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Nova-Scotia Magazine,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1790.

MEMOIRS OF EDWARD LORD THURLOW, LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR.

[From the *European Magazine*.]

OF the various roads to fortune, and the several avenues to fame, which present themselves in Great-Britain, the profession of the law has conducted its votaries to both riches and honour, far beyond any other that can be pointed out. From the law a very great proportion of the noble families of this kingdom derive their origin. To the law they are indebted for most of their wealth and respectability. In this pursuit birth and family connections are of small importance. Without either, the exercise of shining talents will lead their possessors to rank and consequence, with little assistance from the great. Of the truth of this, the nobleman who is the subject of our present consideration is a distinguished instance.

In an obscure village called Ashfield, in Suffolk, Lord Thurlow was born. His father was a clergyman, and has been said to have been in some manner related to the famous Secretary to Oliver Cromwell. How far this may be true is of little importance. From the present object of our attention the family will certainly derive more honour than from any other person belonging to it. He was educated partly by his father and partly at a neighbouring school; and it redounds to his honour, that some of his school-fellows have to boast of favours conferred on them unsolicited since his elevation. During his school days he exhibited but few marks of laudable distinction. If he was then entitled to any praise, it was more for

enterprize than decorum. His literature was not much. With that small portion which he had acquired, he was at a proper age sent to Cambridge, and entered of Caius College, under the tuition of Dr. Smith, the present master; who, though they parted from each other without any cordiality, it is again to be recorded to his Lordship's honour, that he offered and prevailed on Dr. Smith to accept a considerable preferment without any solicitation.

At Cambridge Lord Thurlow continued not long enough to take any degree. A conduct marked rather by a violation of, than an adherence to, order, governed our young academic, who appeared neither to like the place, the regulations, or the studies of a college; and in return had little favour from the heads of the society or affection from his tutor. A series of deviation from regularity produced the usual consequences. Academic censures were inflicted without reformation; and in the end, to avoid the disgrace of the highest punishment, it was recommended to him to quit the College for another sphere of action. This advice was taken, and he quitted Cambridge for London.

He was entered of the Inner Temple; but for many years the most sagacious observer of human life could not have discovered any signs by which he might have prognosticated his present elevation. Dissipation and indolence seemed to be unformountable obstacles. He attended Westminster without business, unknown

and unnoticed. Fortune at length brought him into observation. He was appointed to arrange the case of Mr. Archibald Douglas, in the great contest with the Duke of Hamilton. How well he executed this task the printed statement will evidence. In the course of this proceeding he had an opportunity of shewing that bravery was not his least qualification, having had an occasion to fight a duel, which ended however without bloodshed.

Though slow in his progress to the honours of his profession, his conduct in the Douglas cause, and the patronage of Lord Weymouth, introduced him both into notice and practice. In 1762 he was appointed King's Counsel; in 1770 was advanced to the post of Solicitor-General; and in March 1771 became Attorney-General. He was twice elected into parliament for the borough of Tamworth. During the time, he sat in the House of Commons. He was an uniform defender of the measures of Government. If when he became a senator in the Lower House he found some his superiors, it may be truly said, taking all his talents together, that when he left us he left scarce an equal.

It may be observed of this nobleman, that his character for abilities and integrity, as it unfolded itself, continued gradually to improve, and as it was more known it became more respectable. On the 2d of June, 1778, he was advanced to the dignity of Lord High Chancellor, and created a Peer by the title of Lord Thurlow, Baron of Ashfield, in the county of Suffolk. In a short time after his entrance into the House of Lords he had an opportunity afforded him of shewing the superiority of talents over rank. In exercising the power of Speaker, he undertook to restrain the speakers in a de-

bate from wandering into extraneous matter, and confine them to the point then before the House. This liberty at first gave offence to several peers, and at length was noticed by the Duke of Grafton with great acrimony. The correction which that nobleman received on the spot was at once severe and spiritedly decent. It made a lasting impression on the House, and fixed the Chancellor in a state of authority which has been unknown to any of his predecessors, and probably, to the most distinguished Peer of former times.

During the remainder of Lord North's administration Lord Thurlow supported the measures of Government. He continued in his post while Lord Shelburne was at the head of affairs; but on the entrance of the Coalition Administration he was dismissed his office, and for the first time became an opposer of Ministers. In this situation he did not remain long. The Coalition was driven out by the united voice of the people, and the Chancellor once more resumed his employment. Since that period every transaction is within the recollection of our readers. To praise as it deserves Lord Thurlow's conduct during the Regency Bill, we shall not attempt. To have received the acknowledgments of both King and people at the same time is not the fortune of many. It cannot, however, be too often noticed, or too much applauded. Where so much magnanimity exists, it would be invidious to notice some circumstances, not connected with the public, which might be mentioned as unfavourable to an undiminished eulogium. These we shall pass over, and conclude with a wish, that this nation may never want a man of equal probity, sense, and spirit, to assist in directing its operations.

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF NOVA-SCOTIA.

[From the *Abbe Raynal*.]

NOVA-SCOTIA, by which is at present to be understood all the coast, of 300 leagues in length, contained between the limits of New-England and the south coast of the river St. Lawrence, seemed at first to have comprehended only the great triangular peninsula, lying nearly in the middle of this space. This peninsula, which the French called Acadia, is extremely well situated for the ships that come from the Caribbees to water at

It offers them a great number of excellent ports, in which ships may enter and go out with all winds. There is a great quantity of cod upon the coast, and still more upon small banks at the distance of a few leagues. The soil, which is very gravelly, is extremely convenient for drying it; it abounds, besides, with good wood, and the inland parts are fit for every sort of cultivation, and extremely well situated for the far-trade of the neighbouring

bearing continent. Though this climate is in the temperate zone, the winters however are long and severe, and they are followed by sudden and excessive heats, so to which generally succeed very thick fogs, which are seldom entirely dispelled and always last a long time. These circumstances make this rather a disagreeable country, tho' it cannot be reckoned an unwholesome one.

The French settled in Acadia, in 1604, four years before they had built the smallest hut in Canada. Instead of fixing towards the east of the peninsula, where they would have had larger seas, an easy navigation, and plenty of cod, they chose a small bay, afterwards called the French bay, which had none of these advantages. It has been said, that they were induced by the beauty of Port-Royal, where a thousand ships may ride in safety from every wind, where there is an excellent bottom, and at all times four or five fathoms of water, and eighteen at the entrance. It is most natural to think that the founders of this colony were led to chuse this situation, from its vicinity to the countries abounding in furs, of which the exclusive trade had been granted to them. What confirms this conjecture is, that both the first monopolizers, and those who succeeded them, took the utmost pains to divert the attention of their countrymen, whom restlessness or necessity brought into these regions, from the clearing of the woods the breeding of cattle, from fishing, and from every kind of culture; chusing rather to engage the industry of these adventurers in hunting or in trading with the savages.

The mischiefs arising from a false system of administration at length discovered the fatal effects of exclusive companies. It would be an insult to the truth and dignity of history to say that this happened in France from any attention to the common rights of the nation, at a time when these rights were most openly violated. This sacred tie, which only can secure the safety of the people, while it gives a sanction to the power of kings, was never known in France. But, in the most absolute governments, a spirit of ambition sometimes effects what in equitable and moderate ones is done from principles of justice. The ministers of Lewis the XIVth, who wished to make their master respectable, that they might reflect some dignity on themselves, perceived that they would never be able to succeed without the support of riches; and that a people to whom nature has not given any mines, cannot acquire wealth but by agriculture and commerce. Both these resources had been

hitherto choaked up in the colonies by the restraints laid upon all things from an improper interference. These impediments were at last removed; but Acadia either knew not how, or was not able to make use of this liberty.

This colony was yet in its infancy, when the settlement, which has since become so flourishing under the name of New England, was first made in its neighbourhood. The rapid success of the cultures in this new colony did not much attract the notice of the French. This kind of prosperity did not excite any jealousy between the two nations. But when they began to suspect that there was likely to be a competition for the beaver trade and furs, they endeavoured to secure to themselves the sole property of it; and they were unfortunate enough to succeed.

At their first arrival in Acadia, they had found the peninsula, as well as the forests of the neighbouring continent, inhabited by small savages. These people went under the general name of Abenakies. Though equally fond of war, as other savage nations, they were, nevertheless, more sociable in their manners. The missionaries easily insinuating themselves amongst them, had so far inculcated their tenets, as to make them enthusiasts. At the same time that they taught them their religion, they inspired them with that hatred, which they themselves entertained for the English name. This fundamental article of their new worship, being that which most exerted its influence on their senses, and the only one that favoured their passion for war, was adopted by them with all the rage that was natural to them. They not only refused to have any kind of intercourse with the English, but also frequently attacked and plundered their settlements. Their attacks became more frequent, more obstinate, and more regular, since they had chosen St. Castins, formerly Captain of the regiment of Carignan, for their commander; he having settled among them, married one of their women, and conformed in every respect to their mode of life.

When the New-Englanders saw that all efforts, either to reconcile the savages or to destroy them in their forests were ineffectual, they turned their arms against Acadia, which they looked upon with reason as the only cause of all these calamities. Whenever the least hostility took place between the two mother-countries, the peninsula was sure to be attacked. Having no defence from Canada, from which it was too far distant, and very little from Port-Royal, which was only surrounded by a few weak palisades, it

was constantly taken. It undoubtedly afforded some satisfaction to the New-Englanders, to ravage this colony, and to retard its progress; but still this was not sufficient to dispel the diffidence excited by a nation always more formidable by what she is able to do, than by what she really does. Obligated as they were, however unwillingly, to restore their conquest at each treaty of peace, they waited with impatience till Great-Britain should acquire such a superiority as would enable her to dispense with this restitution. The end of the war, on account of the Spanish succession, brought on the decisive moment; and the court of Versailles was for ever deprived of a possession of which it had never known the importance.

The ardour which the English had shown for the possession of this territory did not manifest itself afterwards in the care they took to maintain or to improve it. Having built a very slight fortification at Port-Royal, which had taken the name of Annapolis, in honour of Queen Anne, they contented themselves with putting a very small garrison in it. The indifference shewn by the government infected the nation, a circumstance very uncommon in a free country. Only five or six English families came over to Acadia, which remained inhabited by the first colonists, who were only persuaded to stay upon a promise made them of never being compelled to bear arms against their ancient country. Such was the attachment which the French then had for the honour and glory of their country. Cherished by their government, respected by foreign nations, and attached to their King by a series of prosperities which had rendered them illustrious and aggrandized them, they were inspired with that spirit of patriotism which arises from success. They considered it as glorious to bear the name of Frenchmen, and could not think of giving up that title. The Acadians, therefore, who, in submitting to a new yoke, had sworn never to bear arms against their former standards, were called the French Neutrals.

There were twelve or thirteen hundred of them settled in the capital, the rest were dispersed in the neighbouring country. No magistrate was ever set over them; and they were never acquainted with the laws of England. No rents, tributes, or taxes of any kind were ever exacted from them. Their new sovereign seemed to have forgotten them; and himself was a total stranger to them.

Hunting and fishing, which had formerly been the delight of the colony, and might still have supplied it with subsistence, had no further attraction for a sim-

ple and quiet people, and gave way to agriculture. It had been established in the marshes and the low lands, by repelling the sea and rivers which covered these plains with dikes. These grounds yielded fifty for one at first, and afterwards fifteen or twenty for one at least. Wheat and oats succeeded best in them; but they likewise produced rye, barley, and maize. There were also great plenty of potatoes, the use of which was become common.

At the same time the immense meadows were covered with numerous flocks. They computed as much as sixty thousand head of horned cattle; and most families had several horses, though the tillage was carried on by oxen. The habitations, built all of wood, were extremely convenient, and furnished as neatly as a substantial farmer's house in Europe. They bred a great deal of poultry of all kinds, which made a variety in their food, for the most part wholesome and plentiful. Their common drink was beer and cyder, to which they sometimes added rum. The produce of their own flax, or the fleeces of their own sheep, generally served them for their usual cloathing. With these they made common linens and coarse cloths. If any of them had a desire for articles of greater luxury, they drew them from Annapolis or Louisbourg, and gave, in exchange, corn, cattle, or furs.

The neutral French had nothing else to give their neighbours, and made still fewer exchanges among themselves, because each separate family was able and had been used to provide for its wants. They therefore knew nothing of paper currency, which was so common throughout the rest of North America. Even the small quantity of specie which had slipped into the colony did not inspire that activity in which consists its real value.

Their manners were, of course, extremely simple. There never was a cause, either civil or criminal, of importance enough to be carried before the court of judicature established at Annapolis. Whatever little differences arose from time to time among them were always amicably adjusted by their elders. All their public acts were drawn by their pastors, who had likewise the keeping of their wills, for which and their religious services the inhabitants voluntarily paid a twenty-seventh part of their harvest.

They were always plentiful enough to afford more means than there were objects for generosity. Real misery was entirely unknown, and benevolence prevented the demands of poverty. Every misfortune was relieved, as it were, before it could be felt, without ostentation on the one hand,

hand, and without meanness on the other. It was, in short, a society of brethren, every individual of which was equally ready to give and to receive what he thought the common right of mankind.

This perfect harmony naturally prevented all those connections of gallantry which are so often fatal to the peace of families. There never was an instance in this society of an unlawful commerce between the two sexes. This evil was prevented by early marriages; for no one passed his youth in a state of celibacy. As soon as a young man became marriageable, the community built him a house, broke up the lands about it, sowed them, and supplied him with all the necessaries of life for a twelve-month. Here he received the partner whom he had chosen, and who brought him her portion in flocks. This new family grew and prospered in the same manner as the others. In 1749 all together made a population of eighteen thousand souls.

At this period the English perceived of what consequence the possession of Acadia might be to their commerce. The peace, which necessarily left a great number of men without employment, furnished an opportunity, by the disbanding of the troops, for peopling and cultivating a vast and fertile territory. The British ministry offered particular advantages to all who would go over and settle in Acadia. Every soldier, sailor, and workman, was to have 50 acres of land for himself, and 20 for every person he carried over in his family. All non-commissioned officers were allowed 80 for themselves, and 15 for their wives and children; ensigns 200; lieutenants 300; captains 400; and all officers of a higher rank 600; together with 30 for each of their dependents. The cleared land was to be tax-free for the first ten years, and never to pay above 1 livre 10 sols, 6 deniers (about 1s and 4d) for 50 acres. Besides this, the government engaged to advance or reimburse the expenses of passage, to build houses, to furnish all the necessary implements for fishery or agriculture, and to defray the expenses of subsistence for the first year. These encouragements determined three thousand seven hundred and fifty persons, in the month of May 1749, to go to America, rather than run the risque of starving in Europe.

The new colony was intended to form an establishment to the south-east of the peninsula of Acadia, in a place which the savages had formerly called Chebucto, and the English Halifax. This situation was preferred to several others where the soil was better, for the sake of establishing in

its neighbourhood an excellent cod-fishery, and solitizing one of the finest harbours in America. But as it was the spot most favourable for the chase, they were obliged to dispute it with the Micmac Indians, who mostly frequented it. These savages defended with obstinacy a territory they held from nature; and it was not till after very great losses that the English drove them out from their lawful possessions.

This war was not entirely finished, when some agitation appeared among the neutral French. These people, whose manners were so simple, and who enjoyed such liberty, could not but perceive that it was impossible there should be any serious thoughts in settling in countries so near to them without their independence being affected by it. To this apprehension was added that of seeing their religion in danger. Their priests, either heated by their own enthusiasm, or secretly instigated by the governors of Canada, persuaded them to credit every thing they chose to suggest against the English, whom they stiled heretics. This word, which has so powerful an influence on deluded minds, determined this happy colony to quit their habitations and to remove to New France where they were offered lands. Many of them executed this resolution immediately without considering the consequences of it, and the rest were preparing to follow as soon as they had provided for their safety. The English government, either from policy or caprice, determined to prevent them by an act of treachery, always base and cruel in those to whom power affords milder methods. Under a pretence of exacting a renewal of the oath they had taken at the time of their becoming English subjects, they assembled those together who were not yet gone, and, when they had collected them, immediately embarked them on board of ships which transported them to the other English colonies, where the greater part of them died of grief and vexation, rather than of want.

Such are the fruits of national jealousies, of that rapaciousness inherent in all governments, which incessantly preys both upon mankind and upon countries. What a rival loses, is reckoned a gain; what he gains, is looked upon as a loss. When a town cannot be taken, it is starved; when it cannot be maintained, it is burnt to ashes, or its foundations raised. Rather than surrender, a ship or a fortification is blown up by powder and by mines. A despotic government separates its enemies from its slaves by immense deserts, to prevent the irruptions of the one, and the emigrations of the other.

Thus Spain chose rather to make a wilderness

deaths of her own country, and a grave of South America, than to divide its riches with any other of the European nations. The Dutch have been guilty of every public and private crime to deprive other commercial nations of the spice-trade. They have oftentimes even thrown whole cargoes into the sea, rather than they would sell them at a low price. France rather chose to give up Louisiana to the Spaniards, than to let it fall into the hands of the English; and England destroyed the neutral French vessels to prevent their returning to France. Can we assert, after this, that policy and society were instituted for the happiness of mankind? Yes, they were instituted to screen the wicked man, and to secure the man in power.

Since the emigration of a people who owed their happiness and virtues to their obscurity, Nova-Scotia has been but thinly inhabited. It seems as if the envy that depopulated this country had blasted it. At least the punishment of the injustice falls upon the authors of it; for there is not a single inhabitant to be seen upon all that length of coast extending from the river St. Lawrence to the peninsula; nor do the rocks, the sands and marshes with which it is at present covered, give us any room to hope that it ever will be peopled. The cod, indeed, which abounds in fums of its bays, draws every year a small number of fishermen during the season.

There are only three settlements in the rest of the province. Annapolis, the most ancient of them, waits at the mouth of a long bay, for fresh inhabitants to take the place of the unhappy Frenchmen who were driven from this fruitful, though now desert country; and it seems to promise them rich returns from the fertility of its soil to recompence them for this loss.

Lunenburg, the second settlement, was founded a few years ago by Sco Germans, who came from Halifax. At first, it did not promise much success; but is considerably improved by the unremitting industry of that warlike and wise people, who, contented with defending their own territory, seldom go out of it, but to cultivate others which they are not ambitious of conquering. They have fertilized all the countries under the English dominion, wherever chance had conducted them.

Halifax will always continue to be the principal place of the province; an advantage it owes to the encouragements incessantly lavished upon it by the mother country. Their expences for this settlement, from its first foundation to the year 1759, amounted to more than 90,000 livres (3,937l. 10s.) per annum. Such fa-

vours could not be ill bestowed upon a city, which, from its situation, is the natural rendezvous of both the land and sea forces, which Great-Britain sometimes thinks herself obliged to maintain in America, as well for the defence her fisheries, and the protection of her sugar islands, as for the purpose of maintaining her connections with her northern colonies. Halifax, indeed, derives more of its splendour from the motion and activity which is constantly kept up in its ports, than either from its cultivation, which is trifling, or from its fisheries, which have not come to any great degree of perfection, though they consist of cod, mackarel, and the seal. It is not even in the state it should be as a fortified town. The malversations of persons employed, who, instead of the fortifications ordered and paid for by the mother-country, have only erected a few batteries, without any ditch round the city, make it liable to fall, without resistance, into the hands of the first enemy that attacks it. In 1757 the inhabitants of the county of Halifax rated the value of their houses, cattle, and merchandise, at about 6,750,000 livres (295,332l. 10s.). This sum, which makes about two thirds of the riches of the whole province, has not increased above one fourth since that time.

The desire of putting a stop to this state of languor was, probably, one of the motives which induced the British government to constitute a court of admiralty for all North-America, and to place the seat of it at Halifax in the year 1763. Before the period of this establishment, the justices of the peace used to be the judges of all violations of the act of navigation; but the partiality of these magistrates for the colony where they were born, and which had chosen them, made their ministry useless, and even prejudicial to the mother-country. It was presumed, that if enlightened men were sent from Europe, and well supported, their determinations would meet with more respect. The event has justified this policy. Since that regulation, the commercial laws have been better observed; but still great inconveniences have ensued from the vast distance of many provinces from the seat of this new tribunal. It is probable, that, to remedy these, administration will be forced to multiply the number of the courts, and disperse them in places convenient for the people to have access to them. Nova-Scotia will then lose the temporary advantage it gains from being the resort of those who come for justice; but it will probably find out other natural sources of wealth within itself. It has some, indeed, that

are peculiar to it. The exceeding fine flax it produces, of which the three kingdoms are so much in want, must greatly

accelerate the progress of its improvements. Nova-Scotia must not, however, expect ever to vie with New-England.

ACCOUNT OF THE LAZARETTOS OF MARSEILLES AND VENICE.

[From Howard's Account of the principal Lazarettos in Europe.]

THE Health office. *Le Bureau de Santé*, is in the city (Marseilles) at the end of the port. It has an outer room and two council chambers. In the outer room, the depositions of captains of ships are taken, who come in their boats to an iron grate. At two feet distance there is an iron lattice with a door, which is opened only by the servants of the intendants, or directors, who are here in waiting, in a blue livery trimmed with white lace. Here also letters, or orders for supplies, from the captains who are performing quarantine in their ships, are received with a pair of iron tongs,* and dipped in vinegar standing ready for that purpose. Over the book in which the depositions of the captains are inserted for public view, there is hung up an advertisement, to desire that the leaves may not be torn, and if they be torn, that information may be given to the office. In this room were hung up also orders, that when captains are examined none but those who belong to the office shall be present; and that captains of merchant ships, who have no bills of health, shall be obliged themselves to perform quarantine in the lazaretto.

The lazarettos is on an elevated rock near the city, at the end of the bay, fronting the south-west, and commands the entrance of the harbour. It is very spacious, and its situation renders it very commodious for the great trade which the French carry on in the Levant. Among other apartments for passengers, there are twenty four large rooms, of which some are above stairs, and open into a spacious gallery enclosed by lattice. In these rooms are closets for beds, which the passengers and guards are required to bring with them. The guards are sent by the Health office, and their number is regulated by

the number of passengers of each ship who perform quarantine. A number of passengers not exceeding three are allowed one guard, the expence of whom (namely twenty *sous* per day and his victuals) they are obliged to bear. A passenger therefore, who has no companion, has no assistance in bearing this expence. To four, five, or six passengers, two guards are assigned; and to seven, three guards. These guards perform the offices of servants; and will cook for passengers, if they do not choose to have their victuals from the tavern.

Within the lazaretto, is the governor's house; and a chapel, in which divine service is regularly performed; as also a tavern, from which persons under quarantine may have their dinners and suppers sent them; and which has likewise the exclusive privilege of supplying them with wine. Two days before the quarantine is finished, the bills are sent in, which being paid to the cashier, they receive a clean patent.

The quarantine of passengers who come with a foul bill, or in one of the two first ships from the same place with a clean bill, is thirty-one days, including the day they go out. If any account arrive of the plague having broke out in the place from which they came with a clean bill, after they left it, they are allowed no advantage from their clean bill; for, in this case, they must be confined fifteen days, and also fumigated before they come down stairs, and are permitted to go to the *parloirs*. In case any of the company to which they belong die, their quarantine recommences.

The *parloirs* are long galleries with seats in them, situated between the gates, and separated by wooden balustrades and wire lattice

* At Malta, says Mr. H. a letter, brought by a ship just arrived from Turkey was, I saw, received with a pair of iron tongs, dipped in vinegar, and then put into a case, and laid for about a quarter of an hour on wire grates, under which straw and pertumes had been burnt: after which the case was opened, and the letter taken out by one of the directors of the office. And this is the usual method of receiving letter here.

lattice, beyond which there are other balustrades; distant about ten feet, at which the persons in quarantine may see and converse with such friends as may choose to visit them. The wires are intended to prevent any thing from being handed to them, or from them. And that nothing may be thrown over, and no escapes be made, there is a double wall round the lazaretto.

At the gate there is a bell to call any person in this enclosure; and by the number and other modifications of the strokes, every individual knows when he is called.

AFTER visiting the lazarettos now described, I sailed to Smyrna, and from thence to Constantinople. Here I had ~~once~~ intended to travel by land to Vienna. This is a journey capable of being easily performed in twenty-four days, no quarantine being required to be performed at Semlin, the place, on the confines of the Emperor's Hungarian dominions, where formerly travellers used to be detained for this purpose. But on farther consideration I determined to seek an opportunity of performing quarantine *myself*; and with this view to submit to the inconveniencies of a sea-voyage to Venice, the place where lazarettos were first established. And, in order to obtain the best information by performing the strictest quarantine, I farther determined to return to Smyrna, and there to take my passage in a ship with a *faul* bill. Contrary winds and other causes made this a tedious and dangerous voyage, and it was sixty days from the time of leaving Smyrna before I arrived at Venice.

Here, after our ship had been conducted by a pilot-boat to her proper moorings, a messenger came from the health-office for the captain; and I went with him in his boat to see the manner in which his report was made, his letters delivered, and his examination conducted. The following morning a messenger came in a gondola to conduct me to the new lazaretto. I was placed, with my baggage, in a boat fastened by a cord ten feet long to another boat, in which were six rowers. When I came near the landing-place, the cord was loosed, and my boat was pushed with a pole to the shore, where a person met me, who said he had been ordered by the magistrates to be my guard. Soon after unloading the boat, the sub-prior came and showed me my lodging, which was a very

dirty room, full of vermin, and without table, chair, or bed. That day and the next morning I employed a person to wash my room; but this did not remove the offensiveness of it, or prevent that constant head-ach which I had been used to feel in visiting other lazarettos, and some of the hospitals in Turkey. This lazaretto is chiefly assigned to Turks and soldiers; and the crews of those ships which have the plague on board. In one of the enclosures was the crew of a Ragusian ship, which had arrived a few days before me; after being driven from Ancona and Trieste. My guard sent a report of my health to the office, and on the representation of our consul, I was conducted to the old Lazaretto, which is nearer the city. Having brought a letter to the prior from the Venetian ambassador at Constantinople, I hoped now to have had a comfortable lodging. But I was not so happy. The apartment appointed me (consisting of an upper and a lower room) was no less disagreeable and offensive than the former. I preferred lying in the lower room on a brick floor, where I was almost surrounded with water. After six days, however, the prior removed me to an apartment in some respects better, and consisting of four rooms. Here I had a pleasant view; but the rooms were without furniture, and no less offensive than the sick wards of the worst hospital. The walls of my chamber, not having been cleaned probably for half a century, were saturated with infection. I got them washed repeatedly with boiling water, to remove the offensive smell, but without any effect. My appetite failed, and I concluded I was in danger of the slow hospital fever. I proposed white-washing my room with lime slacked in boiling water, but was opposed by strong prejudices. I got, however, this done one morning through the assistance of the British consul, who was so good as to supply me with a quarter of a bushel of fresh lime for the purpose. And the consequence was, that my room was immediately rendered so sweet and fresh, that I was able to drink tea in it in the afternoon, and lie in it the following night. On the next day the walls were dry as well as sweet, and in a few days I recovered my appetite. Thus, at a small expence, and to the admiration of the other inhabitants of this lazaretto, I provided for myself and successors, an agreeable and wholesome room, instead of a nasty and contagious one.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ALPS.

[From Mrs. Piozzi's Journey through France, Italy and Germany, just published.]

WE have at length passed the Alps, and are safely arrived at this lovely little city, whence I look back on the majestic boundaries of Italy, with amazement at his courage who first profaned them: surely the immediate sensation conveyed to the mind by the sight of such tremendous appearances must be in every traveller the same, a sensation of fulness never experienced before, a satisfaction that there is something great to be seen on earth—some object capable of contenting even fancy. Who he was who first of all people pervaded these fortifications, raised by nature for the defence of her European Paradise, is not ascertained; but the great Duke of Savoy has wisely left his name engraved on a monument upon the first considerable ascent from Pont Bonvoison, as being author of a beautiful road cut through the solid stone for a great length of way, and having by this means encouraged others to assist in facilitating a passage so truly desirable, till one of the great wonders now to be observed among the Alps, is the ease with which even a delicate traveller may cross them. In these prospects, colouring is carried to its utmost point of perfection, particularly at the time I found it, variegated with golden touches of autumnal tints; immense cascades meantime bursting from the mountains on the one side; cultivated fields, rich with vineyards, on the other, and tufted with elegant shrubs that invite one to pluck and carry them away to where

they would be treated with much more respect. Little towns sticking in the clefts, where one would imagine it was impossible to clamber; light clouds often sailing under the feet of the high-perched inhabitants, while the sound of a deep and rapid though narrow river, dashing with violence among the insolently impeding rocks at the bottom, and bells in thickly-scattered spires calling the quiet Savoyards to church upon the steep sides of every hill—fill one's mind with such mutable, such various ideas, as no other place can ever possibly afford.

I had the satisfaction of seeing a chamois at a distance, and spoke with a fellow who had killed five hungry bears that made depredation on his pastures; we looked on him with reverence as a monster-tamer of antiquity, Hercules or Cadmus; he had the skin of a beast wrapt round his middle, which confirmed the fancy—but our servants, who borrowed from no fictitious records, the few ideas that adorned their talk, told us he reminded them of John the Baptist. I had scarce recovered the shock of this too sublime comparison, when we approached his cottage, and found the felons nailed against the wall, like foxes heads or spread kites in England. Here are many goats, but neither white nor large, like those which browse upon the steeps of Snowdon, or clamber among the cliffs of Plinlimmon.

ITALIAN CICISBEISM.

[From the same.]

WE have all heard much of Italian cicisbeism; I had a mind to know how matters really stood; and took the nearest way to information by asking a mighty beautiful and apparently artless young creature, *not noble*, how that affair was managed, for there is no harm done, *I am sure*, said I; 'Why no,' replied she, 'no great harm to be sure: except wearing some attentions from a man one cares little about: for my own part,' continued she, 'I detest the custom, as I happen to love my husband excessively, and desire nobody's company in the world but his. We are not people of fashion though, you know, nor at all rich; so how

should we set fashions for our betters? They would only say, see how jealous he is! if Mr. Such-a-one sat much with me at home, or went with me to the Corso; and I *must* go with some gentleman you know; and the men are such ungenerous creatures, and have such ways with them: I want money often, and this *cavaliere servente* pays the bills, and so the connection draws closer—*that's all*.' And your husband, I said I—'Oh, why he likes to see me well dressed; he is very good-natured, and very charming; I love him to my heart.' And your confessor, cried I—'Oh, why he is used to it,'—in the Milanese dialect—*e affuefà*.

AFFECTING PICTURE OF AN EARTH-QUAKE SCENE.

[From the same.]

I WILL mention another talk I had with a Sicilian lady. We met at the house of the Swedish minister, Monsieur André, uncle to the lamented officer who perished in our sovereign's service in America; and while the rest of the company were entertaining themselves with cards and music, I began laughing in myself at hearing the gentleman and lady, who sat next me, called by others *Don Raphael* and *Donna Camilla*, because those two names bring *Gil Blas* into one's head. Their agreeable and interesting conversation however soon gave my mind a more serious turn when discoursing on the liberal premiums now offered by the King of Naples to those who are willing to rebuild and repeople Messina. *Donna Camilla* politely introduced me to a very sick but pleasing-looking lady, who she said was going to return thither: at which she starting cried, "Oh God forbid, my dear friend!" in an accent that made me think she had already suffered something from the concussions that overwhelmed that city in the year 1783. Her inviting manner, her soft and interesting eyes, whose languid glances seemed to shew beauty sunk in sorrow, and spirit oppressed by calamity, engaged my utmost attention, while *Don Raphael* pressed her to indulge the foreigner's curiosity with some particulars of the distresses she had shared. Her own feelings were all she could relate, she said—and those confusedly. "You see that girl there," pointing to a child about seven or eight years old, who stood listening to the harpsichord: "she escaped! I cannot, for my soul, guess how, for we were not together at the time."—"Where were you, madam, at the moment of the fatal accident?"—"Who? me?" and her eyes lighted up with recollected terror: "I was in the nursery with my maid, employed in taking stains out of some Brussels lace upon a brazier; two babies, neither of them four years old, playing in the room. The eldest boy, dear lad! had just left us, and was in

his father's country house. The day grew so dark all on a sudden, and the brazier—Oh, Lord Jesus! I felt the brazier slide from me, and saw it run down the long room on its three legs. The maid screamed, and I shut my eyes and knelt at a chair. We thought all over; but my husband came, and snatching me up, cried, *run, run*.—I know not how nor where, but all amongst falling houses it was, and people shrieked so, and there was such a noise! My poor son! he was fifteen years old; he tried to hold me fast in the crowd. I remember kissing him: Dear lad, dear lad! I said. I could speak just then; but the throng at the gate! Oh that gate! Thousands at once! ay, thousands! thousands at once: and my poor old confessor too! I knew him: I threw my arms about his aged neck. *Padre mio!* said I—*Padre mio!* Down he dropt, a great stone struck his shoulder; I saw it coming, and my boy pulled me: he saved my life, dear, dear lad! But the crash of the gate, the screams of the people, the heat—Oh such a heat! I felt no more on't, though; I saw no more on't; I waked in bed, this girl by me, and her father giving me cordials. We were on shipboard, they told me, coming to Naples to my brother's house here; and do you think I'll ever go back there again? No, no; that's a cursed place; I lost my son in it. *Never, never* will I see it more! All my friends try to persuade me, but the sight of it would do my business. If my poor boy were alive indeed! but be! ah, poor dear lad! he loved his mother; he held me fast—No, no, I'll never see that place again: God has cursed it now; I am sure he has."

A narrative so melancholy, so tender, and so true, could not fail of its effect. I ran for refuge to the harpsichord, where a lady was singing divinely. I could not listen though: her grateful sweetness who told the dismal story, followed me thither: she had seen my ill-suppressed tears, and followed to embrace me.

ANECDOTES OF METASTASIO.

[From the same.]

HERE are many ladies of fashion in this town (Vienna) very eminent for their musical abilities, particularly

Mesdemoiselles de Martinis, one of whom is member of the Academies of Berlin and Bologna: the celebrated Metastasio died

in their house, after having lived with the family sixty-five years more or less. They set his poetry and sing it very finely, appearing to recollect his conversation and friendship, with infinite tenderness and delight. He was to have been presented to the Pope the very day he died, I understand, and in the delirium which immediately preceded dissolution he raved much of the supposed interview. Unwilling to hear of death, no one was ever permitted even to mention it before him; and nothing put him so certainly out of humour, as finding that rule transgressed even by his nearest friends. Even the small-pox was not to be named in his presence, and whoever *did* name that disorder, though unconscious of the offence he had given, Metastasio would see him no more. The other peculiarities I could gather from Miss Martinas were these: That he had contentedly lived half a century at Vienna, without ever even wishing to learn its language; that he had never given more than five guineas English money in all that time to the poor; that he always sat in the same seat at church, but never paid for it, and that nobody cared ask him for the trifling sum; that he was grateful and beneficent to the friends who began by being his protectors; but ended much his debtors, for solid benefits as well as for elegant presents, which it was his delight to be perpetually making them; leaving to them at last all he had ever gained without the charge even of a single legacy; observing in his will, that it was to them he owed it, and other conduct would in him have been injustice. Such were the sentiments; and such the conduct of this great poet, of whom it is of little consequence to tell, that he never changed the fashion of his wig; or the cut or colour of his coat, so that his portrait taken not very long ago looks like those of Bolleau or Moliere at the head of their

works. His life was arranged with such methodical exactness, that he rose, studied, chatted, slept, and dined at the same hours for fifty years together, enjoying uninterrupted health, which probably gave him that happy sweetness of temper, or habitual gentleness of manners, which never suffered itself to be ruffled, but when his sole injunction was forgotten, and the death of any person whatever was unwittingly mentioned before him. No sollicitation had ever prevailed on him to dine from home, nor had his nearest intimates ever seen him eat more than a biscuit with his lemonade, every meal being performed with even mysterious privacy to the last. When his end approached by steps so very rapid, he did not in the least suspect that it was coming; and Mademoiselle Martinas has scarcely yet done rejoicing in the thought that he escaped the preparations he so dreaded. His early passion for a celebrated singer is well known upon the continent; since that affair finished, all his pleasures have been confined to music and conversation. He had the satisfaction of seeing the seventh edition of his works I think they said, but am ashamed to copy out the number from my own notes; it seems so very strange; and the delight he took in hearing the lady he lived with sing his songs, was visible to every one. An Italian Abate here said, comically enough, "Oh! he looked like a man in the state of beatification always when Mademoiselle de Martinas accompanied his verses with her fine voice and brilliant finger. The father of Metastasio was a goldsmith at Rome, but his son had so devoted himself to the family he lived with, that he refused to hear, and took pains not to know, whether he had in his latter days any one relation in the world. On a character so singular I leave my readers to make their own observations and reflections."

THOUGHTS ON THE SEPARATION OF GREAT-BRITAIN FROM AMERICA:

[From a late work intitled 'Political Geography. Introduction to the Statistical Tables of the principal Empires, Kingdoms and States in Europe.']

HOW pleasing, says our author, must our reflections be upon the state of the most flourishing parts of these dominions, wherein we have the evidence of experience to prove, that there has been a progressive improvement since the period at which they were prophesied to be at

their height! That experience naturally leads us to look for yet further advances even in the most improved part; and we are still more enlivened by the consideration, that Ireland, notwithstanding the rapid strides which she has made in the present century, is yet capable of a four-fold

fold improvement. This, the continuation of liberal policy upon the part of Great-Britain, and patriotic exertions in the natives of that island, cannot fail to produce.

A separation from America, at some period, was looked for by writers on all sides as inevitable;—that the period of separation was hastened by the conduct of Great-Britain, has been deplored by many. Be this as it may, the circumstance of the disjunction having taken place when it did, will most probably be viewed by Britons in after-ages as an happy event; and our experience, since the establishment of peace, seems abundantly to confirm this opinion.

The history of all nations which have flourished and declined, concurs in proving, that there is an height of greatness in every empire beyond which it cannot pass, at which it seldom continues stationary, and from whence the declension is with greater or less rapidity, as various circumstances conspire; but what is a more melancholy consideration, and strengthened by the opinion of one of the first political writers of this century, Mr. Hume, is, that an empire having once declined, can never recover its former greatness. Had it unfortunately happened that Great-Britain was at the *acme* of her con-

sequence and improvement before the late war, as it has been repeatedly said, and a most considerable part of that consequence resulting from the American possessions, with what accelerated velocity must she have been precipitated upon the separation from her colonies; particularly at a period when, from the accustomed fate of empires arrived at their height, it was natural to expect her fall? Has this event happened? Nay, has any circumstance occurred which may fairly indicate even the approach of such a period? On the contrary, has not Great-Britain rebounded with an incredible vigour from a state of actual distress? and have not her advances in commercial and political consequence, since the era of peace, demonstrated, that she still presses forward with youthful strength? While the late illustrious exertion upon the appearance of hostility, fully proved that the animating ardour of her most warlike times existed without impair; and thus gave a confidence in the enjoyment of that most invaluable blessing *PAX*, by a display of the spirit and ability to repel *WAR*.

Added to the prospect of internal consequence, the possession of the yet improvable commerce of the East-Indies is to be considered as a prodigious advantage,

NATURE OF THE VITALITY OF MAN.

[From Bishop Horsley's Sermon, preached before the Humane Society, March 22d, 1789.]

ALTHOUGH we must believe, if we believe our bible, that the union of soul and body is the first principle of animation in the human subject; it is by no means a necessary consequence, that the life of man is in no degree, and in no part, mechanical. Since man is declared to be a compound, the natural presumption seems to be, that the life of this compounded being is itself a compound. And this experience and observation prove to be indeed the case. Man's life is compounded of the life of the intellect and the animal life. The life of the intellect is simply intelligence, or the energy of the intelligent principle. The animal life is itself a compound, consisting of the vegetable life, combined with the principle of perception. Human life therefore is an aggregate of at least three ingredients: Intelligence, Perception, and Vegetation.

The lowest and the last of these, the vegetable life, is wholly in the body, and is mere mechanism; not a mechanism which any human ingenuity may imitate, or even to any good degree explore; but the exquisite mechanism of a divine artificer. Still it is mechanism; consisting in a symmetry and sympathy of parts, and a correspondence of motions conducive, by mechanical laws established by the Creator's wisdom, to the growth, nourishment, and conservation of the whole. The wheels of this wonderful machine are set a-going, as the scriptures teach us, by the presence of the immaterial soul; which is therefore not only the seat of intelligence, but the source and center of the man's entire animation. But it is in this circumstance only, namely, that the immaterial mover is itself attached to the machine, that the vegetable life of the body

body, considered as a distinct thing, as in itself it is, from the two principles of intelligence and perception, differs in kind (for in respect of excellence and nicety of workmanship all comparison were impious; but in kind the vegetable life of the human body differs in this circumstance only) from mere clock-work.

This mechanism of life, in that part which belongs to the body; so evident to the anatomist and physician, and so obvious indeed to common observation, is so little repugnant to holy writ, that it is clearly implied in many passages. It is implied in the expressions in which Moses describes the animation of the first man; which, though it be referred to the union of soul and body as a principle, is described, however, in expressions which allude to the mechanical action of the air, entering at the nostrils, upon the pulmonary coats. The mechanism of life is again most remarkably implied in the verse which immediately precedes my text; in which the approaches of death are described as the gradual rupture of the parts of a machine; not without particular allusion to the true internal structure of the human body, and the distinct offices of the principal viscera in maintaining the vegetable life—"The silver cord loosed—The golden bowl broken—The pitcher broken at the well—The wheel broken at the cistern." I dare not in this assembly, in which I see myself surrounded by so many of the masters of physiology, attempt a particular exposition of the anatomical imagery of this extraordinary text; lest I should seem not to have taken warning, by the contempt which fell on that conceited Greek, who had the vanity to prelect upon the military art before the conquerors of Asia. I shall only venture to offer one remark, to confirm what I have said of the attention (not of implicit assent, except in religious subjects, but of the attention) which is due to what the inspired writers say upon any subject, which is this; the images of this text are not easy to be explained on any other supposition, than that the writer, or the spirit which guided the writer, meant to allude to the circulation of the blood, and the structure of the principal parts by which it is carried on. And upon the supposition that such allusions were intended, no obscurity, I believe, will remain for the anatomist in the whole passage. At any rate it is evident, that the approaches of death are described in it as a marring of the machine of the body by the failure of its principal parts. And this amounts to an assumption of the mechanism of life, in that part which belongs to the body.

This revelation and philosophy agree, that human life, in the whole a compounded thing, in one of its constituent parts is mere mechanism.

But let the philosopher in his turn be cautious, what conjectures he build upon this acknowledged truth. Since human life is undeniably a compound of the three principles of intelligence, perception, and vegetation; notwithstanding that the vegetable life be in itself mechanical, it will by no means be a necessary conclusion, that a man must be truly and irrecoverably dead, so soon as the signs of this vegetable life are no longer discernible in his body. Here Solomon's opinion demands great attention. He makes death consist in nothing less than the dissolution of that union of soul and body, which Moses makes the principle of vitality. And he speaks of this disunion as a thing subsequent, in the natural and common course of things, to the cessation of the mechanical life of the body. Some space, therefore, may intervene; what the utmost length of the interval in any case may be is not determined, but some space of time it seems may intervene between the stopping of the clockwork of the body's life, and the finished death of the man, by the departure of the immortal spirit. Now in all that interval, since the union of the spirit to the body first set the machine at work, if the stop proceed only from some external force, some restraint upon the motion of any principal part, without derangement, damage, or decay of the organization itself, the presence of the soul in the body will be a sufficient cause to restore the motion, if the impediment only can be removed.

Thus by the united lights of revelation and philosophy, connecting what is clear and indisputable in each, separated from all conjecture and precarious inference, we have deduced a proof of those important truths, to which the founders of this society have been indeed the first to turn the attention of mankind; namely, that the vital principle may remain in a man, for some time after all signs of the vegetable life disappear in his body: that what have hitherto passed, even among physicians, for certain signs of a complete death, the rigid limb, the clay-cold skin, the silent pulse, the breathless lip, the livid cheek, the fallen jaw, the pinched nostril, the fixed staring eye, are uncertain and equivocal; inasmuch that a human body, under all these appearances of death, is in many instances capable of resuscitation.

ADMIRABLE RESOLUTION OF A FRENCH CURATE.

[From the Supplement to the Memoirs of the Duke de St. Simon; lately published.]

THE Duchefs of Berry was living in a mixture of the most haughty grandeur and the meanest and most abject flattery; between the most austere and frequent, though short retreats to the Carmelites,* and the most profane amusements; between obscenity, blasphemy, riot, and the most ridiculous terrors of death and the devil, when she was taken ill at the Luxembourg.

She had become pregnant by Rions,† and was indignant that the world should talk of what she had desired to hide: her pregnancy was arrived at its crisis, and this, ill prepared by intemperance, soon became dangerous. She now shut herself up in a small range of apartments, with Rions, Madam de Mouchy, the real mistress of her paramour, and one or two women on whom she could depend. Neither her father,‡ nor the duchefs of Orleans were admitted within the doors of the chamber, and the ladies of her household chose to absent themselves voluntarily from this mystery of profligacy; the physicians themselves were only admitted for moments.

Fits and danger increasing, Languet, the celebrated curate of St. Solpice, who had already made himself busy, talked to her father of administering the sacrament. The difficulty was how to get at his daughter to propose it; but he soon had to encounter one much greater. The curate, as a man of conscience, declared that he should not only refuse to administer whilst Rions and Mouchy were in the same apartments, but whilst they should continue in the palace. This declaration he made aloud, and in public, to the Duke, who was less shocked than embarrassed by it.

Having taken the curate aside, and pressed him to moderate his zeal, but finding him inflexible, he proposed at last to refer the whole to the cardinal Noailles. This the curate instantly accepted with the deference due to the cardinal as his bishop, and only reserved to himself the liberty of stating to him the reasons of his conduct.

The moment was pressing, and the duchefs confessed herself, during the dispute, to a cordelier, her director. The duke of Orleans, who knew that there was

some difference of religious opinions between the cardinal and curate, hoped to find the former more flexible—he was mistaken; the cardinal arrived, the duke took them both aside, and the conversation lasted more than half an hour.

As the declaration of the curate had been public, the cardinal, who was archbishop of Paris, thought proper that his should be public too. All three approaching the company, the cardinal told the curate in a loud voice, that he had done his duty with dignity; that he had expected no less from his piety and experience; that he approved of the conditions he had made before he administered the sacrament; that he exhorted him not to shrink, nor to suffer himself to be imposed on in an affair of such importance; that if he wanted authority, he now by his own, as his superiour and bishop, enjoined him not to suffer the duchefs to participate of spiritual comfort till M. de Rions and Mde. de Mouchy were dismissed from the place.

It is easy to judge of the effect this declaration made on the assembly present, of the father's embarrassment, and of the remours that were instantly disseminated. The question was now between the regent, the cardinal, and the curate, which of them should carry this resolution to the duchefs, who, after her confession, expected every moment to see the priest with the sacrament enter her apartments. After a short conversation, the duke at last presented himself at the half-opened door of his daughter, and called Mde. de Mouchy, to whom, she within, he without, he reported the resolution of the two ecclesiastics. Mouchy, equally astonished and enraged, began to assert her character in a high tone, and to descant on the affront offered by a couple of canting priests, to herself and her mistress, to whom the message, if delivered, would be instantaneous death. Finding, herself, however, obliged to convey it, in her own manner, she brought back a decisive refusal to the regent, still waiting at the door, who carried it to the cardinal and the curate.

The curate contented himself with shrugging up his shoulders; but the car-

* A convent in the Fauxbourg St. Germain.

† A nephew of the duke of Lauzun.

‡ The Regent of France.

dinal told the duke, that one of the culprits whose dismissal was insisted on, could not be a proper person to carry such a message, or to report an answer; that it was his, (the father's) duty, to inform his daughter of what had been resolved, and to prevail upon her to submit—but his eloquence was in vain—the regent feared his daughter too much, and knew how ludicrously an apostolic remonstrance from him would sound in an ear he had accustomed to vice.

Finding the regent obstinate, the Cardinal now took the resolution of speaking himself to the Duchess, accompanied by the curate, and was moving toward the apartment, when the regent, apprehensive lest the appearance and severity of the two pastors should throw his daughter into fits, conjured the cardinal to attend till he had made another tentative. He again had the door half opened, and again had the same success. The Duchess, now furious, called the priests, knaves, and her father a fool, who suffered himself and her to be insulted. The Duke returned crest-fallen, and told them, his daughter

was too weak to admit of the function at present.

The cardinal having waited two hours, and seeing the impossibility of entering the room without violence, which would preclude all persuasion, thought it indecent to tarry longer. In going, he renewed his orders to the curate, and recommended it to him to prevent any clandestine administration of the sacrament. He then approached Mde. St. Simon, informed her privately of the whole, and lamented with her, that his duty had not permitted him to avoid such scandal. The Duke hastened to announce to his daughter the departure of the Cardinal, which had given great ease to himself; but was astonished to find the curate posted close to her door, and still more to hear him declare his resolution, not to quit that spot till he was satisfied that nothing surreptitious would be attempted. He actually remained there for four days and nights, a few short intervals of nourishment and repose excepted, during which he entrusted it to the care of two priests on whom he could depend.

CURIOUS INSTANCE OF INDISCRETION.

[From the same.]

THE Count de Roye and his wife retired to Denmark; as a French lieutenant general, he was named grand-marshal, and commanded all the troops; in 1686, he received the order of the Elephant. The respect paid to him and the Countess was equal to the grandeur of their establishment. The kings of the north eat generally in company; and the Count and Countess had frequently the honour of being invited to the Royal table, with Mademoiselle de Roye, their daughter.

At one of these dinners, it happened, that Mde. de Roye, struck by the singular figure of the Danish Queen, turned to her daughter, and asked her, if she did not think the Queen resembled Mde. Panache like two drops of water?

Though this was said in French, it had not been pronounced low enough, the Queen overheard it, and desired to know who Madame Panache was.

The Countess, surprised, answered, she was a lovely lady of the French court. The queen took no notice of her surprize, but uneasy at the comparison, wrote to Mageron, the Danish envoy at Paris, who

had been there for some years, to inform her, who Mde. Panache was, what her figure, her rank, what her character in the court of France, and enjoined him to answer her questions with scrupulous accuracy.

Such an order threw Mageron into astonishment; he answered the queen, that he could neither conceive how Mde. Panache came to be known to her, nor what were the motives of her curiosity. Madame Panache he told her, was a little, old, bleary-eyed, disgusting woman; a kind of beggar, who by some means or other, had wriggled herself into the character of court-dwarf; who sometimes was at the supper of the king, sometimes at the dinner of Monseigneur, the Dauphiness, and Monsieur; now at Versailles, now at Paris; the aim of all who wanted to laugh, and at full liberty to say what she pleased; to scold to call names, the more, the louder the mirth; whose pockets were sometimes filled with pieces of meat and ragouts till the sauce ran down both sides of her petticoats; who now received a piece of money, now a flip on the nose, or a rap on the knuckles; and as the half

half-blind, cursed them all round, afforded infinite merriment to the court.

This answer decided the fate of the courtiers of Roze. The queen, stung to the quick, demanded justice of the king; the king was displeased that strangers elevated to the first honours of his court, should make a jest of their benefactors; some of the first families in the country, and some ministers were become jealous

of the fortune and splendid establishment of the count de Roze: the queen obtained her wish: the count was thanked for his services and desired to retire. Unable to weather the storm, he went to Hamburg, and from thence to England, where James the Second, a few months before the revolution, made him earl of Lifford, and an Irish peer; the title was inherited by a son who had followed him.

REFINED POLICY OF THE JESUITS.

[From the same.]

A SMALL fleet arrived at Cadiz; it contained upwards of sixty millions of livres in gold and silver, and twelve millions in merchandise, besides smuggled goods. In unloading the vessels, eight large cases of chocolate were said to have been found, charged to the account of the Reverend Father general of the Society of Jesus. These cases threatening to break the backs of the porters employed to carry them to the custom house, a double number was provided; notwithstanding this reinforcement, such was their weight that the officers became curious to know the cause. They opened one amongst themselves, and found nothing but very large cakes of chocolate, piled on each other. They were all equally heavy,

and the weight of each surprizing. Attempting to break one, the cake resisted, but the chocolate shivering off, discovered an inside of gold covered round with chocolate to the thickness of an inch; from this essay they proceeded to examine the remainder, and all the cases in rotation. They sent advice to Madrid, where, notwithstanding the high credit of the society, it was considered as matter of amusement; word was sent to the Jesuits, but to no purpose; these refined politicians refused to acknowledge their property, and protested their utter ignorance with regard to the whole. Such was their perseverance and unanimity in refusing to claim any part of the cargo, that the whole was adjudged to the king.

THE FATHER: OR AMERICAN SHANDYISM.

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.

[From the Massachusetts Magazine.]

CHARACTERS.

MEN.

Colonel Duncan	Lieut. Campley
Mr. Racket	Doctor Quiescent,
Ranier	Cartridge
Captain Haller	Jacob.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Racket	Mrs. Grenade
Miss Felton	Susannah.

The Scene lies in a hall at Racket's house, in New-York: Time seven or eight hours.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Mr. and Mrs. Racket at a breakfast table, he with a patch across his nose, and reading a newspaper. She rises in anger.

Mrs. Racket: **T**HIS provoking indifference is not to be borne; ungrateful man, you know you owe

We doubt not but many of our readers will be pleased with a specimen of the first efforts made by the American States towards dramatic composition. We have heard of but two original plays exhibited there before the present; and one of them, we believe, has not been printed. The Father has been exceedingly well received. Without observing upon its merits, we purpose to give it entire, our readers not being likely to meet it in any other shape.

Give all you have to your marriage with me; my affection led me to risque all for you: Col. Duncan little thinks the return you make to me for his bounty—Oh Mr. Racket, this is too ill usage.

Rack. (Reading) 'A majority of 31 in favour of adopting it with amendments,'—pray sit down my dear, you will fatigue yourself—pray sit down.

Mrs. R. Sir, this is adding insult to insult; am I never to see you but when illness, caused by rioting and drunkenness, prevents you from going out?

Rack. (Reads) 'And we hope all the States will follow our virtuous example'—Glorious faith—(yawns and stretches.)

Mrs. R. Virtuous example truly!—I wonder, Sir, you are not ashamed of yourself—we have been married but one year—and

Rack. (Rising) No more! Oh it has been a curst long year.

Mrs. R. And you have been intoxicated almost every night since.

Rack. Excess of joy my dear—would not you have me show that I am happy in having so prudent, so domestic, so patient a wife as I have? Nothing but joy my dear—nothing else you may depend upon it.

Mrs. R. And you hope your example will be followed too—

Rack.—Ha!—oh—the new constitution my dear, the new constitution.

Mrs. R. Ay, that's one of your excuses for carousing; the new constitution will make your's an old one; and last night you must keep Sr. Patrick; I should be glad to know what you have to do with Sr. Patrick.

Rack. Why my dear, my grandfather was an Irishman, my father a Scotchman, and I, myself, an Englishman, so I am received into the societies of the three nations—I would join Sr. Tammany if he would let me.

Mrs. R. You may be ashamed to show your face so batter'd and bruise'd:

Rack. You shall make me up, my dear—bestow a little of the toil and rouse upon my face that you usually take for your own, and I may cut a very decent appearance yet.—But may I ask my love—Why do you make this extraordinary use and rancumficut about my nose?—My looks or actions have not usually been the subjects of your enquiries or contemplation of late.

Mrs. R. I can no longer find in your looks a wish to please me, and for your actions, they will not bear contemplation—and is it not enough to provoke the mildest temper upon earth, to see your face disfigur'd in such a manner that you cannot be seen in the boxes this evening?

And if I am seen alone with Capt. Ratter, the whole town will be talking about it—(aside) If I cannot rouse him by jealousy, I am lost—provoking—you will break my heart, Mr. Racket, you will! [Exit.

Racket alone.

Your humble servant Mrs. Racket, I am occasionally to be carried into public to be a blind, a screen, a stalking horse—ox—ox—ox—perdition!—I began to think she was really concerned for me; for to give her her due, she never troubles me in my pleasures, so they do not clash with her own—well, this drinking is not the thing for a sober citizen, (pulls out his watch) half past eleven o'clock by all that's indolent, and my store not open yet.

Enter Ranter.

Rack. Ha! Ranter, how do ye?

Ran. What! ha! ha! ha!—What is the name of tunbelly'd Bacchus—I invoke you by your own god—have you been about? Has your wife been scratching ye?

Rack. No, but I will tell ye—ha! ha! ha! a droll frolick, faith.

Ran. And your nose is in mourning, for t.

Rack. You must know I honoured Sr. Patrick last night with as hearty a set of boys as ever cried which whack! Stalleys, bring twelve bottles more; and returning home in company with Paddy O'Dermont, and Frank M Connally, we overtook a very modest mitch cow, when O'Dermont cries 'look ye, honey, there's a mighty pretty occasion to try your horsemanship'

Ran. And you not to be cow'd by a cow—

Rack. With a spring I rose—

Ran. And like a calf fell i'the mire:

Rack. How I got on I know not, but she kick'd so brutishly, that in spite of my horsemanship—

Ran. Alias cowman ship:

Rack. She tofs'd me clear over her head.

Ran. Most uncleanly into the mud.

Rack. And so—

Ran. You broke your nose.—Cowriding—Oh that's too good—ha! ha! ha!—

Rack. Poh! poh! why, it might have happened to any body, don't mention it, one would not have every body know it—

Ran. Oh it speaks plain enough for itself; look in the glass and your sins will stare you in the face;—Egad, your nose will be as useful to me as Bardolph's was to the fat knight, I shall never look on it but I shall think of an undertaker's hearse; the black pall covering the corpse of my old uncle, 'twill encourage me to persevere sans souci, though sans fin, and look forward to his removal from the world of iniquity—

Rack. Come, come, my nose disclaims all relationship; but pray when do you proceed to Canada to join your regiment?

Ran. I don't know—I believe it is too late in the season—they tell me that the lakes will be broke up before I can get there—I believe I shall go home in the first packet—if the women will let me—you have the finest women in this place—pray is *Miss Felton* or your wife to be seen this morning?

Rack. I suppose so, we will see.

Enter Jacob.

J. Sair, dere is doo peoples vaunts you.

(Ranter walks back.)

Rack. What do they want? Is it any of the English gentlemen I have had goods from, *Mr. Wringe*, or *Mr. Gripe*, or *Mr. Twiss*? If it is, I am not at home.

J. Sair, it is doo, contré peoples son Long-Island, for coods out of de store.

Rack. Oh—hang it—I can't attend to business—ask them to call again—

J. Sair, *Mr. Quill* vaunts to know if dere is any coods to go to vendue to day, and if you'll open store.

Rack. No, it is too bad weather—no, I shall do nothing today—I'll tell my wife you are here, *(to Ran.)* Excuse me a few minutes.

Exit with Jacob.

Ranter alone, advances.
A convenient fellow this, he sends his wife with as little jealousy as a Frenchman. His wife is a fine woman, and as giddy and vain as I could wish; I think she will not hold out long; in the mean time I will make use of the husband's purse to defray necessary expences, and make presents, or else my diamond must soon go—what does *Miss Felton* mean by rivetting her eyes so constantly on it? I hope she never saw it on any other finger—hang fear of detection; if I can seduce *Racket's* wife, marry her sister, secure her fortune, and get off, I shall—ha! my dear *Mrs. Racket*, good morning.

Enter Mrs. Racket.

Mrs. R. Good morning, *Capt. Ranter.*

Ran. Upon my soul you have the most elegant taste in dress that ever I saw; there never was a more enchanting undress in life.

Mrs. R. Oh syc, you flatterer! but do these dresses become me? Sincerely now, without flattery.

Ran. By all that's pretty and amiable, you look divinely: let me die, but that I see this roses come and go, I should think you had been putting on rouge this morning. I should swear nature could not show so charming! so delicate a tint!

Mrs. R. (aside) Well, there is nothing like a British officer after all: *(aloud)* oh this is too gross, I am angry: you make me blush.

Ran. (aside) I am much mistaken if you do not blush the same tint all day for all that: *(aloud)* I never was convinced of the reality of witches till I saw you.

Mrs. R. How so!

Ran. Why besides that bewitching power you have over every heart: *(takes her hand, she draws it away and screws)* you, you, you must deal with the devil, to get these English fashions so soon; for as I live, you exhibit the modes of *Westminster* at *New-York*, before they have got t'other side *Templebar*.

Mrs. R. I never wore it but once before to day, and then there was so many ill-natur'd observations made, that it was delightful. *Neckly* always makes it her business to come and tell all the remarks that are made upon me that she thinks will mortify, with a pretended friendly officiousness; but she quite mistakes my feelings:—Law, says one, "what an out of the way thing *Mrs. Racket* has got on; that woman tries to deform herself, tho' there's little need." Says another, "why the thing would look well enough if it was on a person of tolerable shape, and put on with any taste." Aye, cries the third, "she has always some extravagant new dress or other, we shall have her husband calling his creditors together for a shilling in the pound."

Ran. Ha! ha! ha!—envy is the shadow Madam, that always attends superior elegance or taste of any kind—but apropos, the ball last night.

Mrs. R. Oh! ha! don't you think we have a very curious set of originals in our city? We are a match for the most polished nations in Europe; we can show you lawyers without common sense, soldiers without courage, gentlemen without politeness, and virtuous ladies without modesty.

Ran. You have some very pretty fellows.

Mrs. R. Yes; There's *Jacky Prig*, with his arch'd eye-brows and white teeth; I protest I am ready to scream out in his face when he advances to speak with me—and *Billy-Smelter* too: *(Rack. without)* It is not to be borne, nor shall it.

Mrs. R. Oh heavens! what's the matter?

Enter Racket, putting on his coat, and a silk handkerchief round his neck.

Rack. Never was a man plagued with such mulish people about him—all the plagues of hell are combined to torment me.

Mrs. R. Bless me what's the matter?—I shall faint—

Rack. Faint!—you faint?—

Ran. Lean on me, Madam—for shame *Racket*

Racket; for shame, consider it is a lady you are speaking to, and your wife.

Rack. Yes, Sir, she is my wife—racks and tortures—she is my wife—I shall go mad.

Mrs. R. Why Mr. Racket, what's the matter?

Rack. The matter, Madam—why you or some of you, Madam, have sent me a shirt without buttons to the collar—not one button—do you mean to insult me, Madam? Must my time be taken up with changing shirts and buttoning collars?

Mrs. R. Is that all, Sir?

Rack. All!—Sufannah! all indeed!

Enter Sufannah.

Susy get me a shirt, and examine if the buttons are on the collar—if you please; be quick, Susy—all indeed. [Exit with Susy.]

Mrs. R. Oh Sir, that you should be a witness to such a scene.

Ran. Let not that distress you, Madam; we are all subject to our passions—his speaking so tenderly to Sufannah, must have been only to mortify you—for tho' she is a handsome girl; he certainly cannot be such a villain.

Mrs. R. Have you a smelling bottle, Sir?

Ran. Yes, Madam, pray lean on me.

Mrs. R. (leaning on Ran.) I die with stame.

Ran. Confide in me Madam, I have the tenderest feelings of your wrongs, was I—Enter Col. Duncan, and Cartridge with a portmanteau.

Col. Cartridge, we have got in the wrong house!

Ran. Curse the intrusion! (boob confused)

Col. I humbly beg pardon, Madam, I mistook this house for Mr. Racket's.

Car. Your honour, you are right; I am afraid Madam mistook that gentleman for her husband; tho'—

Col. What, Cartridge! yes; it is Maria—I am sorry, Madam; that I should interrupt so familiar a tete-a-tete.

Ran. Sir, by what authority?

Col. Young man, speak when you are spoken to; where's your husband, Maria?

Mrs. R. I fear, Sir, these unfortunate appearances will hurt me in your good opinion; but when you know the cause of my—

Col. Cause!—cause for leaning in the arms of such a companion! I would at least have shut the door.

Mrs. R. Sir, your ungenerous constructions rouse my resentment.

Ran. Permit me, Madam, to resent this indignity.—Damn me, Sir—

Col. With all my heart, Sir; who are you? Take care, boy; I may perhaps at this time be too easily provoked to punish insolence as it deserves.

Car. (during the Colonel's speech, handles his sword.) Your honour; if there were two of them.

Enter Racket, speaking.

Rack. Heyday! what's the noise now? Oh Colonel, I am very glad to see you, Sir—(Aside) What has brought him this way?

Col. Who is this young man?

Rack. My friend; Capt. Ranter, Sir.

Col. Friend, Captain. (Contemptuously.)

Ran. Old gentleman, you shall hear from me:—Come, Madam, this accident need not stop our walk.

Mrs. R. I will go with pleasure—I shall not trouble myself to explain matters any farther; come Captain.

[Exit Mrs. R. and Ran.]

Car. Captain! I thought we had some bad enough. [Follows and exits.]

Col. Who is this friend of yours?

Rack. A British officer, Sir, who arrived the other day from Halifax;—he stays a few days to amuse himself—

Col. With your wife; very pretty and perfectly a la militaire.

Rack. Sir, my opinion of my wife's virtues, is not to be shaken by trifles.

Col. I hope she deserves it.

Rack. I do not know, Sir, what has given rise to your insinuation—but if you please to walk in and stay with us; I hope every prejudice you may have conceived will be removed.

Col. I will follow. [Exit Racket.]

I fear I did wrong in giving my friend's daughter to this man; there is a strange alteration; I long to see her sister; when their father died, he call'd the pretty prattlers to his bed, and laying a hand on each, he looked in my face most wistfully, (Takes out his handkerchief.) 'Duncan,' says he, 'these babes have lost an angel mother! I too am going; I have nought to leave them but you;—And I have lov'd them, Felton—(wipes his eyes)—If thy departed spirit views the deeds of once dear friends, surely thou art pleas'd to see, that I have dragg'd these aged limbs so many weary miles, to watch and guard their fortunes.—Yes, Felton, while this heart beats, they shall feel my protection; and when these grey hairs no longer ruffle in the wind, still shall they feel and bless it.

[Exit.]

ACT II.

Enter Col. Duncan and Cartridge.

Col. WELL, Cartridge, since I have had your opinion of the rest of the family, what think you of Mr. Racket's aunt, Widow Grenade?

Car. Why your honour, I think it's a pity she is not an officer's lady.

Col. Why so, Cartridge?

Car. Why *Sufannah* says, 'Sir, that she is so fond of every thing military, that she makes the fock form every dish that comes to table into some kind of fortification.'

Col. If we had our graps plot here: we might amuse the widow-by some military matters of our directing.

Car. Yes, Sir, that we might. I have just come from reconnoitring one of the sweetest places for carrying on a siege that ever was made.

Col. Where, *Cartridge*?

Car. In Mr. *Racket's* garden, your honour. If we can but get leave to dig it up.

Col. I will take a look at it by and bye. Have the trunks come yet, with the rest of the baggage; and the artillery trunk?

Car. Not yet, your honour. I have got three boots in the trunk that have not a hole in them; they will make most excellent two and thirty's. I think sometimes your honour, that your honour and I are something like Captain *Sbandy* and *Trim*, when we are busy in our graps plot, forming sieges and storming cities.

Col. I wish we were such good hearted creatures, *Cartridge*.

Car. Not that I am worthy to be compared to the gallant corporal, but only as you use me, as he was used; but you, one would swear was his master's twin brother in goodness: Oh your honour, how did you make me love you, when you was lying on the field at *Monmouth*, weltering in your blood, the sun scorching you to death, and you gasping with heat and thirst; I gave your honour my canteen with buttermilk, and you would not drink till you had given it to the British grenadier that was dying by the side of you.

Col. *Cartridge*, you should not mention these things. I would rather march up to a breach in the face of a regiment's fire, than to be told that my actions are virtuous.

Car. Your honour need not blush. I'm sure I did not mean to offend your honour.

Enter Wid. Grenade and Miss Felton.

Wid. Colonel, you had better have your portmanteau carried up stairs to your room; it is necessary to have an eye to the baggage, and as you intend to reinforce our garrison, I would advise to detach *Cartridge* from the main body for the present, and give that charge to him.

Car. Bless her, how she talks!

Col. *Cartridge*, let this lady's counsels always be considered as commands.

Car. Your honour.

[*Exit with portmanteau.*]

Wid. I see every day, Colonel, how well gallantry agrees with the profession of

arms? as my dear Capt. *Grenade* used to say, 'Why should I draw my sword but to preserve and serve the fair.' You Colonel, have thro' life—if we may judge by the present—made arms and the fair your study.

Col. I have always studied to please the fair, at least I have always felt the wish to please them, Madam; but my study of arms is of a later date: your nephew, Mr. *Racket*, has not spoken much of me, or you might have known that physic was my profession, till my country's wrongs call'd me to change the lancet for the sword, and join my endeavours to rid her of the scarlet fever, under which she groaned. Our success has made arms delightful to me, and as fortune has blest me with her favours, I indulge myself with honest *Cartridge* in playful arts of defence.

Wid. I should think, Colonel, that after the wounds you have received, and the various hardships you have undergone, the thoughts of war would not be pleasant. How can your country ever repay you for the blood you have shed in her service?

Col. I am amply paid by this, Madam, (*Shows the order of Cincinnati*). This glorious badge marks me out to my countrymen as their friend, the soldier of liberty, and companion of *WASHINGTON*.—Oh my brother in the healing art! why didst thou not live past *Princeton's* glorious day, to have worn with me the golden eagle and the honest scar? But thou, *Mercer*! wast impatient to join the heroes of *Quebec* and *Bunker's Hill*, and tell them, Britain's arms no more prevailed.—Pardon me, Madam, you have made me feel.—But why look you so said, my *Caroline*?

Wid. For these two months, she has looked as gloomy as the English politicians after the capture of *Burgoyne*; I fear from that sigh, some soldier has fallen in her way as clever at captures as *Gates*.

Miss F. Indeed, Sir, I was attentively listening to your discourse, and the sigh that heav'd your bosom at the recollection of your lost friends, caused a responding burst from the breast of your *Caroline*.

Wid. *Miss Felton* has not the spirits of her sister Mrs. *Racket*.

Col. (*to Miss Felton*). When your father lived, and I us'd to call you my little darling, your spirits were as lively as your sister's, and playful as the kitten, yet unstain'd with blood.—You was then a good girl, and you look good yet, my darling.

Miss F. I thank you, Sir.—I will endeavour to deserve your love.—(*Aside*) This tenderness is too much for me.

[*Bursts into tears and Exit.*]

Col. Tears so near at hand!

Wid. Indeed, Sir, she is not happy; she is far from it: ever since my arrival, she has worn the mark of melancholy in her face, but since Captain Ranter came, she has appear'd in continual agitation, and never bless'd us with a smile till she saw you.

Col. Alas my poor girl! 'tis four years since I saw her: I was then a favourite of her young heart, and then it was one of the best of hearts.

Wid. Indeed, Sir, I believe it is so yet, she is tenderness itself! you, I understand—tho' so long absent from them—was their father's friend, and are the patron and supporter of her and her sister. The money she receives from you, is employed in deeds of holiness.

Col. Say you so? Lovely girl! sure, such a heart must not long be wrung by anguish, for whatever fools may say, heaven will not leave the virtuous to sorrow.

Wid. I will tell you, Sir, what rivett'd my love to her. One day not being well, she had retired to her chamber; I went up to enquire how she did, when opening the door without noise, thinking she might be asleep, a scene presented itself which angels might have gaz'd upon with pleasure, a poor woman with four sweet babes, all on their knees before her: I stood motionless, and heard the woman pouring forth the most grateful acknowledgments for a husband rescued from prison, an unfortunate debtor restored to his starving children, and their wretched mother! the tears started from my eyes—I dared not go in—she was in tears, and so absorbed, that she could not attend to any noise I made; I feared to interrupt her, and stole away.---

Col. (taking her hand) You are as good as she is—

Enter Ranter and Mrs. Racket, as from the street.

Ran. Ha, ha, ha! old crabstick has attack'd the widow—ha, ha, ha! my dear Mrs. Racket, this is a good one, faith—ha, ha, ha!—I would at least have shut the door,---ha, ha, ha!

(Col. stands confused and agitated.)

Wid. Puppy!

Ran. Madam, Madam, if a man was to say that---

Col. (aloud) Puppy! (the Col. walks by him contemptuously repeating) puppy, puppy, puppy, puppy. [Exit.

Ran. This must be answer'd dam' me---

Mrs. R. (holding him) Oh! Captain stay there will be blood shed---for heaven's sake---

Wid. Let him go, Madam, he can take care of himself---a prudent gentleman.

[Exit.

Mrs. R. Oh! don't go Captain.

Ran. Madam, my honour, my injur'd honour!---but your commands, Madam, and his age protect him.

Enter Racket.

Rack. What's the matter Ranter? Nothing but quarrelling to-day! you and the Colonel can't agree.

Mrs. R. Why, my dear Mr. Racket, the Colonel is so intolerably quarrelsome—the Captain did but laugh at him a little, and he was in such a passion.

Ran. Upon my word we found the old blade squeezing your aunt's wither'd fist—ha, ha, ha! 'twas too ridiculous faith.

Enter Doctor Quiescent.

Qui. Oh Racket, how do do?

Rac. My dear Quixzy, how goes it?

Ranter, this my friend, Doctor Quiescent,—Doctor, this is Capt. Ranter, just arrived in the last packet from Halifax.

Qui. How do do, Sir? I'm very glad to see you indeed:—Racket—this way—here—just come from sea?—Does he want me think?

Rac. Ha, ha! Oh no, I believe not, ha, ha, ha!

Qui. Servant Ma'am—fine weather! ha?—a little rainy, but that's good for the country.—A fine season for colds and coughs—Oh! Racket, my dear fellow, I heard that you had been precipitated from a considerable elevation, and had fractured the os parietalis.

Rac. I tumbled from a cow's back, and broke my nose.

Qui. You, by the precipitation have caused an incision, in the occipito frontalis. Ay, ah! I was call'd to a curious case last evening—

Rac. (Aside) Then I'm off—(while the Doctor is speaking, Racket goes out. Ranter and Mrs. Racket retire back laughing.)

Qui. Pretty late; very dark; monstrous dark—curf'd cold—monstrous cold indeed; very often the case with us, call'd up at all times and seasons; us'd to be so at St. Thomas's, when I was a student; call'd up one night to a pauper that had his skull most elegantly fractured, his leg most beautifully broke, and the finest dislocation of a shoulder I ever saw—but I soon brought about a concatenation of all the bones (see them) Oh! oh! you are there are you! I thought you was by me here—ha, ha, ha!—so you see, Madam—as I was saying—you see, Madam—I—(follows them talking.)

Re-enter Racket.

Rack. (aside) So the Doctor's at it yet. (They advance.)

Qui. Thus you see, Racket, the bone was adroitly, and the patient reduced to a perfectly quiescent state. Nothing like tartar emetick—

Ran.

Ran. Ay, Doctor, you must gain great credit by that cure.

Qui. Why, Sir, they do begin to find me out.

Rack. (*aside*) Yes, I believe you are smoked.

Qui. I will assure you I have a pretty practice, considering the partiality that the people of this country have to old women's prescriptions—hoar-bound, cabbage-leaves, robin-run-a-way, dandy-grey, russet, and the like. A young man of ever so liberal and scientific an education, can hardly make himself known.

Mrs. R. But you have made yourself known, doctor.

Qui. Why, yes, Ma'am, I found there was but two methods of gaining reputation made use of by our physicians, so, for fear of taking the wrong, I took both.—

Mrs. R. What are they Doctor?

Qui. Writing for the newspapers, or challenging and caning all the rest of the faculty. *Racket*, did I tell you of the child that broke his—

Rack. Yes, yes—Oh, ay, you told me that—

Qui. There is a Westindia gentleman who has a curst cachetick habit, who I—

Rack. Ay, ay, so he has; but Doctor—how stands your affair with *Miss Gingham*? Almost married I suppose, ha?

Qui. My landlady is a clever old woman—

Rack. Ay, but you don't think of marrying her.

Qui. Ha, ha, ha! no—good—good—but poor woman, she is very much afflicted—

Rack. Ay, ay; but *Miss Gingham*!

Qui. Poh, poh, poh, what's *Miss Gingham* to my landlady's case—as I was saying, I prescribed three grains—

Rack. But *Miss Gingham*—

Qui. Why damn *Miss Gingham*! I'm off with her. There is a fracture in our concatenation—*Racket*—she required too much attention—more than a philosophically scientific mind can bestow upon a woman. I paid my visits at the house three weeks, and then I asked her if she would have me?

Mrs. R. Well, Doctor, and what did she say?

Qui. Nothing.

Ran. Nothing! ha, ha, ha!

Qui. She laugh'd.

Rack. Ha, ha, ha! she did, ha! Well, and what did you say?

Qui. Damn me, Miss, says I, 'By and I swore I will never come into your father's house again.—I am very glad she did not take me at my word. *Racket*, for I am most immoderately enamour'd of your sister. She is in I suppose—I will

look, for I have something to impart of consequence—Captain, your servant—Madam, your's—good bye. *Racket*—with your permission—good bye. [*Exit.*]

Ran. He is a queerity, by all that quizzish!

Rack. That, Sir, is a travelled American, who has been gaining knowledge, in *England, Scotland, France and Italy*; but most unfortunately, cannot prevail upon any two ideas to become acquainted with each other. His head is *New York*; on May day, all the furniture wandering.

Re-enter Quiescent.

Qui. *Racket*. I want to tell you—

Mrs. R. Could not you find my sister?

Qui. I want to tell you, Madam, of a monstrous mortification—

Rack. Poh! poh! nonsense; is *Caroline* at home?

Qui. Who?—Oh! ah!—I don't know—I tell ye—I had half ascended to the supreme height of your staircase, when I recollected, or rather happened to think, that I have not told you of an affair that happened last night. I told you that I employ'd an artist, commonly called a sign painter, to delineate my name upon a painted board, to put over my door: Well, Sir! it was performed: Look'd very well too—very well, I will assure you. Doctor *Quiescent*'s gold characters: Well designated: This striking the organ of vision, denoted my place of residence; ha! good! wasn't it? I got a case of polypusses by it immediately.

Ran. Pray, Sir, what kind of instruments are they?

Qui. Instruments! Oh my dear fellow, learn grammar. Polypusses are—

Rack. Nay, but Doctor, the sign:

Qui. Ay: right:—good: so, Sir—ay!—it was put up—ay—I think I told you it was painted: Well, Sir, last night—I will assure you it look'd very well, fine large letters; well, Sir, the last night some body or other took it down, and nail'd it over a duck coop; Doctor *Quiescent* says the gold letters, quack, quack, quack; says the ducks:—it was illiberal, cursed illiberal—what a beautiful fracture of the *os femoris*, I saw this morning—the upper portion of the bone—

Enter Susannah.

Sus. Ma'am, Ma'am, *Mrs. Bounce Flebby* wants you to go a hopping with her.

Mrs. R. Shopping, I suppose you mean.

Sus. Nan! I guess she did mean so, for the nation knows she does a look much like hopping, I guess.

Mrs. R. Now we shall overrun every shop in *William Street*—alone! (*The Doctor and Captain officiously stir upon her lips.*)

Rack. *Sus*, you must not forget what you are to do for me this evening.

Suf. Law souls! I protest I can't think, nor guess nither, what you want to dress yourself in. Madam's clothes for, no! But I vow you shan't put them on in my room, no more you shan't. You may frolick in Mistress's room, but you shan't frolick in mine, no more you shan't.

Rack. Well, well, but you must dress me—I don't know how to dress myself—

Suf. If you wou'd squeeze me so as you did last night, when I let you in with your face all bloody and muddy:—I guess you have got some mischief in you, I guess you have.

Rack. Me! my pretty Susan! if you did but know how I love you, you would not think I could harm ye—(throws his arm around her) Well then, Susan, as soon as it grows dark, get the clothes, and we will go to your mistress's chamber, there is no fear but she will be out, and then *Sufy*—

Re-enter Quiescent, (Racket disengages himself.)

Qui. So, Racket! the upper portion of the bone being very much shattered, I had recourse to—

Rack. Excuse me—infernal puppy.

[Exit.

Qui. So, *Miss Susannah*, the upper portion of the os femoris—

Suf. Mr. Doctor, I don't understand being call'd names, no more I don't; I wonder folks ain't ashamed to swear as you do—I wo'n't be call'd feminine ox by any body, no more I wo'n't—it shows your breeding—feminine ox! law souls!

[Exit.

Qui. *Quiescent alone.*
She don't understand grammar. It was a singular case. I'll publish it in *Child's*. No it deserves to be longer lived than a newspaper. I will transcribe it, correct it, and commit it to the Editor of the *American Magazine*.

A C T III.

Miss Felton alone.

WEEK after week has flown, and not a word from *Henry*;—I am strangely, uncommonly agitated;—if he is false—false! forgive me *Henry*; no! some cruel accident—death, perhaps!—the ring—let me fly these thoughts, there's mischief in them. Nought can afford a moment's respite but musick, heavenly art. Oh matchless power of passion killing sound, when old ocean has been toss'd by rude contending winds; sail having spent their rage, they leave it all convuls'd, and heaving to and fro; then the mild south comes gently stealing from his aromatic bow, and lulls the waves to rest:—so music softly steals upon the ear, and calms the woeborn mind—(sings)

S. O. N. G.

Cease, flutter cease, nor rend my breast;
Nor thus my sorrows move;
Soon will he come, and with him rest,
And peace, and joy, and love.

Or if to heav'n his spirit flies,

For'd by resistless fate;
I'll soar aloft, and cleave the skies,
We'll meet at heav'n's bright gate.—

Enter Col. Duncan.

Col. Caroline, who is that young man in black, that I see about the house, continually chattering to all he meets?

Miss F. That, Sir, is *Doctor Quiescent*, a young physician of *Rhodisland*, who has studied in *Europe*; he supposes himself an admirer of mine, and pesters me accordingly—

Col. But the insolence of that *Ranter* exceeds belief, that he should pretend to you, my *Caroline*—

Miss F. Yes, Sir, and swears his attentions to my sister, are only designed to make his visits here more easy, by flattering her vanity; begs I would not discover his passion for me, as that would deprive him of the easy access he has to my conversation—

Col. Familiar puppy!

Miss F. Thus, Sir, I am continually persecuted, while my sister and *Mr. Racket*, are driving down a precipice into a gulph of poverty, misery, and reproach—

Col. My good girl, they shall be saved, and you rid of the troublesome addresses of those coxcombs. But tell me, *Caroline*, is this all? Is there no other grief lurking in your breast, dimming the lustre of those eyes, whose sparkling once cheer'd your old good father, and sucking the blood from those cheeks, which by long disuse, have almost lost their dimples? Lay your breast open to me, that I may drag the traitor from his lurking place; or if too firmly fixed, may share the sorrows of my heart's darling.

Miss F. Sir, your goodness is too much; you have always wished me, since the death of your friend, my father, to look upon, to call you by that tender name:—indeed Sir, you have made me love you as such.

Col. I once might have hoped to call you my daughter—but no more of that—

Miss F. Sir!

Col. What my child? I beg pardon my dear, I was lost—proceed—

Miss F. Did you say a right to call me daughter?

Col. I did; you are now the only one I have to call my child: My old limbs are weary, let us sit, (they sit.) I will not trouble you with the story of an old man's sorrows.

Miss F. If I am worthy of your confidence?

Col. You are, and since I ask the secrets of your heart, it is but just you should know the man in whom you confide.

Miss F. On that principle do not speak, I fear not to repose confidence in the friend of the orphan, the champion of virtue and religion: I only ask it, as a proof of love.

Col. Then listen my child to what no mortal ear has ever heard; five and twenty years have passed since it pleased heaven to take from these widowed arms, a woman, who was then what you now are; lovely, virtuous, and affectionate. When I married, I was a student of physick at the university of Edinburgh, and the lady being left destitute, by means too tedious to relate, I dared not to inform my friends of my marriage; but supported her privately out of the allowance I had for my own subsistence. It pleased heaven to bless us with a son; but soon after his birth, his mother fell sick and died. Sickness and death obliged me to draw for more money than my friends thought necessary; and not daring to declare the truth, I was ordered home—now what to do with the infant, who, for his mother's sake, I loved dearer than life. I had formed a strict friendship with an officer of fortune, then stationed at Edinburgh; he knew all, and insisted on my leaving the unfortunate boy with him, to be educated as his own, till time permitted to discover the marriage.

Miss F. And could you leave the little innocent?

Col. Prudence demanded that I should. I was poor, dependant on relations. After my return, these reasons prevented my owning the boy, whilst I constantly heard from my friend, of his improvement and good qualities, so that I longed to see and contemplate the image of his much loved mother. At the commencement of the dispute between America and Britain, my friend was ordered with his regiment to this country, and brought my son with him, having previous to any sign of such quarrel, procured an ensign's commission in the regiment he himself belonged to; while I joined my country's banner, and drew my sword in opposition to my friend and child, now a youth of near fifteen years of age.

Miss F. Alas! how many kindred souls were thus divided!

Col. My affairs being now made easy by the death of relations, and the acquisition of a large estate, I wrote to my friend, and desired him to send my son, but I suppose he never received my letter,

and I heard no more till I saw their names in the long list of the slain at Bunker's hill—pardon me, my heart is full—(they rise)—pardon my weakness; the remembrance of former scenes have quite unmanned me; I cannot now attend to your tale; after dinner I will meet you here to learn your case of sorrow. [Exit.

Miss Felton alone.

Alas! and even this good man has had his share of woe—then must not I complain. If thus, as in this gallant soldier, the lessons of affliction can ripen the soul to humanity, who will say the decrees of providence are unsearchable or unjust. [Exit.

Enter Susannah and Cartridge.

Car. So *Mrs. Sufy*, out of my master's old boots I form all my field pieces. I have made two this morning; I only want aprons to cover the breeches.

Suf. Goody gracious, Mr. Cartridge, I guess you hadn't better not talk to me of such things, I guess you hadn't.

Car. Why! What?

Suf. Ay now, you only want me to say so I guess, but I won't rrough.

Car. I do not altogether understand you *Mrs. Sufy*, but to go on; I shall make a finish of the ravalin in a day or two, and then—

Suf. Law, why if you had ext me I could have given you plenty of ravalins; I unravelled the best part of two worsted stockings just now.

Car. Oh, I mean a half moon, a salient angle.

Suf. Well, you know what you mean, may be, but I am sure I don't; I had rather hear you talk about the Colonel; law souls what a good gentleman he is, *Mr. Cartridge*.

Car. Good, ay, that he is! Oh if you did but know him *Mrs. Sufy*; I have known him brush away the musquito that bit him with his handkerchief, thus—'I can forgive thee' says he 'thou actest up to thy nature; but when man stings I punish, for disgracing his godlike reason.' He will not let any body that has to do with him, kill any toads and such things, for he says they are not only harmless, but useful.

Suf. Oh mercy! not kill toads?—Oh my goody gracious man!

Car. Oh, it does my heart good to see him in the winter lay the shovel and tongs from the backlog to the hearth, to make bridges for the escape of the poor creatures that the cold had driven into the wood for shelter, such as most people brush into the flames; and I can assure you, *Mrs. Sufy*, he is not one of those, who, while they weep for the fate of a

By, a sparrow, or a kitten, will turn a deaf ear to the plaints of the widow and orphan:—No! no Mrs. Susy, he saves from sorrow all that fall in his way, the man as well as the insect.

Suf. Well I declare and protest I like to hear you talk; you know grammar, as the doctor says.

Car. Not much of that, Mrs. Susy, I had the benefit of a country school, and since I have been with his honour I have read for him, and under his instructions; when his honour was wounded, I used to sit by his bed side and read to him his favourite stories out of *Trissram Sbandy*, till he forgot his long confinement, and his pain, the tears trickled down his cheeks for poor *Le Fevre* and his boy, and like *Capt. Sbandy*, he would say, 'Cartridge, I wish I was asleep.'

Suf. How a body could love such a gentleman.

Car. Well, Mrs. Susy, they say 'like master like man,' ha! I am a tough bit of hickory, well seasoned and fit for service; my face is the oldest part about me Mrs. Susy.

Suf. Law Mr. Cartridge.
Enter Jacob.

J. Susan, der is de cook vaunts you; I wish you'd git into the kitchen and mind your own pusiness.

Suf. Well I guess that's nothing to you, you surely Dutch hog you. [Exit.]

Car. Brother soldier, when you speak to a woman always remember that you are a man.

J. Vaut? I don't know vaut you say—
Enter Doctor Quietcent.

Qui. So Jacob, did you see that gentleman part from me at the door? A man of great reading—a good grammarian, and excellent latinist; curious that he should employ me when he has a brother in town a physician!

J. Sair!—my master's at tiner, Sair.

Qui. You are the Colonel's servant? [Car. bows.] Our surgeons made fine laughing work during the war—

Car. I believe, Sir, our soldiers were properly attended to, I can answer for my master's regiment; he visited the sick, every day, and saw every necessary for their recovery properly administered; he would walk from tent to tent, and—

Qui. A curious case, Mr. Cartridge—

Car. It is a pity it should be so.

Qui. Pity! Oh no; I am very sorry for it, the same occurred once before, when the whole brother was a medical man, on a case—

[Car. bows.] He's crazy.

Qui. Thank you, he does logic wild.

Car. I ordered—

J. I'll tell my master, Sair. [Exit. Car. bows respectfully and exits. Quietcent alone.]

Qui.—Tartar emetic, quantum sufficit.
Enter Susannah.

Suf. A very curious case, Mrs. Susan.

Suf. Yes, Sir; but its a nation deal too large.

Qui: Too large! ha?

Suf. The bookcase; the carpenter has made it so large; that I guess it won't go up stairs—I want Jacob to help—

[Exit across the stage. Quietcent alone.]

'Tis wonderful people can be so fond of hearing their own organs of articulation; that they cannot attend to plain matter of fact, though ever so curious—Oh! here she comes—I shall have an opportunity of proposing the matter; no notion of making many words in such affairs—

Enter Miss Felton.

Qui. Ahem!—pleasant day, Ma'am.

Miss F. Rather rainy I thought, Sir—

Qui. True, Ma'am, rather rainy—it is rather rainy, indeed, but that's good for the country—ahem!—ahem! Miss Felton, I have something to communicate of vast consequence to you and all your connexions—

Miss F. (aside). Surely he has heard something about this *Capt. Ranter*, and the ring—

Qui. Ahem! pray Miss, how long has *Captain Ranter* been in town?

Miss F. But a few days, Sir—it must be so. (Aside.)

Qui. It is said that this *Capt. Ranter*—

Miss F. What has he done, Sir?

Qui. He has visited you very often.

Miss F. He has often visited at the house, Sir—pray, Doctor, if you have heard any thing of him tell me—

Qui. Dear little heart, she thinks what I am about;—this *Ranter*, Ma'am, is a mere coxcomical spendthrift—how impatient she is, pretty creature, I have her—now I should think, *Miss Felton*, that a young man of character—scientific—philosophic—versed in the languages—high in his profession; profound in his meditations; deep in his cogitations; would be more likely to gain your attention, than such an empty fellow as *Ranter*—

Miss F. Certainly, Sir, a gentleman who has improv'd his mind, and—

Qui. Very true, Ma'am, very true, indeed! I always thought that you were a lady that looked for mental qualifications ever since you listened so attentively to the case of the poor fellow that was killed by a mad ox—very extraordinary situation! hu—

Miss F. But, Doctor, did you hear any thing further of *Capt. Ranter*?

Qui. Ah! she likes to hear me rail against my rival—dear little soul—no Ma'am, not a word; he is a most egregious coxcomb; wonderful people will make themselves ridiculous;—keep up your spirits; I will return in the evening; must meet three of the faculty, to consult on *Obadiab Ulump's* case—ha! ha!—good bye—well, good bye—adieu—pretty creature.

[Exit.]

Miss Felton alone in surprise.

Surely the poor Doctor has lost his senses—beigh ho! I am cruelly disappointed; I thought to have heard something to ease my anxious soul; Oh *Henry! Henry!*

(*throws herself on a sofa, weeping*)

Enter *Col. Duncan*.

Col. My *Caroline* again in tears! I am all impatience to hear the cause—speak quickly, my child—I will seat myself beside you—now my child—

Miss F. I need not blush to say my grief proceeds from my doubts and fears for the welfare of an amiable man; a man who won my heart nobly, and honourably gave me his own in return.

Col. You need not, indeed, be more particular.

Miss F. When you was last here, Sir, at the marriage of my sister to *Mr. Rackit*, you will recollect I was on a visit at *Halifax*; there, Sir, it was my fortune to attract the attention of a British officer, amiable in his manners and person—but why should I praise him? The sequel shews that he is amiable in my sight; his many virtues and accomplishments gained my esteem—my love! his post in the army (he being a Captain) might have enabled him to marry; but I proposed, and he agreed, that should the affair be acceptable to you and my other friends, he would as soon as he could, sell out, follow me to *New York*, and settle in some of the states, as fortune should hereafter determine.

Col. Yet I see no cause of grief.

Miss F. Now, Sir, I come to what alarms me; oft had he shewn me a ring, richly set, hung round his neck by his dying mother, prized dearer than life; and told me, when his brave father fell close by his side— he strove to utter something which much distressed him, but death stopped him short, and he dying cried, the ring—your father!—

Col. Gracious heaven!

Miss F. Sir!

Col. What was his name?

Miss F. *Haller*.

Col. (*falling upon one knee*)—It is!—he lives!—it is!—it is my son!—

Miss F. (*rises*) Oh wondrous mercy!

Col. (*rises*) Come to my arms, dear messenger of peace—*(embrace)*—now indeed, my daughter!—but where—where is he?

Miss F. Oh! Sir—! fear—

Col. Speak, quickly speak—

Miss F. For six weeks I have not heard from *Henry*, and that ring is worn by another—

Col. By whom?

Miss F. *Capt. Ranter*.

Col. Oh my foreboding heart; the villain has murder'd my child; nothing but death could have torn it from him—where is the ruffian—vengeance—vengeance—

Miss F. Oh, Sir, calm these transports—I will see and question him—he has not killed him, Sir—see, Sir, he is coming this way to go out—

Col. Where is he? Oh my impatient soul!

Miss F. Do not you speak to him, Sir, Permit me—Oh grant me fortitude.

Enter *Ranter*.

Ran. *Miss Felton*, I am happy in this meeting—he here—

Miss F. Sir I was wishing to see you—

Ran. I am proud to think I have been for a moment the subject of your thoughts—

Miss F. I wish, Sir, to know if you was acquainted with *Capt. Haller*, while you were in *Halifax*.

Ran. *Haller!*

Col. Yes, *Haller*—did you know him?

Ran. Oh yes—yes, Ma'am—Oh yes—

Miss F. You knew him?

Ran. As well as I knew myself—ah, poor fellow—poor *Harry Haller!* we were sworn brothers—

Col. Were ye? Are you not now?

Ran. Alas! Sir, death has divided the pleasing tie—

Miss F. Dead! oh!

(*faints in the Colonel's arms.*)

Col. Look up, angelic tenderness; Oh just heaven, let me not lose both!—help—look up my child!

Ran. What does this mean? (*Aside.*)

Col. She revives—

Miss F. Where am I—too soon memory answers, and overwhelms me with a tale of woe.

Col. Let me lead you to your chamber.

Miss F. No, Sir, (*starts from him*) I must know more—that ring was his, Sir.

Ran. I—yes Madam—I know it Madam—this ring he, with his almost lifeless hand, placed here as a dear remembrance of our friendship.

Miss F. I am sick (*Col. supports her*) I wish to retire now, Sir.

Col.

Col. Sir, I must speak with you anon.--
Mysterious fate, what woes attend my age
---Come my child. [Exit.

Ranter alone.

I am not safe; an unexpected storm is
bursting around me. The regiment never

was here. No matter, danger threatens, and
prudence bids me fly; as soon as friendly
night affords me shelter: I am not safe. [Exit.

(To be continued.)

THE ADVANTAGES OF CLASSICAL LEARNING.

[From Knox's 'Liberal Education:']

ONE of the first ideas which will occur to a reader of my Treatise will be, the multitude of books which has appeared on the subject of education. The multitude of books on the subject evinces its importance, but supercedes not the necessity of an addition to the number; for, however the most celebrated pieces on education have amused the speculative reader in the retirement of his closet, I will venture to affirm, that they have afforded but few valuable directions to the real student and the practical instructor.

For the names and abilities of Milton, Locke, Rousseau, and others who have written on the subject, I entertain all the respect which is due to them. Their systems are plausible, and truly ingenious. The world has long placed them high in the ranks of Fame, and with respect to their general merit as writers, they indisputably deserve their honours. But, when they have written on education, they have fallen into the common error of those who attended to speculation more than to practice. In the warmth of the innovating and reforming spirit, they cen-

sure modes of treatment which are right, they recommend methods which really cannot be reduced to practice, and which if they could, would be useless or pernicious. It is indeed easy to censure present establishments, and project new ones. The world is commonly tired of that to which it has long been accustomed, and fondly attached to novelty. It is then no wonder, that visionary writers on education are greatly admired, though their directions can seldom be pursued.

Innovation is indeed found to be so agreeable to the human mind, and is received by the unexperienced and injudicious with such avidity, that it becomes expedient to stand up in defence of those established practices, which, besides that they were originally reasonable, have been countenanced and supported by the uniform decisions of long experience.

I mean, then, in the following Treatise, to speak in favour of that ancient system of education, which consists in a classical discipline, and which has produced in our nation many ornaments of human nature. Its own excellence has hitherto sufficiently

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recommended

Of all the treatises which have ever appeared in England on the important subject of education, that written by the Reverend and ingenious Mr. Knox has met with the most flattering reception. The edition before us is the seventh, and was printed in the year 1785. How many the work has passed through since that time we do not know; but when it is considered that the author is still but a young man it will be allowed to be a very uncommon mark of public approbation.

As it is of the utmost consequence that the subject should be well understood here at this period, when new seminaries have just been established, we purpose, according to the suggestion of a highly respectable patron of literature, to make large extracts from this valuable Essay. We begin with the introduction.

Mr. Harris, speaking of Ingulphus, an Englishman, who flourished at an Ecclesiastic and Historian so long as the reign of Edward the Confessor, makes the following remark, after having quoted a passage from Ingulphus himself, in which it appears that he had been educated first at Westminster, and afterwards at Oxford. 'We shall only remark,' says Mr. Harris, 'on this narrative, that Westminster and Oxford seem to have been destined to the same purpose then as now; that the scholar at Westminster was to begin, and Oxford was to finish. A PLAN OF EDUCATION WHICH STILL EXISTS, WHICH IS NOT EASY TO BE MENDED, AND WHICH CAN BE AS AN INTERMITTENT AND SO UNINTERRUPTED A PRESCRIPTION.'

recommended it; but the observers of the times have remarked, that a plan more superficial, and more flattering to idleness and vice, has of late began to prevail.

* I am the rather induced to defend that discipline which lays the foundation of improvement in antient learning, because I think, and am not singular in the opinion, that not only the taste, but the religion, the virtue, and I will add the liberties of our countrymen, greatly depend upon its continuance. True patriotism and true valour originate from that enlargement of mind, which the well regulated study of philosophy, poetry, and history, tends to produce; and if we can recal the antient discipline, we may perhaps recal the generous spirit of antient virtue. He who is conversant with the best Greek and Roman writer, with a Plato, a Xenophon, and a Cicero, must imbibe, if he is not deficient in the powers of intellect, sentiments no less liberal and enlarged than elegant and ingenious.

Indeed this enlargement, refinement, and embellishment of the mind, is the best and noblest effect of classical discipline. Classical discipline is not only desirable, as it qualifies the mind for this profession or for that occupation; but as it opens a source of pure pleasure unknown to the vulgar. Even if it were not the best preparation for every employment above the low and the mechanical, which it confessedly is; yet it is in itself most valuable, as it tends to adorn and improve human nature, and to give the ideas a noble elevation.

The possession of an elegant, enlightened and philosophical mind is greatly superior to the possession of a fortune; † and I do not consider his lot as unfortunate, who enjoys but a small income, but has received the benefits of a liberal and philosophical education. I will point out an instance taken from a department in life where instances abound. The country curate, tho' his pittance is small, yet if he adheres to his character, and affects not the sportsman, or the man of expensive and vicious pleasure, but has formed a taste for the classics, for composition, and for the contemplation of the works of na-

ture may be most respectable and happy. ‡ The passions will sometimes ruffle the stream of happiness in every man; but they are the least likely to discompose him, who spends his time in letters, and who at the same time studies virtue and innocence, which indeed have a natural connexion with true learning.

Yet whatever may be advanced in favour of classical education, they who censure it will always find a numerous audience. The ignorant and illiberal, who are seldom deficient in cunning, will endeavour, like the crafty animal in the fable, to persuade others, that the ornaments in which they are deficient, are of little value.

But I will venture to assert, that classical learning tends most directly to form the true gentleman; an effect of it, which men of the world will scarcely allow. The business of forming the gentleman they arrogate to themselves, and are too apt to separate that character from the idea of a scholar. But it is not a fashionable dress, nor a few external decencies of behaviour, which constitute the true gentleman. It is a liberal and an embellished mind. I will not indeed assert, that a man who understands Virgil and Horace must, from that circumstance, become a gentleman; because it is possible that he may be able to construe and to explain the meaning of every word, without tasting a single beauty; but I cannot help thinking, that no man can taste their excellencies without a polite and elegant mind; without acquiring something more pleasing than the mere graces of external accomplishments. Is it not reasonable to conclude, that he who has caught the spirit of the polite writers of the politest ages and cities, must possess a peculiar degree of polish and comprehension?

An objector may perhaps urge, that there are reputed scholars, who have no appearance of this superiority; and I will allow the assertion to be true; at the same time I believe it is easy to assign a probable cause. Such persons are, perhaps, reputed, and only reputed scholars; or, it is possible they may have attended only to the less elegant pursuits of literature, such

as

* Alexander made his expedition against the Persians with better supplies from his master Aristotle, than from his father Philip.

PLUTARCH.

† He who hath rendered his son a VERY VALUABLE MAN, though he should bequeath but little, hath already bestowed a great deal.

XENOPHON.

‡ — — *Medicus voti, presso lare, dulcis amicis.*

Contented in a snug little house, beloved by his friends.

PERSIUS.

Quæ pauca requirunt, non multis excidunt.

They who have few wants, cannot have many disappointments.

PLAUTUS.

as are abstruse and not ornamental. Many have gone through all the forms of a learned education, and have assumed the appearance of learning, who possess not enough of it to render the possession valuable. Such persons bring learning into disgrace, since they discover the pride of it, and profess to have pursued it, yet are able to display no such fruits of it as are genuine and truly desirable.

We every day meet those who have been placed at great schools, and who are said to have received a classical education; but who, at the same time, not only exhibit no peculiar advantages resulting from it, but are also very ready to confess, that they have found it of little use. In all such cases I must observe, what I have before suggested, that, though they are said to have had a classical education, they really have not. It is true, that they have been placed at the schools where it might have been had; but they have not received it. Either they had no parts, or they were universally idle, or they were taken away too early. One of these circumstances will be applicable to all of those (and I believe, in the present age, there is a great number), who have been placed in the classical schools without receiving any advantage from the classical mode of education, and who endeavour to bring it into disrepute, by alledging their own examples of its inutility.

There are, I think, two kinds of education; one of them confined, the other enlarged; one which only tends to qualify for a particular sphere of action, for a profession, or an official employment; the other, which endeavours to improve the powers of understanding for their own sake; for the sake of exalting the endowments of human nature, and rendering it capable of sublime and refined contemplation. This last is a kind of education which it is the primary purpose of the subsequent pages to recommend. It constitutes a broad and a strong basis, on which any kind of superstructure may afterwards be raised. It furnishes a power of finding satisfactory amusement for those hours of solitude, which every man must sometimes know in the busiest walks of life; and it constitutes one of the best supports of old age, as well as the most graceful ornaments of manhood. Even in the commercial department it is greatly desirable; for besides that it gives a grace to the man in the active stage of life, and in the midst of his negotiations, it enables him to ENJOY HIS RETREAT WITH ELEGANCE, when his industry has accumulated an ample fortune.

—Supposing for a moment, that a truly

classical education were not the best preparation for every liberal pursuit, as well as the most efficacious means of exalting and refining the mind; yet, as the greater number are still trained in it, who would chuse to be totally a stranger to that kind of learning, in which almost every gentleman has been in some degree initiated? However great may be his natural parts, a man usually appears in some respect inferior in truly good company, if his mind is utterly destitute of that species and degree of liberality, which a tincture of the classics is found to bestow.

I will not, however, injure the truth by insisting on too much. There are cases in which classical education may be properly dispensed with; such is that of a very dull intellect, or a total want of parts; and such is that of the boy who is to be trained to a subordinate trade, or to some low and mechanical employment, in which a refined taste and a comprehensive knowledge would divert his attention from his daily occupation. It is certain that money may be acquired, though not liberally enjoyed without either taste or literary knowledge. And indeed the good of the community requires, that there should be greater understandings to fill the illiberal and the servile stations in society. Some of us must be hewers of wood and drawers of water; and it were happy if those could be selected for the work, whose minds have been rendered by Nature less capable of ornament.

But, after all, if taste, which classical learning tends immediately to produce, has no influence in amending the heart, or in promoting virtuous affections; if it contributes not to render men more humane, and more likely to be disgusted with improper behaviour, as a deformed object, and pleased with rectitude of conduct, as beautiful in itself; if it is merely an ornamental appendage, it must be owned, that life is too short to admit of long attention to mere embellishment. But the truth is, that polite learning is found by experience to be friendly to all that is amiable and laudable in social intercourse: friendly to morality. It has a secret, but powerful, influence in softening and meliorating the disposition. True and correct taste directly tends to restrain the extravagancies of passion, by regulating that nurse of passion, a disordered imagination.

Indeed, however highly I estimate knowledge, and however I admire the works of a fine fancy; yet I will not cease to inculcate on the minds of studious youth, that goodness of heart is superior to intellectual excellence, and the possession of innocence

innocence more to be desired than taste.— At the same time I cannot help feeling and expressing an ardent wish, that those amiable qualities may always be combined, and that the noblest of all sublunary objects may more frequently be produced in an all-accomplished man! a character, perfectly polite, yet neither vain, affected, nor superficial; elegantly and deeply learned, yet neither sceptical nor pedantic; that a graceful manner and a pleasing address may be the result, not of artifice, but of a sincere and a benevolent heart; and that all the lovely and valuable qualities, whether exterior or internal, may operate in augmenting the ge-

neral sum of human happiness, while they advance the dignity, and increase the satisfactions, of the individual.

It is certain, that religion, learning, and virtue have sometimes worn a forbidding aspect, and have appeared, by neglect, unamiable. Elegant and ornamental accomplishments have also sometimes lost their value, because they have been unaccompanied with the solid qualities. The union of polite learning, with useful and solid attainments, will add a lustre and a value to both; and it is one of the principal ends of the following Treatise to promote their coalition.

ELEMENTARY DISCIPLINE OF YOUTH.

[From the same.]

Istiusmodi res dicere ornate velle, puerile; est plane astute et perspicue expedire debet et intelligentis viri. To affect ornament on such a topic as this, is puerile; but to dispatch it with plainness and perspicuity, is the mark of an intelligent and well-informed man. Ctc.

A Diversity of opinions has prevailed concerning the time at which education should commence. Many suppose that it is usually begun too early. To determine the question with accuracy, discernment must be exercised in discovering the different degrees of expansion which different minds display, even at an infantine age. Upon the principle, that the earliest impressions are the most durable, and with a view to save time for future improvements, I advise that a child may be taught all that it can comprehend, as early as possible.

To acquire the art of reading, is certainly difficult to a very young boy; but we daily see the difficulty surmounted at the age of five or six. If it is not acquired about that time, we know that the difficulty increases with increasing years. Many boys, neglected at this age, have written a good hand, and have made some progress in the Latin grammar, before they have been able to read with fluency. Their inability in this respect has dispirited them, by rendering them objects of de-

vision, to their juniors; this has given them an early dislike of books, and has led them to seek employment in dissipation. Early inferiority has had a fatal influence on their subsequent proficiency.

Education should begin even in the nursery†; and the mother and nurse are, in the first stage, the best instructors. The task of teaching an infant the alphabet, is too painful for a man of a very cultivated understanding. It is indeed, in the present age, not unusual among the rich, to solicit the care of some ingenious persons in teaching the very letters; and the reasons assigned has been, that children acquire from the matrons, who have commonly held this province, little more than a disgusting monotony. This indeed is often true; yet the greater expedition with which a child will probably learn to read, under the females who are always with him, who have been used to manage him, and who can stoop to his infirmities, than under a learned tutor, to whom the labour must be irksome, and therefore often ill-performed, is a sufficient reason for

* *Tanquam phoenix, semel anno quingentesimo nascitur.* That it may not, like a phoenix, appear but once in five hundred years. — SENECA.

Omnibus ornatum excellere rebus. To be eminently accomplished in every thing.

† *Adco in teneris consuescere multum est.*

Of so great consequence is it to habituate him in his tender years.

for adhering, during a few of the first months of instruction, to the old established method.

A sensible and well-educated mother is, in every respect, best qualified to instruct a child, till he can read well enough to enter on the Latin grammar. I have indeed always found those boys the best readers, on their entrance on Latin, who had been prepared by maternal care. Neither let this office be considered as degrading.* Boys thus instructed have seldom had vulgar tones,† but have read with unusual ease and elegance. But even they who have been taught to read by the more illiterate, and by nurses, and by aged matrons, have soon lost them again on receiving better instruction, and on hearing better examples. And these early proficient in reading have always made a more rapid progress in their grammar, and in all classical learning, than boys who were kept back by fanciful parents, lest they should be injured by too early application, or catch the inelegant enunciation of an illiterate woman.

Let then the child be taught to read, as soon as the infant faculties begin to exhibit symptoms of improveable expansion;‡ his attention, active in the extreme, must fix on a variety of objects. Let his book be one of those objects, though by no means the only one. Let no long confinement, and no severity of reprimand or correction attend the lesson. A little will be learned at the earliest age, and with the easiest discipline. That little will infallibly lead to farther improvement; and the boy will soon, and with little pain to himself or others, learn to read; an acquisition, considered in its difficulty and in its consequences, truly great. He, on the other hand, who is retarded, by the theoretical wisdom of his friends, till he is seven or eight years old, has this burdensome task to begin, when habits of idleness have been contracted, and when he ought to be laying the foundation for classical knowledge.

It is much to be lamented, that mothers in the higher ranks of life, who are usually best qualified for the task, seldom have time or inclination to take an active part in the elementary education of their own children. The happiest consequences should flow from their immediate interposition. But it must be confessed, that the employment, though maternal tenderness and a sense of duty may render it tolerable, is by no means pleasurable; unless, indeed, under the particular circumstances of a remarkable docility in the pupil, and an amiable disposition. It may not, however, be irksome to superintend the child's improvement under the governance or servant of whatever denomination.

To facilitate the acquisition of the art of reading various contrivances have been invented, and the whole business of learning to read has been converted into a game at play. The idea is pleasing and plausible; but I never yet saw any great success attend the attempt. Loose letters out on ivory, are apt to be inverted, and to puzzle the child by the different appearance they make in different positions. Reading, if it was a game, was still such a game, as the child liked less than his other diversions. It was, indeed, a game at which he would never play if he could help it. I am not quite sure, that it is right to give him a notion that he has nothing to do but to play. Let him know, that he has business of a serious kind; and, by attending to it periodically, let him contract a habit of application. A temporary attention to something by no means tedious or laborious, but which at the same time he is not to consider as play, will make his diversion more agreeable. Indeed vicissitude is necessary to render diversions pleasing. They become painful business, when continued without variety. We all come into the world to perform many duties, and to undergo many difficulties; and the earlier the mind learns to bear its portion

* The Gracchi were educated, *non tam in gremio quam in sermone matris*. Not so much in the lap, as in the conversation of a mother.

† *Ante omnia ne sit vitiosus sermo nutricibus; has primum audiet puer, harum verba effingere imitando conabitur; non assuescat ergo, ne dum infans est, sermoni qui dediscendus est.*

QUINTILIAN.

‡ 'No; says Rousseau, 'keep his mind idle as long as possible. You will never make wise men, unless you can make boys idle and wild.'

This singular man tells us with an air of wisdom, that neither fables, languages, history, geography, chronology, geometry, nor any of the studies in which boys have been usually initiated in all ages by the greatest men, are proper for children under twelve or fifteen. Such doctrines do modern sages advance, for the sake of distinction! See *EMILY*.

portion of them, the less likely will it be to sink under those burdens which will one day be imposed upon it. To lead a child to suppose that he is to do nothing which is not conducive to pleasure, is to give him a degree of levity, and a turn for dissipation, which will certainly prevent his improvement, and may perhaps occasion his ruin.

It is not rigid to explode those fanciful modes of instruction which injure, while they indulge the inexperienced pupil. But it would be rigid not to unite the agreeable with the useful, whenever the union can be effected. Books, therefore, written for the use of children, should be rendered pleasing to the eye and to the imagination. They should abound in cuts, and should be adorned with gilding, and every attractive colour. The matter should be not only intelligible to the weakest capacity, but interesting. Fables are universally used, and with great propriety. No one wants to be informed how many, and how various, are the books in our language adapted to the use of children. Even the common spelling books, though they exhibit no great ingenuity in their compilation, are sufficiently well calculated to teach the art of reading, and have been instrumental in

teaching by far the greater part of the nation, from their first appearance. A poetess of our own times, remarkably distinguished by her taste and genius, has condescended to compose little books for the imitation of children in reading, and they seem well adapted to effect her laudable purpose.

The greatest objection to the very early instruction which I recommend is, that when injudiciously directed, it may injure the health of the tender pupil. But it may certainly be so conducted, as neither to injure health, nor to preclude that lovely cheerfulness which marks and adorns the vernal season of life. All corporal punishment, and all immoderate restraint, must be prohibited. Praise, caresses, and rewards, are the best incitements to application. If these will not operate, the point must for a while be given up. A more favourable season will soon arrive, under proper management. These motives, however, will seldom fail, when applied by the parents, or by those who with the real interest of the child at heart, have also integrity and diligence to promote it. Such qualities are certainly more desirable in the first instructors, than learning and great abilities.

* At first a plain alphabet, clearly and distinctly printed on fine paper, is the most advisable; for the child will not look at the letter when there is a print of some more amusing object at its side. When it can read a little, so as to know something of the meaning of the prints, then they are proper.

† If they were printed on a better type and paper, I think they might supersede the use of all other initiatory compilations. Learning is under greater obligations than she is willing to allow to Messrs. Dilworth and Dyché, and other most useful, though not very illustrious, authors of spelling books.

‡ Mrs. Barbauld, whose condescension in writing these little books, is not less amiable than her ingenuity.

§ There is nothing to hinder a child from acquiring every useful branch of knowledge, and every elegant accomplishment suited to his age, WITHOUT IMPAIRING HIS CONSTITUTION; but then the greatest attention must be had to the powers of the body, and the mind, that they neither be allowed to LANGUISH FOR WANT OF EXERCISE, nor be exerted beyond what they can bear. Dr. GREGORY.

This amiable writer has, however, used some arguments, which I fear, will induce very indulgent parents to put off the instruction too long. What he says is plausible. But I think he uses some arguments which I shall call *argumenta ad matres*.

|| Correct your LITTLE ONE by winning arts

Of soft persuasion; but forbear to grieve

His tender heart.

MENANDER.

* *Quidam literis instituentos, qui minores septem annis essent, non putaverunt, quod illa prima aetas et intellectum disciplinarum caperet, et laborem pati non possit.*

Quid melius aliqui facient, ex quo loqui poterunt? Facient enim aliquid necesse est. Aut cur hoc, quantumcumque est, usque ad septem annos lucrum subsidium? Nam certe quantumlibet parum sit quod contuleris aetati prior, majora tamen aliqua disces puer ex ipso anno, quo minor a didicisset. Hoc per singulos annos prorogatum in summam proficit; et, quantum in infantia praesumptum est temporis, adolescentia acquiritur.

Non ergo perdamus primum statim tempus, atque eo minus, quod initia literarum solâ memoria constant; quæ non modo jam est in parvis, sed tum etiam tenacissima est.

Some have thought that none should be instructed in letters who are under seven years of age, because that early period can neither comprehend learning nor endure labour.

But

DIARY OF CHAUBERT THE MISANTHROPE.

[From the Observer.]

AMONGST the variety of human events, which come under the observation of every man of common experience in life, many instances must occur to his memory of the false opinions he had formed of good and evil fortune: Things, which we lament as the most unhappy occurrences and the severest dispensations of providence, frequently turn out to have been vouchsafements of a contrary sort; whilst our prosperity and success, which for a time delight and dazzle us with gleams of pleasure, and visions of ambition, turn against us in the end of life, and sow the bed of death with thorns, that goad us in those awful moments, when the vanities of this world lose their value, and the mind of man being on its last departure, takes a melancholy review of time mispent and blessings misapplied.

Though it is part of every good man's religion to resign himself to God's will, yet a few reflections upon the worldly wisdom of that duty will be of use to every one, who falls under the immediate pressure of what is termed misfortune in life. By calling to mind the false estimates we have frequently made of worldly good and evil we shall get hope on our side, which though all friends else should fail us, will be a cheerful companion by the way: By a patient acquiescence under painful events for the present, we shall be sure to contract a tranquility of temper, that will stand us in future stead; and by keeping a fair face to the world we shall by degrees make an easy heart, and find innumerable resources of consolation, which a fretful spirit never can discover.

I wonder why I was so uneasy under my late loss of fortune, said a very worthy gentleman to me the other day, seeing it was not occasioned by my own misconduct; for the health and content I now enjoy in the humble station I have retired to, are the greatest blessings of my life, and I am devoutly thankful for the event, which I deplored.—How often do

we hear young unmarried people exclaim—*What an escape have I had from such a man, or such a woman!*—And yet perhaps they had not wisdom enough to suppose this might turn out to be the case at the time it happened; but complained, lamented and reviled, as if they were suffering persecution from a cruel and tyrannic being, who takes pleasure in tormenting his unoffending creatures.

An extraordinary example occurs to me of this criminal excess of sensibility in the person of a Frenchman named Chaubert, who happily lived long enough to repent of the extravagance of his misanthropy. Chaubert was born at Bourdeaux, and died there not many years ago in the Franciscan convent; I was in that city soon after this event, and my curiosity led me to collect several particulars relative to this extraordinary humourist. He inherited a good fortune from his parents, and in his youth was of a benevolent disposition, subject however to sudden caprices and extremes of love and hatred. Various causes are assigned for his misanthropy, but the principal disgust, which turned him furious against mankind, seems to have arisen from the treachery of a friend, who ran away with his mistress, just when Chaubert was on the point of marrying her; the ingratitude of this man was certainly of a very black nature, and the provocation heinous; for Chaubert, whose passions were always in extremes, had given a thousand instances of romantic generosity to this unworthy friend, and reposed an entire confidence in him in the matter of his mistress: He had even saved him from drowning one day at the imminent risque of his life; by leaping out of his own boat into the Garonne and swimming to the assistance of his, when it was sinking in the middle of the stream: His passion for his mistress was no less vehement; so that his disappointment had every aggravation possible, and operating

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But what can they do better from the time at which they are able to talk? For something they must do. Or why should we slight the gain, little as it is, which accrues before the age of seven? For certainly, however little that may be which the preceding age shall have contributed, yet the boy will be learning greater things in that very year, in which he would otherwise be learning smaller: This, extended to several years, amounts to a sum; and whatever is anticipated in infancy, is an acquisition to the period of youth.

Let us not then throw away even the very first period; and the less so, as the elements of learning require memory alone, which is not only found in little boys, but is very tenacious in them.

QUINTILIAN.

upon a nature more than commonly susceptible, reversed every principle of humanity in the heart of Chaubert, and made him for the greatest part of his life the declared enemy of human nature.

After many years passed in foreign parts he was accidentally brought to his better senses by discovering that through these events, which he had so deeply resented, he had providentially escaped from miseries of the most fatal nature: Thereupon he returned to his own country, and entering into the order of Franciscans, employed the remainder of his life in atoning for his past errors after the most exemplary manner. On all occasions of distress Father Chaubert's zeal presented itself to the relief and comfort of the unfortunate, and sometimes he would enforce his admonitions of resignation by the lively picture he would draw of his own extravagancies; in extraordinary cases he has been known to give his communicants a transcript or diary in his own hand writing of certain passages of his life in which he had minutely his thoughts at the time they occurred, and which he kept by him for such extraordinary purposes. This paper was put into my hands by a gentleman who had received much benefit from this good father's conversation and instruction; I had his leave for transcribing it, or publishing; if I thought fit; this I shall now avail myself of, as I think it is a very curious journal.

My son, whoever thou art, profit by the words of experience, and let the example of Chaubert, who was a beast without reason, and is become a man by repentance, teach thee wisdom in adversity and inspire thy heart with sentiments of resignation to the will of the Almighty.

When the treachery of people, which I ought to have despised, had turned my heart to marble and my blood to gall, I was determined upon leaving France and seeking out some of those countries, from whose famished inhabitants nature withholds her bounty, and where men groan in slavery and sorrow. As I passed thro' the villages towards the frontiers of Spain, and saw the peasants dancing in a ring to the pipe, or carousing at their vintages, indignation smote my heart, and I wished that heaven would dash their cups with poison, or blast the sunshine of their joys with hail and tempests.

I traversed the delightful province of Biscay without rest to the soles of my feet of sleep to the temples of my head. Nature was before my eyes dressed in her gayest attire;—*Thou mother of fools*, I exclaimed, *why dost thou trick thyself out so daintily for knaves and harlots to make a property of*

thee? The children of thy womb are vipers in thy bosom, and will sting thee mortally, when thou hast given them their fill at thy improvident breasts.—The birds chaunted in the groves, the fruit-trees glistened on the mountain sides, the waterfalls made music for the echoes, and man went singing to his labour;—*Give me*, said I, *the clank of fetters and the yell of galley-slaves under the lashes of the whip.*—And in the bitterness of my heart I cursed the earth, as I trode over its prolific surface.

I entered the ancient kingdom of Castile, and the prospect was a recreation to my sorrow-vexed soul: I saw the lands lie waste and fallow; the vines trailed on the ground and buried their fruitage in the furrows; the hand of man was idle, and nature slept as in the cradle of creation; the villages were thinly scattered, and ruin sat upon the unroofed sheds, where lazy pride lay stretched upon its straw in beggary and vermin. *Al! this is something*, I cried out, *this scene is fit for man, and I'll enjoy it.*—I saw a yellow half-starved form, cloaked to the heels in rags, his broad-brimmed beaver on his head, through which his staring locks crept out in squalid shreds, that fell like snakes upon the shoulders of a fiend.—*Such e'er be the fate of human nature! I'll aggravate his misery by the insult of charity.* *Harkye, Castilian*, I exclaimed, *take thy pistole; it is coin, it is silver from the mine of Mexico; a Spaniard dug it from the mine, a Frenchman gives it you; put by your pride and touch it.*—*Canst be your nation*, the Castilian replied, *I'll starve before I'll take it from your hands.* *Starve then*, I answered, and passed on.

I climbed a barren mountain; the wolves howled in the desert, and the vultures screamed in flocks for prey; I looked, and beheld a gloomy mansion underneath my feet, vast as the pride of its founder, gloomy and disconsolate as his soul; it was the Escorial.—*Here then the tyrannic reigns*, said I, *here let him reign; hard as these rocks his throne, waste as these deserts be his dominions!*—A meagre creature passed me; famine stared in his eye, he cast a look about him, and sprung upon a kid, that was browsing in the desert, he smote it dead with his staff, and hastily thrust it into his wallet.—*Al, sacrilegious villain!* cried a brawny fellow, and leaping on him from behind a rock, seized the hungry wretch in the act; he dropped upon his knees and begged for mercy.—*Mercy*, cried he that seized him, *do you purloin the property of the church, and ask for mercy? Take it.* So saying, he beat him to the earth with a blow, as he was kneeling at his feet, and then dragged him towards the convent of St. Lawrence: I could

could have hugged the miscreant for the deed.

I held my journey through the desert, and desolation followed me to the very streets of Madrid; the fathers of the inquisition came forth from the cells of torture, the cross was elevated before them, and a trembling wretch, in a saffron-coloured vest, painted with flames of fire, was dragged to execution in an open square; they kindled a fire about him, and sang praises to God, whilst the flames deliberately consumed their human victim: He was a Jew who suffered, they were Christians who tormented.—*See what the religion of God is,* said I to myself, *in the hands of man!*

From the gates of Madrid I bent my course to the port of Lisbon; as I traversed the wilderness of Estremadura, a robber took his aim at me from behind a cork-tree, and the ball grazed my hat upon my head.—*You have missed your aim,* I cried, *and have lost the merit of destroying a man.—Give me your purse,* said the robber.—*Take it,* I replied, *and buy with it a friend; may it serve you as it has served me.*

I found the city of Lisbon in ruins; her foundations smoked upon the ground; the dying and the dead lay in heaps; terror sat in every visage, and mankind was visited with the plagues of the Almighty, famine, fire, and earthquake.—*Have they not the inquisition in this country?* I asked; I was answered they had.—*And do they wake all this outcry about an earthquake?* said I within myself, *let them give God thanks and be quiet.*

Presently there came ships from England, loaded with all manner of goods for the relief of the inhabitants; the people took the bounty, were preserved, then turned and cursed their preservers for heretics.—*This is as it should be,* said I, *these men set up to their nature, and the English are a nation of fools; I will not go amongst them.*—After a short time behold a new city was rising on the ruins of the old one! the people took the builders' tools, which the English had sent them, and made themselves houses: I overheard a fellow at his work say to his companion—*Before the earthquake I made my bed in the streets, now I shall have a house to live in.—This is too much,* said I; *their misfortunes make this people happy, and I will stay no longer in this country.*—I descended to the banks of the Tagus; there was a ship, whose canvass was loosed for sailing.—*See, it is an English ship,* says a Galliego porter; *they are brave seamen, but damned tyrants on the quarter-deck.—They pay well for what they have,* says a boatman, *and I am going on board her with a cargo of lemons.*—I threw myself

into the wherry, and entered the ship: The mariners were occupied with their work, and nobody questioned me why I was amongst them. The tide wasted us into the ocean and the night became tempestuous, the vessel laboured in the sea and the morning brought no respite to our toil.—*Whither are you bound?* said I to the master—*to hell,* said he, *for nothing but the devil ever drove at such a rate!* The fellow's voice was thunder; the sailors sung in the storm, and the master's oaths were louder than the waves; the third day was a dead calm, and he swore louder than ever.—*If the winds were of this man's making,* thought I, *he would not be content with them.*—A favourable breeze sprung up as if it had come at his calling.—*I thought it was coming,* says he, *but her before the wind, it blows fair for our port. But where is your port?* again I asked him.—*Sir,* says he, *I can now answer your question as I should do; with God's leave I am bound to Bourdeaux; every thing at sea goes as it pleases God.—My heart sunk at the name of my native city: I was freighted,* added he, *from London with a cargo of goods of all sorts for the poor sufferers by the earthquake; I shall load back with wine for my owners, and so help out a charitable voyage with some little profit, if it please God to bless our endeavours.*—*Hey day,* thought I, *how fair augurs changes this fellow's note!* Lewis, said he to a handsome youth, who stood at his elbow, *we will now seek out this Monsieur Chaubert at Bourdeaux, and get payment of his bills on your account.—Show me your bills,* said I, *for I am Chaubert.*—He produced them, and I saw my own name forged to bills in favour of the villain, who had so treacherously dealt with me in the affair of the woman who was to have been my wife.—*Where is the wretch,* said I, *who drew these forgeries?* The youth burst into tears.—*He is my father,* he replied, and turned away.—*Sir,* says the master, *I am not surprised to find this fellow a villain to you, for I was once a trader in affluence and have been ruined by his means and reduced to what you see me, but I forgive what he has done to me; I can earn a maintenance, and am as happy in my present hard employ, nay happier than when I was rich and idle, but to defraud his own son proves him an unnatural rascal and, if I had him here, I would hang him at the mizen yard.*

When the English master declared he was happier in his present hard service than in his former prosperity, and that he forgave the villain who had ruined him, I started with astonishment, and stood out of his reach, expecting every moment when his phrensy would break out, I looked him steadily in the face, and to my surprise

surprise saw no symptoms of madness there; there was no wandering in his eyes, and content of mind was impressed upon his features.—*Are you in your senses,* I demanded, *and can you forgive the villain?*—*From my heart,* answered he, *else how should I expect to be forgiven?*—His words struck me dumb; my heart tugged at my stomach; the blood rushed to my face. He saw my situation and turned aside to give some orders to the sailors; after some minutes he resumed the conversation, and advancing towards me, in his rough familiar manner, said—*It is my way, Mr. Chaubert, to forgive and forget, though to be sure the fellow deserves hanging for his treatment of this poor boy, his son, who is as good a lad as ever lived; but as for father and mother—Who is his mother? What was her name?* I eagerly demanded. Her name had no sooner passed his lips than I felt a shock through all my frame beyond that of electricity; I staggered as if with a sudden stroke, and caught hold of the barricade, an involuntary shriek burst from me, and I cried out—*That woman—* *Oh! that woman—Was a devil,* said the master, *and if you knew but half the misery you have escaped, you would fall down upon your knees and thank God for the blessing: I have heard your story, Mr. Chaubert, and when a man is in love, as you see, he does not like to have his mistress taken from him, but some things are better left than found, and if this is all you have to complain of, take my word for it you complain of the luckiest hour in your whole life.* He would have proceeded, but I turned from him without uttering a word, and shutting myself in my cabin surrendered myself to my meditations.

My mind was now in such a tumult, that I cannot recall my thoughts, much less put them into any order for relation. The ship however kept her course, and had now entered the mouth of the Garonne; I landed on the quay of Bordeaux; the master accompanied me, and young Lewis kept charge of the ship. The first object that met my view was a gibbet erected before the door of a merchant's counting-house. The convict was kneeling on a scaffold, whilst a friar was receiving his last confession; his face was turned towards us; the Englishman glanced his eye upon him, and instantly cried out—*Look, look, Mr. Chaubert! the very man as I am alive; it is the father of young Lewis.*—The wretch had discovered us in the same moment, and called aloud—*Oh Chaubert, Chaubert! let me speak to you before I die!*—His yell was horror to my soul, I lost the power of motion, and the crowd pushing towards the scaffold, thrust me forward to the very edge of it; the friar or-

dered silence; and demanded of the wretch why he had called out so eagerly and what he had farther to confess. Father, replied the convict, this is the very man, the very Chaubert of whom I was speaking; he was the best of friends to me, and I repaid his kindness with the blackest treachery; I seduced the woman of his affections from him, I married her, and because we dreaded his resentment, we conspired in an attempt upon his life by poison.—He now turned to me and proceeded as follows—You may remember, Chaubert, as we were supping together on the very evening of Louis's elopement, she handed to you a glass of wine to drink to your approaching nuptials; as you were lifting it to your lips, your favourite spaniel leaped upon your arm and dashed it on the floor; in a sudden transport of passion, which you were ever addicted to, you struck the creature with violence and laid it dead at your feet: It was the saving moment of your life—the wine was poisoned, inevitable death in the draught; and the animal you killed was God's instrument for preserving you; reflect upon the event, subdue your passions, and practise resignation. Father, I have no more to confess; I die repentant: Let the executioner do his office.

Here ends the diary of Chaubert.

I do not mean to expose my ideas to ingenious ridicule by maintaining that every thing happens to every man for the best, but I will contend, that he, who makes the best of it, fulfils the part of a wife and good man: Another thing may be safely advanced, namely, that man is not competent to decide upon the good or evil of many events, which befall him in this life, and we have authority to say, *Woe be to him that calls good evil, and evil good!*—I could wish that the story of Chaubert, as I have given it, might make that impression on any one of my readers, as it did upon me when I received it; and I could also wish, that I felt myself worthy to add to it the experience of many occurrences in my own life, to which time and patience have given colours very different from those they wore upon their first appearance.

When men sink into despondency or break out into rage upon adversities and misfortunes, it is no proof that Providence lays a heavier burthen upon them than they can bear, because it is not clear that they have exerted all the possible resources of the soul.

The passions may be humoured, till they become our masters, as a horse may be pampered till he gets the better of his rider; but early discipline will prevent mu-

sinny and keep the helm in the hands of reason. If we put our children under restraint and correction, why should we, who are but children of a larger growth,

be refractory and complain, when the Father of all things lays the wholesome correction of adversity on our heads?

INSTANCE OF GREAT AGE.

[Related by Mrs. Saville.]

WHEN I came first to live at Bolton, I was told several particulars of the great age of Henry Jenkins, but I believed little of the story, for many years, till one day he coming to beg an alms, I desired him to tell me truly how old he was. He paused a little, and then said, that to the best of his remembrance he was 162 or 3. And I asked, what Kings he remembered? He said, Henry the Eighth. I asked, what public thing he could longest remember? He said, Flowdenfield. I asked, whether the King was there? He said, no, he was in France, and the Earl of Surry was General. I asked him, how old he might be then? He said, I believe I might be between 10 and 12, for, says he, I was sent to Northallerton, with a horse load of arrows; but they sent a bigger boy from thence to the army then. All this agreed with the history of that time; for bows and arrows were then used; the Earl he named was General; and King Henry the Eighth was then at Fournay: And yet it is observable that this Jenkins could neither write nor read. There were also four or five in the same parish, that were reputed all of them to be 100 years old, or within 2 or 3 years of it, and they all said, he was an elderly man ever since they knew him, for he was born in another parish, and before any registers were in churches, as it is said: He told me then too, that he was butler to the Lord Conyers, and remembered the Abbot of Fountain's abbey very well, before the dissolution of the monasteries. Henry Jenkins departed this life December, 1670, at Ellerton upon Swale, in Yorkshire. The battle of Flowdenfield was fought September 9th, 1513, and he was about 12 years old when Flowdenfield was fought; so that this Henry Jenkins lived 169 years, 16 longer than old Parr, and was the oldest man born upon the ruins of this postdiluvian world. In the last century of his life he was a fisherman, and used to trade in the streams; his diet was coarse and sour; but towards the latter end of his days, he begged up and down. He hath sworn in

Chancery and other courts to above 140 years memory, and was often at the assizes at York, where he generally went on foot, and I have heard some of the country gentlemen affirm, that he frequently swam in the rivers after he was past the age of 100 years. In the King's Remembrancer's office in the Exchequer, is a record of a deposition, in a cause by English bill, between Anthony Clark and Smirkson, taken 1665, at Kettering in Yorkshire, where Henry Jenkins, of Ellerton upon Swale, labourer, aged 157 years, was produced and deposed as a witness.

Epitaph on a monument erected at Bolton in Yorkshire, by the subscription of several gentlemen, to the memory of Henry Jenkins.

Blush not marble
To rescue from oblivion
The memory of
Henry Jenkins,
A person obscure in birth,
But of a life truly memorable:
For
He was enriched
With the goods of nature,
If not of fortune,
And happy
In the duration,
If not variety,
Of his enjoyments.
And
Tho' the partial world
Despised and disregarded
His low and humble state,
The equal eye of Providence
Beheld and blessed it
With a Patriarch's health and length of
days;
To teach mistaken man,
These blessings were entailed on temper-
ance,
A life of labour, and a mind at ease.
He lived to the amazing age of
169,
Was interr'd here, Dec. 6th, 1670,
And had this justice done to his memory,
1743.

ACCOUNT OF THE LATE DR. JOHN MORGAN.

Delivered before the Trustees and Students of Medicine in the College of Philadelphia, on the 24 of November, 1789, by Benjamin Rush, M. D.

GENTLEMEN,

IT would be unpardonable to enter upon the duties of the chair of the late Professor of the theory and practice of Medicine, without paying a tribute of respect to his memory.

Dr. John Morgan, whose place I have been called upon to fill, was born in the city of Philadelphia. He discovered in early life a strong propensity for learning, and an uncommon application to books. He acquired the rudiments of his classical learning at the Rev. Dr. Findley's Academy, in Nottingham, and finished his studies in this College under the present Provost, and the late Rev. Dr. Allison. In both of these seminaries, he acquired the esteem and affection of his Preceptors, by his singular diligence and proficiency in his studies. In the year 1757, he was admitted to the first literary honours that were conferred by the college of Philadelphia.

During the last years of his attendance upon the College, he began the study of physic, under the direction of Dr. John Redman, of this city. His conduct, as an apprentice, was such as gained him the esteem and confidence of his master, and the affections of all his patients. After he had finished his studies under Dr. John Redman, he entered into the service of his country, as a surgeon and lieutenant in the provincial troops of Pennsylvania, in the last war which Britain and America carried on against the French nation. As a surgeon, in which capacity only, he acted in the army, he acquired both knowledge and reputation. He was respected by the officers, and beloved by the soldiers of the army; and so great was his diligence and humanity in attending the sick and wounded, who were the subjects of his care, that I well remember to have heard it said, that if it were possible for any man to merit heaven by his good works, Dr. Morgan would deserve it for his faithful attendance on his patients.

In the year 1760, he left the army, and sailed for Europe, with a view of prosecuting his studies in medicine.

He attended the lectures and dissections of the late celebrated Dr. William Hunter, and afterwards spent two years in attending the lectures of the professors in Edinburgh. Here, both the Monroes, Cullen, Rutherford, Whyt, and Hope, were his masters, with each of whom he

lived in the most familiar intercourse, all of whom spoke of him with affection and respect. At the end of two years, he published an elaborate thesis upon the formation of pus, and after publicly defending it, was admitted to the honour of Doctor of Medicine in the University.

From Edinburgh he went to Paris, where he spent a winter in attending the anatomical lectures and dissections of Mr. Sue. In this city he injected a kidney in so curious and elegant a manner, that it procured his admission into the Academy of Surgery at Paris. While on the continent of Europe he visited Holland and Italy. In both these countries he was introduced to the first medical and literary characters. He spent several hours in company with Voltaire, at Geneva, and he had the honour of a long conference with the celebrated Morgagni, at Padua, when he was in the 36th year of his age. His venerable physician, who was the light and ornament of two or three successive generations of physicians, was so pleased with the Doctor, that he claimed kindred with him, from the resemblance of their names and on the blank leaf of a copy of his works, which he presented to him, he inscribed with his own hand the following words, *Affini suo medico præclarissimo, Johanni Morgan, donat auctor.* Upon the Doctor's return to London, he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society. He was likewise admitted as a licentiate of the College of Physicians in London, and a member of the College of Physicians in Edinburgh.

It was during his absence from home, that he concerted with Dr. Shippen, the plan of establishing a medical school in this city. He returned to Philadelphia, in the year 1765, loaded with literary honours, and was received with open arms by his fellow-citizens. They felt an interest for him, for having advanced in every part of Europe the honour of the American name. Immediately after his arrival, he was elected Professor of the theory and practice of Medicine, and delivered, soon afterwards, at a public commencement, his plan for connecting a Medical School with the College of this city. This discourse was composed with taste and judgment, and contained many of the true principles of medical science.

In the year 1769, he had the pleasure of seeing the first fruits of his labours for the advancement

advancement of medicine. Five young gentlemen received in that year from the hands of the present Provost, the first honours in medicine that ever were conferred in America.

The historian, who shall hereafter relate the progress of medical science in America, will be deficient in candor and justice, if he does not connect the name of Dr. Morgan with that auspicious era in which medicine was at first taught, and studied as a science in this country. But the zeal of Dr. Morgan was not confined to the advancement of medical science alone. He had an active hand in the establishment of the American Philosophical Society, and he undertook in the year 1773, a voyage to Jamaica on purpose to solicit benefactions for the advancement of general literature in the College.

He possessed an uncommon capacity for acquiring knowledge. His memory was

extensive and accurate; he was intimately acquainted with the Latin and Greek classics. He had read much in medicine. In all his pursuits, he was persevering and indefatigable. He was capable of friendship, and in his intercourse with his patients, discovered the most amiable and exemplary tenderness. I never knew a person who had been attended by him, that did not speak of his sympathy and attention with gratitude and respect. Such was the man who once filled the chair of the theory and practice of medicine in our college. He is now no more.* His remains now sleep in the silent grave, but not so his virtuous actions. Every act of benevolence which he performed, every public spirited enterprize which he planned or executed, and every tear of sympathy which he shed, are faithfully recorded, and shall be preserved forever.

EXPERIMENTS IN THE CULTURE OF POTATOES.

[From Mr. Young's Six Months Tour.]

I shall first lay before you a general state of their culture and produce, and if it gives rise to any average accounts, shall extract them accordingly.

At *Sandy in Bedfordshire.*

Soil. A rich deep black sand. Rent, 3l. 10s.

Seed and distance. Twenty bushels at one foot every way.

Culture. Hoe them thrice.

Product. 250 bushels, 20l. 16s. Expences, 12l. 18s. 6d. Profit, 7l. 17s. 6d.

About *Doncaster.*

Soil. A fine light rich loose sand.

Product. 250 bushels.

About *York.*

Soil. Light. 12s. per acre. Planted in two-foot rows, and earthed up with hoes.

Product. 60 bushels.

At *Cottingham near Hull.*

Soil. Rich loam and mixed clay, at 3l. per acre.

Seed, &c. twenty bushels. Hoe several times.

Product. 180 bushels.

About *Stillingfleet.*

Soil. Sandy, at 14s.

Seed, &c. Sixteen bushels, rows two feet; plants one foot; horse

hoe them two or three times, and hand weed them.

Product. 80 bushels.

Mr. *Turner* at *Kirkleatham.*

Soil. A light poor sand, at 8s. In rows three feet, plants one foot; horse hoed once, twice weeded.

Product. 588 bushels.

Mr. *Turner*, at *Kirkleatham.*

Soil. A rich black loam, well manured. In beds four feet wide, three rows on each; alleys two feet; plants eighteen inches asunder.

Product. 1166 bushels.

Mr. *Crowe*, *Kiplin.*

Soil. Clay, at 12s. 6d.

Culture. Manures with long dung or haulm; plants in rows two feet asunder, plants nine inches; twelve bushels to the acre; four horse-hoings, and well hand hoed.

Product. 120 bushels. Feeds all sorts of cattle.

Mr. *Smelt*, at *The Leafis.*

Soil. Gravel.

Culture. Manure, four loads of long dung; sets in rows fifteen inches; ten from set to set, fifteen bushels seed. Kept clean from weeds.

Product. 130 bushels.

Seventer.

* He died October 15, 1789, in the 54th years of his age.

Swinton moor-side farms.Soil. Black moory lan^d, at 4s. 6d.

Product. 220 bushels.

The Colliers' moor-husbandry.

Soil. Black peat earth.

Culture. In rows two feet, sets one foot; thirteen bushels.

Product. 138 bushels.

Mr. Dalton, Sleninford.

Soil. Light loam on lime-stone, at 8s.

Culture. Rows, three feet; ten loads of dung. Horse and hand hoed.

Product. 150 bushels.

Mr. Scroope at Danby.

Soil. A sandy loam, at 12s. 6d.

Culture. Plants, one foot asunder, a handful of dung to each, five loads; eight bushels sets; horse and hand hoed.

Product. 216 bushels.

Near Newcastle.

Soil. Sandy, at 20s.

Culture. Twelve bushels of sets, at one foot square; hand hoe twice, and hand weed.

Product 226 bushels.

At Morpeth.

Soil. A loamy clay, in general 12s. but planters give 5l.

Culture. Twenty-five loads dung; dibbled one foot square, dig for them; twenty-three bushels; hand hoe thrice.

Product. 350 bushels. Expences 12l. 5s. 6d. Profit, 5l. 4s. 6d.

At Alnwick.

Soil. Gravelly loam, at 15s.

Culture. Dig and plough for them, and dung; nine bushels seed; twelve inches square.

Product. 150 bushels.

At Belford.

Soil. Strong loam, at 15s. 6d.

Culture. Fourteen inches square six bushels; hand hoe twice.

Product. 42 bushels

About Rothbury.

Soil. Gravel, sand, and moory, at 10s. 6d.

Culture. Manure; and hand hoe once or twice.

Product. 30 bushels.

At Glenwels.

Soil. Sandy, &c. 12s. 6d.

Culture. Twelve loads long dung; twenty bushels in one foot square; hoe twice.

Product. 220 bushels.

South of Carlisle.

Soil. Light loam, at 15s.

Culture. Manure well, in rows eighteen inches, one foot plant to plant; horse hoe.

Product. 300 bushels.

About Penrith.

Soil. Various, at 8s. 9d.

Culture Manure with long dung; rows eighteen inches, one foot the plants; hand hoe.

Product. 120 bushels.

Keswick.

Soil. Hazle-mould, sand, &c. at 25s.

Culture. Two sorts; in furrows eighteen inches by twelve. Manure well; horse hoe, and weed. The other the lazy-bed, dung on grass, and earth out of trenches.

Product. In the first 300 bushels, which is more than the other.

From Kendal to Burton, about Holme. Soil.

Light loam on limestone, at 21s.

Culture. Lazy bed, dung the grass well; eighteen bushels sets, seven inches square.

Product. 180 bushels.

At Kabers.

Soil. Light loam and sand, at 17s.

Culture. Plough for, dibble eight or ten inches square; weed them.

Product. 150 bushels.

About Garlang.

Soil. Light loam, at 17s.

Culture. Dig all the land nine inches deep; dibble in nine inches asunder; hand weed.

Product. 330 bushels.

Around Ormskirk.

Soil. Light loam, at 15s.

Culture. Manure well, on both grass and arable, plough for them; sets nine inches square; hand weed.

Product. 150 bushels.

About Altringham.

Soil. Sandy loam, at 20s.

Culture. Dig for them; manure well dibble twenty-two bushels; hand weed and hand hoe.

Product. 700 bushels.

At Knotsford.

Soil. Sandy, at 16s.

Culture. Dig grass; twenty bushels, at one foot square, dibbled; hand hoe and weed.

Product. 500 bushels.

Around Stone.

Soil. Sandy, at 16s.

Culture. Manure grass well, and dig it in; hand hoe.

Product. 450 bushels.

About Sbenstone.

Soil. Sandy, at 15s.

Culture. Dung grass well, and dig in; dibble ten inches square; hand hoe well.

Product. 200 bushels.

Near Birmingham.

Soil. Sandy, at 17s. 6d.

Culture

Culture. Dig up grass land, and dibble in sets.

Product. 550 bushels.

At *Bendish*.

Soil. Clay, and some light, at 21s.

Culture. Manure well with long dung; dibble in rows, one foot square.

Product. 550 bushels.

At *Levensham*.

Soil. Sand and gravel, at 40s.

Culture. Dung well, and plough in rows, one foot, plants six inches; hoe twice and weed.

Product. 15l. as they grow.

As there is a great variety in these products, I shall throw them into divisions according to the quantity, without any other rule; as it will then in general appear what soil and management are most adapted to them. First, all that produce five hundred bushels and upwards; second, such as yield from two to five hundred; and third, those that yield under two hundred.

As these tables are of a greater length than our limits will admit, we shall only give the first of them.

Crops of 500 bushels, &c.

Places.	Soil.	Set.	Rows.	Culture.	Product.
Mr. Turner,	Sand, 8s.	—	3 feet by 1.	{ Horse and hand } hoed,	588
Ditto,	{ Black loam, worth } 40s.	—	18 inches,	Dug for,	2166
Altringham,	Sandy loam, 20s.	22	— —	{ Dig for them, } manure, hand } hoe, and weed }	700
Knotsford,	Sand, 16s	20	1 foot square.	{ Dig grass, dibble } hand hoe, and } weed. }	500
Birmingham,	Sand, 17s. 6d.	—	— —	{ Dig grass and } dibble in sets, }	550
Averages,	— 20s.	21	— —	— —	700

It is very evident from this table that rent is no more a guide to product than the wind; nor is any particular soil (except the sandy and light being generally the best) a mark whereby to point out the scale of produce. The distance of the rows, and the quantity of sets, as well as the material articles of manuring and cleaning, are none of them, separately taken, at all decisive in fixing the superiority. Thus much, however, may be observed, that the more considerable products are those that are in general very spiritedly cultivated: all in the first division, except one, are dug for, and likewise the best of those in the second; this seems as if digging for them was much superior to ploughing: The strong variations we otherwise observe must certainly be attributed to fertility of soil, richness of manuring, or a general excellent management: A circumstance greatly encouraging to all who are willing to cultivate this most useful vegetable; for there is great reason to suppose, that a vigorous conduct in raising potatoes will more than balance every other advantage.

It should be observed, that these roots are every where considered as an excellent

fallow crop, greatly ameliorating the soil, and preparing in every respect for wheat in particular, or for any other grain in a very superior manner. It is extremely evident from the preceding table that their culture is uncommonly profitable. In numerous places I was assured that they made infinitely more by potatoes than by any other crop. The prices of them are various, but at 1s. 6d. a bushel, the average product amounts to above 28l. but 1s. 6d. is a low price: It is a great error in many parts of this kingdom the not cultivating potatoes in large quantities.

No fallow crop is more advantageous to the soil, nor could there be a greater improvement in three fourths of the counties of England, than introducing potatoes into the courses of their fields, as regularly, upon soils proper for them, as turneps or any other vegetables.

The common objection to cultivating them in large quantities is the want of a market; but such a plea is an absolute piece of gothicism: The most advantageous use they can be applied to, where they bear an high price, most certainly is to sell them; but where the prices are low, or the markets overstocked, this root should be applied to feeding and fattening cattle.

in which the profit will be very great, both in the price paid for the crop and in the great improvement of the farm, by raising large quantities of manure; an object which ought always to be foremost with every farmer: The intelligence received of Mr. *Crover*, of this application of his crops at *Kiplin*, to feeding all sorts of cattle and poultry, is particularly valuable; it is well known in several places, that no food is better for rearing and fattening hogs, but I never before heard of feeding promiscuously all the stock in a farm-yard upon them; but that gentleman's long experience proves it not only to be eligible, but extremely profitable.

If potatoes came in once every course of crops on light or rich soils, not very heavy, and were all applied to fatten numerous herds of swine, or to maintain oxen, cows, young cattle, &c. the improvement of the whole farm would be the certain consequence; for the fields in which they are cultivated are finely enriched by themselves, and their consequences in manuring would perform the same office to others.

From what I have remarked in the tour, I have reason to think digging a much superior method to ploughing, with the

sets laid in the furrows: The latter way may be very proper in a very light rich sand; but in sandy or gravelly loams the digging is superior: If I was to recommend a practice, it should be the following, which I think, from the preceding minutes, as well as my own experience, is excellent. Unite the ploughing and lazy-bed methods; first plough the land fine; in beds about five feet broad, then spread your dung; if the soil is very light, it should be well rotted and mixed together; but if the land is inclinable to stiffness, then long dung, old thatch, stubble, or any thing of that kind; upon the manure lay the potatoe slices promiscuously, about a foot asunder; cover them three inches deep, with earth dug out of the furrows, a trench in each like a water furrow, about eighteen inches wide. When the potatoes are about four or five inches high, weed them, dig another spit in the trenches; and cover the beds and plants two inches deeper; this will stop the growth of most weeds, but if any arise, draw them out, but never hand hoe unless the surface binds; which on proper soils it will not do: Vast crops may be had in this method, and the beds left in excellent order for a crop of any thing else.

ADVANTAGES OF RAISING CABBAGES.

[From the same.]

SINCE the publication of Mr. *Baker's* report, we have had no fresh intelligence concerning cabbages: There is not extant in print a single experiment upon the Great *Scotch* sort: It is with the utmost pleasure that I minuted in my journey all the intelligence I could gain concerning this vegetable: I was fortunate enough to meet with many gentlemen that had cultivated it for several years; some of them, from the curiosity of the object, had made accidental minutes of several circumstances of the culture, expences, produce, &c. these they favoured me with, and in other particulars gave me accounts from their own memory, and that of their servants: But as I had not any regular registers of experiments in a series, I threw the intelligence I received into as clear and methodical an order as I was able. So far did very well for each minute; but as the circumstances of culture, product, and value, have great variations, it is here absolutely necessary to draw all these fugitive articles into one point of view; to compare the intelligence, and to draw the

averages of every circumstance, that the culture and value of cabbages may be completely known. I shall make the extract in as few words as possible; the article begins with

Mr. *Middlemore* at *Grantbam*.

Sort. *Battersea*, turnep, and *Scotch*.

Soil. A red sand.

Time of sowing. Beginning of *March*:

Once pricked out, and planted at midsummer.

Rows. Four feet asunder, from one foot to eighteen inches from plant to plant: 6000 per acre.

Culture. Watered in dry weather.

Duration. To *April*.

Product. Turnep cabbage 5lb. or nineteen tons per acre; *Battersea* 11lb. or forty-two tons per acre; *Scotch* 42lb. or fifty-four tons. Used for fattening oxen and feeding sheep.

Expences. Pricking out and transplanting, 1s. per thousand.

Mr. *Lyster* at *Bawtry*. The *Scotch* sort.

Soil. A very light sand.

Rent; 11s.

Time

Time of sowing, &c. End of Jan. or beginning of Feb. Transplant the middle of June.

Rows. Four feet asunder, plants two feet. 6240 plants.

Culture. Horse hoed thrice, and hand hoed.

Duration. Begin to burst in October; all must be done by Christmas.

Product. Twenty-seven tons. Feeding cows both dry and milk, rearing young cattle, and feeding sheep. Will not go near so far as turneps.

Expences. Six men plant an acre a day.

Mr. Wharston at Doncaster. The Great Scotch.

Soil. A light sand.

Rows. Three feet, plants two.

Culture. Hand hoeing.

Duration. Late in spring, to turning into grass.

Product. Two acres completely fat three large beast.

Mr. Tucker at Rotherham. The Great Scotch.

Soil. A light sandy loam, extremely rich.

Rent, 2l. 5s.

Preparation. Winter fallow; and ten loads rich rotten dung.

Time, middle of August, and the spring. The first pricked out the middle of October; transplant the last week in May; the others not pricked out at all. The winter plants the largest.

Rows. Four feet, plants, two and two and half. 5000 per acre.

Culture. Watered if dry; two horse hoeings, and hand hoeing.

Duration. End of March; some to beginning of April. Some want cutting before Christmas, the winter plants.

Product. One crop 30lb. another 10lb. average 20lb. or forty-four tons per acre.—Two acres and a half, under 10lb. kept (with some straw) twelve cows the principal part of the winter.

If milk cows are kept constantly on them, without other food, the butter is rank. Fat oxen; feed pigs.

Expences. A man may plant two thousand in a day.

Profit. Very great. More than ten quarters of oats after them, and eight the second crop.

Mr. Ellerker's at Risby. Large Scotch.

Soil. Loam on a chalkstone.

Rent, 9s. 3d.

Preparation. A winter fallow; manures, ten loads of farm yard dung.

Time. Sows the end of February—pricks

out once; plants the beginning of June.

Rows. Three feet; plants two.

Culture. Water in dry seasons. Horse hoe once to thrice.

Duration. To the end of April.

Product. Fats two beast completely, of thirty six stone each (14lb.) completely fats such, and finishes others of eighty stone; has sold oxen of 23l. from cabbages.

Expences. A man plants an acre in three days.

Profit. exceedingly great.

Marquis of Rockingham's Kenilworth farm. Great Scotch.

Soil. A rich, deep, black loam.

Time. Sows the end of February; plants the middle of June.

Rows. Three feet, and plants three feet.

Culture. Water in dry weather.—From three to five horse hoeings, besides hand hoeing.

Product. Worth, for feeding any cattle, a halfpenny each, the number of plants being 2840; that is, 20l. 15s. per acre. Fat oxen chiefly.

His Lordship's Herefordshire farm, the same as the preceding, except only hand hoeing.

Mr. Wilson, Ayrton. Scotch.

Time. Sows in September, plants in May.

Mr. Turner, at Kirkheatlam. The average twelve experiments.

Soil. Clay, loam, and rich sandy loam.

Rent, 15s.

Preparation. Winter fallowed; and some a whole year. Some crops li-med.

Time. Sows the latter end of February, and in March for spring plants; and in August for winter ones. Transplants through the months of May and June.

Rows. Three to four feet, and plants two. Generally 5445 plants.

Culture. Horse hoed twice, and hand hoed as often. Never waters.

Duration. To Candlemas.

Product. In general from twenty tons to fifty eight; average thirty-nine. Fats and feeds oxen, cows, young cattle and sheep infinitely better than any other food. The increase of one cow's milk from cabbages two quarts a day, but it tasted. The improvement of an ox of 8c. stone (34lb) fatting four months on cabbages, is on an average 5l. 10s. and in proportion per ton (the hay he eats deducted) is 8s. 6d. the value of the cabbages.

Upon the whole go much further
R 2

Advantages of raising Cabbages.

than turneps, and prepare much better for spring corn.

Quantity cat. An ox of eighty stone 210lb. in twenty-four hours, besides 7lb. of hay.

Expences. After a summer fallow 3l. 15s. 6d. a winter ditto 2l. 7s.—Expense of watering is 2s. 11d. planting 4s. 6d. hand weeding 4s. 6d.

Anjou cabbages tried, but proved good for little.

Mr. Crowe at Kiplin. The average of eight years.—*Great Scotch.*

Soil. Clay.

Rent, 12s. 6d.

Preparation. Winter fallows and limes, a chaldron per acre.

Time. Sows in *August* for winter plants, pricks out at *Michaelmas*, and transplants in *March*: For spring plants (of which he has but few) sows in *February*, transplants the end of *May*, or beginning of *June*.

Rows. Four feet, and plants two.

Culture. Horse and hand hoe, as requisite; never waters.

Duration. Until *May-day*.

Product. In 1762, they weighed per cabbage 12lb. or, per

acre	—	—	Tons
1763,	—	14lb.	29
1764,	—	12lb.	34
1765,	—	20lb.	29
1766,	—	18lb.	48
1767,	—	15lb.	43
1768,	—	11lb.	36
			27

Average 35 tons.

Used for all sorts of cattle, and with universal success.

Expences. At 10s. rent, the total 2lb. 4s. 6d. Seed, 6d. Pricking out and transplanting, 5s. each. Hand hoeing, 4s.

Mr. Smelt, at The Leaves.

The average of five years.

Soil. Sandy, gravel.

Preparation. Winter fallow, and manure with seven loads of rotten dung.

Time. Sows the beginning of *March*, and transplants in *May*.

Rows. Four feet asunder, and two the plants.

Culture. Horse hoes four times, and hand hoes and weeds.

Duration. Until the end of *March*.

Product.

In 1763, the cabbages weighed upon an average 7lb. or, per

acre	—	—	Tons.
In 1764,	—	8lb.	17
In 1766,	—	8lb.	19
In 1767,	—	8lb.	19

In 1768, — 6lb. — 19

Average 18 tons.

Uses them for steers and sheep, but principally for cows, on account of the butter being incomparable, and given in great quantities, not more in height of summer; butter keeps a fortnight, but the cows must have no decayed leaves.

A gentleman near Craik-hill.

The *Great Scotch* sort.

Soil. Gravel.

Rent, 13s.

Average of four years, 17l. 15s. 2d.

Use them for oxen, cows, and sheep, with the utmost success. Two cows in *January*, one that had newly calved, and the other to calve at *Lady-day*, produced in a week 17lb. 10 oz. of butter.

Mr. Dalton at Slenyford.

Soil. Light loam on a lime stone, very shallow.

Rent, 8s.

Preparation. Winter fallow, and a dunging.

Time. *Scotch*, transplanted the beginning of *June*. Turnep cabbage sown in spring, transplanted in *May*.

Rows. Four feet by twenty-two inches.

Culture. Horse and hand hoeing.

Product. *Scotch*, 4lb. and 1lb. average 2½, or 6 tons, Turnep 5lb. 12 tons.

The first given to cows, and made the butter absolutely stink, but attributed it to the decayed leaves not being taken off. The latter were given to sheep the middle of *April*, who were very fond of them.

Mr. Scroop at Danby. The *Scotch*.

Soil. Clay, loam, and rich black land.

Rent, 4s. 6d. to 25s. average 14s. 9d.

Preparation. Winter fallow, and upon all but the richest soils, manures with compost or lime.

Time. Sows early in the spring, and transplants the end of *May* or beginning of *June*.

Rows. Four feet, and two feet from plant to plant.

Culture. Never waters. Two horse and two hand hoeings.

Duration. Till the end of *April* or beginning of *May*.

Product. Average value of seven years, at 5s. 9d. per ton, 9l. 16s.

	Tons
1763,	34
1766,	52
1766	40
Ditto	23
Ditto	25

Advantages of raising Cabbages.

125

1767, - - - -	40
Ditto, - - - -	25
Ditto, - - - -	53
1768, - - - -	55
Ditto, - - - -	50
Ditto, - - - -	30

Average 37 tons.

Oxen of 100 stone, that have had the summer's grass, are finished and without delay, never going back in flesh, (the case oftentimes with turneps) and improving faster than on any other food. All kinds of young cattle maintained through the winter in full health and growth to great profit. Cows fed with them to more advantage six to one than upon any other food; the milk being great in quantity, perfectly sweet, and the butter excellent, but the precaution must be observed of picking off the decayed leaves. Fat sheep are carried forward in great perfection, better infinitely than on turneps. Lambs of ewes fed on them have always proved uncommonly fine and strong. Swine feed very freely on them, and are kept in very good condition without other food.

Quantity eat. An ox of 100 stone (14lb) in twenty-four hours eat 168lb. and 7lb. of hay.

Expences. Average of seven years, 2l. 16s. 6d.

Profit. Ditto, 6l. 16s. 9d. part at 5s. 9d. per ton.

The turnep cabbage tried one year, the same culture as *Scotch*, weight 8lb. Sheep eat them freely, but preferred the *Scotch*.

Mr. Scroope at Dalton.

Soil. Some light loam on limestone, and black moory land.

Culture. The management, in every respect, the same as at *Danby*.

Product. The weight of each crop not minuted, but in general it was from 15 or 24, tons per acre; average 24.

Earl of Darlington, at Raby. *Scotch*.

Soil. Strong gravel and loam.

Rent, 16s.

Preparation. Some on paring and burning; others only a winter fallow.

Time. Plants from the end of *May* to the end of *June*.

Rows. Three feet, plants two.

Culture. Horse hoed twice, hand ditto once.

Product.	1766 — 14lb. per } cabbage,	Tons 45
	1767 — ditto	45
	1768 — 1clb.	32

Average 40 tons.

Used constantly for milch cows (the decayed leaves all taken off;) the butter particularly excellent, and none keeps better.

Mr. Dixon, at Belford. *Scotch*.

Soil. Clayey loam.

Rent, 15s. 6d.

Preparation. Winter fallow, and a dunging.

Time. Sows in *August*; transplants from middle of *March* to beginning of *April*.

Rows. Three feet, plants two.

Culture. Horse and hand hoed.

Product. The weight of all the crops not minuted, but that that is, is 15lb. per cabbage, or per acre 48 tons.

Uses them for milch cows; the butter very plentiful and excellent; a loss of cabbages, the loss of the winter's butter.

Having thus brought all the intelligence concerning cabbages into one view, I must, in the next place, draw it into such averages as the nature of the subject requires.

In the first place the general produce must be discovered, and reduced to the value of money. The only method of doing this will beto discover an average value per ton.

Average value per ton at *Kirkleatham*, by fattening oxen, 8s. 6d.

Ditto Mr. Scroope, — — 5s. 9d.

Average, 7s. 1½d.

This must be our guide for valuing those crops of *Scotch* cabbage whose weight only is specified. They are as follow:

	Tons
Mr. Middlemore	54
Mr. Lyffer	27
Mr. Tucker	44
Mr. Turner	39
Mr. Crowe	35
Mr. Smelt	18
Mr. Scroope	37
Ditto at Dalton	24
Earl of Darlington	40
Mr. Dixon	48
Average 36 tons, which at 7s. 1½d. is	
12l. 16s. 6d. per acre.	

In

* It would be a great injustice to include Mr. Dalton's; one pound average proves sufficiently, that the soil, a shallow surface on a limestone, is absolutely improper.

Advantages of raising Cabbages.

In addition to this average we must insert others that were not discovered by weight.

	£.	s.	d.
The Marquis of Rockingham's Kentish farm, } Medium of the crops at } Craikbill, }	10	1	0
	17	15	2

The general average of which three valuations is 13l. 10s. 10d. per acre.

It is here proper to remark, that this price must undoubtedly be under the real mark; it is partly formed by a valuation of cabbages in fattening beasts at 7s. 1/2d. per ton; but those who have been conversant in feeding cattle must be sensible, that a value taken from one application only may be under the mark; that it is so must strike every one who considers, that turneps, and others articles of food, will fat an ox, though not so well as cabbages; but turneps will not feed sheep through the months of *March* and *April*; and neither turneps nor hay will keep cows in plentiful as well as sweet milk all the winter: these two uses are peculiar to cabbages, and such an application of them must consequently make a greater return, than a use in which other species of food rival them.

Those who have been used to the enormous expence of wintering cattle on hay, will easily believe that 7s. a ton for cabbages can by no means be an adequate price; the very proposition on comparison with hay is striking. And as to the turneps, the comparison is yet clearer. It before appeared, that the average value of turneps in the north of *England*, that is, the same country the cabbages are all cultivated in, is 3l. 1s. 6d. per acre: now from the attentive manner in which I viewed as well as weighed those at *Kiplin*, that fine and rich turnep soil, I was well convinced the average weight was not above five tons, which is better than 12s. per ton; now the superiority of cabbages to turneps is absolutely fixed by the preceding intelligence; those cultivators who think the contrary, bearing no proportion to their antagonists; consequently cabbages are of much more value than 12s. per ton, or probably double the amount I have calculated them at: which circumstance must certainly convince every one, that cabbages are, in these calculations, much undervalued: and for the use of such as may be of this opinion, I shall add the value of the average crop at more estimation.

	£.	s.	d.
Thirty-six tons at 10s.	18	0	0
at 11s.	19	16	0
at 12s.	21	12	0

	£.	s.	d.
at 13s.	23	8	0
at 14s.	25	4	0

Had I been fortunate enough to have gained other clues to discover the value of cabbages, particularly in making butter for sale in winter, and spring seeding sheep and lambs, I have no doubt but the average sum would have been very high in this scale, if not exceeded the utmost of it. But for want of other facts to calculate upon, I must make use of such as I possess.

In the next place I must compare the product with the rent of the land.

Mr. Lyffer	118.	27 tons
Mr. Tucker	45s.	44
Mr. Turner	15s.	39
Mr. Crowe	12s. 6d.	35
Mr. Scroope	14s. 9d.	27
Ditto	4s.	24
Earl of Darlington	16s.	40
Mr. Dixon	15s. 6d.	48
Average rent,	16s. 8d.	
At and under 15s. } rent average }	11s. 5d.	32
Ditto about 15s.	25s. 6d.	44

It appears from hence, that cabbages depend very much on being planted in a rich soil; and this is precisely the opinion of most of the preceding cultivators; as well as perfectly consistent with reason; for the plant is a most vigorous one, roots very strong and deep, and consequently is very well calculated for improving proportionably to the fertility of the soil.

	£.	s.	d.
Forty-four tons at 7s. 1/2d. } is }	15	13	4
Thirty-two at ditto	11	8	0

Superiority of the former. 4 5 4

This comparison shews the great profit of applying the best land of a farm to the culture of cabbages; and it proves at the same time the advantage of manuring and fallowing well. I apprehend there are more beneficial ways of applying manure than to this culture. But to carry this comparison the farther, I shall next state the soils and product.

On clays and strong loams.

Mr. Turner	39 tons
Mr. Crowe	35
Mr. Scroope	37
Earl of Darlington	40
Mr. Dixon	42
Average	39 tons.

On rich deep light loam.

Mr. Tucker	44
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On other inferior soils.

Mr. Middlemore	54 tons
Mr. Lyffer	27

Mr.

Mr. Smelt - - - 18

Mr. Scroope at Dalton - - 24

Average 30 tons.

The inferiority of the last to the two others shews how much the cabbages af-

fect a rich soil; but at the same time the product on inferior soils proves clearly; that this admirable vegetable thrives to vast profit on all sorts.

FARTHER ACCOUNT OF THE PLAISTER OF PARIS.

[From the Massachusetts Magazine.]

Copy of a letter from Mr. Henry Wynkoop, of Vreden Hoff, Bucks County, Pennsylvania, 13th August, 1787, to the President of the Agricultural Society in Philadelphia.

SIR,

CONSIDERING of the utility of the Plaster of Paris as a grass manure, I communicate to you for the information of the Society, an experiment which I lately made. In the month of March last, as soon as the snow was off the ground, and it was so settled as to bear walking upon the surface, I spread eight bushels of the Plaster of Paris upon two and a half acres of wheat stubble ground, which had been sown the spring before (in common, with the rest of of the field) with about two pounds of red clover seed for pasture; this spot yielded about the middle of June five tons of hay. A small piece ground within the enclosure and of similar quality, having been left unspread with the plaster, afforded an opportunity of distinguishing the effects of Plaster of Paris as a manure; for from the produce of the latter, there was good reason to judge that my piece of clover, without the assistance of the plaster, might have yielded one and a half tons of hay; so that the eight bushels of pulverized stone must have occasioned an increase of three and a half tons of hay upon two and a half acres of ground, in addition to which it is now covered, to appearance, with between two or three tons fit

for the scythe. This soil has been in course of tillage about fifty years, and never had any dung or manure upon it, but was yet what might be called good wheat land. As the effects of the plaster were thus powerful upon such kind of ground, there is good reason to conclude it would be much greater upon a soil previously manured.

With due respect,

I am, &c.

(Signed) HENRY WYNKOOP.

The President of the Agricultural Society in Philadelphia.

I do hereby certify, that the above named Henry Wynkoop is a person of undoubted good character and worthy of credit; and I do also further testify, that Plaster of Paris is much used as a manure in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, and that it is generally held in high estimation by those who have tried it as a manure.

(Signed) SAMUEL POWELL,

President of the Agricultural Society in Philadelphia, June 30, 1789.

P O L I T I C S .

DEBATES IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT

HOUSE OF COMMONS:

June 24.

THE Minister moved the order of the day for the second reading of the Bill for subjecting tobacco to the laws of Excise.

Mr. Alderman Sawbridge opposed the principle of this bill as dangerous to the rights of the subject. At a time when we were commemorating the century of the Revolution, that illustrious epocha of British liberty, the House, he trusted, would not countenance an attempt to infringe that liberty by an extension of the Excise laws. He hoped they would not give up, in another instance, that bulwark of our privileges; trial by jury. The clauses of this Bill were of a nature highly oppressive, full of such restrictions as would injure and impede the Tobacco-dealers in a very great degree. For these reasons, he would dissent from the further progress of this Bill.

Sir Walkin Lewes informed the House, that his constituents had instructed him to oppose the Bill to the utmost of his power, as an encroachment on the natural right of the people; and that his private opinion corresponded with those sentiments. Such an encroachment could not be compensated by that addition of revenue which was expected from the present measure. For his part, he was of opinion, that a reduction of duty would be the best mode of preventing smuggling in this article. While the duties on tobacco were so enormous, in comparison of the prime cost of the commodity, there existed a strong temptation to the smuggler; and he was confident that no Bill, however oppressive, would operate a sufficient check on smuggling, while the duties continued at their present high rate.

Mr. Alderman Newnham appealed to the House if it was a fair, or a decent thing, to hurry a Bill of such magnitude through the House so quickly. It was impossible for the trade themselves to understand all the clauses of this bill, and therefore he thought a more distant day than the morrow (he did not mean a very distant day) ought to be fixed upon by the Right Hon. Gentleman, if he wished the Bill to be understood; but if the Bill was to be smuggled through the House, then he would doubtless go on as he proposed. He begged the Minister to consider his own character, if no other

consideration could have any effect upon him. He also thought it was very extraordinary that a question of this magnitude was debated in so thin a House.

Sir Benjamin Hammett wished to have the revenue carefully and fairly collected, but he by no means wished to have the collection of it enforced by a system so arbitrary as that of the Excise laws; laws which decided causes without a trial by jury. He had always been averse to the laws of Excise, solely because they proceeded on a principle so repugnant to the general spirit of English jurisprudence.

Mr. Samuel Smith was not an enemy to the Excise laws, in themselves, when exerted with moderation; but, in the present Bill, they were coupled with additional severities, and unusual restrictions. One great disadvantage that would arise from employing Excise officers in collecting the duties on tobacco, was, that they would have an opportunity of learning the secrets of a valuable branch of trade; and some of them might be tempted, in hopes of acquiring a fortune, to go over to the Continent, and communicate those secrets to foreign nations.

Mr. Alderman Watton combated the bill. The principal ground on which he rested, was, that a valuable part of our laws, namely, the privilege of being tried by our Peers, would be superseded in part by the Bill now under discussion. With regard to the clauses of the Bill, many of them were extremely severe. He was surprised that a person of such judgment as the Right Hon. Gentleman possessed; should endeavour to increase the revenue by such means as those which were included in the Bill.

Mr. Sheridan condemned the precipitation with which the Minister seemed inclined to carry this Bill through the House. The Excise laws, he said; had already been extended so far, that the people had little to boast of in respect of those invaluable blessings derived from the constitution; and the question now was, whether those blessings should be still further abridged by a very considerable extension of those laws which were incompatible with the freedom of the subject, inasmuch as they deprive him of those blessings which result from a free constitution.

situation. He thought, that before a Bill of such consequence should be hurried thro' the Committee, there should be time given to the Members of that House to consider, of, and deliberate upon, every clause of it; but he insisted that it was impossible for the Members to have considered, it was unlikely that they had even read the clauses of a Bill of such dimensions as to take up 125 folio pages; he hoped, therefore, that there would be some further time given, in which Members might be prepared to make their objections, after having acquired every necessary information.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer was astonished that any thing should fall from the Hon. Gentleman which should impeach the principle of the Bill; a principle that was to rescue the revenue from the frauds which had been practised upon it by the smuggler. Any gentleman who had the credit and the prosperity of the country at heart, could not consistently oppose the general principle of a Bill whose tendency was so salutary. With respect to precipitating the Bill through the House, he denied the charge entirely. He only wanted to bring the proceedings upon it as soon as possible to that stage of maturity, when Members might be prepared with all the objections, which, upon the subsequent proceeding, they would be entitled to urge. He said, that the Excise Laws had been very important engines for the prosperity of the State, as they preserved the revenue more effectually than any other system could do, from the depredations which in most cases it was subject to. The persons who were principally concerned in the operation of the Bill before the Committee had not been taken by surprise; they had been for a long time, for many weeks, in possession of the clauses of it; they therefore were, or should be, ready to state their objections to, and to discover the imperfections of those clauses; and Members, if they chose, by attending at the time when these objections were thus stated, might have an opportunity of deriving much information in a Parliamentary way, upon which they might shape their opposition to the Bill, or which might satisfy them of the propriety of it.

The question of commitment was then put and agreed to; and the next motion from the Chancellor of the Exchequer was, that it be committed to-morrow.

Mr. Alderman Newnham deprecated the precipitancy of this procedure, and moved, by way of amendment to the motion, that, for the word *to-morrow*, there be substituted *Monday*.

Mr. Alderman Watson seconded the amendment.

Mr. Sheridan thought it incumbent on the Right Hon. Gentlemen to acquiesce in the amendment; and if he should not, it would seem as if he wished to deprive Members of an opportunity of being masters of the Bill, from a consciousness that it would not bear the test of a scrutiny.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer expressed his hope, that, whatever conclusions the Hon. Gentleman might be disposed to draw, concerning his conduct upon this occasion, the rest of the world would do him more justice, and proceed upon fairer grounds. The Bill was of so much importance to the revenue of this country, that he could not, in conscience, suffer any delay to interpose in the completion of a remedy so much wanted.

Mr. Rolle said, he had reason to believe that the Bill was pretty well known in the country, because he had received information that the receivers had signified to the smugglers that they could not take any more of their tobacco.

A division now ensued on the amendment,

Ayes — 20

Noes — 77

Majority — 57

for committing the Bill to-morrow.

The House then went into a Committee on the Fisheries.
Adjourned.

Thursday, June 25.

The Order of the Day being read for committing the Tontine Bill,

The Chancellor of the Exchequer stated, that in consequence of a misunderstanding between him and the gentlemen who had contracted for the Tontine, it was necessary that an instruction be given to the Committee on that Bill. He said that it had been the usual practice in former loans, to allow the interest for the whole sum subscribed, from the date of the first instalment. It was, however, his idea at the time when this loan was agreed upon, that the interest should commence only from the date of the respective instalments, and only for the sum actually paid; but as he found that the Contractors had bargained upon the faith and upon the practice of former loans, he thought the public ought to give it up; and therefore he moved, that it be an instruction to the Committee on the said Bill, to provide for the interest of the sum of one million borrowed by Tontine, commencing from the 5th of July 1789, which he added, would make a difference of about one per cent. upon the whole sum.

Mr. Dempster said, that if the Subscribers disapproved of their bargain as meant by the Right Hon. Gentleman, they might recede from it.

The Minister observed, in reply, that though they had misunderstood him in the bargain, it would be better for the Government to lose the difference above-mentioned, than do any thing that might even wear the appearance of breach of faith.

Mr. Francis thought that there was still some ambiguity in the business.

Mr. Drake observed that the Minister ought to be more explicit in his bargains, by which means all future misunderstanding would be avoided.

Mr. Sheridan said, there would be 10,000l. more interest to be paid now, than there ought to have been.

Mr. Rose and Mr. Hufsey also spoke, after which the Committee on the Bill took place, and a clause was introduced to the purport of Mr. Pitt's motion above stated.

It was resolved that one share only of the loan should never produce more than 10,000l. per annum.

The House having resolved itself into a Committee on the Bill for appointing an annual commemoration of the glorious revolution, several amendments were made to the Bill, and the Sunday preceding the 16th of December, or the 16th of December, if it fell on a Sunday, was fixed on for the Anniversary day; the Bill was then ordered to be reported.

The House next resolved itself into a Committee on the Bill for regulating the duties on tobacco; Counsel against the Bill were called in; and after a long examination of witnesses, the Chairman reported progress, and the House adjourned.

Friday, June 26.

Passed the Scottish Episcopalians Bill.

Mr. Dempster moved, that the regulations respecting Quebec be taken into consideration early in the next session. Agreed unanimously.

Mr. Sheridan brought in his Bill for reforming the interior government of the Scotch boroughs.

Sir James Johnstone said it was very improbable that the Hon. Gentleman would be able to make out his allegations respecting the boroughs of North Britain. He ought to have had better grounds for his interference in a matter of such importance as a reform in the established constitution of a number of very ancient corporations.

Mr. Sheridan replied, that the case he intended to make out was not a frivolous one, but one of the strongest cases, he be-

lieved, that ever came under discussion. He was ready to produce many witnesses, whose testimony would prove the existence of several abuses in the administration of these boroughs, abuses which were not the less heinous, because they were of long standing. He was confident that he should make it appear to the House, that a reform was absolutely necessary for the good government of the boroughs in question. He moved that the second reading of the Bill be on Monday (next) night, which was agreed to.

The House then went into a Committee upon the Tobacco Bill. Mr. Sheridan moved, that the evidence given at the Bar upon the subject of this Bill be printed from day to day, for the use of the Members. This motion was opposed as unnecessary by Mr. Pitt. Mr. Pottlethwaite, a tobaccoist, was then called in and examined at the bar, and the House, after hearing evidence for some hours, adjourned to

Monday, June 27.

Mr. Dempster read a petition subscribed by a considerable number of newsmen, complaining of that clause in the Newspaper Tax Bill, which prohibits the letting out papers to hire. This, they said, was not only a severe, but an unprecedented regulation, against which they prayed to be heard by Counsel. He therefore moved, that this petition be brought up.

Mr. Drake seconded the motion.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer opposed the reception of the petition on this ground; that no petition against a tax bill could be received; consistently with parliamentary form, till at least the next session after the passing of such Bill.

Sir Grey Cooper thought the petitioners might fairly be heard.

On a division the numbers were, for receiving the petition, 13—Against it, 4—Majority 24.

The petition was therefore not brought up.

The House then resolved itself into a Committee on the Tobacco Bill, and Mr. Spencer, a tobaccoist, was called to the bar, and examined.

After hearing evidence for some hours, the House adjourned till

Tuesday, June 30.

The House formed a Committee on the Bill for imposing additional duties on Probates of Wills and Legacies.

Mr. Sheridan thought it fair, that legacies bequeathed before the operation of this Bill, but not yet paid, should be exempted from these new duties.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer was not inclined to agree to the exemption of any

any legacies which should not happen to have been paid before the date at which this Bill is to commence. He thought the time of payment to be a proper time for their being liable to the tax, whether bequeathed before or after the date of the present Bill.

The Bill passed the Committee without

any amendments, and the report was ordered to be received to-morrow.

The evidence of Mr. Ralph Edwards was then heard on the subject of the tobacco bill, Mr. Hobart being in the chair of the Committee. After a detail of evidence, the House adjourned.

SPEECH of His Excellency JOHN PARR, Esq; Lieutenant-Governor and Commander in Chief in and over His Majesty's Province of Nova-Scotia, and its Dependencies, Vice-Admiral of the same, &c. &c. &c. to the COUNCIL and HOUSE of ASSEMBLY.

Gentlemen of the Council and House of Assembly,

IT is with the utmost satisfaction I can acquaint you, that those gloomy apprehensions under which our minds were so heavily oppressed, during the last session, on account of the indisposition of our most gracious Sovereign, cannot now any longer exist, as the perfect re-establishment of his Majesty's health, has entirely removed all such dread and fears; and restored to his Majesty's subjects that abundant happiness, of which they are so duly and justly sensible.

Your exertions, Gentlemen, for promoting the welfare of this Province, through the means of agriculture and commerce, have given sufficient proofs of your attention to the only objects, which being wisely pursued, will gradually bring you to a flourishing and prosperous condition.

I have called you now together, as early as this season of the year would permit, to resume the consideration of these matters; and, at the same time, to consult about the most proper and effectual means for discharging the accumulated and increasing debt for which the Province is engaged, that by providing a satisfactory security for the payment of each individual, the public credit may be fully established, and a good foundation laid for every laudable undertaking.

This, Gentlemen, is a matter of so great and necessary importance, that I need not press it on you, as I am fully sensible, that you will enter on the consideration of it, with all that attention and zeal, which the nature of it requires.

The revival, amendment, and necessary continuation of expiring laws together with the consideration of the weighty matters I have already mentioned to you, will require your unanimity and dispatch.

Those papers which shall be requisite for your information, will be laid before you by the public officers.

Gentlemen,

My earnest wish is the happiness of this Province, which is a duty incumbent on me to promote. And I rely on your efforts, towards the accomplishment of that important purpose, which so necessarily calls on your consideration and attention.

To his Excellency

JOHN PARR, Esq;
Lieutenant-Governor and Commander in Chief in and over his Majesty's Province of Nova-Scotia, and its Dependencies, Vice-Admiral of the same, &c. &c. &c.

The humble Address of his Majesty's Council in General Assembly.

IT gives his Majesty's Council the highest satisfaction to learn from your Excellency's speech, at the opening of this session of the General Assembly, the perfect re-establishment of his Majesty's health, which ensures to all his faithful subjects a further continuance of those blessings they have so long enjoyed under his just and wise government.

The agriculture and commerce of this part of the British dominions, being objects of the first magnitude, and by which its prosperity can be best advanced, shall, as they ought, claim our attention and utmost support, more especially as the benefits arising from them must in a great measure centre in the parent state.

We beg leave to assure your Excellency that we shall heartily concur with the House of Assembly in any effectual means that may be adopted to reduce or discharge the debt of this Province, and in all other measures that may tend to establish the good faith and credit of the government, and the honor and happiness of your Excellency's administration.

Answer of the Lieutenant-Governor to the Address of his Majesty's Council.

I THANK you for this Address so expressive of loyalty to his Majesty, and zeal for the welfare of his Majesty's Province.

And I am well assured of your faithful support in the government of it.

To his Excellency

JOHN PARR, Esq;

Lieutenant-Governor and Commander in Chief in and over his Majesty's Province of Nova-Scotia and its Dependencies; Vice-Admiral of the Same, &c. &c. &c.

The humble Address of the House of Representatives in General Assembly.

May it please your Excellency,

WE, his Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects, the representatives of the Commons of the Province of Nova-Scotia, in General Assembly convened, beg leave to return our thanks to your Excellency for your speech at the opening of the present session; and permit us to assure your Excellency, that the restoration of our most gracious Sovereign to health, gives us that heart-felt satisfaction which an event so happy to this Province, and every other part of his dominions can inspire in the breasts of his faithful and affectionate subjects.

Your Excellency may depend on our utmost endeavours to promote the agri-

culture and commerce of this colony, as the only means of advancing its opulence and bringing it into that prosperous and flourishing condition that will make it a valuable appendage to the British crown, and which only can enable it to discharge the accumulated debt contracted on the public faith; this we are fully sensible must be supported in order to accomplish any laudable undertaking.

We shall with great cheerfulness enter into that necessary part of our duty respecting the laws now existing that require to be continued or amended, and we confidently hope for that unanimity and dispatch in all our public measures, which may be expected from men interested in and disposed to promote the welfare of the country they are intrusted to represent.

We beg leave to offer to your Excellency our warmest thanks for the interest you are pleased to express in the happiness of this Province, and your Excellency may be assured of the readiest concurrence on our part in every measure calculated to promote that desirable object.

Answer of the Lieutenant Governor to the Address of the House of Assembly.

Gentlemen,

YOUR loyal and zealous attachment to his Majesty has my best acknowledgments.

And I shall depend on your endeavours for improving those measures, by which the prosperity of this Province can be most effectually established.

NEW

NEW BOOKS.

The Four Gospels, translated from the Greek: with preliminary Dissertations and Notes critical and explanatory. By George Campbell, D. D. Principal of the Marischal College, Aberdeen. 2 Vol. in 4to. Price Two Guineas in Boards. Cadell, 1789.

[From the *Analytical Review*.]

WE are happy to have it in our power to give to the public so early an account of this important and learned work, which we have so long wished to see, and which we have read with uncommon pleasure.

The first volume (of 700 pages) contains a dedication to the present Bishop of Carlisle, a Preface, and twelve preliminary Dissertations.

In the preface, our author gives an account of the origin and preparation of the work. As far back as the year 1750, he formed the design of collecting criticisms on the New-Testament; and particularly to take notice of such proposed alterations on the manner of translating the words of the original, as appeared to express the meaning with more perspicuity or energy.—In this way he proceeded many years, merely for his own improvement; till he found that he had made a new version of a considerable part of the book. Having afterwards, occasion to turn his thoughts more closely to Scriptural Criticism, he entered into a more minute examination of the subject; of which the present work was the result. On some of the points re-examined, he found reason to change his first opinion; on others he was confirmed in the judgment he had formerly adopted.

‘I have always (says he) laid it down as a rule in my researches, to divest myself, as much as possible, of an excessive deference to the judgment of men: and I think that, in my attempting this, I have not been unsuccessful—but, at the same time, I have been ready to give a patient hearing and impartial examination to reason and argument, from what quarter soever it proceeded. That a man differs* from me on some articles, has given me no propensity to reject his sentiments on other articles: neither does the concurrence of his sentiments with mine on some points, make me prone to admit his sentiments on others. Truth I have always sought; and if a man may pronounce safely on what passes within his own breast, I am warranted to say, I have sought it in the love of Truth.’

Our author here points out with great shrewdness; the difference which, he thinks, there exists between

The impartial seekers of truth, and those who, under the appearance of exalting human reason, idolize all their own conceptions and prejudices. In what concerns revelation, reason has a twofold province: first, to judge whether what is presented to us as a revelation from God, be really such or not: secondly, to judge what is the import of the testimony given.—With the first, (the evidences of the truth of our religion) I am not here concerned. The great design of this work is, to deliver with plainness, in our own tongue, a very essential part of what was, more than seventeen centuries ago communicated in another tongue, to the inhabitants of countries remote from ours. It was in order, the more effectually to answer this end, that I determined, on reflection, to add to the Version the preliminary Dissertations and Notes.

Dr. C. then takes notice of the principal difficulties which a modern translator of the holy scriptures has to encounter; arising chiefly from the distance of time; the difference of manners; the change that has gradually been made in the acceptance of many terms, and the inveterate prejudices of religious system.

‘Hence (says he) the propriety of *Scholiaz* or notes, for vindicating a new version.—For (adds he very justly) it is not on account of any peculiar obscurity in sacred writ, that more has been judged requisite in this way with regard to it, than with regard to any other writings; but partly on account of certain peculiarities in the case; and partly on account of the superior importance of the subject.’

As, in illustrating the principles on which some of the Author's translations are founded, a great deal more seemed necessary to do justice to the argument, than could with propriety be thrown into the notes; it was deemed expedient to discuss some points more fully in preliminary dissertations.

This however is not the only use they were

* We have some doubt, whether this be properly expressed. We think it should be rather, ‘a man's differing from me, &c.’

were meant to answer. Though there has appeared, since the revival of letters, a numerous list of Critics on the Bible, little has been done, our Author thinks,

For ascertaining the proper, and, in some respects peculiar rules of criticising the Sacred Books; for pointing out the difficulties and dangers to which the different methods have been exposed; and the most probable means of surmounting the one, and escaping the other. Something in this way has been attempted here.

Dr. C. professes to have endeavoured with equal care, to avoid an immoderate attachment to *antiquity* and *novelty*; nor is he conscious of having

‘In any instance been inclined to disguise the falsity of an opinion, because ancient, or hastily admit its truth, because new.—There are indeed (says he) many cases, wherein antiquity and universality are evidences of the same importance; and it has been all along my intention, never to overlook these circumstances, where they could be urged with propriety: for certain it is, that singularity is rather an unfavourable presumption: but I hope that, with the help of some things which are treated of in the dissertations, the intelligent and candid reader will be convinced, that no where have I more effectually restored the undisguised sentiments of antiquity, than where I employ expressions which, at first sight, may appear to proceed from the affectation of novelty.

In an age like the present, (says our author a little after) wherein literary productions are so greatly multiplied, it is not matter of wonder that readers, when they hear of any new work, enquire about what, in modern phrase, is called the *originality* of the thoughts, and the beauties of style it possesses. The press teems daily with the labours of the learned. Plenty in this, as in every other commodity, makes people harder to be pleased; hence it happens, that authors are sometimes tempted, for the sake of gratifying the fastidious taste of their readers, to affect paradoxes; being more solicitous about the newness, than about the truth of their sentiments. Though I cannot help thinking this preference injudicious whatever be the subject; it is highly blameable in every thing wherein religion or morals are concerned. To this humour, therefore, no sacrifice can be expected here. The principal part of the work is translation. A translator, if he do justice to his author and his subject, can lay no claim to originality. The thoughts are the author's: the translator's business is to convey them, unadulterated,

in the words of another language.—In the translation here offered, I have endeavoured to conform strictly to this obligation. As to the remarks to be found in the dissertations and notes, nothing was farther from my purpose than to sacrifice truth to novelty; at the same time, I will frankly acknowledge, that if I had not thought myself qualified to throw some light on this most important part of holy writ, no consideration should have induced me to obtrude my reflections on the public.

With regard to the language, particularly of the version itself, simplicity, propriety and perspicuity, are the qualities at which the author chiefly aimed; and we will take upon us to say, that his aim has been seldom frustrated.

Dr. C. then obviates the objections that have lately been made by some otherwise ‘knowing and ingenious men,’ against giving new translations of any part of scripture; and combats them by much the same reasonings, as Dr. Geddes has employed in the *appendix* to his *prospectus* of a new translation of the bible. In fact, the same objections have been made against every new translation from the beginning; and—

It is remarkable (says our author) that from the days of Jerom to the present, the same terrible forebodings have always accompanied the undertaking, and vanished on the execution; insomuch that the fatal effects predicted, have never afterwards been heard of.

Some perhaps (continues he) are ready here to interpose, if new translations were only to be used as private helps for understanding the scriptures, they would not be objected to; but what has alarmed the minds of men is, that some attempts have been made to persuade the public, of the need there is for a new and more correct version of the bible, with the sanction of the higher powers for the use of the churches. As to any project of this kind I can say very little, as I know not in particular what is projected: at the same time I must acknowledge, that in the general view, it appears to me a very delicate point. To establish a version of scripture by human authority in the public service of God, to the express exclusion of every other version, is a measure about the public propriety of which, at any time I am far from being satisfied. The public use of particular translations of the bible, for many centuries, took its rise from the general use of them in private; and to this private use, no doubt, the favourable opinion of the pastors (but more we presume, the high idea that was entertained of the translator's abilities) greatly con-

tributed. But then the effect was produced gradually and tacitly; in consequence of which it appeared the result of the people's free choice; though not formally declared, well enough understood. It was in this way that the old *Italic* first came into use in the Latin church; and it was in this way, from the growing predilection of the people, that the present Vulgate at length supplanted it.

Immediately after the Reformation, the opportunity was very favourable for procuring, among those who favoured it, a welcome reception to any version of the bible into the vulgar tongue, which had the approbation of the heads of the party; and if, from the changes in their rulers, there had been some changes in relation to the scriptures to be read in the congregation, what was established was of so short continuance, that the mind could hardly be said to be pre-occupied by it.

But the case at present is widely different. Learning is in more hands—critics are multiplied. The press is open, and every cavil, as well as every argument, is quickly circulated. Besides, the prepossession in favour of the translation to which we have been so long habituated, is at this day, very strong. Add to all this, that the religious, as well as the civil rights of mankind, were never better understood; the genuine principles of toleration, had never greater influence. How, then, should we be affected, upon hearing that we are commanded, under pains and penalties, by our superiors, to read, and cause to be read in our churches, such a particular translation of the bible only, and never more to admit into the sacred service, that version to which we have been hitherto all our lives accustomed, and for which we have contracted a high veneration?

For my part, I will not dissemble the matter: I should think such a measure exceedingly incongruous to the spirit of that religion, which the legislators perhaps intended to serve by it; and no less unseasonable, in respect of the age and country wherein we live. I perfectly agree with Tertullian, that "religion and coercion of mind are utterly incompatible."

But is there nothing then (says Dr. C.) which can with propriety be attempted by the higher powers, spiritual or temporal, for promoting the success of an accurate translation of the bible?—The utmost (he answers) which, in my judgment, can be done; if such a version should, in any future period, be offered to the public, is to remove the obstructions which those powers have heretofore raised to prevent

its introduction; and to permit, not command, the use of it.

All this seems to be dictated by reason itself; and we trust it will, consequently, have its due effect on the public.

Dr. C. concludes his most sensible and well written preface with these words:

"I am not confident of my own reasonings. I am sensible that, on many points, I have changed my opinion, and found reason to correct what I had judged formerly to be right. The consciousness of former mistakes, proves a guard to preserve me from such a presumptuous confidence in my present judgment, as would preclude my giving a patient hearing, to whatever may be urged from reason or scripture, in opposition to it. Truth has been in all my inquiries, and still is my great aim. To her I am ready to sacrifice every personal consideration; but am determined not, knowingly, to sacrifice her to any thing."

Having, by these extracts, made our readers acquainted with the nature of Dr. C.'s work, and his manner of treating it, we shall now give, barely, the contents of his dissertations, which take up the whole remainder of the first volume.

They are twelve in number, and are regular introductions, one to another.

The *first* contains many excellent, and some new observations on the language and idiom of the New Testament; on the diversity of style, and on the inspiration of the sacred writers. This last, however, is far from being handled in the manner we might have expected.

In the *second* dissertation Dr. C. treats of the causes to which the principal differences in languages are imputable; the origin of the changes produced in the language and idiom of the Jews; and the principal difficulties to be encountered in translating the sacred books.—All this is curious, and laboured with great care.

Dissertation the *third* is an excellent piece of writing, on the style of the scripture history, particularly the gospels.—The objections of the celebrated oratorian, F. Simon, against the perspicuity of the style, are here fairly and judiciously confuted.

Dissertation the *fourth* consists of observations, (and excellent observations they are) on the right method of proceeding in the critical examination of the books of the New Testament.—We were particularly pleased with what he says in Section 12, &c. about interpreting scripture from the *analogy of faith*, and verbal *etymology*.—Nothing, we think, can more readily mislead an interpreter than these two guides.

In dissertation the *ffth*, Dr. C. endeavours to ascertain the proper import of some particular words and phrases used in the gospel, to prepare the reader for his version of them.

Dissertation the *sixth*, is an inquiry into the differences in the import of some words commonly thought synonymous.

In dissertation the *seventh*, the author makes many pertinent remarks on the titles of honour, that most frequently occur in the New Testament.

Dissertation the *eighth*, is employed in discussing a number of points, relative to the weights, coins and measures; the rites, feasts and festivals; the dresses, judicatories and offices, mentioned in the New Testament; to which there are not any terms that perfectly correspond in modern languages. In general Dr. C. would retain the original name; (and we think very justly) except when there is no danger of mistaking, or weakening the sense from the use of equivalent, or nearly equivalent words. He here takes occasion to expose the absurdity of *Le Gent's* rule of translating. *Le Gent*, however, did not, in his translation; always follow the ridiculous rules laid down in his *prolegomena*. He does not render, Matthew v. 15. *Neither do men light a candle to put it under a measure, that contains about a pint, less than a peck; but, One lights not a lamp, to put it under a bushel.*

Dissertation the *ninth*, is an inquiry, whether certain names, which have been adopted into most translations of scripture in the west, coincide in meaning with the original terms from which they are derived, and of which they are used as the version.

In dissertation the *tenth*, Dr. C. considers the chief things to be attended to in translating; namely, — to give a just representation of the sense of the original, — to express as much as possible the charac-

ter of the author's style, — to give to the version so far the quality of an original, as to appear natural and easy. This leads the author to take notice of two extremes in translating;

* From one of which we derive what is called a *close* and *literal*; from the other a *loose* and *free* translation. Each has its advocates. But though the latter kind is most patronized; when the subject is a performance merely human, the general sentiments, as far as I am able to collect them, seem rather to favour the former, when the subject is any part of holy writ. And this difference appears to proceed from a very laudable principle, that we are not entitled to use so much freedom with the dictates of inspiration, as with the works of a fellow-creature.†

It often happens however (continues our author) on such general topics, when no particular version is referred to as an example of excess on one side, or on the other, that people agree in words, when their opinions differ; and differ in words when their opinions agree. For I may consider a translation as *close*; which another would denominate *free*; or as *free*; which another would call *close*. Indeed I imagine that, in the best sense of the words, a good translation ought to have both these qualities. To avoid all ambiguity, therefore, we shall call one extreme *literal*, as manifesting a greater attention to the letter than to the meaning; the other *loose*;† as implying under it not liberty but licentiousness.

As an example of the first extreme, Dr. C. produces Arias Montanus; and he could hardly have chosen a better example.‡ — Such versions as this, Dr C. would call *travesties* not translations.

Before the Doctor proceeds to examine and exemplify the other extreme, he interjects his strictures on the Latin Vulgate, as a medium between the two; and his judgment

* On n'allume pas une lampe, pour la mettre sous un boisseau.

† Might not a *Montanus* or a *Malvenda*, make use of this plea.

‡ This indeed is the most proper term it can be called by. For a translation may be *free* and yet rigorously *strict*; we would have said, *literal*, if the meaning of that word had not been perverted to signify such versions as *measure*, not *weigh*, the words of the original.

§ We have, however, seen a *ms.* version of a part of Genesis, by the late Mr. Thomas Boston of Ettrick; which, in this respect, surpasses even Arias himself. — The following is his version of Genesis i. 21. 22. 'And God—he—created even—the—dragons, the—great—ones; and even—all soul, the—living—one, the—treading—one, which swarm—did the—waters to—their—kind; and even—all flying—thing of wing to—its kind; and God—he saw how good. 22. And God—he blessed them, for—to—say; Be—ye—fruitful and—increase; and—fill even—the waters in—the—seas; &c.'

judgment on it we think just and candid; equally distant from the excessive eulogies of the catholics, and the ill-founded censures of the protestants.

Castalio's version is that which our author adduces as the extreme opposite to verbal translation.

Yet Castalio's work is no paraphrase, such as we have sometimes seen under the name of *liberal translations*; for in these, there are always interwoven with the thoughts of the author, those of his interpreter,—but here a loose manner of interpreting is adopted, not for the sake of insinuating the translator's opinions, but merely for the sake of expressing with elegance, the sense of the original.

This was certainly Castalio's aim,—though he often overshoot the mark,—and we almost perfectly agree with Dr. C. as to the merit of his work.

Although Beza cannot be said to have gone into either of the extremes above-mentioned; Dr. C. charges him, and too justly charges him, with wilfully perverting his text, to make it speak the language of his party,—This, we fear, was not uncommon to translators of all denominations, in that age of polemics; though we think that the French catholic translators were, in general, more licentious in this respect, than the protestants—the calvinists of Geneva excepted.

We cannot help transcribing a part of the conclusion of this dissertation.

These examples (says Dr. C.) may suffice to shew, that if translators shall think themselves entitled, with Beza and Le Cene, &c. to use such liberties with the original; in order to make it speak their own sentiments, we shall soon have as many bibles as we have sects, each adapted to support a different system of doctrine and morality.—Of so much consequence it is in a translator to banish all party considerations, to forget as far as possible that he is connected with any party; and to be ever on his guard, lest the spirit of the sect absorb the spirit of the Christian; and he appear to be more the follower of some human teacher, a Calvin, an Arminius, a Socinus, a Pelagius, an Arius or an Athanasius—than of our only divine and rightful teacher, Christ.

It is remarkable, and must give pleasure to every liberal mind; that a divine of the church of Scotland, and a divine of the church of Rome, should, treating on this subject, coincide in sentiment and almost

in words. See Dr. Geddes's *Prospectus*, &c. p. 141, 142.

Dissertation the *eleventh*.—Of the regard which, in translating scripture into English, is due to the practice of former times; particularly of the Latin Vulgate, and of the common English version. In this dissertation, the Doctor takes occasion to examine the rules for translating laid down by Father Simon; and shews that they are often inconsistent—sometimes contradictory.—The truth is, we believe; that Father Simon had no settled rules of translating; and that his superior judgment was too often the dupe of his prejudices, and not seldom of his passions.

With regard to the common English translation, (says Dr. C.) though not entirely exempted from the influence of party and example, it is upon the whole, one of the best of those composed so soon after the reformation. I may say justly that, had it not been for an immoderate attachment, in its authors, to the Genevese translators, it had been still better; for the greater faults with which it is chargeable, are derived from this source.

Our author, then, brings many proper instances of words and phrases in the common version, that should be changed in a new translation.—Of all which changes; except perhaps one or two, we cannot withhold our approbation.

The *twelfth* and last dissertation, is a more particular account of what Dr. C. has attempted in his translation of the gospels, and in the notes that accompany them.—The subject he divides into five heads.—The first comprehends all that concerns essential qualities of the version.—The second what relates to the various readings of the original.—The third contains remarks on the particular English dialect employed in this version.—The fourth what regards the outward form of it; and the fifth some account of the notes.

Whoever reads this dissertation with any degree of attention (and we recommend a serious perusal of it to every biblical student) will be convinced how difficult a thing it is to translate with justness, perspicuity and energy; and of the indispensable necessity every translator is under of studying well the genius of both idioms, in order to transfer the true meaning of one language into another.—In another Number, we shall give specimens of the version, and of the notes.

A CHARGE delivered to the Clergy of the Province of Quebec, at the primary Visitation holden in the city of Quebec, in the month of August 1789. By the Right Reverend Charles, Bishop of Nova-Scotia. 12mo. Halifax. Henry. 1790.

IT was long and justly regretted by the members of the church of England in the American colonies, that they were denied the advantage of a resident Bishop; who might stimulate the zeal, or correct the abuses of the inferiour clergy, and relieve the natives from the dangers and expence they were exposed to, before they could obtain ordination. Our gracious Sovereign, amongst whose many virtues piety is not the least conspicuous, has been pleased to remedy this evil, with regard to the remaining British provinces here, by erecting them into a see with the title of the Bishoprick of Nova Scotia. The Prelate, whom he hath appointed to this important trust, has abundantly justified the wisdom of his choice, by the zeal and industry with which he has entered upon the duties of his high office. He was consecrated to the new see in 1787: He held a visitation of the clergy of this province in 1788: In the same year he visited the province of New-Brunswick: And in the succeeding summer of 1789, he took a voyage to Quebec. To this last place some of his clergy came no less than *four hundred* miles to meet him; and it was here that he delivered the charge which is now published at their request.

It contains much prudent advice, and many warm exhortations, to that purity of life and laborious attention to their calling, by which alone the ministers of Christ can support his religion, under the difficulties with which it has here to contend. As this publication is not intended for sale, it is equally unnecessary to detail its contents, or to give an opinion upon the merits of the composition. It may not however be unacceptable or useless to our readers, to insert as a specimen, what is said upon the subject of infidelity.

Whether infidelity has made any advances in these parts, I know not. Considering how flattering it is to the pride, and how indulgent to the corruptions, of

human nature, there is reason to apprehend it will meet with a kind reception from several persons in many places. The grounds and reasons of Revealed Religion are therefore a subject to which the Clergy should every where direct their studies. And this is the more necessary, as the advocates of infidelity, are, by a preposterous zeal, assiduous in making proselytes; and generally lay claim to a superiority of erudition, sagacity and understanding in themselves, and in the champions of their cause.

I am no stranger to the writers on the side of infidelity, in the last and present century; and I must candidly declare, I see not the smallest ground for such a claim; but the reverse. They are very alert in their attempts to unsettle the principles of others; but in exchange, they seldom give us any thing else than their own crude speculations, which are repugnant to the common sense and experience of mankind.—To speak in the softest terms, this manifests an affectation of singularity, which is by no means a proof of superior talents.

If the history of philosophy, and of the various branches of science in their present highly improved state, be consulted in order to bring this matter to a fair issue; it will be found that none of those improvements were derived from infidel writers. We owe little or nothing in this way to Herbert or Hobbes, to Tindal or Toland, to Collins or Shaftsbury, to Bolingbroke or Hume, or others who have obtruded their speculations on the world in behalf of infidelity.*

A Genius very different from, and superior to theirs—a genius, whose rays were much brighter and stronger, illuminated the Bacon and Boyles, the Lockes and Newtons, to whom science is really indebted for its improvements. These, and others like them, are the men who rightly applied the excellent talents that were

* BRUCE, in his *Critical History of Philosophy*, has given a pretty accurate account of those persons who, since the revival of letters, were distinguished by their genius, and contributed to the improvement of science. The account is brought down nearly to the middle of the present Century; and I do not recollect that he mentions any one infidel that was eminent for his talents, and made any useful discoveries, or added to the stock of human knowledge in any article of importance. Vide BRUCE, *Hist. Critic. Philos.* Vol. IV. V. Lipsiz, 1733, 1744. 4to. To this purpose also, the *Historia universalis Atheismi et Atheorum* of Reinman, the *Theses Theologicae de Atheismo et Superstitione* of BUDDEUS, LIZLAND's *View of Deistical Writers*, and others on the subject, may be consulted; and the result will be found the same.

were bestowed upon them—these, and such as they, are the men who enlarged the sphere of human knowledge, and cultivated the human understanding; and these were sincere and devout Believers. So that if Christianity stood in need of such an argument, (though it certainly does not) it has unquestionably the superiority of human talents on its side.*

That you should have a competent knowledge of this subject, is evident, not indeed to be contentious, as in the former case, but that you may guard your flocks against the inroads of Infidelity. It is often attended with one unhappy consequence, even where people have not adopted its pernicious tenets—which is to abate their ardour in pursuit of salvation. For whilst they see the conduct of some, who, with deliberate malice, oppose the cause of religion; they allow themselves to remain in a state of indifference and neutrality; and even think it highly meritorious. This is one source of that de-

plorable lukewarmness which so generally prevails in every thing that relates to God, to Religion, and its Ordinances.†

To the charge is annexed a catalogue of books proper for the library of a divine, amounting to upwards of 125 volumes, in folio; 55 in quarto; and 200 in octavo. Short characters are given of some, and necessary cautions against exceptionable parts. Such a store of knowledge would be undoubtedly an invaluable acquisition; but such, we fear, as the finances of few clergymen in this country will admit. The scarcity of books is likely to prove the most formidable discouragement to the growth of every branch of knowledge in the province. The most lively method of obviating this want would be to form subscription libraries in the principal towns; which though small at first, would be gradually accumulating, and would at least excite a greater desire for information than seems at present to prevail.

T 2

POETRY.

* See this point very ably stated by the learned Dr. JORTIN, in a Charge he delivered, as Archdeacon of London, May 3, 1765, and printed in the seventh volume of his sermons. 'To the Gospel, says he, and to those who embraced it, are due our grateful acknowledgments for the learning that is at present in the world. The Infidels educated in Christian countries owe what learning they have to Christianity; and act the part of those brutes, which when they have sucked the dam, turn about and strike her. — To whom are we indebted for the knowledge of antiquities, sacred and secular; for every thing that is called *philology*, or the *Literæ humaniores*? To Christians. To whom for Grammars and Dictionaries of the learned languages? To Christians. To whom for Chronology, and the continuation of History through many centuries? To Christians. To whom for rational systems of Morality and Natural Religion? To Christians. To whom for metaphysical researches carried as far as the subject will permit? To Christians. To whom for the moral rules to be observed by nations in war and peace? To Christians. To whom for *Jurisprudence*, and for political knowledge, and for settling the rights of subjects, both civil and religious, upon a proper foundation? To Christians. Not to Atheists or Deists, some of whom have been known advocates of tyranny. To whom for the great work of Reformation? To Christians. Let me add; and very often to Christian Divines.—Great-Britain in this and the last Century hath produced Deistical or Atheistical writers; as Herbert, Hobbes, Toland, Shaftsbury, Collins, Mandeville, Woolston, Tindal, Morgan, Chubb, Bolingbroke, Hume, and some who are anonymous. I shall not enter into a detail of the various things which are justly censurable in these authors; but keeping the present subject in view, I observe that some of them have been ignorant and illiterate; most of them a sort of half-scholars and retailers of second-hand wares; none of them eminently learned, or contributors to the advancement of erudition and knowledge in any material article.' JORTIN'S Sermons, Vol. VII. p. 372, 373. Edit. 1772.

† The last writer of any note that has figured on the side of Infidelity is Mr. Gibbon in his *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. This Gentleman has disgraced his, otherwise valuable, History with disingenuous insinuations against Revelation; and misrepresentations of the primitive Christians. Or to use the words of Mr. Travis, addressed to this author—'You have, artfully enough, suggested ambiguous insinuations, where you durst not hazard an accusation—You have laboured to raise a sneer, where you durst not risk an argument.' This mode of attacking Christianity, has been often practised; but all lovers of truth and candour must hold it in abhorrence. It argues a bad cause, which cannot be supported by fair argument; it implies unmanliness in the assailant, who skulks, as it were, under covert, that he may annoy with more safety. This method is become stale—it should be changed, if it were only for the sake of variety.

P O E T R Y.

R E T I R E M E N T.

By DR. BEATTIE.

I.

WHEN in the crimson cloud of even
The lingering light decays,
And Hesper on the front of heaven
His glittering gem displays;
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive youth of placid mein,
Indulg'd his tender theme:

II.

Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur piled
High o'er the glimmering dale;
Ye woods, along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale;
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep:

III.

To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
Escaped a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly,
Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest power,
Leans on her ivy'd shrine.

IV.

How shall I woo thee, matchless fair!
Thy heavenly smile how win?
Thy smile that smooths the brow of Care,
And stills the storm within.
O wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Strenge, on silent wing!

V.

Oft let remembrance sooth his mind
With dreams of former days,
When in the lap of Peace reclin'd
He fram'd his infant lays;
When Fancy sov'd at large, nor Care
Nor cold Distrust alarm'd,
Nor envy with malignant glare
His simple youth had harm'd.

VI.

'Twas then, O Solitude! to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart sincere, and warm, and free,
Devoted to the shade.
Ah why did Fate his steps decoy
In stormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy!—
O take the wanderer home.

VII.

Thy shades, thy silence, now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;

My

I shall make two remarks on this attempt to injure Christianity. One is, that so far as the author exposes Intolerance or Bigotry, Persecution or Hypocrisy, Christianity is obliged to him; for the Gospel utterly disclaims them—light and darkness are not more opposite to each other, than they are to its mild, pure and gentle spirit; and if any of its professors are influenced by them, they so far depart from the Gospel, and cease to be Christians.

The other remark is—that Christianity will derive advantage from this, as it has from every similar attack. Mr. Gibbon's misrepresentations have not only been detected; but much light has been thrown on various passages of Ecclesiastical History, and other subjects connected with Revelation; which will serve to confirm the rational Christian in his faith. This has been done by Dr. CHELSEA in his *Remarks*; by Mr. DAVIS in his *Examination and Reply*; by Sir DAVID DALRYMPLE in his *Inquiry*; by Bishop WATSON in his *Apology for Christianity*; and by Mr. TRAVIS in his *Letters to Edward Gibbon, Esq.*—all written in answer to the XVth and XVth Chapters of Mr. Gibbon's *History*. Several judicious strictures on that History are also contained in *An Inquiry into the Belief of the Christians of the first Three Centuries, respecting the one Godhead of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost*; by W. BURGH, Esq.—a book which does honour to the Author's head and heart; and for which the Christian Church is much obliged to him. Among many points that have been elucidated in the course of this controversy, Mr. TRAVIS has very satisfactorily proved the genuineness of that text, I. John V. 7. of which some learned men had entertained doubts; and has refuted every objection to its authenticity. See the 2d Edit. of his *Letters*, 8vo. 1785. Others, whose writings I have not seen, have called Mr. GIBBON to an account for the censurable passages in his *History*. The above are mentioned merely to satisfy some persons on this side of the Atlantic, that Mr. Gibbon has been ably answered; and who, not knowing it, seemed to think, that, because he received no answer, he was unanswerable.

My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream,
Whence the scard owl on pinions grey
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose.

VIII.

O while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling song,
And balmy from the bank of flowers
The zephyr breathes along;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from grandeur's gilded car
Flash on the startled eye!

IX.

But if some pilgrim thro' the glade
Thy hallow'd bow'rs explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head;
And listen to his lore;
For he of joys divine shall tell
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains his heart below.

X.

For me, no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb those toilsome heights
By guileful Hope misled;
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more,
To Mirth's enlivening strain;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain.

A PANEGYRIC ON BRITAIN.

By Dr. OGILVIE.

YET not o'er nature spread the general traits
Of imperfection. On some happier climes
The hand of Heav'n hath shower'd its
richest spoils,
Profuse of bounty. Though the juicy
grape
Tempt not the lip of luxury, the pine
Feels not the scorching sun, nor on the
bough
Hangs cloth'd in mantling gold, and ripe
to taste,
The mellow orange; yet their plains can
boast
A nobler produce. In Britain's blissful
isle
Gay plenty reigns!
Britannia hail! O! from the world
disjoin'd,

As nature's hand had form'd the soil
retreat
Of happiness and love! no severing sun
Blasts thy gay meads: no deep volcanic
boils

With inward fire; nor thro' the cave be-
neath
Walks the dire earthquake. The tre-
mendous shock;
That from their loose base heaves the
works of man,
Just vibrates on thy bosom; as the voice
Of distant thunder moves the trembling
ground,
And murmurs in the air. Thy fields
rejoice
With cheerful Plenty. On yon waving
plain,
I see the goddess walk! her loosen'd
robe
Fleats on the gale redundant; on her
cheek,
In full luxuriance, swells the blushing
spring,
And scents her breath with myrrh. Mark
how she rears
Her horn aloft, and liberal o'er the field
Pours all her treasures. Man's enliven'd
soul
And all the groves are transport. Hark
the voice
Of music warbles from the bough! the
hind
Feels his heart leaping as he looks around,
And joy's bright ray bursts o'er the kind-
ling mind.
These are the blessing's Heaven's all
bounteous hand.
Showers on her favourite isle: Thrice
happy they,
Who know their worth, and, kindling at
the view
With love, with gratitude, adore the
Power,
Who shap'd this wonderous frame, and
wrought its parts,
To such perfection. Nor less beautiful
form'd
His moral plan. But this to trace at large,
Requires a fitter season. The slow sun
Already sinks behind yon crimson'd cloud,
And gives the world to night.

W I N T E R.

By Dr. JOHNSON.

NO more the morn with tepid rays
Unfolds the flower of various hue;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distils the dew.

The lingering hours prolong the night,
 Ufurping darkness shares the day;
 Her mists restrain the force of light,
 And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
 With sighs we view the hoary hill,
 The leafless wood, the naked field,
 The snow-top'd cot, the frozen rill,

No music warbles thro' the grove,
 No vivid colours paint the plain;
 No more with devious steps I rove
 Thro' verdant paths now sought in vain.

Aloud the driving tempest roars,
 Congeal'd impetuous showers descend;
 Haste, close the window, bar the doors,
 Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.

In nature's aid let art supply
 With light and heat my little sphere;
 Rouze, rouze, the fire, and pile it high,
 Light up a constellation here.

Let music sound the voice of joy!
 Or mirth repeat the jocund tale;
 Let love his wanton wiles employ,
 And o'er the season wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
 When mirth's gay tale shall please no more;
 Nor music charm tho' Stella sings;
 Nor love, nor wine, the spring restore.

Catch then, O! catch the transient hour,
 Improve each moment as it flies;
 Life's a short summer—man a flower,
 He dies—alas! how soon he dies!

MENTAL BEAUTY.

By FITZGERALD.

THE charms which blooming beauty shows
 From faces heav'nly fair,
 We to the lily and the rose
 With semblance apt compare:

With semblance apt, for ah! how soon,
 How soon they all decay!
 The lily drops, the rose is gone,
 And beauty fades away.

But when bright virtue shines, confess,
 With sweet discretion join'd;
 When mildness calms the peaceful breast,
 And wisdom guides the mind;

When charms like these, dear maid, conspire
 Thy person to approve,
 Thy kindly-generous chaste desire,
 And everlasting love.

Beyond the reach of time or fate
 These graces shall endure;
 Still, like the passion they create,
 Eternal, constant, pure.

THE WISE MAN'S WISH.

BY THE SAME.

NO glory I covet, no riches I want,
 Ambition is nothing to me:
 The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
 Is a mind independent and free.

With passion unruffled, untainted with pride,
 By reason my life let me square;
 The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
 And the rest is but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent
 I'll justly and gratefully prize,
 Whilst sweet meditation and cheerful content,
 Shall make me both healthy and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
 Uneenvy'd, I'll challenge my part;
 For every fair object my eye can survey,
 Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly through infinite trouble and strife
 The many their labours employ!
 Since all that is truly delightful in life,
 Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

V E R S E S.

Sent by a Gentleman to his Lady with a
 Present of a Knife.

A Knife, dear girl, cuts love, they say;
 Mere modish love, perhaps, it may:
 For any tool of any kind,
 Can separate what was never join'd.
 The knife that cuts our love in two
 Will have much tougher work to do

Must

Must cut your softness, worth and spirit,
Down to the vulgar size of merit ;
To level yours with modern taste,
Must cut a world of sense to waste ;
And from your single beauty's store,
Clip what would dizen out a score.
The self same blade from me must sever
Sensation, judgment, sight for ever ;
All mem'ry of endearments past,
All hope of comforts long to last,
All that makes fourteen years with you
A summer ;—and a short one too :
All that affection feels and fears
When hours, without you, seem like
years.—

Till that be done (and I'd as soon
Believe this knife will chip the moon)
Accept my present undeterr'd,
And leave their proverbs to the herd.
If in a kiss—delicious treat !—
Your lips acknowledge the receipt ;
Love, fond of such substantial fare,
And proud to play the glutton there,
All thoughts of cutting will disdain,
Save only—*cut and come again.*

F R I E N S H I P .

By Dr. HAWKESWORTH.

FRRIENDSHIP is the joy of reason,
Dearer yet than that of love.
Love but lasts a transient season,
Friendship makes the bliss above.

Who would lose the secret pleasure
Felt, when soul with soul unites !
Other blessings have their measure,
Friendship without bound delights.

F A S H I O N .

By Miss FALCONER.

FASHION, more fickle than the breeze,
As this is up, and that is down,
In various forms attempts to please
The humours of th' inconstant town.

In sable vest she now appears,
And now in snowy robes is seen ;
So different is the hue she wears,
She moves the rainbow's changeful
queen.

Courted by every breast, she flies
From gay to grave, from grave to gay ;
She roves at large, and freely cries,
Let Fashion gild each varying day.

For the NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

S T A N Z A S

In imitation of Milton. Book 4th. line 640.

Mon Ame, loin de vous languira solitaire.
RACINE.

I.

HOW sweet ! at early dawn, to stray
Along the wild sequester'd vale,
To dash the dew-drop from the spray,
And taste the balmy-breathing gale.

II.

From sunny hills, and mossy seats,
To view the lovely landscape round ;
To hear, amid the green retreats,
The music of the woods resound.

III.

How sweet ! when noon embrowns the
glade,
To linger in the woodbine bower ;
Or by some babbling streamlet laid,
To listen to the summer shower.

IV.

Or when the rainbow decks the sky,
To wander thro' the woodland scene,
Mark in each flower a brighter dye,
In every mead a deeper green.

V.

How sweet ! when on the mountain's
head
The sun displays his latest ray ;
The western skies are lively red,
And Zephyr fans the parting day.

VI.

No more alas ! the morning breeze
Awakes to joy my anxious breast—
The soothing songsters on the trees
No more can charm my soul to rest—

VII.

The fragrance of a summer shower,
The sweetly pensive walk at eve,
The varied brightness of a flower,
No more my gloomy cares relieve.

VIII.

O thou ! dear author of my pain,
Return—restore my wonted ease—
Indulgent hear thy faithful swain,
And nature's charms again shall please.

POLLIO.

Halifax, Feb. 25, 1790.

For the NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

A REQUEST,

TO HER THAT NEVER THINKS OF ME!

AH! tell me, dear maid, for you know
I endure
The soft pains, and the heart-melting
anguish of love;
Ah! tell me from whence I can hope for
a cure,
And what art from my bosom my griefs
can remove.

You laugh at my griefs, and deride my
despair—

I languish in bondage, nor wish to be
free:

Tho', when present, thy coldness increases
my care,

I cannot be happy a moment from thee.

I rove in the crowd with the thought-
less and gay,

Thy praise, charming maiden, is ever
my theme;

In thine absence, unceasing, I sigh out the
day,

And at night thy dear image still blesses
my dream.

Young and sweet, as the beauties that
spring can disclose,

Thy charms to my love-raptur'd fancy
have shin'd,

And pure, as the half-op'ning bud of the
rose,

The innocent graces that glow in thy
mind.

Ah me! what soft transports I found in
thy eyes!

Could I think their mild lustre but
charm'd to insnare?

When melting before thee in tenderest
sighs,

Ah why was I blind to the frowns of
despair?

Love's pleasing delusions I fondly believ'd;
False hopes on a lover for ever attend:

But tell me, dear girl, was my reason de-
ceiv'd,

When I sigh'd for the heart of so charm-
ing a friend?

Halifax, Feb. 28.

WERTER.

For the NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

A PRAYER TO THE MAID I LOVE.

UNSKILLED in a poet's alluring de-
ceit,

A stranger to flattery's gay flattering
ways;

Will the maiden I love deign to hear me
repeat,

What friendly sincerity speaks in her
praise?

Let Pollio, or others (I bear them no spite)
With fanciful passion their sorrows pro-
long:

Yet, I cannot but fancy his sorrows are
light,

Who prettily pencils his griefs in a
song!

I've wander'd about in this world of care;
Have prattled with girls and have sigh'd

at their feet;

But ne'er have I known a young maiden
so fair,

So sweet in her temper, so free from
conceit!

Dar'd I praise thee, dear girl, I would tell
thee in truth,

That all feminine charms in thy person
are join'd;

That the innocent graces are seen in thy
youth,

And the virtues enlighten thy delicate
mind!

But you never will deign to attend to my
pray'r;

And you scornfully frown when I speak
in your praise;

You think me in jest when I talk of my
care,

And you'll laugh without doubt at my
love-labour'd lays:

You may laugh, dearest maid, at my dull,
awkward strains;

I hope not by rhyming your bosom to
move --

But pity, ah! pity my tenderest pains,
And patiently hear when I talk of my

Love!

AMINTOR.

Halifax, Feb. 23.

C H R O N I C L E.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Stockholm, Oct. 13.

THIS day sentence was pronounced against Majors Jagerhorn, Klick, and Glaisenlierna, and against Captain Ladau and Ensign de Essen, by virtue of which they are condemned to lose their lives and possessions, to be degraded from the rank of Nobles, their names disgraced by the hands of the executioner, and to be fixed to the wheel at Abo and Wasa, for having, during this war, passed into the Russian service.

31. The campaign is at present finished both by land and sea. We were in hopes this would have been the last; and that a peace agreeable to both powers might have been concluded during the winter; but preparations are making with redoubled activity for the next spring.— Nearly all the Northern Provinces have entered into contracts with Government to build new ships of the line, frigates, xebecs, &c. and they are now putting the frontier of Finland in the best state of defence possible.

Nov. 22. The King is shortly expected here to pass the winter. Generals Platen and Meyerfeld will remain in Finland, and command the army there. All the necessary measures have been taken in that province to prevent it from a surprise from the Russians, who have been re-inforced by some regiments.

Count Rosen, who arrived here lately from Constantinople, is gone to the King to Finland.

We learn by private advice from Finland that they have some thoughts of attacking the Russians near Werela; all the magazines have been put in a state of security.

Warsaw, Oct. 14. M. de St. Saphorin, lately ambassador from the court of Copenhagen to that of Petersburg, received from the Empress, before his departure for Vienna, besides the usual gift of 3000 roubles, a gold snuff-box, set with diamonds, and ornamented with a picture of the Empress.

23. The Prince of Nassau-Siegen, having read a Swedish account of the engagement between the Russian and Swedish fleets of gallees, has sent the following letter to his Majesty the King of Sweden.

When your Majesty lately did me the honor to write to me you said that you addressed yourself to a French Chevalier who thirsted after glory and honour, which opinion of your Majesty I will endeavour to justify

in every respect whilst I have a breath of life; but when we seek honour we never suffer any thing which may create suspicion against our fidelity and integrity; we never advance any thing but what is true, and what we can justify in the face of the whole universe. Owing to this way of thinking, it was with indignation I read in the *Hamburgh Gazette* a pretended account of the action I had the honour to be engaged in with your Majesty's fleet of gallees. This report, Sir, directly contradicts mine; it is in many points absolutely contrary to truth, and I am surprised at the audacity of those who put a name so respectable as your Majesty's to a paragraph so replete with falsties and untruths. I hope your Majesty will be as convinced as I am, and that you will not refuse to annul that account, and do justice to truth; but if, on the contrary, your Majesty has authorized the publication of so false a report, I shall be led to imagine that your Majesty has been deceived by an unfaithful account; and then probity, the first virtue in Kings, will engage you to disavow it, and punish the officers who have led you into the error. I join to this letter, a refutation of this incomprehensible account, for which my honour is a voucher. The prisoners and vessels we took are my witnesses, as well as the fleet which I commanded, and which was so little damaged, that it kept at sea 18 days after the action, 12 werites from Louisa, having only retired in the storm of the 12th of September, and is now at sea ready for an engagement, but finds no enemy to engage with.

I am persuaded your Majesty is too well acquainted with the laws of honour, not to approve of the zeal with which I justify mine, and which I should think offended was any one for a moment to doubt the truth of the reports which I have made to her Majesty the Empress, who has permitted me to publish them.

The same motives which cause me to take up my pen oblige me to render this letter public; and the answer which I hope to receive from your Majesty will, I trust, also grant me permission to make public, and to repeat to you the respect with which I have the honour to be, Sir, your Majesty's most obedient humble servant.

PRINCE DE NASSAU-SIEGEN.
Petersburgh, Sept. 20, (O. S.) 1789.

29. In one of the last sessions an amendment was proposed to a resolution passed, the last Diet, which excludes all foreign

ers from the military service, and this affair and many others have been sent back to the Council of War for their consideration.

Nov. 7. Prince Lewis of Wirtemberg, Major-General and proprietor of a regiment of dragoons in the Prussian service, has passed into that of our republic, where he at the same time has obtained letters of naturalization.

23. The diet has been occupied for some time in fixing upon the means of augmenting the revenues of the state, and it was resolved, that all the hides of the large and small cattle which are killed shall belong to the treasury; but this resolution has been amended in one of the following sessions, when it was determined that in the cities the butchers should only bring the hides of oxen, of which there are killed in this capital 45,000 every year; and each hide sells for a ducat.

A commission is appointed to examine into the state of the inhabitants of this city, and to find out how far they can be taxed.

There is still an idea of assembling a corps of 30,000 men on our frontiers.

Berlin, Oct. 20. At the requisition of the Imperial chamber, nine battalions of the garrisons of Westphalia have been sent to Liege, under the command of General Schlicffen, in order to restore tranquility there.

The 17th of this month being the Queen's birth-day, the intended marriage of the hereditary Prince of Orange with the Princess Frederica Wilhelmina was publicly announced at court.

Nov. 7. Her Serene Highness Princess Frederica Louisa Charlotte, consort to Prince Frederick Augustus, brother to the reigning Duke of Brunswick, died here last Sunday.

Madrid, Oct. 20. Some troubles having arisen in Catalonia relative to the inquisition, it is hoped his Majesty will soon abolish that tribunal.

Vienna, Oct. 28. We learn from Belgrade, that a spy had brought intelligence that the Seraskier Abdi Bassa, with his army, consisting of 40,000 men, which were destined for the relief of Belgrade, were ordered to return to Constantinople as fast as possible, where the defeat of the Grand Vizier, and the loss of Akierman, had caused such a sensation as shook the throne of Selim. The above army will on their march be joined by some part of the Vizier's troops.

31. The reigning prince of Anhalt-Kothen, field-marshal in the Imperial service, is dead at Semlin; his loss is the more lamented, as his attachment to the

house of Austria was very great, and he was destined for the future general command of the Austrian forces.

We have accounts from field-marshal Laudohn, that the Seraskier Abdi Bassa, giving credit to the report spread by Col. Michailowich of the approach of our troops, had fled so hastily with his forces from Czupria, that he left 11 pieces of cannon, and a large quantity of provisions behind him; he is gone towards Nizza.

Nov. 5. The Imperial forces before Orsova amount to 30,000 men. His Royal Highness the Archduke Francis commands the siege of that place in person since the 28th of October, under the direction of field-marshal Laudohn. The fortress has been summoned to surrender, but the garrison having requested 24 hours time, it has been granted them.

The proposals of peace from the Porte are not of a nature to be accepted by the two Imperial courts, notwithstanding the mediation of England and Prussia, which two courts are using their utmost to bring about a pacification. However, it is not improbable that the Ottoman ministry may, during the winter, be inclined to propose terms of a more acceptable kind.

By the last accounts from Wallachia, a general panic seems to have taken possession of all the enemy's troops in that province, and they do not, even at Brailow, think themselves safe from the victorious forces of the two Imperial courts; as all who could have fled from that place, and the garrison consists only of 4000 men at most.

His Majesty the Emperor has required money, provisions, and men from Hungary, for the ensuing campaign. The different districts have not unanimously consented to acquiesce in the wishes of the monarch.

17. The Emperor is so far recovered as to be able to go through his usual occupations.

All ranks of people are impatient to learn the fate of the important fortress of Orsova, which is entirely covered on one side by inaccessible rocks; and on the other, if we may credit the reports of the engineers, it is so strongly fortified, that it may be defended from work to work, even to the Casemates. If this is really the case it will be a very difficult matter to reduce it, unless the supplies of provisions can be cut off; however much is expected from the skill of Marshal Laudohn, who is firmly bent upon the capture of this place, and much also from the fire of the immense batteries erected on Mount Allion, which commands Orsova and Fort Elizabeth; the latter may hold out

out some time, owing to the heavy artillery which have been transported thither from Temeswar, besides 12,000 bombs, and 24 quintals of powder, musket balls, &c. in abundance, which have been sent along the Danube.

General Brown, the present Governor of Belgrade, has under his command only five battalions in that place, the remainder of the garrison being ordered into Semlin, previous to their going into winter quarters.

As a proof that the Emperor intends to keep possession of Belgrade, a Proclamation has been issued, directing all persons whose ancestors had been settled above 50 years in that place, to give in certificates thereof before the end of April 1790, and many people have availed themselves of this circumstance.

Every account from Constantinople tends to confirm the reports of the most dreadful dissatisfaction and insurrections of the people of that capital: It is even confidently asserted, that parties have been formed to dethrone Selim; and place the son of Abdul Hamid, only ten years old, in his room.

18. A detachment of Marshal Laudohn's army has taken possession of Czernitz, in Wallachia; and General Fabry has made himself master of Cladova, in Servia. The last letters from the army before Orsova mentioned, that the bombardment of that place was vigorously continued, but that the Governor shewed no disposition to surrender.

Offend, Nov. 4. News is arrived here, that the military under command of Gen. Bender, have entered Tirlemont, sword in hand, where the patriots had taken refuge, and where the Imperialists have been almost routed, by being surprised, the patriots and inhabitants having fired out of cellars, windows, and from the tops of the houses. The soldiery, on their side, massacred every living thing they could get at, entered the churches where some had taken refuge. More than 1300 lives are reported to be lost on both sides. On the retreat of the military, in the dusk of the evening, they met General D'Alton, with his detachment, marching to their assistance, but being mistaken by them for the patriots, they were fired on, and an action commenced, in which 600 lives were lost before the error was discovered. Reports differ much, but the above is, it is supposed, nearest the truth. The alarms continue, and preparations are making for a resolute defence in case any attack should be made on the town. A total stop is put to trade, and several Bilanders remain import laden, not daring to depart. These

commotions, unless soon ended, threaten the total ruin of the inhabitants.

Brussels, Nov. 13. The utmost vigilance of despotism has been exerted since the successes of the patriotic army in Flanders, to cut off all intercourse between Ghent and this city. Sufficient, however, has transpired, to confirm and illustrate our former communication.

Darberg's rout was complete, and the retreat of his troops the most precipitate and disorderly. The pursuit was more bloody than the action. The passage of the Scheld was covered by the regiment of Bender, the most trusty and savage of the German mercenaries. They sustained the shock of the pursuing victors with ferocious bravery, and displayed a resolution worthy of more virtuous motives; and of a better cause. It was in this period of the retreat that the Prince of Anhalt Dessau (of the same family with the Empress of Russia) fell. In the fate of this Prince, who had so recently stained himself with civil blood, by commanding the unarmed Burgler of Malines to be butchered, a mind not very prone to superstition might be disposed to recognize a retributive and avenging hand.

The loss of the Austrian army in the conflict, and during the retreat, is confessed even by the partizans of Imperial tyranny, to have exceeded 1000 killed. On the night that followed, that portion of Flanders and Brabant through which they passed, was subject to every outrage and excess that might be expected from a licentious soldiery, unrestrained by humanity, and maddening with mortification and despair. Vilsingen, a village not far from Alost, expiated, by a general conflagration and an indiscriminate massacre, the zeal which conducted some of its inhabitants to the patriotic standard. The Curé, an inoffensive old man, obnoxious only because he was a minister of religion, took refuge at the altar; but he was dragged from his sanctuary, and the commanding officer of the detachment, animated by the spirit, though not, perhaps, authorized by the instructions of Dalton, ordered him to be led to instant death.

These troops, with several others from Flanders and Hainault, are drawing together to form a Gordon in the centre of Brabant, destined to protect this capital, which will doubtless be the first object of the enterprises of the patriotic army.

The Duke of Saxe Teschen had, with his consort, avowed their intention of quitting this scene of bloodshed and horror. It is confidently said, that their Royal Highnesses have, within these two days, received letters both from the Count de la

Marck and Vander Noot, expressing the gratitude of the people of Brabant for their mild government, and for the promptitude with which they have ever interposed at the court of Vienna, in behalf of the province. It was said to have been added, that, at Brussels, which could be only attacked by the main body of the patriotic army, their Royal Highnesses might be assured of security and respect; but if they ventured on a journey, the leaders could not presume to be responsible for the treatment they might receive from the dispersed bodies of patriots, who traversed the country.

This letter is said to have changed their resolution. The fact is certain, that they remain at Brussels, and that they have betrayed the strongest repugnance at the present violent measures of the government.

The rigours of the ministry have increased with their fears. To have received, in miscellaneous or commercial correspondence, the slightest article of intelligence, which has the misfortune to be true, is become a crime against the state. Forty two prisoners, among whom were the secretary, the preceptor of the children of the Duke d'Ursel, and Vivier, the secretary of the Cardinal of Malines, were yesterday escorted by a strong guard to the citadel of Antwerp, now the Bastille of the Netherlands.

Dalton, at length sensible that the impolitic parade of keeping the gates of Brussels shut, served only to betray his feebleness, and to swell the triumph of his enemies, has affected confidence in the moment of defeat, and revokes his orders:—the gates are now thrown open during the day.

Such is the aspect of affairs in this capital.—On the part of the patriots, vigorous and systematic preparations are making, to improve their splendid successes and important advantages. That the co-operation of the Flemings may have the same legal and constitutional sanction with the insurrection of the Brabançons, the states of Flanders will assemble in a few days at Ghent. There can be no doubt that they will adopt and promulgate the principles contained in the manifesto of the patriotic insurgents, and declare the Emperor to have forfeited his sovereignty, not only as Duke of Brabant, but as Count of Flanders.

Very considerable treasures have been found in the Bureau de droits, as well at St. Nicholas and Tirlemont, as at Ghent. A large body was detached towards Bruges; and on the canal which leads from that city to Ghent, they took possession of

a vessel laden with arms and ammunition for the Imperial troops. The fate of this city and of Ostend is probably at this moment decided. There can be little doubt that they are in possession of the patriotic troops, and that Ostend has expiated its indiscreet and ostentatious zeal for the Imperial cause. For some time past it had experienced a general stagnation of trade: the merchants of England foresaw that the cloud which so long had blackened the political atmosphere of the Belgic provinces, must speedily burst, and the wealth and credit of individuals must perish in the storm; they have therefore declined giving credit to their most tried and punctual correspondents.

In every part of Flanders, the peasants are embodying. The chief apprehension of discerning men is, that by so great accessions, the patriotic army will swell to an impotent and unwieldy mob. The apprehensions of the government, that the hardy mountaineers of Luxemburg and Limburg will revolt, has induced them, even at the hazard of weakening their main army, to detach some part of the regiment of Wirtemberg towards these provinces. A considerable part of it is stationed at Herve, a city of the duchy of Limburg, near the frontiers of Liege.

Great bodies from Namur and Hainault are daily flocking in to the patriot standard. The commotion in the latter province is so great, that M. Esterhazy, commander of the troops in French Hainault, has thought it necessary to apply to his court for instructions, in what manner he should behave to any of the Imperial subjects who might take refuge in the territories of France. His orders were, to afford asylum, without exception, to all who did not come in force.

The hopes which the patriots have so long entertained of foreign assistance, are corroborated by recent occurrences: our advices from Liege announce, with the greatest confidence and triumph, that the march of the Prussian troops is countermanded. M. le Baron de Hop, the Dutch envoy here, has received a remonstrance to be transmitted to the States General, complaining, in the warmest language, of jealousy and irritation of the clandestine countenance afforded to the insurgents. These circumstances, the preparations for war that are making in the Prussian dominions, and the fermentation in Poland, that will probably terminate in that Country being emancipated from the Russian yoke—seem to announce, that the breaking out of a general war in Europe only waits the decision of the English cabinet.

25. The Emperor published an Ordinance, dated the 23rd inst. stating, that as he has removed by his declaration of the 20th inst. all further cause for inquietude from his Belgic People in general, and each individual in particular, relative to their religion, rights of liberty, safety, property, &c. which he never meant to deprive them of, he hopes it will prevent any further bloodshed, and put a stop to the unhappy divisions which have brought on the fatal crisis which has threatened these provinces. The reluctance, his Majesty says, with which he issued the severe edict against the States and Council of Brabant of the 18th of June, which the circumstances and the attack upon his dignity required, was sufficiently shown in that of the same month; which also proves, that, far from having any thoughts of an attempt upon their proper rights and privileges, he only meant to reform the obscure and dubious articles in the constitution of that province; which articles, by admitting of many false interpretations, gave opportunities to factious minds to disturb the public tranquillity (the support of which is the chief object of every constitution); and to clear up all doubts on that head, his Majesty revokes the edict of the 18th of June, and restores things to the same footing they were upon at the time of his dispatch of the 15th of February, this present year; and declares his willingness to examine, agreeable to the desire of the two first orders of the States of Brabant, any articles of the Joyeuse Entree susceptible of an interpretation: in consequence of which his Majesty expresses his hopes, that the people will take advantage of the amnesty, and the prolongation of it granted by the declaration of the 20th inst. return to their duty, and thereby restore peace and tranquillity. He finishes by mentioning that he has convened an Assembly of the States, to endeavour, in concert with them, to prevent the renewal of such extreme and fatal disorders as have lately occurred.

Dec. 11. We now seem to be drawing to a crisis here. Yesterday the alarm was general. A grand mass was sung at the Cathedral at eleven, and when it was over, the numerous congregation, with one accord, upon a signal given, placed the Brabant cockade in their hats, and marched out of the church. It is easy to conceive the effect which this produced in this city: In an instant most of the inhabitants did the same; the troops were thunderstruck. Information was given to General Dalton in our park, and dispatches sent to the batteries. At half past twelve the guns were fired, which

was found to be the signal for all the troops to be under arms. The troops were perfectly quiet, though insulted by the populace; they returned to their quarters at four o'clock, and the night passed quietly. This day the cockades are general, and publicly sold: They consist of a large bunch of black ribband for a ground, a smaller of yellow upon that, and one still smaller of red in the centre.

19. The States of Flanders and the High Court of Justice are removed to this place from Ghent, and the city is again tolerably quiet. The patriotic leader, Vander Noop, arrived yesterday, and was drawn into the town in triumph, preceded by a large body of horse and foot, with drums beating and colours flying. He was seated in an open chariot. The first place he went to was the Cathedral Church of St. Gudula, where Te Deum was sung, and after service he repaired to the English hotel, where he was crowned by the people with laurels. The mob sang verses while this ceremony was performing.

The Magistracy of the city have taken the oath of allegiance to the States of Brabant, and the new government has already began to exercise its functions.

The Austrian Generals, Ferrarie and Lillien, who were to have succeeded General Dalton and Arberg, have been taken prisoners, and brought here. They are allowed full liberty to go about the town, having given their paroles of honour not to escape.

20. On the 16th the Patriotic army under General Van der Merck, whose speedy arrival has been already announced as probable, entered the capital. To paint the, honest exultation and tumultuous raptures of the people, were, in truth, a theme worthy the eloquence of a Tacitus; if, even a Tacitus, in such circumstances, would not have avowed the hopelessness of the attempt.

The Burgesses of Brussels exchanged congratulations with the Patriotic soldiers. The females, whose husbands and sons made the flower of Gen. Van der Merck's army, whose exhortations and reproaches had so powerfully stimulated the citizens to revolt, received their heroes with open arms.

But the Washington of the Netherlands did not suffer Brussels to divert his attention, or enervate his troops by scenes of festivity and joy. He resigned the capital to the protection of those gallant citizens who had wrested it from their oppressors. He resolved, without delay to pursue the dastardly bravo, who had fled to Luxembourg with the remnant of the Austrian

arian troops which was spared by victory and undebauched by desertion.

On the 12th he took the road to Namur; but on his arrival before the city, he found it evacuated by the Imperial army. Their number had been greatly diminished by the flight of those who hastened to abandon the vanquished General. The early prevalence of this spirit of defection is evinced by the details of the expulsion of the garrison of Brussels, which time gradually develops and disembarrasses from the confusion of darkness and tumult.

In the night of the 11th, the guards at the Port de Namur and the Port de Halle quitted their posts, put patriotic cockades in their hats, and placed a billet on the guard-house, 'A house to let!'

Among the most splendid illuminations on the general rejoicings, was the house of Baron de Hop, the Swedish minister, whose hotel was one blaze of light, both within and without. Lord Torrington's house was likewise very conspicuous on this occasion.

The Patriotic army is going to lay siege to Luxemburgh, though with little hopes of success, unless the garrison capitulates, or is taken by stratagem.

Hague, Nov. 17. On the 13th inst. the States General took into consideration the requests made by the Government-General of the Austrian Low Countries, of which they confined themselves to the three chief ones:

1st. To disarm the Brabant Insurgents, which are on the territory of the Republic. 2d. To set at liberty not only the Chancellor, Baron de Crumpipen, but also the Grand Bailiff of Turnhout and his brother together with some Commissioners of the Customs, whom the insurgents had brought on that territory. 3d. To arrest the person of Henry Vander Noot.— Upon these three points the States-General took a resolution, the substance of which was, That as to the first request their High Mightinesses had given the necessary orders, which had been already executed; as to the second, they could assure them without demur, that they will never suffer any person to be detained as a prisoner on their territory, of which they had already given proofs in the case of M. de Crumpipen, and as their orders were not limited to that case alone, they would reiterate them.

Their High Mightinesses are assured that the Government-General will leave it to them to punish the violation of their territory in the manner they shall think the nature of the circumstances requires; But as to the third article, relative to the seizure of M. de Vander Noot, their High

Mightinesses observe, that the said M. Vander Noot is unknown to them; that he is no ways particularly protected by them and that the pretended manifesto has never been officially brought to their Assembly; that nevertheless, the constitutional liberty of the Republic declares, that whoever behaves himself agreeably to civil society ought to enjoy the protection of the laws as long as he obeys them; that besides, their High Mightinesses have never complained to any of the neighbouring powers, who have given persons who have taken an active part in the troubles of the Republic an Asylum in their estates, nay even a pardon, and particular distinctions, though their High Mightinesses know that those persons have abused these gracious concessions in a manner by no means agreeable to their High Mightinesses: Therefore, as they have satisfied the Government-General as to the two chief requests, their High Mightinesses make no doubt but they will no longer insist on the third. The States-General also, in the preamble of this resolution, express 'their surprize at the contents of the complaints of the Government-General, whom their High Mightinesses suppose to have been deceived by false reports, &c.

Amsterdam Nov. 26. The last letters from Brabant confirm the rapid successes which the Patriots have had in Flanders, and the eagerness of the inhabitants of that province to declare for them.— On the 12th they made themselves masters of Bruges without any resistance; there having been but a few guns fired, and one man only of each side killed. The garrison surrendered in two hours after the Patriots had entered the city where these last preserved order, by posting guards in all the streets. On the 19th the Imperial troops evacuated Ostend and Nieupoort. The same day the city of Tournay joined the Committee-General of the Netherlands. Almost in all places the arms of the Emperor are taken down, and those of the States of Brabant have been put up in their place.

We have certain advices from Namur, that on the 21st, quarters were allotted to the troops who evacuated Mons and Tournay, and which were expected to reach Namur on Sunday and Monday last. All the Council and Magistracy of this last city, with a number of Royalists, not thinking themselves safe there, quitted it; and their Royal Highnesses the Governor's General, who quitted Brussels for the same reason, passed through Namur, without stopping there, as they used to do.

Ghent, Nov. 20. I make no doubt you will be anxious to receive an accurate account of the dreadful situation in which your friends have been in Ghent.

On Friday the 13th, early in the morning, the Patriotic Army, to the amount of 700, arrived at the Bruges Gate, where they met with little resistance from the soldiery. The gates, however, being kept shut, they burst them open by continual firing, which alarmed us very much, as you may suppose. The bridges were immediately drawn up, to prevent the approach of the Patriots; the battle was then continued for some hours; at last the Patriots drove the troops, some into the Citadel, the rest into the Barracks. The firing before the Barracks lasted till Monday at five o'clock, when Col. Lunden hoisted the White Flag, and immediately the troops marched out, to the number of 500, and surrendered their arms. They were then conducted through the town to different Convents, where they are kept prisoners.

The Patriots obliged Col. Lunden to write to the commander of the Castle, ordering him to surrender, which he refused; but in the middle of the night he ordered it to be evacuated bag and baggage, after having pillaged and massacred men, women, and children.

We are confidently assured, that there were no less than 4000 men in the Citadel. What a miracle, that undisciplined men, with indifferent arms and ammunition, and so few in number, should conquer: if the soldiers had behaved as they ought to have done, they must have driven them out of the town at the first onset. The ravages they have committed at St. Peters, and the Citadel, are shocking beyond description: Nobody that has not seen it, can believe the horror of the scene. The soldiers come out every morning, and pillage the neighbourhood, and kill every one that obstructs them.

The Patriots have eight officers prisoners; there are three to be shot soon;—poor Mulcion is dying of his wounds. All this is very distressing, but nothing in comparison to the scene that presented itself in the Citadel: the soldiers collected every combustible matter they could find, and threw bombs into the town. It was certainly their intention to have burnt the whole City; and if they had not been forced to retire so precipitately, they would most likely have effected their horrid purpose; as, wherever a bomb fell, it burnt all before it. More than thirty houses are reduced to ashes; some of the most elegant in town.

In some streets it is impossible to pass

for the ruins, and on account of the stones which are continually falling;—3,000 men are to be kept by the Town, in order to guard it; 2,500 are already engaged. I hope tranquillity will soon be restored. Every inhabitant is obliged to mount guard.

Another battle is hourly expected at Brussels, which will most likely decide the fate of this country, at least for some time. The Patriots have got possession of Ostend, Bruges, Ghent, and Louvain. General Dalton, a man execrated by all, it is said, ordered the soldiers to kill women and children; one infant in a cradle was brought to town, and flogged to death by the savages; an officer tossed another on the point of a sword. In short, it is shocking to humanity to see and hear the acts of brutality that have been committed.

Liste, December 17. The official account of the capture of Brussels, published by the Patriots, is as under: It is dated the 17th of December.

At length, notwithstanding the armistice, and every other pretence, 500 brave Patriots of Brussels have dared to engage in battle with 6000 Austrians. The action commenced yesterday afternoon, at four o'clock. The first attempt was to make prisoners of all the soldiers who guarded the Mint, and those who were quartered in the different convents. General Dalton did his utmost from five o'clock in the morning to negotiate an armistice. About seven o'clock 800 men of Bender d'Alost entered the city with two pieces of cannon, which they planted on the Grand Place. About ten o'clock General Dalton thought proper to send a large detachment in order to release, by forcible means, the officers and privates made prisoners in the Basseville. This was the signal for a new engagement, which will be ever memorable for its victory. The Patriots, no longer able to contain themselves, routed the whole detachment. To the number of 500, at the utmost, they invested the great market, and after a most obstinate conflict, they made themselves masters of the Corps de Garde, and two pieces of cannon; and took about 400 Austrian prisoners. About the same time, the engagement recommenced in all quarters of the city; and, in less than two hours, the Patriots made themselves masters of the barracks of the military, and of the magazines, in which they found near 2,600 muskets, besides cartridges, ammunition, &c. Towards noon, they attacked the Park, and the Place Royale, where the greatest body of troops were concentrated, with 12 pieces

of cannon. After a very heavy firing on both sides, Dalton, perceiving that the place was no longer tenable against so much bravery, capitulated for the immediate retreat of his whole garrison; and the request having been acceded to, about one o'clock they departed, with great precipitation, through the Porte de Namur. But as all the soldiers are not equally inclined to follow him at the moment this is writing they are squabbling among themselves without the city. Already we have got more than 3,000 prisoners; but few killed, and no houses plundered.

Authentic. itatem lesor.

(Signed) G. B. A. SCHERLKEN, Clerk.

When I had the pleasure of communicating the taking of Brussels last post, the news had just arrived here in general terms; and every one naturally imagined that the victory had been purchased by general Vander Meis, with his main army (the more so, as it was reported the day before, that they were within three leagues of Brussels;) but upon the arrival, since then, of the particulars, it affords matter of surprise, that General d'Alton should have permitted the inhabitants of Brussels only, to have driven him away with his whole garrison. No doubt the apprehensions of Vander Meis's immediate arrival, with his forces, was the only cause of his surrendering the city; which it would have been impracticable to defend, when a free passage was opened for their entrance during the term of the armistice.

Count Trautmansdorff finding that the Emperor's last proclamation of amnesty failed, like the former, in its effects, published two other declarations to this purpose. The first regretted the little success which attends the paternal sentiments of tenderness of his Majesty towards his people; and imputed it to the want of his express guarantee for the performance of the stipulations therein contained; that Minister therefore, ardently desiring that the public tranquility and allegiance should be restored, and unwilling to neglect an opportunity which might rest with him, for the accomplishment of so desirable a purpose, takes upon himself to pledge his word of honor, and to become a full and unreserved guarantee for all the proposals made in his Majesty's said publication. The latter signifies, that, having a full confidence in the loyalty and good conduct of the citizens of Brussels, he thus directed the trenches thrown open in the streets, to be filled up, and the arms to be again put into their hands for their own defence as before. These orders have been accordingly put into execution;

and the event of them has been, that the Burgesses have used their arms in the assertion of their liberties and privileges, as before described.

What measures the main army under General Vander Meis may take on account of this victory, will perhaps transpire against next post.

One of the Members of the Etat de Brabant presented last week to the Assembly, a plan of accommodation between the Emperor and the Patriots. The most important substance of his proposals was as follows, consisting of 35 articles: That all privileges, immunities, &c. should be restored in the different Provinces. That, to put it out of the sovereign's power, to exercise any undue influence with the states individually, no Province should, of itself, grant any subsidy. That the ancient Etats Generaux should annually assemble at Brussels, in the months of January and February, for the affairs of the country; to consist of six deputies from each of the Provinces, and twelve from the states of Brabant and Flanders. That all the Members of Government should be natives of the Low Countries, except the Governor and Captain-General, if they should be of the Blood-Royal. That every two years a National Council should be held for the administration of Episcopal affairs; to have the Archbishop of Malines for President, and to be composed of the Bishops of Antwerp, Namur, Ghent, Bruges, Ruremonde, and Tournay; and all the foreign Bishops and Prelates whose dioceses extend into the Pays Bas Autrichien, until separate Bishopsicks shall be formed for the Provinces of Hainault, Luxembourg, and Limbourg. No foreigner to be admitted of the Etats Generaux. All the ancient feudal rights to be purchasable, and the premium to be fixed by a Committee of the Etats Generaux; such as Main Mort, Corvete, Bannalite, &c. The right of hunting to be common to all upon their own property; and, in respect to the woods and forests, to be regulated by the Joyeuse Entry.

The right of fishing to be common to all, except upon private property enclosed. The Droits de Columbiere to be revived. The Nuncio of the Sovereign Pontiff to be recalled. The proprietors of seigneuries not to be admitted to sell any office of Baillics, Mayors, Esteven, &c. and an oath to be administered for that purpose to both parties. And lastly, the Kings of England, France, and Prussia, to be guaranteed for the performance of these stipulations.

At Ghent 400 workmen are constantly employed in demolishing the citadel built

by Charles V. which upon all occasions has been found totally unnecessary. Besides the troops in pay, they have several corps of volunteers, one of which is mounted, and exceedingly well caparisoned. Multitudes of people are sending their plate to the Mint, &c. which is coining for the circulation of the country. A medal has been struck, representing the Belgic Lion laying his fangs on the Roman Eagle.

BRITISH NEWS.

London, Nov. 21.

EVERY mail from the continent brings intelligence of the great and increasing military preparations throughout the dominions of his Prussian Majesty; of magazines forming; of orders dispatched to the inspectors of different regiments in the provinces, to render them as complete as possible, and ready to act on the shortest notice; of troops marching to form cordons on the frontiers, and of every other circumstance that indicates the intention of entering into the disputes of Europe in a manner the most formidable.

From the vastness of the King of Prussia's military preparations, well informed politicians are more than ever convinced, that his aims extend far beyond the restoration of the Prince Bishop of Liege; and little doubt is now entertained, but that, in the ensuing spring, he will be opposed to the head of the Empire, though he now pays so much deference to the decrees of the Imperial chamber.

The Commission Court of Copenhagen appointed to try Benzenstierna and Obrien for attempting to burn the Russian fleet last summer, have sentenced them to have their right hands cut off, and afterwards to be beheaded, drawn and quartered.

23. On laying the foundation stone of the New College at Edinburgh, two chrysal bottles were enclosed therein; in one of these were put different coins of the present reign, each separately enveloped in chrysal, in so curious a manner, that the legend could be distinctly read. In the other were deposited seven rolls of vellum, containing the original and present state of the University, &c. with a list of the principal officers, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, the magistrates, and officers of the Grand Lodge of Scotland. The bottles properly sealed up, were covered with a plate of copper, wrapt in block-tin; and upon the under side of the copper were engraved the arms of the city

and University, as also of the Grand Mason. Upon the upper side was the following Latin inscription:

Annuente Deo opt. max.
 Regn. Geor. III. Princ. munificentissimo,
 Academiæ Edinburgenſis
 Aedibus,
 Initio quidem humillimis,
 Et jam, post duo secula, pene ruinosis:
 Novi hujus ædificii,
 Ubi commoditati simul et elegantie,
 Tanto doctrinarum domicilio dignæ,
 Consulatur,
 Primum lapidem posuit,
 Plaud. ingenti omn. ordinum frequentia,
 Vir nobilissimus Franciscus Dominus Napier,
 Reipub. Architect. ap. Scotos Cur. Max.
 XVI. kal. Novemb.
 Anno salutis humanæ MDCCLXXXIX.
 Æræ architectonicæ 100 MDCCLXXXIX.
 Consul Thomas Elder,
 Academiæ Præfecto Gulielmo Robertson
 Architecto Roberto Adam.
 Q. P. P. Q. S.

TRANSLATION.

(Not engraved on the stone.)

By the blessing of Almighty God,
 In the reign of the most munific. Pr. Geor. III
 The buildings of the Univers. of Edinburgh,
 being originally very mean,
 And now, after two centuries, almost a
 ruin,
 The Right Hon. Francis Lord Napier,
 G. Mast. of the fratern. of free mas. Scotland,
 Amidst the acclamations
 Of a prodigious concourse of all ranks of
 people
 Laid the foundation stone
 Of this new fabric,
 In which an union of elegance with con-
 venience,
 Suitable to the dignity of such a celebrated
 Seat of Learning,
 Has been studied;
 On the 16th day of November,
 In the year of our Lord 1789,
 And of the æra of masonry, 5789,
 Thomas Elder being the Lord Provost of
 the city,
 William Robertson the Principal of the
 University,
 And Robert Adam the Architect.
 May the undertaking prosper, and be
 crowned with success.

24. On Saturday, in the court of King's bench, a subject of very great importance to the administration of criminal justice

was mentioned. Lord Kenyon requested Mr. Recorder to insist, that the informations taken before justices should, agreeably to the act of Parliament, be returned to the Old-Baily or other courts, where the prisoners are to be tried: It was observed, these returns were never made, except from Bow street. They served two purposes; first, the cause for which the prisoner was committed; and, secondly, by means of them, the judge can compare the evidence given by the prosecutor and his witnesses, before the magistrate and at the trial.

25. The following is nearly the state of Great-Britain's present connection with foreign powers.—With

Prussia	—	in alliance
Sweden	—	ditto
Holland	—	ditto
Germany	—	cool
Denmark	—	ditto
Russia	—	becoming cool
France and Spain		at peace

Such was not the case formerly: the noted political connexion used to be between Great-Britain, Russia, Austria, and Denmark. *Sed tempora mutantur!*

The Quadruple alliance includes offensive, as well as defensive war, and its avowed object is to oppose a bulwark against the partitioning policy of the two Imperial Courts.

The Prussian dominions every where exhibit the appearance of approaching war. In Silesia, on the frontiers of Saxony, in the Western Prussia, in Westphalia, in every part of that great monarchy, there are military movements. An army of 90,000 men is to be assembled on the frontiers of Saxony, under the command of Prince Henry; and another of 60,000, under the command of the Duke of Brunswick, will, it is believed, advance into Russian Poland. Against Russia only war will be declared; but his alliance must involve the Emperor. It is impossible that these powers should omit so fair an opportunity of embarrassing and distressing the court of Vienna.

The Algerines are very troublesome in the Mediterranean, especially to the Russians and Americans.

26. On Thursday last was effected the greatest object of internal navigation in this kingdom. The Severn was united to the Thames by an intermediate canal, ascending the Stroud, through the vale of Chalford, to the height of 343 feet, by 40 locks; there entering a funnel through the hill of Sapeion, for the length of two miles and three furlongs, and descending by 22 locks, it joined the Thames near Lechlade.

A boat, with an union flag on her mast-head, passed laden for the first time to St. John's bridge, below Lechlade, in the presence of great numbers of people who were assembled on the occasion; and who answered a salute of 12 pieces of cannon from Boscott-park by loud huzzas. A dinner was given at five of the principal inns at Lechlade, and the day ended with ringing of bells, a bonfire, and a ball. With respect to the internal commerce of the kingdom, and the security of communication in time of war, this junction of the Thames and Severn must be attended with the most beneficial consequences, as even stores from the Baltic, and provisions from Ireland, may reach the capital and the ports at the mouth of the Thames in safety. And all the heavy articles from the mines and founderies in the heart of Wales, and the counties contiguous to the Severn, may find a secure and certain conveyance to the capital.

In short, this undertaking is worthy of a great commercial nation, and does great credit to the exertions of the individuals who have promoted and completed a work of such magnitude; at an expence of near 200,000*l.*

27. Monday the two unfortunate young highwaymen, who robbed Mr. Clarke, the Secretary of Judge Wilson, a few days since, near St. Alban's, were examined at the Public office, Bow-street. Mr. Clarke swore to the identity of their persons; after which he begged Sir Sampson Wright's permission to state, in extenuation of their offence, that they not only assured him no violence should be offered to his persons, but often asking his residence, promised him that his watch and money should be restored to him within a week. He added, that from the decency of their deportment, he was satisfied in his own mind, that they were unpractised in such scenes of public depredation; and therefore, had it not been for his official situation under a great Law character of the country, he could not have prevailed upon himself to have appeared against them.

Being called upon to offer what they had in their defence, the prisoners severally addressed the bench—confessed the offence with which they then stood charged, and also acknowledged the perpetration of three other robberies; at the same time, they requested the property which had been found upon them might be restored to their proper owners, as the best restitution they had now the power of making: they said upon their examination before the Magistrates at Pinner, they had called themselves John and William Williams, that if possible they might have avoided involving

involving their friends in their disgrace; but as they now wished to conceal nothing that might lead to an expiation of their offence, they assured the Bench, their real names were William Millar and William Crew: that they had been valets to several gentlemen of respectability, and till this unfortunate moment had possessed characters altogether unimpeached.

A charge supported with such humanity by the prosecutor, and pleaded to with so much unfeigned penitence by the prisoners (the eldest of whom does not exceed nineteen) could not fail of making the most interesting impression on the Bench and auditors.—Not one of whom but, commiserating their unhappy situation, hoped they would experience that clemency to which their contrition made so powerful a claim.

The following melancholy event happened on Friday se'nnight at Blymhill, in the county of Stafford, and highly portrays the female character:—A little boy, the son of William and Elizabeth Parker, being sent on an errand, fell into a marble-pit by the way-side, at a very small distance from his father's house. His mother being at home heard the plunge, and guessed the cause; ran to the spot, and though the pit was very deep, no other assistance being at hand, regardless of the danger, she leaped in, but unfortunately perished, with the child, in the glorious attempt. On Monday last, the 16th, the coroner's inquest sat on the bodies of the deceased, and found their deaths accidental. The husband and father of the deceased is a day-labourer.

23. Yesterday, in the Court of King's Bench, the Rev. Philip Withers, convicted of a libel on Mrs. Fitzherbert, was brought up to receive judgment.

Mr. Dallas, on the part of the defendant, made a very ingenious speech in his favour; he intreated the Court in their discretion to consider all the circumstances which tended to mitigate the punishment of the offence; he contended that the circumstances of this case were peculiar, and deserved to be abstracted from the general rules which are understood to govern the principles of libels. That the offence was great it would be idle to deny, but at the same time it seemed that it arose from erroneous opinions entertained by the defendant respecting what appeared to him to be the most eligible mode of demonstrating patriotism and public spirit.

It might also be considered, that as the defendant had no resentment against Mrs. Fitzherbert, it was natural to infer that he was actuated by false notions of love to

his country, and not with any malignity to the person who he had traduced. His offence therefore arose from an error in opinion, not from a malignity of heart. The learned gentleman also hoped it would be the opinion of the Court, that such part of the defendant's conduct subsequent to his conviction as might in itself amount to a specific offence, independent of the charge for which he is to receive judgment, would not now be taken into consideration, because it might hereafter be distinctly exhibited against him.

Other parts of the defendant's conduct, after the first publication were certainly indefensible, as they arose from what the defendant in the hour of misguided zeal and intemperate heat, and therefore might be considered as the infirmities of human nature. The learned Gentleman concluded his address to the Jury, by observing, that if the Court could be supposed to have FEELINGS, it was to be concluded they would be on the side of mercy—not mercy at the expence of Justice; but such mercy as consists in that moderation of punishment which in all cases best answers the purposes of substantial Justice.

Mr. Law followed Mr. Dallas; he urged the distressed circumstances of the defendant, as recommendatory to the mercy of the court.

Mr. Withers made a very long speech to the Court, in which he discovered some zeuteness, but such an adherence to the principle upon which his original Calumny was founded, as impressed the Court with sentiments which could not possibly operate in his favour.

Mr. Erskine made a very eloquent reply to the defendant and his Counsel; he made several apposite remarks upon the malignity of the defendant's mind, demonstrated as it was, even now in his defence: he concluded with saying, that if it be true that the defendant is now employed, as he says he is, in compiling a dictionary, he would advise him to write individually all the words in the English language, but to leave the combination to others.

Mr. Justice Ashurst reprehended the defendant for his heinous offence, and the mischievous tendency which the libel manifested; it was the character of a coward to calumniate the fair sex, and the holy orders of religion to which the defendant had been called, made his guilt the greater and more atrocious; a better use ought to have been made of his knowledge of the scripture. The learned Judge also observed, that those who bring persons of this description to Justice, have a claim on the thanks of the public, and it was

the duty of the court to check such unprovoked and unjustifiable licentiousness as this, as well, from the regard they had to the distribution of justice, as from a wish they entertained, as guardians of the public, to promote decency of conduct and propriety of demeanor.

The sentence of the Court, therefore, was that the Reverend Philip Withers do pay a fine of fifty pounds; be imprisoned in Newgate one year; to enter into recognizance as security for his good behaviour for five years, himself in five hundred pounds, and two securities in one hundred pounds each. He was immediately taken into custody and conducted to Newgate.

Dec. 5. An order has passed the Privy Council taking off the Prohibition of the 25th of June 1788, on the importation of Wheat into this Kingdom from the United States of America.

A negotiation is reported to be again set on foot to accommodate the dispute between the Turks and the Imperialists; the mediators mentioned are the Courts of London, Madrid, and Berlin.

The Court of Vienna has appointed Commissioners to treat with the Patriots; they are two in number, and men of high reputation. The first in the commission is the Prince de Ligne, who is with the army near Belgrade, with the rank of General; the other is Count de Cobenzel. All those whose persons had been secured by government have been set at liberty, and assurances have been given that in future no person shall be imprisoned but by the regular operation of the law.

The States of Flanders have assembled at Ghent, and the magistrates of that city have actually taken an oath to be faithful to the nation. To encourage desertion amongst the Emperor's troops, and to prevent the destruction of prisoners, rewards have been offered by proclamation of 30 florins for every Imperial private soldier who shall surrender himself, to be brought alive to the Magistrates, and three florins three sous for his firelock, and the half for his sword.

The above States have already resolved to make good to the citizens of Ghent the losses sustained by them in houses and property in consequence of the obstinate and bloody attacks kept up within their walls from the 13th to the 17th of November. The number of houses destroyed during that period by shells, or by the fire of the Imperialists, is stated at 120.

Monday being St. Andrew's day, the Royal Society held their Anniversary Meeting at their apartments, in Somerset place, in the Strand, when the President Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. in the name

of the Society, presented the gold medal (called Sir Godfrey Copley's) to Mr. W. Morgan, for his two papers on the value of reversions and survivorship.

The President on this occasion delivered the customary discourse on the subjects contained in Mr. Morgan's papers.

Afterwards the Society proceeded to the choice of the Council and officers for the ensuing year, when on examining the ballots, it appeared that the following gentlemen were elected of the council:

Of the Old Council: Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. Charles Blagden, M. D. Henry Cavendish, Esq. Charles Combe, M. D. George Fordyce, M. D. Francis Duke of Leeds, the Rev. Nevil Maskelyne, D. D. Constantine John Lord Mulgrave, Sir William Mulgrave, Bart. Joseph Planta, Esq; S. Wegg.

Of the new Council; John Campbell, Esq; Edward Whitaker Gray, M. D. William Marsden, Esq. the Rev. John Michael, B. D. John Paradise, Esq. Sir Lucas Pepys, Bart. J. Kennell, Esq. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Knt. F. Ruffel, Esq.

And the officers were, Sir Joseph Banks, Bart. President; Samuel Wegg, Esq. Treasurer, J. Planta, Esq. and Charles Blagden, M. D. Secretaries.

Afterwards the Members of the Society dined together as usual at the Crown and Anchor Tavern in the Strand.

On Saturday evening last, at the Essex Head, Essex-street, Strand, an Inquisition was taken, and continued by adjournment until the Monday following, before James Armstrong, Esq. His Majesty's Coroner for the Liberty of the Duchy of Lancaster, in the County of Lancaster, in the County of Middlesex, and a very respectable Jury of Freeholders, summoned of the same Liberty, on view of the body of Mrs. Catharine Loader, the wife of John Loader, late of Stonehouse, in the county of Devon, Esq. who in a fit of phrenzy, on the 23d of November last stabbed his wife in the neck, and afterwards attempted to destroy himself by stabbing himself in several parts of the belly.

It appeared in evidence, by the examination of a great number of credible witnesses, that Mr. Loader was formerly a Shipwright at Halifax, in Nova-Scotia, and had been superannuated from thence by the Government; that he had been employed as a gardener and house at Hoxton; that he was a very affectionate, and took a fondness to the King's arms, on purpose to be near the King; and the love and tenderness which he bore him, was the sole cause of his being discharged from thence; that they had been married about three years, and always lived together in the utmost harmony

harmony and friendship; that he had several times attempted his own life, by stabbing himself; and once with a pair of scissars in nine different parts of the body, but without effect; he also attempted to throw himself over Blackfriar's Bridge. He had lucid intervals; and after he had committed the rash act on his wife, and endeavoured to destroy himself, and from the loss of blood became cool and collected, he enquired how she did, and said he had murdered his wife and must be hanged.

Mr. Maidstone, an attorney in Essex-street, was by accident with others, in Mr. Loader's room, whom he requested and gave directions to make his will, and left his niece the interest of one thousand pounds for life (if she so long should continue with his daughter by a former wife, who is deaf and dumb) he left a clergyman and another gentleman at Plymouth, executor, and by will gave them two hundred pounds each for their trouble.

He had been at Church the day before, and was out the day he committed the act.—When he came home he seemed low and desponding, and wanted some broth, which he drank boiling hot as it came from the fire.

The keeper of the mad-house swore that Dr. Munro had declared he was a dangerous lunatic, and unfit for society, and therefore ought not to have his liberty; so that it is clear the wife's friendship and tenderness for her husband, was the fatal cause of her death.

The Jury brought in their verdict, "that the said John Loader killed his wife Catherine Loader in a fit of insanity."

A most extraordinary circumstance happened to the Swift, a South-sea whaler, now lying at Shadwell-dock. When in those seas, she was going on with a gentle breeze at the rate of four miles an hour, and the helmsman suddenly call out that he could not steer. On hoisting a boat out to examine the rudder, a large fish was discovered fastened to the stern by a prodigious horn. The fish was with difficulty cut away, but a part of the horn still remains for the inspection of the curious, in the Swift's stern. It seems these fishes make perpetual war, together with the sword-fish, &c. against the whales, for one of which she mistook the above ship, upon which she darted furiously. This horned-sea-monster has never been caught, but often seen by navigators in the South-seas.

Arrived at Leith, the John, of Leith, Crawford, master, last from Copenhagen. This vessel sailed from Leith some months ago, with John Stanley, Esq, on a voyage

of discovery to Iceland. On their way they touched at North Faro, where they remained about three weeks. They next proceeded to Iceland; they continued about five weeks, and after having visited Mount Hecla and the Geyser, or principal hot spring, and other curiosities, they sailed along the coast of Norway for Copenhagen, from which they departed about ten or twelve days ago. Amongst the curiosities which Mr. Stanley has brought with him is a complete Iceland dress of one of the higher ranks of the inhabitants; besides some very pretty drawings, by himself and some of the gentlemen of his party, and a quantity of fossils, and other natural productions.

The following melancholy accident happened a few nights ago at Cambridge, to a son of Sir Robert Sloper, an accomplished youth of about 18 years of age, who is at College there—as he was returning home from spending the evening with a friend, in turning the corner of a street, he received a blow from a person he did not see; that at once broke both his jaw-bones, and otherwise mangled his face in a shocking manner. As the assailant never spoke, it is supposed he was way laying some person to revenge an injury, and unfortunately mistook Mr. Sloper for that person. The heads of the college have offered one hundred guineas reward.

17. Ever since the capture of Brussels, matters seem to be at an entire stand-between the Emperor and his rebellious subjects. His concessions it is to be feared, came in every shape too late; or we might expect soon to see an end of the war.

Other powers likewise, it is not to be doubted; would find their interest in a separation. The lopping off so considerable a portion of the Hereditary dominions from the House of Austria could not but be acceptable to more than one of the Germanick Princes, who already consider the Austrian family as much too powerful for the general safety and liberties of the Empire.

The Patriots got all the money and stores belonging to the Emperor, which had been brought up for safety to Brussels. Dalton was too busy in taking care of four waggons, containing his own baggage, to mind his master's.

A Letter from Liege, dated the 15th of December, states that Count Trauttmannsdorff was just arrived there with the Count D'Ahrberg from Namur.—And that Burgomaster Mestret, set off for Brussels with a proposal to the Brabanters, to unite Brabant and the Principality of Liege into one republic.

The States General of the Catholic Netherlands, composed of Deputies from the Provinces of Brabant, Flanders, Hainault, Namur, Luxemburg, and Lamburg, are summoned to assemble at Brussels on the 6th of January, to take measures for arranging a stable and effective Government.

Notwithstanding the successive misfortunes of the last campaign, the Ottoman Ministry are preparing for a renewal of the war with redoubled ardour. The Grand Seigneur has, with sound of trumpet, declared by his heralds, through the streets of Constantinople, that he means to put himself at the head of his army, on the opening of the spring. This has not only appeased the tumults which were bordering on a general insurrection, but will certainly enable him to take the field with a recruited army of Four Hundred Thousand Men.

Admiralty-Office, Nov. 10. This day in pursuance of his Majesty's pleasure, Sir John Laforey, Bart. was promoted to the rank of Rear Admiral of the White, taking rank next after Rear Admiral Sir Charles Middleton, Bart.

Whitehall, Nov. 18. The King has been pleased to appoint the Right Honourable Lord Auckland to be his Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the States General of the United Provinces.

And to appoint the Right Honourable Lord Henry Spencer to be his Majesty's Secretary of Embassy to their High Mightinesses.

The King has also been pleased to appoint the Right Honourable Alleyne Fitzherbert to be his Majesty's Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the Court of Spain.

Portsmouth, Nov. 14. The convicts already arrived at this port from Newfoundland, are four-score in number; a few others are expected.—These unhappy wretches are almost destitute of every sort of covering, some of them are labouring under sickness and infirmity.

Their story is accurately as follows:—About the middle of last June, this miserable class of beings, to the amount of one hundred and two men and boys, and twelve women, all of whom were convicts, were embarked at Dublin, on board of the Duke of Leinster transport, the owners of which, who are Dublin merchants, contracted with the Government of Ireland, for carrying the convicts to the North-American States.

After the ship had been at sea five weeks, part of which was foul weather, the provision is said to have fallen short; the

master of the transport, Capt. Harrison, accordingly stood in for Newfoundland, and lay to, till night; when he disembarked at Bulls Bay, and a little distance from it, with as much secrecy as possible, his desperate freight.

To prevent this proceeding being too early known, he landed with them provision, for the immediate supply of their wants, and bore away with a press of sail. The hungry victims lived for three days in a state of warfare, quarrelling about their food; the strongest beat the weak, and over a cake of rank butter, or beef, there was, for a time, as severe fighting as if a kingdom had been at stake.

They reached the town of St. John's on the 20th July; and exhibited the most appalling procession ever seen in that country.—The inhabitants had immediate councils; and the Military and Navy co-operating, a place of security was fixed upon, at a distance from the town, and they were lodged there under a guard.

Here the Irish Howl was nightly sung in full chorus.—and the centinels were frequently affrighted with the noise which on their posts. A battle or two every half hour, kept them restless all day,—and when the provision supplied to them by the inhabitants was lessening,—they broke away, and laid hold of every thing that was eatable, without enquiry whether it had an owner.

Some of these poor wretches were anxious to be received into the service of the inhabitants,—and probably might have reformed, if to fostered;—But all of them have the claim to the charity of this country, for that supply of raiment, which is necessary to guard against the inclement weather.

Perth, Nov. 18. Yesterday, about ten minutes past two o'clock, there was a very uncommon shock of an earthquake felt about five miles from this town, at Printfield, known by the name of Cromwell Park. It lasted about three seconds, in which time, a large house, five stories, which was built for the purpose of a cotton-mill, was perfectly felt to shake so much as to alarm the people within to run out of the house. A smaller house, adjoining to the mill, not being so strongly built, one of the chimney-tops fell down; luckily, no person was hurt. Several alarming shocks were felt in the neighbourhood, particularly at Methven-Castle, where the inhabitants were much alarmed by a great noise, like to the rolling of carts and coaches.

Leaves, Nov. 20. Last Thursday morning one Abrahams, a Jew priest, who for some time past had lodged at a public house

house in the Cliffe, near this town, being disordered in his senses, made an attempt upon his own life, by hanging himself in his neckcloth, but which broke with his weight, and let him down unhurt. He was however, so fully bent on completing his rash design, that he had next recourse to a razor, with which he cut his throat in a desperate manner; but being soon after discovered, a surgeon was called in to his assistance, who sewed up the wound, and left him in a fair way of recovery.

The above unhappy man having a brother-in-law living in Canterbury, Mr. Philip Lyon of this place wrote him a letter, acquainting him with the unfortunate circumstance; to which he, on Saturday received the following most curious answer

"Mr. Lyon, Canterbury, Nov. 1789.

"Sir,

"Yours I received this morning, and find that Mr. Abrahams has cut his throat, for which I am very sorry; but, if so, you will please to bury him; and, if not, you will hang him in your chimney for smook beef. I am m.,

"Your humble servant."

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

Hullis, Feb. 11.

ON Wednesday the 3d of Feb. 1790, was held the quarterly Visitation of the Academy near Windsor. The Students of the Latin School, after delivering several Pieces, *memoriter*, in Latin and English, were examined as usual; and notwithstanding the President's late indisposition, the different Classes gave very satisfactory proofs of their diligence and progress, as well in Grammar, as in constructing, parsing and scanning. The Students of each Class produced a Map adapted to the Classics they read—the Maps were drawn by the Students themselves, and well executed; they were examined in several parts of Classical Geography.

The Students in the English School were next examined in Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Geometry, and some Practical Branches of the Mathematics; and it is but justice to say, that they acquitted themselves in each, as well in delivering; *memoriter*, several Pieces of English Poetry and Prose, very much to the satisfaction of all who attended.

Three Premiums were given at this Visitation—one to Mr. Millidge of the first Class, and another to Mr. Bisset of the second Class, in the Latin School; and one

to Master Gray, sen. in the English School.—The number of Students at the Academy is thirty; of whom ten are Boarders. Last Saturday a Soldier belonging to the 20th Regt. coming from Dartmouth broke through the ice, and was unfortunately drowned.

25. The following prisoners were tried at a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Goal Delivery, held by Special Commission before the Hon. James Brenton, Richard John Uniacke, and John Newton Esqrs. on Friday the 19th inst. viz.

Jacob Baird, for Murder—Acquitted.

George Peal, for Burglary—ditto.

John Stewart, Ebenezer Wright, Jane Willart, and George Smith, for Grand Larceny—Found guilty, and branded.

William Wilson, for Grand Larceny—Acquitted.

DEATHS.

Feb. 13. Mr. Charles Roubalet, aged 56.

20. Mr. Samuel Lawrence, aged 23.

28. Mrs. Phippen, aged 74.

NAMES OF SUBSCRIBERS.

Received since our last.

CASPAR WOOLLENHAUPT, Esq; Member of Assembly for Lunenburg.

Major BROWN, Digby.

Dr. PADDOCK, St. John's, N. Brunswick.

Mr. ROBERTSON, Annapolis.

NICHOLAS OGDEN, Esq; Shelburne.

Mr. ISAAC EILDRETH, ditto.

NOTIFICATION TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Animus has been unavoidably omitted, but shall have a place next month.

We have received the letter signed *A Protestant*, and believe that his complaints, of the want of regular clergymen in the more remote parts of the province, and of the evils arising from the perversion of the people by ignorant and enthusiastic sectaries, are too well founded. We also agree with him, that this is an object which deserves the attention of government, and doubt not, whenever a proper representation shall be made, but it will have the desired effect. We would just observe, that this gentleman's favour was charged postage. It is probable he directed his servant to pay it. In future all letters, which shall not come free of expence, will be returned unopened to the post-office.

METEOROLOGICAL DIARY, KEPT AT HALIFAX, FOR JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1790.

FARENHEIT'S THERMOMETER.

January	9 A.M.	Noon.	3 P.M.	10 P.M.	February	9 A.M.	Noon.	3 P.M.	10 P.M.
1	52	51		41	1	28	30	33	35
2	39 ¹ / ₂	40		35	2	32	33	34	38 ¹ / ₂
3	31	32		38	3	21	21	29	23
4	40	40 ¹ / ₂		36	4	20	26	28	30
5	27	21 ¹ / ₂	12 ¹ / ₂		5	36	37	36	28
6	2	2	4		6	14	15	16	8
7	12	23	31		7	8	18	24	25
8	29	30	31		8	31	32	29	13
9	25	26	29		9	2	5 ¹ / ₂	6	1
10	25	29	28	21	10	0	0	7	1
11	17	21	23	25	11	0	8 ¹ / ₂	15	7
12	23 ¹ / ₂	35	35	26	12	1	6 ¹ / ₂	13	10
13	17	19 ¹ / ₂	24	22	13	7	11	28	18
14	32	35	35	32	14	15	22	34	30
15	23	23	26 ¹ / ₂		15	32 ¹ / ₂	35	41	36
16	13	16	21	30	16	30	32	38	32
17	28	29	32	29	17	26	28	31	29
18	25	27	30	29	18	26	30	38	32
19	36	38 ¹ / ₂	40	37	19	32	35	41	36
20	33	32	31	23	20	28	31	36	29
21	17	21	25	17	21	29	32	37	32
22	10	13	18	18	22	27	31	39	33
23	12 ¹ / ₂	18	24	25	23	25	31	40	34
24	31	32	32	26	24	27	30 ¹ / ₂	32	34
25	23	24	24	21	25	36	40 ¹ / ₂	39	33
26	18	20	28	20	26	30	31	33	32
27	23	32	31 ¹ / ₂	38	27	30	35	40	36
28	42	43	43	37	28	31	36	40	36
29	31	34	42	39					
30	37 ¹ / ₂	40	45	44					
31	39	39 ¹ / ₂	38 ¹ / ₂	36					

The Thermometer was kept in a room without fire. The greatest cold observed was on the 10th of February, about 1 A.M.—when upon hanging the Thermometer about half an hour in the open air, the mercury fell 15 degrees below 0. The sky was uncommonly serene. Not a breath of wind; nor any thing to be heard, but the noise of houses rent by the violence of the frost, which was sometimes as loud as the explosion of cannon.