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THE

NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE

FOR FEBRUARY, 1791.

ANECDOTES OF MR. SAMUEL RICHARDSON.

[From Nichol's Biographical and Literary Anecdotes.]

MR. SAMUEL RICHARDSON, who was born in 1689, had no acquaintance with the learned languages but what a common school education afforded; his mind, like that of Shakspeare, being much more enriched by nature and observation. He exercised the profession of a printer, with the highest reputation, for a long series of years in Salisbury court, Fleet-street. Dissimilar as their geniuses may seem, when the witty and wicked duke of Wharton (a kind of Lovelace) about the year 1723 fomented the spirit of opposition in the city, and became a member of the Wax Chandlers company; Mr. Richardson, though his political principles were very different, was much connected with, and favoured by him, and printed his 'True Briton,' published twice a week. Yet he exercised his own judgment, in peremptorily refusing to be concerned in such papers as he apprehended might endanger his own safety, and which accordingly did occasion the imprisonment and prosecution of those who were induced to print and publish them. He printed for some time a news-paper called 'The Daily Journal;' and afterwards 'The Daily Gazetteer,' which was for the most part under the patronage of Sir Robert Walpole; but on that minister's withdrawing his support, he declined it about the year 1747, when it fell into other hands. Through the interest of his friend Mr. Speaker Onslow, he printed the first edition of the Journals of the House of Commons. He purchased a moiety of the patent of law-printer at Midsummer, 1760, and carried on that department of business in partnership with Miss Catherine Lintot.

By his first wife Martha Wilde, daughter of Mr. Allington Wilde, printer in Clerkenwell, he had five sons and a daughter, who all died young. His second wife (who survived him many years) was Elizabeth, sister of the late Mr. Leake, bookseller of Bath. By her he had a son and five daughters. The son died young; but four of the daughters survived him; viz. Mary, married, in 1757, to Mr. Ditcher, an eminent surgeon of Bath; Martha, married, in 1762, to Edward Bridgen, Esq, F. R. and A. S. S.; Anne, unmarried; and Sarah, married to Mr. Crowther, surgeon, of Boswell court, and since dead. His country retirement, first at North End near Hammersmith, and afterwards at Parsons Green, was generally filled with his friends of both sexes. He was regularly there from Saturday to Monday, and frequently at other times, being never so happy as when he made others so, being himself, in his narrower sphere, the Grandison he drew; his heart and hand ever open to distress. His Pamela, which appears to have been written in three months, first introduced him to the literary world; and never was a book of the kind more generally read and admired. It was even recommended not unfrequently from the pulpit, particularly by Dr. Slocock, late of Christ Church, Surrey, who had a very high esteem for it, as well as for its author. But it is much to be regretted that his improved edition, in which much was altered, much omitted, and the whole new-modelled, has never yet been given to the public, as the only reason which prevented it in his life time, that there was an edition unfold, must long have ceased.

By many family misfortunes, and his own writings, which in a manner realifed every feigned diftrefs, his nerves naturally weak, or as Pope expreffes it, 'trembling alive all o'er,' were fo unhing'd, that for many years before his death his hand fhook, he had frequent vertigos, and would fometimes have fallen, had he not fupported himfelf by his cane under his coat. His paralytic diforder affected his nerves to fuch a degree for a confiderable time before his death, that he could not lift a glafs of wine to his mouth without affiftance. This diforder at length terminating in an apoplexy, deprived the world of this amiable man and truly original genius, on July 4, 1761, at the age of 72. He was buried, by his own direction, with his firft wife, in the middle aisle, near the pulpit of St. Bride's church.

In a MS. of the late M. Whifton the bookfeller, which fell into the hands of one of my friends, was the following paffage: 'Mr. Samuel Richardson was a worthy man altogether. Being very liable to paffion, he directed all his men, it is faid by letters; not trufting to reprove by words, which threw him into haflinefs, and hurt him, who had always a tremor on his nerves.' I have heard nearly the fame account from fome of his workmen. But this, I believe, was not the reafon; though the fact was certainly true. It was rather for convenience, to avoid altercation, and going up into the printing-office; and befides, his principal affiftant Mr. Tewley was remarkably deaf.

Befides his three great works, he published an edition of *Aesop's Fables*, with 'Reflections,' and 'Letters' to and from feveral Perfons, and had a fhare in 'The Chriftian's Magazine,' by Dr. James Mauleclerc, 1748; and in the additions to the fixth edition of De Foe's 'Tour through Great Britain.' Six original Letters upon Duelling, were printed after his death, in 'The Literary Repository, 1765,' page 227.

No. 97, vol. ii. of the *Ramblers*, it is well known, was written by Mr. Richardson, in the preamble to which Dr. Johnson ftyles him, 'an author from whom the age has received greater favours, who has enlarged the knowledge of human nature, and taught the paffions to move at the command of virtue.' He has been often compared to Rouffeau; and Rouffeau was one of his professed admirers. In his letter to D'Alenbert, fpeaking of Englifh romances, he fays, 'Thefe, like the people, are either fublime or contemptible. There never has been written in any language a romance equal to, or approaching to *Clariffa*.' But the eftem was not reciprocal;

Mr. Richardson being fo much difgusted at fome of the fcenes and the whole tendency of the new *Eloifa*, that he fecretly criticized the work (as he read it) in marginal notes, and thought, with many others, that this writer 'taught the paffions to move at the command of vice.' If this fecret cenfure of Mr. Richardson's fhould be thought too fevere or phlegmatic, let it be confidered, that admitting the tendency of Rouffeau's principles to be better in the main than his more rigid readers allow, his fystem is too refined to be carried into execution in any age when the globe is not uniformly peopled with philofophers.

Dr. Johnson, in his *Biographical Preface to Rowe's Poems*, obferves, 'The character of *Lothario* feems to have been expanded by Richardson into *Lovelace*, but he has excelled his original in the moral effect of the fiction. *Lothario*, with gaiety which cannot be hated, and bravery which cannot be defpised, retains too much of the fpectator's kindnefs. It was in the power of Richardson alone to teach us at once efteem and deteftation, to make virtuous refentment overpower all the benevolence which wit, and elegance, and courage, naturally excite; and to lofe at laft the hero in the villain.'

Mr. Aaron Hill, in a letter to Mr. Mallet, who fupposed there were fome traces of Hill's hand in *Pamela*, fays, 'Upon my faith, I had not any (the minuteft) fhare in that delightful nurfery of virtue. The fole and abfolute author is Mr. Richardson; and fuch an author too he is, that hardly mortal ever matched him, for his eafe of natural power. He feems to move like a calm fummer fea, that fwelling upward, with unconfcious deepnefs, lifts the heaviest weights into the fkyes, and fhews no fenfe of their incumbency. He would, perhaps, in every thing he fays or does be more in nature than all men before him, but that he has one fault, to an unnatural excefs, and that is *Modesty*.' In a letter to Mr. Richardson, after endeavouring to divert him from a melancholy train of thought he had fallen into in 1748, from 'the death of a relation emphatically near,' Mr. Hill proceeds, 'Are you to hope no end to this long, long nervous perfecution? But it is the tax you pay your genius! and I rather wonder you have fpirits to fupport fuch mixture of prodigious weights! fuch an effufion of the foul, with fuch confinement of the body! than that it has conftrained your nerves to bear your fpirits' agitation.' Many other of this gentleman's letters are filled with commendations of Mr. Richardson and his writings; and from one of them I

shall

shall copy a complimentary epigram by this ingenious printer :

'When noble thoughts with language
pate unite,
To give to kindred excellence its right,
Though unencumber'd with the clogs
of rhyme,
Where tinkling sounds, for want of
meaning chime,
Which, like the rocks in Shannon's mid-
way course,
Divide the sense, and interrupt its force ;
Well may we judge so strong and clear
a rill
Flows higher, from the Muses sacred hill.

Mrs. Sheridan, on publishing the 'Memoirs of Miss Sidney Biddulph,' took an opportunity of paying the tribute due to exemplary goodness and distinguished genius, when found united in one person, by inscribing these memoirs to the author of *Clarissa* and Sir Charles Grandison.

Dr. Young addressed his 'Conjectures on Original Composition' to Mr. Richardson ; and the former part of 'Resignation' was printing by Mr. Richardson at the time of his death ; in which the poet took occasion of paying the most affectionate compliment to his memory :

'To touch our passions secret Springs
Was his peculiar care ;
And deep his happy genius divid'
In bosoms of the fair ;
Nature, which favours to the few
All art beyond imparts,
To him presented, at his birth,
'The key of human hearts.'

The following epigram on *Clarissa*, by the late David Graham, Esq; fellow of King's College, Cambridge, has all the simplicity of the Greek epigrammatists :

'This work is Nature's ; every tittle in't
She wrote, and gave it Richardson to
print.'

Mrs. Montagu's elegant compliment, in Lord Lyttleton's, 'Dialogues of the Dead,' turns nearly on the same thought. 'It is pity he should print any work but his own,' says Plutarch to the bookfeller, who

had just before observed that in two characters drawn by a printer, that of *Clarissa* displays 'the dignity of heroism tempered by the meekness and humility of religion, a perfect unity of mind, and sanctity of manners ; and that of Sir Charles Grandison, 'a noble pattern of every private virtue, with sentiments so exalted as to render him equal to every public duty.'

Mrs. Chapone, in her 'Ode to Health,' has this apostrophe :

'Hast thou not left a Richardson un-
blest ?
He woos thee still in vain, relentless
maid ;
Tho' skill'd in sweetest accents to per-
suade,
And wake soft pity in a savage breast :
Him Virtue loves, and brightest Fame
is his,
Smile thou too, goddess, and com-
plete his bliss !'

In Dr. Warton's essay on Pope's Genius, p. 283, 284, is the following eulogium : 'Of all representations of madness, that of *Clementina* in the History of Sir Charles Grandison is the most deeply interesting. I know not whether even the madness of Lear is wrought up, and expressed by so many little strictures of nature and genuine passion. Shall I say it is pedantry to prefer and compare the madness of Orestes in Euripides to this of *Clementina* ?'

Mr. Richardson's reputation is far from being confined to his own country. He has been read in many of the languages, and known to most of the nations of Europe ; and has been greatly admired, notwithstanding every dissimilitude of manners, or even disadvantage of translation. Several writers abroad, where no prepossession in his favour could possibly take place, have expressed the high sense which they entertained of the merit of his works. M. Diderot, in his Essay on Dramatic Poetry, p. 96, mentions Richardson particularly as a perfect master of that art : 'How strong,' says he, 'how sensible, how pathetic, are his descriptions ! his personages, though silent, are alive before me ; and of those who speak, the actions are still more affecting than the words.' A portrait of him, by Crignion, is prefixed to an edition of Grandison, 1770.

AN HISTORICAL VIEW OF THE AUSTRIAN NETHERLANDS.

THE mighty empire, which Charle-
magne formed in the beginning of

the ninth century, and which embraced
so large a part of Europe, did not long
maintain

maintain itself in the same extent under the successors of that prince. In the Low Countries, which composed a part of that empire, Charlemagne had established Governors, who, with the title of Duke, Marquis, or Count, ruled under him in the different provinces.

During the reign of Charlemagne, and for some time after his death, while the reverence of his name lasted, those Governors kept themselves within the bounds of duty, but in succeeding times, when the reins of empire were slackened in the hands of his feeble descendants, and when the empire that he had formed was weakened, by its divisions, into distinct monarchies, the Governors in the Netherlands, by degrees, withdrew themselves from obedience, and, paying only vain marks of homage to the Kings of France and Germany, assumed to themselves, and transmitted to their descendants, the sovereignty of those provinces which they had before governed only with a delegated sway. Thus arose the Dukes of Brabant, the Counts of Flanders and Hainault, and the other Princes of the Low Countries, already, in the eleventh century, possessed of independent power.

The provinces of the Netherlands, which were thus formed into small and distinct principalities, governed by their respective sovereigns, preserved that form for some ages; and during that period were acquired those important privileges which have since remained to the Austrian Netherlands. The Princes of these countries, that they might better maintain their new acquired authority, admitted to a share of their power the nobles, and the prelates, or abbots, who possessed the largest part of the lands. The people, depressed at first in the Netherlands, as in other countries of Europe in that age, yet soon rose here into consideration. Collected in cities, they betook themselves to commerce, for which their situation was favourable, and to arts, to which their genius was well adapted. The Princes became sensible of the advantages that they might derive from the commercial spirit of their subjects, and encouraged their industry by numerous privileges. The people readily admitted the Princes to a share of their wealth; but whilst they bestowed their riches, secured to themselves, in return, new franchises and immunities: thus, by degrees, a free constitution was formed. The cities, increasing in inhabitants, and not easily controlled by Princes whose dominions were of small extent, became, as it were, small republics, that were governed by their own magistrates, and whose voice had a mighty influence in the state. Li-

berly spread itself from the cities into the country. The pride of the nobles was restrained, the power of the Princes was circumscribed, and the tyranny of the feudal system disappeared sooner in these countries than in the most parts of Europe.

The wealth and greatness of the provinces kept pace with the privileges acquired by the people so early as in the thirteenth and fourteenth century. When most nations in Europe, and England in particular, were destitute of trade or industry, commerce and manufactures flourished in the Netherlands, and proved to that country a plentiful source of riches. Above all, these provinces, now known by the name of the Austrian Netherlands, were distinguished by their industry and opulence. Flanders and Brabant were filled with large and crowded cities, the abodes of wealthy merchants and busy artisans. The woven fabrics of Louvain, of Ypres, and other cities, employed the labour of multitudes, and drew into this country the gold of distant nations. Bruges was noted for its commerce, and the principal traffic of Europe was carried on at its port. Ghent surpassed all the cities of the Low Countries in extent and populousness. The riches that flowed into this region, from the traffic and ingenuity of the people, were far greater than might be conceived from the rude state of Europe in those ages. The gold acquired by merchandize was employed in the improvement of the lands, and agriculture made here its earliest and most vigorous advances. The Princes of the Netherlands, while their power was limited by the privileges which they had bestowed, found their importance increase by the splendor of their cities and the wealth of their subjects.

In the beginning of the fifteenth century, a remarkable era in the history of the Netherlands, all the provinces of the Low Countries, with a small exception, were, from various causes, and by various means, united under the dominion of the Dukes of Burgundy, a younger branch of the royal family of France. These opulent and flourishing provinces, which seemed to have been destined, by their situation, to form one monarchy, now united under the same government, formed to the Dukes of Burgundy the richest domain in Europe. The court of these Princes displayed a magnificence that was not equalled in the courts of Kings: their alliance was sought by the greatest monarchs, and they were often able to control the power of the elder branch of their family, the Kings of France. Under the Princes of this house, the provinces of the Netherlands, knit together

gether in union, and pursuing their arts of industry, attained to a greater degree of prosperity than in any former period. Their appearance at this time was so flourishing that it was likened by a celebrated historian (Philip de Commines) of that age to the plenty of the Land of Promise. The privileges of the people, the foundation of their opulence, were respected. Instances occur in which the Sovereign, now become a powerful Prince, may seem to have shewn too slight a regard to these privileges, these acts were transient, and wrought no great effect, and were compensated by a general care to advance the interests of the people.

The marriage of Mary of Burgundy, in the end of the fifteenth century, to the Archduke Maximilian, carried the rich inheritance of the Dukes of Burgundy into the house of Austria. This house, which had for some time possessed the Imperial dignity, but which had yet reached no high degree of power, acquired a great elevation from the possession of the Low Countries, which this fortunate marriage bestowed; and having, not long after, by another fortunate marriage, acquired the great monarchy of Spain, that family suddenly became the first power of Europe, possessing a greater extent of dominion than had belonged to any empire since the days of Charlemagne. Under the first Princes of the line of Austria, Maximilian, Philip the Fair, and Charles the Fifth, the Low Countries, maintained in their privileges, continued in a state no less prosperous than under the Dukes of Burgundy.

The beginning of the reign of Maximilian was troubled by tumults, yet the public peace was soon restored by the prudence of that Prince. The commerce of the Flemings was extended by the discovery of that New World, of which so large a part belonged to their Sovereigns. The glory of Antwerp arose, and surpassed that of Bruges. That part of the Low Countries which had not fallen under the dominion of the House of Burgundy was gained by the Austrian Princes. The Netherlands, though now a small part of a mighty monarchy, yet considerable by their industry and opulence, engaged the attention, and often enjoyed the presence of their princes. The Emperor Charles the Fifth, who was born at Ghent, viewed these provinces with a particular favour, and applied his care to the improvement of the Netherlands, which he gladly visited, and whose natives possessed a high share of his confidence.

On the abdication of Charles the Fifth, the powerful House of Austria was divided into two branches, the Spanish and the

German. Spain, with the States in Italy and the Indies descended to Philip the Second, the son of that Prince; and the Low Countries were united to this great monarchy: Austria, and the States in Germany, with the Imperial dignity, passed to the brother of Charles, the Emperor Ferdinand, who possessed also Hungary and Bohemia, and whose descendants were destined at last to reap the succession, though diminished, to the Low Countries.

With the reign of Philip the Second commence the disasters of those provinces that had flourished so long and the invasion of those privileges which so many Princes had respected; an invasion which wrought almost the entire fall of the Spanish monarchy, whilst it drew manifold calamities on the Netherlands.

The doctrines of the reformed religion having spread into the Low Countries, and the severe edicts by which Philip sought to suppress this heresy, as it was called, having excited insurrections, that Prince prompted by a tyrannic spirit, and by religious bigotry, determined to enlarge the bounds of his authority in the Netherlands, and to reduce the people to a compliance with his will, by force of arms.—A powerful army passed from Spain into the Low Countries under the Duke of Alva, a fit instrument of despotism. All the ancient privileges of the provinces were then openly violated; new courts of justice were erected, and the Nobles were condemned by that tribunal, fitly named the Council of Blood. Odious taxes were imposed, and levied by ways repugnant to the constitution. The tyranny of Spain was introduced in place of the mild government of the Netherlands, whilst the unrelenting inquisition exercised her dark and severe persecution. The inhabitants of the Low Countries, roused by repeated injuries, took up arms to defend their privileges, and conspired in a general revolt from the authority of Spain. Then ensued those memorable wars of the Netherlands, in the sixteenth century, so well known in the history of Europe. The spirit of a people, animated with the love of liberty, prevailed against the tyranny of Philip; but the event of the contest was not the same in all the provinces. Whilst the northern provinces, more zealously attached to the reformed religion, and determined to admit of no nondiliation with Spain, formed that confederacy from which arose the republic of Holland, those provinces that now compose the Austrian Netherlands, with the provinces of Artois, more devoted to the Catholic faith, and gained by the prudence of the Prince

of Parma, or subdued by his arms, after a war of twenty years, returned again into the obedience of Philip, but when they consented to obey, they stipulated, also, that all those privileges which had been transmitted through so many ages should be restored in their full extent, and for the future should be preserved inviolate; a condition to which Philip, now fallen from his pride, willingly acceded.

A mighty change was then wrought in the Low Countries. That union which the provinces of Burgundy had formed in joining the provinces of the Netherlands into one dominion, was dissolved, and a lasting separation took place between the northern provinces, or the republic of Holland, and the southern provinces, which now reconciled to Spain and establishing the Catholic religion, began to be distinguished by the name of the Spanish Catholic Netherlands.

Philip having gained this part of the revolted provinces, unwisely diverted the arms of the Prince of Parma from the pursuit of his conquests in the Low Countries, and exhausted, in vain enterprizes against England and France, those treasures and forces which might be more successfully employed to reduce that part of the Netherlands which refused to own his authority.

The reign of Albert and Isabella succeeded in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The provinces which had returned to the obedience of Spain were for some time dismembered from that monarchy to form a distinct sovereignty, and the two branches of the house of Austria were united, to give to this state its Sovereign. An interval of peace, during the reign of these Princes, composed a little the state of those countries, convulsed by long war.

After the death of Albert and Isabella, the Catholic provinces that had formed their principality in the Netherlands, were reunited to Spain, and remained a part of that monarchy under Philip the Fourth and Charles the Second, the last Princes of the Austrian line that sat on the throne of Spain. Under these Princes their subjects in the Netherlands were not disturbed in the enjoyment of their privileges; and by their fidelity to their Sovereigns they merited well that distinction; but whilst in possession of their privileges, they retained a strong pledge of public safety.

Many circumstances conspired, during this period, to reduce the Catholic provinces to a depressed and decaying state. The wars begun in the reign of Philip the Second, had inflicted a deep wound on these countries. In that contest, their richest and most commercial cities had

been plundered, many of the inhabitants had carried their wealth and industry into other lands, and when this part of the Netherlands returned to the obedience of Spain, and established the Catholic worship, a still greater migration had ensued.

These disasters were aggravated by other distresses, during the reigns of Philip the Fourth and Charles the Second. Holland, whose infant republic had acquired great strength from the Flemings, who migrated into her States, now lifted up to mighty power, and gaining an entire triumph over Spain, after a war of eighty years, not only effected her own independency, but was able also to impose hard terms upon the Spanish provinces in the Low Countries. By the treaty of Munster, the bounds of these provinces were diminished, their commerce was restrained, and Antwerp felt deeply the jealousy of her fortunate rival, Amsterdam. France, rising to greatness under a young and aspiring Prince, and intent on humbling the House of Austria, declared war against Spain, and turning the force of her arms against the dominions of Spain in the Low Countries. A flourishing part of that dominion was reduced under the power of Louis the Fourteenth; and the Spanish Netherlands, so long harrassed by war, became again the scene of continual wars, kindled by that powerful and ambitious monarch. Spain sinking and exhausted, drew her provinces along with her in her fall; and the ill management of the affairs of that kingdom, under weak Princes and Ministers, extended itself to her states in the Low Countries, where the administration was trusted to rulers, feeble and unskilled in the arts of government. Amidst these complicated disasters, the Catholic Provinces experienced a fatal decline. Commerce and the arts withdrew to shores where they were more cherished and less disturbed; the cities, deserted, shewed only in their wide extent the remains of their former greatness; the people were dispirited; and whilst the provinces of Holland, formerly the most considerable in the Low Countries, attained an uncommon elevation, the Spanish Netherlands fell from their ancient prosperity into an humiliating weakness and decline.

Charles, the Second king of Spain, having long languished, died in the first year of the present century, and with him ended the race of the Austrian Princes who had filled the Spanish throne. The death of Charles the Second gave rise to a war which became general in Europe; whilst the younger branch of the House of Austria, that traced back its descent to the

Emperor Ferdinand, brother of Charles the Fifth, and that had retained the Imperial dignity in Germany, asserted its title to the elder branch of its family against the House of Bourbon, whose pretensions were fortified by the will of Charles the Second. The Spanish Netherlands, now uncertain what master they were to obey, became the theatre of a long war; in which Britain, with success and glory to her arms, strove to maintain the rights of the House of Austria, against the pretensions of France. The victories of Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malpasquet, recorded the success of Britain at this time in these provinces, and the important services which she rendered to her ally.

The treaty of Utrecht, which restored the tranquility of Europe, gave the Spanish possessions in the Low Countries, to the German branch of the House of Austria; and these provinces, now taking the name of the Austrian Netherlands, passed under the dominion of the Emperor, Charles the Sixth, to whose descendants they have since remained. Under the German Princes, this country, which had been harrassed during almost two centuries by continual wars, has enjoyed the blessing of peace with little interruption. On the death of Charles the Sixth, the last male Sovereign of the House of Austria, the possessions of the monarch descending to his daughter, the Princess Maria Theresa, married to Francis Duke of Lorraine; the ambition of many Princes of Europe, and among others of Louis Fifteenth, King of France, who aspired to share the rich inheritance of the House of Austria, kindled a war that extended itself to the Austrian

Netherlands; and in which, Britain supporting the rights of a magnanimous Princess, combated again, though with little success, the arms of France in the Low Countries. The treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle composed this war, which was of no long continuance, and gave to these provinces a tranquility that has not till lately been disturbed. By the continuance of a long peace under Charles the Sixth, and the Empress Maria Theresa, combined with the care of a more vigilant government, and with that free constitution which has been maintained, a happy revolution has been wrought in the affairs of the Austrian Netherlands. Since the peace of Utrecht, but more particularly since the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, even amidst the hard restraints which the jealousy or ambition of neighbouring powers has imposed, this country has made rapid advances to improvements of every kind. That languor which from many disastrous events had over-spread this part of the Netherlands, gives way to a rising spirit of industry, that carries its activity on all sides. The arts occupy again a people noted of old for their ingenuity; the cities assume a more animated appearance; agriculture flourishes; and commerce returns to visit these regions, her early seat.

To the Empress Maria Theresa, succeeded her son, the Emperor Joseph the Second. In this Prince, in whom the illustrious House of Lorraine, that ruled so long on the borders of the Low Countries, is united to the House of Austria, commences properly a new family, the family of Austria-Lorraine.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE KALMUCK TARTARS.

[From the Memoirs of Peter Henry Bruce, Esq.]

THE city of Saratof is situated on a very fair large plain, about four wersts from the main river, on a branch of the Wolga; it is inhabited or rather garrisoned, by a great number of Russian Soldiers and Cossacks, who are put here as a guard against the incursions of the Kalmuck Tartars, inhabiting a vast territory lying between the Wolga and the river Jaiick, toward the Caspian sea, and possess the left side of the Wolga from hence near to Astrachan, in all which immense tract there is not so much as one single house to be seen, as they all live in tents, and remove from one place to another in quest

of pasturage for their large herds of cattle, consisting of horses, camels, cows, and sheep. They neither sow, nor reap, nor make hay for their cattle, so that they live without bread, or any sort of vegetable; and in the winter their cattle fare as other wild beasts. Their food is flesh (especially that of horses), fish, wild-fowl, and venison, and they have a great plenty of milk, butter and cheese; but mare's milk is the most esteemed among them; and from it they make a very strong spirit, of which they are very fond: it is clear as water, but I could never learn how it is made. The Kalmucks are divided into an infinite

infinite number of hordes, or clans, every one under their own particular chan, and all of those acknowledge the authority of one principal chan, who is called Otchicurti chan, or the king of kings, and who derives his pedigree from the great Tamerlane. He is a very potent prince, and lives in great splendor; is formidable to all the neighbouring Tartars, and to the Russians themselves, who are obliged to keep considerable garrisons on the right side of the river, all the way from Saratof to Astrachan, to prevent their excursions, as the Kalmucks are in possession of the opposite shore, and are under the necessity of furnishing the Negayan Tartars about Astrachan with arms to defend themselves, in the summer, against the incursions of the Kalmucks, who formerly used to come every summer to ravage the country of the Negayans about Astrachan, but since they have been made sensible of the effects of the small arms and cannon now put in their hands by the Russians, they content themselves with coming once a year to the great plains of Astrachan for the convenience of food for their cattle, at a season when their more northern possessions are quite destitute of it. This is commonly done with not less than one hundred thousand men, and they rarely return without having received their accustomed present of bread, brandy, and tobacco, from the governor of Astrachan.

There is no doubt but the Russians are powerful enough to curb the insolence of these vagabonds, were it not for the consideration of a benefit arising from the traffic for their furs and horses, which they bring every year in great abundance to Astrachan; and also for the service they are of to the Russians in their wars with the Turks and Crim-Tartars, being accounted the most alert at pitching and removing their tents of any people in the world, which they are accustomed to by their constant incursions to some, or other of the neighbouring countries. It is principally from this view that the Russians looked upon it, as a piece of policy rather to ally their fierceness by some presents, which, however, by continuance of time, they now demand as an obligation, than to engage in a war against a multitude of vagabonds who have so little to lose; having neither house nor fixed residence in all their dominions, but live the year round in tents covered with felts, in which however, both for neatness and convenience, they far exceed all the neighbouring nations, even those who live in fixed habitations.

The Kalmucks, as well as the other nations of Great Tartary, are Pagans. As

to their persons, they are of a low stature, and generally bow-legged, occasioned by their being so continually on horseback, or sitting with their legs below them; their faces are broad and flat, with a flat nose, and little black eyes, distant from each other like the Chinese; they are of an olive colour, and their faces full of wrinkles, with very little or no beard; they shave their heads, leaving only a tuft of hair on the crown. The better sort of them wear coats of stuff or silk, above which they wear a large wide fur coat of sheepskins, and a cap of the same: In the time of war, they cover their head and body with iron net-work, which they call a panizer, the links of which are so close, that it is proof against any kind of weapons except fire-arms, as a bullet will break it, and generally carries some broken pieces into the wound, which makes them stand in great awe of fire-arms. Their only weapons are the scymitar, lance, and bow and arrow; but they are coming into the use of fire-arms, which, in time, will make them more formidable. Their cattle are large, and their sheep are of the largest kind, having great fat tails, weighing from twenty six to thirty pounds; their ears hanging down like our dogs, and instead of wool they have soft curled hair, so that their skins are all converted into fur coats. Their horses are but small and of a bad shape, but swift, hardy, and strong, and many of them pace naturally, and trot at an incredible rate. They eat the flesh of camels, cows, and sheep, but universally give the preference to that of the horse.

They are, in their own way, the happiest people on the earth, being fatigued with no kind of labour, but diverting themselves with fishing and hunting; and I can conceive nothing preferable to their way of living in the summer: but in winter they are obliged to cross the river, and live on the bare plain of Astrachan, where their only firing is the dried dung of the cattle, and the cattle themselves starving on the scanty produce of a barren desert. Here they remain till the spring, when their former habitation, on the east side of the river, is overflowed for near a month to a vast extent by the melting of the snow, and their country appears one continued sea over-grown with trees: as soon as this subsides, they return with great joy, swimming their loaded camels and cattle over the river, where the interwoven islands make their passage easiest. It is to be observed, that the Kalmucks, when they go upon any expedition, have no regard either to bridges or boats: they no sooner come to a river, than in they plunge

plunge with their horses, and sliding from their backs, hold fast by the manes till

they get over, and then immediately mount again, and so proceed.

ACCOUNT OF THE WEDDING OF A PERSEE.

[From the Literary Magazine.]

THE Persee, at whose wedding I was a guest, many weeks before hand sent invitations to his numerous friends and acquaintance, to assemble at the fixed time, at a spacious hall, erected for the occasion, in a beautiful field. It was the dry season, when the air was mild and serene, and the whole vegetable world breathed a delightful fragrance. The hall was formed by bamboos connected together, as is usual in that country, and covered with cloth. It was a medium between a house and a tent, being less solid than the former; but more substantial than the latter. Here the company assembled, after the heat of the day was over, to the number of several hundreds. After a rich repast, which was served with great regularity, we sat out to meet the bride, messengers having arrived at the hall to announce her approach. The young Persee was mounted upon a camel richly caparisoned, himself adorned with a multitude of jewels, and highly perfumed. A number of slaves walked by the side of the camel, holding an umbrella over the head of their master, while others fanned his face: the company had, as usual, their palanquins. In the mean time we were entertained by a band of music, consisting of pipers, blowing very loud upon the great pipe with their mouths, and playing with their fingers on another; trumpeters, and a kind of drummers, beating upon what they call *tam tams*. The music was dreadfully loud, but to my ear not very pleasant. There was only one tune; nor did I ever hear another during the six years I have been in India. We arrived at a village, where we were met by the bride, attended by an infinite number of female acquaintance, her near relations, and a crowd of servants. A gentleman's carriage in the service of the company was borrowed for the bride. It was an open phaeton, drawn in slow procession, by four beautiful Arabian horses. The practice of borrowing English equipages, on matrimonial occasions, is very common, and they are always lent with great good humour. As to the rest of the ladies, some rode upon camels, some in carriages drawn by spotted buffaloes and bullocks, whose

horns were tipped with silver, and their heads adorned with flowers, bound by ribbons. The bride was a tall and comely creature; her long black hair falling down over her shoulders, and then turned up in wreaths, elegantly adorned with embroidered ribbons and precious stones. It was at the moment when her husband gave her the *salam*, in a modest and respectful manner, and at a small distance, when she stood up in the phaeton, veiled only by an umbrella, that I, who had the honour of being near the bridegroom, had a full view of his lovely bride.

At the end of the village an accident happened which interrupted, for a short time, the joy of the day, and filled the minds of hundreds with the most alarming apprehensions. The men, as well as the women, gave a loud shriek, and ran in a distracted manner, not knowing what they did: even the bride was for a moment deserted by those of her own religion and kindred, and left to the care of her European drivers. Some unlucky wag had, on purpose, set some swine adrift, that were kept by Portuguese families; and it was the fear of being touched by these odious unclean animals that turned, for a few minutes, a day of joy into a day of lamentation. It is impossible to describe the horror that both Persees and Gentoos express at the sight of a sow. The very form of that animal is offensive to them, and makes them shudder: it appears as loathsome to them as a toad does to an European; and you may imagine the horror you would feel at the approach of a toad of the size of a sow.

The swine being driven back, (in effecting which repulse I may justly boast, that I was myself the principal hero,) we proceeded in joyful procession to the hall, which, spacious as it was, was now insufficient to contain our increased numbers: wherefore many of the company were seated on the grassy plain, lamps being hung among the shrubbery on poles of bamboos, fixed without much difficulty in the soft and deep soil. The hall, illuminated without and within, displayed on both sides various pictures of elephants and other animals, and also of men. The

young Persee's uncle, who shewed myself and other Europeans, informed us, that the portraits we saw were Persian Emperors. There is Koresch, said he; and, after naming a number of other Princes, he pointed to Nadir Schah, and Kerim Khan, the present Emperor. I cannot think that they could, either from tradition, painting, or statuary, have any accurate notions, if any at all, of the particular stature, shape, and countenance of Cyrus; the artist must have been guided merely by fancy.

Various kinds of refreshments having been, after short intervals, presented to the company, we were at last entertained with a ball, which lasted all night. The ladies were placed by themselves on one side of the hall, and the gentlemen by themselves on the other. The women wore their veils; but these were not drawn so closely over the face, but that we could get a peep at their eyes and noses. When their veils were drawn back, in order that they might enjoy the refreshment of being fanned, we could discover their necks and their fine hair. Indeed, on occasion of weddings, the veil, as I have been assured, sits more loosely on the ladies than at other times. There was not the least communication between the men and the women; no, not a whisper. The men conversed among themselves, and the women observed a profound silence, looking straight forward with inexpressible sweetness and modesty.

But now appears a spectacle which commands silence among the gentlemen as well as the ladies, and draws the attention of every part of the hall. A company of strolling dancing girls from Surat, appear on a platform raised about two feet above the floor. Violins were now added to the band of music, and presently the dance began. The *balladiers* (for that is the name by which the dancing girls are distinguished on this side of Hindostan) are dressed in the gaudiest manner that the luxuriant fancy of the East can conceive. Their long black hair falling over their shoulders in flowing ringlets, or braided or turned up, is loaded with precious stones, and ornamented with flowers. Their necklaces and bracelets are enriched in the same manner; even their nose jewels, which at first sight appear shocking to an European, have something pleasing, after custom has worn off the effect of preju-

dice, and by a certain symmetry, set off all other ornaments. Nothing can equal the care they take to preserve their breasts, as the most striking mark of modesty. In order to prevent them from growing large or ill-shaped, they enclose them in cases made of exceeding light wood, which are joined together, and fastened with buckles of jewels behind. These cases are so smooth and pliant, that they give way to the various attitudes of the body without being flattened, and without the smallest injury to the delicacy of their skin. The outside of these cases is covered with a leaf of gold, and studded with diamonds. They take it off and put it on again with singular facility. The covering of the breasts conceals not from the amorous eye palpitations, heaving, various tender emotions, nor aught that can contribute to excite desire; while at the same time it leaves something to guess. The *balladiers* imagine that they heighten the beauty of their complexion, and the impression of their countenances, by tracing black circles round their eyes with a hair bodkin dipped in the powder of antimony. On their ankles, besides jewels, they wear bells, which they think have a good effect, but which, I confess, I do not admire.

When these girls dance, they do not hop, cut, and skip like our actresses in Europe; they never lift their feet high. Their dances would not be suffered, it must be owned, in an assembly of European ladies. They express, by mute action, all the raptures and extravagancies of the passion of love. When in deep retirement, concealed from every prying eye, the happy lovers, throwing aside all restraint, yield to the irresistible impulse of the most ardent desire of nature. Nor is mute action the whole of this scene. The girls accompany their wanton attitudes, with lascivious songs, until, overcome by the power of imagination, and the strength of perfumes, their voices die away, and they become motionless, which is the conclusion of this *opera*, shall I call it, or *pantomime*? The ball lasted until morning. Refreshments were presented to the company at short intervals during the night. The bride was accompanied to the house of her husband only by her nearest relations. The Hindoo ladies were in the like manner taken care of by their husbands or kindred; as to the *balladiers*, they were escorted home by Europeans.

L. 71 I

MIRZA: AN EASTERN STORY.

IN the Persian Chronicle of the five hundred and thirteenth year of the Heigyra, it is thus written :

It pleased our mighty Sovereign Abbas Carascan, from whom the Kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to set Mirza, his servant, over the province of Tauris.

In the hand of Mirza, the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality: under his administration, the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich: Mirza therefore was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head. But it was observed, that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffused: he became pensive and melancholy; he spent his leisure in solitude; in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa; and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground: he applied to the business of state with reluctance, and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He, therefore, asked permission to approach the throne of our sovereign: and being asked what was his request, he made this reply: 'May the lord of the world forgive the slave whom he has honoured, if Mirza presume again to lay the bounty of Abbas at his feet. *Thou* hast given me the dominion of a country, fruitful as the gardens of Damascus; and a city glorious above all others, except that only which reflects the splendour of thy presence. But the longest life is a period scarce sufficient to prepare for death: all other business is vain and trivial, as the toil of emmets in the path of the traveller, under whose foot they perish for ever; and all enjoyment is unsubstantial and evanescent, as the colours of a bow that appears in the interval of a storm. Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for the approach of eternity; let me give up my Soul to meditation; let solitude and silence acquaint me with the mysteries of devotion; let me forget the world, and by the world be forgotten, till the moment arrives in which the veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall be found at the bar of the Almighty.' Mirza then bowed himself to the earth, and stood silent.

By the command of Abbas it is recorded, that at these words he trembled upon that throne, at the footstool of which the world pays homage: he looked round his

nobles; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth; and the King first broke silence, after it had continued near an hour.

'Mirza, terror and doubt are come upon me, I am alarmed, as a man who suddenly perceives that he is near the brink of a precipice, and is urged forward by an irresistible force; but yet I know not, whether my danger is a reality or a dream. I am as thou art, a reptile of the earth; my life is a moment, and eternity, in which days and years and ages are nothing, is before me, for which I also should prepare; but, by whom then must the faithful be governed? By those only, who have no fear of judgment; by those only, whose life is brutal, because like brutes they do not consider that they shall die. Or who, indeed, are the faithful? Are the busy multitudes that crowd the city, in a state of perdition; and is the cell of the dervise alone the gate of Paradise? To all, the life of a dervise is not possible: to all therefore it cannot be a duty, Depart to the house which has in this city been prepared for thy residence: I will meditate the reason of thy request; and may he, who illuminates the mind of the humble, enable me to determine with wisdom.'

Mirza departed; and on the third day, having received no command, he again requested an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal presence, his countenance appeared more cheerful; he drew a letter from his bosom, and having kissed it, he presented it with his right hand. 'My Lord (said he) I have learned by this letter, which I received from Cofrou the Imay, who now stands before thee, in what manner life may be best improved: I am enabled to look back with pleasure, and forward with hope; and I shall now rejoice still to be the shadow of thy power at Tauris, and to keep those honours which I so lately wished to resign. The King who had listened to Mirza, with a mixture of surprize and curiosity, immediately gave the letter to Cofrou and commanded that it should be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary sage, whose countenance was suffused with an honest blush; and it was not without some hesitation that he read the following words:

'To Mirza, whom the wisdom of Abbas our mighty lord has honoured with dominion, be everlasting health! when I heard thy

thy purpose to withdraw the blessings of thy government from the thousands of Tauris, my heart was wounded with the arrow of affliction, and my eyes became dim with sorrow. But who shall speak before the King, when he is troubled; and who shall boast of knowledge, when he is distressed by doubt? To thee I will relate the events of my youth, which thou hast renewed before me; and those truths which they taught me, may the prophet multiply to thee.

Under the instruction of the physician Aluazer, I obtained an early knowledge of his art. To those who were smitten with disease, I could administer plants, which the Sun has impregnated with the spirit of health. But the scenes of pain, languor, and mortality, which were perpetually rising before me, made me often tremble for myself. I saw the grave open at my feet: I determined, therefore, to contemplate only the regions beyond it, and to despise every acquisition which I could not keep. I conceived an opinion, that as there was no merit but involuntary poverty, and silent meditation, those who desired money were not proper objects of bounty; and that by all who were proper objects of bounty money was despised. I, therefore, buried mine in the earth; and, renouncing society, I wandered into a wild and sequestered part of the country: my dwelling was a cave by the side of a hill; I drank the running water from the spring, and eat such fruits and herbs as I could find. To increase the austerity of my life, I frequently watched all night, sitting at the entrance of the cave with my face to the east, resigning myself to the secret influences of the prophet, and expecting illuminations from above. One morning, after my nocturnal vigil, just as I perceived the horizon glow at the approach of the sun, the power of sleep became irresistible, and I sunk under it. I imagined myself still sitting at the entrance of my cell; that the dawn increased; and that as I looked earnestly for the first beam of day, a dark spot appeared to intercept it. I perceived that it was in motion; it increased in size as it drew near, and at length I discovered it to be an Eagle. I still kept my eye fixed steadfastly upon it, and saw it alight at a small distance, where I now described a Fox, whose two fore legs appeared to be broken. Before this Fox the Eagle laid part of a kid which she had brought in her talons, and then disappeared.

When I awaked I laid my forehead to the ground, and blessed the prophet for the instruction of the morning. I reviewed my dream, and said thus to myself: 'Cofrou, thou hast done well to renounce the

tumult, the business, and the vanities of life; but thou hast as yet done it only in part; thou art still every day buffed in the search of food, thy mind is not wholly at rest, neither is thy trust in Providence complete. What art thou taught by this vision? If thou hast seen an eagle commissioned by Heaven to feed a fox that is lame, shall not the hand of Heaven also supply thee with food; when that which prevents thee from procuring it for thyself, is not necessity but devotion?' I was now so confident of a miraculous supply, that I neglected to walk out for my repast, which after the first day, I expected with an impatience that left me little power of attending to any other object; this impatience however I laboured to suppress, and persisted in my resolution; but my eyes at length began to fail me, and my knees smote each other; 'I threw myself backward, and hoped my weakness would soon increase to insensibility. But I was suddenly roused by the voice of an invisible Being, who pronounced these words; 'Cofrou, I am the angel who, by the command of the Almighty, have registered the thoughts of thy heart, which I am now commissioned to reprove. While thou wast attempting to become wiser above that which is revealed; thy folly has perverted the instruction that was vouchsafed thee. Art thou disabled as the fox? Hast thou not rather the powers of the eagle? Arise, let the eagle be the object of thy emulation. To pain and sickness, be thou again the messenger of ease and health. Virtue is not rest, but action. If thou dost good to man, as an evidence of thy love to God, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine; and that happiness, which is the pledge of Paradise, will be thy reward upon earth.'

At these words I was not less astonished, than if a mountain had been overturned at my feet. I humbled myself in the dust; I returned to the city; I dug up my treasure; I was liberal, yet I became rich. My skill in restoring health to the body, gave me frequent opportunities of curing the diseases of the soul. I put on the sacred vestments; I grew eminent beyond my merit; and it was the pleasure of the King that I should stand before him. Now, therefore be not offended; I boast of no knowledge that I have not received; as the sands of the desert drink up the drops of rain, or the dew of the morning; so do I also, who am but dust, imbibing the instructions of the prophet. Believe then, that it is he who tells thee, all knowledge is profane which terminates in thyself; and by a life wasted in speculation, little even of this

man begained. When the gates of Paradise are thrown open before thee, thy mind shall be irradiated in a moment; here thou canst little more than pile error upon error; there thou shalt build truth upon truth. Wait therefore for the glorious vision; and in the mean time emulate the eagle. Much is in thy power, and, therefore, much is expected of thee. Though the Almighty only can give virtue, yet, as a Prince, thou mayest stimulate those to beneficence, who act from no higher motive than immediate interest; thou canst not produce the principle, but mayest enforce the practice. The relief of the poor is equal, whether they receive it from attention or charity; and the effect of example is the same, whether

it be intended to obtain the favour of God or man. Let thy virtue be thus diffused; and if thou believest with reverence, thou shalt be accepted above.—Farewell. May the smile of Him who resides in the Heavens, be upon thee!—And against thy name, in the volume of His will, may happiness be written!

The King, whose doubts, like those of Mirza, were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the Prince to his government; and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know, that no life is pleasing to God, but that which is useful to mankind.

INSTRUCTIONS PREPARATORY TO THE MARRIED STATE.

[From Lord Kaim's Loose Hints upon Education.]

PUBERTY, when new appetites and desires spring up, is the most critical time for education. Let the animal appetite be retarded as long as possible in both sexes; it is not difficult to keep females within bounds, for they are trained to reserve and to suppress their desires. As the same reserve enters not into the education of young men, extraordinary means must be used to keep them within bounds. Employ your male pupil in hunting or other violent exercise that engrosses him, and leaves no room for wandering thoughts. But when he cannot any longer be restrained, then is the time for discoursing with him of marriage, for displaying its sweets, and for painting the distresses both of mind and body that result from a commerce with loose women. Give instances of such distresses and describe them in vivid colours, which at that ductile age will make a lasting impression.

Now is the time for lecturing your male pupil on the choice of a companion for life: no other branch of education is of deeper concern. Instil into his heart, that happiness in the married state depends not upon riches nor on beauty, but on good sense and sweetness of temper. Let him also keep in view, that in a married woman, the management of domestic affairs, and the education of children, are indispensable duties. He will never tire of such conversation; and if he have any degree of sensibility, it will make such an impression as to guard him against a hasty choice. If not well guarded he will pro-

bably fall a prey to beauty or other external accomplishments of little importance in the matrimonial state. He sets his heart on a pretty face, or a sprightly air; he is captivated by a good singer, or a nimble dancer; and his heated imagination bestows on the admired object every perfection. A young man who has profited by the instructions given him is not so easily captivated. The picture of a good wife is fixed in his mind; and he compares with it, every young woman he sees. 'She is pretty, but has she good sense? She has sense, but is she well tempered? She dances elegantly, or sings with expression, but is she not vain of such trifles?—Judgment and sagacity will produce a deliberate choice: love will come in with marriage; and in that state it makes an illustrious figure. After proper instruction, let the young man be at full liberty to chuse for himself. In looking about where to apply, he cannot be better directed, than to a family where the parents and children live in perfect harmony, and are fond of one another. A young woman of such a family seldom fails to make a good wife.

Beauty is commonly the first thing that attracts; and yet ought rather to be avoided in a wife. It is a dangerous property, tending to corrupt her mind, though it soon loses its influence over the husband. A figure agreeable and engaging, which inspires affection without the ebriety of love, is a much safer choice. The graces lose not their influence like beauty: at the end of thirty years, a virtuous woman who

makes

makes an agreeable companion, charms her husband more than at first. The comparison of love to fire holds good in one respect, that the fiercer it burns the sooner it is extinguished.

From the making choice of a wife, we proceed to the making choice of a husband. Mothers and nurses are continually talking of marriage to their female pupils, long before it is suggested by nature, and it is always a great estate, a fine coat, or a gay equipage that is promised. Such objects impressed on the mind of a child, will naturally bias her to a wrong choice, when she grows up. Let her never hear of marriage, but as proper for men and women; nature will suggest it to a young woman, perhaps sooner than she is capable of making a prudent choice. Neglect not at that time to talk to her of a comfortable companion for life. Let her know, that she will be despised if she marry below her rank: that happiness, however, depends not on dignity, nor on riches, but on the husband's good temper, sobriety and industry, joined with a competency. At the same time, to prevent a rash choice, make it a frequent subject of conversation, that marriage is a hazardous step, especially for the female sex, as an error in choosing a husband admits of no remedy; that the duties of a married woman are burdensome; the comforts not always corresponding. Give her the history of prudent women, who, not finding a match to their liking, pass an easy independent life, much regarded by their friends and acquaintance. When a woman has given up the thoughts of marriage, what employment more suitable can she have, than the education of young girls. Let her adopt for an heir, a female child; she will soon feel the affection of a mother, especially if she make a discreet choice. A mother's affection commences, it is true, with the birth of her child; an affection however extremely slender compared with what she feels afterwards from a watchful attention to its welfare, and from its suitable returns of gratitude. A woman who adopts a promising child, has in that respect every advantage that a mother enjoys. At any rate, the condition of a maiden lady with an adopted daughter, cannot in any view be thought inferior to that of a widow left with one or more children. I have the good fortune to be acquainted with three maiden ladies, in high esteem, who have each of them undertaken the charge of a young orphan family. In all appearance, they live as happily as any widow, and assuredly more so than many a married woman. Let it not however be thought, that I am endeavour-

ing to dissuade young women from matrimony: it would be a flagitious as well as foolish attempt.

But now, supposing a young woman perfectly tractable, no means ought to be neglected for making her an useful and agreeable companion in the matrimonial state. To make a good husband, is but one part of a man's duty; but it is the chief duty of a woman, to make a good wife. To please her husband, to be a good economist, and to educate their children, are capital duties, each of which requires much training. Nature lays the foundation: diligence and sagacity in the conductor will make a beautiful superstructure. The time a girl bestows on her doll, is a prognostic that she will be equally diligent about her offspring.

Women, destined by nature to be obedient, ought to be disciplined early to bear wrongs without murmuring. This is a hard lesson; and yet it is necessary even for their own sake: sullenness or peevishness may alienate the husband but tend not to soothe his roughness, nor to moderate his impetuosity. Heaven made women insinuating; but not in order to be cross: it made them feeble, not in order to be imperious: it gave them a sweet voice, not in order to scold: it did not give them beauty, in order to disgrace it by anger.

But after all, has nature dealt so partially among children, as to bestow on the one sex absolute authority, leaving nothing to the other but absolute submission? This indeed has the appearance of great partiality. But let us ponder a little—Has a good woman no influence over her husband? I answer, that that very simple virtue of submission can be turned to good account. A man indeed, bears rule over his wife's person and conduct; his will is law. Providence, however, has provided her with means to bear rule over his will. He governs by law, she by persuasion. Nor can her influence ever fail, if supported by sweetness of temper and zeal to made him happy. Rousseau says charmingly, 'her's is a sovereignty founded on complacence and address, caresses are her orders; tears are her menaces. She governs in a family as a minister does in the state, procuring commands to be laid on her, for doing what she inclines to do.' All beings are fitted by nature for their station. Domestic concerns are the province of the wife; and nature prompts young women to qualify themselves for behaving well in their future station: young men never think of it. I know several ladies of understanding, who at the distance of weeks can recal to memory the particulars

particulars of every dinner they have been invited to.

From a married woman engaged in family concerns, a more staid behaviour is expected than from a young woman before marriage; and consequently a greater simplicity of dress. Cornelia daughter of the great Scipio, and mother of the Gracchi, makes a figure in the Roman story. She was visited by a lady of rank, who valued dress, and was remarked for an elegant toilet. Observing every thing plain in

Cornelia's apartment, 'Madam,' says she, 'I wish to see your toilet, for it must be superb.' Cornelia waved the subject till her children came from school. 'These, my good friend, are my ornaments, and all I have for a toilet.' Here is displayed pure nature in perfection. A girl begins with a doll, then thinks of adorning her own person. When she is married, her children become her dolls, upon whom, all her dress is displayed.

FOR THE NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

ON THE BENEFITS TO BE DERIVED FROM KEEPING SHEEP IN NOVA-SCOTIA.

I AM told [by some, and I believe good judges, that there is no way that the Farmer in Nova-Scotia can make money easier than by keeping sheep; and whatever opportunity I have had to observe concerning them serves to strengthen the same opinion. Sheep that are bred here are, I think, larger than in the States; and I find that ewes will annually yield about three pounds of wool, upon an average, which is about one-third more than ewes, separate from weathers, have yielded in such parts of the States as I have lived in: I believe they are not only larger here, but have more wool according to their size. Nature thus providing a covering suitable to the climate: as, on the other hand, it is well known, that when sheep are removed to the West-Indies, they will in a short time be deprived of their wool, and covered with hair.

The great price that lambs fetch in the market is also much in favour of keeping sheep; for they are sold at a time when the markets cannot be glutted with dead meat from the States, as they often are in the season for bringing beef and pork; and this will continue to be the case till such time as the markets are lowered by the increase of sheep among ourselves; and I think no lover of his country, though a farmer, will grudge to have the price low when it is made so by the great plenty from among ourselves: till such time, the forementioned great price stands as a sufficient encouragement and indemnification for any additional expence that commonly attends the beginning of a new undertaking.

I am sensible that there are difficulties in the way with respect to keeping a number of sheep; many of the new settlers

are not able, as yet, to provide themselves with sufficient pasturage for the summer, and sheep are too unruly to be trusted out of a pasture, without a keeper; also, in all our new settlements, nearly adjoining to large forests, they are exposed to the ravages not only of dogs, but of wild cats, loup-cerviers, &c. by which many of them may be killed in a single night; and the risque and difficulty from these things may be more than a balance to the advantage of keeping sheep; and have hitherto hindered me from attempting it, as I doubt not they have many others: yet all these difficulties and dangers are entirely removed by putting them into a flock where a sufficient number can be obtained, and putting them under the care of a faithful shepherd, and that without any loss to the owners of the sheep. To evince this, I need only mention the practice in some parts of Connecticut, where once a week the benefit of folding the sheep in the night is sold at auction, and such as have any particular piece of land which they want to manure, attend, and buy them for one, two or more nights, according to the land they want to manure: he who buys them for the night, watches with them, not only for the security of the flock, but also for his own benefit, removing the flock once or twice in the night, that the manure may be more evenly scattered; and to keep them from breaking into adjoining fields, or any other part of his own, from which this is perhaps separated by a slight fence, run up for the present purpose. The price they sell for commonly more than pays the shepherd and all other expences, so that the owners of the flock have a dividend of money to receive at the fall, with their sheep;

sheep; and there will be no want of purchasers when once people become acquainted with the benefit of folding them, especially here, where the warm nature of sheep-dung is peculiarly suited to the coldness of the climate.

Perhaps a flock may be made up the ensuing spring from Halifax and its environs, for I think it may be worth while to drive sheep many miles in the spring for the benefit of having them go all summer with the flock.

As to feeding ground, sheep will live where other cattle would starve, and commonly do best upon dry barren hills, where there is an extent of sterile uncleared ground; they will soon enlarge their feeding ground if they are turned for a few days at a time upon such land, for they eat bushes best of any creature, except goats, and will soon bring it into grass. If the sheep that are already in the province were the ensuing spring collected into flocks (if it was by driving them twenty or even thirty miles) it might be a public benefit, as it would open the way for a great increase, by putting it in the power of many to keep sheep who cannot now for want of pasturing; and such increase would not only benefit individuals but the province in general, as it would remove, at least in part, the necessity of sending so much money, not only out of the province, but out of the kingdom, for the purpose of importing flesh of different kinds.

In the winter, sheep should never be kept or suffered to go in the same yard with other cattle; as they are often gored, or much hurt by them; but they should have a yard or small penn prepared for them, on the north side of which should be a shed, open upon the south side— $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet is high enough for the back part, $5\frac{1}{2}$ for the fore part, and 12 or 14 feet should be the width from north to south; the back side and two ends should be sufficiently tight to keep out wind and snow, and, by its lowness and great width, snow and rain will generally be prevented from driving in so far from the south, but that the sheep will have a dry place to lay in: it should be made low and wide, also, for the sake of keeping it as warm as may be consistent with having one side open, for the purpose of their breathing a free and unconfined air. This is more especially necessary where there is a considerable number of sheep shut up together; for if they are kept in a tight place, the heat of their bodies and breath soon renders the air so putrid and suffocating as is very injurious and sometimes fatal to them; also, in a tight place there will be a moisture and

dampness in the air which will not be where the south side lies open to the air and sun; a dry open air is best for sheep; on the other hand, too much moisture is often fatal to them both in winter and summer.

Ewes should be kept a little better for two or three weeks before yearning time, than usual; this not only secures them from any danger that might attend them at that time; but the Lambs also will be stronger and more likely to do well. If young Lambs should appear to be near dead by being overcome with the cold, as is sometimes the case when they come in a cold stormy night, the following method commonly helps them in a few minutes burn a handful of straw in an oven and, as soon as the fire is out, while the oven is yet full of smoke, put the Lamb in and shut up the mouth of the oven: Odd as this remedy may seem, it is doubtless, one of the best that can be made use of. I have known Lambs that could neither stand nor go when put in, walking round the oven in a few minutes.

Another thing, such as keep sheep should be acquainted with; that is, the province abounds much with a species of the Laurel, which is a deadly poison to sheep; it is a low evergreen shrub about the size of the common whortle, its blossoms are of a reddish white, spotted with red and grow in whorls round the shrub below the top. Sheep are never poisoned with it but once; they either never eat it again, or it does not affect them; all therefore that is necessary to secure them from it, is to let them eat but little, which secures them without hurting them, for they must eat considerable of it to kill themselves. Where sheep have access to it from yearning time and forward, no care is necessary; the slow way that the lambs come on with their eating effectually secures them from it; but if the lambs are grown so as to eat considerable when they are first turned out, the best way is to drive them directly to it, and in a few minutes drive them again to their penn; repeat the same for a day or two, till all the lambs have eat a little, after which they may be turned out without danger. If old sheep are brought from a place where there is no laurel, the same caution is necessary; but if, through neglect, any should be poisoned, oil, or, in want of that, hog's-fat and molasses, poured down their throat is a good remedy and often helps them.

Sheep should not be suffered to feed much on low boggy ground, for the wet is not only bad for them, but such lands have growing on them in many places a small plant, called sun-dew, in some parts

of England red rot, from its reddish colour, and occasioning, as is supposed, the rot in sheep; such places therefore should be avoided, or should not be included in pastures intended for sheep. The above plant may easily be known by a very striking circumstance in its appearance; the leaves are fringed with hairs supporting small drops or globules of a pellucid liquor, like dew, which continue even in the hottest part of the day, and in the fullest exposure to the sun. Some think that the rot in sheep is not occasioned by the sundew, but by a small insect adhering to that and other plants in wet ground; this insect is found adhering to the livers and and biliary ducts of sheep affected with the rot; but in either case the wet ground must be avoided. If they have the rot, put them where they can come at the bark and young shoots of elder, and they will soon cure themselves. Such as are scabby, may generally be cured by a decoction of cleampane root.

I shall conclude these observations with recommending it to the farmers, who wish to have fine wool, to be particularly careful in the choice of their rams. They ought to part with such as have coarse wool, and supply their place with those that are covered with a finer kind. It would be well also to change the ewes, if possible. By a proper attention to this matter the value of the wool will be greatly increased, and the farmer will consequently be much benefited.

If any thing I have said on this subject should be a means of drawing the attention of our farmers to the benefits to be derived from keeping sheep, or should lead a number of individuals in the metropolis, or other principal towns in the province, to collect flocks of sheep, under the care of shepherds, I am satisfied, that not only many individuals, but the province in general, would soon find the good effects of it:

A FARMER:

THE TEMPLE OF HAPPINESS:

A VISION:

AS the desire of happiness is the governing principle of our nature, it is not to be wondered at, that mankind should endeavour to attain it, by pursuing every imaginable path that can lead to it. But, alas! such is the weakness of our limited understandings, such is the blindness of our corrupt imagination, that we defeat those very ends by which we might arrive at it. The very objects we were most certain of finding it centered in, are perhaps the most distant from it, and those men who are the most earnest in the search of it, we often find the most disappointed. I was ruminating on this subject one night on my pillow, when the idea made so strong an impression on my mind, that falling into a profound sleep, the following vision presented itself to my imagination.

I thought myself in a very large plain, which was incircled by a most extensive wood. In this plain, I saw a vast multitude of people of both sexes and of all ages assembled, on a sudden they were all in motion. I enquired whether they were going; and I was informed that they all bent their steps towards the Temple of Happiness, which was situated at the extremity of the wood.

There were three vistas cut through the wood, and the multitude divided themselves into three distinct parties, each taking a different route. The names of these three paths I found were Riches, Learning, and Contentment. I immediately joined a large croud and with them entered the road of Riches, desirous to arrive at the Temple by that avenue. Our journey for a time was pleasant and we travelled on in high spirits, with a certainty of success. But, behold! we had not proceeded far, when we could discern dreary prospects, frightful precipices, and horrid gulphs.— There were also ugly fiends of most tremendous forms, who seized my unfortunate companions, and dashed them down the dreadful precipices, or plunged them headlong into the horrid gulphs. These loathsome spectres were Ambition, Envy, Covetousness, and Self-love. I started back affrighted, and was in the utmost apprehension of perishing, when a damsel of a most serene aspect, came to my relief, and led me back to the plain, from whence I set out; her name was COMPLACENCY: I expressed my sincere gratitude to her for my preservation, when she thus accosted me.— Stranger, says she, you have escaped the greatest danger; for such of those unhappy

happy

happy wretches, as have survived the gulphs and precipices, will arrive at a Temple which has all the external ornaments of gold and precious stones, and which their deluded imaginations will represent to them to be the true Temple of Happiness; nor will they at first perceive their error, but, alas! in the end, they will find it to be the seat of misery; here they will make their abode, with biting cares and anxious disquietude.—Here my guide forsook me, and I joined myself to another company, with whom I proceeded to the track of learning through the second opening in the wood. This path I found very difficult and narrow at the entrance. In many places obscurity, doubts, and perplexity impeded our steps, and the farther we went, the more these embarrassments increased; many of my fellow travellers perished in the attempt, some were too weak, others too unwieldy, and the rest too impatient for so intricate a journey.—Here you might see some failing for want of natural abilities, and others so entangled among the briars and thorns of controversy and criticism, that they sunk down in heaps, never more to lift up their heads. Divines, poets, philosophers, and schoolmen streyed the way with their feeble carcases: and great numbers of an inferior class stumbled over their manes: it resembled a slaughter in the Iliad, or the carnage of the dæmons in Milton's Paradise Lost.

I could likewise perceive phantoms in the air, hovering over me, almost as frightful as those I saw in the road of Riches.—These were Doubt, Perplexity, and Contradiction. I was now ready to give way to despair, having lost all hopes of reaching the long wished-for Temple, when the most beautiful being I ever beheld presented herself to my view. She exactly answered the description Virgil gives of Venus, *et vera incessu patuit dea*, or as Milton expresses it, 'Grace was in all her steps;' her name was PROVIDENCE. She saw my

distress, and taking me by the hand, conducted me through a narrow, unfrequented path, into the road of contentment. This was the reverse of the two others, for the farther I proceeded the more pleasant it became. Here, instead of frightful precipices, or thorny ways, the ground was enamelled with flowers of various hues: the air was sweet, and the sky perfectly serene. I felt no weariness, no anxiety, no fear, but pursued my journey in the highest spirits; but as we went on, my heavenly guide gradually removed from my visual nerves those mists which had before contrasted them, and I could plainly discern at a small distance, the true Temple of Happiness. I now redoubled my efforts, and soon attained to the completion of all my wishes. I was not a little surpris'd to find it a plain edifice on the outside, without any artificial ornaments, but the exquisite stile of architecture attracted my notice, notwithstanding its simplicity.

I entered the temple conducted by my guide, and beheld the goddess in an erect attitude, supported by religion on her right hand, and Virtue on the left. She had a most lovely countenance, and smiled with ineffable satisfaction on her votaries: My transports on finding myself in this delicious place cannot be expressed. But my astonishment was inconceivable to see few people in it but those of the middle, and lower classes of mankind. I expected to have found the Temple filled with crowns and sceptres, stars and garters, coronets and mitres: only here and there, one of these were to be seen who had been conducted there by the meritorious indigents whom they had protected and sheltered from worldly injuries. I was about to prostrate myself to the deity, when this effort of adoration awakened me, and this baseless fabrick of the vision left behind only the faint traces I have communicated.

OFFICE OF THE KING'S COCK-CROWER.

[From the Gentleman's Magazine.]

THERE was, till within the present century, retained within the precincts of the Royal Palace of Westminster, a solemn officer, styled the King's Cock-crower; whose duty, during the whole season of Lent, was to crow the hour, instead of crying it, as is the practice of watch-

men. Whether that venerable function was abolished by the late bill for the reformation, as it was called, of the Royal Household, I am ignorant. I do know, that in most seasons wherein a pretended rage for reformation prevails, many customs, whose origin did in reality aim at reforming

reforming our manners and lives, are confounded with abuses, and levelled indiscriminately. The intention of crowing the hour of the night, was undoubtedly to remind waking sinners of the august effect the third crowing of the cock had on the guilty apostle St. Peter: and the limitation of the custom to the season of Lent was judiciously adopted; as, had the practice continued throughout the year, the impenitent would become as habituated and as indifferent to the crow of the mimic cock, as they are to that of the real one, or to the cry of the watchman. The adaptation to the precincts of the court seems also to have had a view, as if the institutor (probably the Royal Confessor) had considered that the greater and more obdurate sinners resided within the purlieus of the palace.

Many reasons concur for restoring the office of Royal Cock-crower, if abolished. One is, that it would not now be a sinecure. As we have turned night into day, the officer in question could not sleep on his post. As courtiers too do not at present retire to rest till morning, the cock-crower would have much more chance of striking terror into their guilty minds, as happened to St. Peter, than by giving his warning to men fast asleep; the only mistake which the institutor seems to have made in so religious an establishment! How awfully would it strike a noble lady, passing through the streets with a row of footmen and torches before her chair, to hear a chanticleer of sonorous lungs crow, 'Past four o'clock, and a cloudy morning!' Peter wept; her ladyship might drop a tear.

As the national concerns too are often

agitated in the senate past midnight, might not the venerable senators themselves receive devout mementos of their mortality, on meeting in the broad-way at Whitehall, as they return from their duty, a body of cock-crowers iterating the past hour: could we suppose that any of those legislators had, like St. Peter, been denying their master; or, like his comrade Judas, been selling their conscience for a bribe? But I recollect, that the office remained in force long since debates lasted past midnight, and even since bribery and corruption had taken root; and yet it is not recorded, that any member of either House ever imitated St. Peter at the voice of his Majesty's cock-crower, and repented.

I am founded in this bold assertion by an anecdote, dated soon after the accession of the present royal family. On the first Ash-Wednesday at night, as his late Majesty, then Prince of Wales, sat down to supper, a person advanced, before the chaplain said grace, and crowed 'Past ten o'clock.' The astonished Prince, not understanding English, and mistaking the tremulation of the crow for mockery, concluded that this ceremony was an insult, and was rising from table in great heat, till informed, that what his Royal Highness took for an affront was nothing but an etiquette of the palace, which had been practised in the presence of all preceding Princes, Plantagenets, Tudors, and Stuarts. However, the practice was discontinued from that time within the walls of St. James's, and no more performed than our Sovereigns wash the feet of the poor on Maunday Thursday in person.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE WONDERFUL INGENUITY OF CERTAIN INSECTS.

[From the Universal Magazine.]

Deum namque ire per omnes
Terrasque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum.

VIRGIL.

For God the whole created mass inspires.

DRYDEN.

THE association and economy of the Common Ants merit no less attention than those of bees and wasps. With wonderful industry and activity they collect materials for the construction of their nest. They unite in numbers, and assist each

other in excavating the earth, and in transporting to their habitation bits of straw, small pieces of wood, and other substances of a similar kind, which they employ in lining and supporting their subterraneous galleries. The form of their

their nest or hill is somewhat conical, and, of course, the water, when it rains, runs easily off, without penetrating their abode. Under this hill there are many galleries or passages which communicate with each other, and resemble the streets of a small city.

The ants not only associate for the purpose of constructing a common habitation, but for cherishing and protecting their offspring. Every person must have often observed, when part of a nest is suddenly exposed, their extreme solicitude for the preservation of their chrysalids or nymphs, which often exceed the size of the animals themselves. With amazing dexterity and quickness the ants transport the nymphs into the subterraneous galleries of the nest, and place them beyond the reach of any common danger. The courage and fortitude with which they defend their young is no less astonishing. The body of an ant was cut through the middle, and after suffering this cruel treatment, so strong was its parental affection, with its head, and one half of the body, it carried off eight or ten nymphs. They go to great distances in search of provisions. Their roads, which are often winding and involved, all terminate in the nest.

The wisdom and foresight of the ants have been celebrated from the remotest antiquity. It has been asserted and believed, for near three thousand years, that they lay up magazines of provisions for the winter, and that they even cut off the germ of the grain to prevent it from shooting. But the ancients were never famed for accurate researches into the nature and operations of insects. These supposed magazines could be of no use to the ants; for, like the marmots and dormice, they sleep during the winter. A very moderate degree of cold is sufficient to render them torpid. In fact, it is now well known that they amass no magazines of provisions. The grains which, with so much industry and labour, they carry to their nest, are not intended to be the food to the animals, but, like the bits of straw and wood, are employed as materials in the construction of their habitations.

But the habitations and economy of the common ants, although extremely curious, are far exceeded by what has been related of the truly wonderful operations of the *Tremetes* of Africa, which are generally called *White Ants*, although they belong to a different genus of insects. The nests of these insects, rising to the height of ten or twelve feet, resemble the huts of the Negroes; and they are so numerous, moreover, that they exhibit some

appearance of a village. It is not my intention, however, to enter into the natural history of this republic of insects.

Beside the *associating* insects, whose operations I have described, there are several species of bees distinguished by the appellation of *solitary*, because they do not associate to carry on any joint operations. Of this kind is the mason-bee; so called because it builds a habitation composed of sand and mortar. The nests of this bee are fixed to the walls of houses, and, when finished, have the appearance of irregular prominences arising from dirt or clay accidentally thrown against a wall or stone by the feet of hoises. These prominences are not so remarkable as to attract attention; but, when the external coat is removed, their structure is discovered to be truly admirable. The interior part consists of an assemblage of different cells, each of which affords a convenient lodgment to a white worm, pretty similar to those produced by the honey bee. Here they remain till they have undergone all their metamorphoses. In constructing this nest, which is a work of great labour and dexterity, the female is the sole operator. She receives no assistance from the male. The manner in which the female mason-bees build their nests is the most curious branch of their history.

After choosing a part of a wall on which she is resolved to fix an habitation for her future progeny, she goes in quest of proper materials. The nest to be constructed must consist of a species of mortar, of which sand is the basis. She knows, like human builders, that every kind of sand is not equally proper for making good mortar. She goes, therefore, to a bed of sand, and selects, grain by grain, the kind which is best to answer her purpose. With her teeth, which are as large and as strong as those of honey-bee, she examines and brings together several grains. But sand alone will not make mortar. Recourse must be had to a cement similar to the slacked lime employed by masons. Our bee is unacquainted with lime, but she possesses an equivalent in her own body. From her mouth she throws out a viscid liquor, with which she moistens the first grain pitched upon. To this grain she cements a second, which she moistens in the same manner, and to the former two she attaches a third, and so on, till she has formed a mass as large as the shot usually employed to kill hares. This mass she carries off in her teeth to the place she had chosen for erecting her nest, and makes it the foundation of the first cell. In this manner she labours incessantly till all the cells are completed, a work which

is generally accomplished in five or six days. All the cells are similar, and nearly equal in dimensions. Before they are covered, their figure resembles that of a thimble. She never begins to make a second till the first be finished. Each cell is about an inch high, and nearly half an inch in diameter. But the labour of building is not the only one this female bee has to undergo. When a cell has been raised to one half or two thirds of its height, another occupation commences. She seems to know the quantity of food that will be necessary to nourish the young that is to proceed from the egg, from its exclusion till it acquires its full growth, and passes into the chrysalis state. The food which is prepared for the support of the young worm consists of the farina or powder of flowers, diluted with honey, which forms a kind of pap. Before the cell is entirely finished, the mason bee collects from the flowers, and deposits in the cell, a large quantity of farina, and afterwards disgorges upon it as much honey as dilutes it, and forms it into a kind of paste, or syrup. When this operation is performed, she completes her cell, and, and, after depositing an egg in it, covers the mouth of it with the same mortar she uses in building her nest. The egg is now inclosed on all sides in a walled habitation hermetically sealed. A small quantity of air, however, gets admission to the worm, otherwise it could not exist. Reaumur discovered that air actually penetrated through this seemingly compact mason-work.

As soon as the first cells is completed, the mason-bee lays the foundation of another. In the same nest she often constructs seven or eight cells, and sometimes only three or four. She places them near each, other, but not in any regular order. This industrious animal, after all her-cells are constructed, filled with provisions, and sealed, covers the whole with an envelope of the same mortar, which, when dry, is as hard as a stone. The nest now is commonly of an oblong, or roundish figure, and the external cover is composed of coarser sand than that of the cells. As the nests are almost as durable as the walls on which they are placed; they are often, in the following season, occupied by a stranger bee. Though inclosed with two hard walls, when the fly emerges from the chrysalis state, it first gnaws with its teeth a passage through the wall that sealed up the mouth of its cell; afterward, with the same instruments, it pierces the still stronger and more compact cover which invests the whole nest; at last it escapes into the open air, and, if a female, in a short time,

constructs a nest of the same kind with that which the mother had made. To all these facts, Du Hamel, Reaumur, and many other naturalists of credit and reputation, have been repeatedly eye-witnesses.

From the hardness of the materials with which the mason-bee constructs her nest, from the industry and dexterity she employs to protect her progeny from enemies of every kind, we may naturally imagine that the young worms were in perfect safety, and their castle was impregnable. But, notwithstanding all these favourable precautions, the young of the mason-bee are often devoured by the instinctive dexterity of certain species of four winged insects, distinguished by the name of ichneumon flies. These flies, when the mason-bee has nearly completed a cell, and filled it with provisions, deposit their own eggs in her cell. After the eggs of the ichneumon flies are hatched, their worms devour not only the provisions laid up by the mason-bee, but even her progeny which she had laboured so hard, and with so much art and ingenuity, to protect. But the mason-bee has an enemy still more formidable. A certain fly employs the same stratagem of insinuating an egg into one of her cells before it is completed.— From this egg proceeds a strong and rapacious worm, armed with prodigious fangs. The devastation of this worm are not confined to one cell. He often pierces through each cell in the nest, and successively devours both the mason-worms, and the provisions so anxiously laid up for their support by the mother. This stranger worm is afterward transformed into a fine beetle, which is enabled to pierce the nest, and to make his escape.

The operations of another species of solitary bees, called wood-piercers, likewise merit attention. These bees are larger than the queens of the honey-bee. Their bodies are smooth, except the sides, which are covered with hair. In the spring, they frequent gardens, and search for rotten, or at least dead wood, in order to make an habitation for their young. When a female of this species, (for she receives no assistance from the male,) has selected a piece of wood, or a decayed tree, she commences her labour by making a hole in it, which is generally directed toward the axis of the tree. When she has advanced about half an inch, she alters her direction of the hole, and conducts it nearly parallel to the axis of the wood. The size of her body requires that this hole should have a considerable diameter. It is often so large as to admit the finger of a man, and it sometimes extends from twelve to fifteen inches

inches in length. If the thickness of the wood permits, she makes three or four of these long holes in its interior part. M. de Reaumur found three of these parallel holes in an old espalier post. Their diameters exceeded half an inch. This labour, for a single bee, is prodigious; but, in executing it, she consumes weeks, and even months.

Around the foot of a post or piece of wood where one of these bees are working, little heaps of timber dust are always found lying on the ground. These heaps daily increase in magnitude, and the particles of dust are as large as those produced by a hand-saw. The two teeth with which the animal is provided are the only instruments she employs in making such considerable perforations. Each tooth consists of a solid piece of shell, which in shape resembles an auger. It is convex above, concave below, and terminates in a sharp but strong point.

These long holes are designed for lodgings to the worms that are to proceed from the eggs which the bee is soon to deposit in them. But after the holes are finished, her labour is by no means at an end. The eggs must not be mingled or piled above each other. Every separate worm must have a distinct apartment, without any communication with the others. Each long hole or tube, accordingly, is only the outer walls of a house which is to consist of many chambers ranged one above another. A hole of about twelve inches in length she divides into ten or twelve separate apartments, each of which is about an inch high. The roof of the lowest room is the floor of the second, and so on to the uppermost. Each floor is about the thickness of a French crown. The floors or divisions are composed of particles of wood cemented together by a glutinous substance from the animal's mouth. In making a floor, she commences with gluing an annular plate of wood-dust round the internal circumference of the cavity. To this plate she attaches a second, to the second a third, and to the third a fourth, till the whole floor is completed. The undermost cell requires only a roof, and this roof is a floor to the second, &c.

I have hitherto described the wonderful assiduity of this animal in constructing her cells. But this operation, though great, and seemingly superior to the powers of a creature so small, is not her only labour. Before roofing in the first cell, she fills it with a paste or pap, composed of the farina of flowers moistened with honey. The quantity of paste is equal to the dimensions of the cell, which is about an inch high, and half an inch in diameter.

Into this paste, which is to nourish the future worm, she deposits an egg. Immediately after this operation, she begins to form a roof, which not only incloses the first cell, but serves as a floor to the second. The second cell she likewise fills with paste, deposits an egg, and then covers the whole with another roof. In this manner she proceeds, till she has divided the whole tube into separate cells. A single tube frequently contains from ten to a dozen of these cells. When the cells are all inclosed, the business of this laborious bee is finished, and she takes no more charge of her future progeny. The attention and sollicitude bestowed by many other animals, in rearing their young, are exerted after birth. But, in the wood-piercing bee, as well as in many other insects, this instinctive attachment is reversed. All her cares and labours are exerted before she either sees her offspring, or knows that they are to exist. But, after the description that has been given of her amazing operations, she will not be considered as an unnatural mother. With astonishing industry and perseverance, she not only furnishes her young with safe and convenient lodgings, but lays up for them stores of provisions sufficient to support them till their final metamorphosis into flies, when the new females perform the same almost incredible operations for the protection and sustenance of their own offspring. When the young worm is hatched, it has scarcely sufficient space to turn itself in the cell, which is almost filled with the pappy substance formerly mentioned. But, as this substance is gradually devoured by the worm, the space in the cell necessarily enlarges in proportion to the growth and magnitude of the animal.

We are informed by M. de Reaumur, that M. Pitor furnished him with a piece of wood, not exceeding an inch and a half in diameter, which contained the cells of a wood-piercing bee. He cut off as much of the wood as was sufficient to expose two of the cells to view, in each of which was a worm. The aperture he had made, to prevent the injuries of the air, he closed, by passing on it a bit of glass. The cells were then almost entirely filled with paste. The two worms were exceedingly small, and, of course, occupied but little space between the walls of the cells and the mass of paste. As the animals increased in size, the paste daily diminished. He began to observe them on the 12th day of June; and, on the 27th of the same month, the paste in each cell was nearly consumed, and the worm folded in two, occupied the greater part of its habitation. On the 2d of July, the provisions of both worms were

were entirely exhausted; and, beside the worms themselves, there remained in the cells only a few small, black, oblong grains of excrement. The five or six following days they fasted, which seemed to be a necessary abstinence, during which they were greatly agitated. They often bended their bodies, and elevated and depressed their heads. These movements were preparatory to the great change the animals were about to undergo. Between the 7th and 8th of the same month, they threw off their skins, and were metamorphosed into nymphs. On the 30th of July, these nymphs were transformed into flies similar to their parents. In a range of cells, the worms are of different ages, and of course of different sizes. Those in the lower cells are older than those in the superior; because, after the bee has filled with paste and enclosed its first cell, a considerable time is requisite to collect provisions, and to form partitions for every successive and superior cell. The former, therefore, must be transformed into nymphs and flies before the latter. These circumstances are apparently foreseen by the common mother; for, if the undermost worm, which is oldest, and soonest transformed, were to force its way upward, which it could easily do, it would not only disturb, but infallibly destroy all those lodged in superior cells. But nature has wisely prevented this devastation; for the head of the nymph, and consequently of the fly, is always placed in a downward direction. Its first instinctive movements must, therefore, be in the same direction. That the young flies may escape from their respective cells, the mother digs a hole at the bottom of the long tube, which makes a communication with the undermost cell and the open air. Sometimes a similar passage is made near the middle of the tube. By this contrivance, as all the flies instinctively endeavour to cut their way downward, they find an easy and convenient passage; for they have only to pierce the floor of their cells, which they readily perform with their teeth.

Another small species of solitary bees dig holes in the earth to make a convenient habitation for their young. Their nests are composed of cylindrical cells fixed to one another, and each of them, in figure, resembles a thimble. Their bottom of course, is convex and rounded.—The bottom of the second is inserted into the entry of the first; and the entry of the

second receives the bottom of the third.— They are not all of the same length. Some of them are five lines long, others only four, and their diameters seldom exceed two lines. Sometimes only two of these cells are joined together; and at other times, we find three or four, which form a kind of cylinder. The cylinder is composed of alternate hands of different colours; those of the narrowest, at the juncture of two cells, are white, and those of the broadest are of a reddish brown.— The cells consist of a number of fine membranes, formed of a glutinous and transparent substance from the animal's mouth. Each cell our bee fills with the farina of flowers diluted with honey; and in this paste she deposits her egg. She then covers the cell, by gluing to its mouth a fine cellular substance taken from the leaves of some plant; and in this manner she proceeds till her cylindrical nest is completed. The worms which are hatched from the eggs feed upon the paste, so carefully laid up for them by the mother, till they are transformed into flies similar to their parents.

Among wasps, as well as bees, there are solitary species, which carry on no joint operations. These solitary wasps are not less ingenious in constructing proper habitations for their young, nor less provident in laying up for them a store of nourishment sufficient to support them till they are transformed into flies, or have become perfect animals.

I shall conclude this paper with observing, that some of the ancient philosophers, and, in particular, Pythagoras and Plato, were so struck by the wonderful ingenuity displayed in the operations of bees, that they thought them endued, not merely with instinct, but with something of celestial intellect: and to this idea Virgil thus alludes:

His quidam signis, atque hæc exempla secuti,
 Esse apibus partem divinæ mentis, & haustus
 Æthereos dixerunt.

Induc'd by such examples some have taught
 That bees have portions of ætherial thought;
 Endued with particles of heav'nly fires.

DRYDEN.

FOR THE NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING CHEESE.

TO farmers who live in the country and keep many cows, it would doubtless be an advantage to know how to make their milk into good cheese; for through the want of that knowledge the dairy-women are often at as much pains to spoil their milk by making it into very bad cheese, as they would then be to make that which was very good.

Much depends upon having a portion of salt-petre used with common salt in salting the cheese:—If the latter only is used, and a quantity sufficient to keep the cheese sweet is put in, the cheese is apt to be very hard, and to have a biting disagreeable taste; but if not so much is taken, then, when the cheese is drying a putrid fermentation comes on, and the cheese swells up much in the middle, often till it is twice as thick as it was before. If the cheese should now be cut, it would be found to send forth a disagreeable stench, and could not be eaten; but if suffered to stand, the fermentation gradually abates, and the cheese falls, even lower than it was at first, so as to be concave on both sides: By age such cheeses grow much sweeter than they were when fermenting, yet always retain something of the same disagreeable strong taste. Cheeses that are not salted enough, will be more or less according to the above description, in proportion as they lack more or less of being salted enough; so that whenever the dairy-woman perceives the above appearance in her cheeses, she may know that it is time for her to alter her hand in salting. The people of England have perhaps as many different ways of making cheese as there are different counties in England; which is sufficient to shew that cheese may be

good, and yet differ in some respects as to the way of its being made; for the best of cheeses are made in divers parts of England; yet whatever particulars they differ in, they doubtless agree in adopting the use of salt-petre, though perhaps not all in the same proportion; for it is well known that cheeses from different parts vary in quality, and yet are all very good.

Cheeses made according to the following receipt have by long experience been found to be of a very excellent quality, and perhaps inferior to none that are made in England:

Let the runnet be prepared by soaking the calve's bag in cold water, and salting it enough to keep it sweet; to the milk, first made blood warm, add enough of this to turn the milk to a curd in half an hour, which quantity will soon be found by experience; then heat it as hot as you can well bear your hand in it, and having strained the whey well from it, break or chop the curd to pieces, and to every five pounds of cheese put a tea spoonful of salt-petre, and a large table spoonful of common salt; (it will soon be learned by experience how much milk or curd will produce five pounds of cheese) it must now be put in the press and turned within an hour; keep it in the press two days, —turn it twice the first day, and once the last.

They should while drying be kept in a dark room, or otherwise kept from flies.

If any cracks come in them when drying, let them be filled with a paste made of butter and flour to keep the flies from coming at them, if any should get into the room.

SPEECH OF GENERAL PAOLI.

[From the London Chronicle.]

GENERAL PAOLI, whose public and private virtues, and particularly whose noble exertions in favour of the liberty of Corsica, have merited universal admiration, has been lately re-established by his countrymen in his dignity of General of the National troops, and President of the General Assembly of the Island. I

have been favoured with a copy of his speech made the 9th of September last at the opening of that Assembly, and the sentiments it contains do so much honour to the heart and feelings of that illustrious Patriot, and to the generosity of the British nation, that it is with much satisfaction I have it in my power to communicate to the

the world a translation of it, which I send first to *The London Chronicle*, as that paper was the vehicle of my authentic intelligence concerning the brave islanders, in their times of warfare.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant,
JAMES BOSWELL.

GENTLEMEN,

PERMIT me to express to you my warmest sentiments of gratitude for the honour your choice has conferred upon me, and to congratulate you, and myself on the happy occasion which is the cause of our meeting. You already feel so sensibly the advantages we now enjoy, that it is scarcely necessary for me to recall to your remembrance the past vicissitudes of our Island. You know how often, during a series of ages, our countrymen have been obliged to take up arms, sometimes for defending, and sometimes for recovering their liberty, a generous love of which has never been extinguished in their minds. You recollect the more recent state of things, when the Island being almost entirely delivered from its external and internal enemies, when the constitution of our Government, which merited the approbation and applause even of foreign nations, being established and consolidated, commerce, agriculture, the useful arts, and the patriotic virtues, were prospering among us, under the protection of our recovered liberty, while a rigorous observance of the laws had contributed to restore our internal tranquility.

The enjoyment of so great blessings was not, alas, of long duration; the invidious projects of Ministers, after having operated for some time in endeavouring to deprive us of them by secret machinations; after having suggested all the means that political address employs on such occasions, but which proved insufficient to subdue the patriotic spirit of the Corsicans; induced them at last to send against this unfortunate country, a force too superior to be opposed with success. Resistance was, however, made for some time, not without glory; and during certain moments, the justice of our cause alarmed the pride of the despotic Minister. His injustice and violence triumphed however at last in spite of your generous efforts, and every one of you knows, how cruel his resentment has been during the oppressive government which is just come to an end; there is scarcely an individual that does not suffer from its destructive effects; and from the losses arising from this system of tyranny: in short, the nation seemed to be threatened with intire ruin, had not the happy Revolution that has taken

place in the French monarchy averted the fatal blow.

It was at that favourable juncture that you began to recover vigour, and to imitate the ancient virtue of your ancestors, who, for the first time, flew to their arms, though almost without hopes of success, determined to break their chains, or to perish in the conflict. Your efforts interested in your favour the French nation; the recollection of the wrongs which it had suffered itself, rendered it compassionate towards your unhappy state; the insidious and cruel arts of political subtilty were practised in vain, nor did the clamours of our enemies prevent that generous people from using every means for repairing the wrongs which had been done to you; and as you had been partakers of their slavery, they wished to see you enjoy the same invaluable blessings, under the same standard of liberty.

Our gratitude will ever make us recollect those two memorable decrees of the National Assembly, sanctioned by the King, by which Corsica has become a part of the French empire, and a sharer in its glory. We cannot better express the thankfulness which ought always to be engraved upon our hearts, than by swearing at this moment, that for the first time legally assembled we can do it with freedom, by swearing, I repeat, an eternal attachment to that noble nation, and an absolute acquiescence in its new and happy constitution, which has united us together under the same laws, and under a King who considers himself as our fellow Citizen, whom the gratitude of the present age, and that of future ages, will always look upon as the Father of his people, and the pattern of good Princes.

The patriotic zeal of two of our Deputies to the National Assembly has contributed greatly to put us in possession of this fortunate situation; since the first instant that the contest began, full of ardour for liberty, they have not only exerted themselves with indefatigable activity and vigour for securing to our country the advantages of the happy revolution, but faithful to those sentiments which have produced it, and to the principles by which it has been directed, they have constantly adhered to and supported those worthy French Patriots who compose the majority of the Legislature, for the purpose of establishing those decrees which now form the glory of our constitution, and the felicity of the monarchy. Informed from the beginning, and a witness for these many months past of their labours, I must not from motives of justice omit recalling their names to your and my own grati-

tude, though you all know I am speaking of Messrs. Cesari and Saliceti.

What ought now to occupy your patriotic zeal, and what will insure to the nation the fruits of our recovered liberty, is the choice, which your constituents have committed to your talents and virtue, of those persons who are to form the department of our country. If, as I suppose, this choice is directed by public spirit, if divesting yourselves of all animosity, of all leaven of hatred, and of every consideration of private interest, you make it fall upon those only of your fellow-citizens who have already distinguished themselves in the opinion of the people by their patriotism, their abilities, and their public virtues, you will secure by this important act the reviving rights of your country, and justifying the public confidence, you will shew yourselves to be worthy of the honourable office with which you have been intrusted.

Permit me now to take up a few moments of your time with what concerns me personally. Highly honoured by the numerous marks of your affection which I every day receive, and by the confidence which you continue to have in the sincere zeal with which I formerly served our country, I must regret that age and the indispositions which accompany it, prevent my strength and abilities from keeping pace with my inclination to do good. Fully persuaded of the little influence that my return here could produce in increasing your activity and energy, which already require no incitement for supporting the public cause, I had proposed to enjoy at a distance the consolation I had long sighed after, of knowing that you were free and happy; but on the one side the malignant insinuations circulated with art, relative to the continuation of my residence in England; by those who seize all opportunities of hurting us; and on the other, the wish which you have expressed of seeing me again among you, by sending to me several deputations, have made it a duty incumbent upon me to acquiesce in your desire, and to consecrate to my nation the remains of a life which I have only esteemed in as much as I could employ it at all times in supporting and cherishing honour and liberty. What were the sentiments of my profound gratitude when I separated from the powerful and generous nation I have just now mentioned? What strength did I not feel in that honourable connection, which, procuring me more than twenty years an honourable asylum, made me consider it as a second native country, after being deprived of my own? What did I not feel particularly when I separated from

its august Monarch, who possesses every virtue, and who is truly worthy of the homage of a free and generous people? I have expressed elsewhere, and my mind will ever remember the regard and munificence with which I have been honoured by that nation; the good Patriots themselves will never forget, that the disinterested beneficence of that illustrious Sovereign and that powerful State, furnished an honourable consolation under the bitterness of a voluntary exile, to those of our countrymen who preferred it to servitude, and who by the means thereof preserved to this oppressed nation a permanent residue of hope, and the seeds of a better lot.

I need not be apprehensive that those sentiments which are common to us all, will give the smallest uneasiness to our generous French brethren, nor that the malignant envy of our enemies will take advantage of them to hurt us in their opinion, or to make them suspect our sincere attachment to the Monarchy of which we have the honour to constitute a part. The great nations know how to respect virtue and honour, and they would have little esteem for the public character of a people capable of forgetting them: what is more, humanity, which has been too long afflicted by the invidious emulation between France and England, begins to revive at the near prospect of a new order of things, by which those two great empires, which already vie with each other in the wisdom of legislation, and in all the improvements of social perfection, divesting themselves of all jealousy, of all animosity, will cultivate together, upon an enlightened system of politics, a solid and permanent friendship, and by this means secure the tranquility of Europe, or rather of the whole world.

I should be deficient in gratitude, if I omitted mentioning also the distinguished favour with which I have been received in France by the august National Assembly; I do not pretend to say on account of my personal merit, but for the sake of my earnest solicitude for the liberty and prosperity of my country: I should be equally blameable were I to pass over in silence the gracious reception which the King was pleased to give me, the flattering commission which he intrusted to me to endeavour to re-establish tranquility among the people of this Island, and to unite them so cordially with their new French brethren, as to put an end for the future to all distinction between the two nations, for contributing to which he has assured me both verbally, and by a letter written with his own hand, that there shall

shall be none henceforwards in his paternal affection. By the last post this beneficent Monarch has renewed to me again, through the channel of his Minister, the assurances of the same sentiments.

'Animated by this flattering hope, I look upon this day as the happiest of my life, and if any thing, my dear countrymen, could add to my satisfaction and to my gratitude to you, it would be to see those sentiments of perfect union which the nation so earnestly demands of you at

the present juncture, consolidated more and more, that liberty which begins to revive may be entirely re-established among us, accompanied by peace, under the shadow of which I wish to pass the rest of my days, as the recompence of my toil, and of the disinterestedness which has always animated me. It will be my constant ambition to act upon those principles, and to continue to deserve the honour of your good opinion.'

PART OF THE HISTORY OF ANDREW THE HEBRIDEAN.

[From the American Farmer's Letters.]

[Though the American Farmer's Letters have been published a considerable time, and some of our Readers have, no doubt, had the satisfaction of perusing them, yet they so pleasingly picture the Pleasures and the Profits that invariably attend a steady course of Rural Pursuits, that we think a re-publication of them cannot fail of being useful in this Country, where farming is in its infancy, and where the labour of bringing to a Farm has often discouraged people from that course of perseverance which would ultimately have rendered them independent and happy.—For though some will be ready to say that it is harder to cultivate a farm in Nova-Scotia than Pennsylvania; yet the flourishing situation of many farmers in this Country, who a few years ago set down in an uncultivated wilderness, is sufficient to shew that industry and perseverance will assuredly afford as comfortable a living in this Province as in any other part of America.]

A WEEK after news came that a vessel was arrived with Scotch emigrants, Mr. C. and I went to the dock to see them disembark.

Several citizens, impelled either by spontaneous attachments, or motives of humanity, took many of them to their houses; the city agreeably to its usual wisdom and humanity, ordered them all to be lodged in the barracks, and plenty of provisions given them. My friend pitched upon one also and led him to his house, with his wife, and a son about fourteen years of age. The majority of them had contracted for land the year before, by means of an agent; the rest depended entirely upon chance; and the one who followed us was of this last class. Poor man, he smiled on receiving the invitation, and gladly accepted it, bidding his wife and son do the same, in a language which I did not understand. He gazed with uninterrupted attention on every thing he saw; the houses, the inhabitants, the negroes, and carriages; every thing appeared equally new to him; and we went slow, in order to give him time to feed on this pleasing variety. Good God! said he, is this Philadelphia, that blessed city of bread

and provisions, of which we have heard so much! I am told it was found the same year that my father was born; why it is finer than Greenock and Glasgow, which is ten times as old. It is so, said my friend to him, and when thee has been here a month, thee wilt soon see that it is the capital of a fine province, of which thee art going to be a citizen: Greenock enjoys neither such a climate nor such a soil. Thus we proceeded along, when we met several large Lancaster six-horse waggons, just arrived from the country. At this stupendous sight he stopped short, and with great diffidence asked us what was the use of these great moving houses, and where those big horses came from? Have you none such at home, I asked him? Oh no; these huge animals would eat all the grass of our island! We at last reached my friend's house, whp. in the glow of well meant hospitality, made them all three sit down to a good dinner, and gave them as much cyder as they could drink. God bless this country, and the good people it contains, said he; this is the best meal's victuals I have made a long time—I thank you kindly.

What part of Scotland dost thee come from,

from, friend Andrew, said Mr. C? Some of us came from the main, some from the island of Barra, he answered—I myself am a Barra man. I looked on the map, and by its latitude, easily guessed that it must be an inhospitable climate. What sort of land have you got there, I asked him? Bad enough, said he; we have no such trees as I see here, no wheat, no kyme, no apples. Then, I observed, it must be hard for the poor to live. We have no poor, he answered, we are all alike, except our laird; but he cannot help every body. Pray what is the name of your laird? Mr. Neiel, said Andrew; the like of him is not to be found in any of the isles; his forefathers have lived there thirty generations ago as we are told. Now, gentlemen, you may judge what an ancient family estate it must be. But it is cold, the land is thin, and there were two many of us, which are the reasons that some are come to seek their fortunes here. Well, Andrew, what step do you intend to take in order to become rich? I do not know, Sir; I am but an ignorant man, a stranger besides—I must rely on the advice of good Christians, they would not deceive me I am sure. I have brought with me a character from our Barra minister, can it do me any good here? Oh, yes; but your future success will depend entirely on your own conduct; if you are a sober man, as the certificate says, laborious, and honest, there is no fear but that you will do well. Have you brought any money with you, Andrew? Yes, Sir, eleven guineas and a half. Upon my word it is a considerable sum for a Barra man; how came you by so much money? Why seven years ago I received a legacy of thirty-seven pounds from an uncle, who loved me much; my wife brought me two guineas, when the laird gave her to me for a wife, which I have saved ever since. I have sold all I had; I worked in Glasgow for some time. I am glad to hear that you are so saving and prudent; be so still: you must go and hire yourself with some good people; what can you do? I can thresh a little, and handle the spade. Can you plough? Yes, Sir, with the little breast plough I have brought with me. These won't do here, Andrew; you are an able man; if you are willing you will soon learn. I'll tell you what I intend to do; I'll send you to my house, where you shall stay two or three weeks, there you must exercise yourself with the axe, that is the principal tool the Americans want, and particularly the back-settlers. Can your wife spin? Yes, she can. Well then as soon as you are able to handle the axe, you shall go and live with Mr. P. R. a par-

ticular friend of mine, who will give you four dollars per month, for the first six, and the usual price of five as long as you remain with him. I shall place your wife in another house, where she shall receive half a dollar a week for spinning; and your son a dollar a month to drive the team. You shall have besides good victuals to eat, and good beds to lie on: will all this satisfy you, Andrew? He hardly understood what I said; the honest tears of gratitude fell from his eyes as he looked at me, and its expressions seemed to quiver on his lips.—Though silent, this was saying a great deal; there was besides something extremely moving to see a man six feet high, thus shed tears; and they did not lessen the good opinion I had entertained of him. At last he told me, that my offers were more than he deserved, and that he would first begin to work for his victuals. No, no, said I, if you are careful and sober, and do what you can, you shall receive what I told you, after you have served a short apprenticeship at my house. May God repay you for all your kindnesses, said Andrew; as long as I live I shall thank you, and do what I can for you. A few days after I sent them all three to —, by the return of some waggons, that he might have an opportunity of viewing, and convincing himself of the utility of those machines which he had at first so much admired.

Andrew arrived at my house a week before I did, and I found my wife, agreeably to my instructions, had placed the axe in his hands, as the first task. For some time he was very awkward, but he was so docile, so willing, and grateful, as well as his wife, that I foresaw he would succeed. Agreeably to my promise, I put them all with different families, where they were well liked, and all parties were pleased. Andrew worked hard, lived well, grew fat, and every Sunday came to pay me a visit on a good horse, which Mr. P. R. lent him. Poor man, it took him a long time ere he could sit on the saddle and hold the bridle properly. I believe he had never mounted such a beast before, though I did not choose to ask him that question, for fear it might suggest some mortifying ideas. After having been twelve months at Mr. P. R.'s, and having received his own and his family's wages, which amounted to eighty-four dollars; he came to see me on a week-day, and told me, that he was a man of middle age, and would willingly have land of his own, in order to procure him a home, as a shelter in his old age; that whenever this period should come, his son, to whom he would give his land, would then maintain

maintain him, and thus live all together; he therefore required my advice and assistance. I thought his desire very natural and praise-worthy, and told him that I should think of it, but that he must remain one month longer with Mr. P. R. who had good rails to split. He immediately consented. The spring was not far advanced enough yet for Andrew to begin clearing any land even supposing that he had made a purchase; as it always is necessary that the leaves should be out, in order that this additional combustible may serve to burn the heaps of brush more readily.—

The time had arrived when I had promised Andrew my best assistance to settle him; for that purpose I went to Mr. A. V. in the county of —, who, I was informed, had purchased a tract of land, contiguous to — settlement. I gave him a faithful detail of the progress Andrew had made in the rural arts; of his honesty, sobriety, and gratitude, and pressed him to sell him an hundred acres. This I cannot comply with, said Mr. A. V. but at the same time I will do better; I love to encourage honest Europeans as much you do, and to see them prosper: you tell he has but one son; I will lease them an hundred acres for any term of years you please, and make it more valuable to your Scotchman than if he were possessed of the fee simple.—By that means he may, with the little money he has, buy a plough, a team, and some stock, he will not be incumbered with debts and mortgages; what he raises will be his own; had he two, or three sons as able as himself, then I should think it more eligible for him to purchase the fee simple. I join with you in opinion, and will bring Andrew along with me in a few days.

Well, honest Andrew, said Mr. A. V. in consideration of your good name, I will let you have one hundred acres of good arable land, that shall be laid out along a new road; there is a bridge already erected on the creek that passes through the land, and a fine swamp of about twenty acres. These are my terms, I cannot sell, but I will lease you the quantity that Mr. James, your friend has asked; the first seven years you shall pay no rent; whatever you sow and reap, and plant and gather shall be entirely your own; neither the King, government, nor church, will have any claim on your future property; the remaining part of the time you must give me twelve dollars and a half a year; and that is all you will have to pay me.—Within the three first years you must plant six apple trees, and clear seven a-

res of swamp within the first part of the lease it will be your own advantage; whatever you do more within that time, I will pay you for it, at the common rate of the country. The term of the lease shall be thirty years; how do you like it, Andrew? Oh, Sir, it is very good, but I am afraid, that the king or his ministers, or the governor, or some of our great men, will come and take the land from me; your son may say, to me, by and by, this is my father's land, Andrew you must quit it. No, no, said Mr. A. V. there is no such danger; the king and his ministers are too just to take the labour of a poor settler; here we have no great men, but what are subordinate to our laws; but to calm all your fears, I will give you a lease, so that none can make you afraid, if ever you are dissatisfied with the land, a jury of your own neighbourhood shall value all your improvements, and you shall be paid agreeably to their verdict. You may sell the lease, or if you die, you may previously dispose of it, as if the land was your own. Expressive, yet inarticulate joy, was mixed in his countenance, which seemed impressed with astonishment and confusion. Do you understand me well, said Mr. A. V. No, Sir, replied Andrew, I know nothing of what you mean about lease, improvement, will, jury, &c. That is honest, we will explain these things to you by and by. It must be confessed that those were hard words, which he had never heard in his life; for by his own account, the ideas they convey would be totally useless in the island of Barra. No wonder, therefore, that he was embarrassed; for how could the man who had hardly a will of his own since he was born, imagine he could have one after his death? How could the person who never possessed any thing, conceive that he could extend his new dominion over this land, even after he should be laid in the grave? For my part, I think Andrew's amazement did not imply any extraordinary degree of ignorance; he was an actor introduced upon a new scene, it required some time ere he could reconcile himself to the part he was to perform. However he was soon enlightened, and introduced into those mysteries with which we native Americans are but too well acquainted.

Here then is honest Andrew, invested with every municipal advantage they confer; become a freeholder, possessed of a vote, of a place of residence, a citizen of the Province of Pennsylvania. Andrew's original hopes and the distant prospects he had formed in the island of Barra, were at the eve of being realized; we therefore can

can easily forgive him a few spontaneous ejaculations, which would be useless to repeat. The short tale is easily told; few words are sufficient to describe this sudden change of situation; but in his mind it was gradual, and took him above a week before he could be sure, that without disturbing any money he could possess lands. Soon after he prepared himself; I lent him a barrel of pork, and 200 lb. weight of meal, and made him purchase what was necessary besides.

He set out, and hired a room in the house of a settler who lived the most contiguous to his own land. His first work was to clear some acres of swamp, that he might have a supply of hay the following year for his two horses and cows. From the first day he began to work; he was indefatigable; his honesty procured him friends, and his industry the esteem of his new neighbours. One of them offered him two acres of cleared land, whereon he might plant corn, pumpkins, squashes, and potatoes, that very season. It is astonishing how quick men will learn when they work for themselves. I saw with pleasure two months after, Andrew holding a two-horse-plough and tracing his furrows quite straight; thus the spade-man of the island of Barra was become the tiller of American soil. Well done, said I, Andrew, well done; I see that God speeds and directs your works; I see prosperity delineated in all your furrows and head lands. Raise this crop of corn with attention and care, and then you will be master of the art.

As he had neither mowing nor reaping to do that year, I told him that the time was come to build his house; and that for the purpose I would invite the neighbourhood to a frolic; that thus he would have a large dwelling erected, and some upland cleared in one day. Mr. P. R. his old friend, came at the time appointed, with all his hands, and brought victuals in plenty: I did the same. About forty people repaired to the spot; the songs, and merry stories went round the woods from cluster to cluster, as the people had gathered to their different works; trees fell on all sides, bushes were cut up and heaped; and while many were thus employed, others with their teams, hauled the big logs to the spot which Andrew had pitched upon for the erection of his new dwelling. We all dined in the woods; in the afternoon the logs were placed with skids, and the usual contrivances; thus the rude house was raised, and above two acres of land cut up, cleared, and heaped.

Whilst all these different operations were performing, Andrew was absolutely inca-

pable of working; it was to him the most solemn holiday he had ever seen; it would have been sacrilegious in him to have defiled it with menial labour. Poor man, he sanctified it with joy and thanksgiving, and honest libations—he went from one to the other with the bottle in his hand, pressing every body to drink, and drinking himself to shew the example. He spent the whole day in smiling, laughing, and uttering monosyllables: his wife and son were there also, but as they could not understand the language, their pleasure must have been altogether that of the imagination. The powerful lord, the wealthy merchant, on seeing the superb mansion finished, never can feel half the joy and real happiness which was felt and enjoyed on that day by this honest Hebridean, though this new dwelling, erected in the midst of the woods, was nothing more than a square inclosure, composed of 24 large clumsy logs, let in at the ends. When the work was finished, the company made the woods resound with the noise of their three cheers, and the honest wishes they formed for Andrew's prosperity. He could say nothing, but with thankful tears he shook hands with them all. Thus from the first day he had landed, Andrew marched towards this important event: this memorable day made the sun shine on that land on which he was to sow wheat and other grain. What swamp he had cleared lay before his door; the essence of future bread, milk, and meat, were scattered all round him. Soon after he hired a carpenter, who put on a roof and laid the floors; in a week more the house was properly plastered, and the chimney finished. He moved into it, and purchased two cows, which found plenty of food in the woods—his hogs had the same advantage. That very year, he and his son sowed three bushels of wheat, from which he reaped ninety-one and a half; for I had ordered him to keep an exact account of all he should raise. His first crop of other corn would have been as good, had it not been for the squirrels, which were enemies not to be dispersed by the broad sword. The fourth year I took an inventory of the wheat this man possessed, which I send you. Soon after, farther settlements were made on that road, and Andrew, instead of being the last man towards the wilderness, found himself in a few years in the middle of a numerous society. He helped others as generously as others had helped him; and I have dined many times at his table with several of his neighbours. The second year he was made overseer of the road, and served on two petit-juries, performing as a citizen all the duties required

of him. The historiographer of some great prince or general does not bring his hero victorious to the end of a successful campaign with one half of the heart-felt pleasure with which I have conducted Andrew to the situation he now enjoys: he is independent and easy. Triumph and military honours do not always imply those two blessings. He is unincumbered with debts, services, rents, or any other dues; the successes of a campaign, the laurels of war, must be purchased at the dearest rate, which makes every cool reflecting citizen to tremble and shudder. By the literal account hereunto annexed, you will easily be made acquainted with the happy effects which constantly flow, in this country, from sobriety and industry, when united with good land and freedom.

The account of the property he acquired with his own hands and those of his son, in four years, is as under:

	Dollars.
The value of his improvements and lease	225
Six cows, at 13 dollars	78
Two breeding mares	50
The rest of the stock	100
Seventy-three bushels of wheat	66
Money due to him on notes	43
Pork and beef in his cellar	28
Wool and flax	19
Ploughs and other utensils of husbandry	31
	640

240l. Pennsylvania currency.

A SURPRISING INSTANCE OF A DEAF MAN'S SPEAKING.

[Communicated by Mr. Felbien of the Academy of Sciences at Paris.]

THE son of a tradesman in Chartres, who had been deaf from his birth, and was consequently dumb, when he was about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age, began on a sudden to speak, without its being known that he had ever heard. This event drew the attention of every one, and many believed it to be miraculous. The young man, however, gave a plain and rational account, by which it appeared to proceed wholly from natural causes. He said, That about four months before, he was surprized by a new and pleasing sensation, which he afterwards discovered to arise from his hearing a ring of bells; that as yet he heard only with one ear, but afterwards a kind of water came from his left ear, and then he could hear distinctly with both; that from this time he listened, with the utmost curiosity and attention, to the sounds which accompanied those motions of the lips which he had before remarked to convey ideas from one person to another. In a short time he was able to understand them, by noting the things to which they related, and the actions which they produced; and after attempts to imitate them when alone, at the end of four months he thought himself able to talk. He therefore, without having intimated what had happened, be-

gan at once to speak, and affected to join in conversation, though with much more imperfection than he was aware of.

Many divines immediately visited him, and questioned him concerning God and the Soul, moral good and evil, and many other subjects of the same kind; but of all these they found him totally ignorant, though he had been used to go to mass, and had been instructed in all the externals of devotion, as making the sign of the cross, looking upwards, kneeling at proper seasons, and using gestures of penitence and prayer. Of Death itself, which may be considered as a sensible object, he had very confused and imperfect ideas, nor did it appear that he had ever reflected upon it. His life was little more than animal and sensitive; he seemed to be content with the simple perception of such objects as he could perceive, and did not compare his ideas with each other, nor draw such inferences as might have been expected from him. It was now apparent, however, that his understanding was vigorous, and that his apprehensions were quick. His intellectual defects, therefore, must have been caused, not by the barrenness of the soil, but merely by the necessary want of cultivation.

▲ CURIOUS FRAGMENT EXPLANATORY OF THE ROMAN PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS.

[Translated from the Works of Monsieur l'Abbe de St. Real.]

PEOPLE in general are naturally fond of show and parade, nor can they be more certainly and agreeably amused than by public exhibitions; but the Roman people were fond of them to excess. Whoever wished to arrive at any great honour in the republic, or to obtain favours of the highest distinction, had no surer means of gaining this point, than by feasting the eyes of the people with the combats of either gladiators or beasts, which were esteemed in proportion to the magnificence with which they were accompanied.

It is difficult to conceive to what excesses they carried this degree of madness, and for which people of the first quality had, or appeared to have, a particular esteem, who could plead no excuse for their barbarity, but the necessity of accommodating themselves to the popular taste.

The amphitheatre was destined solely to the combats of beasts and gladiators; the circus for the chariot races, and the theatre for the representations of tragedies and comedies.

The combats of beasts have been since, and till very lately, seen in other places, where men of the first rank have combated the most wild and savage animals. The modern bull-fights in Spain are perhaps more ridiculous than the gladiators of ancient Rome; but it must be confessed that the fight exhibited by the gladiators had in it something horribly cruel, and afforded a sufficient proof of the natural ferocity and bloody disposition of the Romans, who could feast their eyes with the blood of ten thousand unfortunate wretches, who were obliged to fight against each other for the diversion of the people, to whom this fight was a serious amusement, and considered by them as an important matter.

The ediles and other great magistrates were in a manner compelled to indulge the people with these public exhibitions, to which purpose a place in the most magnificent part of the city was assigned.

Even in these days of refinement people run in crowds to every execution, from which they can receive no other pleasure than that of seeing a fellow-creature miserably perish, for violating the laws of his country. Among the Romans, the deaths of many thousand persons was the sport of the republic, and a pleasing spectacle to that barbarous people. This savage dis-

position was not, however, universal among them, as some were found in that republic who had a natural abhorrence to those cruel sights; and Cicero, in one of his epistles to Atticus, expresses his desire to be absent, at all times, from such inhuman scenes, and embraced every plausible pretence of not attending them. Cicero, however, was frequently obliged to be present, and even assume an air of joy at the sight of many thousand innocent and unfortunate slaves butchering each other. What a depraved taste! what barbarity, even in those ages, which were considered as the most polished, and in the most enlightened and civilised city in all the world.

Was it not this horrible inhumanity which so strongly irritated all the known nations of the earth against the Romans, who, in that point, surpassed all the barbarians in cruelty? Is it possible to conceive that such a nation as the Romans, so enlightened and instructed, and who possessed such noble sentiments, and a genius above all the rest of the world, should not be able to put a stop to so cruel a custom, and draw the attention of the people from such inglorious views?

The tournaments in France, which cost the lives of so many thousand men, were but an humble refinement of the gladiators of Rome.

The Grand Signior sent an Ambassador into France, during the reign of Charles VII. when that monarch endeavoured to entertain with all magnificent pomp, and, among other diversions of those times, introduced him to a tournament, in which every thing was properly supported, and the combatants handled each other very roughly. The Ambassador being asked the next day how he approved of those sports, very coolly replied, if it was done out of diversion, it was too much; if it was in earnest it was too little. However, the accident, which cost the life of Henry II. opened the eyes of the people to the ridiculousness and danger of such kinds of diversions and put a stop to them.

How shall we account for that strange attachment, which people in general have for the sight of such dangerous sports, always sullied with blood? What pleasure can people find in seeing one man injure another? Is it that we naturally hate our own species? When nature exposes us on the earth to all the inconveniences of life,

to the injury of the elements, and the terrors of adversity, to which the best of us are liable, it is then humanity should awaken in our bosom, and teach us to pity, not to take pleasure in the calamities of others.

Is it not then that the soul finds some cause for vanity in the happiness it feels of being free from those ills with which it sees others afflicted? Fortunate men are too often prepossessed with the false notion, that the calamities of others arise only from their want of judgment and foresight, and then flatter themselves that fortune befriends every one, who, like themselves, possess prudence and merit. Let us, however, reject this idle mode of argument, and endeavour to find one more rational.

It must be acknowledged by every one, who accustoms himself to reflect on what passes before him, that although the fondness for dangerous exhibitions may be natural, yet women ostentices, and always children, and such as partake of the weaknesses of ordinary minds, are more attached to them than others. If this be really the case, these inhuman pleasures are the effect of the natural weakness of the soul, and (like that unrestrained passion which gushes forth in tears on the most trifling occasion) are the very opposite of magnanimity and manly courage; and it is people of this turn whom we frequently see precipitating from one extreme to the other. If the evils they see others suffer are not likely to come home to themselves, if they behold a duck worried in the wa-

ter, or a pig whipped to death to gratify unbounded luxury, they view such sights, if not with joy, at least with indifference; but if they see others suffer for gratifying those passions which are predominant in themselves, or behold others labouring under bodily pains and infirmities with which themselves are frequently afflicted, they then lose their ferocity, and give vent to their weakness in tears.

Hence it should appear idle to say, that these reflections are useless in an age in which the sports of the Circus, the amphitheatre, and all the other barbarous magnificences of antiquity are known only in books, and even when the pastimes of tournaments are no more seen; since the same unhappy dispositions which formerly took pleasure in these inhuman sports still subsist, and show themselves in others hardly less innocent. They have indeed lopped off some branches of this poisonous plant, but the trunk still lives; and that fruitful root of inhumanity every day pushes forth new branches which may perhaps one day reach that height it had never known before. Mankind are equally virtuous and wicked in all ages; and if the vices of the ancients appeared greater than those of the moderns, it is only because the latter have been taught to conceal them.

However severe and uncharitable these observations may at first sight appear, a little serious reflection, compared with the general conduct of mankind, will confirm their propriety.

AN ALLEGORICAL HISTORY OF REST AND LABOUR.

[By Doctor Johnson.]

IN the early ages of the world, as it is well known to those who are versed in ancient traditions, when innocence was yet untainted, and simplicity unadulterated, mankind was happy in the enjoyment of continual pleasure and constant plenty, under the protection of Rest; a gentle divinity, who required of her worshippers neither altars nor sacrifices, and whose rights were only performed by prostrations upon tufts of flowers in shades of jessamine and myrtle, or by dances on the banks of rivers, flowing with milk and nectar.

Under this easy government the first generations breathed the fragrance of perpetual spring, eat the fruits, which, without culture, fell ripe into their hands, and

slept under bowers arched by nature, with the birds singing over their heads, and the beasts sporting about them. But by degrees they began to lose their original integrity; each, though there was more than enough for all, was desirous of appropriating part to himself. Then entered violence and fraud, theft and rapine. Soon Pride and Envy broke into the world, and bro't with them a new standard of wealth; for men, who till then thought themselves rich when they wanted nothing, now rated their demands, not by the calls of nature, but by the plenty of others; and began to consider themselves as poor when they beheld their own possessions exceeded by those of their neighbours. — Now only one could be happy, because

one could have most, and that one was always in danger, lest the same arts by which he supplanted others should be practised upon himself.

Amidst the prevalence of this corruption, the state of the earth was changed; the year was divided into seasons; part of the ground became barren, and the rest yielded only berries, acorns, and herbs.—The summer and autumn indeed furnished a coarse and inelegant sufficiency, but winter was without any relief; Famine, with a thousand diseases, which the inclemency of the air invited into the upper regions, make havock among men, and there appeared to be danger lest they should be destroyed before they were reformed.

To oppose the devastations of Famine, who scattered the ground every where with carcases, Labour came down upon the earth. Labour was the son of necessity, the nursing of hope, and the pupil of art; he had the strength of his mother, the spirit of his nurse, and the dexterity of his governess. His face was wrinkled with the wind, and swarthy with the sun; he had the implements of husbandry in one hand, with which he turned up the earth; in the other hand he had the tools of architecture, and raised walls and towers at his pleasure. He called out with a rough voice, 'Mortals! see here the power to whom you are consigned, and from whom you are to hope for all your pleasures, and all your safety. You have long languished under the dominion of Rest, an impotent and deceitful goddess, who can neither protect nor relieve you, but resigns you to the first attacks of either famine or disease, and suffers her shades to be invaded by every enemy, and destroyed by every accident.

'Awake therefore to the call of Labour. I will teach you to remedy the sterility of the earth, and the severity of the sky; I will compel summer to find provisions for the winter; I will force the waters to give you their fish, the air its fowls, and the forest its beasts; I will teach you to pierce the bowels of the earth, and bring out from the caverns of the mountains metals which shall give strength to your hands, and security to your bodies; by which you may be covered from the assaults of the fiercest beasts, and with which you will fell the oak, and divide rocks, and subject all nature to your use and pleasure.'

Encouraged by this magnificent invitation, the inhabitants of the globe considered Labour as their only friend, and hastened to his command. He led them out to the fields and mountains, and

showed them how to open mines, to level hills, to drain marshes, and change the course of rivers. The face of things was immediately transformed; the land was covered with towns and villages, encompassed with fields of corn, and plantations of fruit trees; and nothing was seen but heaps of grain, and baskets of fruit, full tables and crowded storehouses.

Thus Labour and his followers added every hour new acquisitions to their conquests, and saw Famine gradually dispossessed of his dominions; till at last amidst their jollity and triumphs they were depressed and amazed by the approach of Lassitude, who was known by her sunk eyes, and dejected countenance. She came forward trembling and groaning: At every groan the hearts of all those that beheld her lost their courage, their nerves slackened, their hands shook, and their instruments of labour fell from the grasp.

Shocked with this horrid phantom, they reflected with regret on their easy compliance with the solicitations of Labour, and began to wish again for the golden hours which they remembered to have passed under the reign of Rest, whom they resolved again to visit, and to whom they intended to dedicate the remaining part of their lives. Rest had not left the world; they quickly found her, and to atone for their former desertion, invited her to the enjoyment of those acquisitions which Labour had procured them.

Rest therefore took leave of the groves and vallies, which he had hitherto inhabited, and entered into palaces, reposed herself in alcoves, and slumbered away the winter upon beds of down, and the summer in artificial grottos with cascades playing before her. There was indeed always something wanting to complete their felicity, and she could never lull her returning fugitives to that serenity which they knew before their engagements with Labour; Nor was her dominion entirely without controul, for she was obliged to share it with Luxury, though she always looked upon her as a false friend, by whom her influence was in reality destroyed, while it seemed to be promoted.

The two soft associates, however, reigned for some time without visible disagreement, till at last Luxury betrayed her charge, and let in Disease to seize upon her worshippers. Rest then flew away, and left the place to the usurpers; who employed all their arts to fortify themselves in their possession and to strengthen the interest of each other.

Rest had not always the same enemy. In some places she escaped the incursions of Disease; but had her residence invaded

a more slow and subtle intruder; for very frequently when every thing was composed and quiet, when there was neither pain within, nor danger without, when every flower was in bloom, and every gale freighted with perfumes, Satiety would enter with a languishing and ripening look, and throw herself upon the couch, placed and adorned for the accommodation of Rest. No sooner was she seated than a general gloom spread itself on every side, the groves immediately lost their verdure, and their inhabitants desisted from their melody, the breeze sunk in sighs, and the flowers contracted their leaves and shut up their odours. Nothing was seen on every side but multitudes wandering about they knew not whether, in quest they knew not of what; no voice was heard but of complaints that mentioned no pain, and murmurs that could tell of no misfortune.

Rest had now lost her authority. Her followers again began to treat her with contempt; some of them united themselves more closely to Luxury, who promised by her arts to drive Satiety away, and others, that were more wise or had more fortitude, went back again to Labour, by whom they were indeed protected from Satiety, but delivered up in time to Lassitude, and forced by her to the bowers of Rest.

Thus Rest and Labour equally perceived their reign of short duration and uncertain tenure, and their empire liable to inroads from those who were alike enemies to both. They each found their subjects unfaithful, and ready to desert them upon every opportunity. Labour saw the riches he had given always carried away as an offering to Rest; and Rest found her votaries in every exigence flying from her to beg help of Labour. They, therefore, at last determined upon an interview, in which they agreed to divide the world between them, and govern it alternately, allotting the dominion of the day to one, and that of the night to the other, and promised to guard the frontiers of each other, so that whenever hostilities were attempted, Satiety should be intercepted by Labour, and Lassitude expelled by Rest. Thus the ancient quarrel was appeased, and as hatred is often succeeded by its contrary, Rest afterwards became pregnant by Labour, and was delivered of Health, a benevolent goddess, who consolidated the union of her parents, and contributed to the regular vicissitudes of their reign by dispensing her gifts to those only who shared their lives in just proportions between Rest and Labour.

A STRIKING PIECE OF ANCIENT HISTORY.

[By Mr. Brooks.]

EDWARD the third, after the battle of Crécy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succours into the city. The citizens, however, under the conduct of Count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. Day after day the English effected many a breach, which they repeatedly expected to storm by morning; but, when morning appeared, they wondered to behold new ramparts raised, nightly erected out of the ruins which the day had made.

France had now put the sickle into her second harvest since Edward with his victorious army sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe intent on the issue. The English made their approaches and attacks without remission; but the citi-

zens were as obstinate in repelling all their efforts.

At length, famine did more for Edward than arms. After the citizens had devoured the lean carcasses of their starved cattle, they tore up old foundations and rubbish in search of vermin. They fed on boiled leather and the weeds of exhausted gardens, and a morsel of damaged corn was accounted a matter of luxury.

In this extremity they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth; the English joined battle; and, after a long and desperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken prisoner; and the citizens, who survived the slaughter, retired within their gates.

On the captivity of the governor, the command devolved upon Eustace Saint Pierre, the mayor of the town, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue.

Eustace now found himself under the necessity of capitulating, and offered to deliver, to Edward, the city, with all the possessions and wealth of the inhabitants, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty.

As Edward had long since expected to ascend the throne of France, he was exasperated, to the last degree, against these people, whose sole valour had defeated his warmest hopes; he therefore determined to take an exemplary revenge, though he wished to avoid the imputation of cruelty. He answered, by Sir Walter Mauny, that they all deserved capital punishment, as obstinate traitors to him, their true and natural sovereign. That, however, in his wonted clemency he consented to pardon the bulk of the plebeians, provided they would deliver up to him six of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar herd.

All the remains of this desolate city were convened in the great square, and, like men arraigned at a tribunal from whence there was no appeal, expected with beating hearts the sentence of their conqueror.

When Sir Walter had declared his message, consternation and pale dismay was impressed on every face. Each looked upon death as his own inevitable lot; for how should they desire to be saved at the price proposed? whom had they to deliver save parents, brothers, kindred, or valiant neighbours, who had so often exposed their lives in their defence? To a long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded; till Eustace St. Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly.

My friends, we are brought to great straits this day. We must either submit to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror; or yield up our tender infants, our wives, and chaste daughters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiery.

We well know what the tyrant intends, by his specious offers of mercy. It will not satiate his vengeance to make us merely miserable, he would also make us criminal, he would make us contemptible; he will grant us life on no condition, save that of our being unworthy of it.

Look about you my friends, and fix your eyes on the persons, whom you wish to deliver up as the victims of your own safety. Which of these would ye appoint to the rack, the axe, or the halter? Is there any here who has not watched for you, who has not fought for you, who has

not bled for you? who through the length of this inveterate siege, has not suffered fatigues and miseries, a thousand times worse than death, that you and yours might survive to days of peace and prosperity? Is it your preservers, then, whom you would destine to destruction? you will not, you cannot do it. Justice, honour, humanity, make such a treason impossible.

Where then is our resource? is there any expedient left whereby we may avoid guilt and infamy on the one hand, or the desolation and horrors of a sacked city on the other? There is, my friends, there is one expedient left; a gracious, an excellent, a godlike expedient! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people! He shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that power, who offered up his only Son for the salvation of mankind.

He spoke—but a universal silence ensued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity, in others, which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution.

At length Saint Pierre resumed—“It had been base in me, my fellow citizens, to propose any matter of damage to others, which I myself had not been willing to undergo in my own person. But I held it ungenerous to deprive any man of that preference and estimation which might attend a first offer, on so signal an occasion. For I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay more zealous of this martyrdom than I can be, however modestly and the fear of imputed ostentation may withhold them from being foremost in exhibiting their merits.

Indeed, the station, to which the captivity of Lord Vienne has unhappily raised me, imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely, I give it cheerfully; who comes next?”

“Your son!” exclaimed a youth, not yet come to maturity. “Ah my child!” cried St. Pierre, “I am, then, twice sacrificed.—But, no—I have rather begotten thee a second time.—Thy years are few but full, my son! the victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality. Who next, my friends?—This is the hour of heroes.”

“Your kinsman,” cried John de Aire.—“Your kinsman,” cried James Wisant.—“Your kinsman,” cried Peter Wisant.—“Ah,” exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, “why was I not a citizen of Calais?”

The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied, by lot, from num-

hers who were now emulous of to ennobling an example.

The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody. He ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the English.

Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take their last adieu of their deliverers.—What a parting, what a scene! they crowded with their wives and children about Saint Pierre and his fellow prisoners. They embraced, they clung around, they fell prostrate before them.—They groaned, they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the camp.

The English, by this time, were apprised of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation, and their souls were touched with compassion: each of the soldiers prepared a portion of their own victuals to welcome and entertain the half famished inhabitants; and they loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way.

At length, Saint Pierre and his fellow victims appeared under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts and arranged themselves on each side, to behold, to contemplate, to admire this little band of patriots, as they passed. They bowed down to them on all sides. They murmured their applause of that virtue, which they could not but revere, even in enemies. And they regarded those ropes, which they had voluntarily assumed about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British garter.

As soon as they had reached the presence, Mauny, says the Monarch, are these the principal inhabitants of Calais? They are, says Mauny, they are not only the principal men of Calais, they are the principal men of France, my lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling. Were they delivered peaceably, says Edward; was there no resistance, no commotion among the people? Not in the least, my lord; the people would all have perished, rather than have delivered the least of these to your Majesty. They are self delivered, self devoted, and come to offer up their inestimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands.

Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter, but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his

resentment. Experience, says he, hath ever shown that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indispensably necessary to deter subjects into submission by punishment and example. Go, he cried to an officer, lead these men to execution. Your rebellion, continued he, addressing himself to St. Pierre, your rebellion against me, the natural heir of your crown, is highly aggravated by your present presumption and affront of my power.—We have nothing to ask of your Majesty, said Eustace, save what you cannot refuse us.—What is that?—Your esteem, my Lord, said Eustace, and went out with his companions.

At this instant a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The Queen had just arrived, with a powerful reinforcement of those gallant soldiers, at the head of whom she had conquered Scotland, and taken their King captive.

Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her Majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.

As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience. 'My Lord, said she, the question I am to enter upon is not touching the lives of a few mechanicks; it respects a matter, more estimable than the lives of all the natives of France; it respects the honour of the English nation, it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my King.

You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my Lord, they have sentenced themselves, and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward.

They have behaved themselves worthily, they have behaved themselves greatly; I cannot but respect, while I envy, while I hate them, for leaving us no share in the honour of this action, save that of granting a poor, an indispenfable pardon.

I admit they have deserved every thing that is evil at your hands. They have proved the most inveterate and efficacious of your enemies. They alone, have withstood the rapid course of your conquests, and have withheld from you the crown to which you were born. Is it therefore that you would reward them? that you would gratify their desires, that you would indulge their ambition, and enwrap them with everlasting glory and applause?

But, if such a death would exalt mechanicks over the same of the most illustrious heroes, how would the name of my Edward, with all his triumphs and honours, be tarnished thereby! Would it not be said that magnanimity and virtue are grown odious in the eyes of the Monarch

of Britain? and that the objects, whom he destines to the punishment of felons, are the very men who deserve the praise and esteem of mankind? The stage on which they should suffer, would be to them a stage of honour, but a stage of shame to Edward, a reproach to his conquests, a dark and indelible disgrace to his name.

No, my Lord. Let us rather disappoint the saucy ambition of these burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expense. We cannot, indeed, wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended, but we may cut them short of their desires; in the place of that death by which their glory would be consummate, let us bury them under gifts, let us put them to shame with praises; we shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue.

'I am convinced; you have prevailed; be it so, cried Edward, prevent the execution; have them instantly before us!'

They came, when the Queen, with an aspect and accents, diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them.

'Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais, ye have put us to vast expense of blood and treasure in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance; but you acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment, and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue, by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions.

You noble burghers, you excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the ene-

mies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing on our part, save respect and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tested. We loose your chains, we snatch you from the scaffold, and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you shew us that excellence is not of blood, of title, or station; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of Kings; and that those, whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions.

You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen, to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed, provided you refuse not to carry with you the due tokens of our esteem.

Yet we would rather bind you, to ourselves, by every endearing obligation; and for this purpose, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honours that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we with that England were entitled to call you her sons.'

'Ah my country, exclaimed Saint Pierre, it is now that I tremble for you. Edward could only win your cities, but Philippa conquers hearts.'

'Brave Saint Pierre, said the queen, wherefore look you so dejected?' Ah madam! replied Saint Pierre, when I meet with such another opportunity of dying, I shall not regret that I survived this day.'

ON ASHES FOR MANURE.

[From a valuable Book lately published, entitled *The New-England Farmer*.]

ASHES are commonly accounted a manure most suitable for low and moist lands. A cold and sour spot certainly needs them more than any other. But I have found them to be good in all sorts of soil.

They are not only a valuable manure, but an excellent antidote to the rapaciousness of worms and insects. Therefore they are a more proper manure for all those plants which are liable to suffer by worms and insects; such as cabbages, turnips, cucumbers, melons, peas, and other pulse. They should be spread evenly, and not in too great quantity.

Wood ashes is an excellent nourishment for the roots of trees. They restore to trees what has been taken from trees; and

tend at the same time to drive away certain insects which are harmful to trees.

Ashes of all kinds are a good ingredient in composts which are under cover. But when they are laid upon land unmixed, they should be laid as evenly as possible. They are thought to do better on the top of the surface than buried in the soil; for there is nothing in them that will evaporate. Their tendency is only downwards; and their salts will soon sink too low, if they be put under the surface. If they be spread upon the ground which has tender plants, it should be done just before a rain, which will dissolve and soften their acrimony. For tender plants, when the weather is dry, will be apt to be injured by them.

Ashes in their full strength are certainly best for manure; and they will not be in full strength, unless they be kept dry; nor will it be easy to spread them properly. And they should not be laid on lands long before there are roots to be nourished by them, lest the rain rob them of their salts. A few bushels on an acre are a good dressing for grass lands that are low, and inclining to be mossy. But ashes from which lie has been drawn have no small degree of virtue in them. The earthly particles are but little diminished; and some of the saline particles remain.

A handful of ashes, laid about the roots of Indian corn, is good to quicken its vegetation. But it should not much of it be in contact with the stalks. The best time for giving corn this dressing, is thought to be just before the second or third hoeing: But some do it before the first, and even before the plants are up. Like other top dressings, it is of most service when applied at the time when plants need the greatest quantity of nourishment. This happens in Indian Corn when the plants are just going to send out ears and spindles.

ACCOUNT of LA FLEUR, so often mentioned in 'YORICK'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.'

[From the Oracle, published in London.]

'It is,' says the Editor of this Paper, 'an extraordinary circumstance that the bearer of the Dispatches from France, with the important intelligence of the result of the debate respecting the Family Compact, should be this extraordinary Character himself, who is at this time at the British Library in the Strand. He is extremely communicative and intelligent. From a conversation of some length, we have drawn from him many very interesting circumstances relative to his former Master, LAURENCE STERNE; particularly touching the Journey to ITALY, not included in his Sentimental Travels.'

NUMBER I.

Whatever stripes of ill-luck LA FLEUR, may have met with in his Journeyings, there is no Index in his Physiognomy to point them out by—he is eternally the same.

STERNE.

HE who wrote the above was a profound observer upon Man.—The hilarity and unsuspecting promptitude of LA FLEUR's character attached him at first sight: He acknowledges to have received many a lesson from the cheering contentment about him, which, whatever might press hardly, always bore him up, and set him speedily upon his feet again.

Where youth with attendant health is to fight against assailing misfortune, the contest will be perhaps long; but time, that changes all, here too operates his mutations—LA FLEUR is no longer the same.

He is spare in his habit, and his eye has lost its vivacity; his body seems to bend under a burthen too much for his strength. Continued ill-success has followed him through the world; and one shock which he has suffered, will be scarcely surmounted now.

What that is, shall be told in the following Narrative; which comes before the Publick, as it came to the ear of the Writer, simple and unadorned.

LA FLEUR

Was born at Burgundy.—That fate, which it seems condemned him to wander incessantly through life, very early indeed agitated his breast. He conceived when a mere child, a strong passion to see the world; at eight years of age, he therefore ran away from his parents. His perverseness was a passport to him. Somebody or other always took him in. His wants they easily supplied—milk, bread, and a straw bed among the peasantry, were all he wanted for the night; and in the morning he wanted to be on his way again.

LA FLEUR had attained his tenth year, when one day he found himself upon the *Pont-Neuf* at Paris with the discursive curiosity of a boy to whom every thing is new, he looked with innocent wonder at the varieties around him.—There were others who kept as keen a look out as himself, and a Drummer soon accosted him, and with that picture the Military know so well how to display, easily enlisted him in the service.

For

For *six years*, LA FLEUR beat his drum in the French Army—two years more would have entitled him to his discharge; he preferred however anticipation, and, in pursuance of his early practice—from the Army he ran *away*.

He changed his Drummer's frock with a peasant, and made his escape with ease. He had again recourse to his old expedients, and they brought him to *Montreuil*.

There he introduced himself to VAARENNE, who fortunately took a fancy to him. The little accommodations that he needed, were given him with cheerfulness—and, as what we sow, we wish to see flourish, this worthy Landlord promised to get him a master; and as the best he deemed not better than LA FLEUR merited; he promised to recommend him to an MILORD ANGLAIS. He fortunately could perform as well as promise, and he introduced him to STERNE, ragged as a colt, in the height, however, of health and hilarity, awed by a reverence for imaginary rank, and *hoping* for the best.

MILORD, as a proof, how erroneously the French combine, LA FLEUR was long in shaking off. STERNE one day said to him, 'LA FLEUR *je te suis pas MILORD.*'—Mais Monsieur est ANGLAIS.—Oui, LA FLEUR, *et de plus pauvre Philosophe.*

The beautiful little picture which STERNE has drawn of LA FLEUR's Amours, is so far true—He was fond of a very pretty girl at *Montreuil*, the elder of two Sisters. Her he afterwards married. This, whatever proof it might be of his affection, was none of his prudence:—Marriage made him neither richer nor *happier* than he was before.

She resembles, if she is still living, he says, the MARIA of *Moulines*.

Poor LA FLEUR discovered that her assistance could go little towards their support. She was a Mantua maker, and her closest application could produce no more than *six sous* a day. They separated and LA FLEUR went again to service.

By her he has had a Daughter.

At length, with what little money he had got together, he returned to his wife, and they went into a public house at *Calais* in *Royal-Street*. There his usual ill luck attended him.—WAR broke out and his little business became *less*.—His customers had been usually the *English sailors* who navigate the packers. He was at length obliged to seek for supplemental aids elsewhere—he left his wife to look after a business, which would still have supported her, and again LA FLEUR made the *grand Tour*.

He returned after some time—But his Wife was *stolen*.—A roving company of

Comedians passing through the Town, had seduced her from home, and no tale or tidings of her at all have since ever reached him.

'When I pass through *Moulines*, said he, her aged Father and Mother run out with tears to see me—and faddening each other, we fruitlessly *sweep together*.

I wish exclaims LA FLEUR, I may never more pass through *that Town*.

NUMBER II.

And how sweetly would thy meek and courteous spirit, my dear Moxk, have lent an ear to this poor Soul's complaints.

STERNE:

In the first number of these short mentions, it has been told, that, spirited away by the dissolute, LA FLEUR's wife had forsaken her duty and her home together—this happened in *March, 1783*.

LA FLEUR seems to have in vain endeavoured at acquiescence under his loss.

Seven years have ineffectually flown—he still *lives* and *laments* her.

Who was the man that with *tricksy insanity* lengthened out the SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY of STERNE by books of DULNESS and chapters of LICENTIOUSNESS? Come forth, I have evidence against thee, that what thou hast advanced is *untrue*, *Italy!* God knows! depraved enough with all the emaculate vices of those who exhaust subordinate sin—doomed to collect together *virtù* without VIRTUE, and COGNOSCENTI who *know* every thing but THEMSELVES—*Italy*, saw little of STERNE in the Market-place—and, if he saw any thing there at which he grieved, he covered it with a veil, as too dissolute to be tolerated in the pure pages of a BRITISH PRESS.

Many in this classic land he found as high in *goodness* as in *greatness*—who, proud only in their power to *please*, opened to him their museums, and welcomed him as he passed. Such were the noble families of COMTE, DORIA, (ever illustrious) and SANTA CRUZA.

I hasten now to close the remaining particulars of LA FLEUR.

From that period when he lost his wife, he has frequently visited this country (to whose natives he is extremely partial) sometimes as a servant, at others as an express. Where zeal and diligence were wanted, LA FLEUR was never wanting yet.

How the writer of this became introduced to him, is already well known.—By

much conversation, he has drawn a variety of particulars from him relative to the manners of STERNE, and the authenticity of the personal allusions through his travels—by which the public will be enabled to judge of the splendid fertility of his FANCY either to *decorate* or *design*. Much shall be discovered of the habits of one who journeyed through life with *his feelings flying out before him*, and who, writing as he felt, with little regard to the felicities of phrase, or the connexion of his ideas, has obtained, and it is likely will ever hold irresistible sovereignty over the softer affections of the soul.

Ignorance formerly delighted to attribute a *profundity* to his works, which surely, if it do exist, must be sought and never found. They are valuable as exact draughts from nature of the *foibles* and *failings*; that diminish, the *PITY* and *PHILANTHROPY* that exalt, the moral consequence of MAN.

The levity of STERNE is a lancet that lightly produces a *smart*, which we blush at while we acknowledge it. The ridicule of VOLTAIRE is malevolent merriment, which applies a CAUSTIC to what is *fester-ing*, and enjoys the pain of its corrosion.

They are both excellent satirists; but their *forte* is utterly dissimilar. One is the favourite of the *gloomy growler* at his spectacles; he who joys at discovered depravity—the other, of that best of men, who can readily find an extenuation for the foibles of other characters, in the FAULTS that he feels with sensibility about his own.

NUMBER III.

*! Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
! Where zone will sweat but for promotion.*
SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT LA FLEUR KNEW OF STERNE.

THE Writer of these Papers, in conversing with the very amiable deserving subject of them, was particularly solicitous to draw from LA FLEUR the apparent temper of STERNE; and above all, a confirmation of such traits in the *Sentimental Journey*, as indicate the refinement of his feelings and the exquisite Sensibility of his soul. Much of this was above the reach of LA FLEUR's mind—he frankly acknowledged that a variety of passages in the Travels were so worked upon by this Child of Whim and Variability, that he knew not *what to make of them*.

'There were moments, said LA FLEUR, in which my Master appeared sunk in the deepest dejection, when his calls upon me for my services were so seldom, that I apprehensively pressed in upon his privacy, to suggest what I thought might divert his melancholy. He used to smile at my well meant zeal, and I could see was happy to be relieved. At others—he seemed to have received a *new Soul*—he launched into the levity, natural *à man pays*, said LA FLEUR, and cried gaily enough, *Vive la Bagatelle*. It was in one of these moments that he became acquainted with the GRISSETZ, at the glove shop—she afterwards visited him at his lodgings, where LA FLEUR made not a single remark—but upon naming the FILLZ de CHAMBERE, his *elther* Visitant, he exclaimed, 'It was certainly a pity, she was so pretty and *petite*.'

The lady mentioned under the initial L. was the Marquësse LAMBERTI; to the interest of this Lady, he was indebted for the passport, which began to make him seriously uneasy. Count de B. (BRETEUIL) notwithstanding the SHAKESPEAR *La Fleur* thinks would have troubled himself little about him. CROSSUZ was Minister at that time.

POOR MARI! I

Was, alas! no fiction—'When we came up to her, said he, she was grovelling in the road like an infant, and throwing the *dust upon her head*—and yet few were more lovely! Upon STERNE's accosting her with tenderness, and raising her in his arms, she collected herself, and resumed some little composure—told him her tale of misery, and wept upon his breast—my Master *jobb'd* aloud. I saw her gently disengage herself from his arms, and she sung him the Service to the *Virgin*—my poor Master covered his face with his hands, and walked by her side to the Cottage where she lived—there he talked earnestly to the old woman.'

'Every day, said LA FLEUR, while we staid there, I carried them *meat and drink* from the Hotel, and when we departed from *Moulins*, my Master left his blessings and some money with the Mother—*How much*, added he, I know not—HE ALWAYS GAVE MORE THAN HE COULD AFFORD!'

STERNE was frequently at a loss upon his travels for ready money.—Remittances were become interrupted by war time; and he had wrongly estimated his expenses—he had reckoned along the *Post Roads*, without adverting to the WRETCHEDNESS that was to call upon him in his way.

At many of our Stages my Master has turned to me, with tears in his eyes—

'These poor people oppress me, LA FLEUR! how shall I relieve them!'

PARIS and its endless varieties detained them near FOUR MONTHS.

'An Englishman does not travel to see Englishmen.'

This maxim of STERNE was sufficiently verified through all his journeyings—he never visited them at all—Civilities, whenever they met, were all their intercourse together;—He delighted to mix with the NATIVES *alone* of the Countries he passed through.

He wrote much, and to a late hour. I told LA FLEUR of the inconsiderable quantity he had published—he expressed extreme surprise. 'I know, said he, upon our return from the Tour, there was a large trunk completely filled with papers.'

Do you know any thing of their tendency, LA FLEUR?

'Yes—they were Miscellaneous Remarks upon the Manners of the different Nations he had visited; and in Italy he was deeply engaged in making the most elaborate enquiries into the differing Governments of the Towns, and the characteristic peculiarities of the Italians of the various States.'

To effect this he read much: For the collections of the Patrons of Literature were open to him; he observed MORE.—Singular as it may seem, STERNE endeavoured in vain to speak Italian. His Valet acquired it on their journey, but his Master, though he applied now and then, gave it up at length as unattainable.—'I the more wondered at this, said LA FLEUR, as he must have understood the LATIN.'

The above hints, which certainly are faithful remarks, leave us to regret, that whoever had the disposition of his papers after his death, should have executed a trust either so negligent or unskillfully, which, properly performed, would no doubt have enriched the world with much valuable research and original remark, and consigned to merited oblivion a thousand TOMES of tedious travelling, which present not the smallest particles of either.

NUMBER IV.

God is my record, there is no Nation under Heaven where there is more Wit and Variety of Character to feed the mind with, than in England.

STERNE.

WITH this maxim, the result of experimental proof, did STERNE choose to de-

ter the locomotive folly of his countrymen.

Where a hoard of grief presses upon the heart, which stagnation may root, and exercise probably dissipate, the sooner a man puts himself in motion, and the swifter his speed, the better. Whether such were STERNE's necessities, I know not; but he passed through much of ITALY *à la cote*.

Turin indeed detained him about six weeks. He then visited Milan, Parma, Modena and Bologna, passing only a few days at each.

Florence seduced him by her world of wonders—he saw and remarked upon every thing worthy a Traveller's notice—his stay here was a week.

To Sienna he went with a view odd enough—Listen, O ye VIRTUOSI, ye DILETTANTI, ye COGNOSCENTI, you who feast upon *petrefaction* and pavement, Medals and Musick, to the purpose for which STERNE staid eight days at Sienna. He was not indeed of year kidney.

The WOMEN alone, and worthily, drew him thither. They are the most beautiful of the Italian Dames. He indulged himself in the delightful contemplation of the varieties and shades, as it were of Soul, discriminating the prominent features, perfect oval, and intellectual eye, of the most expressive countenances under Heaven.

You are also employed—about WHAT?

At ROME he had particular attentions paid him—the Pope honoured him with several unreserved conferences; and graciously permitted the graves; extreme curiosity, to be opened for his researches.—This it must be noted is a particular favour.

STERNE used to pass, while at Rome, where he staid four months, much of his time in the delightful-gardens of the VILLA MEDICI; there he was accustomed daily to stroll, and either read or luminate undisturbedly and alone. His sojourn at Rome, however, was lengthened by necessity—Remittances failed him dreadfully, and, at last, suspicion began to point at this *Sentimental Stranger*. His Recommendatory Letters then stood him in much stead; they were to such as never patronise in vain; to the noble Families of CONTI, DORIA, and SANTA CRUZ. By their countenance, much probable mischief was prevented. He however certainly rejoiced at his departure.

Money, without which most of us go but an unpropitious journey, let our road be as it may through life—Money at last received, carried him on to

Naples. It may be some satisfaction to future Travellers to be informed, that STERNE lodged there at the CASSA DA

MANOZZI,

MANOEL, fronting the ocean. He had an introduction to PRINCE CARBITO L'ORRÉDO, who received him with his wonted politeness. Here he rested only three days. *Messina* then received him. From *Milan* he pressed on to *Venice*, and returning by the way of *Germany*, he visited *Vienna*, *Franckfort*, *Brussels*, and eager for home, made the best of his way. For those who may have visited *Italy*, *Germany* can have but few attractions any how.

Enough, no doubt, he might see, that forbad a near inspection; but the only surprising subject that has occurred to the Writer, through this tracement of his wanderings, is, that he did not visit L'GRANDE CHARTREUSE, and yet STERNE's imagination was sublime and poetic. That place where GREY felt the

*Præsentiosem et conspicimus Deum,
Per invias Rupes, fera per luga*

*Cliivisque præruptos sonantes
Inter Aquas, nemorumque Noctem.*

He passed, in his way from *Lyon* to *Pont Beauvoisin*, within a few leagues; but hurry or needlessness carried him along without stopping.

His reflections here would, under his powers to adorn, have produced a charming picture of melancholy MAN, starving amid the plenteous prodigalities of PROVIDENCE, and stealing his bosom against feelings that GOD and NATURE ordained him to employ in softening the sorrow and reciprocating the kindnesses of men, in searching VIRTUE—in active USE.

An excellent Writer of the present day has, however, rendered the loss less lamented, by a treatment of the subject in a manner mixed up of PIETY and PATHOs.

DEATH AND CUPID. A FABLE.

JUPITER sent forth Death and Cupid to travel together round the World, giving each of them a bow in his hand, and a quiver of arrows at his back. It was ordered by the Disposer of human affairs, that the arrows of Love should only wound the Young, in order to supply the decays of mortal men; and those of Death were to strike old Age, and free the world from an useless charge. Our Travellers being one day extremely fatigued with their journey, rested themselves under the covert of a wood, and throwing down their arrows in a promiscuous manner before them, they both fell fast asleep. They had

not reposed themselves long, before they were awakened by a sudden noise. Hastily gathering up their arrows, each in the confusion took by mistake some of the darts that belonged to the other. By this means it frequently happened that Death vanquished the young, and that Cupid subdued the old. Jupiter observed the error, but did not think proper to redress it, foreseeing that some good might arise from their unlucky exchange: and, in fact, if men were wise, they would learn from this mistake, to be apprehensive of Death in their youth, and to guard against the amorous passions in old age.

PHILOSOPHICAL REMARKS ON SPIDERS.

MR. D. ISJONVAL has carefully observed the labours of spiders, the precision, delicacy, and regularity of which cannot fail to excite admiration. But what is still more worthy of notice, he has discovered that they are extremely sensible to electricity, and may supply the place of a barometer. If the weather be about to be very foul, they cease working, and remain motionless in a corner: If variable, they work in a less circumference, parti-

cularly with regard to the extent of their master threads, or lines of suspension: If settled fair, they work with unusual activity and carry the master threads of new webs to a considerable distance: Spiders accurately distinguish rain, which will soon be followed by fine weather, and also wet, not sensible to the barometer, though the precursor of weather decidedly foul.

THE RIDE TO MARGATE. A FRAGMENT.

IT was one of those delightful mornings, which are frequently seen at that season of the year, when the mild temperature of the air gives the blood a brisk yet orderly circulation through the veins, and makes the whole machine of life run easily—the scene was one of the finest that the hand of Nature had ever painted—on one side lay a great extension of fields finely diversified, and enriched by art—on the other, the wide expanded ocean, covered with ships of various forms and dimensions, and bounded only by the horizon! What a rich field for the pleasures of imagination!—How might I contemplate the numerous objects before me, and find in each a new source of pleasing reflections! While my mind had thus lost itself in the delightful meanders of fancy, I found I had thrown the reins upon the neck of my horse, and he had strayed along the sands till we reached a small cut in the rock, called Newgate. Kind soul, whoever thou art, who hast thus relieved the distressed of the ignorant and unwary, and afforded them an escape from the merciless bowels of the sea! mayest thou for ever enjoy the prospect of the benefits which are daily reaped from thy humanity!—The tide had now been flowing for some hours, and had well nigh covered several parts of the beach—I saw the danger that threatened me if I rode farther on, and was just about to turn through the cut into the fields, when I perceived at some distance on the sands, a gentleman bearing a lady in his arms, and running as fast as the burthen which he carried would permit him—he had not proceeded far before he stopped on a sudden, as if overcome by weariness, and unable to run farther—looked eagerly at the lady—then flopping down with one knee upon the ground he appeared for a minute to be praying with great fervency—after a short pause, he again raised himself from the ground, and began to run as fast as the feeble remains of his strength would allow;—in such a scene it was impossible to remain inactive—and I pushed on, with a resolution to rescue these unhappy victims from the destruction which seemed ready to overwhelm them, tho' at the hazard of my life.—Before I could possibly approach near enough to assist them, I beheld them both fall as though lifeless to the ground—the lady, indeed, had never yet discovered any signs of life or motion, and her conductor had not strength enough left to support his tottering frame. When I

stood before him and awakened him from the state of insensibility into which he had fallen, he sprang from the ground, and seizing my hand in a fit of phrenzy almost equal to madness, exclaimed—There she lies!—the most lovely—Oh! she will soon die and leave her Frederick!—But I will fly after her and hold her in my arms for ever. In a few moments he regained his senses, and helped me to place the lady upon my horse; upon which we contrived with difficulty to support her. Between us and the passage in the rock, to which I hoped to convey my charge, a part of the cliff extended itself so far into the sea that the ground thereabouts was already several feet under water. Every instant one of us was in danger of falling, and the fall of one must have been inevitable danger to the helpless female we supported. Great God of Heaven! with gratitude may I ever look back to this moment of my existence, when thou strengthened this feeble arm, which disease had long since enervated, and gavel me no longer the danger without the ability to encounter it. When we had reached the passage by which we had ascended into the fields, it was our first care to attempt the restoration of the lady to the life which had almost deserted her; nor was it till after some time spent in rubbing the temples and applying hartshorn to the nose, that she discovered some signs of motion:—upon this the youth, who had almost given himself up to despair, and had begun to lament that he did not die upon the sands, became nearly as wild and frantic with joy as he had before been with grief; and I could frequently hear the lady call out in feeble accents—My Frederick!—Yes, there I see him in the sky, and he will not answer me now! Oh! he was as pure as an angel, and would weep like a child at a tale of woe! How would his heart bleed if he could be a witness to my misery. In the mean time, we endeavoured to bear her to the horse, and the motion awakening her, she beheld her lover at her side, gave a loud shriek, and fainted away in his arms; she continued in a succession of fainting fits till we reached Margate, and conveyed her to their home. It is impossible to describe the gratitude of the youth when he beheld his Emma again alive and sensible of her situation—he overwhelmed me with thanks and caresses, and with tears in his eyes besought me to see him as often as possible while I remained here—He told me that the beauty

of the morning had tempted them to pursue their walk upon the sands much farther than usual, and they had been so much engaged with each other's conversation, that they had never reflected upon the necessity of returning before the tide should prevent it, till they saw the sea beginning to surround them: he had ran, he

said, for upwards of a mile, when his strength failed him, just as I came directed by Heaven, to save them. The lady, as far as she was able, shewed marks of acknowledgment, and I parted from them with joy the most permanent, and exalted, because it proceeded from motives of humanity and benevolence.

OBSERVATIONS ON CERTAIN MARINE ANIMALS.

[By Mr. Steller, in the Russian Service.]

ALL the beasts of the sea have resemblance to those of the land, and from thence they derive their names. For example, the Sea Calf, Sea-Bear, Sea Lion, &c. The first of these remarkable animals, when full grown, is about seven and twenty feet long; the skin of it is black, rugged, and hard, without any hair, and more like the bark of an old oak, than the skin of any beast; it is so firm also, that it cannot easily be separated by a blow from a hatchet; but when it is cut transversely, is very like ebony, both in smoothness and colour. The head is of an oblong form, and so little, that it bears no sort of proportion to the vast bulk of the body. They have no teeth, and perform the act of mastication in a manner peculiar to themselves; namely, by bones, one of which is inserted in the palate, the other directly opposite to it in the under jaw. These creatures, though stiled by some authors Amphibious, are not enough on shore to deserve that name. They are immoderately voracious, and out of the excess of greediness keep their heads perpetually under water. They are not at all solicitous about their safety, so that a boat or a naked man may go in the midst of them (for they feed in herds), and single out any one that he pleases. They eat all sorts of seaweed; and when their bellies are full, they go farther out to sea to take their repose, lest at the ebbing of the tide, they should be left on the shore. In winter they are frequently suffocated by the ice, and thrown dead upon the beach. The time of their engendering is in the spring, and particularly in the evening when the sea is calm. They have a number of preparatory gambols to their amours. The female swims gently on in a thousand circles and meanders; the male constantly attends her through all her labyrinths and windings, till at length, fatigued with her own coquetry, she complies with his wishes, and the consummation is *vere humane*.

The Sea-Bear is so called from its similitude both in shape and manners to that creature. These animals are really amphibious, and of the migrating kind; they chuse for their retreat northern countries, and those uninhabited islands which are situated in great numbers, from the 50th to the 56th degree of latitude, between Asia and America. Here the females bring forth in June, and refresh themselves for three months in this retirement, till the young ones grow strong enough to attend them on their return home. They are excessive fond of their little ones; the dams after bringing forth, lie in herds, on the shore, and spend most of their time in sleep; but the young ones, in a few days after their birth, exercise a variety of gambols, and very soon begin to fight: one throws the other down, at which the fire comes up, and parts them, carelesly and licks the conqueror, whom he afterwards engages himself, and the more resistance he finds from him, the more highly he is delighted. The males are polygamists; and one will have from eight even to fifty wives, of which he is extremely jealous, inasmuch that if any other male makes but the least approaches to her, his resentment is implacable. Though many thousands of them lie on the shore together, yet they are all distributed into a number of separate clans, or families. One family consists frequently of an hundred and twenty animals, including the males and females with their cubs, amongst which are those who have not yet taken to them a seraglio. When the males grow old, their females desert them, and they are obliged to lead a monastic life in poverty and indolence. They are of a very martial disposition, and have often battles or disputes arising about their wives or their provisions, and sometimes about the possession of certain spots of ground. They love their wives and offspring with the utmost tenderness; but are inexorably cruel

at the least default of either. 'We had (says Mr. Steller) a very good opportunity of observing this; for on a certain time, when we took some of the young ones, the dam having fled for fear, the male, on his return, missing some of his family, took her up by the neck, and dashed her with great force against the rock, till she appeared to be almost expiring. As soon as she was a little recovered, she fell at his feet, cringing like a dog, with a profusion of large tears, that distilled from her eyes as from an aëmbic, and bedewed her from head to foot.'

The Sea-Otter, he says, is an animal beautiful in itself, and of high value and estimation on account of its skin. Its shape, size, &c. are a medium between the Bea-

ver and the fresh-water Otter. The hair and down on the skin vie in softness and lustre with the most delicate silk. These animals are never taken but with great difficulty, and more frequently by stratagem than by any other means. But what is both wonderful and curious, there is another species, whose skins are of little or no worth, that seem quite regardless of pursuers, and may be taken without danger, difficulty, or resistance; as if the former were conscious of their excellence and use to mankind, and were in proportion on their guard; while the latter, convinced of their worthlessness, and secure in that conviction, are not apprehensive of the assaults of men.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THROUGH your useful Magazine, I could wish to offer to the inspection of our farmers in this province a few remarks I have made since my residence in this country, relative to the raising of calves, of which not a few (more particularly among those inhabitants denominated old settlers, and living in the western parts of this colony) have died with that pernicious vermin *lice*. As the best way to stop an evil is to prevent its existence, so the most certain method of raising calves free from lice is to prevent their getting them. We naturally then recur to the manner in which they get infested with these vermin, which is by letting the calves go into the woods with the other cattle to browse, in the winter season, where they rub themselves against the fir and spruce trees. It is well known to those who have made the least observation, that those trees, as soon as they die, (whether by fire, which has over-run the woods formerly, or by natural or other accidental causes, is now no matter) between the bark and trunk of the tree, become immediately inhabited with those vermin, which, from the length of time they stay there, eat away and shatter the bark, and of course is penetrated by the rain, which makes it easily come off with the friction of the cattle rubbing themselves against the tree, and the lice naturally fall with the shivers of the bark on the back and sides of the cattle, where they find a warm retreat in the hair from the severity of the weather. The old cattle, whose constitutions are much stronger than the calves, carry their lice with them through the winter, and drop them off as they shed their coats in

the spring, but the yearlings immediately become diseased, more particularly as the lice crawl towards the head, as they soon get in through the ears. If this then is really the case (which from experience in not permitting my youngest cattle to go into the woods before they are a year old, and which have never been troubled with those insects, except a few they get from the other cattle when they return out of the woods) as I am fully of opinion that it is, I should recommend their being kept at home the winter before they are a year old, and let the boughs of birch and maple trees, with the buds, be cut and brought to them. But lest many may suppose this too much trouble, or they think my observations are futile, and their calves may get troubled with these vermin, I could wish to inform them of a method to kill them effectually, and without risk, unless too much be applied—which is to rub the ridge along the back with a light streak of liver (codfish) oil, and tie a flannel rag, with this oil on it, round the neck of the beast; or a more safe method is, to wash the back of the creature with tobacco steeped in water, or lye made of tobacco ashes.

Should my remarks be of any service in promoting the growth of cattle in this province, by preventing their death with lice, when young, I shall feel sufficiently pleased in having been of service to my fellow-farmers, in contributing to their wealth, and remain, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

A NOVA-SCOTIAN.

Barrington, Feb. 24, 1791.

BIOGRAPHICAL

BIOGRAPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

ALBERT, Archduke of Austria, being promoted to the empire, formed a design of reducing Switzerland into an hereditary principality for one of his children, a part of the country being within his territories. Governors were sent to execute this unjust purpose. The people, naturally patient, could not bear the oppression of the governors. Three farmers had interest to unite the towns in which they lived against the common enemy. Their example was followed by the Cantons of Schwitz, Uri, and Underwald. Schwitz was the first in declaring itself, and became the theatre of the first victory gained over the tyrants of their country; and on this account all the members of this patriotic league took the name of Swissers. Such was their animosity against the House of Austria, that they put to death all the PEACOCKS in the country, because a peacock's tail made part of the Austrian arms. A Swiss being told in company, that the sun formed a kind of representation of a peacock's tail in a glass of wine before him, drew his sabre, and amidst a thousand curses on the whole Austrian family, smashed the glass in shivers, and then sat down with the pride and self-complacency of a man who had obtained a national victory.

WHEN Alexander landed in Asia, he made it his first business to visit the ruins of Troy, and the monuments yet remaining of those heroes whom Homer had sung; as if to please his imagination with a view of the seat where Greece in antient days, had triumphed over the powers of Asia. In the same spirit, he caused games to be celebrated, and extraordinary honours to be paid, at the tombs of several of those illustrious Greeks who had fallen in that memorable war; particularly at the tomb of Achilles, whom he numbered among his progenitors, and whose military character he affected to imitate. His situation, it might be imagined, called for other thoughts. But to a mind of such a temper as Alexander's, these scenes afforded allurements too powerful to be resisted.

ALEXANDER, to whom, as to all the Greeks, it was customary to throw himself, however warm, into whatever river was nearest, had immediately upon his arrival near Tarsus, when in a glow of heat, promoted by his march and the sultry season, plunged into the Cydnus, the cold of which struck through him in such

a manner, that his life was despaired of. The whole army remained in the deepest consternation; and what rendered their situation the more alarming, advice had been received, that Darius was approaching. Among the attendants of Alexander was Philip of Acarnania, a physician of eminence. In the general perplexity, he offered to prepare a potion, exceedingly violent in its operation, but from which he had reason to expect the most salutary and speedy effects. Alexander impatient of confinement, desired the experiment might instantly be made; and already was the medicine prepared, when dispatches arrived from Parmenio to the King, 'not on any account to trust Philip; for he had sold himself to the Persians.' Alexander, with magnanimity superior to all praise, concealed the packet under his pillow; and the potion being brought him, swallowed it without emotion, delivering at the same time, Parmenio's dispatch into the hands of Philip, marking his countenance as he read it. The firmness and honest indignation with which he perused it, fully satisfied the King; he embraced him, assuring him in the warmest terms, of the entire confidence he had in his fidelity. Whilst Philip, with the most ardent protestations of his unalterable attachment, conjured the King to assist the operation of the medicine, by keeping up his spirits, and banishing every gloomy doubt. The strength of the medicine, notwithstanding, having overpowered him, he remained for some time speechless, discovering scarcely any signs of life. But the faithful Philip, who watched every change, soon relieved him, and in three days he was enabled to shew himself to the Macedonians, whose distress did not abate until the King appeared before them.

DIOCLETIAN, who, from a servile origin, had raised himself to the throne, passed the nine last years of his life in a private condition. Reason had dictated, and content seems to have accompanied, his retreat, in which he enjoyed for a long time the respect of those princes to whom he had resigned the possession of the world. It is seldom that minds, long exercised in business, have formed any habits of conversing with themselves; and in the loss of power they principally regret the want of occupation. The amusements of letters and of devotion, which afford so many resources in solitude, were incapable of fixing the attention of Diocletian; but he had

had preserved, or at least he soon recovered, a taste for the most innocent as well as natural pleasures; and his leisure hours were sufficiently employed in building, planting, and gardening. His answer to Maximian is deservedly celebrated. He was solicited by that restless old man to resume the reins of government, and the Imperial purple. He rejected the temptation with a smile of pity, calmly observing, that if he could shew Maximian the cabbages which he had planted with his own hands at Salona, he should no longer be urged to relinquish the enjoyment of happiness for the pursuit of power. In his conversations with his friends, he frequently acknowledged, that of all arts, the most difficult was the art of reigning; and he expressed himself on that favourite topic with a degree of warmth which could be the result only of experience. 'How often, was he accustomed to say, is it the interest of four or five ministers to combine together to deceive their sovereign! Secluded from mankind by his exalted dignity, the truth is concealed from his knowledge; he can see only with their eyes, he hears nothing but their misrepresentations. He confers the most important offices upon vice and weakness, and disgraces the most virtuous and deserving among his subjects. By such infamous arts, added Diocletian, the best and wisest princes are sold to the venal corruption of their courtiers.'

WHEN Alexander had defeated Darius at the battle of Issus, the greater part of the baggage and treasure of the enemy fell into his hands. The plunder was very considerable, every part of the camp affording proofs of Asiatic luxury and opulence. The tent of Darius, especially, the Macedonians beheld with amazement. Its spacious apartments were laid out in the most elegant manner, adorned with costly furniture, and on every side were placed vases of gold, from whence the richest odours issued; sumptuous preparations also for bathing and for the royal banquet, awaited Darius's return from the battle; and the officers of the household, splendidly attired, attended in their respective stations. It was thought proper to reserve this piece of magnificence for Alexander himself. He viewed it with much indifference, and having smelled the rich essences, turning to his followers, 'This then,' said he, 'it was to be a king's! Out of all the precious things he selected only a casket, ornamented with jewels, and of curious workmanship, in which Darius was wont to keep perfumes. 'I use no perfumes,' said he, 'but I will apply it to a nobler

purpose;' and accordingly used it as a case for Homer's Iliad, a copy of which, corrected by Aristotle and Callisthenes, he always carried about with him! Hence is this copy of Homer, which appears to have been in high estimation among the ancients, known by the name of *the copy of the casket*.

COURAGE and inflexible constancy formed the basis of the character of Charles the 11th, of Sweden. In his tenderest years he gave instances of both. When he was yet scarce seven years old, being at dinner with the Queen his mother, and intending to give a bit of bread to a great dog he was fond of, this hungry animal snapt too greedily at the morsel, and bit his hand in a terrible manner. The wound bled copiously; but our young hero, without offering to cry, or to take the least notice of his misfortune, endeavoured to conceal what had happened, lest his dog would be brought into trouble, and wrapped his bloody hand in the napkin. The Queen perceiving that he did not eat, asked him the reason. He contented himself with replying, 'I thank you, madam, I am not hungry.' They thought that he was taken ill, and so repeated their solicitations. But all was in vain, though the poor child was already grown pale with the loss of blood. An officer, who attended table, at last perceived it; for Charles would sooner have died than betrayed his dog, as he knew he intended no injury.

At another time, when he had the small-pox, and his case appeared dangerous, he grew one day very uneasy in his bed, and a gentleman who watched him, desirous of covering him up close, received from his patient a violent box on his ear. Some hours after, observing the Prince more calm, he intreated to know how he had incurred his displeasure, or what he had done to have merited a blow. 'A blow,' replied Charles, 'I don't remember any thing of it. I remember, indeed, that I thought myself in the battle of Arbela, fighting for Darius, where I gave Alexander a blow, which brought him to the ground.'

Charles, who sometimes traversed the greatest part of his kingdom without any attendants, in one of his rapid courses, once underwent an adventure singular enough. Riding post one day, all alone, he had the misfortune to have his horse fall dead under him. This might have embarrassed an ordinary man, but it gave Charles no sort of uneasiness. Sure of finding another horse; but not equally so of meeting with a good saddle and pistols, he ungirds his horse, claps the whole equi-

page on his own back, and thus accoutred, marches on to the next inn, which, by good fortune, was not far off. Entering the stable, he here found a horse entirely to his mind; so, without farther ceremony, he clapped on his saddle and housings with great composure, and was just going to mount, when the gentleman who owned the horse was apprised of a stranger's going to steal his property out of the stable. Upon asking the King, whom he had never seen before, bluntly, how he presumed to meddle with his horse, Charles coolly replied, squeezing in his lips, which was his usual custom, 'I took the horse because I wanted one; for you see,' continued he, 'if I have none, I shall be obliged to carry the saddle myself.' This answer did not seem at all satisfactory to the gentleman, who instantly drew his sword. In this the King was not much behind hand with him; and to it they were going, when the guards by this time came up, and testified that surprise which was natural, to see arms in the hands of a subject against his King. Imagine whether the gentleman was less surprised than they, at his unpremeditated disobedience. His astonishment, however, was soon dissipated by the King, who, taking him by the hand, said, 'Thou art a brave fellow, and I will take care that you shall be provided for!' This promise was afterwards fulfilled; for the King made him a Captain in his army.

A certain particular, in the anecdotes of Charles's life, is worthy to be known, which is, that he sometimes recommended to the chaplains of his army, in the sermons which among the Lutherans are preached to the soldiers, to take the following text:

'Maneri in vocations, in qua vocati estis.'

CORNELIUS CINNA, one of Pompey's grandsons, having entered into a conspiracy against Augustus Cæsar, the plot was discovered before it was ripe for execution. Augustus, for some time, debated with himself, how to act; but at last his clemency prevailed; he therefore sent for those who were guilty, and after reprimanding them, dismissed them all. But he was resolved to mortify Cinna by the greatness of his generosity: for addressing him in particular, 'I have twice (says he) given you your life; first, as an enemy; now, as a conspirator; I now give you the consulship; let us, therefore, be friends for the future; and let us only contend in showing, whether my confidence, or your fidelity, shall be victorious.' This generosity, which the Emperor very happily timed, had so good an

effect, that, from that instant, all conspiracies ceased against him.

AUGUSTUS being entreated by one of his veteran soldiers, for his protection in a certain cause; he took little notice of his request, but desired him to apply to an advocate. 'Ah! (replied the soldier) it was not by proxy that I served you at the battle of Actium.' This reply pleased Augustus so much, that he pleaded his cause, in person, and gained it for him.

WHEN Caractacus, King of Britain, was conquered and brought to Rome, nothing could exceed the curiosity of the people, to behold a man who had for so many years, braved the power of the empire. On his part, he testified no marks of base dejection; but, as he was led through the streets, happening to observe the splendor of every object around him; 'Alas! (cried he) how is it possible, that people possessed of such magnificence at home could think of envying Caractacus an humble cottage in Britain!' When he was brought before the Emperor Claudius, while the other captives sued for pity, with the most abject lamentations, Caractacus stood before the tribunal with an intrepid air, and seemed rather willing to accept of pardon, than meanly solicitous of suing for it. 'If (cried he towards the end of his speech) I had yielded immediately, and without opposition, neither my fortune would have been remarkable, nor your glory memorable: you would have ceased to be victorious, and I had been forgotten. If now, therefore, you spare my life, I shall continue a perpetual example of your clemency.' Claudius had the generosity to pardon him.

CECINA PETUS was one of those unfortunate men, who joined with Camillus against the Emperor Claudius; and who, when his associate was slain by the army, had endeavoured to escape into Dalmatia. However, he was there apprehended, and put on board a ship, in order to be conveyed to Rome. Arria, who had been long the partner of his affections and misfortunes, entreated his keepers to be taken in the same vessel with her husband. 'It is usual (she said) to grant a man of his quality a few slaves, to dress, undress, and attend him; but I will perform all these offices, and save you the trouble of a more numerous retinue.' Her fidelity, however, could not prevail. She therefore hired a fisherman's bark, and thus kept company with the ship, in which her husband was conveyed through the voyage. They had an only son, equally remarkable

for the beauty of his person, and the rectitude of his disposition. This youth died at the same time his father was confined to his bed by a dangerous disorder. However, the affectionate Arria concealed her son's death, and in her visits to her husband testified no marks of sadness. Being asked how her son did, she replied that he was at rest, and only left her husband's chamber to give vent to her tears. When Petus was condemned to die, and the orders were that he should put an end to his own life. Arria used every art to inspire him with resolution; and at length, finding him continue timid and wavering she took the poniard, and stabbing herself in his presence, presented it to him, saying, 'It gives me no pain, my Petus.'

NERVA, the Roman Emperor, having one night invited Veiento, one of Domitian's most vicious favourites, to supper, the conversation turned upon the vices of Catullus Messalinus, whose memory was detested for his cruelties, during the reign of Domitian. As each of the guests mentioned him with horror, Nerva was induced to ask one Mauricus, who sat at table, 'What do you think, Mauricus, would become of such a man now?'—'I think (replied Mauricus, pointing to Veiento) that he would have been invited, as some of us are, to supper.'

UPON the commencement of the reign of Trajan, Plutarch, the Philosopher, who had the honour of being his tutor, is said to have written him a letter to the following purpose: 'Since your merits, and not your importunities, have advanced you to the empire, permit me to congratulate your virtues, and my own good fortune. If your future government prove answerable to your former worth, I shall be happy. But if you become worse for power, your's will be the danger, and mine the ignominy of your conduct. The errors of the pupil will be charged upon his instructor. Seneca is reproached for the enormities of Nero; and Socrates and Quintillian have not escaped censure for the misconduct of their respective scholars. But you have it in your power to make me the most honoured of men, by continuing what you are. Continue the command of your passions; and make virtue the scope of all your actions. If you follow these instructions, then will I glory in my having presumed to give them; if you neglect what I offer, then will this letter be my testimony that you have not erred through the counsel and authority of Plutarch.'

Upon Trajan's giving the prefect of the prætorian bands the sword, according to custom, he made use of this remarkable expression: 'Take this sword, and use it; if I have merit for me; if otherwise, against me.' After which, he added, 'That he who gave laws was the first who was bound to observe them.'

THE death of Lucan was very remarkable. The veins of his arms being opened, after he had lost a great quantity of blood, perceiving his hands and legs already dead, while the vital parts still continued warm and vigorous, he called to mind a description in his own poem, of the Pharsalia, of a person dying in similar circumstances, and expired while he was repeating the following beautiful passage:

— Næ sic ut vulnere sanguis
Emicit lentus. Ruptis cadit undique
venis,

— Pars ultima trunci
Tradidit in letum vacuos vitalibus artus,
At tumidus, quæ pulmo jacet, quæ viscera
fervent,
Hæserunt ibi fata diu: Lucætaque mul-
tum
Hac cum parte, viri vix omnia membra
tulerunt.

WHEN Admiral Blake lay at Malaga, some of his seamen going ashore, met the host as it was carrying to some sick person, and not only paid no respect thereto, but laughed at those who did. The priest who accompanied it highly resented this; and put the people on revenging the indignity; upon which they fell upon the sailors, and beat some of them very severely. When they returned on board, they complained of this ill usage, and the Admiral instantly sent a trumpet to the Viceroy, to demand the priest who was the author of this insult. The Viceroy answered, that he had no authority over priests, and therefore could not send him. Upon this Blake sent a second message, that he would not enter into the question, who had the power to send him; but that if he was not sent within three hours, he would infallibly burn the town about their ears. The inhabitants, to save themselves, obliged the Viceroy to send the priest, who, when he came on board, excused himself to the Admiral on account of the behaviour of the sailors. Blake, with much calmness and composure, told him, that if he had complained of this outrage, he would have punished them severely; for he would not suffer any of his men to affront the established religion where he touched; but he blamed him for setting on

on a mob of Spaniards to beat them, adding, 'that he would have him and the whole world know, that none but an ENGLISHMAN should chastise an ENGLISHMAN.'

PREVIOUS to the first engagement which Blake had with Van Tromp, he was in his cabin, drinking with some officers, little expecting to be saluted, when the shot broke the windows of the ship, and shattered the stern, which put him into a vehement passion, so that curling his whiskers, as he used to do whenever he was angry, he commanded his men to an-

swer the Dutch in their kind, saying, when his heat was somewhat over, 'he took it very ill of Van Tromp that he should take his ship for a bawdy-house, and break his windows.'

THE day after the defeat and capture of Marshal Tallard, by the Duke of Marlborough, he visited his prisoner, when the Marshal, intending a compliment, assured him that he had overcome the best troops in the world. 'I hope, Sir, (replied the Duke) you will except those troops by whom you were conquered.'

SENTIMENTS AND SIMILIES.

AVARICE is a passion as despicable as it is hateful. It chuses the most insidious means for the attainment of its ends; it dares not pursue its object with the bold impetuosity of the soaring eagle, but skirts the ground in narrow circles like the swallow.

THE middle station of life appears to be that temperate region, in which the mind, neither enervated by too full a ray from prosperity, nor chilled and debased by the freezing blast of penury, is in the situation most favourable for every great and generous exertion.

THE pure and delicate sensations of a first passion, which is opposed by no duty, and embittered by no obstacle, shed over the mind a sweet enchantment, that renders every object agreeable, and every moment delightful: it is like that first fresh and vivid green which the early spring awakens; that lovely and tender verdure which is not found amid the glow of summer, and is as transitory as it is charming.

IN a mind where the principles of religion and integrity are firmly established, sensibility is not merely the ally of weakness, nor the slave of guilt; but serves to give a stronger impulse to virtue.

VIRTUE is the only true support of pleasure; which when disjointed from it, is like a plant when its fibres are cut, which may still look gay and lovely for a while, but soon decays and perishes.

AFFECTION, like genius, can build its structures on the baseless fabric of a

vision; and the estimation which things hold in a lover's fancy, can be tried by no calculations of reason. The lover, like the poor Indian, who prefers glass beads and red feathers to more useful commodities, sets his affections upon a trifle, which some illusion of fancy has endeared, and which is to him more valuable than the gems of the eastern world, or the mines of the west; while Reason, like the sage European who scorns beads and feathers, in vain condemns his folly.

THE young people of the present age have in general the wisdom to repress those romantic feelings which used to triumph over ambition and avarice, and have adopted the prudent maxims of maturer life. Marriage is now founded on the solid basis of convenience, and love is an article commonly omitted in the treaty.

THE real motives which influence men of the world, can be as little known from their actions, as the original hue of some muddy substance, which by chemical operations, has been made to assume a tint of the purest colour.

THE human heart revolts against oppression, and is soothed by gentleness, as the wave of the ocean rises in proportion to the violence of the winds, and sinks with the breeze into mildness and serenity.

THE precious essence of content can be more easily extracted from the simple materials of the poor, than from the various preparations of the rich. Its pure and fine spirit rises from plain ingredients, brighter and clearer than from that magical

cup of Dissipation, where the powerful and the wealthy, with lengthened incantations, pour their costly infusions—
‘double, double, toil and trouble!’

TO a lover of nature, the last days of autumn are peculiarly interesting. We take leave of the fading beauties of the season with a melancholy emotion, somewhat similar to that which we feel in bidding farewell to a lively and agreeable companion, whose presence has diffused gladness, whose smile has been the signal of pleasure, and whom we are uncertain of beholding again; for, though the period of his return is fixed, who, amid the casualties of life, can be secure, that in the interval of absence, his eye shall not be closed in darkness, and his heart have lost the sensations of delight?

THE moment in which misery is most intolerable to the human mind, is, when we are condemned to conceal its despondency under the mask of joy! to wear a look of gladness, while our souls are bleeding with that wound which gives a mortal stab to all our future peace! It is then that the anguish, which has been for a moment repulsed to make room for other ideas, rushes with redoubled force upon the sickening heart, and oppresses it with a species of torment little short of madness. The effusions of gaiety, which are so exhilarating to a mind at ease, come to an aching breast as a ray of the sun falls upon ice too deep to be penetrated by its influence.

THE region of Passion is a land of despotism, where Reason exercises but a mock jurisdiction; and is continually forced to submit to an arbitrary tyrant, who, rejecting her fixed and temperate laws, is guided only by the dangerous impulse of his own violent and uncontrollable wishes.

THE lustre of excellence is as painful to envy, as the rays of the sun to the bird of night who loves to pour his shrill cry when the birds of sweetest note are absent, and to flap his sable wings when they cannot be contrasted with the majestic plumage of the swan, or the beautiful feathers of the peacock.

AS it is absolutely necessary for rulers to make use of other people's eyes and ears, they should take particular care to do it in such a manner, that it may not bear too hard on the person whose life and conversation are inquired into. A man who is capable of so infamous a calling as that of a spy, is not very much to be re-

lied upon. He can have no great ties of honour, or checks of conscience, to restrain him in these covert evidences, where the person accused has no opportunity of vindicating himself.

THERE are few men, of generous principles, who would seek after great places, were it not rather to have an opportunity in their hands of obliging their particular friends, or those whom they look upon as men of worth, than to procure wealth and honour for themselves. To an honest mind the best perquisites of a place are the advantages it gives a man of doing good.

BY early corrections of vanity, while boys are growing into men, they will gradually learn not to censure superficially, but imbibe those principles of general kindness and humanity, which alone can make them easy to themselves, and beloved by others.

AS mutual regard between the two sexes tends to the improvement of each of them, we may observe, that men are apt to regenerate into rough and brutal natures, who live as if there were no such things as women in the world; as, on the contrary, women, who have an indifference or aversion for their counter parts in human nature, are generally sour and unamiable, sluttish and censorious.

MAN, considered in himself, is a very helpless and a very wretched being. He is subject every moment to the greatest calamities and misfortunes. He is beset with dangers on all sides, and may become unhappy by numberless casualties, which he could not foresee, nor have prevented, had he foreseen them.

IT is an insolence natural to the wealthy, to asix as much as in them lies, the character of a man to his circumstances. Thus it is ordinary with them to praise faintly the good qualities of those below them, and say, it is very extraordinary in such a man as he is, or the like, when they are forced to acknowledge the value of him whose lowliness upbraids their exaltation.

A MAN who has it in his power to chuse his own company, would certainly be much to blame, should he not, to the best of his judgment, take such as are of a temper most suitable to his own; and where that choice is wanting, or where a man is mistaken in his choice, and yet under a necessity of continuing in the same company, it will certainly be his interest to carry himself as easily as possible

NEW BOOKS.

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

IF a beautiful strain of pathetic and flowery, though desultory, declamation, interperfed with many interesting facts, and no scanty proportion of the true sublimity of composition, can, in a political publication, be esteemed a compensation for the default of just, constitutional, and philosophical principles, the letter now before us has nothing to dread from the test of criticism: not that we mean to say, the beauties of this work are uniform or unblemished. On the contrary, it is, in some parts, dull from prolixity, and, in others, rather disgusting from low familiarity and culinary allusion. We might, among other passages, particularly instance the description of Dr. Price's revolution sermon (p. 12.) But, indeed, the first 70 or 80 pages, which are almost entirely directed against the Revolution, and other clubs in England, produce but too many examples of the evil influence of intemperate prejudice even on the sublimest genius: but these are spots upon the sun. As a literary composition, the beauties (as might be expected) so far counterbalance the defects of this pamphlet, that, to particularise the latter would have more the air of pedantry than of criticism.

But, with respect to the principles of this pamphlet, they are certainly of all systems of political sentiment the worst:—they are aristocratic almost in the utmost extent of the expression. 'This idea of a liberal descent,' says Mr. Burke, 'inspires us with a sense of habitual native dignity, which prevents that upstart insolence, almost inevitably adhering to, and disgracing, those who are the first acquirers of any distinction.' By this means our liberty becomes a noble freedom. It carries an imposing and majestic aspect. It has a pedigree and illustrious ancestors. It has its bearings and its ensigns armorial. It has its gallery of portraits; its monumental inscriptions; its records, evidences, and titles. Those who are but superficially acquainted with the political motives of Mr. Burke's life will be surprized to find this principle running through every page of the present work, and to hear him, in another place, (p. 62 &c.) reprobate, even in terms of scurrilous degradation, the introduction of representatives, truly demo-

cratic, into the National assembly. But this is no inconsistency in Mr. B. no change of sentiment, or departure from his general system. Fostered, brought into notice, and advanced to opulence and honour, by noble and illustrious families, he has ever been steadily and uniformly an aristocratic in his politics. The whole of the Rockingham party were the same: and, whatever the deluded people may be taught to believe, the opposition party of the present day are equally, though less openly, attached to these tyrannous principles. The Democracy has now in fact no avowed and regular party. But though we admit the consistency of Mr. B. thus far, what shall we say to the following? 'It would require a long discourse to point out to you the many fallacies that lurk in the generality and equivocal nature of the terms "inadequate representation."'

I shall only say here, in justice to that old-fashioned constitution, under which we have long prospered, that our representation has been found perfectly adequate to all the purposes for which a representation of the people can be desired or devised. I defy the enemies of our constitution to shew the contrary.

This from Mr. B!—And are all the declamations on the corruption of parliament, and partial representation of the people, come to this?—Again, 'When the old feudal and chivalrous spirit of FEALTY, which, by freeing kings from fear, freed both kings and subjects from the precautions of tyranny, shall be extinct in the minds of men, plots and assassinations will be anticipated by preventive murder and preventive confiscation, and that long roll of grim and bloody maxims, which form the political code of all power, not standing on its own honour, and the honour of those who obey it, Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle.'

And can the philosophic, the learned, the enlightened, Mr. B. thus fly at once in the face of all truth of history, and tell us, that our kings were never tyrants till the decay of chivalry, and feudal power? Who that has but glanced his eye over the annals of this country, does not know that this feudal power ever was, nay, from its nature, must ever be, the most grievous and oppressive

oppressive of all systems of tyranny to which a *courageous* people can be supposed possibly to be subjected?

How Mr. B. became, all of a sudden, so much the friend of monarchical influence, we should also be much at a loss to conjecture, did he not inform us, in another place, that he has always considered it his duty to lean to the one side or the other, in proportion to their weakness and want of support. We beg Mr. B.'s pardon for making merry with his sublime publication, but (if it is not descending too far from the dignity of criticism) we may say this benevolent disposition of our pamphleteer reminds us of the monkey in the fable, who, being employed to divide a cheese between two cats, nibbled first one piece and then the other, to reduce them to an exact equality, till his own stomach became full, and little was left for the unfortunate litigants.—But to return to Mr. B.'s historical prevarications. 'A state,' says he very justly, 'without the means of some change, is without the means of its conservation. Without such means it might even risque the loss of that part of the constitution which it wished the most religiously to preserve.' But he proceeds, 'The two principles of conservation and correction operated strongly at the two critical periods of the Restoration and Revolution, when England found itself without a king.' At both those periods, the nation had lost the bond of union in their ancient edifice; they did not, however, dissolve the whole fabric. On the contrary, in both cases they regenerated the deficient part of the old constitution through the parts that were not impaired. They kept these old parts exactly as they were, that the part recovered might be suited to them. They acted by the ancient organized states in the shape of their old organization, and not by the organic *molecules* of a disbanded people.'

Now this is directly and palpably a misrepresentation. The old constitution was not *renovated* at the Revolution: at that rate it would only have been a *restoration of the *status quo**, and not a *revolution*, before that event, the prerogatives of the Crown had never received their present legal circumscription. The constitution had never been settled in its present form: such a form had, perhaps, never been thought of by any individual, before that period, when it was formed by that coalition of parties which the necessities of the times effected.

Nor have we yet done with Mr. B.'s prevarications from former principles. It cannot surely be yet out of the remembrance of mankind, that this gentleman,

and his party, in their fatal and odious East-India bill, forgetting all reverence to prescription, usage and possession, boldly struck at the rights and interests of chartered bodies, whose security (without any pretence derived from the extremities of political necessity and delirium) they aimed at once to annihilate. 'Yet now,' says Mr. B. 'I see, in a country very near us, a course of policy pursued, which sets justice, the common concern of mankind at defiance. With the national assembly of France, possession is nothing; law and usage are nothing. I see the national assembly openly reprobate the doctrine of proscription, which one of the greatest of their own lawyers tells us, with great truth, is a part of the law of nature. He tells us, that the positive ascertainment of its limits, and its security from invasion, were among the causes for which civil society itself has been instituted. If proscription be once shaken, no species of property is secure when it once becomes an object large enough to tempt the cupidity of indigent power. I see a practice perfectly correspondent to their contempt of this great fundamental part of natural law. I see the confessors begin with bishops, and chapters, and monasteries, &c.' This from one of the chiefs of a party, whose *Attorney General* gravely informed the senate of this country, 'That a Charter was worth nothing but a sheet of parchment with a great piece of wax dangling at the end of it.' But Mr. B.'s zeal for the Monks and priesthood, in whose behalf this passage is written, may perhaps plead something in excuse for this rhapsody. In another place his *philosophy* also seems to have fallen no unobscure victim to the same pious principle. 'The monks are lazy.—Be it so. Suppose them no otherwise employed than by singing in the choir. They are as usefully employed as those who neither sing nor say. As usefully even as those who sing upon the stage. They are as usefully employed as if they worked from dawn to dark in the innumerable servile, degrading, unseemly, and often most unwholesome and pestiferous occupations, to which, by the social œconomy, so many wretches are inevitably doomed. If it were not generally pernicious to disturb the natural course of things, and to impede, in any degree, the great wheel of circulation which is turned by the strangely directed labour of these unhappy people, I should be infinitely more inclined forcibly to rescue them from their miserable industry, than violently to disturb the tranquil repose of monastic quietude. Humanity, and perhaps policy, might better justify me in the one than

the other. It is a subject on which I have often reflected, and never reflected without feeling from it. I am sure that no consideration, except the necessity of submitting to the yoke of luxury, and the despotism of fancy, who in their own imperious way, will distribute the surplus product of the soil, can justify the toleration of such trades and employments in a well regulated state. But, for this purpose of distri-

bution, it seems to me, that the idle expences of monks are quite as well directed as the idle expences of us lay-loiterers.

The philosophical politics of the man who can deem a pampered nest of useless drones equally useful in a state with the lowest of the laborious poor, however indigent and distressed, need no kind of criticism, or comment.

[To be continued.]

LETTERS on the MANNERS of the FRENCH, and the FOLLIES and EXTRA-VAGANCIES of the TIMES; written by an Indian at Paris. 2 vol. Robinson.

FOR these two agreeable volumes we are indebted to the pen of Mr. Shiltoe, — a gentleman who has occasionally amused the world by his literary effusions — The anecdotes contained in these letters justly characterise the natives of France — and the reflections of the sensible Indian generally applicable to modern manners; but we think the vehicle injudiciously chosen. Whatever sagacity, strength of thought or benevolence of heart, may belong to this Indian philosopher (supposing him to be a real character), the facility with which he gains the acquaintance of some, and the confidence of others, will appear, to the critical reader, extremely improbable. Those who are fond of incidents, will not think that this production has a sufficient number to keep attention awake. — The letters abound with philosophic exclamations rather than pictures from life; but the correspondence between an Indian

at Paris, and his wives at India, will doubtless, be admired as an happy effort of ingenuity, displaying, with animated expression, the glowing luxuriance of oriental ideas. — The gay and volatile temper of the French is humourously and accurately described by Mr. S — but his short observations concerning the late Revolution glaringly impeach his judgment; though division may a present distract the councils, and weakness retard the measures of the national assembly; yet too signal is the event that produced that body, and too glorious are the consequences, naturally expected to result from it, for any reasonable observer, to treat it as having arisen from the phrenzy of intoxicated fishwomen, whose casual infatuation will, perhaps, produce a contrary effect.

The remarks in these letters are in general lively, and prove Mr. Shiltoe a pleasing disciple of Democritus.

A COMPLETE DICTIONARY of MUSIC: Containing a full and clear Explanation, divested of technical Phrases, of all the Words and Terms made Use of in that Science; Speculative, Practical and Historical. By John Hoyle, Musician. 8vo. 3s. Symonds.

IT has been frequently, and too justly, complained, that dictionaries of science, and other works intended to explain and illustrate technical performances, or abstruse parts of erudition, are generally written in such a style as to be incomprehensible to all but to those who stand not in need of their assistance. No such censure can, however, be thrown on the present performance: the explanations

being free from pedantic affectation. In short, the work seems highly essential to all lovers of music, who wish to study it as a liberal science, rather than a mechanical; and not content with a merely strumming over a tune, wish to acquire knowledge in a science which may add charms to their company and conversation, as well as afford a selfish and solitary amusement.

P O E T R Y.

For the NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

PADDY'S COMPLAINT.

IN Imitation of THE ALEXIS, OF VIRGIL.

- THE herdsman Paddy, burned for
Judy fair,
 The 'squire's delight,—and therefore
 must despair.
 Oft' would he linger in the thicket's
 gloom,
 On Lee's delightful banks, among the
 broom;
- 5 All lonely to the woods, his sorrows
 sing,
 And make the hills with mournful
 echoes ring.
 'You, cruel Judy, scorn my tuneful
 prayer,
 Deride my griefs, and drive me to de-
 spair:
 Now flocks, in shades, the mid-day
 fervors shun;
- 10 And hid in rustles, frogs defy the sun;
 And mowers, shrinking from the sultry
 day,
 Refresh themselves amidst the fragrant
 hay;
 But while I wander o'er the sunny plain,
 And anxious, trace thy devious steps
 in vain,
- 15 O'ercome with care, I faint beneath
 the sun,
 While buzzing gaddies sting me as I
 run.
 Ah! cruel Issa, had it not better been
 T' have borne the scorn, the haughty
 scorn of Jane?
 Or homely Cecily's, tho' her features
 show
- 20 An owl-like squint, and dusky as the
 crow?
 O lovely maid! do not in charms con-
 fide,
 White roses fade and lose their gaudy
 pride;
 Sweet the black berry decks the tang-
 ling brake,
 And Paddy's oft been scratched for
 their sake.
- 25 You overlook me, Judy, nor enquire
 How many fields I tenant from the
 'squire;
 How many cows my milky pails sup-
 ply,
 What spitefully grunters fill the teeming
 sty;
- My tender lambs bleat round the
 heathy hill,
 30 And cream and cheese my crowded
 dairy fill;
 In yonder barn, potatoes hide the floor,
 Hens cluck, and goslings gabble round
 the door.
 I sing the songs, that Kate the gipsy
 sung,
 When at the fair all listened to her
 tongue.
- 35 Nor am I ugly, lately in the brook,
 When clear the placid stream, I chanced
 to look,
 The image there was handsomer than
 I,
 If that be true, I'm sure, you'll think
 me so.
 To range the fields how happy should
 I be,
- 40 Or in the lowly cottage live with thee,
 To chase the timid leveret o'er the
 dale,
 And guide the flocks along the daisied
 vale!
 Beneath the shade, when on my pipe I
 play,
 Thy tuneful voice shall chant some ru-
 ral lay;
- 45 Thy tuneful voice, melodious as a lark,
 That shames the trillings of the par-
 son's clerk;
 He taught us first the music's time to
 keep;
 The parson loves the shepherd—and the
 sheep.
 Within my cot that pleasing pipe is
 found,
- 50 Which sprightly Darby once was wont
 to sound;
 With doleful howl, that pipe he gave
 to me,
 When last I saw him 'neath the gal-
 lows tree,
 And as he climb'd the ladder faintly
 cry'd,
My whistle Paddy now shall keep—and
dy'd—
- 55 I bore away the pipe bequeath'd to me,
 While foolish Dennis blam'd the le-
 gacy;
 It wont fatigue thee much to learn to
 play,
 How much did Norah want to learn
 the way!
 Close in the field, among my fairest
 sheep,
- 60 Two speckled kids with anxious care I
 keep

And

And twice a day they suck the simple
ewe,

I fondly guard them as a gift for you ;
Long Jane has hegg'd them—and shall
now succeed,

Since you, my Judith, scorn the valued
breed.

65 Approach, fair maid, the shepherd boys
prepare

A flowery wreath to deck thy glossy
hair !

Where violets and water-lilies-join,
And pinks and gilliflowers and poppies
shine—

There water-mint and lavender shall
bloom,

70 And wild-time shed around a sweet
perfume.

I'll will the berries from the wood-
lands green,

—The hazle-nuts, so much admired
by Jane,

And purple plums, and grace the ru-
ral feast

With red-streak apples, fair beyond
the rest.

75 With birchen boughs the baskets shall
be crown'd,

And woodbine flowers shall clasp the
birch around.

Thy gifts, rude Paddy, Judy wont
desire,

Nor with your presents can you match
the 'squire !

Frantic with love, I leave my lambs to
pinc,

80 And yield my *prathy* gardens to the
swine.

Where flies the foolish maid ? in-woods
are seen

High mighty lords, and here resides the
dean.

Let others mingle in the city strife,
My only joy is in a country life.

85 The nimble hound delights to chase the
fox,

While hungry reynard seeks my hens
and cocks ;

My hens and cocks the buzzing flies
pursue,

But, Judy, Paddy only follows you !
Now from the fields, the glad some
plough boys run,

90 And shades are lengthened by the set-
ting sun,

But still must wakeful Paddy sigh a-
way

The dreary night, more tedious than
the day.

O foolish lad—bethink thee of the rest,
Behold at home thy *prathy* field un-
dress'd !

No more, for hopeless love neglect thy
farm ;

But in thy losses dread a greater harm ;
The scornful Judy all the griefs de-
ride,

There's many a lass would gladly be
thy bride.

February 3.

AGRICOLA.

For the NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE;

' LOVE UNRETURN'D SOON DIES.'

YE hours of bliss, e'er fancy taught to
stray,

Beyond the frolic of the sportive day ;
When mirth, and joy, and inward peace
were mine ;—

The bright, sure emblems of a soul divine !
Are ye all flown ?—no longer will ye
cheer ?

No longer deckt in buxom garb appear,
To banish care, and raise the drooping
mind,

And teach it friendly ease, and soft repose
to find ?

Nor friendly ease, nor soft repose,
Can all your joys impart,

Where melancholy bids disclose,
The pangs which rend the heart.

Oft, it is true, I've gaily danc'd
Your pleasing mazy round ;

And careless o'er those follies glanc'd,
Which thoughtful mortals wound ;

My breast no torturing tumults know'd,
No passions harbour'd there,

But those, which Virtue's self had sow'd,
Or virtue deign'd to rear.

And blest beyond my utmost wish,
To me 'twas freely given,

The present moment to possess,
And leave the rest to Heaven.

Till late, as 'twas ordain'd, my roving
soul,

Untouch'd by love, and daring its controul,
Caught by the gentle beauty, powerful
charms

Of chaste Maria, yielded to her arms.

Full many a day I've seen her pleasing face,
Seen her bright virtues bud, expand each
grace ;

Join'd in her praise, applauded as a friend,
And here, nor farther, thought my warm
desires would tend.

Alas ! how weak is each essay,
To check the rising flame,

When nature does her powers display,
And all her rights will claim ;

In vain is sense with reason join'd,
 The force of Love to stay ;
 Deaf to their call, to interest blind,
 It bears its slave away :
 Transporting joys its votaries share,
 Where mutual passion warms ;
 And glowing blushes soon declare,
 The wish which either charms :
 But ah ! to bitter woe consign'd,
 Is he who fondly loves,
 Feels his whole heart to her resign'd,
 While she that heart disproves.

By rigid fate condemn'd this truth to
 know,
 No more from promis'd bliss sweet com-
 forts flow ;
 No more can fancy charm, or pleasure
 bind,
 Whilst unreturned Love is all I find.
 So the light bird extends his bouyant
 wings,
 Enraptur'd flutters, and delighted sings ;
 Till for his notes he sees his downy mate,
 Repay unkindest looks, and sing with
 cruel hate.

Then farewell every vain desire,
 That urg'd my glowing breast ;
 No more shall love or beauty fire,
 No more despoil my rest :
 The peaceful path of life I'll seek,
 Which calm indifference treads ;
 Known to the humble, low and meek,
 But hid from loftier heads.
 I'll sing my toils and cares away,
 I'll laugh at folly's pride ;
 And freed from Love's tyrannic sway,
 No longer dread its chide :
 No longer dread those pangs, which
 give
 The Soul dissolving sigh ;
 But still content I'll be to live,
 And still content to die.

J. C.

For the NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

An ADDRESS to the POETS of NOVA-
 SCOTIA.

ATTEMPTED IN THE SCOTTISH DIA-
 LECT.

A LUCKLESS Bard frae Aberdeen,
 Wha has to a' the Muses been
 And monny tunefu' sons o' men
 Wi' ill success ;
 Wad now, to those he disna ken,
 Pay his address.

Feckless was a' my humble toll,
 To root out folly frae the Isle
 Where genius glints i' every soil
 And anes me still ;
 That gae me birth—but ne'er a smile
 For my gude will.

Tir'd wi' the men o' modern taste,
 Alas ! wi' sad reluctant haste
 I gaed me to this lanely waste
 To meditate
 Baith on the present and the past
 O' my poor fate.

Yet here, ev'n here folly wad fain
 Usurp the Pegasean reign,
 And a' our moral gude restrain
 Wi' monny a trick ;
 Piping licentious tunes amain
 To please auld Nick.

How lang maun sin flow frae the press,
 Eke folly, clad i' mimic dress,
 Flaunt on our stage wi' gude success ?
 Ah ! wha can tell
 How much those do the mind impress
 Wi' stamp o' hell.

Ye Bardies o' this hislic shore,
 Wha on Parnassian-wing maun soar,
 Your tunefu' aid I now implore ;
 Lend, lend your lays ;
 Help to extirpate folly's lore,
 And see gude days.

I ween ye've read, or ha' been told
 That wond'rous booke's aft unfold
 How trees ance sprang frae shaggy mould
 Wi' dauncing root ;
 And list'ning stanes built wa's a' old,
 By sound o' lute.

Ye ken the warks o' Virgil—man
 Wha cud auld mairther Nature scan ;
 E'er this enlight'ned age began,
 Sic things were doing,
 And the bra' Romans loo'd his plan,
 Sae fell to ploughing.

Sic mighty pow'r i' early days,
 Had a' the virt'ous Muses lays ;
 And deeds as great mith Bardies raise
 In our anc'time,
 Wad they gie up their dirty ways
 And shamefu' rhyme.

What tho' na zephyr's musky wing
 Wafts here the luscious scents o' spring,
 Stane lands, sae spruce, and ilka thing
 That ye may chuse
 Gies muckle matter for to sing,
 And bless the muse.

Rife,

Rise, then, ye Muses—loving train,
 Na langer let the land remain
 Depriv'd o' that she micht obtain
 Gin ye wad let her;
 Strike up some auld Virgilian strain
 'Twad please us better.

'Neath the broad Nova Scotian sky,
 Is it no strange that husbandry,
 Wi' ither arts, neglected lie,
 For lack o' care;
 Whilst ilka science seems to die
 I' this cauld air.

The pow'r o' song ye still maun claim,
 And wad ye but exert the same
 Ye'll, may be, soar on wings o' fame
 Like onny Vulture,
 Sae rival the auld country's name
 Wi' Agriculture.

THE CONVENT.

A BALLAD.

FAINTLY, thro' a watry cloud;
 Gleam'd the moon-beams languid
 light,
 The furly east-wind whistles loud
 Through the dreary void of night.

Closte within the gloomy shade
 Of a Convent's ivy'd walls
 Stood a youth,—by Love convey'd,
 Whilst with fault'r'ing voice he calls,

' Agnes ! Agnes ! haste my dear
 (Cease ye winds your blust'ring noise),
 'Tis your love—your Henry's here—
 ' Do I hear my Agnes' voice ?

' Hie thee, Henry—haste ! begone !
 ' Where yon mould'ring turret stands
 ' You'll find an arch, with shrubs o'er-
 grown,
 ' There I'll meet my love's commands.'

More, much more, she wish'd to say,
 But the solemn midnight bell
 Call'd her ling'ring steps away,
 Sounding through the vaulted cell.

When assembled all at prayer,
 Tender Agnes bore her part ;
 Tho' her mind's impress'd with fear,
 Love triumphant rul'd her heart.

Now the pale ey'd sisters go
 To enjoy the sweets of rest,

Agnes, from her cell below,
 Hastes to make her Lover blest.

She a secret way had found
 Underneath the chapel's aisle ;
 'Twas a passage under ground,
 Leading from the dreary pile.

Wildly hurrying thro' the way,
 Now with terror chill'd she stands,
 Whilst the taper's lambent ray
 Quivers in her trembling hands :

She listens anxious—but her fears
 Give her not a moment's rest,
 Nought except her heart she hears,
 Palpitating in her breast.

Love at length came to her aid,
 And with gently soothing art
 Animates the drooping maid,
 And revives her fainting heart :

She thinks her lover's voice she hears,
 Hopes that every danger's o'er ;
 One bright gleam of joy appears,—
 Joy, alas ! to come no more ;

For across the way she spies,
 Strong with iron bars,—a grate,
 Which to ope in vain she tries ;—
 Dreadful oft the lover's fate !

So Eurydice just saw
 Thro' hell's gates a glimpse of day,
 Then by Pluto's cruel law
 Forc'd in endless shades to stay.

Meanwhile, thro' the Gothic pile,
 Which in vast ruin lay,
 Thro' many a long dark-winding aisle
 The hapless lover grop'd his way :

Sometimes falling o'er huge stones,
 Moist with Death's green charnel dew,
 Now encountering skulls and bones
 Interspersed with baleful yew.

Oft on Agnes loud he calls,
 With her name the vaults resound,
 The high-arch'd roofs and massive walls
 Echo back the much-lov'd found.

She, abandon'd to despair,
 Now determin'd to return,
 When his voice just met her ear,
 Drooping, listless, and forlorn.—

She hears,—reviving at the sound,
 Hope her faint heart cheers again ;
 Then tries, in springing from the ground,
 To struggle thro' the bars—in vain.

Thus the lark, inflam'd with rage,
Hears the call of love—and tries
Each small opening of his cage,
'Till, flutt'ring in the wires—he dies.

Faint with efforts weak she strove,
And draws in quick short sobs her breath,
Nor back nor forward can she move,
Nor hopes for any help but Death.

Now a prey to dumb despair,
Now she utters piercing cries,
Whilst grief, rage, and frantic fear,
In her soul alternate rise.

Thus two long sad nights were past ;
Then with Nature's calls she strove,
For to hunger yield at last
Grief, rage, fear, and even love.

At length the sorrows of her breast
Sink in everlasting sleep,
And she finds an endless rest
Where the wretched cease to weep.

Behold yon dome, where oft' the massy
bowl
Pours riot staggering from a midnight
flood ;
Each drop that glads the haughty owner's
soul,
Cost Afric's sons a torrent of their
blood !

Are these the graces that shall mark thy
reign
From savage States, fair Empress of the
Sea ?
While all earth's blessings crowd thy hap-
py plain,
Still envidst thou the Negro to be free ?

Ah, how unlike that golden age of yore,
When mercy wav'd the freight of every
gale !
That with her commerce British freedom
bore,
And blest the nations where she stretch'd
her sail.

V E R S E S

Written in the Ladies Walk at Liverpool.

[By Dr. Trotter.]

WHILE on thy banks, thou fam'd
commercial stream,

Gay splendid seats and glittering villas
rise,
Thy waves with wealth in golden currents
gleam,
With every side increase the swelling
prize.

For thee the Negro, robb'd of Nature's
right,
Bleeds from the lash, and bends, the
planter's slave ;
In Christian's bondage owns a tyrant's
might,
And stains thy traffic in a throudless
grave.

Did he for wealth e'er tempt the waves or
wind ?
Has he for gewgaws British freedom
sold ?
That sigh which breathes good-will to all
mankind,
How ill exchang'd to barter souls for—
gold !

The C O N T R A S T.

LOVE AND WISDOM:—A SONG.

LOVE and *Wisdom* rule our hearts,
But how diff'rent is their sway ?
Love allures by winning arts,
Tyrant Wisdom bids—obey.

Wisdom arm'd with Gorgon's head,
Seated on her iron throne,
Strikes each soul with fear and dread,
'Turns each feeling heart to stone.

Love, his empire to extend,
Such ungentle means disdains ;
None with fear before him bend,
Joy and pleasure mark his reign.

Roseate cheeks and sparkling eyes,
'Snowy bosoms are his arms ;
None such charming power defies,
Even hearts of stone he warms.

Then from *Wisdom* let us part,
And her slaves no longer be,
Since we find she robs the heart
Of sweet sensibility.

But to thee, O gentle *Love* !
We our bosoms will resign ;
Thou dost all our joys improve,
Dost the human heart refine.

EASTERN ODE.

[By *W. H. Reid.*]

NOW that the dusky wing of Night
Is tinctur'd by the purple light,
What fragrance from the garden wreathes!
The gales of Paradise it breathes.

The musk rose thron'd in emerald bow'r,
Again salutes the perform'd hour;
No plaintive note nor accent sharp
Shall now degrade the lute or harp.

Selim! our banquet we prepare,
'Tis furnish'd with superior care;
Sorrow can never entrance gain,
But Mirth must ever here remain.

Then haste, the spacious vessels bring,
Unseal, unseal the vital spring,
Whose streams each mortal murmur
shames,
And like the sparkling ruby flames.

No pleasure that the soul desires,
But what this joyous shade inspires;
Beauty o'er every bosom reigns,
And Music yields its sweetest strains.

Have you not seen the ebon mace?
Such are the looks that Mirza grace;
The glossy twine that scorpions bear?
Such are the ringlets of her hair.

Saw you the tulip veil'd in dew,
You'd think my Mirza smil'd on you;
Pomegranate's highest bloom's confess,
When fast resentment heaves her breast.

Then still, imperial maid, be wise,
Nor e'er let terror arm those eyes;
But vocal glances thence convey
What sounds as yet could never say.

Let not the future wish destroy,
Coy maid! the present offer'd joy;
Nor, of uncertain beauty vain,
Contract thy brows with fell disdain.

Beauty and Fortune too have wings,
And Time has seen the Persian Kings,
And Cæsar's state, beneath his iron—
A scepter'd heap! a waste of crowns!

Wine can the dullest mortals raise
To deeds of glory, love, and praise;
But if it prompts the tuneful band,
What bosom can its force withstand?

'Tis then the wild impetuous fire
Warms to unutterable fire;

Or melting melodies divine
Dissolve a soul in every line.

AN EMBLEM OF THE SHORTNESS
OF HUMAN PLEASURE.

TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

From Casimir, Book IV. Ode XXIII.

[By *Mr. Say.*]

LITTLE insect, that on high,
On a spire of springing grass,
Tipfy with the morning dew,
Free from care thy life doth pass.

So may'st thou, companion sole,
Pleas the lonely mower's ear,
And no treach'rous winding snake
Glide beneath, to work thee fear.

As in chirping, plaintive notes
Thou the hasty sun dost chide,
And with murmur'ing music charm,
Summer charming to abide.

If a pleasant day arrive,
Soon a pleasant day is gone;
While we teach to seize our joys,
Swift the winged bliss is flown.

Pain and Sorrow dwell with us,
Pleasure scarce a moment reigns;
Thou thyself find'st Summer short,
But the Winter long remains.

SONNET TO THE MOON.

[From *Tbelwall's poems.*]

PALE Cynthia mounts. Her yellow
beams,
With partial light, the gloom invade,
And chequer, with their lucid gleams,
The spot these trembling poplars shade.

In this my mind its emblem hails;
Where smiling Hope, with cheerful light,
Thro' the thick shadowing gloom prevails
Of frowning Fortune's low'ring night.

Mount higher, Moon, and let thy ray,
Uncheck'd, its silver light impart!
Mount higher, Hope, thy pow'r display!
And brighter cheer my youthful heart!

Ah! may no fears thy smile confound,
But joy, thy offspring blest, gay thro' my
bosom bound!

C H R O N I C L E.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Brussels, Nov. 2.

ON Friday morning last, at the hour of eleven, the town of Namur suffered a melancholy shock, by the blowing up of the powder magazine: it is said that from 300 to 500 persons perished; a number of houses, and part of the barracks also suffered, according to the account which the Corporation of Namur gave Congress. They impute this sad disaster to accident; however, the general opinion is, that it was owing to the force of Imperial gold.

Offend Nov. 18. Namur was taken by one column of the Imperial troops on Wednesday last: the patriots retired towards Brussels; the other column of the Austrians entered Brabant by way of St. Iron, Tirlamont, &c. and arrived at Louvaine on Thursday last, so that a little time must determine the fate of the Brabanters.

Warsaw, Oct. 28. Letters from the frontiers of the 23d, inform us, that Prince Potemkin still keeps the mouths of the Danube closely shut up with his new constructed little vessels, and has directed all his operations against Ismailo. The accounts received by this day's post inform us, that Ismailo is already in the hands of the Russians, who have taken a considerable quantity of spoil; we must however wait farther confirmation of this account. We also shortly expect to hear of the capture of Kilia, as General Muller is before that fortress with 30,000 men.

Paris, Nov. 15. A party of Aristocrates appear to have entered into a confederacy to exterminate the declared friends of liberty in the National Assembly.

M. Mirabeau has been repeatedly insulted and challenged. M. Lambeth was forced into a duel last Friday by the Duke de Castries, and was wounded in his arm. The victor, however, was soon and severely punished for his zeal in the cause of the prostrate party, by being obliged to fly from Paris, and by having his furniture and effects, to a very considerable amount destroyed. This duel, or rather the consequences of it, will probably put an end to the Quixotism of a few Aristocrates, who perceiving the cowardice and abject meaness of the rest of the Nobility, are become volunteers, or rather gladiators, and are ready to insult, fight or massacre

every man who is a friend to civil and religious liberty.

The intemperance, or rather madness of these gentlemen would not have broken out so severely if all the hopes of a counter-revolution were not destroyed by the peace between England and Spain. It was owing to them that France became violent against Great Britain; it was owing to their indefatigable efforts, and the slanders of Opposition, that the English Minister was considered as an enemy to freedom, not only in France, but every where else. They built much on a war; their country would have been plunged into it, not so much to serve Spain, as to favour a civil war which they were preparing, and which would have declared itself the very moment hostilities commenced.

Vicna, Nov. 20. There are letters which say, that since the troubles between England and Spain, all the Powers which take part with Russia have redoubled their efforts to encourage the Empress in that firmness to which she seems well inclined. It appears also certain, that notwithstanding all the declarations which have been extorted from our Court, the alliance between Austria and Russia will continue to subsist, and that there are negotiations now on the tapis to strengthen these ties.

On the 2d inst. M. Powalski, Major in the Russian army of Prince Potemkin, arrived with dispatches for Prince Galitzin, which are said to contain the last conditions on which Russia will make a peace with the Porte. Baron Herbert is to propose them amicably to the Turkish Ministers in the Congress at Sestove, and if they are agreed, immediately to inform the Prince; but should they not be accepted, the Court of Russia will no longer think itself bound by them, and they are to be considered as not having existed. The following are reported to be the conditions:

1st, That the mediation of Prussia, and the guarantee of the Maritime Powers, shall not be admitted.

2d, That Russia still insists on remaining in possession of the Crimea, Akierman, and Oczakow.

3d, That the independence of Wallachia and Moldavia shall be acknowledged, on consideration that Choczim shall be demolished.

4th, That Bender shall be left in its present half demolished state, and shall not be rebuilt by the Turks.

BRITISH NEWS.

London, Nov. 25.

THE remains of Roman Antiquities, lately discovered at Bath, in Stall-street, consist of a votive altar, a considerable part of a magnificent fluted column, two feet eight inches in diameter, and a beautiful Corinthian capital belonging to the same:—there are also several masonry fragments adorned with sculpture, in basso-relievo; one of these, which particularly attracts notice, exhibits a portion of a large ellipsis, proportionally reduced in size. The figures or embellishments contained in the interior space are yet undiscovered. These blocks are surprisingly solid, and when entire, probably formed an ornamental compartment in some circular recess, or wall of an edifice.

The votive altar, and various remains of victims, now discovered, indicate the site of a temple on this spot; and it is highly probable, that the column might have been part of its stately portico.

The inscription on the altar, though not completely deciphered, imports, that the votary, named Ausidius, of the sixth legion, dedicates

'This Altar to the Goddess—
for the safety and preservation of [a relative].'

The Deity to whom this altar was dedicated appears to have been a local one. Part of an inscription, in distinct Roman characters, upon an architrave discovered at the same time, confirms this opinion. Yet the temple might have been dedicated to Minerva, to which idea one would be inclined from some emblematic references to that Deity, on part of the sculpture, as well as from the head of a beautiful bronze, formerly discovered in that city.—These remains were found twelve feet or more below the present surface, and at this instant, the workmen have arrived at the ancient paved way, consisting of heaped-free stones, with a channel at the extremity to carry off the water.

These very curious reliques of antiquity were luckily rescued from the rude clutches of the Corporation, who had actually given orders to convert them to the purpose of the foundation, by the timely interference of some Connoisseurs, who shuddered at the idea of so gross an affront to the Goddess of Wisdom!

A letter from Aberdeen says, 'On Friday last James Henderson was hanged here, for the murder of Alexander Gillespie, a slater, and his body afterwards delivered for dissection, in terms of his sentence. He persisted to the last in asserting,

that what he did was in self-defence, and in his last speech narrates the unhappy affair as follows:

'I was awakened in the night between Saturday and Sunday, the 10th and 11th of July last, by the noise of breaking one of my windows, by throwing stones at it. I immediately got up, and saw a man almost half in at the window; on which I took up a sharp slate stone, which he had thrown in, and struck him on the back of the head—he then fell down, and I took him to the back of the house, where he was found by the people when they came up. I understand many people still believe that I gave Gillespie his mortal wound with an axe; but let them consider, that a thin sharp slate stone will cut as clean as a knife, and that there is hardly any other kind of stones in that neighbourhood; so that he himself furnished the fatal instrument which brought him to an untimely end.'

Last Sunday afternoon, as a son of Mr. Hurell, of Brandon-hall, Essex, was returning from Hodinham in a single horse-chaise, with two of his sisters, the horse proved unruly; when Mr. H. came to Ballingdon-hill, he got out of the chaise, with intent to lead him down (and left the two ladies in the carriage,) but the horse being violent, threw him down, when the chaise went over his head, and fractured his skull. The horse ran down the hill with great speed till he came to Ballingdon-street, where he broke the chaise, and threw the ladies out, who both remained senseless for some time, but were not materially hurt. Mr. Hurell died at nine o'clock on Monday evening, after having undergone the operation of trepanning, which he survived some hours.

Last Thursday, at Serjeant's Inn-Hall, eleven of the Judges consulted upon the case reserved at the Old Bailey, in September sessions last, respecting the indictment against Renwick Williams, the supposed Monster. The questions were, first, Whether his having an intention to cut the person of Miss Porter, and in carrying that intention into execution, cutting the garments of that lady is an offence within the statute of the 6 Geo. 1. c. 23. s. 11. on which he was convicted; the jury having in their verdict, found, that in cutting her person, he had thereby an intention of cutting her garments? Secondly, Whether the statute, being conjunctive, 'That if any person shall assault another with an intent to cut the garment of such person, and shall cut the garment of such person, that the offender shall be guilty of felony;' and the indictment in stating the intention on not having connected it with the act, by inserting

inserting the words, that he 'then and there' did cut her garment, could be supported in point of form? And nine of the eleven judges were of opinion that the offence, notwithstanding the finding of the Jury, was not within the statute, and that the indictment was bad in point of form. This determination declares the offence to be only a misdemeanor.

The Monster's punishment, if found guilty on two or three indictments for misdemeanor, will be full as severe, probably more so, than could have been inflicted on him for the felony.—It is said he is now at large on bail.—We hope, for the honour of mankind, none of the inhumanities he is charged with, may be committed previous to his surrender next session.

Mr. John Hunter had a female presented to him lately who is likely to excite the attention of the curious. She has actually a horn growing on her head like those on a young ram. It was sawn off about three years since, but is grown again to an amazing height. No cause can be assigned for this extraordinary sport of Nature.

The Prussian Government has lately published a circumstantial relation of the success which has attended the use of Earth Baths, in restoring persons apparently killed by lightning. The process is as follows:—

The person struck must be immediately undressed, laid at length in a bed of soft earth, covered with a layer of three or four inches of earth, and from time to time gently sprinkled with water.

Experience has proved that this process is infallible, and that three hours is a sufficient time to restore animation to those unfortunate persons to whom the lightning had solely caused a suspension to the pulse.

AMERICAN OCCURRENCES.

New-York, Feb. 16.

ON Monday, the 14th instant, in the House of Representatives, the following message from the President was read:

Gentlemen of the Senate, and House of Representatives,

SOON after I was called to the administration of the government, I found it important to come to an understanding with the Court of London, on several points interesting to the United States, and particularly to know, whether they were disposed to enter into arrangements, by mutual consent, which might fix the com-

merce between the two nations on principles of reciprocal advantage. For this purpose, I authorized informal conferences with their ministers; and from these I do not infer any disposition on their part, to enter into any arrangements merely commercial. I have thought it proper to give you this information, as it might at some time have influence on matters under your consideration.

G. WASHINGTON.

Yesterday, on motion of Mr. Goodhue, the message received from the President, communicating the disposition of the Court of London, relative to the commercial treaty, was read a second time, and referred to a committee of seven members, consisting of Messrs. Goodhue, Madison, Bourne, Lawrence, Fitzsimons, Smith and Vining.

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

Halifax, Feb. 15.

ON Wednesday, the 2d inst. was held the quarterly Visitation of the Academy at Windsor. The Bishop of Nova Scotia, and the Chief Justice, who are Governors of the Seminary, with several Gentlemen of the vicinity, attended on the occasion.

The business of the day commenced, as usual, with catechetical examination; after which several pieces in Latin and English were delivered by the Students; many of whom distinguished themselves by justness and energy of pronunciation.

The Students were then examined in Greek and Latin—in Geometry and Arithmetic—and in Grecian History; each of them also read a portion of Roman History, as a test of their skill and judgment in reading; and their themes and writing books were also carefully inspected. In all which they gave evident proofs of diligence and improvement, and acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of the Gentlemen who were present.

MARRIED.

February 23. At Shelburne, Mr. Lynde Walter to Miss Maria Van Buskirk.

DIED.

February 8. Mrs. Anne Culliton, aged 48 years, wife of Mr. James Culliton.

11. Mrs. Sarah Woodcocke, aged 56 years, wife of Mr. Richard Woodcocke.

15. Mr. John Millner Knott, aged 62 years.