophically, it is requisite first to mention mines, those artificial excavations, in which metals, minerals, or even precious stones, are dug up. These mines obtain various denominations, because the matter, or substances, dug out of them, is various. Thus, there are gold mines, silver mines, copper mines, tin mines, iron mines, diamond mines, mines of antimony, of alum, &c.

The richest and most celebrated gold and silver mines are those of Peru and Chili, in South America. Iron mines are more abundant in Europe than elsewhere. Copper mines are chiefly found in Sweden, Denmark, and England; and lead and tin mines in England; the latter, more particularly in the county of Cornwall. Quicksilver mines abound principally in Hungary, Spain, Friuli in the Venetian territories, and Peru; Diamond mines, in the East Indies, and in the Brasils; and Salt mines in Poland.

The word *Mineral* is sometimes used in the general for *Fossil*, and is applied to any substance, simple or compound, dug out of a subterraneous place, or *mine*; from which it takes the denomination. In this sense, metal, sulphur, fossil salts, semi-metals, &c. are minerals. On this principle, minerals are divided into two classes; the one *fusible*, and *malleable*, that is, which melt with fire, and stretch on the anvil; which are what we properly call *metals*. The other class want these two properties, and are what in the strictest sense we call *minerals*.

According to some, minerals may be divided into *simple* and *compound*. To the first belong stones; salts, as alum, nitre, &c. inflammable minerals, as sulphur and bitumen;

bitumen; and metals, as gold, &c. Other more accurate writers restrain the word mineral to what we otherwise call *semi-metals*, as antimony, cobalt, &c.

The word mineral, in this sense, may be defined a compound fossil, in which something is discovered, in all respects like metal, only that it is not malleable; joined or compounded with some other fossil, as salt, sulphur, stone, or earth. Such are antimony, cinnabar, bismuth, calaminaris, vitriol, pyrites, marcasites, cobalt, &c. the magnet, lapis hæmatites, and armenus.

Of the origin of minerals there are various opinions. Some philosophers attribute the formation of them to the action of the sun without: some to the influence of the central fire within; and some think, that cold is the productive cause, by uniting, condensing, and congealing certain juices of the earth.

To the two first opinions Dr. Yalden alludes in the lines quoted above; and Thomson, in his beautiful Hymn to the Sun, extends the penetrating influence of that luminary, not to the formation of metals only, but to the production also of the precious stones:

Nor to the surface of enliven'd earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy
woods,
Her liberal tresses, is thy force confin'd:
But to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confess thy mighty
power.

Effulgent, hence the veiny marble shines;
Hence Labour draws his tools; hence Commerce
burnish'd War

Gleams on the day; the nobler works of
Peace

Hence bless mankind, and generous Com-
merce binds

The round of nations in a golden chain.

Th' unfruitful rock itself, impregn'd by
thee,

In dark retirement forms the lucid stone.
The lively diamond drinks thy purest rays,
Collected light, compact; that, polish'd
bright,

And all his native lustre let abroad,
Dares, as it sparkles on the fair-one's
breast,

With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward
flames.

From thee the sapphire, solid ether, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evering tinct,
The purple screaming amethyst is thine.
With thy own smile the yellow topaz
burns;

Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When first she gives it to the southern gale,

Than the green emerald shows. But, all
combin'd,
Thick through the whitening opal play
thy beams;

Or, flying several from its surface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the site varies in the gazer's hand.

Descartes was of opinion that metals were formed from the beginning of the world, and were ranged, by the laws of gravity, about the centre. These he supposes to have been corroded, in process of time, by the acid salts, &c. and abundance of their parts carried up along with these salts by the subterranean heat, and deposited in various parts of the earth.—M. Tournesort supposes seeds of minerals, as well as of animals and vegetables. According to this celebrated botanist, every thing, stones not excepted, comes from eggs; and the most prodigious rocks, he thinks, were originally no more than grains of sand. The alchemists maintain, that metals proceed from a certain *primævis*, or first seed of metals, which, they say, is a kind of moist vapour, or gas, that changes the earth or juice it meets with in a vein into a mineral body or substance, and thence converts the minerals into ores or metals, by a continual fermentation or elaboration in the mines, caused by the *arcæus*, or heat that acts in the veins, as it proceeds from the centre of the earth. But this doctrine of mineral fermentation is positively denied by the great Boerhave, who in his History of Fermentation, asserts, that it belongs to the vegetable kingdom only. Others maintain, that all metals and minerals were originally created in the very same state and nature in which they are ever found, without undergoing any kind of alteration. The most common opinion, among the miners in Cornwall, is, that crude immature minerals nourish and feed the ores with which they are intermixed in the mines; and that the minerals themselves will, in process of time, be converted into ores, productive of those metals to which they have the nearest affinity, and with which they have the greatest intercourse.

M. Geoffrey and others contend, that metals, &c. may be the result of a mixture of certain matters, which had nothing metallic in them. Thus in the ashes of all vegetables we find a ferruginous matter, which the load stone attracts; and yet it can hardly be said, that iron existed in the plants. We see no signs of iron in clay, in whatever manner it may be worked; and yet, let linseed oil be added to it, and by fire iron may be procured. The same
may

may be said of many other substances. It is probable, therefore, that metals may be formed by a combination of different ingredients; much like sulphur, which is known to be made by adding an inflammable principle to a vitriolic salt. The earth may abound every where with those matters, which are continually circulating through its pores and canals, and which, meeting with an earth homogenous to them, fix thereto, and commence minerals.

Mr. Price, in his 'Mineralogia Cornubiensis,' supposes it most reasonable to conclude, that metals were made and implanted in veins, at, or very soon after the creation of the world; but that they are subject to a degree of fluctuation in common with all other matter, approaching to, or receding from, their ultimate degree of perfection, either quicker or slower, as they are of greater or less solid and durable frame and constitution. He supposes, that in every metal there is a peculiar magnetism, and an approximation of particles, *sui generis*, by which its component principles are drawn and united together; particularly the matters left by the decomposition of the waters passing through the contiguous earth or *strata*, and deposited in their proper *nidus* or receptacle; till by the accretion of more or less of its homogeneous particles, it may be denominated either rich or barren.

The minerals, metals, and stones, lie in beds; and have done so ever since the flood, if not from the creation. But it is highly probable that they have a faculty of growing in their respective beds, and that, as the beds are robbed and emptied by miners, so, after a while, they recruit again. Thus vitriol, Mr. Boyle thinks, may grow by the help of the air, and that alum does the same. 'We are assured,' says this excellent philosopher, 'by the experienced Agricola, that the earth or ore of alum, being robbed of its salts, will in tract of time, recover them again, by being exposed to the air.'

There is great reason to believe that metals likewise grow, from what has been alleged by Mr. Boyle, in his observations about the growth of metals, and particularly as to the growth of iron. To the instances he brings from Pliny, Fallopius, Cæsalpinus, and others, we may add, that in the forest of Dean, in Gloucestershire, the best iron, and in the greatest quantities, is found in the old cinders, which they melt over again. This is imputed by some to the negligence of the former melters in not exhausting the ore; and Dr. Deham thinks it rather owing to the new impregnations of the old ore, or cin-

ders, from the air, than to any seminal principle in the ore itself. There are some other facts, however, which it is proper to mention here, although they are not all equally well attested. In some mines, it is said, the metals are found, at their first opening, very crude and imperfect; but which, nevertheless, in process of time, grow ripe and rich. Alofo Barba relates that, in Potosi, stones have been frequently thrown aside, as not containing any thing considerable of metal, and yet have been found exceedingly full of it, many years afterward. Cæsalpinus assures us, that earths, which before yielded no metal at all, sometimes became very fertile veins, and, in an island of the Tyrrhene sea, after the iron mines have been exhausted, they stop them about ten years; at the expiration of which they are found as rich as before.

This subject would lead me beyond my limits, I shall therefore, refer my readers to the English translation of the Dictionary of Chemistry, for many ingenious remarks on the formation of minerals; and shall conclude this paper with some general observations on the mineral kingdom.

It is utterly impossible for a being, endued, like man, with such a limited understanding, to embrace at one view, the universal reign of Nature, and to comprehend, in their entire extent, the wonderful properties of every object. We must be content to acquire an imperfect knowledge of Nature, by examining, from time to time, some isolated objects, some particular beauties, but with as much attention as possible to a successive order and arrangement, without which our studies would be desultory and unproductive. Let us confine our attention, at present, to some of the most striking phenomena of the mineral kingdom.

Among stones there is not one that deserves more attention than the magnet, but of this I have already treated in a former paper.

Properties equally wonderful are to be found in quicksilver. It yields to every form we may choose to give it; but it never fails to resume that which is natural to it. Exposed to the fire, it ascends in fume. By a chemical process, it may be converted into a hard and transparent crystal; but it may be reduced again to its original fluidity. Its uses in medicine, in the barometer, in looking-glasses, in gilding, &c. are well-known. But a minute account of all its properties would fill a volume.

Gold is the principal and most valuable of all the metals, not only on account of its scarcity, but of its many admirable properties.

properties. Of all bodies it is the hardest and most unalterable; inasmuch that it will bear the action of the most violent fire for two months, without any sensible diminution of its weight. Its parts are so subtle, that a grain of leaf gold can cover fifty square inches; so that upon the two surfaces, on a slight inspection, may be distinguished four millions of parts. And its ductility is such, that from a single grain may be drawn a wire five hundred feet long.

The wonderful form of common salt, the precious stones, the singular shapes of the ores, or metals in their mineral state, the astonishing particulars we have already noticed of extraneous fossils, and a variety of inexhaustible objects of enquiry in the mineral kingdom, seem formed, with the other wonders of creation, to excite our curiosity. And it must be confessed, that there is not an employment of the mind, productive of greater delight, of more solid satisfaction, nor of greater variety of enjoyment, than an attentive contemplation of the world of Nature. Were we to live, for ages, in this world, and to employ every day, in studying the phenomena and singularity of the mineral kingdom only, we should find innumerable things which we could not explain, which would excite more and more our curiosity, and yet continue inscrutable by our finite capacities. Let us employ then, at least, since the duration of our lives scarce extends beyond half a century, let us well employ the short time that is granted to us here, and devote as much of it as the necessary duties of life will permit, to the study of Nature; and, by thus enriching our minds, treasure up the most innocent and the most inexhaustible stores of knowledge and pleasure. The exquisite delight which such studies afford, will be heightened more and more, in proportion as we

meditate on the ends which the Creator has proposed in his works; for the wonders of Nature are more admirable and more sublime than all the productions of human art. There are not always compatible with our welfare; and, so far from rendering us either wiser or better, they are often the mere objects of unproductive admiration. But all the works of Nature, even the most singular and inexplicable, have for their object the felicity of the whole creation. They exist, not merely to be contemplated as objects of sight, but to be enjoyed; and all without exception, proclaim unspeakable goodness, as well as unsearchable wisdom and unbounded power.

Oh, Nature, all sufficient, over all!
 Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
 Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
 World beyond world in infinite extent,
 Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
 Shew me, their motions, periods, and their laws,
 Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep
 Light my blind way; the mineral strata there;
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
 O'er that the rising system more complex,
 Of animals; and higher still, the mind,
 The varied scene of quick compounded thought,
 And where the mixing passions endless shift;
 These ever open to my ravis'd eye;
 A search the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!

THOMSON.

CURIOUS EXPERIMENT of ENGRAFTING the SPUR of a COCK on his COMB.

THE possibility of engrafting members of the animal form on parts, where they did not originally grow, has often been asserted by natural philosophers, and some known experiments, particularly on the teeth (which are often transplanted from one mouth to another) have tended so far to support the practicability of this curious art, as might sufficiently encourage future attempts, to illustrate the extent to which it might be carried.

The following curious circumstance,

which, I believe, has never yet made its appearance in print, deserves to be disseminated, and may tend to encourage the experimental enquiries of the curious.

Some years ago, Mr. Cline, the celebrated operator, and anatomical lecturer at St. Thomas' hospital (conceiving that if a part of the animal body could be transposed, before its vital powers were extinct, to any other part, recently prepared for its reception, it might probably cement, and continue to imbibe the vital

nutriment sufficient for its growth) cut off the bud of the spur from a young cock, and, having previously made an incision, with his lancet inserted it in the comb. The expectation was fully answered; the spur, in a short time, began to grow in its new situation, and in due time attained the same proportion, which would have belonged to it upon the legs, and presented the curious spectacle of a cock, with a horn absolutely growing on the fore part of his head.

It is however to be observed, that the translated spur, though it attained the proportion, never assumed the consistency, belonging to it in its natural situation, but always continued of rather a soft texture. This perhaps, in some degree arose from

the different kinds and degrees of nutriment, conveyed to the superior and anterior parts of the animal; and partly in all probability, from its not being exposed to those habits and accidents, to which the legs of birds may in some degree be indebted for their hardness and comparative insensibility.

The writer of this article has inspected the head of the cock, which was separated from the trunk when it was killed, at about two years old, and which is preserved in spirits in the Museum, at St. Thomas'; and the only apparent difference between the spur, and one growing in its natural situation, is that it is a little more incurvated (owing perhaps to its softer texture) hanging forward toward the beak.

ON PARENTAL COERCION IN THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

[From the *Universal Magazine*.]

I HAVE read with painful satisfaction the judicious observations, (signed C. W.) in your Magazine for July last, on the sordid source of that parental tyranny, which sacrifices the peace and real interests of the young and helpless part of our sex, at the shrines of family pride and pecuniary convenience.

In the sentiments contained in that essay I feel, unhappily, a peculiar interest. Cursed with the envied misery of imputed beauty, and arrayed in the splendid mockery of exterior accomplishments; the reputed darling of vain and unfeeling parents, by whom, from my childhood, I have been singled out as the victim, whose person, whose feelings, whose freedom of election (the dearest prerogative of a rational being!) whose sense of delicacy, of rectitude, of virtue—in short, whose every thing that is dear and sacred, might one day be the aggrandizement of their family, I am now even decorated and bound for the detestable sacrifice; and no choice is left me, but of submitting with sullen reluctance to a fate more dreadful than persecution, wounds, and death, or of exposing myself, by my refusal, to the certain alternative, of being banished, for ever, from the pale of relative protection and regard; and, unused and uninstructed as I am to encounter the hardships and difficulties of life, to seek that support through the rude and unsheltered deserts of an unfeeling world, which in the security and affluence of parental indulgence, I have hitherto enjoyed.

In short, sir, I am the second daughter of a gentleman of tolerable fortune; but whose family is so large as to enable him only to make a small though competent provision for his children. As it pleased heaven that I should be unhappily distinguished, even in my infant years, by such graces both of face and symmetry as were peculiarly gratifying to the vanity of my parents, every care was taken to foster and improve these advantages, and to heighten their lustre by all the attractions of dress, refinement and accomplishments; especially, as I was found particularly apt at every attainment of that nature: so that, while the rest of the family were carefully instructed in every branch of domestic duty, which could fit them to move in a private sphere, to which their expectations were directed, I was carefully secluded from every occupation of the kind, lest the delicate softness of my hand should be injured, or my smooth wrist should lose its polished turn.

All these marks of distinction, though at first sufficiently flattering to my childish vanity, have long been the unfeeling source of my most cruel vexations: for as it was not natural to expect that my sisters should regard without envy the difference so unjustly made, or pursue their domestic occupations with content, while I was sporting among the keys of a harpsichord, attending to the instructions of a dancing master, or consulting my looking-glass upon the important choice of the ribband, best accommodated to my features and complexion

complexion, I was of course eternally exposed to all the taunts of jealousy, and the private malice of a resentment, at which (how little soever my relative feelings might have entitled me to such a sentiment) my cool reflections would scarcely justify resentment or offence. Thus, with a heart alive to all the social affections of nature, was I doomed to consume my embittered days with three unsocial sisters, who could return my fondness only with a settled malignity, that lurked in the secret recesses of the averted heart, or with the taunts of indignant reproach, which female petulance would not always permit them to conceal.

I had just begun to acquire philosophy sufficient to console myself under this affliction, with the consciousness of my superior charms, and the prospects of those pleasures which the society and the admiration of the other sex, I thought, could not fail to afford, when I found a still greater source of unhappiness opened through that channel, from which I had formed such sanguine expectations. My parents having taken care to display me at proper times and intervals, at the various places of public amusement, my tea-table became presently thronged with fops of all descriptions; wits, whose exalted talents enabled them to be the punsters of a fashionable circle; titled poets, who could pen tender couplets on the choice of a ribbon; and baronets, who were indebted to their rapiers for the whole gentility of their appearance.

At first, it is true, the buzzing of these fluttering insects pleased my ear; but when, in several of them, whom I could only think of as idle play things, I met with presuming lovers, I could not but look with disdain on the idea of forming any serious engagement with beings, who, having no pursuit but pleasure, had sought it in the paths of folly, indolence, and dissipation; and I began secretly to repine at the ambitious views of my parents, and the futile education that had rendered me unfit to be the partner of a respectable trader, and to attain those solid enjoyments of domestic life, from which the frivolous children of fashion are for ever estranged.

'Why,' would I sigh to myself, 'should I be secluded from a state blending the different advantages of industry, and liberality in virtuous compact; by which my younger brothers are rising to opulence and esteem, and to which my sisters may also hope to be associated?'

These sentiments, I know, will appear to many singular and eccentric. I wish, however, they were more common among

our sex, and more attended to by parents; they would save many an unhappy female from the cruel necessity of bartering her unwilling charms for the sake of an establishment, and exchanging happiness for the idle appendages of luxury and show: and I am thoroughly convinced, that the happiest state of life is that, in which those innocent enjoyments of life may be attained by frugal industry, which are neither in the contemplation nor the reach of heedless indolence.

Unhappily, however, my father did not enter into my ideas; and the indiscriminate dismissal of my lovers, produced a remonstrance from him, in such terms as convinced me, that whatever might be the consequence to my happiness, he considered my beauty to be an article he had a right to dispose of, to whatever bidder should offer the largest increase of opulence and family importance.

This remonstrance produced a conduct on my part, for which, I own, I have but too much reason for self reproach. Anxious, if possible, to gratify the wishes of my parents, I heedlessly sported with the happiness of my succeeding lovers, in hopes of subduing my disgust at their addresses; and in two or three cases, I have even proceeded so far as to encourage their hopes, with a determined purpose of sacrificing my future happiness to filial duty. But, alas! when things have proceeded to extremities, my heart has constantly failed me, and unequal to the heroism of such a resolution, I had been tacitly betrayed.

This conduct, as you may naturally suppose, brought upon me the severe displeasure of my parents, and a young gentleman of rank and fortune, the honourable Mr. W—T—, having lately made very liberal offers, my father determined to bring matters to an issue at once, by informing me that I must either resolve to accept the overture, or for the future consider him as exonerated from all care of my maintenance; that he had hitherto put up with one excuse or another, and given me the opportunity of election, from a number of lovers sufficient to gratify the most inordinate vanity; but that, as my education had been peculiarly expensive, he had done for me all I had any right to expect; and, having so large a family, he thought it not just to injure my sisters for the purpose of indulging my capricious humours; that I must resolve therefore immediately to marry the honourable Mr. T—, or seriously turn my thoughts to some species of industry, by which I might henceforth provide for my own subsistence.

Thus, sir, by the vanity and ambition

of my parents, am I reduced to the most painful dilemma to which a feeling and delicate mind could possibly be exposed. Educated in a manner that incapacitates me from procuring my own maintenance, I am denied the common privilege of my less hapless sisters; that of living beneath the protection of my father's roof; and am compelled either to seek abroad for that sustenance I have never been instructed to earn, or to unite myself to one from whom my heart recoils, and relinquish for ever the only languid hope that flatters with imperfect visions of distant happiness my benighted imagination.

But it must not be, I tremble at the

very thought: and so, in my humble opinion, ought the ungenerous being who calls himself my lover. A man of proper spirit, or even of common delicacy, would surely cease to press his suit to a persecuted woman, who has already informed him that her affections can never be his.

Alas! what can an a helpless female expect from the man who accepts, from the tyranny of parental violence, that hand which ought to be bestowed by the inclinations of the consenting heart alone? Such, sir, is my case, such the hapless situation of the persecuted

DELIA.

FOR THE NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

ON THE STUDY OF BOTANY.

THERE is no one branch of philosophy, the study of which has been, or can be, of more extensive and universal benefit to mankind than that of botany. The animal creation, man not excepted, is altogether dependent on vegetables for the whole of its food; 'tis by them also that we are clothed; and not only the necessaries, but by far the greater part of the comforts and even elegancies of life, are found in them. All sorts of vinous liquors, however great the variety, are nothing but so many different combinations of vegetable juices; to them we are chiefly indebted for that great variety of elegant and beautiful dyes that diversify the drefs of all sorts of people: But there is no end of enumerating all the benefits that men receive from vegetables; suffice it, therefore, to say, that however great and numerous the benefits are which men at present receive from them, and however many the vegetables whose virtues have been discovered to be beneficial to mankind, that there are, doubtless, many yet undetected whose hidden virtues, if laid open, might administer much to the comfort and happiness of mankind. To discover and lay open these things is the province of botany: Botanists have already done much; they have, as it were, laid open the way, and furnished a key for unlocking the secrets of vegetable nature; they have discovered many of those natural orders in which vegetables were ranged at their creation; they are now able by the fructification only, or, which is the same thing, by the blossom and fruit, to point forth the general nature of many

plants; to tell what may be ventured upon safely for food, and what not, even among plants which they never saw before: The following instances may serve to illustrate this: 1st, Such plants as have in their blossoms three stamina, and two styles enclosed with a husk, are esculent; of this kind are almost all the grasses; the plants are food for cattle, and their seeds, the smaller ones for birds, and larger, such as wheat, rye, &c. for men; none of these were ever found to be poisonous. 2d. All such as have papilionaceous, or butterfly shaped blossoms (of which the blossom of the pea is a good sample) are nutritious; of this class are all sorts of peas, beans, vetches, peaslings, &c. also, lucern, faint-soin, and every species of clover; the plants of this kind are all good for cattle, hogs, &c. the seeds, the larger ones for men, and smaller for birds: Some also of this class have large tuberous roots which are esculent, and will make bread; some of these are found growing wild in this province: none of this class are poisonous. 3d. All such as have a gaping blossom of one petal, divided at the mouth into an upper and under lip, with four stamina, two of them longer; one style, divided at the top and four naked seeds, are odoriferous and cephalic; of the same natural order are such as want two of the stamina, but the blossom agreeing in every other respect. Thyme, marjoram, hyssop, lavender, catnip, and every species of mint; also sage, rosemary, and many others, come into this order. From whatever part of the world a blossom of the above kind was brought, though we never saw

saw the plant from whence it was taken, we might venture to say, that the stalks of the plant from whence that blossom was taken were four square; that its leaves were opposite; the plant odoriferous and cephalic; so certain it is that the general nature of every plant is marked in its blossom. No plant with a blossom like the above was ever found to be poisonous.*

4th. Such as have a blossom of one petal with five stamina, and one stile, are generally poisonous, more or less; such are, nightshade, hen-bane, deadly nightshade, mandrake, thorn-apple, tobacco, and every species of convolvulus with many others.

4th. Umbelliferous plants, or such as have their blossoms growing in a bundle, (of which cellery is a good sample) if they grow in dry places, are aromatic, warming, resolving and carminative; but if in water or very wet places, they are poisonous; of this order, are dill, caraway, parsley, lovage, masterwort, angelica, parsnips, carrots, celery, anise, &c. Any of the above plants, with many others that have such blossoms, when they grow in water or very wet ground, are to be suspected; but move them on to dry ground, and they will soon become sweet and wholesome; their taste and smell also will be greatly changed by their being moved from wet to dry. Our wild celery, which grows most commonly in water, has in its wild state somewhat of the taste of celery, but along with that a strong and very disagreeable taste; but move it into a dry soil, and it soon acquires the same taste with common garden cellery.† These few instances, out of many that might be brought, have been taken chiefly from the writings of modern botanists, and may serve to shew that botanists are now able, by what is to be observed in the fructification only, to do much in pointing out the general nature of plants; e. g. if they find a new plant, the blossom of which has three stamina

and two stiles, enclosed in a sheath or husk, upon reflecting that none of that order were ever yet found, but the plant was good for cattle, and the seeds for men or birds, they will have good reason to conclude that this is of the same general nature, especially when it is considered that many have already been discovered in very different countries, climates and soils, through all parts of the globe, which have all agreed in the same general nature. Also, if he should find a new plant, with a blossom of one petal, five stamina, and one stile, he would have reason to conclude, that it contained in some part of it something poisonous, as plants of that order are generally poisonous.

To sum up all, it is now made clear, as far as the general nature of plants has ever yet been discovered, that all such plants as agree in their fructification, agree also in their general nature, and such as disagree in their fructification, disagree also in their general nature. But much remains yet to be done; many new plants are undoubtedly yet to be discovered; and many that are discovered are not yet ranged in their natural orders, and their general nature is not known; and what is more, the peculiar qualities of individuals, which distinguish one species of plants from another in the same natural order are not known; and this is most peculiarly the case in those instances wherein it would seem of most consequence to have them known. To illustrate my meaning, I will bring into view again what is said in the 4th article, viz. that blossoms of one petal, five stamina, and one stile, are generally poisonous; yet the various plants of that order have very different effects one from another; or the poisons are of different kinds, and in different parts of the plants, and in different degrees. A small quantity of solanum, or nightshade, is violently emetic, cathartic and

* Plants of this order are stronger or weaker, according as they have more or less smell and taste. Take away all their smell and taste, and you take away all their strength; but they have more or less smell or taste, as their soil is dry or moist. The drier the soil, the more the smell and taste; the moister, the less. Therefore, to have sage, hyssop, thyme, marjoram, &c. in the highest perfection, the driest soil should be chosen.

† Plants, therefore, of this kind, if designed for carminatives or food, should be in a dry soil, as by a wet soil they are capable of being turned into poisons; some of the stronger kinds of lettuce, also, growing in very wet shady places, have been found poisonous. Indeed, every kind of garden produce is sweeter and better for being in a dry soil. In wet soils, many things, as cabbage, parsnips, &c. will often grow stouter, but they are never so sweet: these plants, also, which grow in the shade, are never so sweet as those which have the fullest exposure to the sun. No fruit, therefore, can be in such perfection as that by a wall which faces the sun, especially if care is taken to remove the branches and leaves which shade the bunches of fruit.

and sudorific, and exposes to blindness, deafness and stupors. The berries of the atropa, or deadly nightshade, bring on raving madness; mandrakes are strongly narcotic; tobacco, is narcotic and violently emetic and cathartic; the seeds of red pepper are very corrosive; the balls or apples of potatoes also are corrosive (but in a smaller degree) as will be perceived by the pricking, smarting sensation in the throat, after eating one or two. Extracts from the roots of different species of the Convolvulus are rough cathartics; these hints are sufficient to shew that there is a great difference in plants of this order; yet this difference in respect to the above plants, is but very imperfectly known as yet; and with respect to many plants which belong to this order, few trials have been made upon them; as far as they have been tried, they have appeared capable of affecting the constitution more or less, some in one way and some in another, and so to be all of them different from such plants as have no perceivable effect upon the constitution. Plants, also, of this order we have which are not known in Europe, so have, doubtless, never been examined, which shew by their strong poisonous smell that they have great strength. As plants of this order are said to be poisonous, that may possibly have been a reason for their being more neglected; if so, that must have resulted from a wrong idea of vegetable poisons. I would wish, therefore, before I go further, to say something upon the nature of vegetable poisons in general, that I may be better understood in the use which I have already made of that word, and may have occasion to make of it hereafter. Some have conceived poison to be something that is inimical to animal life or health in general; but this is not true: nightshade is poisonous to men; yet there is a race of insects which live wholly upon it: pepper is poison to a hog, yet hurts not men: and we have an evergreen shrub, growing among us, of the decandria monogynia class, that is very poisonous to sheep; yet I never knew any other creature poisoned with it. Phellandrium, a plant of the umbelliferous class, before mentioned, when growing in water, is deadly to horses, though other creatures eat it and receive no damage. Also, a plant may be poisonous to the same person at one time and not at another. In some very putrid disorders, in which the whole mass of blood is in a putrid state, the cortex may be taken in substance to the quantity of 4 or 5 ounces a day to great advantage; but let the same quantity be given to a man in an inflammatory fever, or even in sound health, and it will have

the effects of a deadly poison. Strong meat, which nourishes a man in sound health, taken in the same quantity, in a bad fever, will be as fatal as hemlock; and what is remarkable, as vegetable poisons may in general be distinguished from harmless or nutritive plants, by a nauseous or disagreeable smell and taste; so a man no sooner becomes sick of a dangerous fever to that degree that strong food would hurt him, but it assumes a nauseous, offensive smell and taste, like any other poison. Poison then when applied to vegetables, is only a relative term, and has respect to the particular situation and circumstances of him who receives the vegetable. If instead of being terrified by words, we attend to facts, we shall find that among vegetables, some are incapable of producing any perceivable change or alteration in the constitution; others again are capable of producing a real change, and are never taken to any considerable degree without producing a change according to their own nature; these if given to a man in perfect health must make him sick; but if given to a sick man, and the change that they are capable of producing be of that kind which he needs, they are then the best of medicines. Of the former kind, viz. such as are incapable of making any change or alteration, may be truly said, what nurses commonly say of their medicines, *they will do no hurt, if they do no good*: but this can never be said of the latter; they are as sure to do hurt, if taken, when the change that they can effect is not wanted, as they are to do good, if taken when such a change is wanted. These latter, it must be confessed, are dangerous remedies in the hands of an unskilful person, and so is every thing that was ever worthy of being introduced into medicine, while the former are safe only because they want the power of doing either good or hurt. Of this kind are much the greater part of medicinal herbs, while the more powerful ones have been neglected under the name of poisons. This has doubtless been the principal cause of vegetables falling into such neglect in the medicinal way, and of recourse being had to minerals. Indeed, it is not to be regretted that minerals have been introduced into medicine; for from them both the physician and surgeon are furnished with many remedies of great power and efficacy, and some that may truly be called specifics, in the highest sense of the word, for disorders which before baffled the skill of the most able physicians. But it is to be regretted, that having obtained much from them, we sit down contented, and leave almost wholly unexplored

unexplored a large field which nature has set open before us: we have yet disorders for which no adequate remedy has been found, and who can say that they might not be obtained if many of those vegetables, which have hitherto been much neglected, though they have manifestly very strong medicinal powers, were more thoroughly examined. Medicines of great efficacy have been obtained from the vegetable kingdom; witness, the bark; a specific in agues, and a medicine of more power in mortifications, putrid fevers, &c. than can be produced from the mineral kingdom. If any should still object to the propriety of trying to obtain medicines from vegetables that are called poisonous, I would say first, that the most deadly poisons and noblest medicines are obtained from the same mineral; and also the medicines themselves which effect the greatest cures, taken in larger quantities must be fatal. 2d. Almost all the medicines that have been obtained from vegetables of any considerable efficacy, are from those natural orders that are called poisonous. Opium, a *medicine* of great power and of very extensive use in medicine, is from one of those orders, and black hellebore from the same; and from the order of which we have been speaking, mentioned in article 4th, there are several medicines of considerable efficacy; such is the bark, which is from a tree that belongs to this order; scammony and jalap are both extracted from different species of the convolvulus; elder, every part of which has been used in medicine, with buckthorn and black alder, the berries of which are strongly cathartic, are of this order; and rue, though it is often found in gardens with common garden herbs, yet ought by no means, like them, to be used at random, as it is capable of doing much more good or hurt than the common run of garden herbs; and there are not wanting instances of its having done hurt in the hands of unskillful persons: *Verbascum* is a plant of strong medicinal powers, and some physicians have thought it so strong as to suspect its safety for internal use; they had doubtless reason to suspect the propriety of giving it upon every occasion like common herb drinks; yet I am persuaded, from experience in my own person and family, that whatever may be obtained from a diaphoresis in any degree, may be expected from the internal use of it; and as to its external use, it is doubtless a specific in the common quincy and for removing internal pains, and stuffings at the lungs, in pleuritis, perineumonies, &c. well supplies the place of blisters to such as are fearful about them,

or where they cannot well be obtained. Now, besides the orders that I have mentioned, there are divers others, whose plants are of that kind which are called poisonous, which have never yet been properly examined as to their medicinal powers; and we have many disorders which yet lie as an *opprobrium medici*. Cancerous tumors have in general no remedies but such as are too painful to be endured by the more delicate. Consumptions commonly end in death: and the gout, after having ranged without controul, for years, through almost all parts of the human body, often seizing some more noble part, ends a life of torture by a painful death! Now who is able to say, that remedies adequate to these disorders may not yet be discovered in the untried vegetables that have been referred to? Former trials have been successful; 'tis not yet fifty years since the use of bark in mortifications was first discovered; nor do I think it improbable that in fifty years more, some of those disorders which have hitherto made such a formidable stand against all the power of medicine, may be managed with as much ease as at present are agues or mortifications, which appear much less formidable now than they did before the powers of the bark were known.

Besides what may be hoped for in the medical way, there are other things which make an enquiry into vegetables an object worthy the attention of such as have leisure: the dyer is dependent upon vegetables for much the greater part of his dying materials, and the variety of his materials may undoubtedly, by further enquiry, be greatly enlarged; there is an order of plants which grow, more or less in all countries and abound much in this; they are of the *criptogamia* class, and from their substance, which is leather-like, are called thongs, or cupthongs: they are most frequently found on old logs, on trees, or on naked rocks; there are none of them but what give dyes of some kind, and their dyes are commonly unsfading and often beautiful; yet what the dye of any particular species will be, cannot be told, until tried; for there is commonly no appearance of their dyes to be discovered in the plants previous to their being tried. Argol is a species of this genus, and gives that red often seen in the soldier's coats; some little trials have been made of a few of the many different species that we have of them in this province, and several of them were found to contain good colours. Many rich gums also, are extracted from vegetables in different parts of the globe, which beside the use of many of them in

medicine,

medicine, ure much used in jappanning, making papier machee, and in beautifying colours, washes, varnishes, &c. We have in this province, shrubs that are peculiar to this country, the bark of which is replete with gum; but of what kind, has doubtless never yet been tried: Besides all these, many useful things may be discovered from vegetables, the like of which have never yet been known. They have in Britain a plant known among other names by that of cheese rennet, so called from its supplying the place of common rennet in making cheese, which is also much used for that purpose in making many of their best cheeses; others that have a directly contrary effect, as the pinguicula or butterwort, which thickens milk and effectually hinders the cream or curd from being separated from the other parts of the milk: These are things that would not readily have been sought for, until hit upon; and how many unknown, but useful things are yet hid in the vegetable kingdom, can never be known but by a more thorough enquiry than has ever yet been made; besides all this, there often happens something in the study of botany that will give unexpected and exquisite delight to a curious and inquisitive mind; he will often discover something so amazingly curious and such traits of wisdom in the structure of the most despicable plant, which perhaps he has trod under foot as worthless all his days, as will astonish him, so that if no useful discovery should crown his labour, he will still find his pursuits amply rewarded by the satisfaction and delight that will accrue to him in this way.

Having thus hinted at some of the benefits that may be expected from an increased knowledge in the nature of vegetables, it remains now to shew in what way that may be acquired:—And here we are not left to blind chance, or the stupid method of trying experiments at random; a method which is at all times foolish, and by no means to be justified where the lives of men are concerned, with which we are not allowed to trifle in such a wanton way; and has nothing to justify it but ignorance and indolence, which often prompts men to seek the knowledge they covet, in some way more agreeable to slothful indolence than laborious study and application; and such a practice would at this time be the more inexcusable, as we have surer ground to proceed upon, and it is needless to walk at random where we have a clue to direct our way. The nature of every plant was evidently wrote upon it in plain indelible characters at the creation:—Wherever two or more

plants agree as to their make and structure, they agree also as to their real nature; and there is doubtless no difference in the structure of any two plants in the world (unless by some external accident or culture) but what is occasioned by a real difference in their nature; we have before observed that all such as agree in their fructification, agree also in their general nature: *i. e.* if a plant is esculent, every other plant which agrees with it in its fructification only, is esculent also; this may be called their general nature; yet if they agree in their fructification but differ in other parts of their structure, though they agree in their general nature, *i. e.* in their being esculent or eatable they may differ in many respects, one may be acedant the other not; one stultent, the other not; one astrigent, the other relaxing: this may be called their particular nature; such is the difference betwixt oats, barley, rye, wheat, &c. they are all esculent; yet form different kinds of bread; such also is the difference between solanum, atropa, capsicum, and verbascum; they are all capable of making a sensible change or alteration in the constitution yet do it in a different way the one from the other; their general nature is seen in their being able to make a real change, their particular nature, in the different way in which each one does it, or in the difference of the change. After finding therefore their general nature by their fructification (by which is always meant their blossom and fruit) we have to find their particular nature from all the remaining parts of the plant, as the roots, the stem or trunk, the branches, the leaves, the fulcra or props, and what is called the inflorescence, or form and manner of the blossoms putting forth whether in spikes, in whorls, in bunches, tufts, &c. taking this for a rule, that those which agree in their fructification and roots are more alike as to their nature than those which agree in their fructification only; Those that agree in their fructification, roots, and inflorescence are more alike than those, and so on through all parts of the plant; in making these enquiries we must have regard to all parts of the plant, however small or minute; for there is no difference, which, if it be a fixed one, is not occasioned by a real difference in the nature of the plant. In the structure of plants the greatest variety of differences will be found; as in the roots, some will be fibrous, some tuberous, and some bulbous. Of the bulbous, some will be solid, some tunicated, and some scaly; and so through all parts of the plant; a great diversity will be found, which it is need-

less to point out here; it is enough for our purpose to observe, that of these differences some are more fixed than others, and so of more consequence in determining the nature of the plants. The colour of the blossoms is a very uncertain mark, as they are often changed by cultivation only. Flowers being double is generally the effect of cultivation; so is not sufficient to fix a real difference; their being more or less branchy, and spreading may be owing to their being more or less crowded. The colour of the leaves, also, will be different as they are more or less in shady situations; but such accidental differences will be easily distinguished from real ones; it is enough, therefore, only to have mentioned them. The smell, also, and taste of plants are of great consequence in determining their nature, and are a guide sufficiently sure in general for all kinds of animals below men; who, not having reason sufficient to learn the nature of vegetables from their make and structure, have the sense of smelling and tasting so exquisite, as to be able, by them only, to determine what is safe for them and what not; and, unless pressed by hunger, will seldom eat any thing that will hurt them. Offer any plant to a cow or horse, they will first smell of it, and sometimes will be determined by that only, and refuse to taste, and if not fully determined by the smell, they will then taste, which always determines them either for or against it.

With respect to the smell of plants, without entering minutely into an account of individuals, it has been found in general that all sweet and pleasant smelling plants are nutritious, cordial or harmless*; and that all unpleasant, disagreeable, nauseous smelling plants are either cathartic, emetic, corrosive, or poisonous, more or less. This undoubtedly holds in every case; for the bad smell is nothing more than an uneasy, disagreeable and painful sensation of the olfactory nerves, occasioned by the effluvia of the plant which comes in contact with them. Now whatever affects the nerves of the nose disagreeably, will affect the nerves disagreeably throughout the whole body, if taken down; and this is, doubtless the reason why the nose is placed so near to, and directly above the mouth in all living creatures, so that nothing might enter the one without a pass from the other, for the olfactory nerves are like so many sentinels, to give warning if any danger ap-

proaches. By examining plants in all the above ways, a very good judgment may be formed concerning them; and all those which by such examination appear to have any thing about them that merits further examination, may be thoroughly tried in the following way:—From all those plants, which by their great strength or other peculiarity seem to promise something, extracts and decoctions may be prepared, which may be tried to see what effect they will have upon all the animal juices, as milk, blood, bile, &c. also, upon the *calculus humanus*, and those chalky concretions which often form in the joints of gouty persons. From such roots and barks as are suspected of gums and resins, spirituous and watery extracts might be made; from such as are suspected of containing dyes, extracts might be made with vitriol water, allum water, ash ley, sal-ammoniac, or putrid urine; for some will yield their dye to one of these, some to another; also, it may be worth while to try many plants with some such process as that by which indigo is prepared from the indigo weed; for it is not to be supposed that indigo is the only dyeing material that can be fetched from vegetables by that process. Lakes, also, for painting, may be extracted from every kind of wood that will yield a colour; also, from many blossoms and berries and the coloured leaves of vegetables, by making an extract with allum water, and precipitating the coloured particles with an alkali, then decanting, exsiccating, &c. Also, trials may be made by drawing forth the vegetable juices of plants, shrubs and trees. Opium is only the exsiccated milky juice of the white poppy head; made by wounding the head, and suffering the milky juice, which immediately gushes out, to dry on the head in the sun for about three hours, when it is scraped off in a thick adhesive form like wax, and put by to finish its drying in the shade. In the same way the milky juice of many other plants, of strong medicinal powers, such as spurge, lobelia, &c. might be prepared and brought to the same consistence as opium, in which state it might, doubtless, be more advantageously examined. The roots of some plants yield a thick juice, of a different colour, some yellow, some of a blood red, which might also be prepared in the same way. Many trees also yield their sap or juice, gum or resin, in the same way, that is by incision, but at dif-

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* This does not hold true in minerals, as in the sugar of lead, &c. the reason is obvious; minerals were never made to eat.

ferent times of the year: Maple, birch, beech, some of the species of ash, with some others, early in the spring. But such as contain balsams or resins, yield them best in the hottest time of summer. Balsams also may be found in the leaves of some plants, as in John's wort and some species of myrtle; also in the roots of others, as the New-England spikenard: Oil or wax also on the berries of some, and seeds of others, as on two different species of the myrtle. Things, also, which by all the above examinations, were found to possess strong medicinal powers, might be further tried on worthless animals, and all the effects that they had upon them carefully noted. But it is impossible to point out before-hand all the various ways of trial and examination that, by divers occurrences, would be suggested to one who was pushing his enquiries in the vegetable kingdom; or what the success of his pursuits: yet that some useful discoveries, something that would be a benefit to mankind in general, would be the consequence of it, is not much to be doubted, together with a great increase of botanical knowledge, for the amusement and entertainment of the curious; and as to useful botanical knowledge, notwithstanding the many improvements of mo-

derns, it may be said to be yet in its infancy: there is room for many to be pushing their enquiries at once: the field is as large as the surface of the earth, and the task no less than that of tracing the laws of nature; laying open her secret operations, and the hidden workings and machinery of vegetables. There is no danger of the subject's being exhausted: as long as men live on earth, there will, doubtless, be room for men to make new discoveries in the vegetable kingdom. Is it not, therefore, an object worthy the attention of such as have the lead in our public schools, to give to their scholars, among other things, some idea of the first rudiments of botany? I think the consequence of it would be, that some few, out of many, who were naturally of an inquisitive turn, having once tasted the delicious draught, would be led to drink deep, and to push their enquiries far into the vegetable kingdom; an event to be desired by every well-wisher to mankind, and the hearty wish of

PHILO-BOTANICES.

Errata.—In page 141, first column, line 17 from the top, for the word *bundle* read *rundle*. The same page and column, 2d. line from the bottom, for *e. g.* read *e. g.*

SIR GAWEN: A TALE.

IT was towards sun-set when Sir Gawen, after having traversed a very lone and unfrequented part, arrived at the edge of a thick and dark forest; the sky was suddenly overcast, and it began to rain, the thunder rolled at a distance, and sheets of livid lightning flashed across the heath.—Overcome with fatigue and hunger, he rode impatiently along the borders of the forest, in hopes of discovering an entrance, but none was to be found. At length, just as he was about to dismount with an intention of breaking the fence, he discerned, as he thought, something moving upon the heath, and, upon advancing towards it, it proved to be an old woman gathering peat, and who, overtaken by the storm, was hurrying home as fast as her infirm limbs could carry her. The sight of a human creature filled the heart of Sir Gawen with joy, and hastily riding up, he enquired how far he had deviated from the right road, and where he could procure a night's lodging? The old woman now slowly lifted up her palsied head, and discovered a set of features

which could scarcely be called human; her eyes were red, and glanced upon every object but the person by whom she was addressed, and, at intervals, they emitted a fiery disagreeable light; her hair of a dirty grey, hung matted with filth in large masses upon her shoulders, and a few thin portions rushed abrupt and horizontally from the upper part of her forehead, which was much wrinkled, and of a parchment hue; her cheeks were hollow, withered, and red with a quantity of acrid rheum, her nose was large, prominent and sharp, her lips thin, skinny and livid, her few teeth black, and her chin long and peaked, with a number of bushy hairs depending from the extremity; her nails were also acute, crooked and bent over her fingers, and her garments fluttering in the wind, displayed every possible variety of colour. The knight was a little daunted, but the old woman having mentioned a dwelling at some distance, and offering to lead the way, the pleasure received from this piece of news effaced the former impression, and getting from his horse, he laid

laid hold of the bridle, and they slowly moved over the heath.

The storm had now ceased, and the moon rising gave preface of a fine night, just as the old woman, taking a sudden turn, plunged into the wood by a path narrow, and almost choaked up with a quantity of briar and thorn. The trees were thick, and save a few glimpses of the moon which now and then poured light on the uncouth features of his companion, all was dark and dismal; the heart of Sir Gawen misgave him; neither spoke, and the knight pursued his guide merely by the noise she made in hurrying through the bushes, which was done with a celerity totally inconsistent with her former decrepitude. At length the path grew wider, and a faint blue light, which came from a building at some distance, glimmered before them; they now left the wood and issued upon a rocky and uneven piece of ground, the moon struggling through a cloud, cast a doubtful and uncertain light, and the old woman with a leer, which made the very hair of Sir Gawen stand on end, told him that the dwelling was at hand. It was so, for a Gothic castle, placed on a considerable elevation, now came in view; it was a large massy structure, much decayed, and some parts of it in a totally ruinous state; a portion, however, of the sheap, or great tower, was still entire, as was also the entrance to the court or enclosure, preserved probably by the ivy, whose fibres crept round with solicitous care. Large fragments of the ruin were scattered about, covered with moss and half sunk in the ground, and a number of elm trees, through whose foliage the wind sighed with a fullen and melancholy sound, dropped a deep and settled gloom, that scarce permitted the moon to stream by fits upon the building. Sir Gawen drew near, ardent curiosity mingled with awe dilated his bosom, and he inwardly congratulated himself upon so singular an adventure, when turning round to question his companion, a glimpse of the moon poured full upon his eye, so horrid a con-texture of feature, so wild and preternatural a combination, that, smote with terror and unable to move, a cold sweat trickled from every pore, and immediately this infernal being seizing him by the arm, and hurrying him over the draw bridge to the great entrance of the keep, the portcullis fell with a tremendous sound, and the knight starting as it were from a trance, drew his sword in fact to destroy his treacherous guide, when instantly a horrible and infernal laugh burst from her, and in a moment the whole castle

was in an uproar, peal after peal issuing from every quarter, till at length growing faint they died away, and a dead silence ensued. Sir Gawen, who, during this strange tumult, had collected all his scattered powers, now looked round him with determined resolution; his terrible companion had disappeared, and the moon shining full upon the portcullis convinced him that any escape that way was impracticable; the wind sighed through the elms, the scared owl, uttering his discordant note, broke from the rustling bough, and a dim twinkling light beamed from a loop hole near the summit of the great tower. Sir Gawen entered the keep, having previously reasoned himself into a state of cool fortitude, and bent up every power to the appalling enterprize. He extended his sword before him, for it was dark, and proceeded carefully to search around, in hopes either of discovering some aperture which might lead to the vestibule or staircase, or of wreathing his vengeance on the wretch who had thus deceived him. All was still as death, but as he strode over the floor, a dull, hollow sound issued from beneath, and rendered him apprehensive of falling through into some dismal vault, from which he might never be able to extricate himself. In this situation, dreading the effect of each light footstep, a sound, as of many people whispering, struck his ear, he bent forward listening with eager attention, and as it seemed to proceed from a little distance before him, he determined to follow it: he did so, and instantly fell through the mouldering pavement, whilst at the same time peals of horrid laughter burst with reiterated clamour from every chamber of the castle. Sir Gawen rose with some difficulty, and much stunned with the fall, although fortunately the spot he had dropped upon was covered with a quantity of damp and soft earth which gave way to his weight. He now found himself in a large vault, arched in the Gothic manner, and supported by eight large massy pillars, down whose sides the damp moisture ran in cold and heavy drops, the moon shining with great lustre through the iron grated windows, which, although rusty with age, were strong enough to resist the efforts of Sir Gawen, who, after having in vain tried to force them, looked round for his sword, which, during the fall, had started from his grasp, and in searching the ground with his fingers, he laid hold of, and drew forth the fresh bones of an enormous skeleton, yet greasy and moist from the decaying fibres; he trembled with horror; a cold wind brushed violently along the surface of the vault, and a

ponderous iron door, slowly grating on its hinges, opened at one corner, and disclosed to the wandering eye of Sir Gawen a broken staircase, down whose steps a blue and faint light flashed by fits, like the lightning of a summer's eve. Appalled by these dreadful prodigies, Sir Gawen felt, in spite of his resolution, a cold and death-like chill pervade his frame, and kneeling down, he prayed fervently to that power, without whose mandate no being is let loose upon another, and feeling himself more calm and resolved, he again began to search for his sword, when a moon-beam falling on the blade at once restored it to its owner.

Sir Gawen having thus resumed his wonted fortitude and resolution, held a parley with himself, and perceiving no other way by which he could escape, boldly resolved to brave all the terrors of the staircase, and, once more recommending himself to his Maker, began to ascend. The light still flashed, enabling him to climb those parts which were broken or decayed. He had proceeded in this manner a considerable way, mounting, as he supposed, to the summit of the keep, when suddenly a shrill and agonizing shriek issued from the upper part of it, and something rudely brushing down, grasped him with tremendous strength: in a moment he became motionless, cold as ice, and felt himself hurried back by some irresistible being; but just as he reached the vault, a spectre of so dreadful a shape stalked by within it, that, straining every muscle, he sprang from the deadly grasp; the iron door rushed in thunder upon its hinges, and a deep hollow groan resounded from beneath. No sooner had the door closed, than yelling screams, and sounds which almost suspended the very pulse of life, issued from the vault, as if a troop of hellish furies, with their chains untied, were dashing them in writhing frenzy, and howling to the uproar. Sir Gawen stood petrified with horror, a stony fear ran to his very heart, and dismayed every sense about him, he stared wide with his long locks upstanding stiffly, and the throbbing of his heart oppressed him. The tumult at length subsiding, Sir Gawen recovered some portion of strength, which he immediately made use of to convey himself as far as possible from the iron door, and presently reached his former elevation on the staircase, which, after ascending a few more steps, terminated in a winding gallery. The light which had hitherto flashed incessantly, now disappeared, and he was left in almost total darkness, except that now and then, the moon threw a few cool rays through some broken loop

holes, heightened the horror of the scene. He dreaded going forward, and fearfully looked back lest some yelling fiend should again plunge him into the vault. He stood suspended with apprehension: a mournful wind howled through the apartments of the castle, and listening, he thought he heard the iron door grate upon its hinges; he started with terror, the sweat stood in big drops upon his forehead, his knees smote each other, and he rushed forward with desperate despair, till having suddenly turned a corner of the gallery, a taper, burning with a faint light, gleamed thro' a narrow dark passage: Sir Gawen approached the light; it came from an extensive room, the folding doors of which were wide open: he entered; a small taper in a massy silver candlestick stood upon a table in the middle of the room, but gave so inconsiderable an illumination, that one end was wrapped in palpable darkness, and the other scarcely broken in upon by a dim light that streamed through a large ramified window, covered with thick ivy. An arm-chair, shattered and damp with age, was placed near the table, and the remains of a recent fire were still visible in the grate. The waincoat of black oak, had formerly been hung with tapestry, and several portions still clung to those parts which were near the fire; they possessed some vivacity of tint, and with much gilding, yet apparent on the chimney-piece, and several mouldering reliques of costly frames and paintings, gave indisputable evidence of the ancient grandeur of the place. Sir Gawen closed the folding doors, and, taking the taper, was about to survey the room, when a deep hollow groan from the dark end of it smote cold upon his heart; at the same time the sound, as with something falling with a dead weight, echoed through the room. Sir Gawen replaced the taper, the flame of which was agitated, now quivering; sunk, now streaming; flamed aloft, and as the last pale portion died away, the scarce distinguished form of some terrific being floated slowly by, and again another dreadful groan ran deepening through the gloom. Sir Gawen stood for some time incapable of motion, at length summoning all his fortitude, he advanced with his sword extended to the darkest part of the room: instantly burst forth in fierce irradations a blue sulphureous splendour, and the mangled body of a man distorted with the agony of death, his every fibre racked with convulsion, his beard and hair stiff and matted with blood, his mouth open, and his eyes protruding from their marble sockets, rushed on the fixed and maddening furies of Sir Gawen; whose heart had beat

beat no more, had not a hiss, as of ten thousand fiends, loud, horrible, roused him from from the dreadful scene; he started, uttering a wild shriek, his brain turned round, and running, he knew not whither, burst through the folding doors. Darkness again spread her sable pall over the unfortunate Sir Gawen, and he hurried along the narrow passage with a feeble and faltering step. His intellect shook, and overwhelmed with the late appalling objects, had not yet recovered any degree of recollection, and he wandered as in a dream, a confused train of horrible ideas passing unconnected through his mind : at length, however, memory resumed her function, resumed it but to daunt him with harrowing suggestions ; the direful horrors of the room behind, and of the vault below, were still present to his eyes, and as a man whom hellish fiends had frightened, he stood trembling, pale, and staring wild. All was now silent and dark, and he determined to wait in this spot the dawn of day, but a few minutes had scarce elapsed, when the iron door screaming on his hinges, bellowed through the murmuring ruin. Sir Gowen nearly fainted at the sound, which, pausing for some time, again swelled upon the wind, and at last died away in shrill melancholy shrieks ; again all was silent, and again the same fearful noise struck terror in his soul. Whilst his mind was thus agitated with horror and apprehension, a dim light streaming from behind, accompanied with a soft, quick, and hollow tread, convincing Sir Gawen that something was pursuing him, and struck with wildering fear, he rushed unconscious down the steps ; the vault received him, and its portal swinging to their close, sounded as the sentence of death. A dun sœtid smoke filled the place, in the centre of which arose a faint and bickering flame. Sir Gawen approached, and beheld a corse suspended over it by the neck ; its fat dropped, and the flame flashed through the vault, gleamed on a throng of hideous ghastly features ; that now came forward thro' the smoke. Sir Gawen, with the desperate valour of a man, who sees destruction before him, ran furious forward ; an universal shriek burst forth : the corse dropped into the fire, which rising with ten fold brilliance, placed in full view the dreadful form of his infernal guide, dilated into horror itself ; her face was pale as death, her eyes were wide open, dead, and fixed ; a horrible grin sat upon her features, her lips, black, and half putrid, were drawn back, disclosing a set of large blue teeth, and her hair standing stiffly erect, was of a withered red. Sir Gawen

felt his blood within him, his limbs forgot to move, the face, enlarging as it came, drew near, and swooning, he fell forward on the ground.

Slow passed the vital fluid through the bosom of Sir Gawen, scarce did the heart vibrate to its impulse ; on his pallid forehead sat a chilly sweat, and frequent spasms shook his limbs ; but at length, returning warmth gave some vigour to his frame, the energy of life became more diffused, a soothing languor stole upon him, and on opening his eyes, rushed neither the images of death, nor the rites of witchcraft, but the soft, the sweet, and tranquil scenery of a summer's moonlight night. Enraptured with this sudden and unexpected change, Sir Gawen rose gently from off the ground, over his head towered a large and majestic oak, at whose foot, by some kind and compassionate being, he concluded he had been laid. Delight and gratitude dilated his heart, and advancing from beneath the tree, whose gigantic branches spread a large extent of shade, a vale beautiful and romantic, through which ran a clear and deep stream, came full in view ; he walked to the edge of the brook, the moon shone with mellow lustre on its surface, and its banks, fringed with shrubs, breathed a perfume more delicate than the odours of the East. On one side, the ground, covered with a vivid, soft and downy verdure, stretched for a considerable extent to the borders of a large forest, which sweeping round, finally closed up the valley : on the other, it was broken into abrupt and rocky masses swarded with moss, and from whose clefts grew thick and spreading trees, the roots of which, washed by many a fall of water, hung bare and matted from their craggy beds.

Sir Gawen forgot, in this delicious vale all his former sufferings, and giving up his mind to the pleasing influence of curiosity and wonder, he determined to explore the place, by tracing the windings of the stream. Scarce had he entered upon this plain, when music of the most ravishing sweetness filled the air, sometimes it seemed to float along the valley, sometimes it stole along the surface of the water, now it died away among the woods, and now, with deep and mellow symphony, it swelled upon the gale. Fixed in astonishment, Sir Gawen scarce ventured to breathe, every sense, save that of hearing, seemed absorbed, and when the last faint warblings melted on his ear, he started from the spot, solicitous to know from what being those more than human strains had parted ; but nothing appeared in view ; the moon full and unclouded, shone with unusual

unusual lustre, the white rocks glittering in her beam, and, filled with hope, he again pursued the windings of the water, which, conducting to the narrowest part of the valley, continued their course thro' the wood. Sir Gawen entered by a path smooth, but narrow and perplexed, where, although its branches were so numerous that no preference could be given, or any direct route long persisted in, yet every turn presented something to amuse, something to sharpen the edge of research. The beauty of the trees through whose interstices the moon gleaned in the most picturesque manner, the glimpses of the water, and the notes of the nightingale, who now began to fill the valley with her song, were more than sufficient to take off the sense of fatigue, and he wandered on, still eager to explore, still panting for further discovery. The wood now became more thick and obscure, and at length almost dark, when the path, taking suddenly an oblique direction, Sir Gawen found himself on the edge of a circular lawn, whose tint and softness were beyond compare, and which seemed to have been lightly brushed by fairy feet. A number of fine old trees, around whose boles crept the ivy and the woodbine, rose at irregular distances; here they mingled into groves, and there separate, and emulous of each other, they shook their airy summits in disdain. The water, which had been for some time concealed, now murmured through a thousand beds, and visiting each little flower, added vigour to its vegetation and poignancy to its fragrance. Along the edges of the wood and beneath the shadows of the trees, an innumerable host of glow worms, lighted their innocuous fires, lustrous as the gems of Golconda, and Sir Gawen, desirous yet longer to enjoy the scene, went forward with light footsteps on the lawn; all was calm, and, except the breeze of night, that sighed soft and sweetly through the world of leaves, a perfect silence prevailed. Not many minutes, however, had elapsed, before the same enchanting music, to which he had listened with so much rapture in the vale, again arrested his ear, and presently he discovered on the border of the lawn, just rising above the wood, and floating on the bosom of the air, a being of the most delicate form; from his shoulders streamed a tunic of the tenderest blue, his wings and feet were clothed in downy silver, and in his grasp he had a wand white as the mountain snow. He rose swiftly in the air, his brilliancy became excessive from the lunar rays, his song echoed through the vault of night, but having quickly diminished to the size and appear-

ance of the evening star, it died away, and the next moment he was lost in ether. Sir Gawen still fixed his eye on that part of the heavens where the vision had disappeared, and shortly had the pleasure of again seeing the star-like radiance, which in an instant unfolded itself into the full and fine dimensions of the beautiful being, who, having collected dew from the cold vales of Saturn, now descended rapidly towards the earth, and waving his wand as he passed athwart the woods, a number of like form and garb flew round him, and, all alighting in the lawn, separated at equal distances on its circumference, and then shaking their wings, which spread a perfume through the air, burst into one general song. Sir Gawen who, apprehensive of being discovered, had retreated within the shadow of some mossy oaks, now waited with eager expectation the event of so singular a scene. In a few moments a bevy of elegant nymphs dancing two by two, issued from the wood on the right, and an equal number of warlike knights, accompanied by a band of minstrels, from that of the left. The knights were clothed in green; on their bosoms shone a plate of burnished steel, and in their hands they grasped a golden targe and lance of beamy lustre. The nymphs, whose form and symmetry were beyond whatever poets dream, were dressed in robes of white, their zones were azure, dropt with diamonds, and their light brown hair, decked with roses, hung in ample ringlets. So quick, so light, and airy was their motion, that the turf, the flowers shrunk not to the gentle pressure, and each smiling on her favourite knight, he flung his brilliant arms aside and mingled in the dance.

Whilst they thus flew in rapid measures o'er the lawn, Sir Gawen, forgetting his situation, and impatient to salute the assembly, involuntarily stepped forward, and instantaneously a shrill and hollow gust of wind murmured through the woods, the moon dipt into a cloud, and the knights, the dames, and aerial spirits, vanished from the view, leaving the amazed Sir Gawen to repent at leisure of his precipitate intrusion; scarce however, had he time to determine what plan he should pursue, when a gleam of light flashed suddenly along the horizon, and the beautiful being, whom he first beheld in the air, stood before him; he waved his snowy wand, and pointing to the wood, which now appeared sparkling with a thousand fires, moved gently on. Sir Gawen felt an irresistible impulse which compelled him to follow, and having penetrated the wood, he perceived many bright rays of light,

light, which, darting like the beams of the sun, through every part of it, most beautifully illuminated the shafts of the trees. As they advanced forwards, the radiance became more intense and converged towards a centre, and the fairy being, turning quickly round, commanded Sir Gawen to kneel down, and having squeezed the juice of an herb into his eyes, bade him now proceed, but that no mortal eye, unless its powers of vision were increased, could endure the glory that would shortly burst upon them.— Scarce had he uttered these words, when they entered an amphitheatre; in its centre, was a throne of ivory inlaid with sapphires, on which sat a female form of exquisite beauty, a plain coronet of gold obliquely crossed her flowing hair, and her robe of white satin hung negligent in ample folds. Around her stood five and twenty nymphs clothed in white and gold, and holding lighted tapers; beyond these were fifty of the aerial beings, their wings of downy silver stretched for flight, and each a burning taper in his hand; and, lastly, on the circumference of the amphitheatre shone one hundred knights in mail of tempered steel, in one hand they shook aloft a targe of massy diamond, and in the other flashed a taper. So excessive was the reflexion, that the targes had the lustre of an hundred suns, and, when shaken, sent forth streams of vivid lightning; from the gold; the silver, the sapphires rushed a flood of tinted light, that mingling threw upon the eye a series of revolving hues. Sir Gawen impressed with awe, with wonder, and delight, fell prostrate on the ground, whilst the fairy

spirit advancing, knelt and presented to the queen a crystal vase. She rose, she waved her hand, and smiling, bade Sir Gawen to approach. 'Gentle stranger,' she exclaimed, 'let not fear appal thine heart, for to him whom courage, truth, and piety have distinguished, our friendship and our love is given. Spirits of the blest we are, our sweet employment to befriend the wretched and the weary, to lull the torture of anguish, and the horror of despair. Ah! never shall the tear of innocence or the plaint of sorrow, the pang of injured merit, or the sigh of love, implore our aid in vain. Upon the moon beam do we float, and light as air, pervade the habitations of men; and hearken, O favoured mortal! I tell thee spirits, pure from vice, are present to thy inmost thoughts; when terror and when madness, when spectres and when death surrounded thee, our influence put to flight the ministers of darkness, we placed thee in the moon-light vale, and now, upon thy head I pour the planetary dew, from Hecate's dread agents, it will free thee from wildering fear and gloomy superstition.' She ended, and Sir Gawen, impatient to express his gratitude, was about to speak, when suddenly the light turned pale and died away, the spirits fled, and music soft and sweet was heard remotely in the air. Sir Gawen started, and in place of the resplendent scene of magic, he beheld a public road, his horse cropping the grass which grew upon its edge, and a village at a distance, on whose spire the sun had shed his earliest beams.

MARMOR HARDICNUTIANUM. An Archæological Anecdote.

[From the St. James's Chronicle.]

WE hear, that a valuable morsel of antiquity, containing a Saxon inscription, commemorative of particulars attending the death of *Hardyknute*, has been discovered among the foundations of his palace in Kennington-Lane. This memorial is in Saxon characters, sculptured on white marble, which, though discoloured by damp, is still in high and excellent preservation.

The curiosity before us, but for an accident, might have returned to its former obscurity. An able and intelligent draughtsman luckily saw it in a window at a cutler's shop on the Surry side of Black-

friar's Bridge. It was subsequently examined and authenticated by the learned Doctor of the Antiquary Society; and by him, or his order, was copied and sent (no beautiful derrition, conciliating freckle, or picturesque fissure, omitted) to the Reverend and very acute Mr. Samuel Pegge. He expeditiously furnished an ample comment upon it, which was lately read, to the general improvement of its audience, in Somerset-place, when formal thanks were unanimously voted for so erudite a communication. Such, indeed, was the effect of this discourse, that the personages present at its recital (as Lydgate

gate observes of the fortunate Trojans who beheld the carbuncle that illuminated the Hall of King Priamus)

‘ ——— mervayled ech one,
‘ Soche lyghte ysprang out of thylk stone.’

The inscription aforesaid is expressed with that simple but majestic brevity which marks the performances of ancient times. It states, in unaffected terms, that *Hardyknute*, after drenching himself with a horn of wine, *stared about him and died*. Our language, however, will not do complete justice to those harmonious and significant words, *ymbstarad* (or, as it should rather have been written—*starude*,) and *fiwle*. The sculpture of the fatal horn itself, decorated with the Danish raven, affords sufficient room for belief, that the imitative arts, even at that early period (1042), were not unsuccessfully cultivated in England. The public is now waiting, with every mark of impatience, for a plate representing this precious marble, as well as for the perusal of Mr. Pegge's illustration of it, in the next volume of the Society's Archæological Collections.

But, notwithstanding this venerable relic has passed the ordeal of such well-constructed and microscopic eyes, a set of ridiculous and shallow critics are to be met with, who either ignorantly or maliciously pronounce the whole inscription, &c. to be the forgery of some modern wag. They say, that it was designedly left with the cutler as a trap for a certain antiquary, who deliberately and obligingly walked into it; that its exhibition was accompanied with a specious request from its clandestine owner, that he might be assisted by the learned in ascertaining the quality of the stone, and the true import of the mystic characters upon it; though he perfectly knew that the substance containing these letters, &c. was no other than a bit of broken chimney-piece, Saxonised by himself in the year 1789. The same malignant junto likewise disseminate a report, that the capitals in question are not engraved, but corroded by aquafortis, a chemical invention posterior to the reign of *Hardyknute*.—Nay, to such extremes do zeal or affected prejudices against a genuine piece of Saxon literature transport these scoffers, that they venture to assert, that all the captivating discolorations on its surface, are the mere effects of repeated urinary sprinkles, which, by degrees, induced a mellow cast of antiquity over the whole tablet. They moreover declare, that *ipse deli fabricator* contrived to procure admission for some of his associates, on the very evening when the dissertation of

Mr. Pegge was read by a Pro-Secretary; and that these accomplices are every where describing it as a production intentionally jocular; and add, that it was unsuspectingly listened to by the Society, as was the performance of a Dutch translation of Fielding's *Tom Thumb*, which the Burgomasters of Amsterdam received, from first to last, with that profound and silent attention which becomes an enlightened audience at a deep tragedy. Lastly, they would wantonly persuade their hearers, that the senior Secretary (if experiments were thought needful on the occasion) most zealously offered to drain a horn of equal dimensions with that of *Hardyknute*, provided it was first replenished with ancient and sound Port, such as he the said Secretary had often quaffed (though with strict moderation, and merely to wash down the cobwebs of archæology) on Thursday evenings, at the Somerset coffee-house in the Strand.

How much is the impertinent levity of this age to be deplored!—Pity it is, that the poems of *Rowley*, and the record of *Hardyknute's* death, were destined to emerge during such an æra of laughter, scepticism, and incredulity.

Salisbury March 4.

IT is no unfrequent practice of yours to request translations from pieces expressed in obsolete and foreign languages. Unsolicited, I send you several versions of the celebrated Saxon Epitaph on *Hardyknute*, so much the present subject of discourse.

The original Saxon Inscription in English Characters.

her Arthnut
cyning gedronge
winhyrn to drigen
& ymb starud & swelt.

The same, in English Prose.

Here Hardyknute
King drank
a wine-horn dry,
& stared about him and died.

The same, in English Verse.

Here Hardyknute the King
A wine-horn drank full dry;
Then round about him stared he,
And instantly did die.

Though I received the above metrical translation from a friend who is well acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Mason and Mr. Hayley, I shall not trifle with your readers

readers by offering to determine which of these two gentlemen was author of it.

I hope the Director of the Antiquary Society will condescend to correct any mistakes that may occur in the foregoing versions; and at the same time, will forgive such interpolations as were obtruded on the Poet by the necessities of metre.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

I send you a few versions of that favourite and acknowledged morsel of antiquity, the *Saxon Tables of Hardyknute*. Many more copies of the same original you will undoubtedly receive from your numerous correspondents. The first of my little collection is by

SIR CECIL WRAY.

' Here *Hardyknute* with horn of wine,
' Drank, died, and stared much;

' As at my lost Elec—ti—on,
' Too many there were such.'

The second translation proceeds from the elegant and well-known pen of

SIR JOSEPH MAWBEY.

' Here *Hardyknute* his wash (O brute!)
' Did swill from Danish horn;
' So hursting wide his *Harstet*, died,
' And of his life was scorn.

' As *Pig* doth look, that's newly stuck,
' And stare, so stared he;
' And so, at my next canvas, I
' May stare for company.'

The third (an amplified though chastised imitation) is by our worthy friend,

The LAUREAT.

' Here *Hardyknute* in scepter'd *Denmark* born,
' High o'er his head uprear'd the festal horn;
' To drain its purple womb prolong'd his breath,
' Nor knew the deep, the glorious draught was Death.
' While knights, squires, fiends, his bloated corpse surround,
' And elfin magic rocks th' enchanted ground,
' While plumage nods, arms glitter, hauberks ring,
' Shields clash on shields, on arrows arrows spring,
' While tissued matrons from the banquet run,
' And leave the rites of genial love undone;
' While *Osgot Clappa*, child of ancient fame,
' (From him our *Clapham* took its lofty name),
' With giant hand would stem the hostile tide,
' And calm the terrors of his Saxon bride
' With pearly couch, while ready *Sabien* flies,
' To catch the sorrows streaming from her eyes;
' While injur'd heaven with groaning earth conspires,
' To breathe a turbulence of angry fires;
' While thunders loud with deaf'ning accents call,
' And shake the trophies from the banner'd Hall,—
' While old *Galgacus*' spells the moon deform,
' And Merlin rides the whirlwind o' the storm,—
' Whilst *Albanactus*, *Arvirage*, *Lochrine*,
' And hoary *Arthur*'s long-extended line,
' And Mercian *Gog*, of more than savage race,
' And *Magog*, furious with his brazen mace,
' The spot encircling where the victim fell,
' Evoke new legions from the depths of hell,—
' While, from the standard's blaze 'midst ruin proud,
' The Raven's pictur'd image croak'd aloud,—
' While poiz'd sublime o'er adamantine war,
' *Andrasfe* trembled for the throne of *Tbor*,
' And pale *Vallyra*, wrapt in shadows dread,
' To *Odin*'s mansion spurr'd by horror fled,
' Magnificent in dust our Monarch lay,
' Stretch'd his broad eyes, and star'd his soul away.'

The fourth attempt, by the Rev. Doctor Samuel Parr, is comprised within the limits of the following chaste, classical, and nervous pair of hexameters:

' Hic *Hardeiknutos*, Britonum Rex, im-
pigre hausit
' Viniferum cornu; tunc circumspexit
et exit.'

Fifthly, *Monf. Le-Texier*, with a levity peculiar to his countrymen, has given a different turn to this originally serious effusion. I shall, therefore, only offer you the initial line of this performance :

‘Aha! cher Monsieur *Ardiknute*!’

For the same reason I shall exhibit only the two first verses of a *sixth* and lyrical imitation, communicated to me by *Signora Storage*.

‘Caro mio *Ardeknuto*,
‘Caro cornu, ben venuto!’

The *seventh*, and *last*, has the same defect as the two preceding ones, for it is rather a sportive paraphrase than a fair translation. As it comes, however, from a young poetical *Divine*, resident in the *Archiepiscopal* palace at *Lambeth* (the very place of *Hardiknute*’s demise), it will possibly be received with indulgence, and especially by the Gentleman who produced its original to the *Antiquarian Society*.

‘If *Hardyknote*, at *Lambeth Feast*,
‘Where each man made himself a
beast,
‘On such a draught did venture;
‘Though drink he did, and stare, and
die,

‘Tis clear to every mortal eye,
‘That he was no *Diffenter*.’

I am, Sir,
Your very humble servant,
PHILO-ANTIQUARIUS.

Dialogue between the Duke of Portland and Dr. Parr, on the Subject of Hardyknute’s Horn.

Says *Portland’s Duke* (no matter where)
To *Doctor Samuelis Parr*,
DUKE. Would you, my Reverend Sir,
(speak truth I pray,)
Drink off a horn as big?
DOCTOR. Not I, my Lord, on Visitation
day
I’d sooner burn my wig.

Stanza copied from the Fragment of an ancient Manuscript Ballad preserved in the British Museum, alluding to the Horn of Hardyknute.

‘Whan eldermenne gin understonde,
‘How *Ardiknute* fell dede,
‘Thei toke to beare glaffen in honde,
‘And hearnes upone their heds.’

DESCRIPTION of a TYGER HUNT on SCHAAPEN ISLAND, in the NEIGHBOURHOOD of SALDANDHA BAY.

[From *Vaillant’s Travels to the Cape of Good Hope*.]

DURING *Monfieur Vaillant*’s residence on *Schaapen island*, at the hut of an honest *Hottentot* named *Slaber*, he was informed by one of the inhabitants, whose name was *Smit*, that a *Tyger* had for some time infested his division, and carried away regularly every night some of his cattle. The animal was doomed to die.

‘We therefore got together,’ says *Mr. Vaillant*, ‘all the dogs we could find, and provided ourselves with arms. Thus every thing ready for the assault, we separated until the morning. I then went to bed, but could not close my eyes from impatience. At break of day I gained the plain with my escort (*Smit*, and some of his friends;) we were in all eighteen, about the same number of dogs. *Smit* informed us the *tyger* had that night robbed him of a sheep. One of my guns was

loaded with large pieces of lead, another with shot, and a carbine with balls, two of which my *Hottentot* carried as he followed me. The country was tolerably open, except here and there a few divided thickets, which we were obliged to beat with great precaution.

‘After an hour’s fruitless search, we found the half devoured carcase of the sheep; this assured us the animal was not far off, and could not escape. Some few moments after, our dogs, who till that time had been beating confusedly about, pressed together, and rushed within two hundred paces of us into a large thicket, barking and howling as loud as possible.

‘I leaped from horse, gave him to my *Hottentot*, and running to the side of the thicket, got on a rising ground within fifty paces; casting my eyes back, I perceived my companions were alarmed.

However,

However, John Slaber, (son of my host) came up, saying he would not abandon me, though in danger of his life. By the agitation of his appearance, and the fear that was marked in his countenance, I judged the poor lad had given himself up for lost. I well knew that the apparent firmness of another would encourage him; and indeed, though his terror was extreme, I believe he thought himself in greater security when near me, than in the midst of his poltroon companions, who were gazing upon us at a respectful distance. I had been told, that in case I should be near enough to the animal to be heard, I must not say *saa, saa*, for that word would render the beast furious, and that he would rush on the person who uttered it. As I had company, I was not afraid of being surpris'd, therefore repeated the word an hundred times together, by way of encouraging the dogs, and likewise to drive the beast from the thicket; but all in vain; the animal and dogs were equally fearful of each other, the former not daring to quit his retreat, nor the latter to enter it; yet among the mastiffs there were some that must have succeeded, had their courage equalled their strength; my dog, the smallest of the pack, was always at their head, he alone advanced a little into the thicket. It is true, he knew me, and was animated by my voice. The hideous beast roared terribly; every moment I expected it to rush out; the dogs on its smallest motion, drew hastily back, and ran as fast as possible; at length a few random shot dislodged him, and he rushed out suddenly; his appearance seemed the signal for every one to decamp; even John Slaber (formed with the strength of a Hercules, able to wrestle with the animal, and strangle him in his arms, abandoned me, and ran to the others. I remained alone with my Hottentot. The panther, in endeavouring to gain another thicket, passed within fifty paces of us, with all the dogs at his heels; we saluted him by firing three shot as he passed us.

The thicket in which he had taken refuge was neither so high, large, or bushy, as the one he had quitted; a track of blood made me presume I had wounded him, and the fury of the dogs was a proof I was not mistaken; a number of my people now drew near, but the greater part had entirely disappeared.

The animal was baited more than an hour, we fired into the thicket more than forty random shot. At length tired and

impatient with this tedious business, I remounted my horse, and turned with precaution on the opposite side of the dogs: I imagined that, employed in defending himself against them, it would be easy to get behind him. I was not mistaken; I saw him squatting, and striking with his paws to keep at bay my dog that ran barking within the reach of his fangs.— When I had taken the necessary steps to catch him in a good situation. I fired my carbine; this I immediately dropped to catch up my gun, which I carried at the bow of my saddle; this precaution was useless; the animal did not appear, nor could I see him after firing my carbine. Though I was sure I had hit him, it would have been imprudent to have immediately rushed into the thicket. As he made no noise, I suspected he was dead, or mortally wounded. 'Friends,' cried I to the hunters that approached, 'let us go in a firm line strait up to him; if he is yet alive, all our pieces fired together will overcome him, and we can be in no danger.' One person only answered, and that was in the negative; in short, none liked the proposal. Enraged, I said to my Hottentot (who was not less animated than his master,) 'Comrade the animal is either dead, or near it; get on horseback and approach as I did, and try to discover in what state we have put him: I will guard the entrance, and, if he attempts to escape, will shoot him; we shall be able to finish him without the assistance of those cowards.' No sooner had he entered, than he called to me that the tyger was extended, without motion, and he believed him dead; but to be assured he fired his carbine. I ran, transported with pleasure; my brave Hottentot partook my exultation. Triumph redoubled our force; we dragged the animal from the thicket; he seemed enormous; I examined him particularly, turning him from side to side. This was my first essay, and by chance the tyger was monstrous; it was a male. From the extremity of the tail to the nose, he measured seven feet ten inches. I found that he exactly answered the description of the Panther given by Buffon; but through all this country he is known by no other name than the tyger, though it is only the prevalence of custom, for in this part of Africa, there are no tygers, the difference between that animal and the panther being very great. The Hottentots call it *garou gama*, or the *spotted lion*.

CHARACTERS of some of the most distinguished MEMBERS of the NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

[From the Gallery of Portraits; by M. Mirabeau.]

C A D M U S.

(Duke de Chatelet, Colonel of the Regiment of French Guards.)

CADMUS has passed through various situations, and figured in none. He was an ambassador, and he displayed an eagerness and impetuosity, which could be pardoned only in a soldier. He is a soldier, and he has employed the crafty and indirect methods, that are only venial in a negotiator. Into the detail of affairs he has introduced that peremptory manner, which men have without fearing it. At court he assumes the bluntness and severity, which all men are agreed to denominate affectation. In general his intentions are good, but his means are ill chosen.

The present generation of nobility are perfectly satisfied, that the people are made of clay, and that you may trample upon them with impunity. Most of them make no distinction between a reputable tradesman and a beggar. If they speak of a shoemaker, a bricklayer, a tailor, a brewer, it is always with a certain tone of contempt; as if it were in reality a disgrace to make shoes, to build a wall, to cut out a coat, and to sell beer. 'He is the son of nobody,' say they: 'his father was an attorney.' A man of some family comes from a distant province to Paris, in order, by an employment of some sort, to improve his fortune. 'He is a person that nobody sees, that nobody knows.' These fatal ideas have made so ridiculous a progress, that you hear every day the most incredible absurdities uttered with an air of perfect composure.

Cadmus was always afflicted with the *Nobilo-manic*. He would have protected, but never served the people. He is not without talents and right dispositions; but he is totally unskilled to manage men, and rule the multitude. He is so far active, as to hate to be quiet; but not so far able, as to be of any service. He has one quality, that entitles him to our applause, he is detestable to be advised. In the first assembly of notables Cadmus was guided by a man of genius, who is now no more. This period will be one of the most brilliant in his story, if the story of Cadmus shall ever engross a few pages in the annals of his country.

The ideas now in vogue are so differ-

ent from those that reigned forty years ago, that the minds of individuals, that have not kept pace with the progress of the age, can scarcely be expected to comprehend the language that is now spoken in France.

To say that the legislative power ought to reside in the nation; that a king has no right to originate taxes; that rank is a mere accidental distinction; that all men have an equal title to liberty; that taxes ought to bear impartially upon all orders in the community; that law and reason make a minister responsible for his measures; that the parliaments are not and cannot be any thing more than courts of justice—is to reason well from right data, is to insist oneself under the banner of the constitution; and yet these phrases, these unquestionable truths, four years ago, would infallibly have enclosed a man in the walls of the departed Bastille. Persons the most liberal, would have said, 'Government can do no otherwise; if people will be fools and think themselves inspired, they must be shut out from the order of society. He, who employs no policy in his language, cannot complain, if he meet with no indulgence.' These were the very expressions of a man in office, upon occasion of the imprisonment of Mr. Linguet.

Now, a man, a nobleman, a peer of France, educated in the old school, and who has remained stationary from the moment he was introduced into the world, can he think any thing else, but that the whole nation is delicious?—Such is the situation of Cadmus.

The code of military discipline was written in blood; but, however terrible it be, it does not go so far as to ordain, that men should kill their fathers, their wives, their children, their brothers, and their sisters. Now, if the troops, that were before quartered at Paris, had fired upon the people, all these parricides must necessarily have followed. I know very well, that there was bad generalship in suffering seven thousand men to winter at Capua; but, this error once committed, was it not necessary to abide by the consequences, and, above all, to know beforehand, that you were hastening those very evils you desired to prevent?

It is only a small number of rational beings, that are capable of calculating what a body of a million of men are able to

to effect. Paris, London, and Calcutta, require a different mode of policy from any that is exemplified in the annals of history. Military men, who pretend, that discipline can compensate the resources of a multitude, must shut their eyes upon dreadful examples. We will mention only what the Turks did in the campaign of 1788. Two hundred and fifty thousand Imperialists spent their force in vain, against this mighty mass of men, undisciplined, but courageous, and who felt all the energies of sanguinary resentment, against enemies whom they regarded as unjust aggressors.

Cadmus ! you must either die untimely the martyr of your good old principles ; or die in your bed, a convert to new ones !

L A B U I S.

(*M. Bailly, Mayor of Paris, one of the Forty Members of the French Academy, and Author of a celebrated Work upon the History of Astronomy.*)

ONE of those men of sense, who having always exercised their minds upon scientific truth, become, as it were, the representatives and archetypes of reason, and who in an untried career, enlightened by her rays, advance with sufficient deliberation, not to incur the hazard of miscarriage. Of such a situation we may easily trace the effects.

Hence that moderation, which does not derive from the systematical digestion of a plan, and the certainty of realising it in the execution ; but which flows from that apprehensiveness of error, natural to him who undertakes to speak in a foreign language.

Hence that timidity, which we may well excuse in a man, who finds himself situated in the middle place, between the king and the nation, between the fear of displeasing and the desire to be useful, between the love of virtue and inexperience, between personal integrity and courtly intrigue.

To preside with success in a national assembly, it is requisite, that one should be admitted into the secret of the national wishes, that one should hold the rudder, and steer the vessel of the state, along the tempestuous opinions, and amidst the rocks and quicksands of personal interests.

Then it is, that the knowledge of mankind is the most precious of all qualifications. Happy the man, called to this distinguished situation, who can distinguish the courtier from the patriot, the man of

arrogant pretensions from the man of ability, the slave of ambition from the lover of mankind.

One may be learned, logical and shrewd ; one may be skilful to parry the arguments and objections of a private circle, nay, possess a thousand claims to public esteem, and yet want the essential qualities of a president. Such things have been, and such things may occur again.

A cold manner is not expressive of true firmness, any more than bland and gentle qualities are always expressive of irresolution. Too much reserve leads to mistrust ; too pliable a temper encourages the neglect of discipline and order. What a strange thing is that, which men have agreed to denominate virtue ? It verges with hardly any exception upon a neighbouring vice, and a mathematical line is all that separates them.

Has Labuis given occasion to these disquisitions ? Yes : not that they are absolutely applicable to him, but that they infallibly start up in the mind of him that dissects him. They are not therefore altogether impertinent ; for, while I am painting these portraits, no idea can enter my mind, that is not suggested by the countenance I undertake to copy.

While Labuis was nothing, people supposed that he would have been something, if he were trusted with an interesting situation ; when he was something, every body saw that Labuis was nothing. Such is the history of many a Frenchman. The faculty of speaking with facility and ease misleads us. May it not be suspected, that those, who asserted, that the nation was not ripe for assembling the states general, were not altogether in the wrong ? Who does not see, that the people, intoxicated with a pretending independence, will indulge in repeated excesses ; that the clergy, menaced with a reduction of their credit, will exert a double share of ingenuity to recover their ancient situation ; that the nobility, seeing themselves reduced to their just value, will combat for the chimera in the contemplation of which they fondly indulged ; and that, in a mass thus constituted, there will not be found force enough to fix immovably the foundations of a constitution ? It is very possible, that better deputies could not have been elected ; but it is by no means clear, that, such as they are, they are sufficient for their undertaking. We have yet to expiate a complete century of wit, gaiety, and politeness. When we shall have renounced our characteristic frivolity, we shall not immediately be fit for the office of governing ourselves. To Louis the Fourteenth and the regent, we are indebted

debted, for the petty advantage of being the most polished nation in Europe; to Louis the sixteenth we shall perhaps be indebted for the dawn of a regeneration, of which our grandchildren will reap the benefits. It is for them that we sow, and it would be folly to expect that we should ourselves enjoy the fruits of our meritorious labours.

Z O H O R.

(*The Marquis de Condorcet, one of the Forty Members of the French Academy, author of a Treatise upon Probabilities, a Treatise upon the States General, the Life of M. Turgot, and several other performances.*)

THE merit of Zohor is of a solid, not of a brilliant description. He passionately loves the friends of mankind, the friends of liberty, the friends of reason, and the friends of order. Esteemed by the judicious, he is not the subject of vulgar panegyric. He has taken no care to obtain the friendship of those female cabals, whose activity is so incessant to draw the man they favour out of his native obscurity. He has not endeavoured to secure to himself those splendid suffrages, that impose on the multitude. He is not anxious to be quoted in the noisy circles of agitation and passion. He has lived for himself and his friends, and he has lived a little for glory.

Zohor, inured to those profound meditations, which by means of arithmetical processes change conjecture into demonstration, is probably unadapted for those turbulent discussions, which characterize numerous assemblies, thrown into fermentation by the variety of interests, the collision of passions, and the extraordinary crises that may be expected to result. Unaccustomed to speak in public, he cannot command the resources of a Demosthenes, and is unable to subjugate the mind by the eloquence and energy of his diction.

But he amply compensates for the want of these brilliant qualifications, by a series of study, that enables him to discern what it is that will be useful to his country, and what are the remedies that her misfortunes demand:

Zohor is perhaps the last defender of that philosophy, sprung up in England, and received for a moment in France, the

primeval cause of the revolution which is now taking place; that philosophy which would produce the happiness of the world; if, restrained within proper limits, its advantages had never been exaggerated by enthusiastic advocates, and never proscribed by the apprehensive and the timid. If Zohor do not unfurl its standard like Voltaire, if he do not deify it like Lideros, it is however impossible to mistake his real sentiments; and we may say of him,

‘He seeks the shade, but first he would be seen*.’

He has invented nothing, and yet is infinitely superior to ordinary writers. Why? Because he has advanced and improved the art of thinking. If his imagination be parsimonious and scanty, his judgment is luminous and sound; and he will prove of more real use to mankind, than twenty writers, that aspire with justice to the praise of genius.

A woman, who had formerly some reputation, attacked him with virulence, without being able to draw from him a word of reply. This philosophic moderation has been much praised, but little imitated.

Zohor enjoys a name, that his labours have made illustrious; all Europe does him this justice. Let it be observed, that extensive celebrity is no trifling possession, at a time, when the world appears to have conspired for the destruction of mediocrity, and has agreed to repulse with contempt the ambitious pretenders, that besiege on all sides the temple of renown.

One merit that belongs to Zohor, ‘is, to have extended the limits of Geometry, not only through all the regions of natural science, but also into questions of moral consideration, which are in their own nature complicated, fortuitous, and variable. This observation is perhaps matter enough for a long winded panegyric; but we content ourselves with dropping a hint upon the subjects, without undertaking a finished delineation.’

A man soon becomes dissatisfied with what he already possesses, and the suffrage, we had almost said of the human species, does not content Zohor. He burns to seek for fame in a new career; already he regrets so many nights passed in the patience of calculation; he hastens to plunge himself in the ocean of politics, and seeks in

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* Et fugit ad falices et se cupit ante videri. *Virgil.*

the tempest of debate for a new source of glory.

Zohor is altogether averse to those numerous circles, where the female sex presides; where they stamp with their anathema those very works, whose merit they are unable to dispute; where they loudly applaud mediocrity, when united with a rank that may patronise or may persecute; where their stupid lovers are encouraged for no other purpose, than to make of them echos, which may spread far and wide the despotic decrees of this absolute senate.

He is a member of that academy, which Richlieu, who had a spice of the pedant, and not a grain of the philosopher, in-

tended to compose of grammatical critics. But Zohor knows better than any man living, how puerile it is to be hunted about words, when natural science presents us with a new phenomenon; when nature, hunted to the quick, continually suffers one and another of her secrets to escape her; and when commerce is at length become an object of ratiocination and science.

Zohor strictly conforms himself to the advice of his master and friend, the late M. d'Alembert, who used to say, that 'the genuine sage was beneficent and kind towards every human being, familiar in the society of a few, intimate with only one.'

ORATION delivered by EDWARD LIVINGSTON, ESQUIRE, to the GERMAN SOCIETY at NEW-YORK.

Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the German Society,

WHILE I offer you my warmest acknowledgments for this repeated proof of your favour and esteem, permit me to add, that although a distinction so honourable merits my gratitude and thanks, it would yet never have met my acceptance, did I not feel an obligation to sacrifice my own apprehensions to your wishes, and by prompt obedience atone for former neglect.

However inadequate then I may be to the task—however conscious of that inability, I will yet obey your commands; and shall proceed with less reluctance in the duty assigned me, as its performance requires no sacrifice of truth to the servility of panegyric. In drawing the characters of your ancestors, gentlemen, I can ascribe to it all the attributes of war, without falsehood; without adulation I can adorn it with all the gentler symbols of peace.

Let us then view the Germans in their native forests, and pursue them in their progress to refinement—Let us trace the dazzling course of their victorious arms—Let us follow the more diffusive light of their progressive science. Nor will the pursuit be useless or unentertaining; it will amuse, by raising scenes on which the mind must dwell with high delight; scenes of patriotism, magnanimity, and virtue, embellished with views of religious reformation, useful discovery, and the elegant attainments of genius and fancy; rendered peculiarly interesting to you from that natural propensity which

transfers to the individual the glory of his country. It will improve by the general force of example; from the generous emulation it will excite to equal the noble deeds of your countrymen; and from the firm resolve it must produce, never to disgrace the memory of your ancestors, and show the world that virtue is inherent in the German race.

From the earliest ages, a love of independence, and an ardent zeal in its defence, have been the great characteristics of your country; and to have preserved its freedom from the all grasping power of Rome, is its peculiar boast. When her victorious Eagles spread their wings in triumph over the fields of Gaul, and soared disdainful from the Ocean to the Rhine; when even distant Britain bent beneath her yoke, then Germany alone was free. She dared oppose the victors of the world; and the candid annals of Tacitus have preserved the sad confession of his country, 'That neither from the Samnites nor the Carthaginians, nor from both the Spains, nor from all the nations of Gaul, had she received such frequent check and alarms, nor even from the Parthians; for that more powerful was the liberty of the Germans, than the potent monarchs of the East,' and five Roman armies lost, five consuls slain, confirm the just complaint, and raise the glory of the German name.

This conflict with the mistress of the world, forms one of the most interesting pictures in history. With what disdain do they reject every offer of submission? how bravely

bravely do they resist the arms? how nobly scorn the arts of Rome? Once, indeed, her arms prevailed; a part of Germany received the yoke; the legionary camp was seen beyond the Rhine, and freedom trembled for his last retreat. Arminius, then the saviour of his country, rose; he led your warlike ancestors against the invaders of this native land. The cloud of vengeance gathered o'er the Roman camp—it burst; and Varus and his Legions were no more. Rome felt the fatal blow. Her tyrant trembled on his throne; and, frantic, called on Varus to restore his Legions in vain! Victims of liberty and vengeance, their bones were scattered o'er the German wilds; their arms and glittering ensigns decked the sacred groves. From that glorious day, though sometimes vanquished by superior skill, the Germans rose with vigour from their fall: The Romans triumphed, but they could not conquer. Numerous are the examples of whole armies refusing every offer of submission, and preferring death to life, devoid of freedom. Nor was this spirit confined to the warriors; even their women, catching the noble enthusiasm of valour, have rushed upon the foe, and with heroic resolution suffered death rather than dishonour.

Equally admirable were the simplicity and virtue of the ancient Germans: As far removed from the uncivilized barbarity of savage life, as from effeminate refinements of luxury. They were in that happy state of society, in which manners govern rather than the laws—when courage is not extinguished by arts of luxury, nor the love of freedom made subservient to the love of gold. Blessed with the most unbounded liberty, with purest manners and with simple laws, they lived with innocence amid their native forests—Forests! more glorious than the proudest monuments that tyranny has raised. Here hospitality, and every social virtue dwelt. Here liberty indignant fled from servile Rome. Here your heroic fathers independent lived; here died in their defence, and hence they rushed to return the power of Rome, and free the world from their oppressive chain.

It is with difficulty, Gentlemen, I can refrain from enlarging on the virtues which characterize your country in this her golden age. But scenes as glorious of a later date demand your ear. They arise in that dark period that succeeds the destruction of the Roman power.

When deepest ignorance obscur'd the world, war was the only science then; the only virtue, valour; and superstitious fear usurped religion's holy name: Yet,

even in this age, the splendour of the German arms blazes like a meteor thro' the night, and seems to glare destruction to their foes, until their science, rising like the sun, dispels the gloom, and pierces even superstition's cloud, diffuses itself like that glorious luminary o'er the world, and still illumines the remotest regions with its rays.

From among the many instances of your country's valour, which, in this period, fill the historic page, permit me to select one, the important consequences of which demand the grateful admiration of the Christian world. When the enthusiastic followers of Mahomet had erected the standard of the Impostor in the East, and advanced in steps of blood along the provinces of Africa,—when domestic treachery had made them masters of Spain, aiming at universal dominion, they descended like a torrent from the Pyrenean Hills, and threatened final ruin to the Christian name. France, for a while, too fatally opposed their course—in one destructive day, she saw her fields unpeopled by the sword of war; and the sad historian yet laments, that 'God alone could count the slain,' whose bodies festtered on their native plains. The Christian world saw no defence against the Moslem's sword, and seemed in silence to expect her fate. Then your gallant ancestors appeared the champions of Christendom. At Tours their valour turned the scale of fight. Led by a Prince of German race, they fought and conquered; they chased the Saracens from France, and Europe hailed them her deliverers from a bloody foe.

Let us here pause to examine the importance of this victory; let us for a moment imagine the infidels to have achieved the conquest of Europe, and that from the Thracian Bosphorous, to the Columns of Hercules, from the Indian to the Northern Ocean, infidelity had reigned and bade its crescent triumph o'er the Holy Cross—How fatal then had been the change; for civil freedom, lawless tyranny had reigned; for mild religion, bloody superstition; science and the arts, every noble exertion of the mind would have been extinguished by oppression, or debased by slavish fear. All Europe would have been what Turkey is; and if chance had led them to this western world, instead of freedom's chosen seat, it would have been the vile abode of slaves—nay, on the very spot where freemen now are listening to the praises of their race, a trembling crowd, perhaps, had crouched beneath a despot's frown.

These are the evils from which Germanic

manic valour freed the world. Nor has their argument been less successful. Forceful and bold, it burst those chains in which the papal tyranny enslaved the mind. It dared attack corruption in its source, and draw the mask from powerful hypocrisy. Thus did your country, by the glorious reformation, purify religion from the errors of superstition, as before her valour had delivered it from the open violence of infidelity; and thus emancipate herself from the religious as well as civil power of Rome. Nor is it a zeal for religion, or the support of freedom alone, that makes this memory dear. Commerce records the praises of her first protectors in the Hanseatic league. To their inventive genius, learning owes the important art by which her empire is extended o'er the world. To them science is indebted for a perfect system of the universe, and for all the treasures of chymistry. And while time itself endures, their memory will live, who gave us first the means to mark and calculate its rapid flight. Their genius not only supplied most of the discoveries that sweeten life and diffuse the blessing of scientific and commercial improvements; but by an important discovery, which, dreadful as thunder of Heaven, augmented the horrors of war, they lessened its destructive force, and have thus introduced as complete a revolution in the military operations as in the laws, politics and religion of Europe. So much indeed the art of war is theirs, that it may be expected I should enlarge upon the theme: that I should recount their battles, boast of their victories, and dwell upon the exploits of those heroes who have been the ornament and defence of their country. But the scope of this discourse will not permit the undertaking; nor can I express myself in terms equal to the dignity of the subject.

No, gallant Chiefs! Heroic Worthies! No, my voice shall not attempt your praise. I have no colours fit to paint your deeds: no language to attempt so vast a theme. But fame, illustrious Chiefs! that fame for which you toiled, shall still be yours: it shall perpetuate the grateful praises of your country. Posterity shall admire, and the remotest ages strive to imitate your virtues.

Unable then to investigate the characters, or display the perfection of that numerous band of heroes, statesmen, and philosophers, who have adorned the annals of Germany, permit me to call your attention to a gentle race, no less the sub-

ject of your country's boast. Those poetical children of fancy, who have written to amuse, instruct and humanize the world: whose genius either soars adventurous with the epic muse, and sings the hero on the embattled plain, or shews the world a picture of itself, or playful sports among the flowers, and paints the simple manners of the shepherd's life. Of these, the first in rank and dignity is Klopstock, whose towering genius sought in vain an object worthy of its powers on earth; then borne on fancy's wing, beyond the skies, he found a theme in Heaven, and sung in rapturous strains the great Redeemer of the world. Gellert, the glory of your stage, advances next. Delightful, whether he excite the tender emotions of pity, or describe the transports of successful passion; whether he ridicule the folly, or expose the deformity of vice, he still delights. Gessner, your favourite pastoral bard, by seeming to elude, deserves your praise. Crowned with the sweetest flowers, his gentle muse flies, trembling flies, the crowded city and the din of arms; secluded in the vale, she sings the blameless rustic, and his simple life, and gathers wreaths to crown her Daphne's hair; so simply sweet the lay, it seems the voice of nature—her's the song, and her's the gentle life that song describes.

I have chosen this triumvirate to represent the poetical genius of your country; and it closes the cursory survey I have taken of German eminence in arms, and arts, and science. A sketch, at best, but hasty and imperfect. But yet how many subjects for an honest triumph will even this afford? Europe delivered from the sword of the infidels; from the civil tyranny and ecclesiastical usurpations of Rome; the world enlightened by the discoveries, instructed by the science, and amused by the genius of your country. These, gentlemen, are fit objects of declamation. Grateful to you; glorious to your country. Such themes no other nation's pride can boast. Indulge then the pleasing emotions they excite, and emulous of the action you admire, study to deserve an equal fame. Such were the Germans in their native soil—nor has their genius left them in a foreign land. Their emigrants have been led by wisdom and prudence. Labour, industry, and ingenuity, have attended their steps, while their progress is marked by cultivation, improvement and plenty.

CHARACTERISTIC DIFFERENCES of the MALE and FEMALE of the HUMAN SPECIES.

[By M. Lavater.]

IN general (for I neither can nor will state any thing but what is most known) how much more pure, tender, delicate, irritable, affectionate, flexible, and patient, is woman than men.

The primary matter of which women are constituted, appears to be more flexible, irritable, and elastic than that of man.

They are formed to maternal mildness and affection; all their organs are tender, yielding, easily wounded, sensible, and receptive.

Among a thousand females, there is scarcely one without the generic feminine signs; the flexible, the circular, and the irritable.

They are the counterpart of man, taken out of man, to be subject to man; to comfort him like angels, and to lighten his cares. 'She shall be saved in child bearing, if they continue in faith, and charity, and holiness, with sobriety. (1 Tim. ii. 15.)'

This tenderness, this sensibility, this light texture of their fibres and organs, this volatility of feeling, render them so easy to conduct and to tempt; so ready of submission to the enterprise and power of the man; but more powerful through the aid of their charms than man, with all his strength. The man was not first tempted, but the woman, afterward the man by the woman.

And, not only easily to be tempted, she is capable of being formed to the purest, noblest, more seraphic virtue; to every thing which can deserve praise or affection.

Highly sensible of purity, beauty, and symmetry; she does not always take time to reflect on internal life, internal death, internal corruption.

'The woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, and she took of the fruit thereof,' (Gen. iii. 6.)

The female thinks not profoundly; profound thought is the power of the man.

Women feel more. Sensibility is the power of woman.

They often rule more effectually, more sovereignly, than man. They rule with tender looks, tears, and sighs; but not with passion and threats; for if, or when, they so rule, they are no longer women, but abortions.

They are capable of the sweetest sensibility, the most profound emotion, the utmost humility, and the excess of enthusiasm.

In their countenance are the signs of sanctity and inviolability, which every feeling man honours, and the effects of which are often miraculous.

Therefore, by the irritability of their nerves, their incapacity for deep enquiry and firm decision, they may easily from their extreme sensibility, become the most irreclaimable, the most rapturous enthusiasts.

Their love, strong and rooted as it is, is very changeable; their hatred almost incurable, and only to be effaced by continued and arisful flattery*. *Men are most profound; women are more sublime.*

Men most embrace the whole; women remark individually, and take more delight in selecting the minutiae which form the whole. Man hears the bursting thunder; views the destructive bolt with serene aspect, and stands erect amidst the fearful majesty of the streaming clouds.

Woman trembles at the lightning, and the voice of distant thunder; and shrinks into herself, or sinks into the arms of man.

Man receives a ray of light single, woman delights to view it through a prism in all its dazzling colours. She contemplates the rainbow as the promise of peace; he extends his enquiring eye over the whole horizon.

Woman laughs, man smiles †: woman weeps, man remains silent. Woman is in anguish when man weeps, and in despair when

* Orig.—'Slowly effaced, and by the preponderance only of flattering love. Man works downwards—woman upwards'—or in other words, man impregnates, woman rears; the allusion seems to be the sun and the earth.

† Orig.—'Woman smiles, when man laughs; and weeps when man is silent; and laments when man weeps; and despairs when man laments.'—Thus the German; we cannot however blame the translator, for making the women laugh, as it seems to suit the gradation better.

when man is in anguish; yet has she often more faith than man.

Man without religion is a diseased creature, who would persuade himself he is well and needs not a physician; but woman without religion, is raging and monstrous.

A woman with a beard is not so disgusting as a woman who acts the free-thinker; her sex is formed to piety and religion; to them Christ first appeared; but he was obliged to prevent them from too ardently, and too hastily embracing him—*Touch me not.*—They are prompt to receive and seize novelty, and become its enthusiasts.

The whole world is forgotten, in the emotion caused by the presence and proximity of him they love.

They sink into the most incurable melancholy, as they also rise to the most enraptured heights.

Male sensation * is more imagination, female more heart.

When communicative, they are more communicative than man; when secret, more secret.

In general they are more patient, long suffering, credulous, benevolent, and modest.

Woman is not a foundation on which to build. She is the gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; the materials for building on the male foundation. She is the leaven, or, more expressively, the oil, to the vinegar of man: the second part of the book of man.

Man singly, is but half man: at least

but half human.—A king without a kingdom. Woman, who feels properly what she is, whether still or in motion, rests upon the man; nor is man what he may and ought to be, but in conjunction with woman; therefore, 'It is not good that man should be alone, but that he should leave father and mother, and cleave to his wife, and they two shall be one flesh.'

A Word on the Physiognomical relation of the Sexes.

Man is the most firm—woman the most flexible.

Man is the straightest—women the most bending.

Man stands steadfast—woman gently retreats †.

Man surveys and observes—woman glances and feels.

Man is serious—woman is gay.

Man is the tallest and broadest—woman the smallest and weakest ‡.

Man is rough and hard—woman smooth and soft.

Man is brown—woman is fair.

Man is wrinkly—woman is not ||.

The hair of man is more strong and short—of woman more long and pliant.

The eyebrows of man are compressed—of woman less frowning.

Man has most convex lines—woman most curved.

The countenance of man taken in profile, is more seldom perpendicular than that of the woman.

Man is most angular—woman most round.

THE NEGRO EQUALLED BY FEW EUROPEANS,

(Continued from page 89.)

THIS discourse determined me; and he knew all. The design said he, is daring; but the execution is not impossible. Are you beloved by Elizabeth? The question laid my proud mind in the dust. What should I say to him? Alas! I answered, with an embarrassed air, I have sometimes thought so, but—But I believe, said he, that you are not beloved. The coun-

tenance of Elizabeth speaks only happiness. Being no Mussulman, I have the superintendance of the vizier's wine cellars. My office requires secrecy. You know the Mahometan law. This is sufficient to shew the confidence which he places in me. To that am I indebted for the privilege of approaching Elizabeth; and I am the only man to whom

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this

* *Orig.*—'The feelings of the man,' (*mannergefuhl*). The question is not of sensation here—though it be true, if said of that.

† *Orig.*—'Man stands—woman gently trips.'

‡ *Orig.*—'Man tall and broad, woman less and taper.'

|| *Orig.*—'Wrinkly the man, less so the woman.'

this privilege is allowed. At present the first among her rivals, she possesses his heart most absolutely; and, if I do not mistake the character of love, he is not without an interest in her mind. Is not this sufficient to cure your passion?

Ah! answered I, do you count for nothing the pleasure of vengeance? If the business be to slay Ibrahim, said he, you have mistaken me. I will serve you but, not by a crime. Ah! let him live, cried I. And let me regain Elizabeth! That is another affair, said he; I have no objection to take a woman from a man who possesses two hundred. You have foreseen the dangers of the undertaking, you brave them; your love shall not want my assistance. Rely on me: prepare every thing for your flight; and be ready; in two days, when the minarets shall in the evening call the people to the mosque, I will pass your lodging; follow me without fear; but above all, ask not a question. I hazard more than you; therefore leave yourself to my governance. I ask only to fly with you, and be your friend. I promised him eternal friendship. I embraced him, and he quitted me.

Without wishing it, he had wounded my mind. I could no longer doubt the perfidy of my unworthy mistress. I was on the point of renouncing her for ever; but jealousy, that odious monster, stepped in between me and my resolution.

Though I have not been able to excite her love, at least I will enjoy her torments, said I. By tearing her from the object of her wishes, I shall repay all the evils she has made me suffer, I shall behold them: and this spectacle, while it gluts my vengeance, shall cure me of a delirious passion. By one stroke, I shall have punished the perfidious Elizabeth, and the villain who has seduced her from me.

I ran to my vessel, and gave my orders. I placed in a convenient situation, a shallop with ten able rowers, whom I forbade to leave the spot, till they should see me return; and, to allow them no pretext, I distributed provisions among them in abundance. My design was, that they should receive us, and row with their utmost speed to the vessel. There my people were prepared to cut the cable—to set sail—and hurry to sea with my prey, long before Ibrahim should have discovered her absence.

Relieved from these cares, but not from inquietude, I returned to the caravansera. Nothing, that I ever knew most horrible, approaches the trouble I experienced during the two days which preceded the return of the negro. Rage, terror, jealousy, regrets, bitterness, love, hatred, vengeance,

despair—these were the frightful sensations which agitated my heart! Sometimes, my father returned to my memory. I recollected his tenderness, his tears, his forsaken old age, his virtues, worthy of a better fate, my weakness, my ingratitude; and I sobbed aloud. I was on the point of quitting all, to fly into his arms; but suddenly, the image of the happy Ibrahim at the feet of Elizabeth, stifled the weak cry of reason, and I relapsed into the depth of frenzy.

The fatal hour arrived; it shall be executed, I cried; I will see her, or death shall prevent me. I descended to the gate of the street, and was not long there, before I saw the negro appear. He passed before me in silence, without even turning his face towards me, and I followed him.

The involuntary agitation which must be experienced, on the eve of so imminent a danger, my anxiety, confiding as I did in a man whom I scarcely knew, doubled the weariness of my way. It was long. We ran through a crowd of streets, without a single word uttered by either. He preceded me some paces; and no one would have suspected that we had any knowledge of each other.

At length, we arrived in a solitary quarter of the city. My guide pursued the course of a high wall, in which, at regular distances, were small holes with iron bars made to admit the air and daylight within: they were a little raised above the pavement. When we had proceeded about three hundred paces, the negro stood still. He examined if no one observed us; the street was deserted; and the night extremely dark. Instantaneously he stooped down, opened one of the gratings, glided into the opening, and disappeared. The suddenness of my surprise made me hesitate; but I had gone too far to recede, and I imitated him. When my body had slid downward a little way, my feet encountered a ladder, which seemed to be prepared for my descent. The negro received me in his arms; replaced the grating; then ran to bring a dark lantern, which he had deposited in a corner. He took the light out of the lantern, and I saw that we had descended into a vast vault. See, said he, one difficult step is taken; may the same success accompany us to the end!

The delight, which was painted on his visage, and the care which he had taken to render this asylum supportable, during the time that I should be compelled to remain there, left in my mind no doubt respecting his fidelity.

Inestimable friend! said I, embracing him;

him; what can have induced you to do so much for me? Two motives, answered he, which can do every thing with a negro—compassion and the love of liberty.— You have interested me in your behalf.— I love you; and, since I have chosen you as my friend, I shall be attached to you till death. It is thus that we think. We serve those that are indifferent to us through complaisance, and our friends through duty. To shed tears and again embrace him, was my only answer. He understood me,

He had prepared a bed for my repose between two tons of wine; and I found every species of convenience and every sort of delicacy and luxury, which friendship could assemble together in this place.

Deign, said he, to be contented with your situation here, I am yet ignorant of the instant, in which we may consummate our design: but it will arrive, and it shall be my duty to seize it. Till then patience. You are here; that is what I have ardently wished. You might remain here whole years undiscovered; for I have the sole direction of this place; therefore be tranquil; as often as I can, I will come and see you. You will, undoubtedly find much weariness; but you must, by some sacrifice, pay for the pleasure which you promise yourself. Adieu! I must quit you. This is the hour in which Ibrahim, in the midst of his women, will expect my attendance. For the common interest, I would not give him occasion to send for me. If you take my advice, you will in a little time, extinguish your light. The janissaries, who patrol the street during the night, might perceive it; and, surprised with so uncommon a circumstance, give the alarm, and bring ruin upon you. But time presses me.

He bade me farewell, and went out by a grate in the wall, opposite to that by which we had entered. I followed him with my ears, I heard him successively shut many grates; and as, in proportion as he retired, the sound seemed to be further above me, I judged that the vizier's palace must be prodigiously more elevated than the place in which I was.

When I was alone, I sat down an instant to permit my agitation to subside; and I imagined I was surely in a dream. Having somewhat recovered myself, I thought of extinguishing the light; but, I wished, first, to know what sort of a place I now inhabited.

It was superb, and every way worthy of the riches and majestic state of its master. It was rather a magnificent gallery, than a cellar for the reception of wines. Walls and pillars of the most beautiful marble,

supported an elevated vault, built in a charming style of architecture, and embellished with the most exquisite sculpture. A delicate and shining gravel preserved a salubrious coolness in this species of temple, consecrated to Bacchus. More than five hundred tuns, ranged along the walls, reposed upon stands made of cedar and mahogany. Prodigious hoops of brass held enchained, in these vessels, the fugitive liquor, whose age and name were graven on enamelled labels. At a considerable distance, I found a railing, whose bars, made of silver, running the whole length of the place, and extending to the ceiling, divided the gallery into two parts. It was fastened; and not being able to penetrate further, I endeavoured to throw the rays of my light as much as I could, on the objects within the railing. My dazzled eye could scarcely sustain the splendor of the spectacle. Hundreds of crystal vases, ranged in an amphitheatre, on steps of ebony, which extended from the floor to the ceiling, darted upon my sight the brilliant reflections of the various coloured liquors which each contained. Such was this enchanted place!

Prudence warned me, to abandon a scene, whose unexpected sight had given some truce to my griefs. I regained my retreat: and having taken some light nourishment, I extinguished my light, and laid myself on my bed.

The silence, which pervaded all around me—the violence, with which my mind had been long agitated—and the succeeding hope, which my negro friend had raised in my soul—recalled sleep to my eyelids, from which it had fled as if never to return. But I was only permitted to taste tranquility: and soon was I to pay for the rashness of my conduct by the cruellest alarms.

My sleep was not sufficiently sound to be proof against the slightest noise. At midnight, I was awakened by the opening of some distant gates. I listened. The noise appeared to me to proceed from that part by which the negro went away when he quitted me. I thought at first it was himself; and that he was come to pass some moments with me. The noise becoming more and more distinct, I did not doubt but some one approached the place where I was. At length a gate opened in the vault; but it was not that by which my friend went out. In a moment, the vault was illuminated by a number of torches: and I heard the tumultuous cries of a multitude of men and women. Despair instantly seized my soul.

It was not long before laughter, the sounds of joy, and the wanton language of both

both sexes, convinced me that it was the love of pleasure, which conducted these guests to this retired scene, I heard them boast of the address with which they had had stolen the keys from Osmyr (that was the name of my negro), while they praised him whose cunning had imitated them, promising themselves often to enjoy the fruit of their artifice.

I now saw, that my neighbours were the vizier's slaves, who came here to indemnify themselves in secret for the rigorous constraint to which their days were condemned. Till then, my breath was almost suppressed by fear: but danger soon becomes familiar. When I saw that they did not approach nearer me, I took courage: and, gliding softly to the extremity of the tuns which formed my retreat, I endeavoured to distinguish the number of these intruders on my asylum.

I immediately saw, that they were in the other part of the gallery, and that the railing separated us. This discovery confirmed my courage, and I flattered myself that I should escape without any fright.

There appeared about fifteen of them. They had extended a large carpet on the floor, and had covered it with a profusion of provisions of every sort. The liberty which the place gave them, having banished the Mahometan etiquette, they delivered themselves to the pleasures of the table, where love presided, and where the liquor of the vizier was not spared.

I leave you to imagine the excesses of these nocturnal orgies, and I return to my own alarms. These had subsided: but a new thought had roused them in an instant. I recollected the janissaries, of which Osmyr had spoken; and if the light of a single taper had appeared to him to be feared, how dreadful must be my apprehensions from such a number of flambeaux!

This reflection struck me to such a degree, that I was on the point of replacing the ladder, of opening the grate, and of saving myself by flight; and, perhaps, I should have done so, if the fear of what I might encounter on opening it, or afterwards in the streets of Constantinople at such an hour, had not subdued that of a danger which a little good fortune might enable me to shun. Beside, the time advanced; another hour perhaps, and the returning fun would chase away my dangerous neighbours.

To say the truth, my friends, it was but just, that I should swallow, as a punishment for my guilt, to the very dregs, the bitter poison which I had been industrious to seek.

I expected, with some degree of pati-

ence, the end of these revels, which gave delight to every inhabitant of this vault but myself. Situated as I was, no part of their discourse could escape my observation; and, notwithstanding the anguish which I sometimes felt, I was at others compelled to smile at the follies of their drunken riot. One of the women, who had risen, and was wantonly dancing on the floor, suddenly cried out: Mahmud, I would drink some wine of Schiras! bring me some, slave! One of them immediately rose, and carefully examined all the crystal vases. Mahmud remained a long time in searching for the wine. This woman became impatient; and cried, well, cursed slave, hast thou found it? it becomes thee well to keep such a woman as I am, waiting upon thy dulness! Faith, answered he, though you were the favorite sultana, I could not be in greater haste to serve you: but I see none. It is the wine in thy head that prevents thee, said another woman, who drew near to the railing. Come here, booby. Stay! observe: do you see those tuns which extend almost out of sight? think you there is no wine of Schiras among all those? I trembled with apprehension. I see the tuns excellently well, cried the man, but I see still more clearly this railing, of which we have no key. Here, Zamet, cried the woman, send us your keys. We shall find one, perhaps, which will open this gate. She ran herself to bring them, and gave them to Mahmud.

Now my destruction appeared to be inevitable. What could I expect from slaves intoxicated with wine, who, in the terror of finding themselves surpris'd, would have probably sacrificed me to preserve themselves from the chastisement which they might otherwise dread? If I should undertake to defend myself, how could I hope to overcome fifteen persons, who, irritated by my resistance, would have still further motives to destroy me? It is difficult to imagine a situation more critical.

While I made these reflexions, the fatal keys were tried, and God knows the ardent wishes which I offered up for inutili-ty. They put one into the lock; it turned; the gate rolled upon its hinges; and all the troop shouted to see the success, which to me appeared to be the signal of my death. I had scarcely strength to withdraw into my retreat, where I was compelled to wait the end of my unhappy fate.

By an almost miraculous instance of fortune, curiosity did not lead this bacchanalian crew into the vault in which I was. Mahmud alone entered; and with a flambeau in his hand, he began to review the tuns within a few paces of me. He read,

in a loud voice, the label fixed to each vessel: and every name, which was not that of Schiras, augmented my terrors. I saw death advancing slowly upon me, and had time to contemplate all its horrors. At length he approached near to my retreat; already I heard the sound of his respiration; already the light of his flambeau would have discovered me to his eyes, had they not been intently fixed on the vessels. That which he now looked upon was but the third from me. With a cry of exultation he shouted, Victory! Schiras!

Schiras—This same Schiras, which had appeared to be the warrant of my death, was now the reprieve which restored me to life. Mahmud pierced the tun; filled a vase which he held in his hand; returned, in triumph, to rejoin his comrades.

My danger was still great; since the gate of the partition was yet open; but, in such a situation, the least delay has almost all the charms of entire security. You will imagine how long this night appeared to me. I counted the moments, while the hours passed but as a dream with these enemies with which I was surrounded.

Often did I look up to the grating, by which I entered, to watch for the first rays of the day. At length, they came in mercy to my sufferings, while the riotous group certainly yet thought them afar off. Shortly after, the Imans, from the height of their towers, summoned the people to prayers. It was a thunderstroke for the slaves. They fled without reflexion; and, in their confusion, left open the gate; forgot the remainder of their repast; and, while the gates shut rapidly in succession, hope returned into my soul.

What a night! what a situation! Ah if man would calculate what the passions cost him—if he could but behold, in a mirror, all the evils which are caused by every irregular wish that he eagerly embraces and which promises him nothing but pleasure, he would recede with terror from the mere aspect of the chimerical happiness, which results from all that is not virtue.

When I was assured, that the slaves were entirely withdrawn, I arose, and contemplated the condition in which they had left the vault: and I viewed, with a sort of gratitude, the vases which they had emptied, and whose friendly vapours had hid my retreat from their eyes. However, the terror of the last five hours had wasted my strength; my courage suddenly tailed me; my knees bended beneath my weight; and I sunk upon the floor. With a trembling hand I filled a gilded cup with some Hungarian wine, which stood near me,

and emptied it at one draught. Its balsamic heat animated my spirits. I repeated the draught.

A swift and subtle fire spread through my veins. I arose with strength and courage. I regained my asylum, where fatigue and the effects of Tokay plunged me into a profound sleep.

It continued the whole day, and some light and pleasant dreams embellished this interval of repose. I thought that I saw myself at the feet of Elizabeth; and that Ibrahim, with his generous hand, crowned our constant flame. Deceitful visions! You are born to console, to laugh at, to betray us;

I was forcibly roused from this felicity: it was Osmyn who called me. His presence delighted my soul, and I embraced him with gratitude. How! So late? said he. Do you sleep still, and the day nearly finished? Ah! said I, if you knew the cruel night which I have passed, you would be less astonished. Then I recounted to him what had happened, and I saw him tremble at the bare recital of my peril: he assured himself of the disorder by his eyes. Well, said he, the evil is light, since they have not seen you. Let us talk of something better. This is the instant to try your courage. Is it yet proof against all hazard? Yes: I answered, with rapture. You may rely on me. Then, added he, in some hours Elizabeth is in your power, or we shall both perish. Ah! too generous friend, cried I, is it possible? Inform me—Never was occasion more charming, returned he. The sultan gives an entertainment. He is young. It will last the whole night. It is the custom. The vizier has just departed from the seraglio. None of the great officers of the empire dares to withdraw, while the grand seignior is present. Such is the etiquette. The absence of Ibrahim will permit all the slaves of his house to abandon themselves to repose: at midnight, the palace will be a desert. I know all the avenues, all the apartments of it. You and I will ascend to the chamber of Elizabeth. Her orders are given: she will then be alone; her women will be gone to rest. I will conduct you to her bed; if fear does not stifle her voice, an handkerchief will assist you. We are strong; we will force her away, and bring her here. We will take our flight by this same grating; and the winds and waves shall have borne us far from the shore, before any one will suspect the deed.

Then, I abandon myself to your direction, said I. Fortune, which has hitherto served me so well, will not now be faithless to me. We shall succeed: my courage tells me so.

He quitted me no more; and, waiting for the time fit for our purpose, we supped together. During these few hours that I passed with Osmyn, I felt more than ever, the firmness of his mind, and the goodness of his heart. We know not, said he, among other things, in what situation we may soon be. But, whatever happens, do not name the fault which these slaves have committed this last night. Death would be the consequence of their imprudence. If we are unfortunate, at least let not our ruin be fatal to any one. I felt as he did; and I made him a promise.

In fine, the hour—(shall I say fearful?)—yes; yes: for the bravest man is not exempt from emotion at the aspect of such danger: it is courage to feel this emotion, and subdue it—in fine the bell sounded the fearful, the ardently expected hour! Let us embrace, said Osmyn. We go—perhaps to death! Come. I trembled.

We mounted slowly, with the air of a light that he had still kept burning, by some stairs, which led to the apartments of the palace. Osmyn left all the gates open behind us, that nothing might retard our flight. When we had traversed the subterraneous places, and were ready to mount the last steps, which would introduce us into the palace, he extinguished the taper, and placing me on his right, and taking my hand, let us proceed with firmness, said he, in a low voice. Another quarter of an hour, and all is done.

We entered. The carpets, which covered the whole of the floors, aided the mystery of our steps. The apartments in Turkey being divided only by curtains, we had not to fear the noise of doors turning on their hinges, as would have been the inevitable case every where else. I will not describe the multitude of turnings which we made, nor the prodigious number of apartments through which we passed; perhaps impatience, fear, and the obscurity of night, rendered them more numerous to me.

We arrived, after some time, at the entrance of an anti-chamber. Let us take breath, whispered my conductor. We have only this room to pass, and we are at that of Elizabeth. At present, follow close upon my steps; and beware of treading a hair's breadth aside! This is now the only danger we have to shun; but we shall not return by this way. We paused a minute; then he said to me, let us proceed; and we entered.

I may say, I made but one body with him. My feet replaced his. After a step or two, I thought I heard a loud respiration of several persons who slept. A sudden apprehension made me start involun-

tarily to one side. My feet were embarrassed with something. I fell; and I felt under my hand the body of a man, who seemed, notwithstanding my fall, to be profoundly asleep. But suddenly a voice, which penetrated my ear like thunder, cried, who is there? The slave who goes the rounds, answered Osmyn, coldly, and aiding me to arise; I have fallen, that's all. The voice said not a word more. We are safe, said Osmyn, in a low voice. This is the room.

We are in haste. He raises the curtains. We enter: Ah God! A multitude of flambeaux dazzle my sight! I see a numerous guard ranged in a semicircle, whose naked scymeters glisten in my eyes! Ibrahim at the feet of Elizabeth, who, reclining on a sofa, listens to his sighs! To cry out, traitor, you have betrayed me, to draw my poignard, to raise it, to strike it into Osmyn's bosom, to extend him at my feet, was all done with the swiftness of thought. I was about to strike myself; the guards stay my fatal arm, and a awful silence succeeds to the terror of the scene.

Ibrahim advanced with his scymerer in his hand, unquestionably to immolate me to his wrath. He looked at me; recollected me; recoiled; then considered me some moments; and, without addressing a single word to me, he whispered to an officer of his guards, and afterwards said, with a loud voice: Obey, lead him away.

Fury and despair had now wasted the strength, which a few minutes of flattering hope had given me. I followed my guards with trembling steps; and without the aid of the officer, I should not have been able to proceed. They lead me to death. Alas! I wish it. I have lost every thing!

I was conducted into an apartment superbly furnished. The officer ranged the guards at the entrance, and invited me to place my myself on a rich sofa. I obeyed, without a sense of what I did. He placed himself beside me. Yet seeing the paleness of my countenance, the dejection of my eyes, the tremulation of all my limbs, and fearing that I should faint, he took a liquor in use among the Turks, which they name sherbet, and pouring it, with some precious balm, into a cup of porcelaine, he presented it to me. I gently put it away from me. Recollect, said he, with a kind of goodness, that you are my captive, and that you ought to obey me. I took the cup. I swallowed the draught. My strength returned; and, with it, the sentiment of all my evils.

Thou didst also return, O remembrance of my God! Thou, O God! whom I had so cruelly forgotten since my infancy.—

Ah, thou didst wait till this chimerical felicity, which I worshipped, should be dissipated, as a wafting cloud, to present thyself to my view!

See then, said I, turning my eyes inward to myself, to what have tended all my cares—all my sacrifices! Since I met with this fatal Elizabeth, have I tasted a single instant of serenity? Her first sight seemed to promise me happiness: since then, no day has been without vexation—no night without inquietude—no hour without bitterness. Was not this enough? Must to such misery be added the devouring fire of jealousy and revenge! I have quitted my home, my father, my too unfortunate father! Ingrate! I have outraged nature: and have placed my faith in a vile slave.

And for what purpose? To find death! See then this happiness: death! and if the God, of whom in my infancy I have heard—if this God exists—what have I to say in his presence? Fierce and vindictive as I am—the destroyer of the sentiments of nature—the corrupter of men's faith—in fine, their murderer, and have I a virtue to plead their defence?

Oh, he exists! he abandons me in this extreme hour! The just expire, surrounded with his blessings. All the universe must fly, even God must withdraw his sustaining presence, when the criminal dies!

May I not pray to him then? Where are the proofs of thy sincerity? Is it when all other means forsake me, that I would prove my truth by turning to him? Ah, I have too much offended him! But, wretch that I am, do I measure his goodness, instead of placing my reliance on it?

I threw myself on my knees. I raised my arms toward heaven. Oh God, cried I, still have I confidence in thee! Crush me not with all thy wrath! If I must die, give me courage, and I shall be ready.—Thou hast seen my crimes. Thou dost see my repentance. Accept it as the only expression of returning purity.

It seemed that a balm was shed into the wounds of my soul. A sweet joy, till then unknown to me, through my life, animated my heart. In fine, what would I say to you, my friends! I felt the truest happiness—the happiness of a virtuous wish.

The day surprised me in the midst of these reflexions. All were still silent as to my fate. Neither the officer nor the guards had quitted me. They had been the witnesses of my emotions, and had not interrupted them.

Having recovered from the species of extacy in which I had been plunged, I perceived their presence; and I hazarded some

questions. Do not interrogate me, said the officer with gentleness. I pity you; but I must not answer you. Expect every thing from my compassion; but respect the secrets with which I am entrusted.

Then, changing the conversation, he said to me, you are calm, and I am happy to perceive it. I now can recognise the man of courage. He endeavoured to amuse me too; he would have engaged me to admire the magnificence of the place in which we sat. I was scarcely in a condition to be particularly attentive to the beauties of the apartment; yet I could not forbear to notice its extreme elegance, taste, and splendor.

It was the place in which Ibrahim, an accomplished man, as well as an enlightened statesman, sometimes relieved himself from the cares of government. He had assembled every thing which luxurious nature produces: and we had at once under our eyes, the richest treasures of the earth and seas.

This saloon was on the ground floor. A vast door, made of a single plate of glass, displayed a garden entirely covered with a lattice of gold. In this delightful grove might be seen the rarest birds sporting among myrtles and orange trees; except when hunger called them to their food, or thirst to basins of purest alabaster. High fences of roses and jessamine surrounded the charming spot; and prevented intruding eyes from penetrating into its recesses: and the white marble presented, as a contrast to the green walls, the elegant forms of chased vases and antique statues.

Magnificence and wealth, said I, too usually the objects of men's desires and causes of their crimes, I see here united! When men torment themselves to acquire you, let them take my place: they will know you better!

About the middle of the day, we were served with refreshments. In vain did the officer press me to partake of them. I turned from the greatest delicacies again to view the aspect of death.

Some hours after, a slave came to call the officer. The least circumstance alarms at such moments. I regarded this absence as the forerunner of my eternal departure. I collected all my powers; and again, prostrating myself, I poured before my God the tears which flowed from my heart.

The officer re entered. I arose: Follow me, said he; your time is come. I could not any longer doubt my fate. Ah! what is the resolution of a guilty heart, when death is about to seize upon it! My enfeebled faculties failed me; a cloud extended over my eyes; my memory, my intelligence,

intelligence, all vanished! In fine, in this species of annihilation, I trod in the steps of my guards, without any consciousness of my being.

What was there which could recal my senses? It was a single word, which swift as the irresistible lightning, struck a spark into my soul; brought back the remembrance of what I had been; the recollection of what I now was.

It was the voice of a man, who called me by the name which I bore at Smyrna. This name had not met my ear since the time that my passions led me to assume another. I opened my eyes. My guards had disappeared. I was alone with this man. I turned my looks upon him, yet obscured by the shades of death. A long pause ensued, before my weakened memory informed me where I had seen him.— Suddenly I recollected his features: it was Ibrahim.

Finish your vengeance! said I. What wait you? Strike!

This great man folded me in his arms. I felt his tears pouring down my forehead. My vengeance! said he. Ah! Why am I here? to pity your weaknesses, not to avenge myself of them. Live: be happy, if it be possible; and learn how a man may conquer himself.

He sat down and made me sit beside him. His own hand deigned to present me a precious cordial. I felt new life rush upon me. At present, said Ibrahim, you owe me your confidence. If my friendship has not a right to demand that entire confidence, yet refuse it not to your deliverer. Tell me, who could inspire you with this design? Ah! cried I, do you not recognise love in this attempt? Jealous love! ferocious love! which no obstacle can withhold; no danger can a fright!

I now felt some confidence, and recounted to him every thing that had passed since the fatal night in which Elizabeth had fled from me. He listened with the most compassionate attention. When I had concluded, he said: Did you design to slay me? Had you purposed to sacrifice me to your jealousy? Ah! answered I, what do you demand? Do not press me. You know not what love is. You know the crimes it can inspire. Ah, save me from saying more!

Your frankness renders you more worthy of my esteem, said he. I will show you what that esteem can do. He called some slaves. They entered, and he made them a sign. They went out, and immediately afterwards, I saw them appear with Elizabeth. What do you? said I to the vizier. Oh, in pity remove her from

my sight? One moment—said he with a sigh. She must judge between us. Madam, he continued, addressing himself to Elizabeth, you see before you two men who adore you. He did every thing for you; he saved you from chains; he made his father your father—his house your asylum; he has defied death to regain you: these are his titles. Mine do not equal these. What are poor benedictions compared with such efforts? Consult your heart. If ambition, if the flattering attractions of one of the most exalted ranks have done violence to your tenderness, it is not too late to correct the error. You are free. I reserve to myself only the honour of building up your fortune. If, on the contrary, your mouth has been the organ of your sentiments—if I owe the happiness, with which you have filled me, only to the sincerity of your love, speak it with the same freedom; and, by the avowal, put an end to the torment of my young friend.

I will make the choice which you require of me, answered Elizabeth. I esteem you both; but one alone has my love. It is not without anguish that I wound the happiness of him whose friendship alone would be precious to me. You are not deceived, Ibrahim. When I followed you, my heart spoke neither for you nor Bruno. My ambition did all. Nay, you shall know me entirely. If I had captivated the heart of the sultan, you never would have had any empire over my soul. But now—Pardon me, Bruno—But now, Ibrahim on the throne, Ibrahim in the dust, would still be the object of my affection. Behold! continued she, showing me her infant in the arms of her women: though you should blame my love, yet respect my duties?

Ah, God! cried I. Ibrahim tendered his hand to me. Alas! I was his rival; and this generous man filled me with the tenderest caresses and the gentlest consolations. I became ashamed to be so little, before a man who had given me two such great examples of magnanimity. My pride was roused; and I wished to shew myself worthy of such a friend.

Never did I make any effort with such painful struggles; but in fine, I triumphed over myself. Now, said I to Ibrahim, I should blush to envy you a happiness which you merit better than I. I even honour the choice of Elizabeth.

Elizabeth disappeared. Generous victory! said Ibrahim. You lose a lover; and I can only offer you the heart of a friend. Ah, cried I, embracing his knees, what man would not make the purchase with his blood? Farewell exalted Ibrahim!

Proud

Proud of your noble gift, ashamed to be unworthy of it, I go far from you, to bury the remembrance of crimes into which I have been drawn by an unfortunate passion. Banish this vain remorse, said he to me. You have committed no crime—No, Ibrahim? I abandoned my father—In a little time you shall be in his arms—And the blood of your negro slave—it cries for vengeance against me. I saw Ibrahim smile. Be satisfied, said he. The excess of your fury unnerved your hands; scarcely have you wounded him. Ah! what a weight do you remove from my heart? He was a traitor: but I would not have been his executioner. You mistake; your suspicion was unjust. He was faithful to you. How?—Chance alone deceived you both. A slight indisposition postponed the sultan's entertainment. I usually rise at three. It was near midnight when I was informed of the sultan's pleasure. The time appeared to me too short for repose, and I chose rather to give it to love. I visited Elizabeth, with the guards which attended me to the palace. She did not expect me; but I forbade her to awake her people, and my return was unknown to all except those around us. Ah! will you yet do me a favour, not unworthy of your other benefactions? Grant me the pardon of that slave. I use with pride the name of friend which you have given me, and offer an opportunity to exert your clemency. It is the first service, which my friendship renders you. I grant his pardon, but he must change his master.—Ah, who is so worthy to command him! He who has saved his life. Take him. I submit to the laws which your friendship imposes on me; then, obey mine.

Such was Ibrahim. What I relate of him does but feebly paint his exalted mind.

He ordered that they should lead the slave into this apartment. The trembling Osmyn appeared in the midst of a numerous guard. I saw Ibrahim instantaneously assume the severe and dignified countenance, with which he dictated laws to a vast empire. He commanded his slaves to attend. You see Osmyn, said he in a solemn tone—I could, by his torture, teach you how we can punish infidelity; but I have governed you rather by my affections, than by my passions. The fault of a slave alters not my principles. I pardon him. Learn, by his example, that God will not suffer treachery to be concealed; and that you ought to be faithful to a master who can punish, and knows how to forgive. Withdraw. You, Osmyn remain.

When all were gone, again appearing with that affecting goodness which he had laid aside but for a moment, Osmyn. said he, I was but your master: you wished for a friend and liberty. I give a friend to you; let him give you liberty.

In vain will you attempt to imagine the joy, the transport of poor Osmyn. Respect could not restrain them. He embraced the knees of Ibrahim, sprang on my neck, laughed, wept, sung, forgot the vizier and the slave.

Ah, said he to me, we are brothers! Together have we risen from death: I swear never to quit you.

He has faithfully preserved his word; and God has recompensed his tender friendship, by restoring his son to him.

I would have instantly departed to my father. My eyes were opened to my criminal indifference, as to a parent's happiness, and I became eager to expiate my guilt. But the gratitude, which I owed to Ibrahim, overcame my wishes, and made me yield to his unremitting solicitations, which intreated my presence for some weeks.

Entertainments, pleasures, amusements, solicited my attention: and Ibrahim spared no endeavour to subdue a sorrow, which I could not constantly disguise. Nothing, that merits the regard of a stranger, was hidden from me: and Ibrahim granted every thing to my curiosity, which his rank could command. Perhaps I penetrated further than any other European into the recesses of the sultan's palace—almost hidden from human eyes. In fine, I became acquainted with all the greatest and most amiable inhabitants of that court: and I know not if I may not say, that, among these, I knew some of the best people on the earth. A people too little known—the object of derision, for ignorance—of compassion, for the friend of the arts—and of admiration, for the wife.

I had written to my father to calm his inquietudes, and frequently received intelligence from him. His kind letters breathed a burning desire to see me: yet he even laid his commands on me, not to violate my obligations to Ibrahim, by too hasty a departure. These commands accorded but too well with my own inclinations, to be resisted by me. Each day a witness of the virtues of that great man, of his vast genius, of the sultan's esteem for him, and (yet better) of a people's love, which he possessed entirely, the most profound and tenderest respect occupied my mind, and I tremblingly looked at the moment when I must be separated from him.

A letter came to acquaint me, that my father was sick, and requested my presence. No longer did I hesitate; for nature silenced friendship. I ran to Ibrahim: and imparted to him the intelligence which doubly wounded my heart. He felt it too; yet he said, go where duty calls you; but never forget a man who loves you. If it depended on me, you should be happier. You have virtues; cherish them, and you shall have more. Temper your ardent mind, or that alone will tarnish all. Be not eternally seeking after happiness; but endeavour to deserve it. Serve your God, love your sovereign, be useful to men, shun idleness, fear your heart more than public opinion, and you shall be happy. These are the last counsels of a friend whom you will never see again.

Never! cried I: yes, I will again see you. Virtue in the midst of a palace is a sublime object. Who can refrain from returning to it? No, my friend, said Ibrahim: I love you too well, to require it. Religion and custom separate us. You cannot discharge any trust in this empire; and I would not that my friend should be useless on the earth. But though I should myself hasten your return, alas, it would be perhaps but a vain care. You know not what is the condition of a vizier. To-day, he dispenses life and death. Tomorrow, death lays him in oblivion. In our fate for the instruction of ambition, the Omnipotent points to the fragility of human grandeur.

Ah! cried I, dare you foresee? I expect it with tranquillity, answered Ibrahim. To be a vizier is to be familiar with the idea of death. But farewell! I have prepared for the separation. I already knew of your father's sickness, when you came to communicate it to me. Go: my orders are given; and your vessel is ready. I have proportioned to your delicacy, and not to my power, the trifles which it contains. Speak not of them: that would be to offend me.

He yet embraced me, when one of the chief officers of the empire was announced to him: and Ibrahim, master of his soul, instantly re-assumed the majesty of his rank. I withdrew, full of admiration, sorrow, and regret.

My poor Osmyn waited for me; and we proceeded for the vessel. The friendship of Osmyn used every resource, which his fertile mind could imagine, to withdraw me from my sorrows. Alas! happy even under my misfortune, I quitted a friend—a friend replaced him. Pride may smile—the one a vizier—the other a slave! No matter: sensibility has nothing to do with the distinction.

The generous Ibrahim had called his

gifts trifling. They were immense. The cargo of my vessel was worth an hundred thousand crowns.

The first days of our voyage were fortunate: and I flattered myself to be in a few days at the feet of my father. My notions of happiness were now changed. The past had taught me the little value of a fine figure, and of the blandishments of love. Ah! that chimera fled, but to give way to another! The advice of Ibrahim, my father's power, my own genius, which adversity and the commerce of a great man had developed, turned my attention to an object which seemed more worthy of my wishes. Ambition and glory presented themselves in all their charms before my eyes. My wealth, I said to myself, and my father's influence, clear my way to the noblest career. This, this is the true point of happiness. Covered with glory! surrounded with honours! what shall be wanting to my felicity?

Already we perceived the coast to which we steered: and the same wind, in a few hours, would bring us to the port. Vain hope! The wind changed, and we were obliged to tack during the whole day. In the night, the wind increased to a hurricane; and, the neighbourhood of the coast becoming dangerous, the captain stretched to sea. The following morning, it became a decided tempest, which continued to rage during many days, with unabating fury; and we were driven, spite of our endeavours, into the Mediterranean.

At length, the heavens cleared; but the wind abated little. We perceived a coast before us; and it was recognised to be the entrance of Marseilles. It was then evening, and the captain was of opinion, that we ought to wait for the next morning, to gain the port, the neighbouring rocks rendering the entrance difficult, and he fearing not to be able to pass it before the arrival of night: but the whole crew, wearied with the fatigues of so long a storm, urged him to proceed, with such obstinacy, that he had the weakness to yield to their desires.

At seven in the evening, we were along side of the rock, which we were compelled to pass very near. The sea broke on it with violence: the sun was set: and the obscurity of the night became profound. In fine, we struck upon the rock. The stroke was terrible: and, in an instant, the water penetrated as a torrent, into the hold. In the horrible confusion, each thought only of saving his own life; and now it was, that I saw all the coolness, the courage, the friendship of my worthy Osmyn. Be collected, said he to me; and I will answer for your life.

The

The agitation of the sea would not have admitted of any assistance from the port; nor had we, in the terrible fright with which each was seized, even thought of firing a gun, as a signal of distress. The bowsprit of our vessel had run upon the land; and by that, most of the crew endeavoured to save themselves. But amidst the darkness of the night, amidst the efforts of a multitude for their individual safety, they destroyed each other, and the greater part fell into the sea, or were crushed by the vessel against the rocks; where they were swallowed by the fury of the waves.

Osmyn seized a rope, attached it strongly to the cordage of the mizen mast, descended, sprang into the sea, and swam to the shore, with the rope in his hand; fastened it to a rock, and, when he was assured of its firmness, embraced it with his hands and feet, and thus climbing, with great difficulty, regained the vessel. He now showed me in what manner I should lay hold on the rope; and placing himself behind me, to moderate the rapidity of my motion, in gliding down it, in this manner we reached the rocks in safety. His unshaken recollection had not even forgotten my inferior interests. He had contrived to convey with him a small casket. This, said he, is all that I could save for you; but, at least, it will serve your present wants. A thousand sequins, and my papers, were the whole that was left of the bounty of Ibrahim.

Shortly after, the vessel broke up into a thousand pieces, with a hideous noise, and the sea was covered with its remains.

The small garrison of the castle of If, hearing the cries of the crew, came to receive us with humanity; but, as we came from the Levant, we were compelled, notwithstanding our condition, to undergo all the fatigues of a quarantine. The captain and ten men had escaped the shipwreck; but in what a condition? Almost naked, without money, and without friends. It was, undoubtedly, my first duty to soften their misfortune; but to my shame must I own, I thought only of my loss, and my cruel reverse of fortune. The soul of Osmyn was greater than mine. He had in his girdle an hundred louis, which he had saved in the service of the vizier. They were his all. He distributed the whole among his unfortunate fellow sufferers. I knew it not till some days after, when reflexion had opened my eyes to the miseries which I imagined they must suffer. What a difference! they would have languished in want, waiting for my assistance: and Osmyn had not given them time even to know what this

want was. I have wished an hundred times to return this sum to Osmyn; but he has as often refused me: and these are the only refusals which I have ever met from him. Ah, this is beneficence without a stain!

During my quarantine, I wrote to M. de R——, my father's correspondent at Marseilles; and he tendered me all the services which politeness and humanity could suggest. He had seen me in my childhood; he had a friendship for me; and I expected, with impatience, the instant in which I should visit him. I had now recovered from the first vexation of my loss. The fortune of my father was sufficiently great still to flatter my hopes, and my shipwreck had made no change in the new idea I had conceived of happiness.

As soon as I was permitted to enter Marseilles, I went to the house of M. de R——. He received me with goodness; and introduced me to his wife and children. They united in pressing me to reside with them. I enquired, if he had heard lately from my father. He answered, Yes; and immediately changed the conversation. I was surprised, but forebore to make enquiries. All the family seemed to exert themselves to amuse me during dinner; yet I fancied I perceived a certain air of constraint, for which I knew not how to account. It did not arise from ceremony; for I saw their heart entered into their civilities. What was it then? Alas, I learned but too soon!

After we had dined, M. de R—— took my hand, and conducted me into his library. He made me sit beside him. Your adventures, said he, and the manner in which you have supported your last misfortune, assure me of the firmness of your mind. Alarmed by this preface, I pressed him to proceed. It is painful to me, said he, to be obliged to inform you of a new affliction, the first time I have the pleasure of being your host; but I must not conceal it; you no longer have a father.

Ah, what grief rushed upon my soul! Reflexion tormented me. My departure, my absence from him, I said to myself, have pressed him to the grave. My situation became alarming. It was not a bitter malady—but a dark melancholy, a languor which resisted all remedies.

Nothing could exceed the tender cares of my hosts; but my poor Osmyn was not willing that any one but himself should watch over me.

However, in some months my youth had nearly conquered my disorder. Every means, which my friends could employ, were brought to the aid of nature; and these

these were finally successful. I began to think of returning to Smyrna, to take possession of my father's property; and named my design to M. de R——. Think not of Smyrna, said he; you are young, and have talents. These are nearly all your wealth. A sedition, which happened at Smyrna, hastened your father's death. The populace entered his house, and all was pillaged, and destroyed. His papers being lost, you will expect to recover little of the property which he had in other hands. I was about to remit him eighty thousand francs; and have them yet; they are yours. By adding them to your thousand sequins, you will have nearly thirty-six thousand livres; they will be sufficient with conduct.

I received this intimation with more indifference than I should have expected. We become as insensible to misfortune, as to prosperity. Happy is it for man—the swifter the succession of evils, the less he feels them.

I asked M. de R——'s advice, as to the measures I ought to pursue. Proceed to Paris, said he, and solicit your father's place: no one is yet named to it. I have friends there, and will give you letters of recommendation. I will myself answer, that you shall have the suffrages of Marfeilles.

I could not resist a plan which was so agreeable to the designs that I had formed. Loaden with M. de R——'s goodness, I departed for Paris. I saw the minister, and presented a memorial to him, sustained by those of my friends. He gave me hopes during six months: and I saw myself very politely refused, after having wasted a considerable part of my moderate finances.

Happiness then is not to be found in ambition! said I: it has deceived me, as well as love. But where shall I go to seek her?

You will soon see all my lessons had not yet made me wise. I had scarcely twenty six thousand livres remaining; but I flattered myself I should yet recover a considerable indemnity from Constantinople, for the loss of my father's fortune, thro' the channel of the French ambassador. I wrote to Ibrahim, and informed him of all my misfortunes: and this generous man was in the act of sending me succours, that assuredly would have exceeded all my wants, when—as if my fatal destiny extended to every source which could aid me—he paid with his life for the dangerous honours which he had possessed with glory.

I now looked around me. My abode at Paris, and the post which I had solicited,

had procured me some acquaintance. Paris is, perhaps, of all great cities, that in which we ought to be most on our guard against connexions, and where it is most difficult to choose them with propriety. Distinctions disappear there. The love of pleasure levels all. Each Aurora beholds a new succession of delights, and the flowers of this day chase away the remembrance of the roses which perfumed the preceding evening. This is happiness, said I, to myself. Here they sleep in the bosom of pleasure; and new raptures awaken them. I will imitate them. Alas! I did not perceive the mask, which man too often wears. The life of a restless warrior is not more painful than that of the dissipated youths of Paris. Repulsing the avidious creditor, cringing to the hard usurer, incessantly tracing plans of resource, combatting inquietude, braving reproaches, for what?—one minute's enjoyment, for pride; a second, for pleasure, (half of which is claimed by lassitude); and years of remorse.

Of all my dreams, this was of the shortest duration. One cannot go far with twenty-six thousand livres. The meteor of an instant, soon was I extinguished, like many others, in the abyss of oblivion: while the playful, caressing insects, which my blaze had assembled around me, disappeared as the breath of a zephyr.

Of all the hearts, which had sworn eternal friendship to me, there remained none but Osmyn. With more foresight than I, while lying pleasures dissipated my small fortune, he had been assiduous in learning an useful art. Poverty warned me of a separation, which my folly had rendered necessary, and which friendship presented to my mind as terrifying. I had no debts: an uncommon thing with ruined petitemaitres. But twenty five louis d'ors were my whole property; and it was necessary I should now take to some employment. Painful as it was, I found myself compelled to open my designs to Osmyn; and to announce to him the agony under which my soul groaned. He smiled: We must separate, said he; and why? Because I am poor; I answered. That is precisely the reason, why I ought to remain with you, said he. If you were rich, you would have no need of me.—Ah, but how shall I support you, Osmyn?—Fear not: my labour will be more than sufficient for us both.—How! Do you wish that I should abuse—?

Ah! said Osmyn, with vivacity, what is it that I shall give you? That which even a stranger ought not to refuse. And what do you not give me, by receiving? Have you so elevated a soul, and do you not

not conceive—Ah, I am much more happy than you, since I never shall have received more generous benefactions from you! What would you say? I cried.—What! The fruit of your labour! Never!

Hold, replied Osmyn, firmly: I begin to be acquainted with European manners. Be sincere: do I deceive myself? Your heart yields—but your pride kindles: you would accept assistance from an equal; you do not think me yours.

Ah, the suspicion offends me! but—But prejudice speaks. How strange!—You Europeans expend without blushing, the money which the poor man carries to your treasure, moistened with his blood. But should it be offered as a gift of his love, you fire at the affront. How absurd! Bruno, hear a truth: it is the man of nature who tells it you. You were not ashamed of my services at the vizier's. Know you why? It was because I served your passions. Now my services offend you; and why? Because they inform you that all men are equal. Ah, despise these haubles of the mind, these childish distinctions! Be a man: and permit me to be one also.

Alas, I cried, throwing myself into his arms, I would be as great as you. I accept all: it is the only means I have to equal you.

Ah my dear Otourou, you weep at the recital of your father's greatness! Heaven has reserved him to be at once the model and the recompense of your own virtues! But it is time, my friends to finish a story which your love for me alone renders interesting; and I hasten to conclude.

While I was yet dissipating my money, I had been presented to a widow, who had no children. She was about five and forty, and was in possession of a handsome fortune. With wit, gaiety, and affability, she drew to her house an amiable chosen society, of which she was the life and charm. I had seen her with that sort of interest, which every man feels in the presence of such a woman: but nothing further. One day, as I left my apartment, one of her servants gave me a card from her, merely requesting to see me. It surprised me that she should have discovered my new habitation, which I had chosen as suiting the situation of my affairs, and which I (not having named it to any of my acquaintance) believed it to be perfectly unknown. I returned a note, in answer, saying, that I was sensible of the honour which she did me: but that reasons, which I forebore to name, would not permit me to accept of it.

I thought I should hear no more of the

matter; but I deceived myself. The next day, a servant brought me a new billet—short, but unequivocal. I know, said she, in the card, every thing which has happened to you. If these be your reasons for avoiding my house, they are frivolous, and you do not know me.—Come to me to-morrow, at five in the evening. I request it. My Swiss has my orders, and my gate shall be open only to you.

I no longer did any thing without consulting Osmyn: this deference was due to him, and I shewed him the billet. Go, said he. What risk you? Few as these words are, they announce good nature and delicacy: you need not distrust those who wish to see the unfortunate. I returned, then, for answer, that I would obey her commands.

The day came. I had yet some wrecks of my former elegant dresses, and I designed to use the best of them. No decorations, said Osmyn, to me. Dress yourself simply, and decently. There is some greatness in appearing such as we are. I felt he was right, and yielded to his reasoning.

The lady received me with that frankness which is the result of true virtue. Unrestrained by the presence of society, she developed one of those hearts (which are rare, it is true, but which are yet to be found) that do not revolt at the sight of misfortune. She desired my confidence. Yet, it was neither by a command nor a prayer; it was by that art which we know not how to define—that invisible ascendancy which a dignified soul takes, without mistrusting itself, over the suffering mind that approaches it. I had no reserves with her. I recounted all my life—all my faults. I thank you, said she, for your confidence. I do not think myself unworthy of it. Perhaps I shall have, on my part, a secret to confide with you; but it requires explications. To-morrow, I go into the country. I will inform you of my return, which will not be in less than fifteen days. In the mean time here are an hundred louis d'ors.

As she saw a refusal in my first gesture, she said be not alarmed; this is not a gift; I respect you too much to offer one. It is a restitution which I am charged to make you. A restitution! said I. I do not recollect. It may have easily have escaped your memory, answered she smiling; you have not, I believe, always been accustomed to reckon accurately with yourself. But, continued she, with a serious air, I request you to free me from this burden of deposit. I felt that obstinacy would have justly offended her; and having

having assured her that I should expect her commands with impatience, I bowed and retired.

I returned to Osmyn; and informed him of what had passed. I was in haste to put the hundred louis into his hands, the possession of which was agreeable to me, only as it regarded him. If this money is a restitution, said he, you may certainly dispose of it; but it may possibly be a mere benefaction; and I am inclined to

believe so. The mode of conveying of it was delicate and ingenious; however, do not touch it, till you know its source. If it does spring from liberality, there are people more unfortunate than we; and this sum, distributed among many, by the generous giver, might save them from despair; while, to us, it would only add superfluity.

(To be continued.)

CHARACTER OF THE KING OF SWEDEN.

[From Characters and Anecdotes of the Court of Sweden.]

THE King of Sweden, is generally allowed to be one of the most amiable and popular princes in Europe. He has a particular gift to gain the heart of every one. His conversation in public is full of wit, politeness, and a kind of attention to make every one easy; in private he speaks with the cordiality and simplicity of a friend; he grants favours with apparent satisfaction to himself, and knows how to refuse them without giving uneasiness. His clemency is founded on his great sensibility, which could never yet permit him to punish with death or infamy any one personally known to him. He has often wished that he might never unavoidably be forced to such an act of severity, because the remembrance would ever make him unhappy. It may be said that he inherits his father's heart with the genius of his mother. Had he been a private man, he would have made his fortune either in the line of politics or literature. His knowledge in history and diplomatics is prodigious; his public speeches in the Diets, and upon other occasions, have an uncommon force and elegance, worthy of such a speaker; and several plays he has composed for the newly constituted national stage, are of a richness in their composition and purity in their morals that bespeak the Prince and Legislator, and notwithstanding all the pains he had taken to prevent being known as the author, it soon became no secret that they were from the pen of his Majesty.

Though now an avowed author, it has not been remarked that he had ever any jealousy of other authors. I make this observation, because what the French call *jealousie de mestier* is a passion which often creeps into the noblest minds. Even the late King of Prussia, one of the greatest men of the age in which he lived, was not

exempt from this foible: it is known he never loved the King of Sweden, and I presume to say, from no other reason but that he looked upon his nephew as his rival in fame. But that he should carry his resentment so far as to insert in his *Memoires* downright calumnies on so near a relation, that, for the glory of Frederick the second, I would willingly believe impossible. I don't know through whose hands those *Memoires* may have passed; but if that article, where the King of Sweden is charged with a plot for burning the Danish fleet, be really written by his uncle's own hand, it must have been the invention of some officious courtier to amuse the old Monarch in some tedious hour; for I never heard that any body knew any thing of the matter either in Denmark or Sweden; and there is no reason why the Danish Ministry should have concealed it at the time, neither is it possible that such an attempt could have been carried on without some accomplices in Sweden, and certainly it would then not have been long a secret; never was King Gustavus more eagerly censured than among his own subjects.

There are some of them who never miss an occasion of blaming and even of misrepresenting his conduct. What they commonly dwell upon is an assertion that he wanted sincerity. I cannot of myself declare that the accusation is not founded in truth, but certain it is, that it never was heard of among the people till after the Diet of 1778. There is much reason to believe that it was occasioned by the regulations they adopted respecting brandy; many of the Representatives of the peasants having it in their instructions to obtain the liberty of distilling that liquor for private use, they had several times been about to ask admittance to the King, that they

might obtain that advantage; but some gentlemen who had promised their good offices for that purpose, and well knew that the King would not grant the request, persuaded them not to mind any thing of the matter for the present, for that the King would be more pleased to do them that favour of his own will, and such they said was his Majesty's intention. The peasants at their return home flattered their countrymen with the promises that had been given them; but when these proved ineffectual, and the King a short time after laid the preparation of brandy under the crown *, it is no wonder if the people grew uneasy, and listened to the insinuations of those who wished to attribute this artful contrivance to the particular will of the King. Since that time he has been always taxed with dissimulation; and it is also possible that his manners have given some credit to such reports; persons who live with him continually cannot deny that he often seems a stranger to matters very well known to him, and on other occasions pretends to be well instructed upon matters of which he is perfectly ignorant. But that may be a habit contracted by meditating politics where such means are sometimes of of the same necessity as countenance in a game; neither ought princes or ministers to be judged by the same rules as private men, because their first duty is to sacrifice all other considerations to the benefit of their country.

He is likewise charged with being very apt to forget his promises, which has often given his favourites occasion to ask for his hand-writing as a security for his fulfilling them; but as I never heard of any particular instance of his breach of pro-

mise, I believe this accusation to be of no greater weight than several others invented by malice and discontent.

The King has of late been accused of too much œconomy in small objects, and too little in great ones. That, I believe, is a common fault in persons of high rank; great expences, as being commonly made in public, give a satisfaction to their vanity, but when they lay out small sums, they look upon them as impairing their resources for making up greater ones.

He is further blamed for too much familiarity with young people, many of whom grow vain and arrogant, looking upon themselves as personages of great consequence, because the King has been pleased to jest with them and treat them on a footing of intimacy. But it must be allowed, that to a person who wants company for recreation after serious business, young people are more fitted for it than old ones; and if some young gentlemen cannot bear with moderation such a favour from their sovereign, it is certainly *their* fault, and will turn to the prejudice of none but themselves.

What is the most remarkable in the character of the Swedish monarch is a vivacity of temper and a flow of spirits that never leaves him. He sleeps very little, and supports easily the greatest fatigues. He is thus naturally bent to an active life, and war will be his element. Should he meet with success, he will perhaps be another Charles XII. though probably with more prudence.

Thus far on this subject for the present. We shall often have occasion to add a characteristical stroke. Facts are the best pictures of men.

ELEGY by MIR MUHAMMED HUSAIN. Translated by Sir WILLIAM JONES.

[From his third Anniversary Discourse in the Asiatic Researches.]

1. NEVER, oh! never shall I forget the fair one, who came to my tent with timid circumspection:
- 2d. Sleep fat heavy on her eyelids, and her heart fluttered with fear.
3. She had marked the dragons of her tribe, (the centinels) and had dismissed all dread of danger from them:
4. She had laid aside the rings, which

used to grace her ankles; lest the sound of them should expose her to calamity:

5. She deplored the darkness of the way which hid from her the morning star.

6. It was a night, when the eye-lashes of the moon were tinged with the black powder of the gloom;

7. A night, when thou mightest have seen

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* When the old Bishop Serenius took leave of the King at the Diet of 1772, he told his Majesty, that if he would preserve the love of the common people, there were two things he never should touch at—*religion* and *brandy*.

seen the clouds, like camels, eagerly gazing on the stars ;

8. While the eyes of heaven wept on the bright borders of the sky ;

9. The lightning displayed his shining teeth, with wonder at this change in the firmament ;

10. And the thunder almost burst the ears of the deafened rocks.

11. She was desirous of embracing me, but, through modesty, declined my embrace.

12. Tears bedewed her cheeks, and, to my eyes, watered a bower of roses.

13. When she spake, her panting sighs blew flames into my heart.

14. She continued exhorting with me on my excessive desire of travel.

15. Thou hast melted my heart, she said, and made it feel inexpressible anguish.

16. Thou art perverse in thy conduct

to her who loves thee, and obsequious to thy guileful adviser.

17. Thou goest round from country to country, and art never pleased with a fixed residence.

18. One while the seas roll with thee, and, another while, thou art agitated on the shore.

19. What fruit, but painful fatigue, can arise from rambling over foreign regions ?

20. Hast thou associated with the wild antelopes of the desert, and forgotten the tame deer ?

21. Art thou weary then of our neighbourhood ? O, wo to him, who flies from his beloved !

22. Have pity at length on my afflicted heart, which seeks relief and cannot obtain it.

ACCOUNT OF THOMAS TOPHAM, THE STRONG MAN.

From Hutton's History of Derby.

WE learnt from private accounts, well attested, that Thomas Topham, a man who kept a public house at Islington, performed surprising feats of strength : as breaking a broomstick, of the first magnitude, by striking it against his bare arm ; lifting two hogsheds of water ; heaving his horse over the turnpike gate ; carrying the beam of a house, as a soldier his firelock, &c. But, however belief might stagger, she soon recovered herself when this second Sampson appeared at Derby, as a performer in public, at a shilling each. Upon application to Alderman Cooper, for leave to exhibit, the magistrate was surprized at the feats he proposed ; and, as his appearance was like that of other men, he requested him to strip, that he might examine whether he was made like them ; but he was found to be extremely muscular. What were hollows under the arms and hams of others, were filled up with ligaments in him.

He appeared near five feet ten, turned of thirty, well-made but nothing singular ; he walked with a small limp. He had formerly laid a wager the usual decider of disputes, that three horses could not draw him from a post, which he should clasp with his feet ; but the driver giving them a sudden lash, turned them aside, and the unexpected jerk had broke his thigh.

The performances of this wonderful man, in whom were united the strength

of twelve, were rolling up a pewter dish of seven pounds, as a man rolls up a sheet of paper—holding a pewter quart at arms length, and squeezing the sides together like an egg-shell—lifting two hundred weight with his little finger, and moving it gently over his head.—The bodies he touched seemed to have lost their powers of gravitation—He also broke a rope, fastened to the floor, that would sustain twenty hundred weight—lifted an oak table six feet long with his teeth, though half a hundred weight was hung to the extremity ; a piece of leather was fixed to one end for his teeth to hold, two of the feet stood upon his knees, and he raised the end with the weight higher than that in his mouth he took Mr. Chambers, vicar of All Saints, who weighed twenty seven stone, and raised him with one hand—his head being laid on one chair, and his feet on another, four people, fourteen stone each, sat upon his body, which he heaved at pleasure—he struck a round bar of iron, one inch diameter, against his naked arm, and at one stroke bent it like a bow. Weakness and feeling seemed fled together.

Being a master of music, he entertained the company with Mad Tom. I heard him sing a solo to the organ in St. Warburgh's church, then the only one in Derby ; but though he might perform with judgment, yet the voice, more terrible than sweet, scarcely seemed human. Though

of a pacific temper, and with the appearance of a gentleman, yet he was liable to the insults of the rude. The hostler at the Virgin's inn, where he resided, having given him disgust, he took one of the kitchen-spits from the mantle-piece, and bent it round his neck like a handkerchief; but as he did not chuse to tuck the end in the hostler's bosom, the cumbrous ornament excited the laugh of the company,

till he condescended to untie his iron cravat. Had he not abounded with good-nature, the men might have been in fear for the safety of their persons, and the women for that of their pewter-shelves, as he could instantly roll up both. One blow with his fist would for ever have silenced those heroes of the bear-garden, Johnson and Mendoza.

ELMINA; or, THE NEVER-FADING FLOWER. A TALE.

The following beautiful Tale, translated from the French, was written for the Instruction of the Princess Wilhelmina, eldest Daughter of the Reigning Duke of Courland. The Author is M. Masson de Blamone, an Officer in the Russian Service, and Brother to the Governess of this accomplished Princess.

IN a remote country, and at a very remote period, lived a young princess, named Elmina. She was very beautiful and lovely. Loveliness, indeed, is the constant companion of youth and innocence; but, alas! innocence and beauty too often vanish with infancy, if great care be not taken to form the heart to the early love of virtue. The young princess was an orphan; but a benevolent fairy, whose name was Lindorina, undertook the care of her education. Elmina had no idea that her governess was a fairy; but she loved her as a friend, and adored her as her mother.

The princess, one day, obtained permission to go and play with her companions in a neighbouring meadow: and soon the sprightly group were sporting along the meandering brook, pursuing the gaudy butterflies, or plucking their favourite flowers.

When they had gathered a sufficient quantity, they repaired to a shady tree, to make chaplets and nosegays. During this pleasing employment, some were engaged in conversation, and others in relating stories. Girls, it is well known, are fond of chit-chat; for they retain whatever they hear. Elmina, not so inquisitive and talkative as the rest, sung while affording her flowers. Her young friends, delighted to listen to her enchanting notes, were instantly silent. And this was her song, which the fairy, I think, taught her.

Sweet pictures of youth and of spring,
Ye flowers of the meadows so gay,
What pity the beauties I sing,
So fleeting! so soon should decay.

The green tufted bank, in the morn.
(Its fragrance diffusing around)

Did a sweet humble vi'let adorn:
In the evening—it could not be found.

In the morn, said a nymph to the rose,
'I will pluck thee, gay flow'ret, at
noon;
She comes; but no longer it glows:
It faded—and faded so soon.

There's a flower that never can fade,
Immortal its hues and its sweets:
How happy, who finds it, the maid!—
But it blooms not in these green re-
treats.

It is not the vi'let or rose,
Nor doth it the gardens adorn;
'Tis alone in the heart that it grows,
And permanent ever its morn.

Would you ever your beauties retain,
And rule in our bosoms, sweet maid?
This flower then tend not in vain:
It never, ah! never, will fade.

Elmina ceased. All the chaplets were ready, and her companions rose. 'What shall we do?' said they: 'The chaplets are quite ready: let us play at 'The beauty of the circle.' This was a diversion of which the girls in that country were very fond. They selected one of the most beautiful among them: they dressed her for the occasion, and crowned her with flowers. They then danced, and sung round her. But it was here a very delicate affair (and what I should have undertaken with reluctance) to decide which was the prettiest among a group of young ladies. Indeed, this was a point in which they themselves were not agreed. The majority would have crowned Elmina; but her modesty

modesty would not permit her to think herself the most amiable; and, so far from being jealous of the beauty of another, she perceived that many of her companions were very charming. 'A thought has just struck me,' said Elmina; 'let us each go and pick some favourite flower, and put it into a straw hat. Then let us throw the flowers up into the air, and she, whose flower is thrown the highest, shall be the beauty of the circle. All applauded this happy idea, and went to choose a favourite flower.

Among the companions of Elmina, was a young princess named Malinetta, who was very vain and very designing. She ran to a neighbouring field, and plucked a blue-bottle, which she put into the hat, after having artfully rolled the stalk round a little pebble.

The sly nymph's intention may be easily divined. By this artifice, the flower become heavier, must in course, be thrown farther. The others chose, without any idea of deception, the flowers they preferred. One brought a ranunculus, another a primrose, and a third a lily of the vale. As for Elmina, she went into a thicket, to pick a wild rose, the flower she liked best. She saw a bush quite covered with roses; but I cannot imagine why the modest Elmina chose one of the least and lightest.

At the instant they threw the flowers out of the hat, in order to see which would go the farthest, a light breeze wafted the wild rose aloft. It would soon, however, have sunk below the blue-bottle, but that a pretty butterfly fluttered round it, and bore it away. The gay group shouted at this little miracle. They crowned Elmina, and began to adorn her as the beauty of the circle. This was no difficult task; for Elmina was extremely beautiful; flowers were ready, and a brook flowed murmuring by. The princess, adorned and crowned, was seated on a kind of throne of turf; and they began to dance and sing around her:

Nymphs, that now are cheerful seen,
Where sweet violets deck the ground I
Nymphs, that on th' enamell'd green,
Join the sprightly dance around I
Lovely virgins, sing and play,
Ever innocent and gay,
And crown the fairest maid to-day.

While Health displays her roseate charms,
Pluck the sweetest flow'rs you find;
Welcome Joy with open arms,
And your brows with roses bind.
Lovely virgins, sing and play,
Ever innocent and gay,
And crown the fairest maid to-day.

Their diversion was interrupted by an unexpected noise in the adjacent grove: and presently came from it a little old woman, who approached the pretty dancers. At first, they were greatly terrified, and would have run from the fancied danger. But the affable demeanour of the old lady, and the gentleness of her voice, soon allayed their fears. Her dress was a green robe, with a rush hat of the same colour, ornamented with a wreath of verdant foliage. In her hand, she had a green pot, in which was a little plant.

It was on account of this dress, that those who knew the venerable dame, called her Verdurina. 'My children,' said she, 'I am not come to disturb your diversion. But I have heard Elmina sing a song, in which she mentions a *Flower that never fades*. I have seen her take a wild rose in the thicket; and, from her choice, I have deemed her worthy of the inestimable present, I am going to make her. 'My daughter,' she continued, accosting the young princess, who heard her with astonishment, 'take this plant, on which are four flowers and two buds. It is the *Flozyer that never fades*, and I make you a present of it. Tend it with the utmost care; but know, my daughter, it is not by watering that you will preserve it. Look at this flower, whose hue is such a bright carnation: it is called the *Flower of Modesty*. As long as your cheeks glow with that lovely colour, this flower will preserve its hue in all its vivid beauty. The second flower, which is of the most spotless white, is called the *Flower of Virtue*; and it will appear soiled, the moment you are inattentive to any of your duties. The third, of a yellow as bright as gold, is called the *Flower of Benevolence*; and while you continue good, it will ever retain its lustre. The fourth is of a beautiful sky blue; it is called the *Flower of Gentleness*. Whenever Elmina is impatient or angry, the charming flower will droop. This bud, which is beginning to blow, will produce the *Flower of Understanding*. It will expand in proportion as you instruct yourself; and will, consequently, mark your improvement in knowledge. The other bud incloses the *Flower of Graces*: it will open imperceptibly, and will shed a lustre over all the other flowers.'—'Ah! Madam,' exclaimed the princess, as she received the plant, 'how shall I acknowledge this inestimable gift? Come with me, I entreat you. Lindorina will endeavour to convince you of her gratitude and mine.'—'My daughter,' said Verdurina, 'you cannot better express your gratitude, than in showing me, one day, this flower in all its beauty. I will return to this spot in
three

three years, and then if the flower is pure, you will both ever remain the same."

When she had thus spoken, Verdurina accosted the other young ladies, and presented them, likewise, with some flowers from her enchanted tree; to one, five; to another, four; according to her knowledge of their good dispositions to cultivate them. It is said, that the princess Malinetta received only one; and, moreover, that she could never make it blow. I know not, however, what to say on this head; for this young lady having the misfortune to lose her reputation, no person could be found to write her history.

The fairy (for it is pretty evident that Verdurina was one) after having distributed her presents, turned suddenly into the grove, and vanished. The young ladies remained in a state of astonishment at this apparition. They quitted their sport, and the flowers they had gathered, to think of those only which they had just received.

All were impatient to shew them to their parents; and Elmina had no sooner returned home, than she related all that happened to Lindorina, and put the inestimable flower into a beautiful china vase. The governess seemed much astonished at the adventure; it was known however, in the sequel, that Verdurina and Lindorina were the same.

Elmina went to sleep with great satisfaction; but full of the ideas that had engaged her attention in the day, she thought of nothing, the whole night, but meadows, dances, fairies, and enchanted flowers. Her first care, on waking, was to examine whether her flower had suffered any change. She hastened to the china vase; but, in going near the window, she heard a great disturbance in the street, and saw a number of little boys, who were pursuing an old woman. The oddity of the scene diverted the princess, and made her laugh; and it was not till they were out of sight, that she left the window, in order to inspect her flower. What was her surprize and grief, when she saw the Flower of Modesty losing its beautiful hue, and the Flower of Benevolence somewhat sullied! Lindorina entering, perceives the princess in consternation, and enquires the occasion of her terror. "Ah!" said Elmina, "look at the flowers; and yet I have done nothing to occasion this change!"

The princess, indeed, was innocent; for she had not an idea of any harm in what had excited her mirth; and yet it was no wonder that the Flower of Modesty had begun to wither, and the Flower of Benevolence to be somewhat sullied:

for a young lady ought never to shew an indiscreet curiosity, and still less to laugh when a fellow-creature is insulted.

This was the way in which Lindorina explained the extraordinary circumstance to the princess, who was instantly sensible of her fault, and behaved in such an amiable manner on the occasion, that, before the close of the day, the flowers appeared more beautiful than ever. This little lesson made Elmina more attentive and discreet, and gave her to understand what vigilance and assiduity were requisite, to cultivate the Flower that never fades.— However, from this time, she did not find it very difficult to preserve her Yellow Flower in all its beauty. Elmina was tender and humane: to do good, nothing more was requisite, than to obey the dictates of her own heart. But the sky blue Flower cost her more trouble, Elmina was passionate; and, at the least vexation, the least impatience, the Flower of Gentleness began to wither, and to reproach her with her faults. The princess repaired them as soon as possible; for she was persuaded, that there is much less shame in repairing our faults, than in committing them.

With respect to the White Flower, I am assured that it constantly preserved its purity. It is very true, that Elmina, one day, perceived a small spot upon it; but a tear, which she dropped, instantly effaced it. It cannot be known now, what was the little weakness in which Elmina had been guilty for every good person will easily forget a fault, when it has been expiated by the tears of ingenuous sorrow.

The bud of the Flower of Understanding grew every day. Whenever the princess had been attentive at some study, she never failed to consult this flower, and generally found that it had put forth some new leaves. This was the most wonderful flower, and it continued increasing in size during the whole life of Elmina. Nothing could be more varied than the shape and colour of its petals. On one, might be observed some beautiful landscapes, or rich designs of embroidery: on another, were representations of liberty and geography; and, on many, were seen a golden lyre, or an ivory harp. In a word, upon all the petals were observed the emblems of whatever was best calculated to adorn the mind of a young lady.

The Flower of the Graces, as Verdurina had said, grew imperceptibly. Elmina had even an opportunity of observing, that if ever she endeavoured to force its growth, by studying any graceful arts at the looking glass, or elsewhere, this singular flower would instantly close; nor would it open again, till she was once more

more her unaffected self. This flower had only three petals; but they were so exquisitely beautiful and captivating, that, by some indescribable enchantment, they diffused a lustre over the other flowers, and heightened all their charms.

It may be imagined that Elmina, thus possessing the Never-fading Flower, and tending it with such assiduity, became the most perfect princess of her time. The fame of her admirable qualities was universally spread; for you know there is a kind of fairy, whose name is *Rumour*, who has no other employment than to traverse the world, to relate whatever she knows, good or bad, of all persons, and particularly of young princesses. *Rumour*, in course, was indefatigable in proclaiming the virtues and accomplishments of Elmina; and all the nations of the earth were solicitous to obtain such an excellent princess for their queen. The son of the king of the Roxolans, heir apparent to the greatest empire in the world, came from a very remote part in order to see her, and demanded her in marriage of Lindorina. Lindorina acceded to his demand; not because he was heir, but because this amiable prince had likewise cultivated the Never-fading Flower; for there is a flower of the same kind for men; somewhat different indeed, from that which Verdurina gave to the princess.

Elmina would not leave the scenes so dear to her, without once more visiting

the grove, where she had received the inestimable present, the source of all her happiness.

She hoped to find Verdurina, and to thank her again; it being exactly three years since she had appeared to her. Elmina, therefore put the Never-fading Flower into her bosom, and repaired to the grove. But how great was her surprise, when she came there, to find her governess, whom she had left in the house, instead of Verdurina!

'I know,' said the fairy, 'whom you seek. I gave you that flower under the appearance of Verdurina; and I assisted you in cultivating it, in the form of Lindorina. My task is happily finished. *The flower will never fade*; and Elmina will be ever lovely and beloved; for the virtues of the heart, and the acquisitions of the mind, give those charms to the possessor which nothing can efface!' The princess threw herself at the feet of her benefactress, who tenderly embraced her, and then, assuming an aerial form, disappeared.

Elmina, affected and terrified, stretched out her arms, and continued, for some time, to invoke her benefactress. The prince hastened to her, consoled her for the loss of Lindorina, and conducted her to his own country, where they were united by the sacred ties of love and virtue, and long continued to enjoy the inexpressible felicity of the wife and good.

ON FASHIONS.

THE origin of many, probably of most fashions, was in the endeavour to conceal some deformity of the inventor. Thus Charles the seventh, of France, introduced Long Coats, to hide his ill made legs. Shoes, with very long points, full two feet in length, were invented by Henry Plantagenet, duke of Anjou, to conceal a very large excrescence which he had upon one of his feet.

Sometimes Fashions are quite reversed in one age from those of another. Thus Bags, when first in fashion in France, were only worn *en dishabille*. In visits of ceremony, the hair was tied in a ribband, and floated over the shoulder—all which is exactly contrary to our present fashion. Queen Isabella, of Bavaria, as remarkable for her gallantry, as the fairness of her complexion, introduced a fashion of leaving the shoulders and part of the neck uncovered.

In England, about the reign of Henry the fourth, they wore long pointed shoes, to such an immoderate length, that they could not walk till they were fastened to their knees with chains. A very accurate account of one of this description may be found in Henry's History of Great Britain. The ladies of that period were not less fantastical in their dress; and it must be confessed, that the most cynical satirist can have no reason, on a comparison with those times, to censure our present modes.

To this article, as it may probably arrest the volatile eye of our fair reader, we add what may serve as a hint for heightening of her charms. Tacitus remarks of Poppa, the queen of Nero, that she concealed a part of her face: 'To the end,' he adds, 'that the imagination having fuller play by irritating curiosity, they might think higher of her beauty than if the whole of her face had been exposed.'

P O E T R Y.

B A L L A D

Written in 1786.

SOFT fell the dews on Yarrow plain,
Beneath whose sward lies many a lover;
The bird of night renews her strain,
And o'er the wave pale spirits hover,

Distant the glittering moonbeam shone,
When Athol stray'd with steps of for-
row ;
Ah, me !—what shadowy forms are yon
That wander on the banks of Yarrow !

Why screams the death bird from the tree?
Why bring the winds the voice of
mourning ?
The scream, the winds, proclaim to me,
That Athol sees no more the morning.

Why sinks so low my heart with fear,
And why so chill my blood with hor-
ror ?
Again the shadowy forms are near,
In all the eloquence of sorrow.

Is it ?—It is my Mary's shade ;
And near her sits her hapless lover ;
How shall I meet the injur'd maid,
Or how my contrite heart discover ?

No sound that senseless ear can reach,
Nor sees that eye my sorrows flowing ?
Tho' well the wand'ring maid can teach,
To Athol all her woes are owing.

Those lips are now in silence closed,
And cold and pale that lovely bosom ;
That form is to the worm exposed,
Who feeds him on the fallen blossom.

'Twas Athol's tongue convey'd the tale,
Which broke that heart with love and
sorrow,
Which bid the blooming cheek be pale,
And cold upon the banks of Yarrow.

'Twas Athol, urg'd by jealous fear,
Who feigned too well the guiltless sto-
ry,
Which fill'd that eye with many a tear,
And stain'd thy faithful Connal's glo-
ry.

Little did wretched Athol think
That Mary was so true a lover,

And little knew on Yarrow brink
How soon her senseless shade would ho-
ver.

The murmuring wave, the whispering
air,
That smites my guilty soul with horror,
The winds to Athol howl despair,
And bid him never see to-morrow.

Pale phantoms of the injur'd dead,
And reckless winds that hear my an-
guish,
'Twas here by love and sorrow led,
'Twas here that Mary ceased to lan-
guish :

Ye know that from this bleeding heart,
Which mourns the maiden lost for ever
Her loved idea cannot part,
Nor long shall death our fortune sever.

My tears have fell on Mary's grave,
My hands have deck'd the sod with wil-
low ;
Then haste thee Athol to the wave,
And rest thee on the watery pillow.

The wandering stream thy form shall hide,
Let some sod tell the passing rover
Where once the wretched Athol died,
A faithful, though a guilty lover.

One look he cast on Mary's grave,
High rose his heart with inward for-
row,
His hasty foot-steps sought the wave,
Low sunk the hapless youth in Yar-
row.

In the fair blossom of his age,
He fell bereft of life and glory ;
O may his woes his crimes assuage,
And guiltless tears bedew his story.

VERSES on PETER PINDAR.

THRO' Ida's high woods, and along
the Scamander,
I fought all in vain to find out Peter Pin-
dar—
The classical Nymphs by the silver Mean-
der
Declar'd they believ'd him some paltry
verse grinder.

By lily-fringed Ladon, or silent Ilyffus,
 He ne'er had been seen with the shepherds
 to mix,
 Who, from my description, suppos'd him
 (Heav'n bless us!)
 Some ha'e seed heav'd up from the banks
 of the Styx.

I found this great Poet was known at
 Parnassus
 For prowling and privately stealing the
 flowers;
 But the Muses, nice nos'd, and most deli-
 cate lasses,
 Declar'd him too dirty to enter their
 bow'rs.

By Tiber, soft Arno, and fount of Vau-
 cluse,
 No Dryad or Naid e'er heard of his name;
 No elegant haunt of the modern Muse
 Had yet been arous'd by the blast of his
 fame.

At length I discovered the favourite stream,
 Whose potions inspiring his poems en-
 rich—
 I saw him delighted, dash, tumble and
 swim,
 With Nymphs of the Kennel, in fable
 Fleet-ditch.

V E R S E S

By PETER PINDAR:

*Said to be occasioned by the above: Supposing
 them to be written by Mr. HAYLEY:
 from his Satire on the Gentleman's Maga-
 zine.*

I WHO to men of canvas struck the
 lyre,
 And set with rhyme th' Academy on fire;
 O'er Mount Parnassus, Jove like cast my
 thoe;
 At Poets smil'd and Poetesses too:
 Prefer'd the ballads of the good Old Bai-
 ley
 To all the cold pomposities of Hayley,
 Whole rhymes, as soon as litter'd, join'd
 the heaps,
 Where midst her shadowy gulph Oblivion
 sleeps;
 So deep, who scarce can dive into him-
 self!
 So lefty too, the tenant of the shelf!
 Now sifter than recruits so raw at drill;
 Now *rain-maine* of the Muses' hill:
 I, who to grave Reviewers sigh'd my
 pray'r,

Submissive bending at the Critic chair;
 And blushing begg'd one little laurel sprig,
 To bring importance and adorn my wig:
 I, who Sam Whitbread's brew house
 prais'd in song,
 So highly honour'd by the royal throng;
 Be-rhym'd a goodly Monarch and his
 Spouse,
 Miss Whitbread's curt'sies, Mister Whit-
 bread's bows,
 Amounting, history says, to many a score,
 Such, too, as Chiswell street ne'er saw
 before:
 I who to Pitt the chords in anger struck,
 Who whelm'd his Prince so gracefully
 with muck;
 Lycurgus Pitt, whose penetrating eyes
 Behold the fount of Freedom in *Excise*;
 Whose Patriot logic possibly maintains
 Th' identity of Liberty and Chains:
 I, who on such rich subjects deign'd to
 shine,
 Now tune to once a Printer's Dev'l the
 line;
 But now no more a dev'l—with Atlas
 mein,
 The great supporter of a Magazine;
 No more, no more, a dev'l with humble
 air,
 But fit companion for our great Lord
 May'r.
 How like the worm, which crawls at first
 the earth,
 But getting a new coat disdains its birth;
 Spreads its gold tissue to the solar ray,
 And wings o'er trees and tow'rs its airy
 way!

H I R L A S : A P O E M.

By Owen, Prince of Powis.

FAIR rose the morn in splendor dress'd,
 The ruddy sun illum'd the East,
 The clang of armour fill'd the air,
 Th' impetuous warriors rush'd to war:
 Sword clash'd with sword; the slippery
 plain
 Was strew'd with Saxon heroes slain;
 Keen darts their course impetuous bore,
 And dy'd their points in reeking gore:
 Like lions burbling on their prey,
 Confusion mark'd our dreadful way:
 Shiver'd lances strew'd the field,
 With many a helm and cloven shield:
 The Saxon Nobles o'er the heath,
 Lay in the bloody arms of Death:
 Impeded by the heaps of slain,
 The brooks o'erflow'd the purple plain.
 They fly—the foes of Owen fly—
 Shouts of victory rend the sky:

The

The foes are fall'n, whose lofty pride
The strong and valorous man defy'd.

Page, bring the horn of Rhees renown'd ;
The shining horn with silver bound ;
Whose radiant handle's antique mould
Refulgent shines with ruddy gold :
Fill it high with richest mead,
'Tis for Griffith, bold, decreed :
Bulwark of his native land !
Dragon of my noble band !
Horror battled by his side,
Carnage mark'd his footsteps wide :
Through the hostile ranks he flew,
And the bravest Saxons flew :
Honour'd he our feasts shall share,
Strong and terrible in war.

Bring the horn of antique mould,
Which the valiant Rhees of old
Fill'd around his festive board,
When success had crown'd his sword ;
Bear it, Page, to Roderick's hand,
Lion of my valorous band !
Dreadful with his crimson'd spear,
Cambria's joy, the Saxons fear.
Let Syffin too, brave welcome guest,
Share his leader's genial feast.
Hero ! in the deathful fray
What slaughter mark'd his bloody way !
The Saxon warriors shunn'd his sight,
As ghosts the morning's ruddy light.
Patriot Chief ! thy noble name
Shall fill the loudest trump of Fame ;
Bards to the harp thy deeds shall sing,
And make the Princely palace ring.

Fill the horn adorn'd with gold,
Bear it to Ednyfed bold,
Dreadful with his shiver'd spear,
And shield defac'd with dints of war :
As the hurricane that raves
Wild o'er ocean's azure waves,
So rush'd the valiant chief along,
Before him flew the trembling throng ;
The foes in heaps around him fall,
Defender of fair Garthon's fall.

Heard ye not in Maclor's vale
Sounds of death on ev'ry gale ?
Sword clash'd with sword in conflict dire,
Strike from their points the stream of
fire ;
Death and mingled horrors reign,
As erst on Bangor's fatal plain.

Heard ye not in Maclor far
The dying groans and din of war ?
Heard ye not the joyful sound
Of your friends with conquest crown'd ?

Bear the horn to Seyliff's hand,
Protector of his native land ;

His hardy front is seam'd with scars
Gain'd in honourable wars :
Fill it too to Madoc's son,
He a deathless name hath won ;
As the wolf, with hunger bold,
Rushes on the bleating fold,
So his course the hero bore,
And stain'd his sword with Saxon gore ;
To his friends his bounty flows,
Dreadful only to his foes.

Bear the horn with silver bound,
And with golden handles crown'd,
To the sons of Inyr bear,
Strongest eagles of the war.
Youthful warriors, wise and brave !
Bards from death your names shall save ;
You shall live in noble lays,
Your country freed shall speak your praise.

Bear the purest mead along
To the Prince of sacred song !
Brave Moraddig, every bard
Shall thy valorous deeds record ;
Bravest of the warrior train,
Sweetest of the tuneful strain.

Now pour the horn of sparkling mead
To the mem'ry of the Dead ;
To our friends who nobly died
Fighting by their Prince's side ;
Heroes fam'd for valorous deeds,
For them my heart with sorrow bleeds,
Bards, let the song of sadness flow,
Tune each harp to notes of woe :
And O record each warrior's praise,
Bid them live to future days :
'Tis yours to crown the hero's name,
And give his deeds immortal fame :
Cambria's sons shall learn the song,
The theme, the boast of ev'ry tongue.

EVENING. AN ODE.

By Alexander Wilson.

NOW day departing in the west,
With gaudy splendor lures the eye ;
The sun, declining, sinks to rest,
And Ev'ning overshades the sky.

And are the green extended lawn,
The waving grove—the flow'ry mead,
The charms of hill and dale withdrawn,
And all their blooming beauties hid ?

They are—but lift aloft thine eye,
Where all these sparkling glories roll ;
Those mighty wonders of the sky,
That glad and elevate the soul.

Day's undisguis'd effulgent blaze
Adorns the Mead, or Mountain blue :
And Night, amid her train displays
Whole worlds revolving to the view.

Lone Contemplation, musing deep,
This vast stupendous vault explores :
These rolling Orbs—the roads they keep,
And Night's great Architect adores.

Nor burns the absent glare of day.
The glittering mead or warbler's song !
For what are birds, or meadows gay,
To all the dazzling, starry throng !

So, when the Salt's calm Eve draws
night,
With joy the voice of death he hears :
Heav'n opes upon his wond'ring eye,
And Earth's poor vision disappears.

M O R N I N G.

To a Sluggard.

SLEEP, sleep, thou Sluggard, fear to rise,
Not midn't for thee are morning skies ;
Thy midnight cup and aching head
Still bid thee hug thy frowzy bed ;
Enjoy thy bliss, if bliss to thee,
But leave the morning beams for me.

'Tis then for care I breathe a cure ;
You also breathe, but not so pure ;
I, the sweets of every lill,
You breathe a breath that helps to kill ;
Enjoy the bliss, if bliss to thee,
But leave the morning beams for me.

'Tis then I hear the sky lark rise :
You also hear—you'r harsh town-cries ;
Be such thy lot, the while I rove
To hear the music of the grove :
Enjoy the bliss, if bliss to thee,
But leave the morning beams for me.

'Tis then I catch the dappled trout ;
You also catch—but catch the gout ;
Whilst free from pain my limbs I use,
And led by pleasure, court the Muse,
Enjoy the bliss, if bliss to thee,
But leave the morning beams for me.

'Tis then I view th' enamell'd fence ;
And find a charm from ev'ry fence ;
You also view where flow'rs bespread,
But on the fence that shields thy bed ;
Enjoy the bliss, if bliss to thee,
But leave the morning beams for me.

'Tis then, with spirits light and free,
I contemplate the busy BEE ;
By her pursuits, improv'd, I cry,
'Here, thou Sluggard, learn industry ;
Enjoy thy bliss, if bliss it be,
But leave the morning beams for me.

O then, while you the hours destroy,
Kind Nature fills my soul with joy ;
Presents her choicest bloom to see,
And points the wond'rous DEITY ;
Go, boast thy bliss, if bliss it be,
But leave the morning beams for me.

Whilst bloom and verdure dress the
thorn,
O let me breathe the breath of morn ;
And should you scorn my humble lay,
Go, Sluggard, sleep thy life away ;
Enjoy such bliss, if bliss it be,
Still leave the morning beams for me.

An ENQUIRY after CONTENTMENT.

O ! thou reserv'd celestial fair !
Come, and my sorrows heal ;
I seek thee with assiduous care,
Thy pleasing haunts reveal.

Dwell'st thou with them who rule the
globe !
Or with the rustick race ?
With them that wear the ermin'd robe ?
Or those who spurn a place ?

With the thrice benedict priest,
Who basks in opulence ?
Or with his curates, who subsist
On a bare competence ?

Art thou the sage physician's guide,
Who takes the enormous fee ?
Or joint'st thib on his patient's side,
T' alleviate misery ?

Dost thou attend the hero's sword,
Support the ribbon's blaze ?
Brood on the miser's countless hoard,
Or tag the poet's lays ?

Ask these, and ask ten thousand more,
Who own thee as a guest ;
Some absent good they all deplore,
Some wish still racks the breast.

Endless my search to find thee out,
Thro' mazes, and mazes here ;
Turn'd sceptick, I thy being doubt,
Confute me, and appear.

From

From youth to age, smit with thy charms,
I've lut'd thee to my cot ;
But thou elud'st those eager arms,
And will not be my lot.

A smile is all my soul can hope,
In this unstable state ;
Yet let me give my fancy scope,
When time shall terminate.

Then wilt thou yield to my embrace,
Grant favours all divine ;
Unveil the beauties of thy face,
And be for ever mine.

ODE to NIGHT.

THE busy cares of day are done ;
In yonder western cloud the sun
Now sets, in other worlds to rise,
And glad with light the nether skies,
With ling'ring pace the parting day retires
And slowly leaves the mountain tops, and
gilded spires.

Yon azure cloud, enrob'd with white,
Still shoots a gleam of fainter light :
At length descends a browner shade ;
At length the glim'ring objects fade :
Till all submit to night's impartial reign,
And undistinguish'd darkness covers all
the plain.

No more the ivy-crowned oak
Resounds beneath the woodman's stroke,
Now silence holds her solemn sway ;
Mute is each bush, and ev'ry spray :
Nought but the sound of murm'ring rills
is heard,
Or from the mould'ring tow'r, night's
solitary bird.

Hail sacred hour of peaceful rest !
Of pow'r to charm the troubled breast !
By thee the captive slave obtains
Short respite from his galling pains ;
Nor sighs for liberty, nor native soil ;
But for a while forgets his chains, and
sultry toil.

No horrors hast thou in thy train,
No scorpion lash, no clanking chain.
When the pale murd'rer round him
spies
A thousand grisly forms arise,

When shrieks and groans arouse his pal-
sy'd fear,
'Tis guilt alarms his soul, and conscience
wounds his ear.

The village swain whom Phillis charms,
Whose breast the tender passion warms,
Wishes for thy all-shadowing veil,
To tell the fair his lovesick tale :
Nor less impatient of the tedious day,
She longs to hear his tale, and sigh her soul
away.

Of by the covert of thy shade
Leander woo'd the Thracian maid ;
Through foaming seas his passion bore,
Nor fear'd the ocean's thund'ring roar.
The conscious virgin from the sea girt
tow'r
Hung out the faithful torch to guide him
to her bow'r.

Of at thy silent hour the sage
Pores on the fair instructive page ;
Or wrapt in musings deep, his soul
Mounts active to the starry pole :
There pleas'd to range the realms of end-
less night,
Numbers the stars, or marks the comet's
devious light.

Thine is the hour of converse sweet,
When sprightly wit and reason meet ;
Wit, the fair blossom of the mind,
But fairer still with reason join'd.
Such is the feast thy social hours afford,
When eloquence and Granville join the
friendly board.

Granville, whose polish'd mind is
fraught
With all that Rome or Greece e'er
taught ;
Who pleases and instructs the ear,
When he assumes the critic's chair,
Or from the Stagyrte or Plato draws
The arts of civil life, the spirit of the laws.

O let me often thus employ
The hour of mirth and social joy !
And glean from Granville's learned
store
Fair science and true wisdom's lore.
Then will I still implore thy longer
stay,
Nor change thy festive hours for sun-shine
and the day.

CHRONICLE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Coblentz, Dec. 8.

THE following Declaration has been delivered by the Minister of the Elector of Treves to the agents of the French Princes.

“The undersigned Minister of State and of the Cabinet is charged to answer to the Council of the august Princes, brothers of the King, that his Serene Electoral Highness will never change his known sentiments with respect to the French Princes, and that he shall receive with pleasure the French emigrants, whom unhappy circumstances oblige to quit their native country, and who, by their good conduct and the hard fate which oppresses them, deserve, in every respect, the general interest and esteem; but he must persist in the system of refusing permission for any assemblies which may give umbrage, or for any armed body, under whatsoever denomination it may be offered.

“His Serene Electoral Highness is perfectly at ease with respect to any invasion whatever of the Electorate on the part of the French nation, because that would be the most certain means of drawing upon France a declaration of war from a more powerful Court, and of overturning the new constitution; but it becomes necessary to satisfy the minds of the inhabitants of the Electorate, by taking away, from evil-designed persons, even the slightest pretext for hostile invasion.

“To act in concert, and to avoid whatever may cause misunderstandings, the undersigned is ordered to declare,

1. That his Serene Electoral Highness is highly pleased that the Princes, brothers of the King, have forbidden exercising, and every military preparation.

2. Any Frenchmen, not being armed, cannot be considered but as foreigners who reside in this country, and as such to whom an asylum has been granted in the Austrian Low Countries, and different provinces of the Empire.

3. The dispersion of the *Gardes du Corps* having taken place in pursuance of the desire of his Serene Electoral Highness, he has no longer any thing to complain of on that subject; and the assurances which the Princes have given, to the Elector, have left nothing more to desire.

4. As the Red Companies have quitted the Electorate, that point ceases of course.

5. “The different cantonments of the French Nobility are conformable to the arrangements which have been adopted in the Austrian Low Countries; all assemblies which can give offence are avoided, and they may the better assist each other mutually, being separated from each other by provinces.

6. “The Elector flatters himself, that the Princes, brothers of the King, will, for the future, willingly continue to attend strictly to prohibit the collecting of muskets, cannons, and warlike stores, and encourage no recruiting to go forward in the Electorate.

7. “His Serene Electoral Highness desires and hopes, from the friendship and attachment of the Princes his nephews, that they will make no difficulty in giving their declarations in writing, of which use may be made to take the necessary measures, to remove every pretence from the Minister of France, and, at the same time to satisfy the minds of the inhabitants of this country.

(Signed) THE BARON DE DUMENIQUE.

MANIFESTO.

To all States and Nations, decreed by the French National Assembly, and presented to the King, December 29, 1791.

DRAWN UP BY M. CONDORCET.

“AT a moment when for the first time since the epoch of their liberty, the French people may see themselves reduced to the necessity of exercising the terrible right of war, their representatives owe to Europe, to all mankind, an account of the motives which have guided their resolutions, and an exposition of the principles which direct their conduct. *The French nation renounces the undertaking of war with the view of making conquests, and will never employ her forces against the liberty of any State.* Such is the text of their constitution; such is the sacred vow by which they have connected their own happiness with the happiness of every other people, and they will be faithful to them.

“But who can consider that a friendly territory in which exists an army waiting only the prospect of success, for the moment of attack?

“Is it not equivalent to a declaration of war, to give places of strength not only

to enemies who have already declared, but to conspirators, who have long since commenced it? Every thing, therefore, imposes upon the powers established by the Constitution for maintaining the peace and the safety of the public, the imperious law of employing force against rebels, who, from the bosom of a foreign land, threaten to tear their country in pieces.

“The right of nations violated—the dignity of the French people insulted—the criminal abuse of the King’s name, employed by imposters, to veil their disastrous projects—their distrust kept up by sinister rumours through the whole empire—the obstacles occasioned by this distrust to the execution of the laws, and the re-establishment of credit—the means of corruption exerted to delude and seduce the citizens—the disquiets which agitate the inhabitants of the frontiers—the evils to which attempts the most vain and the most speedily repulsed may expose them—the outrages always unpunished which they have experienced on the territories where the revolted French find an asylum—the necessity of not allowing the rebels time to complete their preparations, or raise up more dangerous against their country—such are our motives. Never did more just or more urgent exist. And in the picture which we have drawn, we have rather softened than overcharged our injuries. We have no occasion to rouse the indignation of citizens, in order to inflame their courage.

“The French nation, however, will never cease to consider as a friendly people, the inhabitants of the territory occupied by the rebels, and governed by princes who offer them protection. The peaceful citizens whose country armies may occupy, shall not be treated by her as enemies, nor even as subjects. The public force of which she may become the temporary depository, shall not be employed but to secure their tranquility and maintain their laws. Proud of having regained the rights of nature, she will never outrage them in other men. Jealous of her independence, determined to bury herself in her own ruins, rather than suffer laws to be taken from her, or dictated to her, or even an insulting guarantee of those she has framed for herself. She will never infringe the independence of other nations. Her soldiers will conduct themselves on a foreign territory as they would on their own, if forced to combat on it. The involuntary evils which her troops may occasion, shall be repaired. The asylum which she offers to strangers shall not be shut against the inhabitants of countries whose princes

shall have forced her to attack them, and they shall find a sure refuge in her bosom. Faithful to the engagements made in her name, she will fulfil them with a generous exactness; but no danger shall be capable of making her forget that the soil of France belongs wholly to liberty, and that the laws of equality ought to be universal. She will present to the world the new spectacle of a nation truly free, submissive to the laws of justice amid the storms of war, and respecting every where, and on every occasion, towards all men, the rights which are the same to all.

“Peace, which imposture, intrigue, and treason have banished, will never cease to be the first of our wishes. France will take up arms, compelled to do so, for her safety and her internal peace, and she will be seen to lay them down with joy the moment she is assured that there is nothing to fear for that liberty—for that equality which is now the only element in which Frenchmen can live. She dreads not war, but she loves peace; she feels that she has need of it; and she is too conscious of her strength to fear making the avowal: When in requiring other nations to respect her repose, she took an eternal engagement not to trouble others. She might have thought that she deserved to be listened to, and that this solemn declaration, the pledge of the tranquility and the happiness of other nations, might have merited the affection of the Princes who govern them; but such of those Princes as apprehend that France would endeavour to excite internal agitations in other countries, shall learn, that the cruel right of reprisal, justified by usage, condemned by nature, will not make her resort to the means employed against her own repose; that she will be just to those who have not been so to her; that she will every where pay as much respect to peace as to liberty; and that the men who still presume to call themselves the masters of other men, will have nothing to dread from her, but the influence of her example.

“The French nation is free; and what is more than to be free, she has the sentiment of freedom. She is free; she is armed; she can never be reduced to slavery. In vain are her intestine discords counted on; she has passed the dangerous moment of the reformation of her political laws, and she is too wise to anticipate the lesson of experience; she wishes only to maintain her Constitution, and to defend it.

“The division of two Powers proceeding from the same source, and directed to the same end, the last hope of our enemies,

mies, has vanished at the voice of our country in danger; and the King, by the solemnity of his proceedings, by the frankness of his measures, shews to Europe the French nation strong in her means of defence and prosperity.

“*Resigned to the evils which the enemies of the human race united against her, may make her suffer, she will triumph over them by her patience and her courage; victorious she will seek neither indemnification nor vengeance.*”

“*Such are the sentiments of a generous people, which their representatives do themselves honour in expressing. Such are the projects of the new political system which they have adopted—to repel force, to resist oppression, to forget all when they have nothing more to fear, and to adversaries, if vanquished, as brothers, if reconciled, as friends. These are the wishes of all the French, and this is the war which they declare against their enemies.*”

BRITISH NEWS.

London, Jan. 3.

M DE LA FAYETTE set out from Paris for Metz, to assume the command of the National Army yesterday forenoon. On that morning, the battalions of the Parisian National Guard paid their respects to him, and a numerous escort conducted him to the Thuilleries, where he took leave of the King.

Several detachments of horse followed him to a considerable distance from the capital.

On the day before M. de la Fayette pronounced the following Address to the National Assembly.

Gentlemen,

“*The National Assembly knows my sentiments and my principles. I content myself, therefore, with offering my thanks for the marks of approbation, which it has designed to give to the choice of the King, and I join these homages to those of my respect for the Assembly, and of my unalterable devotion to the maintenance and defence of the Constitution.*”

To this Address the President answered as follows.

Sir,

“*The name of La Fayette brings with it ideas of liberty and victory. They followed him under the colours of the Americans; they will accompany him at the head of the French armies. Those National Guards, whose first operations you*

directed, will remember your voice, and will be worthy of themselves and of you.”

“*If the blindness of our enemies is such, that they will try the strength of a great and regenerated people—march to combat; the French people, who have sworn to live and die free, will always present with confidence to Nations and to Tyrants its Constitution and La Fayette.*”

Jan. 7. A late letter from Dr. Magennis, of the Irish College, at Lisbon, gives a most awful account of the earthquake which happened in that city, on Sunday night, the 27th of November. The first shock was felt about twenty minutes after eleven, and consisted of five or six strong vibrations, so closely following each other, that they scarce could be distinguished.

After a pause of about five minutes, one very violent undulatory motion, that shook the whole house, succeeded, attended by a loud and tremendous crash, which after a rustling noise, and several hisses, like those we might imagine to proceed from a great mass of flaming iron suddenly quenched in cold water, went off with the report of a cannon. Mean time the streets were crowded with the multitudes flying from their houses, whose chimnies were falling about their ears.

The bells of St. Roche tumbled in all directions, and tolled in the most horrid sounds. After the first fright had a little abated, the churches were opened, and soon filled with multitudes, to deprecate the mischief of 1755, and implore the Divine Mercy. Between six and seven, her Majesty, with her household, set out for Belem, followed by almost every person of quality, who retired to some distance.

So lasting was the consternation, that no business was done at the Exchange, the Custom-house, or Quays. The theatres were shut, and all public diversions forbid till further orders. Prayers were made three times a day in churches, and the whole city, like that of ancient Nineveh, seemed repenting in sackcloth and ashes.

The Assembly of Jamaica resolved, on the 1st of November, to present an humble address to his Majesty, requesting that he will be graciously pleased to order a regiment of light horse, augmented to the war establishment, to be sent out, and to augment the four regiments of infantry, already in the island, to 700 each. They have also sent over orders to Mr. Fuller, their agent, to furnish them immediately with 5000 stand of arms at their own expence.

A private letter lately received from Calcutta mentions, that in consequence of the opening of a new chapel at Malda, a settlement

settlement 250 miles from that place, two eminent Bramins had been converted, one of whom has become a teacher, and is translating the Evangelists into Persian; a chapter of which, with a comment, he gives his hearers at a time.

Another person, a Mr. Brown, from England, has also learned the Persian, and has several hundred hearers, who have formed a church; some of these persons of rank and fortune in the service of the Company. A Sunday evening lecture is also established at Calcutta.

A Remarkable Circumstance.—Ten brothers, the youngest of whom is sixty years of age, dined together in this city on Christmas Day. Their name is Cannon, and they are all in the clock making line. There were twelve of them till within these four years past.

Extraordinary Gift.—Some months ago it was mentioned in the papers that the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge in the Highlands of Scotland, had received notice, that a person had devoted to the use of this Society, the sum of 10,000l. Bank Stock, which is worth about 12,000l. sterling.

The person who communicated this intelligence, was I. Hawkins Brown, Esq. M. P. who said he was ready to pay the money in the manner the donor had appointed; but was not at liberty by any means to give up the name of the donor, not to say whether he was alive or dead, whether this great sum was a gift, or a bequest.

So uncommon an instance of charity could not fail to excite numberless conjectures, but all improbable and vague. It occurred to many that this money was the bequest of the late Mr. Thornton, of Clapham; and no man certainly was so likely as to favour the supposition, as he was one of the most charitable men of the age, and really an ornament to human nature. But his family having positively denied that he had bequeathed such a sum, the conjecture ended.

The whole sum has lately been transferred into the Society's Stock, and the name of the donor is at present, and is likely to remain a profound secret; and no artifice has ever been effectual to throw the least light upon it.

Lieutenant Grant, who lately appeared in a duel with Mr. French, of Galway, in which the latter was killed some time since, was, on the morning of the 22d inst. called out by a friend of the deceased. They met near Leiby—stood at seven yards distance. Poor Grant was shot through the heart the first fire, and in falling, or at the same instant, wounded his

antagonist, Mr. Harrison, of the County of Galway, desperately in the thigh.

Grant, when called upon by French, sold his commission, to pay some debts, before he would go out.

A religious society is established at Manchester called the *Stranger's Friend*, for the purpose of relieving and assisting all denominations in preference to their own.

The following melancholy affair happened in the county of Wexford a few days ago. Some gentlemen sitting together, one of them, not very sober, after a little altercation with another of the company, struck him with his fist. The gentlemen interposed, and the quarrel seemed to subside, and all parted in apparent good humour. Next morning the offended person called on his antagonist, and demanded immediate satisfaction. The gentleman offered to ask pardon in any place that might be agreed on, for an insult which he much regretted, and should never have given it if he had not been in liquor. This offer not being accepted, the parties, with their seconds, went to the ground, when the gentleman again offered to ask pardon, but without effect. Each then took his station; and both discharged their pistols, when a ball entered the challenger's left eye, and killed him on the spot.

A miser is just dead at Paris, who seems to have pushed the art of self mortification on a point beyond old Elwes himself. Till the period of the Revolution he had an old woman to attend upon him, but he dismissed her at that time, and procured a shoeblack to attend him. Every Monday morning this new servant waited on his master, and laid into his garter the provisions of the week, which were never varied; they consisted of three half pints of wine, four pounds of bread, and three penny-worth of cheese. He had a considerable library, and appears never to have quitted his apartment for many years: in it were found four thousand louis d'ors in gold, great sums in silver, plate, &c. This property goes to an only daughter, who is unmarried, but to whom he never gave the smallest portion.

The King's Library at Paris, which was originally founded by the Cardinal Richelieu, and which is said to contain above two hundred thousand volumes, is an admirable institution. On Wednesdays and Fridays it is open to persons of all descriptions, from nine to one o'clock, who may consult any book or manuscript, under the superintendance of a librarian; and it is open every day, lately, to the Deputies of the National Assembly.

To the Public.

THE Publication of the Nova-Scotia Magazine, will cease with the present Number.—It is with regret that the Printer finds himself obliged to announce its discontinuance: But the number of Subscribers is so small, compared with the expence attending the Publication; and the want of punctuality in the payment of many of the Subscriptions so great, that it is impossible, except at the Printer's own expence, to continue it.

WHEN the late Editor relinquished the undertaking, it was the desire of the Printer to continue a Publication, which was on all hands allowed to be useful;—and as the original number of Subscribers was much reduced, the size and price were also reduced, thereby, if possible, to meet the general wish, and keep alive the Magazine, till either a greater taste for Science should prevail, or those who wished to encourage it should have ability to contribute more than their *wishes*.

THESE expectations failing,—the Printer has only to return his grateful thanks to those Gentlemen who have uniformly afforded him their patronage and support.

SUCH as are in arrears, and particularly those who have been long so, are earnestly requested to discharge the same as soon as possible.