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THE
Nova-Scotia Magazine,

FOR DECEMBER, 1790.

T H E S C E P T I G.

(Continued from p. 326.)

THE DISPUTE.

—‘MUST insist that it was entirely right; for, as my very good friend, Lord Bounce, told me last night at supper, and as my namesake the member of parliament has often observed, a man’s situation in life isn’t of no consequence; but when people bring *low plebeians* into their family, and unites them to people of no family nor connections—low creatures, whom no Lord, nor nothing above a city Alderman or a poor paltry country Squire wouldn’t take by the hand, they ought to be discarded.’

‘Don’t tell me about Lords;’ exclaims Libratus in a fury, ‘who were Lords and Ladies, I wonder, in a state of nature? Are we not all Lords alike? and are not the brutes our subjects? Lords indeed! Think of France: If all the common people in the world did but know their duty, and had but half the spirit I would have, d—me, they’d *sweep, at one stroke, the whole swarm of these RIGHT HONOURABLE LOCUSTS* (as the admirable scourge of aristocratic-insolence, justly called them), from off the face of the earth,’ and divide their property among those that want it.’

‘I think,’ said Dubium, very thoughtfully and deliberately, ‘Hume observes, that if all the money in the kingdom were equally divided, it would amount to about five pounds a man; but, as he says, I have some doubt.’—‘What! still some doubt left?’ says Arisor, interrupting him, ‘You must surely have had more than your five pounds worth at first, for you have been foundering your doubts very liberally this afternoon, and not exhausted yet!’

‘Lord,’ exclaims Pandora, ‘I think, for

people of such very great understandings, you’re very great fools to talk so much about these creatures. To be sure it’s quite a treat to hear such wise people talk, but it’s quite a bore to say so much about a low, good for nothing, runaway fellow, and such a nasty wanton huffey.’

‘Nay madam,’ replied the Epicurean, ‘you are too hard: neither of them are to blame, that I see. The young lady wanted a young companion to keep her from tumbling out of bed of a winter’s night, which is all very natural; and young Crochet, finding that he had touched the keys of her heart, thought he should improve the harmony of life, by having a partner who could play the treble to his bass, and whose fortune would keep the strings of the instrument in constant repair:—which is also very natural. But as a man of taste must soon be tired of striking the same dull key over and over again, he was certainly in the right to try for better music; especially as he had been disappointed in the principal object. I dare say they lived together as long as they could be both satisfied; and if he was tired first, the fault you know must be her’s; because it follows, of course, that she was the first who grew tiresome. Variety! variety! the joy of life is variety, and she ought certainly not to have been angry with him for pursuing it; since he left her at perfect liberty to do the same.’

THE RUSTIC.

‘And pray, my little bashful contemplatist,’ said I, walking up to Simplicia, ‘what is your opinion upon the subject?’ Simplicia had hitherto remained in total

tal silence, leaning upon her hand, and, apparently, looking out through the window; so that, if I except the modest and embarrassed glance of her eye as I entered the room, I had yet beheld none of the native beauties of her charming little form, but the redundant flowing of her chestnut locks, and the easy tapering of her graceful wattle. I know not how it was: whether that we, involuntarily and unconsciously, allow to the easy simplicity of nature that indulgence and exemption from forms, which, from tutor'd vanity, we both expect and exact: whether I was prepossessed by the favourable sketch given by Arifor, who, perhaps, never spoke favourably of any one before; or whether there are some favoured forms, around whom, like guardian Sylphs, the partial Graces for ever hover, and give to their every action a fascinating charm; but, certain it is, her pensive reclamation, and apparent neglect of the company (which from any other person would, in all probability, have disgusted me) gave me, in the present instance, no kind of offence. They are plunged in a controversy, said I, to myself; that awakens no interest in her bosom:—why should not her thoughts retire from a society which contributes nothing to her enjoyment?

But I soon discovered another cause for her attitude. As I laid my hand on her's, and repeated my enquiry, she turned round with gentle reluctance, and with a tender smile beaming through a cloud of tears, lifted her timid eyes to mine; and then dropped them again on a book she held before her. I was preparing to solicit her confidence, that, by knowing the cause, I might participate in her sorrows; but, whether from curiosity, or from chance, or from the reality of that magnetism, which some have asserted to exist in the eye, my glance followed her's, and I beheld the little narrative of *The Elopement* bathed with her tears.

THE TRANSPORT.

Ye powers of love and vanity attend! dispute and wrangle for this moment's transport, and tell me which (if either) seized at this instant the dominion of my heart! Or was it Sympathy—the pure Platonic sympathy of the soul, that snatched her hand from the tear-dew'd book, and clasp'd between both my own, pressed it involuntarily to my lips?

Enchanting girl, said I to myself, dear artless child of simplicity and nature! how irresistibly interesting is this tenderness of thy soul! Daughters of Vanity quit your wanton lures! ye light co-

quets, would ye ensnare our hearts, look at Simplicia and reform your own! Ye ostentatious pretenders to refinement! quit your proud arts, and know the charm of nature! Prate, prate no more the idle cant of artificial sentiment,—forego your novel-taught ejaculations, and if ye still have a nerve for aught but vanity, learn—learn to feel the genuine throb of pity!

Ruffic! and *Simpleton!*—what mean these terms? The curve of Flirtilla's lip, were she to pronounce them, would lead us, perhaps, to suppose them epithets of contemptuous reproach. Yet are genuine Sensibility, Innocence, and Truth, the fosterlings of RURAL NATURE; and tho' at times they may be wounded by the coarseness of clownish jocularity, or awhile suppressed by the weariness of assiduous labour, heaven pours around its variegated bounties with too free a hand to suffer them to languish; and contemplation, thro' each shadowy glade, breathes with a voice too audible to suffer thought to languish, or the heart, which once has felt, to become callous or indifferent. But how is it in this fantastic scene? Boasted refinement is but another term for the gross selfishness of Pride, whose florid imbecility, whose unfeeling licentiousness of mind, and affected excess of exterior delicacy, form the complete antithesis of fashionable folly!"

THE LOVERS.

I had, during this reverie, still kept hold of the reluctant hand of the blushing Simplicia: but the sigh which now stole from her bosom, and the mournful look with which she languished on the agitated countenance of Melville (or, as Arifor had called him, the gentle Zephyr) fluttered with painful agitation at my heart, and I relinquished the unwilling bliss:—Nor will I pain, said I, two tender hearts.

She flew immediately to the perturbed youth, and seating herself by his side, reclined, as if by instinct, on his shoulder, fixing her moist and anxious eye on his—as tho' they would at once probe his heart and pour the soothing balm of tenderness into the wound. The glance of Melville was more ardent: his soul darted through the crystal portals of intelligence, entered the secret recesses of her heart; and, drinking the sweet draught of tender confidence, was cherred as with nectar from the stream of life.

THE PORTRAIT.

I know not how it is, but my wisdom seems to have forsaken me during this scene;

scene; and I have thought and spoken with all the assuming confidence of folly. But perhaps woman was designed by heaven to fool us into happiness: and for this purpose, what female could be more calculated than *Simplicia*? the inartificial graces of whose person, the pathos of whose features, the openness of whose countenance, and the intelligence of whose brow, impress the mind of the beholder; while the luxuriance of her snowy bosom, and the glossy fulness of her ruby lips, awaken all the warmer emotions of the heart. Yet *Simplicia* is far from what is generally called of the first order of fine forms. She is short, and has rather the appearance of florid health, than of that sickly delicacy, which town-taught dissipation naturally produces, and

which, therefore, town-bred vanity affects to admire; and her complexion, tho' regular, is not a little inclined to the brunette. But, as her proportions are excellent, her features (enclosed in a pleasing outline of a smooth and shortish oval) are soft, regular, and truly feminine; as her countenance is harmonized and serene, yet capable of much expression; as her eyes, though not peculiarly bright, are tender and attractive, and fringed by dark and beautiful lashes, as, above all, she has an evident tenderness of soul, and every symbol of an excellent temper, I must pronounce her one of those for whom the heart of man need not be ashamed to throb with a warmer and more tender sensation than has agitated mine.

SPECULATIONS ON THE PERCEPTIVE POWER OF VEGETABLES.

[By Dr. Percival. Read before the Philosophical Society.]

IN all our enquiries into truth, whether natural or moral, it is necessary to take into previous consideration, the kind of evidence which the subject admits of; and the degree of it, which is sufficient to afford satisfaction to the mind. Demonstrative evidence is absolute, and without gradation; but probable evidence ascends, by regular steps, from the lowest presumption, to the highest moral certainty. A single presumption, is, indeed, of little weight; but a series of such imperfect proofs may produce the fullest conviction. The strength of belief, however, may often be greater, than is proportionate to the force and number of these proofs, either individually or collectively considered. For, as uncertainty is always painful to the understanding, very slight evidence, if the subject be capable of no other, sometimes amounts to credibility. This every philosopher experiences in his researches into nature; and the observation may serve as an apology for the following jeu d'esprit; in which I shall attempt to shew, by the several analogies of organization, life, instinct, spontaneity, and self-motion, that plants, like animals, are endued with the powers, both of perception and enjoyment.

Vegetables bear so near a similitude to animals in their structure, that botanists have derived from anatomy and physiology, almost all the terms employed in the description of them. A tree or shrub, they inform us, consists of a cuticle, cutis, and

cellular membrane; of vessels variously disposed, and adapted to the transmission of different fluids; and of a ligneous, or bony substance, covering and defending a pith or marrow. Such organization evidently belongs not to inanimate matter; and when we observe, in vegetables, that it is connected with, or instrumental to the powers of growth, of self-preservation, of motion, and of seminal increase, we cannot hesitate to ascribe to them a living principle. And by admitting this attribute, we advance a step higher in the analogy we are pursuing. For, the idea of life naturally implies some degree of perceptivity: and wherever perception resides, a greater or less capacity for enjoyment seems to be its necessary adjunct. Indefinite and low, therefore, as this capacity may be, in each single herb, or tree, yet, when we consider the amazing extent of the vegetable kingdom, 'from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop upon the wall,' the aggregate of happiness, produced by it, will be found to exceed our most enlarged conceptions. It is prejudice only, which restrains or suppresses the delightful emotions, resulting from the belief of such a diffusion of good. And, because the framers of systems have invented arrangements and divisions of the works of God, to aid the mind in the pursuits of science, we implicitly admit as reality, what is merely artificial; and adopt distinctions, without proof of any essential difference. *Lapides crescunt; vegetabilia crescunt et vivunt.*

vunt; animalia crescunt, vivunt, et sentiunt. This climax, of Linnæus, is conformable to the doctrines of Aristotle, Pliny, Jungius, and others: But none of these great men have produced sufficient evidence, to support the negative characteristics, if I may so express myself, on which the three kingdoms of nature are here established. That a gradation subsists, in the scale of beings, is clearly manifest; but the higher advances we make in physical knowledge, the nearer will the degrees be seen to approach each other. And it is no very extravagant conjecture to suppose, that, in some future period, perceptivity may be discovered to extend, even beyond the limits now assigned to vegetable life. Corallines, madrepores, millepores, and sponges were formerly considered as fossil bodies: But the experiments of Count Marsigli evinced, that they are endued with life, and led him to class them with the maritime plants. And the observations of Ellis, Jussieu and Peysonel, have since raised them to the rank of animals. The detection of error, in long established opinions concerning one branch of natural knowledge, justifies the suspicion of its existence in others, which are nearly allied to it: And it will appear, from the prosecution of our enquiry into the instincts, spontaneity, and self moving power of vegetables, that the suspicion is not without foundation.

II. Instinct is a propensity, or movement to seek, without deliberation, what is agreeable to the particular nature, actuated by it; and to avoid what is incongruous or hurtful. It is a practical power, which requires no previous knowledge or experience; and which pursues a present or future good, without any definite ideas or foresight: and often, with very faint degrees of consciousness. The calf, when it first comes into the world, applies to the teats of the cow, utterly ignorant of the taste, or nutritious quality, of the milk, and consequently, with no views, either to sensual gratification, or support: And the duckling, which has been hatched under a lien, at a distance from water, discovers a constant restlessness and impatience; and is observed to practise all the motions of swimming, though a stranger to its future designation, and to the element, for which its oily feathers, and web-like feet, are formed. Instincts analogous to these, operate with equal energy, on the vegetable tribe. A seed contains a germ, or plant in miniature, and a radicle, or little root, intended by nature to supply it with nourishment. If the seed be sown in an inverted position, still each part pursues its proper direction. The plumula turns upward, and the radicle strikes downward,

into the ground. A hop plant, turning round a pole, follows the course of the sun, from south to west, and soon dies, when forced into an opposite line of motion: But remove the obstacle, and the plant will quickly return to its ordinary position. The branches of a honey suckle shoot out longitudinally, till they become unable to bear their own weight; and then strengthen themselves, by changing their form into a spiral: When they meet with other living branches, of the same kind, they coalesce for mutual support, and one spiral turns to the right, and the other to the left; thus seeking, by an instinctive impulse, some body on which to climb, and increasing the probability of finding one, by the diversity of their course: for if the auxiliary branch be dead, the other uniformly winds itself round, from the right to the left.

These examples, of the instinctive economy of vegetables, have been purposely taken from subjects familiar to our daily observation. But the plants of warmer climates, were we sufficiently acquainted with them, would probably furnish better illustrations of this acknowledged power of animality: and I shall briefly recite the history of a very curious exotic, which has been delivered to us from very good authority; and confirmed by the observations of several European botanists.

The *dinæa muscipula* is a native of North Carolina. Its leaves are numerous, inclining to bend downwards, and placed in a circular order: they are jointed, and succulent; the upper joint consists of two lobes, each of which is semi-oval in its form, with a margin furnished with stiff hairs; which embrace each other, when they close from any irritation. The surfaces of these lobes are covered with small red glands, which probably secrete some sweet liquor, tempting to the taste, but fatal to the lives of insects: for, the moment the poor animal alights upon these parts, the two lobes rise up, grasp it forcibly, lock the rows of spines together, and squeeze it to death: and, lest the struggles for life should disengage the insect, thus entangled, three small spines are fixed amongst the glands, near the middle of each lobe, which effectually put an end to all its efforts: nor do the lobes open again, while the dead animal continues there. The dissolution of its substance, therefore is supposed, by naturalists, to constitute part of the nourishment of the plant. But as the discriminative power of instinct is always limited, and proceeds with a blind uniformity when put into exertion, the plant closes its leaves as forcibly, if stimulated by a straw or

pin, as by the body of an insect: nor does it expand them again, till the extraneous substance is withdrawn.

III. If the facts and observations, which have been produced, furnish any presumptive proof of the instinctive power of vegetables, it will necessarily follow, that they must be endued with some degree of spontaneity. For the impulse to discriminate and to prefer, is an actual exertion of that principle, however obscure the consciousness or the feeling may be, with which it is accompanied: and such volition presupposes an innate perception, both of what is consonant, and of what is injurious to the constitution of the individual, or species directed by it. But it is the design of this little essay, rather to investigate nature, than appeal to metaphysical considerations: I shall proceed, therefore, to point out a few of those phenomena, in the vegetable kingdom, which indicate spontaneity.

Several years ago, whilst engaged in a course of experiments to ascertain the influence of fixed air on vegetation, the following fact repeatedly occurred to me. A sprig of mint, suspended by the root, with the head downwards, in the middle glass vessel of Dr. Nooth's machine, continued to thrive vigorously, without any other pabulum, than what was supplied by the stream of mephitic gas, to which it was exposed. In twenty-four hours, the stem forined into a curve, the head became erect, and gradually ascended towards the mouth of the vessel; thus producing, by successive efforts, a new and unusual configuration of its parts. Such exertions in the sprig of mint, to rectify its inverted position, and to remove from a foreign, to its natural element, seems to evince volition to avoid what was evil, and to recover what had been experienced to be good. If a plant, in a garden-pot, be placed in a room, which has no light, except from a hole in the wall, it will shoot towards the hole, pass through it into the open air, and then vegetate upwards, in its proper direction. Lord Kaimes relates, that, "amongst the ruins of New Abbey, formerly a monastery in Galloway, there grows on the top of a wall, a plane-tree, twenty feet high. Straitened for nourishment, in that barren situation, it several years ago directed roots down the side of the wall, till they reached the ground, ten feet below: and now, the nourishment it afforded to these roots, during the time of descending, is amply repaid; having every year, since that time, made vigorous shoots. From the top of the wall, to the surface of the earth, these roots have not thrown out a simple fibre, but are now united into a pretty thick hard root."

The regular movements, by which the sun-flower presents its splendid disk to the sun, have been known to naturalists, and celebrated by poets, both of ancient and modern times. Ovid sounds upon it a beautiful story; and Thomson describes it as an attachment of love, to the celestial luminary.

"But one, the lofty follower of the sun,
Sad, when he sets; shuts up her yellow
leaves,
Drooping all night; and when he warm
returns;

Points her enamour'd bosom to his ray."

IV. Nature has wisely proportioned the powers of motion, to the diversified necessities of the beings endued with them. Corallines and seapens are fixed to a spot, because all their wants may be there supplied. The oyster, during the afflux of the tide, opens to admit the water, lying with the hollow shell downwards: but when the ebb commences, it turns on the other side; thus providing, by an inconsiderable movement, for the reception of its proper nutriment; and afterwards discharging what is superfluous. Mr. Miller, in his late account of the island of Sumatra, mentions a species of coral, which the inhabitants have mistaken for a plant, and have denominated it *lalan-cout*, or sea-grass. It is found in shallow bays, where it appears like a straight stick, but when touched, withdraws itself into the sand. Now, if self-moving faculties, like these, indicate animality, can such a distinction be denied to vegetables, possessed of them in an equal, or superior degree? The water-lily, be the pond deep or shallow in which it grows, pushes up its flower-stems, till they reach the open air, that the farina secundans may perform, without injury, its proper office. About seven in the morning, the stalk erects itself, and the flowers rise above the surface of the water: In this state they continue till four in the afternoon, when the stalk becomes relaxed, and the flowers sink and close. The motions of the sensitive plant have been long noticed with admiration, as exhibiting the most obvious signs of perceptivity. And if we admit such motions, as criteria of a like power, in other beings, to attribute them, in this instance, to mere mechanism, actuated solely by external impulse, is to deviate from the soundest rule of philosophizing, which directs us not to multiply causes, when the effects appear to be the same. Neither will the laws of electricity better solve the phenomena of this animated vegetable: for its leaves are equally affected by the contact of electric, and non-electric bodies; shew no change in their sensibility, whether the atmosphere be

be dry or moist; and instantly close when the vapour of volatile alkali, or the fumes of burning sulphur are applied to them. The powers of chemical stimuli, to produce contractions in the fibres of this plant, may perhaps lead some philosophers, to refer them to the *vis insita*, or irritability, which they assign to certain parts of organized matter, totally distinct from, and independent of, any sentient energy. But the hypothesis is evidently a solecism, and refutes itself. For the presence of irritability can only be proved by the experience of irritations, and the idea of irritation involves in it that of feeling.

But there is a species of the order of decandria, which constantly and uniformly exerts a self-moving power, uninfluenced either by chemical stimuli, or by any external impulse whatsoever. This curious shrub, which was unknown to Linnæus, is a native of the East Indies, but has been cultivated in several botanical gardens here. I had an opportunity of examining it, in the collection of the late Dr. Brown. It is trifolious, grows to the height of four feet, and produces, in autumn, yellow flowers. The lateral leaves are smaller than those at the extremity of the stalk; and all day long, they are continually moving either upwards or downwards, or in the segment of a circle: the last motion is performed by the twisting of the foot stalks; and whilst one leaf is rising, its associate is generally descending: the motion downwards is quicker and more irregular, than the motion upwards, which is steady and uniform. These movements are observable, during the space of twenty-four hours, in the leaves of a branch lopped off from the shrub, and kept in water. If, from any obstacle, the motion be retarded, upon the removal of that obstacle, it is resumed with a greater degree of velocity. I cannot better comment on this wonderful degree of vegetable animation, than in the words of Cicero. *Inanimatum est omne quod pulsu agitatur externo;*

quod autem est animal, id motu cietur interiore et suo.

I have thus attempted, with the brevity prescribed by the laws of this society, to extend our views of animated nature; to gratify the mind with the contemplation of multiplied accessions to the general aggregate of felicity; and to exalt our conceptions of the wisdom, power, and beneficence of God. In an undertaking, never yet accomplished, disappointment can be no disgrace: in one, directed to such noble objects, the motives are a justification, independently of success. Truth, indeed, obliges me to acknowledge, that I review my speculations with much diffidence; and that, I dare not presume to expect they will produce any permanent conviction in others, because I experience an instability of opinion in myself. For to use the language of Tully, *Nescio quomodo, dum lego assentior; cum posui librum, assensio omnis illa elabitur.*—But this scepticism is perhaps to be ascribed to the influence of habitual preconceptions, rather than to a deficiency of reasonable proof. For besides the various arguments which have been advanced, in favour of vegetable perceptivity, it may be farther urged, that the hypothesis recommends itself, by its consonance to those higher analogies of nature, which lead us to conclude, that the greatest possible sum of happiness exists in the universe. The bottom of the ocean is overspread with plants, of the most luxuriant magnitude. Immense regions of the earth are covered with perennial forests. Nor are the Alps, or the Andes, destitute of herbage, though buried in depths of snow. And can it be imagined, that such profusion of life subsists without the least sensation or enjoyment? Let us rather, with humble reverence, suppose, that vegetables participate, in some low degree, of the common allotment of vitality: and that our great Creator hath apportioned good, to all living things, “in number, weight, and measure.”

ACCOUNT OF A LIVING BITCH, BORN TOTALLY DEPRIVED OF HER TWO FORE LEGS.

[From the *Literary Magazine*.]

IN the month of July, 1782, a Spanish bitch, of a black colour, with reddish spots, brought forth eight little puppies. As she had been pretty free in the choice of her husbands, the puppies were very much mixed, and very little like herself;

they slightly looked at them, and selected four to be kept. After they had removed the others, it was observed that one of them was a bitch puppy, deprived of her four legs. It was imagined it would not live; but this defect in the make did not prevent

prevent it from growing, as fast as the other puppies of the same litter: she is now two years old, and has been long at her full growth.

This animal is much like a wolf-dog, but longer; her hair is long, rough, and brown; her tail like a fox, not only in the shape but in the manner in which she carries it. Some persons think that the dam has been visited by a fox, but all naturalists know the marked antipathy between the dog and a fox, and the useless attempts made by M. de Buffon to bring them to produce together.

This animal is very fond, and will follow any one on her two hinder paws, which, as she walks, are far asunder, and the claws very open. If she wants to go fast, she makes use of the lower part of her neck, to support the lower part of her body, then, by leaping and springing forward, she gets on pretty quick: but this method of going seems to fatigue her very

much, and every time her neck touches the ground, it seems to affect her respiration; and to keep her head and mouth from striking, she is obliged to have the muscles of her neck always contracted, in order to keep her head up.

On hearing any noise, she keeps herself in an erect position for a considerable time. If she wants to go up stairs, she leaps from step to step, supporting her fore parts by the lower part of her neck, and readily gets up; but has no means of getting down. It is not easy, by feeling, to learn the conformation of the bones of this animal; yet, when she sits up, as some dogs are taught to do, a sensible motion may be perceived under the skin, at the place from whence the fore legs should naturally proceed; but this probably may arise from a motion of the muscles. In 1789 she littered, and had six puppies, but none of them participated of the mother's defect.

[In our last Number we presented our Readers with a Sketch of the Life of the late JOHN ELWES, Esq; from the Edinburgh Magazine.—By the Packet we have received the Literary Magazine; which contains a more particular Account of that singular Personage, and as it is but seldom that such extraordinary Characters appear in the World, we doubt not but a Re-publication of this lengthy Narrative will be acceptable to our Readers, altho' the Sketch we published last Month is blended with it.]

LIFE OF JOHN ELWES, ESQ.

OF all the passions, which pervert human nature none seems to be more extraordinary than that of avarice, which is often found implanted in the bosoms of those who wallow in affluence, and who consequently might enjoy every happiness and comfort that this world can afford, did they know how to use the blessings which Heaven has bestowed upon them. Such, indeed, is the strange fatality of mankind that we frequently find people possessed of princely fortunes denying themselves the most innocent gratifications, and even the necessities of life, in order that they may amass riches, which will, perhaps, be profusely squandered away after their death, by ungrateful and extravagant heirs. Instances of this violent attachment to money, frequently occur: the life of the late John Elwes, Esq; affords a striking one, and may serve, in

some measure, to confirm the truth of the above observations.

The father of Mr. Elwes was an eminent brewer in Southwark, which was formerly represented in parliament by his grandfather. As Mr. Meggor*, died when his son was only four years of age, little of his character can be attributed to him: it may, however, be traced from his mother; for we are told that, though she was left nearly one hundred thousand pounds by her husband, she absolutely starved herself to death.

When very young, Mr. Elwes was sent to Westminster school, where he continued about ten or twelve years. What progress he made at that seminary we know not; but it is certain that after he left it, no part of his time was ever devoted to reading, and when he died, if all the books he had in his possession had been collected together

* Meggor was originally the family name, which the late Mr. Elwes changed, in consequence of his becoming heir to his uncle Sir Harvey Elwes.

together, they would not have sold for two pounds. His mind seems to have been too much engaged with the thoughts of amassing riches, to seek for any kind of instruction; his acquaintance with figures was even very trifling, and this may, in some measure, account for the ignorance in which he generally was respecting the state of his own affairs.

On quitting Westminster-school, Mr. Elwes went abroad, and resided some time at Geneva, where he engaged in pursuits much more congenial with his disposition than study. Great part of his time was employed in learning to ride under the riding-master of the academy there, who could then boast of three of the best riders perhaps in Europe, Mr. Worsley, Mr. Elwes, and Sir Sydney Meadows. Of the three, Elwes was accounted the greatest adept; the young horses were always assigned to him, and he became rough rider to the other two.

About this period, he was introduced to the celebrated Voltaire; but as literary talents were of little consequence to Mr. Elwes, the horses in the riding school were the objects which principally attracted his attention, and their respective qualities made a much deeper impression on his mind than the abilities and genius of the philosopher.

On his return to England, after an absence of three years, he went to pay a visit to his uncle, Sir Harvey Elwes, whose attachment to money was so great that few people ever exceeded him in this respect. As it was necessary that the nephew should, on this account, disguise himself a little, for being then young, his dress was agreeable to the fashion of the times, he used to stop at a little inn at Chelmsford, where he put on a pair of small iron buckles, darned worsted stockings, an old worn-out coat, and a tattered waistcoat. Thus equipped, he rode forward to the house of his uncle, who was happy to find his relation so ready to copy his example, and to adopt his avaricious disposition.

Sir Harvey Elwes, who was, indeed, a most singular character, on the death of Sir Jervaise Elwes, found himself in the nominal possession of some thousands a year, though his income, in reality, was not above an hundred, as Sir Jervaise had left all his estates very much encumbered. Sir Harvey, however, when he arrived at Stoke, the family estate, declared that he would never leave it till he had cleared the paternal estate, and he lived to accomplish this object, and to realize above an hundred thousand pounds besides.

As he had few acquaintances, and no turn for reading, his greatest pleasure was

to hoard up and count his money. Next to that was partridge setting, at which he was so skilful that he has been known to catch five hundred brace of birds in one season. His whole family, which consisted only of one man and two maids, lived therefore almost entirely upon partridges, and what they could not eat he always turned out again, for he never gave away any thing.

During the partridge season he and his man went out regularly every day, if the weather was tolerable, and as his breed of dogs was remarkably good, he seldom failed to catch large quantities of game. On every occasion whatever he wore a black velvet cap over his face, a worn-out full dress suit of cloaths, an old great coat, and worsted stockings, drawn up over his knees. He rode a thin thoroughbred horse, which, together with his rider, might have conveyed no bad idea of Don Quixote and his Rozinante, as described by the inimitable Cervantes.

When the day was not fine enough to tempt him to go abroad, he would walk backwards and forwards in his old hall, to save the expence of a fire. If a farmer in the neighbourhood came in, he would strike a light with a tinder box, which he kept by him, and putting one solitary stick on the grate, would not waste another until the first was nearly expiring.

As Sir Harvey kept up little correspondence in London, he had always three or four thousand pounds at a time in his house. A set of desperadoes, afterwards known by the appellation of the *Thackstead gang*, being informed of this circumstance, concerted a plan to rob him, which they easily effected. It was Sir Harvey's custom to retire to his bed-chamber at eight o'clock, and, after taking a basin of water gruel, by the light of a small fire, to save the expence of a candle, to go immediately to bed. The gang, who knew the hour when his servant went to the stable, having left their horses in a small grove on the Essex side of the river, walked across, and hid themselves in the porch of the church, till they saw the man enter the stable, when they instantly fell upon him, and after some struggle, bound and gagged him. They then ran towards the house, tied the two maids together, and going up to Sir Harvey presented their pistols, and ordered him to deliver his money. Notwithstanding this threatening request, Sir Harvey refused to give them any answer till they had assured him that his servant, for whom he had a sincere esteem, was perfectly safe. He then put into their hands the key of a drawer, containing fifty guineas; but as they well knew

knew he had a much larger sum in the house, they renewed their threats, and swore they would put him to death, unless he discovered where it was concealed. Finding resistance vain, he at length shewed them the place, and on pulling out a large drawer, they found in it two thousand seven hundred guineas, which they packed up in two large baskets and carried off safe.

When the robbers quitted him, they told him that they should leave a man behind them, who would murder him if he stirred one foot to call for assistance; on which he very coolly took out his watch, which they had not asked for, and said, 'Gentlemen, I do not wish to apprehend any of you; I will, therefore, on my honour, give you twenty minutes to make your escape: after that nothing shall prevent me from seeing how my servant does.'

When the time was expired, he went and untied the man, but though some search was made by the people of the village, the robbers were not discovered.—When they were taken up, some years after, for other offences, and were known to be the persons who had robbed Sir Harvey, he would not appear against them. Mr. Harrington, of Clare, who was his lawyer, having pressed him to go to Chelmsford and identify their persons, 'No, no,' said he, 'I have lost my money, and now you wish me to lose my time also.'

Though Sir Harvey had few acquaintances, he occasionally frequented a club held at his own village of Stoke. Two members of this society, Sir Cordwell Firebas and Sir John Barnardiston, were baronets as well as himself, and though they were all rich, disputes often arose respecting the settlement of the reckoning. One day, while they were debating on this weighty and serious point, a droll fellow, who was a member, called out to a friend who was passing, 'For Heaven's sake step up stairs and assist the poor! here are three baronets worth a million of money quarrelling about a farthing.'

However incredible it may appear, Sir Harvey's clothes cost him nothing, for he took them out of an old chest, where they had lain since the days of Sir Jervaise. His household he maintained chiefly upon game, or fish, which he procured from his own ponds, and the cows that grazed before his door furnished milk, cheese, and butter for the whole family. What little fuel he really burnt was supplied by his woods. In chastity he might have vied with Sir Isaac Newton, for he considered it as an unpardonable sin to give even his

affections, and as he saw no lady whatever, he was in little danger of bartering them matrimonially for money. When Sir Harvey died, the only tear that was shed over his grave fell from the eye of his servant, who had long and faithfully attended him, and to whom he bequeathed a farm of gold per annum, to him and his heirs forever. His fortune, which at this period could not be less than two hundred and fifty thousand pounds; (for his annual expensures never exceeded one hundred and ten) devolved to Mr. Meggot, the subject of these memoirs, who, by his will, was ordered to assume the name and arms of Elwes.

At the time when Mr. Elwes succeeded to this property, he had advanced beyond the fortieth year of his age, and was supposed to be possessed of as much of his own. For fifteen years previous to this event he was well known in the fashionable circles in the metropolis. He had a great turn for gaming, and it was only late in life, and from paying always, and being often not paid, that he conceived a disgust at this amusement. The acquaintances he had formed at Westminster school; and at Geneva, together with his large fortune, all conspired to introduce him into whatever company he chose. He was admitted a member of the club at Arthur's, and, as a proof of his being at this time a man of deep play, he, and some others, are noticed in a scene of the Adventures of a Guinea, on account of the frequency of their midnight orgies. Few men, according to his own account, played higher than himself; of which various success. He has been heard to say that he once played two days and two nights without interruption, and as the room was small, the company were nearly up to the knees in cards. At this sitting he lost some thousands. In this party was the late Duke of Northumberland, who never quitted a table while the smallest hopes of winning remained!

Had Mr. Elwes received all the money he won, he would have been richer by several thousands; but many of the debts owing to him, even by some of the first of the nobility, were never liquidated; and on this account he was a considerable loser by play. The theory which he professed, that it was impossible to ask a gentleman for money, he strictly put in practice, and he never violated his feelings in this respect during his whole life.

Though frequently engaged in such scenes of dissipation, Mr. Elwes seldom neglected any opportunity of saving or of adding, if it were but a single penny, to his fortune. After sitting up a whole night

night at play, for thousands, in elegant apartments, ornamented with the most splendid decorations, and with waiters at his call, he would walk out about four in the morning, and proceed to Smithfield, to meet his own cattle which were coming to market from Thraydon Hall, in Essex, where he had a farm. Forgetful of the scenes which he had just left, this singular man would stand there often in the cold and the rain, disputing with a carcass butcher, for, perhaps, a shilling. Sometimes, when the cattle did not arrive at the hour he expected, he would walk on, in the mire and dirt, to meet them, and more than once he has gone the whole way to his farm, without stopping, which was 17 miles from London.

Had every man been of Mr. Elwes' disposition, the inn-keeper must have given up business, and post-chaises returned to those who constructed them; for throughout his whole life he made it his study to have nothing to do with either. He always travelled on horseback, and to see him setting out on a journey was a matter wry curious, and might have furnished an excellent subject for the pencil of those who delight in caricature. His first care was to put two or three eggs, boiled hard, or any scraps that he could find, into his great coat pocket; then mounting one of his hunters, his next attention was to get out of London into that road where there were few toll-ropes, and when he found a hedge with grass near it, for his horse, and a little water for his own use, he would sit down and regale both himself and his horse together.

Before the death of his uncle, Mr. Elwes used to reside in Berkshire, at his own seat at Marcham, where he had two sons born to him by his housekeeper, Elizabeth Moren; but when his uncle died, he went to live at Stoke, in Suffolk. However bad the mansion might be which he found here, he left one still worse behind him at Marcham. As a proof of this, the following anecdote is related. A few days after he went thither, a great quantity of rain fell during the night, so that he had not been long in bed before he found himself quite wet. Putting forth his hand from the clothes, he perceived that the rain was dropping through the ceiling; he therefore got up and moved his bed, but he still found that the same inconvenience attended him; upon this, he got up again, and again the rain came down; at length, after pushing the bed quite round the apartment, he got into a corner where the ceiling was better secured, and he slept there till morning. When he met his uncle at breakfast, he told him what had

happened: 'Aye, aye,' said the old man, 'I don't mind it myself, but to those who do, that's a nice corner in the rain.'

When Mr. Elwes came into Suffolk, he first began to keep fox-hounds, and his stable of hunters at that time was said to be the best in the kingdom. Of the breed of his horses he was perfectly sure, because he reared them himself; and, what is never the case at present, they were not broke in till they were six years old.

Keeping fox-hounds was the only instance in life of Mr. Elwes' sacrificing money to pleasure; but even here every thing was conducted on a plan of the most rigid economy. Scrub, in the Beaux Stragtagem, when compared with Mr. Elwes' huntsman, led a life of idleness and luxury. This celebrated huntsman might have fixed an epoch in the history of servants; for, getting up at four o'clock in the morning, he milked the cows; he then prepared breakfast for his master, or any friends that he might have with him; after which slipping on a green coat, he hurried to the stable, saddled the horses, got the hounds out of the kennel, and repaired with them to the field. After the fatigues of hunting, he refreshed himself by rubbing down two or three of the horses as quickly as he could; he then ran into the house to lay the cloth and wait at dinner; when that was over, he hastened again to the stable, to feed the horses, and concluded the labours of the day with milking the cows, feeding the dogs, and littering eight hunters. What may appear extraordinary, this man lived with Mr. Elwes many years, though he often called him an idle dog, and told him that he wanted to be paid for doing nothing.

To Mr. Elwes, an inn upon the road, and an apothecary's bill, were equal subjects of his aversion. The words *give* and *pay* were not in his dictionary, and on this account, when he once received a dangerous kick from one of his horses, which fell in leaping a hedge, or a ditch, nothing could persuade him to apply for assistance. He rode out the chace with his leg cut to the bone, and it was not till some days after, when it was feared an amputation would be necessary, that he consented, though with great reluctance, to go up to London and part with some money for advice.

No hounds were more famous for killing than those of Mr. Elwes'. The neighbouring wits used to say, that it must be so, or they would have nothing to eat. They, indeed, lived very sparingly, and, however it may be doubted by modern sportsmen, Mr. Elwes' whole fox-hunting establishment, huntsman, dogs, and horses,

did not cost him three hundred pounds a year. In the summer they always were committed to the care of different tenants, and were collected together a few days before the season began.

During the time he kept hounds, which was nearly fourteen years, Mr. Elwes resided, for the most part, at Stoke, in Suffolk: from thence he made frequent excursions to Newmarket, but he never engaged on the turf. A kindness, however, which he performed here, ought not to be passed over in silence. Lord Abingdon, with whom he was only slightly acquainted, had made a match for 700*l.* which it was supposed he would be obliged to forfeit, from an inability to produce the sum, though the odds were greatly in his favour. Mr. Elwes, unasked, and unsolicited, made an offer of the money, which his lordship accepted, and won his engagement. The generosity of this behaviour no one will deny; but it was the fate of Mr. Elwes to combing some great actions with a meanness so extraordinary as to obscure all the merit of them.

Another circumstance which occurred upon the same occasion, is related by a clergyman, whose authority seems unquestionable. On the day when this match was to be run, he had agreed to accompany Mr. Elwes to see the issue of it, and they were to go on horseback, according to Mr. Elwes' custom, and to set out at seven in the morning. As the gentleman imagined that they were to breakfast at Newmarket, he took no refreshment, and away they went. Having reached Newmarket about eleven, Mr. Elwes continued very busy in enquiries and conversation till twelve, when the match was decided in favour of Lord Abingdon. The gentleman then thought they should move off to town, to get some breakfast, but the old man continued riding about till four, at which time his companion began to grow so impatient that he hinted something respecting the keen air of Newmarket heath, and the comforts of a good dinner. 'Very true,' replied Elwes, 'very true, so here, do as I do,' offering him, at the same time, from his great coat pocket, a piece of old crusted pancake, which he said he had brought from his house at Marcham two months before, and that it was as good as new. In short, they did not reach home till nine in the evening, when the gentleman was so worn out that he gave up all refreshment but rest, and old Elwes, having risked 700*l.* in the morning, went to bed with this happy reflection, that he had saved three shillings.

It was not amongst strangers alone that Mr. Elwes shewed his attachment to mo-

ney. He had brought his two sons out of Berkshire with him, and he was certainly fond of these boys, but he would never lavish any thing on their education; for he declared that putting learning in people's heads was the sure way to take money out of their pockets. From this mean and almost ludicrous desire of saving, no circumstance of tenderness or attachment, no sentiment of sorrow or compassion, could divert him; and it appears, from the following anecdote, that he was not overburdened with natural affection. One day, having made his eldest son mount a ladder, in order to get some grapes for his table, the ladder slipped, and the youth, falling down, hurt his side against the end of it. The boy had the precaution to go to the village and get blooded by the barber; when he returned, he was asked where he had been, and what was the matter with his arm. He told his father that he had got bled. 'Bled! bled!' said the old gentleman; 'but what did you give?'—'a shilling,' answered the boy. 'A shilling!' returned the father, 'a shilling! you are a blockhead; never part with your blood.'

From the parsimonious manner in which Mr. Elwes lived, riches rolled in upon him like a torrent; but as he scarcely knew any thing of accounts, and never reduced his affairs to writing, he was obliged, in the disposal of his money, to trust much to memory, and more to the suggestions of others: hence every person who had a want, or a scheme which was likely to turn out very profitable to him, all became his prey; and this may account for those visions of distant property in America; those phantoms of annuities on lives that could never pay, and bureaux filled with bonds of promising peers and members, long stripped of all property. It, perhaps, may not be exaggeration to say that, in the course of his life, Mr. Elwes lost, in this manner, upwards of an hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

It was not, however, to offers of high interest alone that his ears were open: making him trifling presents, or doing business for him gratis, were allurements which, in the hands of the needy, always drew him on to lend money. A petty wine merchant, who had these views, having begged his acceptance of some very fine wine, in a short time after obtained the loan of some hundred pounds. Old Elwes used ever after to say, that it was very fine wine, for it cost him twenty pounds a bottle.

In the penny of Mr. Elwes there was something very extraordinary, for he not only voluntarily denied himself every earthly comfort whatever, but he often endan-

gered his health rather than expend a single farthing to shelter himself from those inconveniencies which self-preservation induces most men to avoid. He would walk home in the rain, in London, sooner than pay a shilling for a coach; he would sit in wet cloaths, sooner than have a fire to dry them; he would eat his provisions in the last stage of putrefaction, sooner than have a fresh joint from the butcher's; and he wore a wig for a fortnight, which the gentleman from whose life of him we have extracted these memoirs saw him pick up from a rut in a lane, while riding in company with him.

'The day in which I first beheld him in this ornament,' says his biographer, 'exceeded all the power of farce, for he had torn his brown coat, which he generally wore, and had been obliged to have recourse to the old chest of Sir Jervaise, from whence he had selected a full-dressed green velvet coat, with slash sleeves; and there he sat at dinner in boots, his own white hair appearing round his face, and this black, stray wig at the top of all. A Captain Roberts, who was with us at the time, and who had a great respect for Mr. Elwes, was unable to sit at dinner for laughing.'

When this inordinate passion for saving did not interfere, Mr. Elwes would perform kind offices, and even go a great way to serve those who applied to him. Of this we can give the following instance. While he lived at Marcham, two very ancient ladies in his neighbourhood had, for some neglect, incurred the displeasure of the spiritual court, and were threatened with immediate excommunication. As they were not thoroughly acquainted with the full import of the word, and had heard something about standing in a church, and penance, they concluded that nothing less would satisfy ecclesiastical vengeance than to appear publicly in a white sheet; they therefore, concluded that, if that should be the case, all was over with them; and as the excommunication was to take place the next day, they hurried to Mr. Elwes, to know how submission could be made, and how the sentence might be prevented.

No time was to be lost, and Mr. Elwes, on this occasion, did what, perhaps, very few would have done; he saddled his horse, and putting a couple of hard eggs in his pocket, according to his usual custom, set out for London that evening, and reached it time enough the next morning to notify the submission of the culprits.

Riding sixty miles during the night to oblige two old maids, to whom he was under no particular obligation, was, per-

haps, what men, less attached to money, would not have done: but where personal fatigue could serve, Mr. Elwes was not deficient.

The ladies, as they ought, were highly overjoyed at the success of their messenger, and their embarrassment respecting what return they could make for the service done them gave occasion to an old Irish gentleman, a neighbour of theirs, who knew Mr. Elwes' mode of travelling, to write to them the following words: 'My dears, is it expence ye are talking of? Send him sixpence, and he gains twopence by the journey.'

While Mr. Elwes' wealth was fast accumulating, he had applications made to him by various people, who kindly offered to employ it for him. Some would trouble him with nothing more than their simple bond; others proposed schemes of great advantage, where the risk was small, and the profit certain; and some talked of large tracts of land in America, and plans that could not fail of success. But amidst all these offers, the fruits of which Mr. Elwes had too often occasion to lament, some of his pecuniary accommodations were bestowed on deserving objects, who, by his assistance, were enabled to pursue industry, and to form establishments for life. It is an undisputed fact, and it redounds much to the praise of Mr. Elwes, that notwithstanding the many sums which he lent at different times, no one could accuse him of a single usurious contract, or of taking an improper advantage, however needy the borrower might have been. This circumstance in the conduct of a man who lived only to amass money, is peculiarly praise-worthy, and seems to prove, that his avarice consisted not in hard-heartedness and rapacity, but rather in self-denial.

Mr. Elwes had inherited from his father several houses in London, particularly in the neighbourhood of the Haymarket. To this property he began now to make considerable additions by engagements with one of the Adams, and in a little time great part of the buildings about Marybone called him their founder. Portland-place, Portman-square, the riding houses and stables of the second troop of life-guards, and many other places too numerous to mention—all rose out of his pocket; and had not Lord North and the American war put a stop to this rage for rearing houses, a considerable part of the wealth which he then possessed would have been laid out in bricks and mortar. The extent of his property in houses soon grew so great, that he became from calculation his own insurer, and he stood all his losses by conflagra-

tions. A public-house belonging to him having been consumed by fire, the old gentleman said, 'Well, well, there is no great harm done; the tenant never paid me, and I should not have got rid of him so quickly any other way.'

In positions so large it often happened, that some of his houses were without tenants; it was therefore Mr. Elwes' custom, whenever he went to London, to occupy any of these premises which might be vacant. In this manner he would travel from street to street, and whenever any body chose to take the house where he lodged, he was always ready to move into another. He was frequently an itinerant for a night's lodging, and though master of above an hundred houses, he never wished to rest his head long in any he called his own. A couple of beds, a couple of chairs, a table, an old woman, were all his furniture; and he removed them at a minute's warning. Of all these the old woman gave him most trouble, for she was afflicted with a lameness that made it difficult to hurry her about so fast as he chose: besides, she often caught cold; for sometimes she was in a small house in the Haymarket, at another in a great house in Portland-place; sometimes in a small room with a coal fire, and, at other times, in rooms of most extensive size, with oiled paper in the windows, to supply the place of glass, and nothing but a few chips in the chimney to expel the cold.

The scene which terminated the life of this old woman is not the least singular among the anecdotes recorded of Mr. Elwes. He had come to town in his ordinary way, and taken up his abode in one of his houses that were empty. Colonel Timms, his nephew, who wished much to see him, having been informed by some accident that his uncle was in London, enquired at the usual places where it was probable he might hear of him. But all his endeavours were fruitless. Some days after he learned, however, that Mr. Elwes had been seen going into an uninhabited house in Great Marlborough-street, to which the Colonel immediately poited, and addressed himself to a chairman; but still to no purpose, for he could get no intelligence of a gentleman called Mr. Elwes. Colonel Timms then described his person, but with no better success, till a pot-boy recollected that he had seen a poor old man, who, from the description, appeared to be Mr. Elwes, opening the door of the stable, and looking after him. Colonel Timms then hastened to the house, and knocked loudly at the door, but no one appeared. Some of the neighbours said they had seen such a man, but no answer could be obtained from the house. Colonel

Timms resolving, however, to have the stable-door opened, sent for a blacksmith, and they entered the house together. In the lower part of it all was shut and silent; but on ascending the stair case, they heard the moans of a person seemingly in distress. They then went to the apartment from which the noise proceeded, and there, on a tattered pallet bed, stretched out apparently in death, lay the figure of old Mr. Elwes. For a considerable time he seemed to be insensible that any one was near him, but on some cordials being administered by a neighbouring apothecary who was sent for, he recovered so far as to say, that he believed he had been ill for two or three days; that there was an old woman in the house who had been ill also; that she had not been near him, and that he supposed she had got well, and gone away. On repairing to the garrets, they found the old woman, the companion of all his movements, and the partner of his journeys, stretched out lifeless on a rug upon the floor: to all appearance she had been dead about two days.

In the year 1774, a contest for Berkshire arising on the dissolution of the parliament, Lord Craven, in order to preserve peace, nominated Mr. Elwes to be one of the representatives of that county. Thenow about the age of sixty, and though he had retired from public business for several years, he had still left about him some of the seeds of more active life, and he agreed to the proposal, which gave him the greater pleasure, as the freeholders engaged to bring him in for nothing. On being elected, he quitted Suffolk, and went again to his seat at Marcham, to which place he carried his fox-hounds; but finding that his time would, in all probability, be employed in matters of much more importance, he resolved to relinquish them, and they were soon after given away to some farmers in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Elwes was chosen member for Berkshire in three successive parliaments, and he sat in the House of Commons about 12 years. During the whole of that time his conduct was consistent with the strictest rules of integrity, and in every vote which he gave, he proved himself to be what he really was, an independent country gentleman. The character which he supported in parliament has been imitated indeed but by a few, and excelled perhaps by none; for as he wished for no post, desired no rank, and wanted no emolument, he spurned at all those temptations which have often overcome good men, and led them astray from the paths of honour. All that a minister could have offered to Mr. Elwes, would have been of no avail

for places or dignities would only have embarrassed him, by depriving him of that retirement which he loved. As a proof of this we are assured, that he was under great uneasiness for some days on hearing that Lord North intended to apply to the King to create him a peer. Had such an honour unexpectedly fallen upon him, it would, in all probability have occasioned his death. He never would have survived the being obliged to keep a carriage, and three or four servants, all better dressed than himself; for, through every period of his life, it was a prevalent feature in his character to wish to be thought poor; to pretend that he could not live, and that the reports of his being rich were entirely erroneous.

When Mr. Elwes first took his seat in the House of Commons, the Opposition, at that time headed by Mr. Fox, entertained strong hopes that he would be of their party; but their hopes were disappointed; for Mr. Elwes immediately joined Lord North, from no other motive than a thorough conviction that the measures of the minister were right. He was not, however, servilely attached to his party, or so much under the influence of its leader, as to be prevented from frequently dissenting, and giving his vote according as his conscience directed him. On this account many of the Opposition members considered him as a political weather-cock, and it is something remarkable, that both parties were equally fond of having him as a nominee on their contested elections. He was often appointed chairman, and he was remarkable for the patience with which he always heard the counsel.

The honour of being a Member of Parliament made no alteration whatever in the dress of Mr. Elwes; on the contrary, it was mean in the extreme, and seemed to indicate such a degree of poverty, that it has more than once excited the compassion of those who passed him in the streets. For the Speaker's dinners, however, he had one suit, which, in the course of the session, became very familiar to every person in the house; and at any dinner given by the Opposition, his apparel was still the same. The Minority wits used to say, that they had as much reason as the Minister to be satisfied with Mr. Elwes, for he had the *jame habit* with every body.

The support given by Mr. Elwes to Lord North was of the most disinterested kind, for no man was more materially a sufferer by his measures. The great property which he had in houses, and those principally amongst the new-buildings of Marybone, suffered much by the continuance of the American war. He had just then supplied

money to build a crescent at the end of Quebec-street, Portman-square, on which he expended not less than seven thousand pounds; but, from the scarcity of inhabitants at that time, the houses were never finished. Convinced, however, of the bad conduct of Lord North, Mr. Elwes at length entered into a regular and systematic opposition to his measures with the party of Mr. Fox, in which he continued till Lord North was driven from power in the month of March 1782. On this occasion, while the party were anxiously engaged in scrambling for places, and the division of the loaves and fishes, Mr. Elwes, with nothing to hope and nothing to fear, stood by with that honest indifference which characterizes those who look not to men but to measures, and who vote only as conscience directs them.

The debates at this period were very long as well as interesting, and generally continued till near morning. Mr. Elwes, who was never the first to leave any company, public or private, always staid the whole time, and, after a division had taken place, he would immediately go out of the house into the cold air, even though he had no great coat, and walk to the Mount Coffee-house, merely to save the expence of a hackney coach. Sir Joseph Mawbey and Mr. Wood of Lyttleton, who went the same way as Mr. Elwes, often proposed a coach to him; but his reply was, that he liked nothing so much as walking. When their hackney-coach, however, overtook him, he had no objection to get up into it along with them, as he well knew that they would be obliged to pay the fare.

As Mr. Elwes had not always the good fortune and happiness to be conveyed home in this manner for nothing, he continued his plan of walking. One evening hurrying along the streets, he went with such violence against the pole of a sedan chair, which he did not see, as it was exceedingly dark, that he cut both his legs in a very dangerous manner. As usual, he never thought of applying for any assistance; but Colonel Timms, at whose house in Orchard street he then was, insisted on some medical person being sent for. Elwes, at length, submitted, and an apothecary was called in, who immediately began to expatiate on the bad consequences of breaking a shin; the good fortune of his being sent for, and the peculiarly bad appearance of Mr. Elwes' wounds. Very probably, said Elwes; but I have one thing to say to you: in my opinion, my legs are not much hurt; now you think they are; as that is the case, I will make this agreement, I will take one leg and you

“ you shall take the other, you shall do what you please with yours, and I will do nothing to mine, and I will wager the amount of your bill that my leg gets well first.” Elwes used frequently to say, with great triumph, that he beat the apothecary by a fortnight.

At this time, the income of Mr. Elwes was increasing hourly, while his expenditure was almost nothing, for the pleasures that once engaged his attention he had now given up. He kept no house, and only one old servant, and a couple of horses. He resided with his nephew; his two sons were stationed in Suffolk and Berkshire, to look after their respective estates, and his dress was certainly no expence to him, for if other people had not been a little more careful than himself, he would not even have had it mended. When he left London, he went on horseback to his country seats, with his couple of hard eggs, and never once stopped at any house by the way. He always took the most unfrequented roads; but Marcham was the seat he now principally visited. This place indeed, had some claim to preference, for his journey into Suffolk cost him only *two pence half penny*, while that into Berkshire consumed *four pence*.

On the dismissal of Lord North, Mr. Elwes was left in the party of Mr. Fox, and though he for some time supported the administration of the Marquis of Landown, when that nobleman came into power, he soon after followed his conscience upon a question, and voted with Mr. Fox, thus adding another proof to the many he had already given, that no man, or party of men, could be sure of him.

When a coalition was formed between Lord North and Mr. Fox, Mr. Elwes espoused their party; but the general desire which prevailed of seeing Mr. Pitt rescue his country from the odium which then attended it, deprived Mr. Elwes, as well as Mr. Hartley, of his seat for Berkshire. The latter resigned his hopes, not without reluctance, but the former was so terrified by the expence, that he gave up all thoughts of again soliciting the favour of his constituents.

Nearly at the same time that Mr. Elwes lost his seat he lost also his famous servant of all work, compared to whom *Scrub* might be called indolence itself. He died as he was following his master upon a hard trotting horse into Berkshire, and he died poor; for his yearly wages were not more than four pounds, and he had fasted the whole day on which he expired.

The life of this extraordinary domestic certainly verified a saying which Mr. Elwes often used, and which was, that if you

keep one servant your work is done; if you keep two it is half done; but if you keep three you may do it yourself.

Mr. Elwes came into parliament without expence; and he performed his duty as a member would have done in the pure days of our constitution. What he had not bought he did not attempt to sell; and he went forward in that straight and direct path which can alone afford satisfaction to a reflecting mind. Amongst the singularities of his parliamentary life, it may be remarked that he did not follow the custom of members in general, by sitting on any particular side of the house: he sat as occasion offered, on either indiscriminately, and voted much in the same manner. During the whole time he was in the House of Commons, he never once rose to speak, or delivered his sentiments, farther than by saying Yes, or No. In his attendance at the house he was always early and late, and he never left it for dinner, as he had accustomed himself to fast—sometimes for twenty-four hours in continuance.

In his speculations upon money, Mr. Elwes was, at one time, most unbounded; and the temptation of one per cent. more than the funds or landed property would give, was altogether irresistible. Amidst these transactions, however, some instances of feeling may be remembered, of which the following is one. When his son was in the guards, he often used to dine at the officers table. The politeness of his manners rendered him agreeable to every one, and in time he became acquainted with all the officers in the corps, and, among the rest, with a gentleman of the name of Tempest, whose good humour was almost proverbial. A vacancy happening in a majority, it fell to this gentleman to purchase, but as money is not always to be got immediately on landed property, it was imagined that some officer would have been obliged to purchase over his head. Old Elwes hearing of the circumstance, sent him the money next morning, and, what may appear more strange, he asked for no security.

This action stands among those singular contradictions in his character, which reason and philosophy have to reconcile; for the same man, at one and the same moment, could be prodigal of thousands, and yet almost deny himself the necessaries of life. An anecdote, exemplifying the truth of the above observation, is related on the authority of Mr. Spurling, of Dyne's Hall, a very active and intelligent magistrate in the county of Essex.

Mr. Elwes having invited Mr. Spurling to accompany him to Newmarket, during

one of the spring meetings, they were out the whole day, and did not think of returning till about eight in the evening. Elwes, according to custom, would eat nothing, but Mr. Spurling, more careful of his health, went down to Newmarket and procured some refreshment.

When they began their journey home, it was very dark and cold, and Mr. Spurling rode on some what quicker; but on going through the turnpike at the *Devil's Ditch* he heard Mr. Elwes calling to him with great eagerness. Returning, therefore before he had paid, Mr. Elwes said—'Here, here, follow me, this is the best road.' In an instant he observed Mr. Elwes, as well as the night would permit, climbing his horse up the perceptive of the ditch. 'Sir,' said Mr. Spurling, 'I can never get up there.'—'There is no danger at all,' replied Elwes; 'but if your horse is not safe, lead him.' At length, with great difficulty, and one of the horses falling, they mounted the ditch, and then, with no less toil, got down on the other side. When they were safely landed on the plain, Mr. Spurling thanked Heaven for their escape. 'Aye, aye,' said old Elwes; 'you mean from the turnpike. Never pay a turnpike if you can avoid it.'

In proceeding on their journey, they came to a very narrow road, in which Mr. Elwes, notwithstanding the cold, went on as slowly as possible. On Mr. Spurling wishing to quicken their pace, Elwes observed that he was letting his horse feed on some hay which was hanging from the sides of the hedge; 'Besides,' added he, 'it is nice hay, and you have it for nothing.'

When Mr. Elwes retired from parliament, he was, according to all appearance, nearly seventy-five years of age. For some time previous to that event, he had been a member of a card club at the Mount Coffee-house, and by a constant attendance to this meeting, he consoled himself, in some measure, for the loss of his seat in the House of Commons. The play was moderate; he had an opportunity of meeting many of his old acquaintances, and he experienced a pleasure which, however trivial it may appear, was not less satisfactory, that of enjoying fire and candle at a general expence; for however careless Mr. Elwes appeared respecting the good things of life, when they were to come out of his own pocket, he by no means despised them when he could get them at the expence of any other person. At the table of another he had an admirable taste in French dishes; no man had more judgement in French wines; when they did not come from his own wine merchant, and he was very nice in his appetite on the

day he dined from home. Much, therefore, of his time was spent in the Mount Coffee-house; but Fortune seemed resolved, on some occasions, to disappoint his hopes, and to force from him that money which no persuasion could induce him to bestow. He still retained some fondness for play, and he imagined that he had no small skill in picquet. It was his ill luck, however, to meet with a gentleman who was his superior in this respect; for, after a contest of two days and a night, in which Mr. Elwes persisted with that perseverance which avarice will sometimes inspire, he rose with the loss of a sum which he always endeavoured to conceal: but there is every reason to believe that it was not less than 3000*l.* Some part of it was paid by a large draft on Messrs. Hoares, and was received very early the next morning.

This was the last folly of the kind of which Mr. Elwes was ever guilty; and it is but doing justice to the club to say, that they ever after endeavoured to discourage any wish to play with him.

At the close of the year 1785, he wished again to visit, which he had not done for some years, his seat at Stoke, but, then the journey was an object of the most serious nature: his famous old servant was dead, all the horses that he had remaining were a couple of brood mares, and he himself was not in that vigour of body which he formerly possessed, when he could ride sixty or seventy miles with no other sustenance than two boiled eggs. At length, however, he was carried into the country, free of expence; by a gentleman who was not quite so rich, and when he reached his seat at Stoke he remarked that he had once expended a great deal of money there foolishly, but that a man grew wiser by time.

The rooms at Stoke, which were now much out of repair, he thought too expensively furnished, as worse things might have done. If a window was broken, it was mended by a piece of brown paper, or by patching it with a small bit of glass; and this had been done so frequently, and in so many shapes, that it would have puzzled a mathematician to say what figure they represented.

To save fire, he would walk about the remains of an old green-house, or sit with a servant in the kitchen. During the harvest, he would amuse himself with going into the fields to glean the corn on the grounds of his own tenants, and they used to leave a little more than common, to please the old gentleman, who was as eager after it as the poorest man in the parish.

In the advance of the season his morning employment was to pick up chips, bones,

bones, or any thing else he could find, and carry them home in his pocket for his fire. One day he was surprized by a neighbouring gentleman in the act of pulling down, with great difficulty, a crow's nest for this purpose; and when the gentleman wondered why he should give himself so much trouble, 'O, Sir!' replied Elwes, 'it is really a shame that these creatures should do so; do but see what a waste they make. They don't care how extravagant they are.'

As no favourite passion or amusement ever diverted his mind from its object, his insatiable desire of saving became now uniform and systematic. He used still to ride about the country on one of his old mares, but then he rode her very economically on the soft turf adjoining the road, without putting himself to the expence of shoes, for he observed that the turf was so pleasant to a horse's foot. When any gentleman paid him a visit, and if the boy who attended the stables was profuse enough to put a little hay before his horse, old Elwes would steal back into the stable and take it all carefully away. To save, as he thought, the expence of going to a butcher, he would have a whole sheep killed, and so eat mutton continually. When he occasionally had his river drawn, though horse loads of small fish were sometimes taken, he would not suffer one of them to be thrown back, for he observed that he should never see them again; and he would continue to eat game in the last state of putrefaction, and meat that no other person could touch, rather than have new things killed before the old provision was finished. One day he dined upon the remaining part of a moor-hen which had been brought out of the river by a rat; and at another time he ate an undigested part of a pike, which a larger one had swallowed, but had not finished, and which were taken in this state in a net. At this period, Mr. Elwes was worth, perhaps, nearly 800,000. and as he had not made a will, was not saving from any sentiment of affection for any person.

To such diet his dress was perfectly suitable. Sometimes he would walk about in a tattered brown-coloured hat, and sometimes in a red and white woollen cap, like a prisoner confined for debt. When any of his friends, who might occasionally be with him, were absent, he would carefully put out his own fire, and walk to the house of a neighbour, and thus make one fire serve both. His shoes he would never suffer to be cleaned, lest they should be worn out the sooner.

The spring of 1786, Mr. Elwes passed alone at his solitary house of Stoke, and as he would not allow himself any fire,

he went to bed as soon as the day was closed, to save candle; he had even begun to deny himself the comfort of sleeping in sheets.

On removing from Stoke, he went to his farm at Thaydon Hall, the mansion of which was, if possible, in a more ruinous and desolate condition than either of his houses in Suffolk or Berkshire. It stood alone, on the borders of Epping Forest; and an old man and woman, his tenants, were the only persons with whom he could hold any conversation. Here he was taken ill, and as he would have no assistance, and had not even a servant, he lay neglected and almost forgotten, nearly a fortnight. At this period he began to think of making his will, which he did on coming to London, and bequeathed the bulk of his property, amounting, perhaps, to five hundred thousand pounds, to his natural children, George and John Elwes. His entailed estates fell to Mr. Timms, son of the late Richard Timms, lieutenant-colonel of the second troop of horse guards.

Soon after he had executed this will, Mr. Elwes, by a letter of attorney, conveyed a power of managing his affairs and of receiving and paying money to Mr. Ingraham, his lawyer, and his youngest son, John Elwes, Esq; who had been his chief agent for some time. This act was, indeed, highly proper. His memory now began to fail him, on many occasions. Recent occurrences he entirely forgot, and as he never committed any thing to writing, the confusion he occasioned was astonishing. As an instance of this the following anecdote is related. One evening he had given a draft upon Messrs. Hoares, his bankers, for twenty pounds, and taking it into his head, during the night, that he had over-drawn his account, his anxiety scarcely knew any bounds. He left his bed, and walking about his room with that peevish irritation which often attended him, waited with the utmost impatience till morning, when, on going to his bankers, with an apology for the liberty he had taken, he was assured that none was necessary, as he happened to have in their hands, at that time, the small sum of fourteen thousand seven hundred pounds.

During the summer of 1788, Mr. Elwes, resided at his house in Welbeck street, London, and he spent that season without any other society than that of two maid servants, for he had now given up the expence of keeping any male domestic. His chief employment used to be that of getting up early in the morning to visit some of his houses in Marybone, which were repairing. As he was there generally at four in the morning, he was of course, on

the spot before the workmen; and when they did not come in proper time he would sit down on the steps before the door and scold them. The neighbours, who saw him appear thus regularly every morning, and who concluded, from his apparel, that he was one of the workmen, frequently observed that no man could be more punctual than the old carpenter.

It was at this period, when about seventy six years old, that Mr. Elwes began to feel, for the first time some bodily infirmities from age: he now experienced periodical attacks from the gout, on which occasions with his usual perseverance, and with all his accustomed antipathy to apothecaries, and their bills, he would set out to walk as far, and as fast, as he could.—While engaged in this painful mode of cure he frequently lost himself in the streets, the names of which he no longer remembered; and he was frequently conducted home by some errand boy or stranger, of whom he enquired his way. For such kindness, he would bow and thank them at the door, with much politeness, but he never indulged them with a sight of the inside of the house.

During the winter of 1789, the last which Mr. Elwes saw, his memory decreased sensibly every day: and from the unceasing wish which he had to save money, he now began to apprehend that he should die for the want of it. Mr. Gibson had been appointed his builder, in the room of Mr. Adam, and one day when this gentleman waited upon him, he said, with apparent concern, Sir, pray consider in what a wretched state I am; you see in what good house I live, and here are five guineas, which is all I have at present: how shall I go on with such a sum of money, puzzles me to death. I dare say you thought I was rich, now you see how it is.

In the spring of this year his eldest son married Miss Alt of Northamptonshire, a lady distinguished no less for her engaging manners than for her beauty. Some time previous to this, he paid his addresses to a niece of Dr. Noel of Oxford, who, upon this occasion, thought it his duty to wait upon the old gentleman, to apprize him of the circumstance, and to ask his consent. Old Mr. Elwes had not the least objection; Dr. Noel was very happy to hear it, as a marriage betwixt the young couple might be productive of happiness to both. Old Mr. Elwes had not the least objection to any body marrying whatever. Your ready acquiescence is very obliging, said the doctor, but you doubtless feel for the mutual wishes of the parties. I dare say I do, replied the old gentleman.

Then, Sir, said Dr. Noel, you have no objection, I suppose, to an immediate union? You see I talk freely on the subject. Old Mr. Elwes had no objection to any thing. Well, then, Sir, observed Dr. Noel, we have only one thing more to settle, and you are so kind that there can be no difficulty about the matter, as I shall behave liberally to my niece. What do you mean to give your son? Give! said old Elwes, sure I did not say any thing about giving: but if you wish it so much, I will give my consent. This closeness on the part of Mr. Elwes put an end to the negotiation altogether.

The evening of Mr. Elwes' life was still reserved for one singularity more, which will undoubtedly be thought no less strange than all that has passed before it, when his disposition and advanced age are considered. Having been accustomed for some time, through economy, to pass his hours with the two maid servants in the kitchen, one of them had the art to induce him to fall in love with her; and it is a matter of doubt, had it not been discovered, whether she would not have had power over him to make him marry her.

Mr. George Elwes having now settled at his seat in Marcham in Berkshire, he was naturally desirous that by the assiduity of his wife his father might at length find a comfortable home. In London he was certainly not agreeably situated; but a journey with any expence annexed to it, was insurmountable. This, however, was luckily obviated by an offer from Mr. Partis, a gentleman of the law, who promised to carry him to his seat in Berkshire with his purse perfectly whole. One circumstance, however, very distressing, still remained. The old gentleman had nearly worn out his last coat, and he would not buy a new one; but his son, with a pious fraud that did him honour, contrived to get Mr. Partis to buy him a coat, and to make him a present of it.

When Mr. Elwes set out for Berkshire, he carried with him five guineas and a half, and half a crown; and for fear it should be lost, he had it carefully wrapped up in a bit of paper. On his arrival Mr. George Elwes and his wife, whose good temper might well be expected to charm away the irritations of avarice and age, did every thing they could to make the country a scene of tranquility and quietness to him: but he had that within which baffled every effort of that kind. The first symptoms of more immediate decay, was his inability to rest at nights. Frequently he would be heard at midnight as if struggling with some one in his chamber, and crying out

out; I will keep my money—nobody shall rob me of my property. On any of the family going into his room, he would start from this fever of anxiety, and, as if waking from a troubled dream, again hurry into bed, and seem unconscious of what had happened.

At other times, when perfectly awake, he would walk to the spot where he had hidden his money, to see if it was safe. One morning, while in this state, Mr. Partis, who was then with him in Berkshire, was alarmed about two o'clock, by the noise of a naked foot, seemingly walking about his room with great caution. Starting instantly up, he naturally asked, Who is there? Upon which a person coming up towards the bed said, with great civility, 'Sir, my name is Elwes; I have been unfortunate enough to be robbed in this house, which I believe to be mine, of all the money I have in the world—five guineas and half a crown.' 'Dear Sir,' replied Mr. Partis, 'I hope you are not taken; do not make yourself uneasy.' 'O! no, no,' rejoined the old gentleman, 'it is all true; and really, Mr. Partis, with such a sum I should have liked to see the end of it.' This unfortunate sum was found a few days after, in a corner behind the window shutter.

In autumn, in 1789, the progress of each day took away something from Mr. Elwes' understanding. His memory was gone entirely, his perception of things was decreasing rapidly, and, as the mind became unsettled, gusts of the most violent passion usurped the place of his former command of temper. His very singular appetite, however, he retained till within a few days of his dissolution, and he walked twelve miles on foot but a fortnight before he died.

For six weeks previous to his death he had contracted a custom of going to rest in his clothes, as perfectly dressed as during the day. One morning he was found fast asleep betwixt the sheets with his shoes on his feet, his stick in his hand, and an old torn hat upon his head. On this discovery, a servant was set to watch him, and take care that he undressed himself; yet so desirous was he of continuing his custom, that he told his servant, with his usual providence about money, that, if he would not take any notice of him, he would leave him something in his will.

On the 18th of November, 1789, Mr. Elwes discovered signs of that utter and total weakness, which, in eight days, carried him to the grave. On the evening of the 1st he was conveyed to bed. His appetite was now entirely gone, and he had but a very faint recollection of any thing

around him. His last coherent words were addressed to his son Mr. John Elwes, in hoping that he had left him what he wished; and, on the morning of the 26th he expired without a groan.

The character of a person whose passions are all absorbed in that of avarice, can exhibit very little variety. The predominant feature of that of Mr. Elwes was a love of money; but as his desire of saving never induced him to commit an unjust action, or to enter into any usurious contract, it appears to be a weakness worthy of pity, rather than a vice deserving contempt. As a Member of Parliament, his conduct was pure and unfulfilled: he never condescended to become the tool of any party; and, influenced by no authority whatever, he always gave his vote according to the dictates of his conscience. In private life, he was principally an enemy to himself. To others, he lent much; to himself, he denied every thing; and the mildness of his manners, added to the finished politeness of his address, was more than a counterbalance for all his singularities. In short, he seems to have been a compound of folly and sense, meanness and magnanimity; and were we permitted to moralize, we might observe, that the circumstances of his life afford a most striking proof of the vanity of all sublunary things, and of the insufficiency of riches to render mankind happy.

The following epitaph on Mr. Elwes, which is copied from the *Chelmsford Chronicle*, contains a well drawn character of the man whose memory it is intended to perpetuate.

HERE, to man's honour, or to man's disgrace,
Lies a strong picture of the human race,
In ELWES' form;—whose spirit, heart, and mind,
Virtue and vice in firmest tints combin'd;
Rough was the rock, but blended deep
with ore,
And base the mass—that many a diamond bore;
Meanness to grandeur, folly join'd to sense,
And a'rice coupled with benevolence;
Whose lips ne'er broke a truth, nor hands
a trust,
Were sometimes warmly kind—and al-
ways just:
With power to reach Ambition's highest
birth,
He sunk a mortal—grovelling to the earth;
Lost in the lust of adding pelf to pelf,
Poor to the poor—still poorer to himself;
A foe to none, to many ost a friend:
Cold as to give, but generous as to lend:
Whose

Whose wants, that nearly bent to all but
 stealth,
 Ne'er in his country's plunder dug for
 wealth;
 Call'd by her voice—but call'd without
 expence,
 His noble nature rous'd in her defence;
 And in the senate labouring in her cause,
 The firmest guardian of the fairest laws
 He stood;—and each instinctive taint a-
 bove,
 To every bribe preferred a people's love;
 Yet still with no stern patriotism fir'd,
 Wrapt up in wealth, to wealth again re-
 tir'd:
 By Penury guarded from Pride's sickly
 train,
 Living a length of days without a pain,

And adding to the millions never try'd,
 Lov'd—pity'd—scorn'd—and honour'd—
 ELWES' dy'd!
 Learn from this proof, that in life's tempt-
 ing scene,
 Man is a compound of the great and
 mean:
 Discordant qualities together ty'd,
 Virtues in him and vices are ally'd:
 The sport of follies, or of crimes the heir,
 We all the mixtures of an ELWES share.
 Pondering his faults—then ne'er his worth
 disown,
 But in *his* nature, recollect *thine* own;
 And think—for life and pardon where to
 trust,
 Was GOD not MERCY, when his crea-
 tures' dust.—

ACCOUNT of the SHIELD of SCIPIO; with a SKETCH of the CHARACTER of
 that celebrated ROMAN.

AS a very curious shield of this illustri-
 ous Hero is still preserved in a neigh-
 bouring Kingdom, it may not be amiss to
 insert the following article under the head
 of antiquities, not only as an entertaining
 and instructive production of an elegant
 pen, but as a guide to the antiquary to an
 object worthy of his curiosity, and a plea-
 sing instance to the moralist, how the mo-
 numents of genuine virtue will triumph
 over the ravages of time, and emerge from
 the deepest bosom of obscurity.

The military talents of the first Scipio
 Africanus, although in no respect excelled
 by any of the most famous captains in Ro-
 man or Grecian annals, were by no means
 superior to the more amiable virtues of his
 heart: and it was by the qualities of the
 latter that he gained, in the estimation of
 every true judge of merit, more real glory
 than the most splendid victories could con-
 fer. The generous manner in which he
 treated the conquered nations; by restoring
 his prisoners, without ransom, to their re-
 lations, and by many other uncommon in-
 stances of the most enlarged and liberal
 spirit, gained over almost as many states
 to the interest of the republic, as he subdu-
 ed by his invincible arm. Indeed his
 whole conduct and deportment was singu-
 larly calculated to captivate the general
 affection and esteem of all with whom he
 had any negotiations: as he possessed in
 an eminent degree that *artem sibi concilian-
 di homines*, which Hannibal is said to have
 so much admired in Pyrrhus.

This illustrious Roman was no less dis-
 tinguished by his humanity; and he was

frequently heard to declare, that he had
 'rather save the life of a single soldier,
 ' than destroy a thousand enemies.' Scipio
 was equally conspicuous for a most refined
 and delicate sense of justice; of which he
 gave very striking proofs, upon occasions
 where the conduct of the enemy and the
 accustomed rights of war, might have ex-
 cused a less scrupulous exertion of that
 glorious principle. But if there is any one
 among the many shining virtues that adorn-
 ed his character, which peculiarly demand
 admiration, it is the singular proof he gave,
 that in the gayest season of youth, and a-
 midst the warmest exultations of conquest,
 he was still master of himself, and superior
 to the tender and most prevailing seducti-
 ons of the heart. The remarkable instance
 alluded to, cannot but be too well known
 to every English reader to render it neces-
 sary to be here repeated; as it is related by
 Sir R. Steele in one of his Tatlers, with all
 that grace and elegance of narration which
 was the distinguishing talent of that cele-
 brated writer. But there is a curious cir-
 cumstance concerning this famous trans-
 action, which is not so generally known,
 and may therefore be particularly menti-
 oned. The young nobleman whose heart
 was engaged to Scipio's fair prisoner, as a
 pledge of his grateful sense he entertained
 of the Roman general's magnanimous con-
 duct upon this occasion, presented him
 with a silver shield, on which this Spanish
 prince was represented as receiving from
 the hands of Scipio the beautiful captive to
 whom he was affianced. This shield, by
 a most extraordinary accident, was, in the
 latter

latter end of the last century, found at the bottom of the Rhone: and it is now preserved in the king of France's cabinet of medals.

To crown all, this illustrious Roman was impressed with a strong sense of religious duties, and a firm belief of a superintending providence. In consequence of these sentiments, he never entered upon any important business, either of a public or a private nature, without retiring to the capitol, and imploring the assistance of the divinity to whose honour that temple was consecrated. It must be acknowledged, however, that he seems to have mixed some degree of policy with these public acts of devotion; and to have endeavoured to raise an opinion in the people, that he received unusual communications of the divine favour.

The important services he had rendered his country, in conjunction with those eminent private virtues which he had upon every occasion displayed, seem to have given him such an ascendancy in the state, as to have raised in some of the most distinguished patriots of that age a strong jealousy of his credit and power. That this jealousy was wholly without foundation, cannot reasonably be supposed; as Fabius Maximus, together with Cato, and Gracchus, the father of the two famous tribunes of that name, were in the party of those who united to mortify his ambition, and restrain his too extensive influence. To that end a prosecution was commenced against him: and the part he acted under this circumstance, seems to have been the only exceptionable article of his public conduct. For instead of vindicating his

character from the charges of impeachment, he treated the accusation with the utmost disdain; and refusing to comply with the summons for his appearance, withdrew to his villa at Liternum. This probably answered all the purposes, which those, who were the most moderate among his enemies, had in view by the prosecution; as it removed him, by a sort of voluntary exile, to a sufficient distance from Rome to render his power no longer an object of danger, or alarm. In this retirement he spent the remainder of his days, amusing himself in the cultivation of his farms, and without discovering the least regret at being excluded from a scene in which he had figured with so much honour to himself, and advantage to his country.

Cato, however, was too sincere a lover of virtue not to admire and acknowledge the general merit of this great man's character, tho', in a political view of it, he might see consequences unfavourable to that spirit of equality so essential to a republican government. Nor was Gracchus destitute of similar generosity of sentiment. For when on Scipio's refusing to yield obedience to the citation mentioned above, it was proposed to send the proper officers to force him to appear; Gracchus interposed his negative. He added, that his colleagues ought to be satisfied with the excuse of indisposition which Scipio's brother had alleged for his non-appearance; and that in consideration of his personal merit, and the public services he had performed, his house ought to be respected as sacred from all violation.

ON THE MANAGEMENT OF LAMBS.

[From the American Museum.]

IT has long been the mode adopted by farmers in this state, and I believe universally, to let their lambs for the first year remain unshorn, while they shear their sheep. In this way, a great loss of wool arises, as well as an essential injury to the lambs. Let the farmers annually shear their lambs; and the fleece will furnish hatters with excellent materials for a part of their manufacture, for which they will pay cash; and also greatly advantage the animal. This mode has been adopted in

many places of late, and they have found it extremely beneficial. The lambs, before the heat of summer is over, are clothed with such a quantity of wool, that they often become poor; whereas, let them be sheared, and the effect is the same as with the sheep. This matter ought certainly to claim the particular attention of the farmers, and I venture to affirm that this mode, if adopted, will annually produce a considerable revenue, as well as greatly advantage our flocks of sheep.

EFFICACY OF THE BLACK-BERRY JELLY, IN CURING THE STONE AND GRAVEL.

BLACK-BERRY jelly, having been found remarkably efficacious in that dreadful disorder, the gravel and stone, it may be proper to communicate the following account of it.

A gentleman, who for many years had been afflicted with this dreadful complaint, was persuaded to take every night going to bed the quantity of a large nutmeg of this jelly. The effect of which was, that the stone was broken to pieces, and voided in grannels, some of them nearly the size of pepper-corns, manifestly appearing to be portions of a much larger substance. The

gentleman, though more than fourscore, is now enabled to discharge these stony particles without much difficulty, and finds no other inconvenience than a frequent irritation to urinate.

To make the jelly: take black berries before they are quite ripe, when turned red; pick them and put them into a pot, tie them up close, and put them in a kettle of water. Let them stand over the fire, until they are reduced to pulp. Then strain them; and to a pint of juice put a pound of powdered sugar. Boil it to a jelly; and put it up for use.

ON THE WONDERFUL INGENUITY OF WASPS.

[From the Universal Magazine.]

The laws of life, why need I call to mind,
Obey'd by insects too of ev'ry kind?
Of these, none uncontroul'd and lawless rove,
But to some destin'd end spontaneous move:
Led by that instinct Heaven itself inspires,
Or so much reason as their state requires:
See all with skill acquire their daily food,
All use those arms which Nature has bestow'd;
Produce their tender progeny, and feed
With care parental, while that care they need;
In these lov'd offices completely blest,
No hopes beyond them, nor vain fears molest.

JENYNS.

THE wonders of Nature in the insect tribes are not confined to what is observable in the operations of bees. The labours of wasps, though not beneficial to mankind, are not less ingenious and worthy of admiration.—Wasps, like the bees, associate in great numbers, and construct a common habitation with much dexterity and skill. There are many species of wasps, some of which unite into societies, and others spend their lives in perfect solitude. But I shall confine my attention to the operations of the common associating wasp, an insect so well known, even to children, that it requires no description. Though bees, as well as wasps, are armed with a sting, yet the former may be regarded as a placid and harmless race. Bees are continually occupied with their own labours. Their chief care is to defend themselves; and they never take nourishment at the expence of any other animal. Wasps, on the contrary, are ferocious animals, that live entirely on rapine and de-

struction. They kill and devour every insect that is inferior to them in strength. But, though warlike and rapacious in their general manners, they are polished and peaceable among themselves. To their young they discover the greatest tenderness and affection. For their protection and conveniency no labour is spared; and the habitations they construct do honour to their patience, their address, and sagacity. Their architecture, like that of the honey-bee, is singular, and worthy of admiration; but the materials employed furnish neither honey nor wax. Impelled by an instinctive love of posterity, with great labour, skill, and assiduity, they construct combs, which are composed of hexagonal or six-sided cells. Though these cells are not made of wax, they are equally proper for the reception of eggs, and for affording convenient habitations to the worms which proceed from them, till their transformation into wasps.

In

In general, the cells of the wasps are formed of a kind of paper, which, with great dexterity, is fabricated by the animals themselves. The number of combs and cells in a wasp's nest is always proportioned to the number of individuals associated. Different species choose different situations for building their nests. Some expose their habitations to all the injuries of the air; others prefer the trunks of decayed trees; and others, as the common kind, conceal their nests under ground. The hole which leads to a wasp's nest is about an inch in diameter. This hole is a kind of gallery mined by the wasps, is seldom in a straight line, and varies in length from half a foot to two feet, according to the distance of the nest to the surface of the ground. When exposed to view the whole nest appears to be of a roundish form, and sometimes above 12 or 14 inches in diameter. It is strongly fortified all round with walls or layers of paper, the surface of which is rough and irregular. In these walls, or rather in this external covering, two holes are left for passages to the combs. The wasps uniformly enter the nest by one hole, and go out of the other, which prevents any confusion or interruption to their common labours.

This subterraneous city, though small, is extremely populous. Upon removing the external covering, we perceive that the whole interior part consists of several stories or floors of combs, which are parallel to each other, and nearly in a horizontal position. Every story is composed of a numerous assemblage of hexagonal cells, very regularly constructed with a matter resembling ash-coloured paper. These cells contain neither wax nor honey, but are solely destined for containing the eggs, the worms which are hatched from them, the nymphs, and the young wasps till they are able to fly. Wasp nests are not always composed of an equal number of combs. They sometimes consist of fifteen, and sometimes of eleven only. The combs are of various diameters. The first, or uppermost, is often only two inches in diameter, while those of the middle sometimes exceed a foot. The lowest are also much smaller than the middle ones. All these combs, like so many floors or stories ranged parallelly above each other, afford lodging to prodigious numbers of inhabitants. Reaumur computed, from a number of cells in a given portion of comb, that, in a medium-sized nest, there were at least 10,000 cells. This calculation gives an idea of the astonishing prolific powers of these insects, and of the vast numbers of individuals produced in a sin-

gle season from one nest; for every cell serves as a lodging to no less than three generations. Hence a moderately-sized nest gives birth annually to 30,000 young wasps.

The different stories of combs are always about half an inch high, which leaves free passage to the wasps from one part of the nest to the other. These intervals are so spacious, that, in proportion to the bulk of the animals, they may be compared to great halls, or broad streets. Each of the larger combs is supported by about fifty pillars, which, at the same time, give solidity to the fabric, and greatly ornament the whole nest. The small combs are supported by the same ingenious contrivance. These pillars are coarse, and of a roundish form. Their bases and capitals, however, are much larger in diameter than toward the middle. By the one end they are attached to the superior comb, and by the other to the inferior. Thus, between two combs there is always a species of rustic colonnade. The wasps begin at the top and build downward. The uppermost and smallest comb is first constructed. It is attached to the superior part of the external covering. The second comb is fixed to the bottom of the first; and, in this manner, the animals proceed till the whole operation is completed. The connecting pillars are composed of the same kind of paper as the rest of the nest. To allow the wasps entries into the void spaces, roads are left between the combs and the external covering.

Having given a general idea of this curious edifice, it is next natural to inquire how the wasps build, and how they employ themselves in their abodes. But, as all these mysteries are performed under the earth, it required much industry and attention to discover them. By the ingenuity and perseverance of M. de Reaumur, however, we are enabled to explain some parts of their internal economy and manners. This indefatigable naturalist contrived to make wasps, like the honey bees, lodge and work in glass hives. In this operation he was greatly assisted by the ardent affection which these animals have for their offspring; for he found, that, though the nest was cut in different directions, and though it was exposed to the light, the wasps never deserted it, nor relaxed in their attention to their young. When placed in a glass hive, they are perfectly peaceable, and never attack the observer, if he calmly contemplates their operations; for, naturally, they do not sting, unless they are irritated.

Immediately after a wasp's nest has been transported from its natural situation, and covered

covered with a glass hive, the first operation of the insects is to repair the injuries it has suffered. With wonderful activity they carry off all the earth and foreign bodies that may have accidentally been conveyed into the hive. Some of them are occupied in fixing the nest to the top and sides of the hive by pillars of paper similar to those which support the different stories or strata of combs; others repair the breaches it has sustained; and others fortify it, by augmenting considerably the thickness of its external cover. This external envelope is an operation peculiar to wasps. Its construction requires great labour; for it frequently exceeds an inch and a half in thickness, and is composed of a number of strata or layers as thin as paper, between each of which there is a void space. This cover is a kind of box for inclosing the combs, and defending them from the rain which occasionally penetrates the earth. For this purpose it is admirably adapted. If it were one solid mass, the contact of water would penetrate the whole, and reach the combs, and prevent the fertility of the animals. There are considerable vacuities between each walled layer, which are generally fifteen or sixteen in number. By this ingenious piece of architecture, one or two layers may be moistened with water, while the others are not in the least affected.

The materials employed by wasps in the construction of their nests are very different from those made use of by the honey-bee. Instead of collecting the farina of flowers, and digesting it into wax, the wasps gnaw with their two fangs, which are strong and serrated, small fibres of wood from the sashes of windows, the posts of espaliers, garden doors, &c. but never attempt growing or green timber. These fibres, although very slender, are often a line, or a twelfth part of an inch long. After cutting a certain number of them, the animals collect them into minute bundles, transport them to their nest, and, by means of a glutinous substance furnished from their own bodies, form them into a moist and ductile paste. Of this substance, or *papier mâché*, they construct the external cover, the partitions of the nest, the hexagonal cells, and the solid columns which support the several layers or stories of combs.

The constructing of the nest occupies a comparatively small number of labourers. The others are differently employed.—Here it is necessary to remark, that the republics of wasps, like those of the honey-bee, consist of three kinds of flies, males, females, and neuters. Like the bees, also, the number of neuters far surpasses that of

both males and females. The greatest quantity of labour is devolved upon the neuters; but they are not, like the neuter bees, the only workers; for there is no part of their different operations which the females, at certain times, do not execute. Neither do the males, though their industry is not comparable to that of the neuters, remain entirely idle. They are often occupied in the interior part of the nest. The greatest part of the labour, however, is performed by the neuters. They build the nest, feed the males, the females, and even the young. But, while the neuters are employed in these different operations, the others are abroad in hunting parties. Some attack with intrepidity live insects, which they sometimes carry entire to the nest; but they generally transport the abdomen or belly only. Others pillage butchers stalls, from which they often arrive with a piece of meat larger than the half of their own bodies. Others resort to gardens, and suck the juices of fruits. When they return to the nest, they distribute a part of their plunder to the females, to the males, and even to such neuters as have been usefully occupied at home. As soon as a neuter enters the nest, it is surrounded by several wasps, to each of whom it freely gives a portion of the food it has brought. Those who have not been hunting for prey, but have been sucking the juices of fruits, though they seem to return empty, fail not to regale their companions; for, after their arrival, they station themselves upon the upper part of the nest, and discharge from their mouths two or three drops of a clear liquid, which are immediately swallowed by the domestics.

The neuter wasps, though the most laborious, are the smallest; but they are extremely vivacious. The females are much larger, heavier, and slower in their motions. The males are of an intermediate size between that of the females and neuters. From these differences in size, it is easy to distinguish the different kinds of these wasps which build their nests below the ground. In the hive of the honey-bee, the number of females is always extremely small; but, in a wasp's nest, there are often more than three hundred females.—During the months of June, July, and August, they remain constantly in the nest, and are never seen abroad except in the beginning of spring, and in the months of September, and October. During the summer, they are totally occupied in laying their eggs and feeding their young. In this last operation, they are assisted by the other wasps; for the females alone, though numerous, would be insufficient for the laborious

laborious task. A wasp's nest when completed, sometimes consists of sixteen thousand cells, each of which contains an egg, a worm, or a nymph. The eggs are white, transparent, of an oblong figure, and differ in size, according to the kind of wasps which are to proceed from them. Some of them are no larger than the head of a small pin. They are so firmly glued to the bottoms of the cells, that it is with difficulty they can be detached without breaking. Eight days after the eggs are deposited in the cells, the worms are hatched, and are considerably larger than the eggs which gave birth to them. These worms demand the principal cares of the wasps that continue always in the nest. They feed them, as birds feed their young, by giving them, from time to time, a mouthful of food. It is astonishing to see with what industry and rapidity a female runs along the cells of a comb, and distributes to each worm a portion of nutriment. In proportion to the ages and conditions of the worms, they are fed with solid food, such as the bellies of insects, or with liquid substance disgorged by the mother. When a worm is so large as to occupy its whole cell, it is then ready to be metamorphosed into a nymph. It then refuses all nourishment, and ceases to have any connection with the wasps in the nest. It shuts up the mouth of its cell with a fine silken cover, in the same manner as the silk-worm and other caterpillars spin their cods. This operation is completed in three or four hours, and the animal remains in the nymph state nine or ten days, when, with its teeth, it destroys the external cover of the cell, and comes forth in the form of a winged insect, which is either male, female, or neuter, according to the nature of the egg from which it is hatched. In a short time, the wasps newly transformed receive the food brought into the nest by the foragers in the fields. What is still more curious, in the course of the first day after their transformation, the young wasps have been observed going to the fields, bringing in provisions, and distributing them to the worms in the cells. A cell is no sooner abandoned by a young wasp, than it is cleaned, trimmed, and repaired by an old one, and rendered, in every respect, proper for the reception of another egg.

As wasps of different sexes differ greatly in size, they know how to construct cells proportioned to the dimensions of the fly that is to proceed from the egg which the female deposits in them. The neuters are six times smaller than the females, and their cells are built nearly in the same proportion. Cells are not only

adapted for the reception of neuters, males and females, but it is remarkable that the cells of the neuters are never intermixed with those of the males or females. A comb is entirely occupied with small cells fitted for the reception of neuter worms. But male and female cells are often found in the same comb. The males and females are of equal length, and, of course, require cells of an equal depth. But the cells of the males are narrower than those of the females, because the bodies of the former are never so thick as those of the latter.

This wonderful assemblage of combs, of the pillars which support them, and of the external envelope, is an edifice which requires several months labour, and serves the animal one year only. This habitation, so populous in summer, is almost deserted in winter, and abandoned entirely in spring; for, in this season, not a single wasp is to be found in a nest of the preceding year. It is worthy of remark, that the first combs of a nest are always accommodated for the reception of the neuter or working wasps. The city, of which the foundation has just been laid, requires a number of workers. The neuter or working wasps are accordingly first produced. A cell is no sooner half completed than an egg of a neuter is deposited in it by the female. Of fourteen or fifteen combs inclosed in a common cover, the four last are destined for the reception of males and females. Hence it uniformly happens, that, before the males and females are capable of taking flight, every wasp's nest is peopled with several thousand neuters or workers. But the neuters, that are first produced, are likewise the first that perish; for not one of them survives the termination even of a mild winter. It was remarked by the ancient naturalists, that some wasps lived one year only, and others two. To the former Aristotle gives the appellation of *obscarii*, which are our workers or neuters, and to the latter *matrixes*, which are our females.

The female wasps are stronger, and support the rigours of winter better than the males or neuters. Before the end of winter, however, several hundred females die, and not above ten or a dozen in each nest survive that season. These few females are destined for the continuation of the species. Each of them becomes the founder of a new republic. When a queen bee departs from a hive in order to establish a new one, she is always accompanied by several thousand industrious labourers, ready to perform every necessary operation. But the female wasp has not the aid

of a single labourer; for all the neuters are dead before the beginning of the spring. The female alone lays the foundation of a new republic. She either finds or digs a hole under the earth, builds cells for the reception of her eggs, and seeds the worms which proceed from them. Whenever any of these neuter worms are transformed into flies, they immediately assist their parent in augmenting the number of cells and combs, and in feeding the young worms, which are daily hatching from the eggs. In a word, this female wasp, which in spring was perfectly solitary, without any proper habitation, and had every operation to perform, has, in autumn, several thousands of her offspring at her devotion, and is furnished with a magnificent palace, or rather city, to protect her from the injuries of the weather and from the external enemies.

With regard to the male wasps, it is uncertain whether any of them survive the winter. But, though not so indolent as the males of the honey-bee, they can be of little assistance to the female; for they never engage in any work of importance,

such as constructing cells, or fortifying the external cover of the nest. They are never brought forth till toward the end of August; and their sole occupation seems to be that of keeping the nest clean. They carry out every kind of filth, and the carcasses of such of their companions as happen to die. In performing this operation, two of them often join, and when the load is too heavy, they cut off the head, and transport the dead animal at two times.

In the beginning of spring, when the female wasp has built her subterraneous habitation, which is soon to be peopled with thousands of flies, she has no occasion for the males; because, in the month of September and October, she had been previously impregnated. The males and females are produced at the same time, and they are nearly equal in number. Like the male honey-bees, the male wasps are destitute of stings, but the females and neuters have stings, the poisonous liquor of which, when introduced into any part of the human body, excites inflammation, and creates a considerable degree of pain.

LIFE OF JOHN HOWARD, F.R.S.

(Concluded from p. 335.)

DURING the time that Mr. Howard was thus exerting his benevolence on the continent, his country was not unmindful of the splendor which his virtues reflected on the British character: while the first geniuses of the nation were celebrating his worth with all the ardour of admiration, many patriotic characters set on foot a subscription for the purpose of erecting a statue or column to his memory; and, in the course of considerably less than a year and a half, between fifteen and sixteen hundred pounds were subscribed. But our philanthropist was far from receiving, from this proceeding, the satisfaction it was designed to impart. His letters to his private friends sufficiently shew how much distressed he felt his mind on this occasion: 'Have not I one friend in England,' said he, 'that would put a stop to such a proceeding?' And in another letter, addressed to a very amiable character, who had no inconsiderable share in forming his youthful mind to benevolence and virtue, he expresses the highest satisfaction at finding that his particular friends were so well acquainted with his sentiments, that, in the whole list of subscribers, he had not met with the name of

one of them. To put an effectual stop to this proceeding, Mr. Howard, on the 15th December, wrote from Vienna the following letter to the subscribers:

Vienna, Dec. 15, 1786.

GENTLEMEN,

I shall ever think it an honour to have my weak endeavours approved by so many respectable persons, who devote their time, and have so generously subscribed towards a fund for relieving prisoners and reforming prisons. But to the erecting a monument, permit me, in the most fixed and unequivocal manner, to declare my repugnancy to such a design, and that the execution of it will be a punishment to me: it is, therefore, Gentlemen, my particular and earnest request, that so distinguished a mark of me may for ever be laid aside. With great regard, I am, Gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

JOHN HOWARD.

Which, as soon as he returned to England, was followed by another, of which also a copy is here presented;

London, Feb. 16, 1787.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

You are entitled to all the gratitude I can express for the testimony of approba-

sion you have intended me, and I am truly sensible of the honour done me; but, at the same time, you must permit me to inform you, that I cannot, without violating all my feelings, consent to it, and that the execution of your design would be a cruel punishment to me: it is therefore my earnest request, that those friends who wish my happiness and future comfort in life, would withdraw their names from the subscription, and that the execution of your design may be laid aside for ever.

‘ I shall always think the reforms now going on in several of the jails of this kingdom, and which I hope will become general, the greatest honour, and the most ample reward, I can possibly receive.

‘ I must further inform you, that I cannot permit the fund, which in my absence, and without my consent, hath been called the Howardian fund, to go in future by that name; and that I will have no concern in the disposal of the money subscribed; my situation and various pursuits rendering it impossible for me to pay any attention to such a general plan, which can only be carried into due effect in particular districts, by a constant attention and a constant residence. I am, my lords and gentlemen, your obedient and faithful humble servant,

JOHN HOWARD.

The design was therefore accordingly laid aside; and the subscribers were publicly invited either to recal their subscriptions, or leave them to the disposal of the committee. Out of the sum not recalled, 200*l.* was, in the same year, applied to the relief of 55 prisoners and their families in the metropolis: upwards of 750*l.* still remain undisposed of in the hands of the committee.

Thus did the hero of benevolence, with more than ancient simplicity, refuse the triumphal laurel which gratitude and admiration had prepared for his brow, even at the very time when his restless mind was planning fresh victories over barbarity and prejudice, and preparing to bear still farther the pious banner of humanity and moral reformation. Ever steady to the great objects of life, he consumed this and the following year in making a thorough progress through all the counties and divisions of Scotland, of Ireland, of England, and of Wales, visiting indiscriminately prisons, hospitals, public charities, and seminaries of education; in short, every place (in the metropolis, or the provinces, in cities, or in villages) where misery might be suspected to be found brooding over her fate, or reformation might be needed to secure the future health and morals of mankind: nor did he on such

occasions suffer the minutest circumstances either in the department, the accommodations, the food, or the raiment of the prisoners, the paupers, or others, to escape his observation. The toil and assiduity of this, his last progress, through the British dominions were not without their reward. He had the satisfaction, before he made a last farewell to his native land, whose real happiness he had so anxiously laboured to promote, of seeing that all his labours had not been fruitless; but that he had occasioned some regulations to take place, which piety will not hear of without a glow of rapture, or humanity behold without dropping the joyful tear. ‘ It gave me sincere pleasure,’ says this amiable man, ‘ to find that, from the attention of the magistrates, and the operation of the salutary act for preserving the health of prisoners, the goals of the capital, though crowded, have been freed from that disease which formerly destroyed more persons than the hand of the executioner: and those in the country have been so much improved, that most of them may now be visited without hazard of infection. With satisfaction I have also observed the liberal and humane spirit which engages the public to alleviate the sufferings of prisoners in general, and particularly to release many industrious, though unfortunate debtors.’ Thus does the modest simplicity of the philanthropist mention the good effects of his own indefatigable labours, without alluding to his own efforts, and generously ascribe to others the merit of those improvements of which himself had been the efficient cause. Yes, thou transcendent worthy! thine was the breath which revived in British hearts the too much neglected embers of humanity; and may the humble admiration which now labours to disseminate the knowledge of the virtues, contribute in some degree to keep alive the generous flame—a flame which, fed by the philanthropy of Howard, could warm even the rugged breasts of those who were hitherto tyrants by prescription, and obdurate by profession! This was particularly conspicuous at Chester, Liverpool, Oxford Castle, and other prisons, where more humane and tender modes of treatment had been adopted, and where Mr. Howard, conversing with the gaolers on the good effects which steady, lenient, and persuasive methods might produce, some of the keepers said, ‘ they now find they can do more with their prisoners by lenient measures, than with a rough hand.’

Still however, he lamented that the spirit of improvement scarcely extended to ‘ the more important object, the reformation

tion of morals in our prisons. In this further reformation," says the philanthropist, "it will be absolutely necessary to begin with the capital; for, as in my former visits, when I have met with the gaol-fever in county prisons, I have been almost constantly told, that it was derived from those in London; so the corruption of manners, also, flowing from that great fountain, spreads far and wide its malignant streams. In what prison in London is there a proper separation of criminals, the old from the young, convicts from the untried? Where are the night-rooms for solitary confinement and reflection? Where is any proper attention paid to sick and dying prisoners? Where are the rules and orders of magistrates for the direction of gaolers, and the government of prisoners? In what gaol are not the ears shocked with the profaneness both of prisoners and turnkeys? Where is any regard paid to the Lord's day? Where is not the afternoon of that day a time of greater intercourse of visitants than any other? And though the gaolers-taps are abolished, yet are not the publicans continually waiting to serve the prisoners, and their company? Is not beer now sold by the debtors? And do not turnkeys keep shops in the gaols?"

The above passage is quoted thus at large from Mr. Howard's last publication, because it tends to display many of the objects principally kept in view in all his projects for the reformation of our prisons: other articles of his attention, we are happy to say, stand recorded in the comparative decency and healthiness of many of these receptacles for vice and misery, both in and out of the metropolis, and in the superior attention which is paid to the rights of humanity. Our philanthropist had also still to lament the cruel severity of our laws, and the very inadequate offences for which persons were doomed to resign the precious inheritance of life, or to linger out existence in misery and confinement: nay, he could not but behold with indignation how, in this land of freedom and boasted equity, oppression may still pervert the law, to the privation even of the liberty of injured innocence. In the county gaol of Cumberland at Carlisle, in particular, he found a prisoner, who, as the widow of an old gentleman, had enjoyed an estate of 3000. per annum, and about 70000. in mortgages; but marrying afterwards in Scotland to a Mr. Melburn of Carlisle, he soon squandered 4 out of the 70000. and she (in consequence of some disagreement) refusing to give up the mortgages for the other 30000, he, under some pretence, by

an attachment from the court of chancery, sent her to the common gaol; which confinement prevented her compliance with an order for appearance at that court in 15 days of St. Hilary next ensuing. At first she was on the master's side; but the gaoler, after cruelly seizing her clothes, &c. for the rent of her apartment, turned her on the common side, to a little miserable room without a fire-place. Not having the county allowance, this poor injured creature supported herself by spinning and knitting, and the occasional kindness of her late husband's relations, while her present husband lived and rioted on her estate, sending her sometimes, with the intermission of seven or eight months, the insulting charity of twenty shillings. By her spinning she was not at first capable of earning more than four-pence a week; but at length, by practice and extreme application, she could, when in health, earn in that time about ten-pence.—O Humanity! hast thou at a loss for objects on whom to shine? enter the gloomy recesses of the prison; how many languid wretches shalt thou find full worthy of thy reviving beams!

Mr. Howard having thus furnished himself with sufficient matter to throw considerable additional light upon those subjects, which he justly considered so intimately connected with the morals, the welfare, and the happiness of mankind, in 1789, published, in quarto, *An account of the principal Lazarettos in Europe; with various papers relative to the Plague; together with further observations on some foreign prisons and hospitals; and additional remarks on the present state of those in Great-Britain and Ireland*; embellished with a great number of curious plates. To this work he affixed the following motto: "O let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners come before thee!" to the adoption of which, from the 12th verse of the 79th Psalm, he was led by observing, while he was attending divine service one Sunday at Lancaster, that the prisoners of the castle there were particularly affected by that passage, as it was read in the psalm for the day. This, his last publication, after pointing out the regulations necessary to be adopted by the legislature, the philanthropist concludes with the following emphatic and prophetic language: "After all, the best laws will fail in their effect, unless the assiduous and zealous endeavours of magistrates be exerted in a strict attention to their execution. Abuses, tho' ever so judiciously guarded against, will creep in; and it requires the utmost vigilance to detect, and resolution to reform them. If I have been able to point out any of these, and to sug-

gest their causes and remedies; it has been by that close, persevering attention to one object, which has in some measure supplied the want of original abilities, and gives me clear notions, and a more decided opinion upon these matters. To my country I commit the result of my past labours. It is my intention again to quit it, for the purpose of revisiting Russia, Turkey, and some other countries, and extending my tour in the East. I am not insensible of the dangers that must attend such a journey: trusting, however, in the protection of that kind Providence which has hitherto preserved me; I calmly and cheerfully commit myself to the disposal of unerring wisdom. *Should it please God to cut off my life in the prosecution of this design, let not my conduct be uncanonically imputed to rashness or enthusiasm, but to a serious and deliberate conviction that I am pursuing the path of duty; and to a sincere desire of being made an instrument of more extensive usefulness to my fellow-creatures than could be expected in the narrow circle of retired life.*

Such were the sentiments with which this truly great and amiable character silenced all the objections and solicitations of those friends who would fain have dissuaded him from his benevolent but dangerous design;—such were the sentiments with which he once more bade farewell to that country, to whose bourn he was never permitted to return. But though we are deprived of his future labours, though his dust is not permitted to mingle with his native earth, nor Britons indulged in the mournful pleasure of watering with their tears the spot which entombs him, let us not forget that, in his publications, he has left us a noble legacy, which furnishes us with the means and the incitements to benevolence! and may those who have power and opportunity, consider these records of his pious and patriotic labours as talents which it is their duty to improve, and for the application of which they must be answerable at the great day of account.

No particulars concerning this last journey of this *best good man* have yet transpired, but that, in his way to Cherson, a new settlement of the Russians, in the mouth of the Dnieper, or Borythènes, towards the northern extremity of the Black Sea, where he died, his baggage was lost from behind his carriage, while himself and servant were taking the necessary refreshment of supper. This, however, was recovered on his returning back to the nearest town, where he had seen a party of Russian recruits, who were the objects of his suspicion. The things had been found by some ploughmen, half-buried in the soil

by the road side; but suspicion so strongly fastened upon the recruits, that seven of them were consigned by the magistrates to exile in Siberia. Shortly after this, having visited a young lady who had an epidemic fever, for the purpose of administering that relief which he hoped his constant attention to these disorders would enable him to supply, he caught the infection; Prince Potemkin, hearing of his illness, sent his physician from Jassy; but medical aid was vain; and, after languishing about twelve days, he expired on the 20th of January, 1790, at Cherson, a victim to that benevolence which had been the constant and invariable object of his pursuit, through many successive years of his life. After having been kept five days, in pursuance of his particular instructions to his servant, he was buried, according to his own desire, in the garden of a neighbouring villa, belonging to a French gentleman, from whom he had received great civilities. He was attended in his last hours by the same faithful servant who had accompanied him in all his former travels, and whom he particularly instructed not to depart for England till five weeks after his decease. Other reports affirm the malignant fever to have been caught by visiting an hospital where the infection prevailed; but the account given in the London Gazette is here followed; and it may be remarked, that it is the first instance of the death of a private individual being noticed in this national print.

Mr. Howard left Edward Leeds, Esq; Master in Chancery, and Joseph Leeds, Esq; of Croydon, Surrey (the brothers of his second wife), executors of his will.

Besides the works already noticed in the course of these memoirs, Mr. Howard published, in the year 1780, *Historical Remarks and Anecdotes on the Castle of the Bastille, translated from the French*; and in the year 1789, *the Grand Duke of Tuscany's New Code of Criminal Law, with an English Translation*. It was not with uninterrupted security that our philanthropist exposed the horrors of despotism, and the cruel iniquities of the now ruined Bastille. The jealous resentment of the French police, had nearly doomed him to a participation of all the sufferings of that detested prison. From this danger he was, however, rescued by the timely interposition of our Ambassador. After this circumstance, he is reported to have stood so much in dread of assassination, that in every person who, from admiration, thronged to look upon him, while in France, he fancied he beheld the desperate Russian preparing the dagger for his heart.

As a member of that great society of which

which provinces and kingdoms may be considered as only humble divisions, and of which the boundaries are to be looked for only in those barriers which separate this terrestrial sphere from the sister globes which people the immensity of created space; the facts already stated to the reader must speak Mr. Howard to stand unequalled: and it is to be remembered that his feeling heart extended its tender commiseration in an equal degree, even to the brute creation. But whether as a private character, he was as amiable as he was admirable in his public conduct, has been questioned, perhaps, with more envy than propriety. It is natural enough to conclude, that a man who devoted his whole life to the arduous and undiversified pursuit of one grand object, especially if this pursuit naturally subjected him to the contemplation of objects not very congenial with sentiments of elegance and refinement, would have something harsh and eccentric in his outward demeanor, and not be very much distinguished by those soft and engaging arts by which very superficial characters frequently insinuate themselves into our affections; and which, though not all concomitants of merit, are perhaps necessary to endear even the most shining abilities, and the most distinguished virtues: and that Mr. Howard so far was deficient, it is not easy to deny, any more than it can justly be concealed that there were, in particular circumstances, rather too much austerity and inflexibility in his disposition: but these were only slight blemishes which would not have been observed, if they had been associated with the common qualities of the herd of mankind. It is the nature of whatever is brilliant, to make its defects the more conspicuous: and spots, which appear dark upon the luminous face of the sun, might be thought beauties on the dull cloud of unradicated earth.

Mr. Howard, with all his eccentricity, possessed a very eminent degree of affability; and if he could not bend and yawn to greatness, or bring himself, in all things, to the exact standard of modern manners, he placed himself on a level with all mankind, and treated all with the same degree of civility and attention.

With respect to religious sentiments, he has been charged of rigid illiberality: but if this were the case, it is something extraordinary that it should never be apparent in action; and the very reverse is proved, by the testimony (among others) of Mr. Thicknesse, who affirms, that he constantly built a cottage every year on his own estate, and put a poor family in possession of it, on express condition, that they

should attend divine service every Sunday, at church, mass, meeting, or synagogue. How far it is consistent with illiberality to diffuse its favours alike upon persons of all persuasions, listening to no plea but that of their poverty, compliant at once to the prejudices of all, and anxious only that they should cultivate the meek spirit of piety according to that particular sentiment which had been inculcated into them; we leave common sense to determine: but the cruelist aspersion on the character of Mr. Howard, is that which relates to his domestic conduct. The behaviour of this philanthropist, so tender and humane to the wretched outcasts of guilt and misery, is reported to have been so severe and unfeeling to his own and beloved son, as to have occasioned the derangement of his intellects.

That Mr. Howard, like many other parents, might have higher notions of parental authority, than a thorough investigation of the subject would justify, cannot perhaps be denied; neither is it controverted, that in his temper (as with predestinarians in general) there was too much of sternness and severity. But how unheard of must have been that cruelty which could produce such terror or anguish to the mind of youth as to derange the rational system, and hurl the powers of reason from their seat. Madness is seldom, if ever, produced by an adventitious circumstance without a pre-existent and pre-disposing cause: and not unfrequently, the constitution has so strong and natural a bias to this derangement, that the common progress of events pushes the tottering reason from the brink of the precipice upon which it hovers into the inevitable abyss. When this is the case, ignorance, incapable of discovering the propelling source within, seeks for some external cause to account for the dreadful effect; and malevolence seldom fails to fasten upon some hypothesis which may instil fresh anguish on those unhappy relatives who are already, but too far overwhelmed in anguish and regret: but that the man, whose liberal feelings and expansive sympathy we have made this feeble attempt to portray, could have exercised towards an only child, that brutality which would have driven to insanity an undisciplined intellect, however timid and irritable, is what malice perhaps may report, but we can never believe. Add to this, that Mr. Howard indisputably entertained the most tender and rooted affection for his child; that he always regarded him with a solicitude truly paternal; and, as his private correspondence sufficiently evinces, ever reflected upon his

his distressing malady, with the feelings of a tender and ardent affection. Another charge brought against Mr. Howard, is that of inflexible obstinacy—a charge, which is supported on the manner in which he conducted himself on the dispute, relative to the situation of the intended penitentiary house. But this charge is, in fact, only applicable to those who, with inferior knowledge upon the subject, oppose with such irrational perseverance the plan of one, whose benevolent life had been employed in collecting such information as rendered him the fittest judge to decide such a controversy. In the opinion Mr. Howard entertained, he was encouraged to persevere by the counsel of Dr. Fothergill, and confirmed by the dying words of SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE, at whose instance he undertook the task. 'This great and good man,' says Mr. Howard, 'Dr. Fothergill saw just before he died, to whom he then turned, and asked, *what progress we had made in the penitentiary houses?*' The Dr. answered, 'that we had paid all possible attention to the opinion of others respecting a situation, that we must soon be obliged to request the opinion of our judges concerning it. *Be firm in your own*, was all he was able to say; as he soon after departed for a better life.' This account of the Judge's last conversation, I received in a letter from the Dr. in January, 1780; as I was then attending the press at Warrington. I shall take the liberty to copy, *verbatim*, my immediate answer to that letter. 'Mr. Justice Blackstone's dying words, *be firm in your opinion*, seem to me the most important direction for our conduct. We are fixed upon as the proper persons to determine upon a plan, situation, &c. of a penitentiary house; why then transfer the office to other persons, whose station of life, and other engagements, must render them very unfit for entering into such a matter? let us, when we meet, absolutely fix upon one situation as the best of the whole, according to our ideas, and specify our reasons; let us submit the approbation, or rejection of this one plan, to those in whom the law has vested such a power; but not give them the unnecessary trouble, or us the improper degradation of determining in our stead, &c.' the reasons which supported their preference were well weighed, and whoever takes the trouble to consider the affair, will readily allow on which side the obstinacy lay. With respect to Mr. Howard's wish to prevent any liquors,

except water, milk, tea, and the like, from being introduced into prisons, no narrow-minded want of feeling will be attributable to him, when we reflect that it was his ardent wish that none but felons, and swindlers (*vobis*, he justly observes, *are felons*) should be consigned to these dreary abodes; and when we consider the dreadful effects of intoxication, a fatal attachment to which, in those who are sunk in misfortune, so frequently occasions him who went into confinement a debtor, to come out a reprobate. The indignation, however, which he entertained against the abuse of liquors, having been roused by the circumstance of his finding, in the King's-bench prison, a quaker, whom he was going to release, in a state of intoxication, occasioned him to express himself in a manner to the Duke of Richmond, and to others in *private conversation*, which was repeated again with exaggeration in the House of Lords, much, though unjustly, to the injury of his popularity. Mr. Howard has also been reported not to have been *naturally* generous. But what construction is to be put on this report, we leave those to consider who have read his life. That his generosity (conscious as he must be, that a private fortune can never be adequate to every demand of pity) was converged to one point, is obvious; and it is likely, that he who pursued one object so steadily in his travels, that even the solicitations of friendship could not induce him to turn out of his way to behold the mansions of grandeur and elegance, also kept the ever sympathising eye of his charity so constantly fixed upon the same point, that he had neither the leisure, nor the means to attend to other objects of distress. But a conduct like this rather evinces the steadiness of his judgment, than his want of *native* generosity.

On the whole, Mr. Howard seems to have been a character truly singular in every respect; and his eccentricity in trifling matters, must be attributed to the extraordinary attention which he constantly paid to the rights of humanity, and the important interests of morals and of society. His virtues, as they will soar above defamation, so do they render panegyric unnecessary; and his understanding, though certainly inferior to his heart, was such as his works will sufficiently evince to have been respectable. He was of a middle stature; his features were prominent, and much resembled the poet Gray.

THE LOST SON: AN AFFECTING HISTORY.

[From *Euphemia, a Novel, in 4 Vols. 12mo. by Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, Author of the *Female Quixote.**

IN this very interesting novel, Maria Harley and Euphemia Neville relate various incidents of their lives to each other, in a series of Letters. The latter, we find settled at SchoneClady, a fort, situated thirty miles from Albany, and so from New-York. Of this fort, her husband, Captain Neville, is commandant; and Mrs. Benson, the writer of the following letter, is her friend, who, with an uncommon degree of attachment, had followed her friends to America.

TO Mrs. Benson to Mrs. HAZLEY.

Dear Madam,
Your reproaches for our long silence would be just, had any thing but the severity of all calamities, produced this seeming neglect. Your amiable, and now unhappy friend, Madam, concluded her last letter to you on a misty, not busy of content, but joy. Her will wholly resigned to her present fortune, her heart flowing with the most delightful hopes of the future, she was eager to communicate, to her beloved friend, part of the transports that filled her breast. And what a reverse in the space of a few months, did the experience! But like the melancholy tale in order, since I have now acquired competence enough to give you all the circumstances of my friend and Mr. Neville's, whom some private business had brought to New-York, accepted his invitation to stay a few days without at SchoneClady. Mr. Neville christened him in every place worthy his notice; the Falls of Cohoes he had not yet seen, and a day was fixed upon for this little excursion. Mrs. Neville would willingly have avoided being of the party, the little Maria not being yet weaned; but Mr. Neville having resolved to take his son with him, the tender anxious mother would not stay behind.

All our party were in high spirits, except Mrs. Neville, her heart seemed to labour, with some unknown oppression, her speech was often interrupted with sighs, and a melancholy overspread her face. He asked her several times, if she was well, she assured me she felt no other disorder, but a strange tremor on her spirits, for which she could not account.

Observing Mr. Neville to appear dissatisfied at her being less cheerful than usual, he endeavoured to dispel the gloom that hung upon her, and met his contract-

ed brow with her wonted smile of complacency.

I marked the painful effort—I saw the starting tears that glistened in those eyes, which she turned upon him with an assumed cheerfulness. Uneasy and apprehensive, I whispered, 'My dear Euphemia, you are not well.' 'I am well, indeed I am,' she replied; 'but my spirits are uncommonly low to day, that is all.'

Our guest having sufficiently satisfied his curiosity with the view of the cataract, our servants spread a cloth upon the rustic table, in the hut where we had dined before; and a cold collation being provided, we all sat down to it. But the keenness of that appetite, which I had borrowed from the air, and unusual exercise was instantly checked, when I perceived that Mrs. Neville could not eat, but trifled with her knife and fork, in order to escape observation.

The gentlemen drank their wine pretty freely; mean time, my dear Euphemia, heavy from fatigue, and yet more with the unusual weight that oppressed her mind, gave the smiling infant, that hung upon her breast, into Panny's arms, who sat next her; and reclining her head upon a mossy pillow, fell into a profound sleep.

Mr. Neville now rose up, and proposed to his friend to walk into the woods, till the servants had dined, and the carriages were ready for our departure. Little Edward, then three years old, they took with them, that his innocent prattle might not interrupt his mother's repose; and attended only by Mr. Neville's own servant, they set out upon their walk.

Mrs. Neville slept sound and easy; I was happy in the hope, that this solitary rest would restore her strength and spirits; when her maid said softly, 'Are you not surprised madam, that Mr. Neville stays so long?' I had never thought of this circumstance; I looked at my watch, and was astonished to find it so late.

That instant Mr. Neville entered the hut; with wild impatience in his look and accent, he enquired if Edward was with us.

'With us!' said I, trembling, 'did he not go with you?'

'Oh! Sutton,' said Mr. Neville to his friend, who had followed him, 'my boy is not here.'

This exclamation was uttered so loud, that

that it awoke Mrs. Neville; her husband seeing her open her eyes, rushed out of the hut, and was followed by his friend. Fanny and I remained motionless; fear and amazement strongly pictured in her face, and, I suppose, in mine; for Mrs. Neville, surprised at her husband's abrupt departure, turned toward us to ask the reason; but at the first glance, she uttered a piercing shriek.

'Ah! I understand those looks,' said she turning her eyes alternately upon Fanny and me; 'some dreadful accident has happened—My dear boy! my Edward! is he dead? Oh! tell me, I conjure you,' pursued she, clasping her hands together, 'tell me the truth—is my child dead?' Her supplicating look and action, pierced my heart. 'Heaven forbid,' was all I could say. 'Then he is not dead,' said she; Heaven be praised! I breathe again; from what agonizing pangs am I relieved! Oh! if you knew what I felt in that dreadful moment of suspense, which realized all the strange forebodings that have tortured my imagination this day.'

Mr. Neville's servant that moment appeared at the door, and rolling his eager enquiring eyes about the place, exclaimed—

'Oh! he is not here! he is lost; I shall go mad!

Mrs. Neville starting up, cried, 'who is lost?—My child! tell me—'

'Oh! detain me not, madam,' said he, for the held him by the arm; 'let me go in search of him, I will find him or never return.' He broke from her loosened hold; she rushed out after him with a distracted pace. Unable to follow her, I received the sleeping infant out of Fanny's arms, who flew after her miserable mistress, and both were in an instant concealed from my sight by the impervious woods.

Thus desolate, alone, my heart torn with anguish; expecting every moment to hear of some new calamity, no creature of whom I could make any enquiries, for all our people had dispersed themselves about the forest in search of the dear lost boy; trembling lest the baby should awake, and, prest by wants I had no means of supplying, rend my afflicted heart with its tender wailings, I abandoned myself, I own it, for a few moments, to despair.

Reflection at length returned, and bro't with it sober councils.

'Is this,' said I to myself, 'the part of a Christian, to shrink thus meanly in the hour of trial? Where is that confidence in the goodness, that resignation to the will of God, which, till I was called upon to exert it, I thought I possessed? Alas! in health and happy days, it is easy to talk

of putting our trust in God; we readily trust him for life when we have health, for necessities when we have competence, and for deliverance when we have escaped from any danger: but when dangers assault, when calamities oppress us, we forget that he is powerful to save, and compassionate to relieve.'

I pursued this train of thought; and every moment, as a pious resignation gained upon my soul, I blessed, I adored the sacred power of religion, that could thus produce good out of evil, and make my present affliction the means of attaining eternal happiness.

The calm uninterrupted sleep of the infant, afforded in my altered mind, matter for gratitude and praise; for how could I have stilled its cries, or procure proper food for it in this desert, unused, as it had hitherto been, to any nourishment but its fond mother's milk.—It slept, while I wept over it with tenderness, and prayed with fervor.

At length I heard the sound of steps, I turned my eager eyes, my beloved Euphemia appeared, Mr. Sutton and her faithful Fanny supporting her. Now quick, now slow, was her faltering pace; her countenance pale as death; her eyes, one instant raised to heaven with supplicating tears, the next in wild despondence fixed on the ground; her closed hands wringing each other as if she would burst their sinews.

She threw herself on the bank beside me, without uttering a word; one tender glance she cast upon her sleeping infant in my arms, then burst into a flood of tears.

Mr. Sutton begged her to compose herself if possible, saying, he would go again into the woods, and never give over his search, till he could bring her some news of her son. He went away instantly; and I took occasion from his last words, to draw some motives of consolation for her.

'Oh! do not amuse me with false hopes,' said she; 'I shall never more see my child. He is, doubt it not, he is a prey to savage beasts, or savage men, still worse than beasts. Oh! thou delight of my heart and eyes, was this the fate to which thou wert born?—Mangled—torn—devoured—'

At this sad thought she shrieked aloud, and sunk lifeless into Fanny's arms. With difficulty we recovered her; but it was but for a moment; successive fainting fits made us tremble for her life.

Still I indulged some gleams of hope, that the sweet boy might yet be found. But when Mr. Neville returned, his frantic looks proclaimed the irremediable calamity.

“He is lost!” groaned he out, “he is gone!—for ever gone!”

“Ah!” cried I, “see here,” pointing to his wife, who lay pale and motionless on Fanny’s knees.—He gazed on her for a moment—

“What is to be done?” said he; “tell me, advise me.”

“By all means,” said Mr. Sutton, “let Mrs. Neville be carried home; place her in the carriage, thus insensible as she is; believe it, when she recovers sense and thought, it will be difficult to get her from hence.”

This, in the sad extremity to which we were reduced, was the best thing that could be done. Fanny got into the coach and received her, still fainting, in her arms; I placed myself opposite to them with the child, whose sleep seemed, by providence, to be prolonged for our comfort.

Mr. Neville declared he would not leave the place, but continue in search till he found his son dead or alive. His friend said with him, and the unhappy servant, to whose care the child had been entrusted.

This man, in his looks and behaviour, expressed the most poignant remorse and agonizing grief; accusing himself, with floods of tears, of being the cause of what had happened. It seems the little boy, tired with walking, desired to sit down under a tree, till his father and Mr. Sutton, who chose to go further, returned; William sat down with him. Overcome with the heat, and lulled by the dashing sound of the carriage, which may be heard at a great distance, they fell asleep.

The man awaking, missed the child; and not yet much alarmed, supposing he had only strayed a few paces from him, called him several times aloud, and ran about in search of him. Not finding him, his fears increased; he wandered through the woods, still calling him in vain: then fondly hoping, that he should meet him, perhaps, in the place where he had so unfortunately fallen asleep, he returned thither; but instead of the child, saw Mr. Sutton and his master, who were looking for them.

Mr. Neville seeing him alone, exclaimed, with an eager look and tone, “Where is Edward?” The man, confounded, terrified, amazed, answered not a word. Mr. Neville, in a transport of fear and rage, seized him by the collar, and giving him a violent shake, “Rascal,” said he, “have you lost my son?”

“Oh, Sir!” cried the trembling wretch, “the child, tired with walking, fell asleep upon my knees; unhappily I fell asleep likewise, and when I awaked, he was

gone; I have been in search of him ever since.”

Mr. Neville, now worked up almost to a delirium of fury, drew his sword, and had not Mr. Sutton held his arm, the poor fellow had fallen a victim to the tempest that raged within his soul.

“Let us go in search of your child,” said his friend to him; “let us take different ways.”

“What hope of finding him safe in these wild woods!” said the sighing father:—“Ere this he is become a prey to some furious animal, or some human savage.—My fears distract me.”

With a furious pace he rushed into the thickest of the woods, calling his son. Mr. Sutton took a different path; as did the weeping servant. Alas! all were unsuccessful.

The motion of the carriage, aided by some drops that Fanny applied, at length brought Mrs. Neville out of her fainting fit. With her senses, recollection—dreadful recollection! returned. She appeared not to consider where she was, or whither she was going, but groaned as if in the agonies of death. I begged her not to banish hope; that there was at least a possibility the child might be safe; that Mr. Neville and his friend were still in search of him; that enquiries would be made at every farm-house for many miles around, and that so many persons would be employed in seeking him; that we were sure of having some intelligence.

“Could you think it possible,” said she, “that I should ever be so transcendently miserable as to wish I may hear my boy is dead by a fall, by a sudden fit, or that he is drowned; but, oh! to have him torn in pieces by wild beasts, or mangled by those savage hunters of men, who, when hunger presses, devour their species!—Can I think that this is his fate, and not be mad? Talk not to me of hope.—Oh! when I think what my child has suffered, and is, perhaps, suffering now!—Again her spirits, her senses forsake her. Scarce did it seem charity to use any efforts to recover her from this state of insensibility.

In these temporary deaths, from which our cares rescued her only to fall into them again, was this melancholy journey passed. At length we reached the fort; we carried her up to her chamber, we put her to bed; a violent fever seized her; her ravings shewed the horrid images that filled her imagination.

Sometimes she fancied she saw her son in the paws of a wild beast; sometimes sprawling upon the lance of some ferocious Indian, writhing in the agonies of death. Her cries, her heart-rending complaints,

plaints, filled all who heard her with the deepest anguish. Mrs. Lawson, our venerable visitor, shared in all my sorrows, and all my fatigue on this sad event.

From the family of Colonel Bellenden, the commandant at Albany, we experienced every effort of tender sympathizing friendship. A very skilful physician was, by their means, brought from New-York. He gave us little hope, and her death was hourly expected.

Mr. Neville returned, after an absence of eight days, which he had spent in incessant wanderings, with beating heart. We crowded round him as soon as he appeared: 'Tis all over,' said he; 'there is no more room for hope or fear—my boy is dead.'

'The manner,' cried I, almost breathless with terror—'tell us the manner of his death.'

'Heaven be praised!' said he, 'that was not so horrid as I feared—he was drowned—he had strayed too near the river, he fell in. A countryman (for William has not been heard of since) saw the lifeless corse of the dear innocent, carried away by the stream.'—A burst of grief here stopped his speech for a moment; then recovering—'Tell me your tale of horror now,' said he; 'my wife, where is she?'

Mrs. Lawson with some caution informed him of her condition, and would have prevented him from going into her chamber; but the physician was of opinion that the sight of him might have an effect very contrary to what we feared. She had known none of us for several days, and still continued to rave, and paint those horrid scenes that filled her tortured imagination.

Mr. Neville had just shewed himself.—She started—the screamed—he retired. She rose up in her bed, and eagerly drew back the curtain.

'Where is he?' said she; 'did I not see him?'

'Who, my dear Euphemia,' said I, 'who did you see?'

'My husband,' she replied; 'where is he gone? why will you not let him come to me?'

Transported at this instance of her returning reason, I called to him to approach. She seized his hand with an eager pressure—

'Have you found his mangled limbs?' said she: 'have you buried him? Was he, oh! tell me, was he not devoured?'

Mr. Neville was silent, not knowing what to say to her, when the physician interposed—

'Tell her the truth,' said he; 'the truth will be less dreadful than the horrid ideas that possess her fancy.'

'My dear Euphemia,' said Mr. Neville, 'be patient—be resigned—our child was drowned.'—She paused a moment; then looking earnestly at him—

'You say he was drowned,' said she; 'are you sure of it?' The physician whispered—'Say you saw him dead.'

'Alas!' said he, 'I am too sure of it.'

'Now then I may weep,' said she, after a pause of a moment—'now I may grieve; it is sorrow now, before it was distraction. Oh! my dear boy, you are dead, I shall never see you more; but you were not devoured.' She threw her arms about my neck as I was leaning over her; and hiding her face in my bosom, burst into tears.

Oh! how I blest the salutary shower; and, although I felt that the strong agony of sorrow shook her whole frame as I held her in my arms, yet, while her tears bedewed my bosom, I was cheered with the hope of a favourable change in her distemper.

Fatigued at length, and almost fainting, her head sunk upon her pillow, she closed her eyes, and but for the frequent sighs that forced their way, we should have thought her dead.

The physician, who had caused a composing medicine to be prepared for her, now gave it her himself. She swallowed it without uttering a word or opening her eyes, and soon afterward fell into a profound sleep, that lasted several hours.

This first symptom of her amendment was followed by others that confirmed our hopes. When she awoke she knew us all; desired to see the little Maria, who had been consigned to Fanny's care, and was perfectly well. She kissed and blessed her; spoke with great tenderness to her husband, and thanked Mrs. Lawson for her friendly attention. To me she spoke not, but held my hand fast clasped in hers, and sometimes pressed it to her lips. She often sighed, and I could observe tears steal down her cheeks continually.

In this calm silent sorrow she remained several days; meantime her fever abated fast; the physician pronounced her out of danger; and all we had now to do, he said, was to endeavour to recruit her strength and spirits. Mrs. Bellenden came herself to fetch her to Albany; and it seemed to be the chief business of the whole family to soothe, to comfort and amuse her.

Patient now as suffering infancy, and full of devout resignation, her grief is calm, sedate, and silent; but still the grieves.—She has lost her usual cheerfulness, but the sensibility of her heart is increased; always tender and compassionate, she is now

more so than ever, and feels for the woes of others as if she had none of her own to lament.

I love, I admire her if possible more than ever. Well has it been said, that adversity is the shining time of the wife and good. None are more miserable than those who never experienced calamity; how can it be known whether they be good or bad? Such virtues as are only faculties and dispositions, deserve little praise; but every act of virtue has in itself the principles of its own reward.

Such arguments as these I pressed upon my dear Euphemia, when I apprehended her grief for the loss of her son would exceed the bounds her good sense and piety seemed to prescribe to it. I put her in mind of the noble stand she made against immoderate sorrow, when she lost her excellent mother; a loss that was followed by many cruel disappointments and mortifications.

'Alas!' she replied, 'it is but an accidental fortitude we can boast, when we bear misfortunes so unequally. I know—I feel my weakness, but I am not able to overcome it.' The sighs and tears that accompanied this confession, proved its truth.

'No affliction, my child,' said I, 'is greater than despair; it turns a natural evil into an intolerable one, and constitutes the punishment to which the wicked are condemned.'

When I found a calm and steady resignation take the place of that poignant anguish which had so long filled her heart: when I saw her return to her usual employ-

ments, if not with equal vivacity, yet with an air serene and composed: when I saw her cares for the little Maria give full employment for maternal tenderness, without any of those sad retrospective thoughts which used to cast a damp upon the pleasure she received from the innocent caresses of this lovely child: then my hopes of her returning peace were confirmed. I congratulated her upon a change, so ardently desired by her friends, so salutary for herself. Never shall I forget her look and accent when she thus answered me:—

'My dear Mrs. Benson, those who will not suffer their portion of misery here, deserve to be something less than human, but nothing better.'

Thus, madam, have I fulfilled the sad task my situation imposed upon me, of giving you this sad narrative. You will weep—you will mourn for the sufferings of your amiable friend; but when you have paid that tender tribute to her misfortunes, remember, that she is no longer in the first paroxysms of her grief; that while your imagination represents her sinking beneath their weight, reason and religion have produced that resignation, which philosophy teaches, but which true piety alone can reach.

That heaven may preserve you from such severe trials, is my first and ardent wish; that your fortitude and patience may be equal to her's, my next. I am, with great truth, madam, your faithful humble servant,

M. BENSON.

(To be concluded in our next.)

EXTRACTS FROM SMELLIE'S PHILOSOPHICAL NATURAL HISTORY.

Of the Circulation, or Metamorphosis of Matter.

IN both the animal and vegetable kingdoms, forms are perpetually changing. The mineral kingdom is no less subject to metamorphosis; but though forms continually change, the quantity of matter is invariable. The same substances pass successively into the three kingdoms, and constitute, in their term, a mineral, a plant, an insect, a reptile, a fish, a bird, a quadruped, a man. In these transformations, organized bodies are the principal agents:—they change or decompose every substance that either enters into them, or is exposed to the action of their powers. Some they assimilate, by the process of

nutrition, into their own substance; others they evacuate in different forms; and these evacuations make ingredients in the compositions of other bodies, as those of insects, whose multiplication is prodigious, and affords a very good quantity of organized matter for the nourishment and support of almost every animated being. Thus, from the apparently vilest, and most contemptible species of matter, the richest productions derive their origin. The most beautiful flowers, the most exquisite fruits, and the most useful grain, all proceed from the bosom of corruption.—The earth is continually bestowing its gifts upon us; and her powers would be soon exhausted, if what she perpetually gives were not perpetually restored to her. It is a law of

of nature, that all organized bodies should be decomposed, and gradually transformed into earth. While undergoing this species of dissolution, their more volatile particles pass into the air, and are diffused through the atmosphere;—thus animals, at least portions of them, are buried in the air, as well as in the earth, or in water.—These floating particles soon enter into the composition of new organized being, who are themselves destined to undergo the same revolution. This circulation of organized matter has continued since the commencement of the world, and will proceed in the same course till its final destruction.

The Metamorphosis of Insects.

HAS been regarded as a sudden operation, because they often burst their shell or silky covering quickly, and immediately appear furnished with wings: but, by more attentive observation, it has been discovered, that the transformation of caterpillars is a gradual process from the moment the animals are hatched till they arrive at a state of perfection. Why, it may be asked, do caterpillars so frequently cast their skins? The new skin, and other organs, were lodged under the old ones, as in so many tubes or cases, and the animal retires from these cases, because they become too strait. The reality of these encasements, has been demonstrated by a simple experiment. When about to molt or cast its skin, if the foremost legs of a caterpillar are cut off, the animal comes out of the old skin deprived of these legs. From this fact, Reaumur conjectured, that the chrysalis might be thus encased, and concealed under the last skin of the caterpillar. He discovered that the chrysalis, or rather the butterfly itself, was inclosed in the body of the caterpillar; but the organs of the fly were too soft, and not sufficiently unfolded: it remains unfit to encounter the open air, or to perform the functions of a perfect animal, till some time after its transformation into a chrysalis: it then bursts through its envelop, arrives at a state of perfection, multiplies its species, and dies.

The proboscis, the antennæ, the limbs and the wings of the fly, are so nicely folded up, that they occupy a small space only under the two first rings of the caterpillar. In the first six limbs of the caterpillar are encased the six limbs of the butterfly. Even the eggs of the butterfly have been discovered in the caterpillar long before its transformation.

Of the Germs or Buds of Trees.

THE seed of all trees, shrubs, &c. first

produce a small tree, which is contained in miniature within its lobes. At the top of this small tree a bud or germ is formed, which contains the shoot or tree that is to spring next season. In the same manner, the small tree of the second year produces a bud which includes a tree for the third year; and this process uniformly goes on as long as the tree continues to vegetate. At the extremity of each branch, buds are likewise formed, which contain, in miniature, trees similar to that of the first year. From these, and similar facts, it has by some been concluded, that all these germs were contained in the original seed; for the first bud was succeeded by a similar bud, which was not unfolded till the second year, and the third bud was not expanded till the third year; and, of course, the seed may be said to have contained not only the whole buds which would be formed in an hundred years, but all the seeds, and all individuals which would successively arrive till the final destruction of the species.

Natural History of the Polypus.

THE structure of the Polypus, which inhabits fresh water pools and ditches is extremely simple. Its body consists of a single tube, with long tentacula, or arms, at one extremity, by which it seizes small worms, and conveys them to its mouth. It has no proper head, heart, stomach, or intestines of any kind. This simplicity of structure gives rise to an equal simplicity in the œconomy and functions of the animal. The polypus, though it has not the distinction of sex, is extremely prolific. When about to multiply, a small protuberance or bud appears on the surface of its body. This bud gradually swells and extends; it includes not a young polypus, but is the real animal in miniature, united to the mother as a sucker to the parent tree. The food taken by the mother passes into the young by means of a communicating aperture. When the shooting polypus has acquired a certain growth, this aperture gradually closes, and the young drops off, to multiply its species in the same manner. As every part of a polypus is capable of sending off shoots, it generally happens that the young, before parting from the mother, begin to shoot, and the parent animal carries several generations on her own body. There is another singularity in the history of the polypus. When cut to pieces in every direction fancy can suggest, it not only continues to exist, but each section becomes an animal of the same kind.

What is still more surprising, when inverted, as a man inverts the finger of a glove, the polypus seems to have suffered no material injury; for it soon begins to take food, and to perform every other natural function. Here we have a wonderful instance of animal ductility: no division, however minute, can deprive these worms of life. What infallibly destroys other animals, serves only in the polypus to multiply the number of individuals. M. Trembley, in the course of his experiments, discovered that different portions of one polypus could be ingrafted on another. Two transverse sections brought into contact quickly unite, and form one animal, though each section belongs to a different species. The head of one species may be ingrafted on the body of another. When a polypus is introduced by the tail into another's body, the two heads unite, and form one individual. Pursuing these strange operations, M. Trembley gave scope to his fancy, and, by repeatedly splitting the head and part of the body, formed hydras more complicated than ever struck the imagination of the most romantic fabulists.

Of the *Polypus* there are several species which naturally multiply their kind in different manners. The *armed Polypus*, or *Hydra* of *Linnaeus*, multiplies its species, as formerly remarked, by sending off shoots from the body of the parent. The *Bell-palpus* or *Hydra Stentorea* of *Linnaeus*, multiplies by splitting longitudinally. In twenty-four hours, these divisions, which adhere to a common pedicle re-split, and form four distinct animals: these four, in an equal time, again split, and thus they proceed doubling their numbers daily, till they acquire a figure somewhat resembling a nosegay; the young afterwards separate from the parent stock, attach themselves to the roots or leaves of aquatic plants, and each individual gives rise to a new colony. The *Funnel-shaped Polypus* multiplies by splitting transversely: Of the individuals, accordingly, which proceed from this division, one has the old head and a new tail, and the other a new head and the old tail. The superior division swims off, and fixes itself to some other substance, but the inferior division remains attached to the former pedicle.

MEMOIRS of MAHOMMED BEN - ALI, the MOORISH TRAVELLER, often mentioned, or alluded to, in the Proceedings of the African Association, just published, and from whom they derived their most important Information.

[From the Literary Magazine.]

BEN ALI, when he lived at the court of the late Emperor of Morocco, had an opportunity of witnessing many savage and deadly deeds done by the immediate orders of the king, on some sudden impulse of passion, and sometimes by his own hand: yet on the whole, the late Emperor was esteemed a mild and a religious prince.

Among those acts of blood, the following, which nearly concerned Ben-Ali, is the most shocking that he mentioned. His brother, by some omission, had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of the Emperor, in whose service he was, in a station near his person. The tyrant immediately sent for the boy's father, to

whom he exaggerated the offence of his son. The parent endeavoured to make excuses, and to soften, if possible, the wrath of the monarch. But the despot, instead of being softened, was provoked by the extenuations that had been urged by the aged courtier in favour of his son, to order the man to kill the boy, in his presence, with his own hand; which was immediately done. Here we cannot but contrast the subdued and abject spirit of the Africans with the virtue and courage of the European nations. If such cruel orders were issued at any court in Europe, some principalities in Italy and Germany perhaps excepted, some WILLIAM TELL* would soon be found, to plunge a dagger into

* About the year 1300, when the Swiss and Grisons had fallen under the Austrian yoke, GRISLER, a viceroy of the Emperor Albert's, in the wantonness of tyranny, set up a hat upon a pole, to which he ordered the natives to pay as much respect as to himself. One William Tell, being observed to pass frequently without taking notice of the hat, and, being an excellent marksman, the tyrant condemned him to be hanged, unless,

into the breast of the tyrant. My father, said Ben-Ali, smiled to the king with one eye, but cried for my brother with the other.

One of the courtiers who, in the sunshine of royal favour, had amassed a very affluent fortune, and lived in great luxury, having incurred the displeasure of the despot, was ordered, within a specified number of days, to take himself off by poison. Immediately on receiving this fatal intelligence, he sent for a beautiful young woman, the best beloved among his wives, to whom he communicated that dreadful intelligence. His tender-hearted spouse was immediately dissolved in tears, and bewailed his state with tears and loud lamentations. The devoted victim, frantic with jealousy, rage, and despair, put on a furious countenance, and said to his wife, holding both her hands in one of his— 'You think now that you will soon dry up your affected tears in the embraces of the king,' and, with that plunged a dagger into her bosom. The unfortunate woman, with her last breath, declared, that she was free from all knowledge of other men: the only crime that could justify his fury, and indeed the only one that can be imputed to a woman of condition, in a country where the ladies are considered merely as organs of pleasure.

In Africa, where all the passions seem to exceed and burst through the bounds of nature, and pass into brutality, love degenerates now into the rage of jealousy; now into unquenchable desire; and now into a brutal appetite, which, confounding all individuals, and even species of animated nature, knows no other mark of distinction than that of sex. It is common in some parts of Africa, for men to have studs-stabula asinarum; but here we must draw a veil, within which the most ardent curiosity would scarcely wish to penetrate.

In the interior parts of Africa they are still more horrid, if possible, at least more various in their brutal desires and gratifications. Of all this Ben-Ali spoke as of matters so common as not to excite any surprise or horror, but to be considered as slight irregularities, entitled to excuse and indulgence. Throughout the whole of Africa Pederasty is a common passion.

Ben-Ali travelled through Abyssinia,

which he called *Havabry*; where, as well as in other parts of Africa, in Persia, and Asia minor, he passed for a physician, under the name of *Juzum*. He performed several cures, chiefly by a knowledge of the power of herbs, seeds, and fruits, and the effects of baths and ointments, as well as friction, which last, as is generally known, is practised with great success by the Hindoos. But, he confessed, he was in the constant habit (unlike our European physicians!) of humouring the weakness, and practising on the credulity of the people, and chiefly of the fair sex, by foolish enchantments. Sometimes a wife would request his aid for the purpose of recovering the lost affections of her husband. Sometimes a man of business would apply to him for the recovery of stolen goods; and sometimes a warrior or freebooter would consult him with regard to the proper time, or hour, for the commencement of their various enterprises. The following anecdote shews the degree of ferocity to which the irascible part of human nature is sometimes raised among the Africans, as what we have related above illustrates the horrible extravagance of their concupiscence. As Ben-Ali journeyed, with some commerce on the backs of camels, through a district in the great desert, he was seized, with his wealth, by an Arabian plunderer, into whose house he had committed himself, against all the laws of hospitality. He made fast his hands behind his back, and threw him into the closest confinement, with a resolution to put him to death, after he had secreted and secured his plunder. But some occasion having called the man to a little distance from his house, Ben-Ali prevailed on the mother of his faithless host to set him at liberty. He mounted a mare which he found, belonging to the Arab; and set off at full speed, to implore the protection of a powerful chief, a *sheeref*, whose usual place of residence was about twelve miles distant. The *sheeref*, who exercised authority in all that quarter, was moved with just indignation against the Arab, to whose house he accompanied Ben-Ali in person. The robber disguised his apprehensions, and affected to look upon Ben-Ali as a person entirely unknown to him, and whom he had never seen before. The *sheeref*,

unless he cleft an apple upon his son's head, at a certain distance, with an arrow. Tell cleft the apple; and, on Griser's asking him the meaning of another arrow he saw stuck in his belt, he bluntly answered, that it was intended to his [Griser's] heart, if he had killed his son. Tell, upon this, was condemned to prison; but, having made his escape, he watched his opportunity, shot the tyrant, and thereby laid the foundations of Helvetic liberty.

thereof, fully convinced by irresistible evidence, that he had committed rapine, and intended murder, said to our Moorish traveller, with an air of authority, enforced by a band of armed attendants, 'I put this man, who seized your wealth, and would have taken your life, into your hands; do with him whatever you think fit.' Ben-Ali, on this, drawing his cut-throat, a kind of scimitar, recapitulated to the trembling wretch, now under his power, the particulars of what he had done to him, and what he intended. And, having wrought up his rage, he said to the highest pitch, in cutting the arms, and neck, and legs, of the victim, in catching the spouting blood in the joint palms of his hands, and in drinking it, he swore 'by God,' he took great delight. Our traveller returned, after long peregrinations in Africa, which he crossed from west to east, to the court of Morocco; where he was most graciously received; and, having made his peace with all parties, by means of the wealth acquired in his travels, was no longer troubled with solicitations or commands to cohabit with the wife that had been forced on him by the queen.

About this time he became acquainted with the famous HASSAN-PACHA, the late Admiral of Turkey, of whose noble presence, courage, magnanimity, generosity, and quickness of recollection and self-command Ben-Ali always spoke in terms of great admiration. Hassan-Pacha, or Hassan-Bey as he was called at first, in Barbary, was originally a soldier of fortune. His father was a native of one of the Grecian islands, his mother a Georgian; to which circumstances, which must, no doubt, have influenced the formation of his mind, it is, that we are to ascribe that liberality of sentiment and conduct which he uniformly shewed to Christians and Jews, and men of all religions. Young Hassan, having been introduced by his father, who was a soldier, at an early period of life into the Turkish army, was sent, while yet a youth, on board one of those ships that are sent annually from the sublime Porte, to collect presents, or tribute, from the dependent states of Barbary to Algiers. A Bey, struck with his appearance and address, introduced him to the Dey, who received, and promoted him in his army, and at last rewarded his approved merit and zeal, by appointing him Bey, or governor, over one of the most distant and inland provinces belonging to that state: in which the Arabs had shaken off all subjection to Algiers, and with arms in their hands, refused to pay the customary tribute. Hassan-bey reduced them to obe-

dience by policy as well as military operations, and in the course of a few years extended the dread of his name from the one end of the African shore to the other; from Cairo to the port of Ceuta.

But, his growing authority and fame excited the jealousy of the Dey, at the same time that his accumulated wealth, the spoils of his enemies, tempted his rapacity. The tyrant designed, and even gave orders to some of his creatures, the servile instruments of his pleasure, to cut off Hassan-bey by poison, or if necessary, by private assassination: for it was apprehended, that a public mandate for taking off the Bey would have been resisted by the soldiery under his command, whom he had trained to arms and renown, and, by his liberality and attentions, had warmly attached to his person.

But, among the maxims by which Hassan raised, and preserved his power, it was one, to have spies wherever he apprehended the possibility of intrigue or innovation; and for this purpose he retained different Jews at different courts and towns in Barbary. At Algiers, a Jewish merchant, in whom he justly placed unbounded confidence, and at whose house Ben-Ali became acquainted with him, having learnt what was meditated against the Bey, secretly disposed of his merchandise, and generously embarking his fate and fortune with that of his friend, set out to his camp; for he generally lived at the head of his men in a camp, where he fortunately arrived with equal secrecy and expedition.

Hassan-Bey, on this emergency, immediately circulated a report that he had just received an express from the Pacha, or Dey of Algiers, with orders to march against the Spaniards at Oran, who had transgressed their own limits, and had begun a predatory war on the Mussulmen in their neighbourhood. The army moved with all possible speed. When they were within about ten miles of Oran, they halted, at the command of their leader, and encamped. It was then ten o'clock in the forenoon; and the men, with their wives and other attendants, according to the custom of a sultry climate, resigned themselves to rest. Hassan-Bey, during this interval of repose, rode forward with a guard of horsemen, and sent a trumpet to the Spanish governor of Oran, to demand a conference. A deputation was immediately sent from the Spaniards, and the Bey, having ordered his guard to remain at a short distance behind, advanced alone to converse with the deputies from Oran. He told them, that instead of coming with any hostile design against their town and garrison,

garrison, he came to throw himself, with one or two of his dearest friends, on their compassion, for protection against the Dey of Algiers. All that so noble a character as Hassan-Bey affirmed of his situation was readily believed, and all that he requested granted. At the hour of twelve at night, accompanied by one groom, his most favoured concubine, and the faithful Jew, he went out of his camp, giving it to be understood, that he had a mind to see, according to his usual vigilance, that all was well in his own quarters, and that there was no danger of surprise by the enemy. But he made his way directly to Oran, with his attendants, where they safely arrived about two in the morning. The gates were immediately opened to them on a preconcerted signal. He was received with all honour by the Spanish governor, and, at his own desire, sent over safely, and at full liberty, to Madrid. He had the offer of two options; either to remain in the kingdom of Old Spain, with suitable preferment in the Spanish service, or to return to Constantinople. He preferred the latter; and, rose as is generally known, to the highest dignity that a subject can enjoy in the Turkish Empire, having united in his person the offices of High Admiral and Commander in Chief of the Army. These, with many other particulars relating to Hassan Pacha, Ben-Ali learnt from the Jewish merchant who was the means of saving his life, and whom our traveller afterwards met with at Constantinople, when he himself, to whom we now return, was forced to flee from the hostile shores of Barbary, and to seek an asylum wherever he could find it.

Ben-Ali had accompanied a young prince, a son of the Emperor's, in a pilgrimage to Mecca, and was on his return with the prince, when they were met by another prince of Morocco, his brother by a different mother, at Grand Cairo. Each of the brothers had a train, or guard, of about three hundred armed men. A battle was fought between the two different

parties, in which Ben-Ali's master fell; and our traveller, in defending his master, gave the surviving prince a severe wound in the shoulder, and was himself deeply cut in the head, in several places. It was now impossible for him to return to his native country. He betook himself to merchandize; and in pursuit of this travelled through the several countries already mentioned. After various vicissitudes of affluence and poverty, he came, after certain severe losses at Grand Cairo, with the remains of his wealth, to France, where, from the elegance of his appearance, and the politeness of his manners, joined to the circumstance that he was known to the French Consul at Algiers, and to the French officer who had gone over some years before with a cartel for the exchange of prisoners at Salée, he was well received at court, and was much noticed by many persons of distinction; among whom was the Count D'Adhemar, the Duke de Penthièvre, the Duke d'Orleans, and the King himself. He disposed of a cargo of gold dust and ostrich feathers, to the value of about three thousand pounds, with which he designed to purchase goods at Marseilles, and therewith to return to Grand Cairo. This design was frustrated by the villainy of a confidential servant, a negro, who, in his absence from Paris, while he tarried a fortnight longer than he had intended, with a Turkish envoy at the court of Versailles, robbed him of his money and jewels, and made off. Our traveller, in the utmost anxiety and despair, endeavoured, by the aid of the postmasters, to trace the perfidious plunderer in France, in vain. With about two hundred louis that accidentally remained to him, he came over to England, where he had received intelligence that the villain had taken refuge. The negro had indeed come to London, but, a few days before the arrival of Ben-Ali, had gone on board a ship bound for America. The date of these incidents was 1788.

(To be continued.)

DESCRIPTION OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

[From the Journal of a Voyage to New South Wales, by John White, Esq; Surgeon-General to the Establishment.]

RIO DE JANEIRO is said to derive its name from being discovered on St. Januarius's day. It is the capital of the Portuguese settlements in South America,

and is situated on the west of a river, or, more properly (in my opinion) of a bay. Except that part which fronts the water, the city is surrounded by high mountains,

of the most romantic form the imagination can fashion to itself any idea of. The plan on which it is built has some claim to merit. The principal street called Strait-street, runs from the viceroy's palace, which is near the south-east end of the town, to the north west extremity, where it is terminated by a large convent belonging to the Benedictine friars, situated on an eminence. The street is broad, well built, and has in it a great number of handsome shops. All the others are much inferior to this, being in general only wide enough to admit two carriages to pass each other in the centre. The pavement for foot passengers (except in Strait-street, which is without any) is so very unfavourably narrow, that two persons cannot walk with convenience together. The houses are commonly two, and sometimes three stories high; of which, even though inhabited by the most wealthy and respectable families, the lower part is always appropriated to shops, and to the use of the servants and slaves (who are here extremely numerous) the family rather chusing to reside in the upper part, that they might live in a less confined air. To every house there is a balcony, with lattices work before it; and the same before all the windows.

The churches are very numerous, elegant, and richly decorated; some of them are built and ornamented in a modern stile, and that in a manner which proclaims the genius, taste, and judgment of the architects and artists. Two or three of the handsomest are at this time either unfinished or repairing; and they appear to go on but very slowly, notwithstanding large sums are constantly collecting for their completion. As they are erected or repaired by charitable contributions, public processions are frequently made for that purpose; and the mendicant friars, belonging to them, likewise exert themselves in their line. At these processions, which are not unfrequent, persons of every age and description assist. They usually take place after it is dark, when those who join in it are dressed in a kind of cloak adapted to religious purposes, and carry a lantern fixed at the end of a pole of a convenient length: so that upon these occasions you sometimes see three or four hundred moving lights in the streets at the same time; which has an uncommon and a pleasing effect. Considerable sums are collected by this mode. At the corner of every street, about ten feet from the ground is placed the image of a saint, which is the object of the common people's adoration.

The town is well supplied with water from the neighbouring mountains; which

is conveyed over a deep valley by an aqueduct formed of arches of a stupendous height, and from thence distributed by pipes to many parts of the city. The principal fountain is close to the sea, in a kind of square, near the palace; where ships water at a good wharf, nearly in the same manner as at Teneriffe, and with equal expedition and convenience. On the opposite side of the fountain are cocks, from which the people in the neighbourhood are supplied. This convenient and capital watering place is so near the palace, that when disputes or contentions arise between the boats crews of different ships, the slaves, &c. they are suppressed and adjusted by the soldiers on guard; who, in the Portuguese service, have great power, and often treat the people with no little severity.

While we staid at this place, we made several short excursions into the country; but did not go near the mines, as we knew the attempt would not only prove hazardous, but ineffectual: and as the liberty and indulgence granted us was on the Commodore's account, we never extended our trips beyond a few miles, lest our doing so should appear suspicious, and reflect discredit on him; we considering him in some degree responsible for our conduct. As far as we did go, we experienced the same polite and attentive behaviour we met with from the inhabitants of the city. Never was more distinguished urbanity shown to us by every rank.

From its complicated state, I could learn but few particulars relative to the government of Brazil. The viceroy is invested with great power and authority, subject in some cases to an appeal to the court of Lisbon; but, like a wise and prudent ruler, he seldom exerts it, unless in instances where sound judgment and true policy render it expedient and necessary. He is a man of little parade, and appears not to be very fond of pomp and grandeur, except on public days, when it is not to be dispensed with. When he goes abroad for amusement, or to take the air, his guard consists only of seven dragoons; but on public occasions he makes his appearance in a grander stile. I once saw him go in state to one of the courts of justice; and though it was situated not a hundred yards from his palace, he was attended by a troop of horse. His state carriage is tolerably neat, but by no means elegant or superb; it was drawn by four horses irregularly mottled.

Carriages are pretty common at this place; there is scarcely a family of respectability without one. They are mostly of chaise kind, and drawn in general by mules,

which are found to answer better than horses, being more indefatigable and surer footed; consequently better calculated to ascend their steep hills and mountains.

The military force of Brazil consists of a troop of horse, which serve as guards for the viceroy, twelve regiments of regulars from Europe, and six raised in the country: these last enlist men of a mixed colour, which the former are by no means suffered to do. Beside the foregoing, there are twelve regiments of militia always embodied. This whole force, regulars and militia, except those on out-posts and other needful duties, appear early in the morning, on every first day of the month, before the palace, where they undergo a general muster, and review of arms and necessaries. The private men, although they are considered as persons of great consequence by the populace, are, on the other hand, equally submissive and obedient to their officers. This strict discipline and regularity, as the city is in a great measure under military orders, renders the inhabitants extremely civil and polite to the officers, who, in return, study to be on the most agreeable and happy terms with them.

A captain's guard (independent of the cavalry, who are always in readiness to attend the viceroy) is mounted every day at the palace. Whenever Commodore Philip passed, which he did as seldom as possible, the guard was turned out, with colours, &c. and, as I before observed, the same mark of honour paid to him as to the governor. To obviate this trouble and ceremony, he most frequently landed and embarked at the north-west side of the town, where his boat constantly waited for him.

On both sides of the river which forms the bay or harbour, the country is picturesque, and beautiful to a degree, abounding with the most luxuriant flowers and aromatic shrubs. Birds of a lovely and rich plumage are seen hopping from tree to tree in great numbers; together with an endless variety of insects, whose exquisite beauty and gaudy colours exceed all description. There is little appearance of cultivation in the parts we visited; the land seemed chiefly pasturage. The cattle here are small, and when killed do not produce such beef as is to be met with in England: it is not, however, by any means so bad as represented by some travellers to be; on the contrary, I have seen and eat here tolerably good, sweet, and well-tasted beef. I never saw any mutton: they have indeed a few sheep, but they are small, thin, and lean. The gardens furnish most sorts of European productions, such as cabbages, lettuce, parsley, leeks, white radish-

es, beans, pease, kidney-beans, turnips, water melons, excellent pumpkins, and pine-apples of a small and indifferent kind. The country likewise produces, in the most unbounded degree, limes, acid and sweet lemons, oranges of an immense size and exquisite flavour, plantains, bananas, yams, cocoa-nuts, cashoo apples and nuts, and some mangos. For the the use of the slaves and poorer sort of people, the capado is cultivated in great plenty; but this cannot be done through a want of corn for bread, as I never saw finer flour than at this place, which is plentiful, and remarkably cheap.

Brazil, particularly towards the northern parts, furnishes a number of excellent drugs. In the shops of the druggists and apothecaries of Rio de Janeiro, of which there are many, hippo, oil of castor, balsam capiva, with most of the valuable gums and all of an excellent quality, are to be found; but they are sold at a much dearer rate than could possibly have been conceived or expected in a country of which they are the natural produce.

The riches of this country, arising from the mines, are certainly very great. To go near, or to get a sight of these inexhaustible treasures, is impossible, as every pass leading to them is strongly guarded; and even a person taken on the road, unless he be able to give a clear and unequivocal account of himself and his business, is imprisoned, and perhaps compelled ever after to work in those subterraneous cavities, which avarice, or an ill-timed and fatal curiosity, may have prompted him to approach. These circumstances made a trial to see them without permission (and that permission, I understand, has never been granted the most favoured foreigners) too dangerous to be attempted.

In addition to the above source of wealth, the country produces excellent tobacco, and likewise sugar canes, from which the inhabitants make good sugar, and draw a spirit called *agua-dente*. This spirit, by proper management, and being kept till it is of a proper age, becomes tolerable rum. As it is sold very cheap, the commodore purchased a hundred pipes of it for the use of the garrison when arrived at New South Wales. Precious and valuable stones are also found here. Indeed they are so very plentiful, that a certain quantity is only suffered to be collected annually. At the jewellers and lapidaries, of which occupation there are many in Rio, I saw some valuable diamonds, and a great number of excellent topazes, with many other sorts of stones of inferior value. Several topazes were purchased by myself and others; but we chose to buy

buy them wrought, in order to avoid imposition, which is not unfrequent when the stones are sold in a rough state. One of the principal streets of this city is nearly occupied by jewellers and the workers of these stones; and I observed that persons of a similar profession generally resided in the same street.

The manufactures here are very few, and those by no means extensive. All kinds of European goods sell at an immoderate price, notwithstanding the shops are well stored with them.

The Brazil, or native Indians, are very adroit at making elegant cotton hammocks of various dyes and forms. It was formerly the custom for the principal people of Rio to be carried about in these hammocks; but that fashion is succeeded by the use of sedan chairs, which are now very common among them; but they are of a more clumsy form than those used in England. The chair is suspended from an awkward piece of wood, borne on the shoulders of two slaves, and elevated sufficiently to be clear of the inequalities of the street. In carrying, the foremost slave takes the pavement, and the other the street, one keeping a little before the other; so that the chair is moved in a sidelong direction, and very unlike the procedure of the London chairmen. These fellows, who get on at a great rate, never take the wall of the foot-passengers, nor incommode them in the smallest degree.

The inhabitants in general are a pleasant, cheerful people, inclining more to corpulency than those of Portugal; and, as far as we could judge, very favourably inclined to the English. The men are straight and well-proportioned. They do not accustom themselves to high living, nor indulge much in the juice of the grape.

The women, when young, are remarkably thin, pale, and delicately shaped; but after marriage, they generally incline to be lusty, without losing that constitutional pale, or rather fallow appearance. They have regular and better teeth than are usually observable in warm climates, where sweet productions are plentiful. They have likewise the most lovely, piercing, dark eyes; in the captivating use of which they are by no means unskilled. Upon the whole, the women of this country are very engaging; and rendered more so by their free, easy and unrestrained manner. Both sexes are extremely fond of suffering their hair, which is black, to grow to a prodigious length. The ladies wear it plaited, and tied up in a kind of club; or rather lump; a mode of hair-dressing that does not seem to correspond with their delicate and feminine appearance. Custom,

however, reconciles us to the most *outré* fashions; and what we thought unbecoming, the Portuguese considered as highly ornamental. I was one day at a gentleman's house, to whom I expressed my wonder at the prodigious quantity of hair worn by the ladies; adding, that I did not conceive it possible to be all of their own growth. The gentlemen assured me that it was; and, in order to convince me that it was so, he called his wife, and untied her hair, which, notwithstanding it was in plaits, dragged at least two inches upon the floor as she walked along. I offered my service to tie it up again; which was politely accepted, and considered as a compliment by both. It has been said that the Portuguese are a jealous people; a disposition I never could perceive among any of those with whom I had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance; on the contrary, they seemed sensible of, and pleased with, every kind of attention paid to their wives or daughters.

The current coin here is the same as that in Portugal, but silver as well as gold is coined at this place, where they have an established mint. The pieces of gold are of various sizes, and have marked on them the number of thousand rees they are worth. The most common coin is a 4000 ree piece, which passes for 1l. 2s. 6d. tho' not so heavy as an English guinea. The silver pieces, called petacks, value two shillings, are also marked with the number of rees they are worth. You get ten of these in exchange for a guinea; and for a Spanish dollar two petacks, five vintins and a half, which is about four shillings and eight-pence. Here, as in Portugal, they have five, ten, and twenty thousand-ree pieces. A ree is a nominal coin; twenty make a vintin, value about three half-pence; eight vintins make one shilling; a petack is worth two shillings, and of these there are some double pieces, value four shillings sterling.

One morning as I attended Mr. Il de Fonso, surgeon general to the army, and a man of ingenuity and abilities in his profession, to a large public hospital, a soldier was brought in with a wound in his left side. The instrument had penetrated the abdomen, without injuring the intestines; and from its form and nature the wound must have been inflicted with the point of a knife, or a stileto. The patient, after being dressed, acquainted us, that the preceding night he had had some words with another man about a woman; who, notwithstanding blows had not passed, stabbed him with some sharp instrument, of what kind he could not see, as it was then dark, and afterward made his escape. This

account led me to believe that assassinations were not unfrequent in Brazil; but Mr. Il de Fonso assured me to the contrary; telling me that such instances seldom happened, except among the negroes, whose vindictive and treacherous dispositions led them wonderful lengths to gratify their revenge, whenever night and a convenient opportunity conspired, at once to aid and to conceal their horrid acts.

While we remained here, the weather being cool and favourable; I prevailed on the surgeon who was about to amputate a limb, to allow me to take it off according to Allenson's method. During the operation I could plainly see, that he and his pupils did not seem much pleased with it; and he afterward told me it was impossible it could ever answer. A very short space of time, however, made them of a different opinion; and in eighteen days after, when we sailed, I had the satisfaction to leave the patient with his stump nearly cicatrized, to the no small joy of the surgeon, who said, that if the man had died, he should have been heavily censured for making him the subject of experiments. The circumstance of a man's leg being cut off, and almost healed in as many days as it generally takes weeks, soon became known; and added very much to the estimation in which the people of this place held English surgeons. Whenever I visited the hospital afterward, the objects of pity with which it was filled, used to crowd around me in such a manner, and in such numbers, for my advice, that I found it difficult to get from them. And they now would readily have submitted to any operation I should have proposed; but as I saw the surgeon did not much approve of my interference, I gave up all ideas of it.

The harbour of Janeiro lies in $22^{\circ} 54'$ south latitude, and $43^{\circ} 19'$ west longitude, about eighteen or twenty leagues to the westward of Cape Frio. The entrance is good, and cannot be mistaken, on account of a remarkable hill, resembling a sugar-loaf, that is on the left hand side; and some islands before it, one of which is oblong, and does not, at some distance, look unlike a thatched house: they lie from the mouth of the harbour S. by W. about two leagues. Ships going in may run on either side. The bar, over which we carried seven fathom water, is not more than three-fourths of a mile across, and well defended by forts. The strongest is called Santa Cruz, built on a rock, on the starboard side as you run in, from which every shot fired at ships passing must take effect. The other, named Fort Lopez, is smaller, and built on an island or

rock, on the larboard side, a little higher up, and lying contiguous to the main land. The tide in the harbour rarely ebbs and flows more than seven feet; however, ships, if possible, never anchor in this narrow pass between the forts, as the bottom is foul, and the tide runs with considerable rapidity. All danger in going in, or running out, may be avoided by keeping the mid channel, or a little bordering on the starboard shore. After Santa Cruz fort is passed, the course is nearly N. by W. and N. N. W.; but, as I before observed, the eye is the best pilot. When you get within a mile of a fortified island, which lies before the town (only separated by a narrow pass), called the Isle of Cobras, you are then in the great road; where we anchored in fifteen fathom water; or, should you have occasion to get nearer the town, you may run round this island, on the north side, and anchor above it, before the convent of Benedictine friars at the N. W. end of the city, before spoken of.

The city and harbour are strongly defended and fortified, but with very little judgment and regularity. The hills are very high, and so is the coast, which has such strange, romantic, and almost inaccessible terminations, that nature of her own accord, without the aid of military skill, seems disposed to defend them. Taking every thing into the account, I think it one of the best harbours I have ever seen; and, upon the whole, better calculated to supply the wants of people who have long been at sea, and stand in need of refreshment, than any part of the world, every thing being so remarkably cheap. Beef may be purchased at seven farthings per pound; hogs, turkeys, and ducks, both English and Muscovy, were equally reasonable. Fowls were dearer, but still sold at a lower rate than in England. Fish was not very plentiful, but I was told, that at other seasons they have a most excellent market for that article. Their market for vegetables, however, abounded with fruit, roots, and garden stuff, of every kind, notwithstanding it was not the best season for fruit, it then being too early in the spring to expect abundance. — Oranges, which we had in the greatest plenty, cost only five pence the hundred.

On a hill, about half a mile S. E. of the city, stands a convent, named Convento de Santa Theresa; the nuns of which, amounting to about forty, are not allowed to unveil when they come to the grate; and on a plain, between this convent and the city, stands another, called Convento Ade Juda, a very large building, governed by an abbess and several nuns, all under the

the direction of a bishop. Here about seventy young ladies are placed to be educated, who are subject to all the restrictions of a monastic life, only they are permitted to be frequently at the grate, and that unveiled. But what is singular, the nuns of this convent, when they arrive at a proper age, are allowed either to take a husband, or to take the veil, just as their inclination leads. They are not however suffered to quit the convent on any other terms than that of marriage; to which the consent and approbation of the bishop is always necessary. If they do not get a husband early in life, it is common for them to take the veil. Many of these young ladies were very agreeable, both in person and disposition; and by frequently conversing with them at the grate, we formed as tender an intercourse with them as the bolts and bars between us would

admit of. Myself, and two other gentlemen belonging to the fleet, singled out three of those who appeared to be the most free and lively, to whom we attached ourselves during our stay, making them such presents as we thought would prove most acceptable, and receiving more valuable ones in return. These little attentions were viewed by them in so favourable a light, that when we took a last farewell they gave us many evident proofs of their concern, and regret. Indeed every circumstance while we continued at this charming place (except there being no inns or coffee-houses, where a stranger could refresh himself, or be accommodated when he chose to stay a night or two on shore) conspired to make us pleased and delighted with it; and I can truly say, that I left it with reluctance, which I believe was the case with many of my companions.

ACCOUNT OF THE ORGAN OF HEARING IN FISH.

[By John Hunter, Esq; F.R.S. From the Seventy-second Volume of the Philosophical Transactions.]

NAURAL history has ever been considered as worthy the attention of the curious philosopher, and therefore has in all ages kept pace with the other branches of knowledge; and as both arts and sciences have, of late years, been cultivated to a degree, perhaps, beyond what was ever known before, we find also, that natural history has not been neglected: all Europe appears to be awake to it. In this island it has been pursued with more philosophic ardour, than what was ever known in any country. It has become the study of men of independent fortunes, who not only spend their fortunes in the cultivation of this science, but have risked their health and lives in pursuit of it, searching unknown regions to improve mankind, settling correspondencies every where, so as to bring in its materials into this country, in order to make it the school of natural history. It is no wonder, then, that a spirit of inquiry is diffused through almost all ranks of men; and that though many cannot pursue it themselves, yet they are eager to know what is already known, chusing at least to benefit by the industry of others.

These reflections have induced me to trouble this learned society with a short account of the Organ of Hearing in Fish, it being still a subject of great dispute, whether fish hear or not.

Some time between the years 1750 and 1760, I observed the organ of hearing in fish; and from that time to this, I only considered it as a link in the chain of the varieties in this sense in different animals, in which there is a regular progression, viz. from the most perfect animals down to the most imperfect possessed of this organ.

As I do not intend to give, in this paper, a full account of this organ in any one fish, or of varieties in different fish, but only of the organ in general; those who may chuse to pursue this part only of the animal economy may think it deficient in the descriptive parts. If it was a difficult task to expose this organ in fish, I should perhaps be led to be more full in my description of it, but there is nothing more easy than the exposure of this organ in this animal in general.

As this paper is to be confined to this order of animals, I may be allowed, just to observe here, that the class called sepia has this organ also, but somewhat differently constructed from what it is in the fish.

The organs of hearing in this latter order of animals are placed on the sides of the skull, or the cavity which contains the brain; but the skull itself makes no part of the organ, as it does in the quadruped and the bird. In some fish this organ is wholly surrounded by the parts composing this

this cavity, which in many is cartilaginous, the skeleton of these fish being like those of the ray kind; in others also, as in cod, salmon, &c. whose skeleton is bone, yet this part is cartilaginous,

In some fish this organ is in part within the cavity of the skull, or that cavity which also contains the brain, as in the salmon, cod, &c. the cavity of the skull projecting laterally, and forming a cavity there.

The organ of hearing in fish appears to grow in size with the animal; for its size is nearly in the same proportion with the size of the animal, which is not the case with the quadruped, &c. the organs being in them nearly as large in the growing fetus as in the adult.

It is much more simple in fish than in all those orders of animals who may be reckoned superior, such as quadrupeds, birds, and amphibious animals, but there is a regular gradation from the first to fish,

It varies in different orders of fish; but in all it consists of three curved tubes, all of which unite with one another: this union forms in some only a canal, as in the cod, salmon, ling, &c.; and in others, a pretty large cavity, as in the ray kind. In the jack there is an oblong bag, or blind process, which is an addition to those canals, and which communicates with them at their union. In the cod, &c. this union of the three tubes stands upon an oval cavity, and in the jack there are two of those cavities; these additional cavities in these fish appear to answer the same purpose with the cavity in the ray or cartilaginous fish, which is the union of the three canals.

The whole is composed of a kind of cartilaginous substance, very hard or firm in some parts, and which in some fish is cruited over with a thin bony lamella, so as not to allow them to collapse; for as the skull does not form any part of those canals or cavities they must be composed of such substance as is capable of keeping its form.

Each tube describes more than a semi-circle. This resembles in some respect what we find in most other animals, but differs in the parts being distinct from the skull.

Two of the semi-circular canals are similar to one another, may be called a pair, and are placed perpendicularly; the third is not so long; in some it is placed horizontally, uniting as it were the other two at their ends or terminations. In the skait it is something different, being only united to one of the perpendiculars,

The two perpendiculars unite at one part in one canal, by one arm of each uniting, while the other two arms or horns

have no connection with each other, and the arms of the horizontal unite with the other two arms of the perpendicular near the entrance into the common canal or cavity.

Near the union of these canals into the common, they are swelled out into round bags, becoming there much larger.

In the ray kind they all terminate in one cavity, as has been observed; and in the cod they terminate in one canal, which in these fish is placed upon the additional cavity or cavities. In this cavity or cavities there is a bone or bones. In some there are two bones; as the jack has two cavities, we find in one of those cavities two bones, and in the other only one; in the ray there is only a chalky substance.

At this union of the two perpendiculars in some fish enters the external communication, or what may be called the external meatus. This is the case with all the ray kind, the external orifice of which is small, and placed on the upper flat surface of the head; but it is not every genus or species of fish that has the external opening.

The nerves of the ear pass outwards from the brain, and appear to terminate at once on the external surface of the swelling of the semi-circular tubes above described. They do not appear to pass through those tubes so as to get on the inside, as is supposed to be the case in quadrupeds; I should therefore very much suspect, that the lining of those tubes in the quadruped is not nerve, but a kind of internal periosteum.

As it is evident that fish possess the organ of hearing, it becomes unnecessary to make or relate any experiment made with live fish which only tends to prove this fact: but I will mention one experiment, to show that sounds affect them much, and is one of their guards, as it is in other animals. In the year 1762, when I was in Portugal, I observed in a nobleman's garden, near Lisbon, a small fish-pond, full of different kinds of fish. Its bottom was level with the ground, and was made by forming a bank all round. There was a shrubbery close to it. Whilst I was lying on the bank, observing the fish swimming about, I desired a gentleman, who was with me, to take a loaded gun, and go behind the shrubs and fire it. The reason for going behind the shrubs was, that there might not be the least reflection of light. The instant the report was made, the fish appeared to be all of one mind, for they vanished instantaneously into the mud at the bottom, raising as it were a cloud of mud. In about five minutes after, they began to appear, till the whole came forth again.

COMPOSITION FOR COLOURING AND PRESERVING GATES, PALES,
BARNs, &c.

MMELT twelve ounces of resin in an iron pot, or kettle: add three gallons of train oil, and three or four rolls of brimstone. When the resin and brimstone are melted, and become thin, add as much Spanish brown, or red and yellow oker, (or any other colour you want—ground fine, as usual, with oil,) as will give the

whole as deep a shade as you like. Then lay it on with a brush, as hot and as thin as you can. Some days after the first coat is dried, give it a second.

It is well attested, that this will preserve plank for ages; and prevent the weather from driving through the brick work.

RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS USED AMONG THE WELCH, IN FORMER TIMES.

[From Pennant's *Tour in Wales*.]

I SHALL here bring into one point of view the several religious customs used among us in former times: which have been gradually dropped, in proportion as the age grew enlightened. Several were local, several extended through the whole country: perhaps some, which were expressive of their hatred of vice, or which had a charitable end, might as well have been retained, notwithstanding the smack of folly that was often to be perceived in them.

In church, at the name of the Devil, an universal spitting seized the congregation, as if in contempt of that evil spirit; and whenever Judas was mentioned, they expressed their abhorrence of him by imitating their breaths.

If there be a Fynnon Vair, the well of our Lady, or any other saint, the water for baptism was always brought from thence; and after the ceremony was over, old women were very fond of washing their eyes in the water of the font.

Previous to a funeral, it was customary, when the corpse was brought out of the house and laid upon the bier, for the next of kin, be it widow, mother, sister, or daughter (for it must be a female) to give, over the coffin, a quantity of white loaves, in a great dish, and sometimes a cheese, with a piece of money stuck in it, to certain poor persons. After that they present, in the same manner, a cup of drink, and require the person to drink a little of it immediately. When that is done, all present kneel down; and the minister, if present, says the Lord's Prayer: after which, they proceed with the corpse; and at every cross-way, between the house and the church, they lay down the bier, kneel, and again repeat the Lord's

Prayer; and do the same when they first enter the church-yard. It is also customary, in many places, to sing psalms on the way; by which the stillness of rural life is often broke into, in a manner finely productive of religious reflections.

To this hour, the bier is carried by the next of kin; a custom considered as the highest respect that filial piety can pay to the deceased. This was a usage frequent among the Romans of high rank; and it was thought a great continuance of the good fortune which had attended Metellus Macedonicus through his whole being, that when he had, in the fullness of years, passed out of life by a gentle decay, amidst the kisses and embraces of his nearest connections, he was carried to the funeral pile on the shoulders of his four sons; and let me add, that each one of them had enjoyed the greatest offices of the commonwealth.

Among the Welch it was reckoned fortunate for the deceased if it should rain while they were carrying him to church, that his bier might be wet with the dew of heaven.

In some places it was customary for the friends of the dead to kneel, and say the Lord's Prayer over the grave, for several Sundays after the interment; and then to dress the grave with flowers.

Manibus date lilia plenis.

Purpleós spargam flores; animamque nepotis

His saltem accumulém donis, et fungar inani Munere.

Bring fragrant flowers, the fairest lillies bring,
With all the purple beauties of the spring.
These

These gifts at least, these honours I'll bestow
On the dear youth, to please his shade below.

WARTON.

It is still usual to stick, on the eve of St. John the Baptist, over the doors, sprigs of St. John's wort, or in lieu of it the common Mugwort. The intent was to purify the house from evil spirits; in the same manner as the Druids were wont to do with vervaine, which still bears with the Welch the significant title of *Cas gan Gylhral*, or the Demons aversion.

Upon Christmas-day, about three o'clock in the morning, most of the parishioners assembled in church, and after prayers and a sermon, continued their singing psalms and hymns with great devotion till broad day; and if, through age or infirmity, any were disabled from attending, they never failed having prayers at home, and carols on our Saviour's nativity. The former part of the custom is still preserved; but too often perverted into intemperance. This act of devotion is called *Plygan*, or the Crowing of the

Cock. It has been a general belief among the superstitious, that instantly,

at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine.

But during the holy season, the cock was supposed to exert his power throughout the night; from which, undoubtedly, originated the Welch word *Plygan*, as applied to this custom. Accordingly, Shakspeare finely describes this old opinion:

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit walks abroad:
The nights are wholesome: then no planets strike:
No fairy takes: no witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE MANNERS OF THE FRENCH NATION.

[These Observations are selected from 'Letters on the Manners of the French, in 2 Vol. 12mo.'—They are supposed to be written, just before the great Revolution, by an Indian of Distinction, in the Suite of the Ambassadors from Tippoo Saib.]

SUNDAY AT PARIS.

IT is not without surprise that I see the grand sabbath of the christians, called Sunday, profaned by every irregularity. It is no more regarded than any other day of the week, nor does it occasion any interruption of public business. People buy, and sell, and build houses, and traffic in the stocks; and he who most notoriously transgresses the laws, thinks himself superior to the rest of mankind. It is not thus with us, my dear Glazir: the ordinances of the legislature are faithfully observed: and what glory could possibly result from the sporting with that worship which a weak mortal owes to the Supreme Being? If we are subject to the elements which the eternal has created, how cheerfully ought we to acknowledge his dominion! He raised us from nothing, and made us the noblest work of his hands: yet still we bear about us the stamp of mortality, not being able to vie with the omniscient

The immense height of the heavens, the depth of the seas, which cannot be founded, oblige us to confess the omnipotence of that being who made us: and if we do not trifle, even with man, who is bounded by the progress of rivers, and the steepness of rocks, how dare we insult that reason which humbles itself before the author of nature, and acknowledges his infinite perfections?

God is entire: possessing nothing in common with the universe, but the glory of having created it: not in order to abandon it to second causes, but for the purpose of becoming himself the life and soul of it, being disengaged from terrestrial or corporeal substance. His attributes are indivisible, like himself, because he possesses only his own inherent qualities. The child that is born without the appearance of reason, is as near to his perfections as the wisest philosopher.

To lift a corner of nature's veil is enough to discover that she is the work of his hands:

hands: but this same nature has appeared so perfect to those who judged merely from their senses, that they have taken her for God himself. Their opinion was so much the more absurd, as they gave to her the same perfections which they refused to the god-head, under the pretence that they were not able to comprehend it: an error which teaches us that mankind abandon themselves to disputes at which common sense shudders: and that we cannot, without giving up our natural understanding, be ignorant that the universe was created by an absolute power, that preserves, and gives it motion.

These questions, too important to be discussed in a letter, have excited the attention of many learned doctors, whose gravity has afforded me much amusement. They seem to be well informed, but the precepts of the college have invested them with qualities too abstruse and pedantic.

CHILDREN.

Thou wouldest be surpris'd to see in what manner they educate their children in this country. During infancy, when the best measures ought to be employed to make them robust, they are enervated for want of sleep. Their repose is often delayed till midnight, although the sleep of the evening is most necessary to them. They are beside overburdened with food, instead of a light dinner being given them, and their supper entirely retrenched.

With respect to morals, scarce have they the use of their reason before their attention is directed to toys and bawbles. The first words they are taught to pronounce are the most frivolous of the language: by which means the far greater number of children, educated at Paris, have less energy than they might otherwise possess.

Prosperity to the Indians, who in their sixth year are nearly the same as in their twentieth! Our education qualifies them for the profound sciences, and makes them capable of signalizing themselves in battle. Embrace our dear children, and, with vivifying breath, diffuse through their souls the first fruits of courage and of virtue. May they, one day, be worthy of serving their country, and zealous for their fathers. Adieu.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Men are here only men by halves, if we may be permitted to judge of them by the books they publish: which are composed only of unimportant and frivolous scenes

of gallantry. Fortunately for them, however, they do not write as they act. Their works are merely a debauch of the imagination, and not the dictates of the heart. He who gives a book to the public, thinks only of the quantity of sheets it contains: yet he is willing to be in the fashion, and to lay under heavy contributions those very follies of the age which he professes to ridicule.

I would have written a pious romance if I had lived in the sixteenth century, said a young author to me, in the sincerity of his heart, but in these days I should only draw contempt upon myself, were I to publish such productions. When I first came to Paris, I set seriously to work upon a publication, replete with sound maxims; but my book did not go off. I had occasion for ready money, and therefore took another method, and mixed with the beaux-spirits, of whom, continued he, there is not one that would not change his style, were religion and morality once more to come in fashion.

Thou wilt think it singular enough that our wisdom, as well as our clothes and furniture, should be moulded to the custom of the times. That is to say, that our opinions should be light and superficial as the paper on which we write them; and our honour changeful as the most fleeting colours. And yet it is just thus on the verge of the year 1800—an epocha, however, in which the national fickleness of character, and state vicissitudes of the French, will be dismissed, and entirely done away.

On the first day of this new century, it will doubtless be pleasant enough to see the whole world awakened, as it were, from a dream, and thinking in a new manner. In times long past, people spoke of morality with satisfaction; because they had nothing to reproach themselves with: now, when they are tired with those who converse on the subject, they sport with, and deride it, through fear of examining their own hearts. Such are men when they shake off the yoke of honour and of conscience.

VARIATION OF FASHIONS.

The grand props of the Parisian commerce, are the variation of fashions, and the progress of bookselling. It is incredible what riches these two articles produce to government. On this account many nicknacks and trifling publications are suffered to pass unmolested, which would otherwise be seized. In order to have a proper idea of their showy baubles you should

should see one of the fashionable warehouses where they are fabricated; these are long buildings, where damsels of the most agreeable figure, and decent air, ranged in two separate rows, demonstrate, by the agility of their fingers, how much they are mistresses of their trade. Nature is here so perfectly imitated, in artificial flowers, that art scarcely appears her inferior. Here likewise you see muslins so white, and so curiously fringed, that you would take them for flakes of snow. The rainbow seems to descend, every day, upon their garlands and their ribbands, than which nothing can be better managed, in order to deceive the sight. What is most admirable, they are changed into different shades, in the twinkling of an eye, and every thing appears to be renewed. When the fashions begin to fall off, some splendid name, some singular event, some new epocha, gives blith to a new cap, or plume of feathers, and these become altogether so desirable, that they are purchased at any price:—nay, all the world is in search of them, even to the devotee herself, who appears, indeed, only in the dusk of the evening, but who nevertheless brings money in her pocket.

With respect to the book trade; the printer, the bookseller, and the paper-merchant are not, of themselves, sufficient to carry it on. 'Dear sir, will you print my book? Dear sir, I shall be proud to purchase it.'—This is the language of a thousand booksellers and authors from morning to night: and it is not a little extraordinary that each of these authors believes he has written a *chef-d'œuvre*. The most insignificant pamphlet is sold at the most extravagant price provided it is sold privately, and that the purchaser is informed by a whisper, that, 'it is so extremely clever as to have been prohibited by government.' This is called selling under the rose.

Some years ago, a dealer in pamphlets, more adroit than his brethren, took it into his head to exhibit, at places of public entertainment, a little work entitled, *The Devil's Almanack*, which he said was absolutely interdicted. The earnestness of his manner, and his fearful tone of voice, rendered the circumstance still more interesting, and, upon no other recommendation than its frontispiece, his auditors were eager to purchase his work, at the price he demanded: that is to say, a louis d'or for each copy. Scarcely however were they returned, each to his own house, before they discovered the fraud: for this precious book possessed nothing original but its title, the rest being composed of idle stories, not worth the twentieth part of a doit. Such is industry!

It would be as difficult a matter to stop the effervescence of wits and wittings as the effect of gunpowder. They will be continually pregnant till an age shall arrive when men will be able neither to write nor read: and posterity will certainly see this wonderful change. When we reflect on the profound ignorance that reigned in Europe, for several ages after that of Augustus, we are authorized in making these predictions.

Nothing is met with in the streets of Paris but hats and caps decorated with ribbands; and this species of commerce is wonderfully promoted by foreigners. French modes are established even on the banks of the Boristhenes, the Ganges; the Amazons.—in short, all over the known world. Peasants, favourites, slaves, all are eager to be arrayed in the fashions of the French metropolis. Even a fan, a lace that comes from this city, is regarded as a relic. I regret a thousand times in a day that thou art not placed by my side, as a witness of these extravagancies; which are truly original. The time will certainly come, and I think we are not far removed from such a period, when the ladies will desire to be buried in head-dresses of the newest fashion. What do I say? The fact is already come to pass.

A princess who lately died at Paris, caused it to be inserted in her will, that it was her wish to be buried in all the fashionable ornaments of the most recent taste. But a fashion, entirely new, happening to make its appearance within two days, and it having been determined that she was not to be buried till the fourth, a law-suit was the inevitable consequence. The executrix of the will, a *petite-maitresse* of the most refined order, insisted that the intentions of the deceased could not be fulfilled unless she were enveloped in ornaments of the latest date; and that as a new mode had arisen since her departure from this world, her express desire ought to be complied with, in every particular. The heirs were unwilling to submit to such a fantastic humour, especially as the expence must have been double. The priests were kept in waiting, the coffin was arrested, and every thing remained in suspense, till at length it was decreed that, as the dress had not been ordered for the moment of death, but for that of burial, the corps, previous to its interment, should be decked in the most modern embellishments. As a similar accident was feared—the fashions changing here from hour to hour—the ceremony was hastened, and the princess interred in the vault which she had ordered to be made.

Alas! have we not reason to conclude that the passion of vanity is the last passion of a fine lady?

Happy are they, according to the declaration of our divine prophet, who carry to the tomb no ornaments, but their virtues!

THE KING.

Not a word have I told thee with respect to the king or the court, although I ought to have commenced with these subjects. I wished indeed first to hear the voice of the people, which is always the most to be depended upon. I have learnt from all quarters that the reigning monarch is so strict an admirer of truth, that he might with propriety be surnamed Louis the True, in the same manner as Louis XIII was honoured with the title of Just, and Louis XIV, with the appellation of Great. His manners are exemplary, and his recreations innocent. He has neither mistresses nor favourites; his personal honours and privileges are sacrificed with alacrity to the general welfare of his subjects; he is partial to men of probity, and if those of a different description are found near his person, it is because he has been deceived. Thou knowest that he is but thirty-four years old; and he is recognised throughout the world as the arbiter of sovereigns, and the reconciler of nations. I have seen him several times, and I have always seen him with a smile upon his face. No sooner was he mounted upon the throne than he expressed a wish to receive all the petitions and complaints of his subjects; but his ministers, always interested in warding off the truth, dissuaded him from such a laudable design.

THE COURT.

With regard to the court, it is gloomy and sorrowful, like all other courts in the universe. These places of intrigue, deception, and etiquette, are always the habitations of sullenness and melancholy.—The visages of those who frequent them sufficiently declare that they come for interested purposes. Happiness is seldom found under gilded roofs. In the drawing-room our smiles are borrowed, while our hearts are under constraint.

I will say nothing of the magnificence that adorns the castle of Versailles, and its environs. It will be sufficient to inform thee that Louis XIV, whose monuments are all imprinted with the stamp of luxury and grandeur, employed in its execution the most costly materials of art, and these of the most exquisite taste. Yet its architecture is not answerable to its su-

perb paintings. It has been said, with reason, that the edifice has a swallow's body with an eagle's wings.

The gardens have been disfigured by the destruction of the groves, walks, and thickets, for the purpose of making a simple plantation in the form of a quincunx. Formerly we were astonished at every step, and believed the park to be unlimited and immense, so artfully were the grounds laid out, in order to deceive the eyes. But, at present, we see the extremities, which appear at no great distance.

When I reflect upon the manner in which different courts have acquired their growth and splendour, I think I perceive a comet which appears an imperceptible speck, but which becomes by degrees a luminous star. Every age has contributed to the magnificence of courts. As a court is the source of the graces, and the focus of the passions, it is crowded with adventurers. Were it not for the inordinate love of riches, titles, and honours, it would be avoided as a place of contagion; but, for the purpose of favouring ambition, and flattering pride, it has been made a terrestrial paradise, which appears the more natural as it too often nourishes the treacherous serpent, and too often tempts us with the forbidden fruit.

Let us rejoice, my dear friend, in finding ourselves exempted from all those servitudes that must be endured in courts; and in having neither subjects to govern nor favours to ask. We live under despotism, it is true; but in what region does not this terrible phantom exist? Slavery is bewailed in every part of the world, because all men are, in some degree, slaves. Authority seldom gets a tumble; for if, by chance, a monarch be too weak to preserve his privileges, they are quickly assumed by his inferiors. Nothing is more tyrannical than the domination of ministers, as this country has too often experienced. Had not France, from time to time, been subject to such casualties, she would have been too happy and too powerful. The kings that have governed her, by right of succession, would have become the sovereigns of Europe. But there exists a supreme order, which is unknown to us, except by its influence, and which has regulated the course of things in such a way that a distribution of blessings and misfortune, holds the state in *equilibrio*. Thus France, which enjoys the greatest advantages with regard to its soil, and the amiableness of its inhabitants, does not always possess an administration proportioned to the sage views of its monarch. Adieu.

(To be continued.)

SON of man, learn resignation to the appointments of providence, nor dare to drop a murmur at the dispensations of the most just. Think not of disputing with the wisdom of infinity; nor dream of wresting the vindictive thunderbolt from the dread right hand of God.

In the city of Bagdad, so celebrated by the sages of antiquity, lived Orasmin, the son of Ibrahim, whose name was an aromatick that perfumed the remotest corners of the East. His person was as noble as the rising oak in the forest, and his mind as unfilled as a meridian beam from the sun; his beauty wiped away the tear from the eye of the fatherless, nor did the mourning of the widow ever pass unregarded at his gate.—To sum up at once his character, complacency and benevolence were always seated on his brow, and humanity was a virtue so natural to his heart, that it formed the very core, and twisted round the strings. Thus amiable it was no wonder, that by all who saw him he should be instantly admired; and thus deserving, no way strange, that by all who knew him he should be cordially respected and beloved.

Among a variety of virgins who languished for Orasmin, Almira, a damsel of Balfora, newly arrived at Bagdad, was the only person blest with a reciprocal esteem; the blush of the morning was less rosy than her cheek, and the diamond of golconda not so brilliant as her eye; her bosom was as white as the swan upon the waters, and gentle as the midsummer murmur of the stream.—How oft, O ye groves of Balfora, have ye echoed with the fame of her beauty! how oft, O ye vallies of Bagdad, have ye resounded with her praise. You know that her voice would chain the tyger of the desert, and unnerve the wild stag as he darted from the hill; you know that the spices of Ormus could not equal her in breath, nor the daughters of paradise excel her in dignity and grace.

Orasmin and Almira were not more distinguished for their merit, than remarkable for their loves; and as neither had any parent living to oppose their wishes, a day was appointed for the celebration of their nuptials, to the universal satisfaction of their friends.—Orasmin, all impatient for possessing the only object that had ever engrossed his heart, longed for the happy hour with the utmost anxiety, and leaped his imagination continually with the hap-

tures he was to experience in the arms of Almira. She, not less impatient, though more confined in her expressions of the approaching felicity, painted equally warm to her fancy, the uninterrupted enjoyment of all she held dear, and counted over the weeks, the months, and the years, she had a probable expectation of passing in the tenderest intercourse with her adored Orasmin.—But alas! while our lovers were thus enhancing the present, by reflecting on the future, an order arrived for Almira to attend the Caliph, who had for some time been entertained with various reports of her unparalleled beauty, and wanted to see if the encomiums lavished so frequently upon her, were just. Neither her religion nor her allegiance could allow her to form any excuse for not attending the *commander of the faithful*, much less admit of a resolution to disobey; he was worshipped with an implicit reverence, as a successor of the holy Mahomet, by all his people, and his word was ever looked upon as the irrevocable voice of Fate. Almira therefore was immediately carried with a bleeding heart to the palace, and the moment she was beheld by the Caliph, declared the most favourite of his queens.

It is not in language to tell the distraction of the two lovers, at being thus unexpectedly torn for ever from each others arms; the moment Orasmin heard that his Almira had captivated the Caliph, he looked upon the business of life to be entirely over, and unable to support the inexpressible agonies of his own mind, considered the angel of death as the only minister of repose; for two whole days and nights he wandered through the various rooms of his house in an absolute state of phrenzy, calling out at every interval in the most passionate tone, on the name of his ravished Almira. On the third day growing somewhat calmer, he began to reflect on all the circumstances of his past life, in order to find out in what particular he had given Mahomet such unpardonable offence, as to meet with so severe a chastisement at his hands. After revolving a long time, and finding nothing but some youthful indiscretions, to answer for, which were infinitely overbalanced by a number of meritorious actions, he insensibly drops upon one knee, and began to expostulate, in the following manner, with his God:

Thou great creator of the universe who

who sits enthroned above the seven heavens, where even the conception of no prophet but the holy Mahomet, can dare to soar: Look down in mercy on a wretch, who numbers himself with the most unhappy of human beings, though he has constantly maintained the deepest reverence for thy laws; tell him, O thou infinitely high! inform him, O thou inexpressibly just! why he, who has ever made it his unalterable study, to deserve thy awful sanction on his deeds, is destined to suffer what the most impious prophaster of thy divine will, would look upon as a severity, and confidently exclaim, was too great a punishment for the most enormous of his crimes.

Oraſmin had ſcarcely ended when a clap of thunder ſhook the houſe, and an unuſual brightneſs lightened the room, where he ſtill continued on his knee, aſtoniſhed at this apparent meſſage from the Deity.—When he recovered himſelf a little, a voice as awful as the trumpet of heaven, deſired him carefully to attend, and thus went on;—'Ceafe, O miſtaken man, to doubt the mercy and juſtice of the Supreme Being, who though he acts by unknown ſprings and ſeeming ſeverities, is ever watchful for the happineſs of the virtuous, and perfectly conſiſtent in all his laws. Conſider Oraſmin, that this world is a tranſitory bubble, which muſt ſhortly burſt upon the ocean of time; that it is at beſt but a ſhort voyage, in which every paſſenger muſt meet with ſome diſagreeable gales, in order to prove his dependance on the hand of infinite goodneſs, and ſhew that he is worthy of entering into an everlaſting port.—Without ſome adverſe ſtorms to ruſtle the ſea

of life, the tide of proſperity would frequently ſwell the creature into a forgetfulneſs of the Creator, and reduce him to a more dangerous ſituation than the bittereſt blaſt he can experience, will ever bring him to; a total indifference to his God. Out of mercy therefore, a variety of ſhoals and quickſands are thrown in his way, which keeping the ſenſe of his dependance on the divine Being conſtantly alive in this world puts him in a capacity of ſteering his bark in the proper channel, and enables him to arrive at endless happineſs in the next.—But abſtracted from general order in the ſtate of things; know, Oraſmin, that becauſe thou wert a particular favourite of heaven, it was decreed to ſnatch Almira from thy arms: ſhe was; O man thy ſiſter:—*Ibrahim* thy father, journeying to Baſſora, was admitted to the Cade's wife, and the product of their guilty commerce was Almira: here again obſerve the kindneſs of heaven in its very ſeverities, which, in order to deter the parent from the commiſſion of enormities, denounces a judgment againſt what he values more highly than worlds, his race. Oraſmin be comforted; I have viſited Almira, and informed her of theſe things; ſhe is at eaſe, remain thou ſo too, and never again to doubt the goodneſs of providence, which in its own time will reward theſe who place their confidence in its hands.' Oraſmin after this lived many years in happineſs, and left many children, who ſucceeded to his virtues and fortune, the eldeſt of whom was grand viſier to the Caliph Haroun Alraſchid, and ordered theſe matters to be recorded in the hiſtories of Bagdad.

SOME CIRCUMSTANCES relative to the CHARACTER of the NORTHERN NATIONS, who introduced the FEUDAL GOVERNMENT and MANNERS.

[From Dr. Beattie's *Dissertations, Moral and Critical.*]

THERE are, in the character of this extraordinary people, ſeveral particulars that deſerve attention. We may call them one people, becauſe a great ſimilarity in manners, opinions, and government, prevailed among them; though they occupied many wide regions in the northern part of the continent of Europe.

Fiſt: they are a ſtrong, hardy, and active race of men. This character they muſt have derived, in a great meaſure, from their climate and needy circumſtances. Want is the parent of induſtry. To

obtain even the neceſſaries of life, where the climate is cold, and the ſoil untractable, requires continual exertion; which at once injures the mind to vigilance, and the body to labour. The Germans, in Cæſar's time, made it their boaſt, that they had not been under a roof for fourteen years: which conveyed ſuch an idea of their ſerocity and ſtrength to the neighbouring Gauls, that they thought them invincible; and even Cæſar found it difficult to perſuade his Romans to march againſt them. Warm and fruitful countries generally produce

duce. (unless where a spirit of commerce and manufacture prevails) effeminacy and indolence: for there, neither art nor labour is necessary to procure what is requisite to life: and there, of course, both the mind and the body are apt to grow languid for want of exercise.

Secondly: They are fierce and courageous. This was owing, not only to their activity and necessitous life, but also, in part, to their religion; which taught them to undervalue life, and to wish rather to die in battle, or by violence, than in the common course of nature. For they believed, that the souls of those who fell in war, or were put to death, had a better right than others to happiness in a future life; and passed immediately into the hall of Odin (so in latter times they called heaven), where they were to be regaled with feasting and festivity through innumerable ages. Agreeably to which opinion, in some of the nations adjoining to Hudson's bay, who are thought to be of the same race, it is still customary, for the old men, when they become unfit for labour, to desire to be strangled; a service, which they demand as an act of duty from their children; or, if they have no children, request, as a favour, of their friends.

A third peculiarity in the character of these people is, their attention to their women. With us, the two sexes associate together, and mutually improve and polish one another: but in Rome and Greece they lived separate; and the condition of the female was little better than slavery; as it still is, and has been from very early times, in many parts of Asia, and in European and African Turkey. But the Gothick warriors were in all their expeditions attended by their wives; whom they regarded as friends and faithful counsel-

lors, and frequently as sacred persons, by whom the gods were pleased to communicate their will to mankind. This in part accounts for the reverence wherewith the female sex were always treated by those conquerors: and, as Europe still retains many of their customs, and much of their policy, this may be given as one reason of that polite gallantry, which distinguishes our manners, and has extended itself through every part of the world that is subject to European government.

Another thing remarkable in the Gothick nations, was an invincible spirit of liberty. Warm and fruitful countries, by promoting indolence and luxury, are favourable to the views of tyrannical princes; and commonly were in ancient, as many of them are in modern times, the abode of despotism. But the natives of the North, more active and valiant, are for the most part more jealous of their privileges. Exceptions may be found to all general theories concerning the influence of climate in forming the human character: but this will be allowed to have been true of the ancient Germans, and those other nations, whereof I now speak. All the Gothick institutions were, in their purest form, favourable to liberty. The kings, or generals, were at first chosen by those who were to obey them: and though they acknowledged, and indeed introduced, the distinction of superior and vassal, they were careful to secure the independence, and respective rights of both, as far as the common safety would permit. To them there is reason to believe that we are indebted for those two great establishments, which form the basis of British freedom; a parliament for making laws, and juries for trying criminals, and deciding differences.

AFFINITY between the ANCIENT and MODERN CUSTOMS in the KINGDOM of NAPLES.

[From Mr. Swinburne's Travels in the Two Sicilies.]

THE women of this neighbourhood are handsome, and take great pains to deck out their persons to advantage. Once a week they wash their hair with a lye of wood ashes, that changes it from a dark brown colour to a flaxen yellow of many different tints in the same head of hair. This I take to be the true flaxen curls of the Latin poets. Experience has taught me to discover many traces of ancient customs in the modes and habits of the

modern Italians. Attentive observation will make a person, to whom the classic writings are familiar, sensible of this resemblance every day he passes in the southern parts of Italy, especially if he has opportunities of studying the manners of the lower class of inhabitants, whose character has as yet received but a slight tinge from a mixture with foreigners. He will recognise the practice of the ancients, in the appearance and actions of old women that

are hired in Calabria to howl at burials. The funeral behaviour and measure of grief in the Calabrese are regulated by the strictest etiquette. The virtues as well as vices of a deceased father of a family are recapitulated by the oldest person in company. The widow repeats his words, adds comments of her own, then roars out loudly, and plucks off handfuls of her hair, which she strews over the bier. Daughters tear their locks, and beat their breasts, but remain silent. More distant relations repeat the oration coolly, and commit no outrage upon their persons. When the kinsman of a baron or rich citizen dies, a number of old women are hired to perform all these ceremonies for the family.

At Naples the forms are rather different. I was one day witness of the funeral of an old fisherman. The actions of his widow were so overstrained as to be truly ridiculous: she tore off her hair and clothes, and yelled in the most hideous manner till her stepsons appeared to take possession of the goods: she then turned her fury upon them, and beat them out of the house. The priests now came for the body, and she opposed their entry for a decent length of time; but at last, suffering herself to be overpowered by numbers, flew to the window with her daughters and her mother (who, from having outlived many relations, had scarce a hair left on her head) and there beat her breast, scratched her cheeks, and threw whole handfuls of hair towards the bier with the frantic gestures of a demoniac. The procession was no sooner out of sight, than all was quiet; and in five minutes I heard them laughing and dancing about the room, as if rejoicing to be rid of the old churl.

In some parts of the country, it is a rule to fast the whole day of the interment. Two women, in a village near Salerno, mother and daughter of a farmer, at whose removal from the house they had asked their parts with great applause, locked themselves up, and, in order to recover strength after the fatigue they had undergone, began in defiance of custom, to try some pieces of tripe for their dinner. As ill luck would have it, a couple of relations, who living at a great distance, had come too late for the ceremony, knocked at the door to pay their respects to the inconsolable widow. Great was the difficulty they found in gaining admittance: all the parade of grief was again displayed, the dinner slipped into a napkin, and hid under the bed, and nothing heard in the room but groans and lamentations. The strangers entered with composed mien, and were endeavouring, with little success, to

administer comfort to their unhappy kindred women, when, behold! a dog they had brought with them winded the fry, and dragged it out into the middle of the floor, to the great scandal of the visitors, and the utter confusion of the mourners, whose reputation was irretrievably ruined in the esteem of the whole parish.

The verse in Virgil,

*Illic alta sub rupe canet frondator ad
auras, Ecl. 1.*

naturally occurs, when, in our walks under the rocky cliffs of Posilipo, we see the peasant swinging from the top of a tree on a rope of twisted willows, trimming the poplar, and the luxuriant tendrils of the vine, and hear him make the whole vale ring with his rustic ditty.

A classic scholar cannot stroll under the groves of the plain, without calling to mind Horace's

*Durus
Vindemiator et invictus, cui sæpe vistot
Cessisset, magna compellans voce cycul-
lum. Sat. 7.*

if he attend to the vine-dresser sitting among the boughs, laughing raw lads and bashful maidens, as they return from market, with the same gross wit and rough jokes that gave such zest of old to the farces of Atella.

The Neapolitan girls dance to the snapping of their fingers and the beat of a tambourine, and whirl their petticoats about them. With greater elegance in the position, and more air in the flow of the drapery, striking likenesses of them may be found among the paintings of Herculanum.

A young fisherman of Naples naturally throws his limbs into the most graceful attitudes; and it was, no doubt, from the study of similar figures, that the Grecian statuaries drew their nice ideas of beauty and perfection of forms.

If an antiquary longs for a Roman dish, Sorrento will supply him with the paps of a sow, dress in the antique taste, by the name of Verrina; and I believe Peregrine Pickle's learned friend might, with a little attention, discover sufficient remnants of ancient cookery in the environs of Naples, to make out a tolerable bill of fare.

To this day, the rigging of small vessels on the Neapolitan coast answers the description left us of ancient sailing. I doubt whether it be an easy matter to comprehend the manœuvres of Ulysses or Æneas in their various navigations, without having examined the trim of one of these boats;

boats; nay, I believe it scarcely possible to enter into the spirit of the classic authors, without a previous visit to Italy or Greece. I am certain at least, that my

travels on classic ground have rendered me infinitely more sensible of their beauties, than I ever should have been had I remained at home.

ON THE ART OF SWIMMING.

[In a Letter from Dr. B. Franklin to Mr. Duberg, the French Translator of his Works, in Answer to some Inquiries of the latter upon the Subject.]

I AM apprehensive that I shall not be able to find leisure for making all the disquisitions and experiments which would be desirable on this subject. I must therefore content myself with a few remarks.

The specific gravity of some human bodies, in comparison with that of water, has been examined by Mr. Robertson, in our Philosophical Transactions, vol. 50, page 30, for the year 1757.—He asserts that fat persons with small bones float most easily upon the water.

The diving bell is also accurately described in our Transactions.

When a youth, I made two oval pallets, each about ten inches long, and six broad, with a hole for the thumb, in order to retain it fast in the palm of my hand. They much resembled a painter's pallets. In swimming I pushed the edges of these forward, and I struck the water with their flat surfaces as I drew them back. I remember I swam faster by means of these pallets, but they fatigued my wrists.—I also fitted to the soles of my feet a kind of sandals, but I was not satisfied with them, because I observed that the stroke is partly given by the inside of the feet and the ankles, and not entirely with the soles of the feet.

We have here waistcoats for swimmers, which are made of double sail cloth, with small pieces of cork quilted in between them;

I know nothing of the *scaphandre* of M. de la Chapelle.

I know by experience that it is a great comfort to a swimmer, who has a considerable distance to go, to turn himself sometimes on his back, and to vary in other respects the means of procuring a progressive motion.

When he is seized with the cramp in the leg, the method of driving it away is to give to the parts affected a sudden vigorous and violent shock, which he may do in the air as he swims on his back.

During the great heats of summer there is no danger in bathing, however warm we may be, in rivers which have been thoroughly warmed by the sun. But to

throw oneself into cold spring water when the body has been heated by exercise in the sun, is an imprudence which may prove fatal. I once knew an instance of four young men, who having worked at harvest in the heat of the day, with a view of refreshing themselves plunged into a spring of cold water; two died upon the spot, a third the next morning, and the fourth recovered with great difficulty. A copious draught of cold water in similar circumstances is frequently attended with the same effect in North America.

The exercise of swimming is one of the most healthy and agreeable in the world. After having swam for an hour or two in the evening, one sleeps coolly the whole night, even during the most ardent heats of summer. Perhaps the pores being cleansed the insensible perspiration increases and occasions this coolness.—It is certain that much swimming is a means of stopping a diarrhoea at a season which does not permit them to use that exercise, a warm bath, by cleansing and purifying the skin, is found very salutary, and often effects a radical cure. I speak from my own experience frequently repeated, and that of others to whom I have recommended this.

You will not be displeased if I conclude these hasty remarks by informing you, that as the ordinary method of swimming is reduced to the act of rowing with the arms and legs, and is consequently a laborious and fatiguing operation when the space of water to be crossed is considerable; there is a method in which a swimmer may pass to great distances with much facility, by means of a sail:—This discovery I fortunately made by accident, and in the following manner:

When I was a boy I amused myself one day with flying a paper kite; and approaching the bank of a pond which was near a mile broad, the weather being very warm, I tied the string to a stake, and the kite ascended to a very considerable height above the pond, while I was swimming. In a little time, being desirous of amusing myself

myself with my kite, and enjoying at the same time the pleasure of swimming, I returned; and loosing from the stake the string with the little stick which was fastened to it, I went again into the water, where I found that lying on my back and holding the stick in my hands, I was drawn along the surface of the water in a very agreeable manner. Having then engaged another boy to carry my clothes round the pond to a place which I pointed out to him on the other side, I began to cross the pond with my kite, which carried me

quite over without the least fatigue, and with the greatest pleasure imaginable. I was only obliged occasionally to halt a little in my course, and resist its progress when it appeared that by following too quick I lowered the kite too much; by doing which occasionally, I made it rise again.—I have never since that time practised this singular mode of swimming, though I think it not impossible to cross in this manner from Dover to Calais. The packet boat, however, is still preferable.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.

THE scandalous sale of indulgences in the Roman Church, it is well known, produced the Reformation.—One Tetzcl, a Dominican friar, and a retailer of indulgences, had picked up a vast sum at Leipsic. A gentleman of that city, who had no veneration for such superstition, went to Tetzcl, and asked him if he could sell him an indulgence before-hand for a certain crime, which he would not specify, and which he intended to commit. Tetzcl said 'Yes, provided they could agree upon the price.' The bargain was struck, the money paid, and the absolution delivered in due form. Soon after this, the gentleman knowing that Tetzcl was going from Leipsic well loaded with cash, way-laid him, robbed him, and cudgelled him; and told him, at parting, that this was the crime for which he had purchased an absolution. George duke of Saxony, a zealous friend of the court of Rome, hearing of this robbery, at first was very angry; but, being informed of the whole story, he laughed heartily, and forgave the perpetrator of a crime that was thus spiritually pardoned by anticipation.

THE following curious fact is given on the authority of Buffon: A soldier at Pondicherry, who was accustomed, whenever he received the portion that came to his share, to carry a certain quantity of it to an elephant, having one day drunk rather too freely, and finding himself pursued by the guards, who were going to take him to prison, took refuge under the elephant's body, and fell asleep. In vain did the guard try to force him from this asylum: the elephant protected him with his trunk. The next morning, the soldier, recovering from his drunken fit, shuddered with horror to find himself stretched under the belly of this huge

animal. The elephant, which, without doubt, perceived the embarrassment of the poor fellow, caressed him with his trunk, in order to dissipate his fears, and make him understand that he might now depart in safety.

A VIOLENT tempest, to which Alphonso V. King of Arrogan, was exposed at sea, obliged him to put into an island. Being there in perfect security, he perceived one of his galleys on the point of being swallowed up in the waves.—This spectacle excited his compassion, and he immediately gave orders that they should go and succour those unhappy people; and when his attendants, terrified at the danger, represented to him that it was better to let one vessel perish, than to expose all the rest to the hazard of shipwreck, Alphonso did not listen to their advice, but, without deliberating, embarked on board the Admiral's ship, and immediately departed himself to give them timely succour. The rest, seeing the King expose himself with so much resolution, were animated by his example, and every one hastened to follow him. The enterprize at length succeeded; but he likewise ran great risk of perishing in the midst of those dangers to which he exposed himself for the preservation of his subjects.—The generous Alphonso, after this magnanimous action, was heard to say, 'I would have preferred being buried in the sea, with all my fleet, rather than to have seen those poor wretches perish full in my view, without lending them an helping hand.'

TWO of his present Sicilian Majesty's galleys being on a cruise some time since off Mogadore, on the coast of Algiers, pursued and took a pirate of 20 guns and 100 men, who had come out of port that very morning

morning. The prize was sent to Naples; and whilst the vessel was lying at the Mole, under a guard of 500 soldiers, a young nobleman, then bathing, was seized with the cramp, and immediately sunk, in the presence of numbers, who attempted nothing to his relief. A Moor, who happened to see this unfortunate accident from the gunwale of the prize, instantly jumped into the water; swam towards the place where the nobleman went down, and in his rise caught him in his arms, tied a handkerchief round his shoulder, one end of which he fastened to his own, and, thus embarrassed, he brought him safe on shore. The drowned person soon recovered, and was carried home in his father's carriage, which waited on the bank. The Marquis de Pelluchi, whose son was thus preserved by a barbarian, would not be outdone in generosity. He immediately went to the palace, and being introduced by General Acton, an English gentleman in the King's service, fell on his knees, and begged the liberty of the gallant Moor. 'Your request,' replied his Majesty, 'is both reasonable and humane; the Moor is your's, and you may dispose of him as you please. The remainder of the slaves are mine, and perpetual slaves by the laws of war. But they are free from this moment. Ten righteous persons would have saved Sodom from the wrath of the Almighty; and shall not one gallant and virtuous man, who has risked his life for his enemy, and rescued a fellow-citizen from imminent death, merit the pardon of a few companions from an earthly Monarch?' Next day an order was published for releasing the vessel, which sailed for Algiers amidst the acclamations of the populace, and, by way of thanks, saluted the palace with twenty-five, and the city with twelve guns.

PYTHAGORAS being at an entertainment, where some young men had too freely indulged themselves in wine, overheard them consulting measures for salving forth in order to violate the chastity of a certain maiden, belonging to a respectable family in the neighbourhood. The Philosopher immediately ordered the minstrels to change the sprightly air they were playing, to a certain piece of music composed in solemn spondaic measures. The transfiguration operated in the manner Pythagoras intended: it wrought such an immediate change in those inflamed youths, that reason resumed its seat; and they instantly renounced the wicked outrage they had just before determined to perpetrate. It must be acknowledged, that this and other remarkable instances of the power which

the great masters of music, among the ancient Grecians, are said to have maintained over the passions, have been questioned by some modern writers of considerable note, particularly by Dr. Wallis. But a late ingenious author whose distinguished taste, judgment, and learning in various branches of useful science and polite literature, were but the least valuable excellencies of his respectable character, has refuted the objections which have been made to the credibility of these accounts, with great strength of argument; and has vindicated the testimonies of Plato and Aristotle, who are the principal evidences of the fact in question, in so satisfactory a manner, as not to leave the least reasonable doubt concerning the wonderful effects ascribed to ancient music.

ANOTHER remarkable relation of the power of music is in Prince Cassimir's History of the Turks.—Sultan Amurath, that cruel Prince, having laid siege to Bagdad and taken it, gave orders for putting thirty thousand Persians to death, notwithstanding they submitted, and laid down their arms. Among the number of these unfortunate victims, was a musician. He besought the officer, who had the command to see the Sultan's orders executed, to spare him but for a moment while he might be permitted to speak to the Emperor. The officer indulged him in his intreaty; and being brought before the Sultan, he was permitted to exhibit a specimen of his art. Like the musician in Homer, he took up a kind of psaltry, which resembles a lyre, and has six strings on each side; and accompanied it with his voice. He sung the *taking of Bagdad, and the triumph of Amurath*. The pathetic tones and exulting sounds, which he drew from the instrument, joined to the alternate plaintiveness and boldness of his strains, rendered the Prince unable to restrain the softer emotions of his soul. He even suffered him to proceed, until, overpowered with harmony, he melted into tears of pity, and relented of his cruel intention. In consideration of the musician's abilities, he not only directed his people to spare those among the prisoners, who yet remained alive, but also to give them instant liberty.

AMONG all the accounts which are given of Cato, there is none that redounds more to his honor than the following passage related by Plutarch. As an advocate was pleading his cause before one of his Plators, he could only produce a single witness in a point where the law required the testimony of two persons; upon which

the advocate insisted on the integrity of that person whom he had produced: but the Prætor told him, that where the law required two witnesses he would not accept of one, though it were Cato himself. Such a speech from a person who sat at the head of a court of justice, while Cato was still living, shews us, more than a thousand examples, the high reputation this great man had gained among his contemporaries upon the account of his sincerity.

MEN have either no character at all, says a celebrated author, or it is that of being inconsistent with themselves. They find it easier to join extremities, than to be uniform and of a piece. This is finely illustrated in Xenophon's life of Cyrus the Great. That author tells us, that Cyrus having taken a most beautiful lady, named Panthea, the wife of Abradratus, committed her to the custody of Araspas, a young Persian nobleman, who had a little before maintained in a discourse, that a mind truly virtuous was incapable of entertaining an unlawful passion. The young gentleman had not long been in possession of his fair captive, when a complaint was made to Cyrus, that he had not only solicited the lady Panthea to receive him in the room of her absent husband, but that finding his entreaties of no effect, he was preparing to make use of force. Cyrus, who loved the young man, immediately sent for him, and, in a gentle manner, representing to him his fault, and putting him in mind of his former assertion, the unhappy youth, confounded with a quick sense of his guilt and shame, burst into a flood of tears, and spoke as follows:

O Cyrus, I am convinced that I have two souls. Love has taught me this piece of philosophy. If I had but one soul, it could not at the same time pant after virtue and vice, wish and abhor

the same thing. It is certain therefore we have two souls: when the good soul rules, I undertake noble and virtuous actions; but when the bad soul predominates, I am forced to do evil. All I can say at present is, that I find my good soul, encouraged by your presence, has got the better of my bad.

KING EDGAR, who is so famous in British story, fell in love, as he made his progress through his kingdom, with a certain Duke's daughter, who lived near Winchester, and was the most celebrated beauty of the age. His importunities, and the violence of his passion were so great, that the mother of the young lady promised him to bring her daughter to his bed the next night, though in her heart she abhorred so infamous an office. It was no sooner dark than she conveyed into his room a young maid of no disagreeable figure, who was one of her attendants, and who did want address to improve the opportunity for the advancement of her fortune. She made so good use of her time, that when she offered to rise a little before day, the King could by no means think of parting with her. So that finding herself under a necessity of discovering who she was, she did it in so handsome a manner, that his Majesty was exceeding gracious to her, and took her ever after under his protection: inasmuch that our chronicles tell us, he carried her along with him, made her his first minister of state, and continued true to her alone, until his marriage with the beautiful Elfrida.

A LEWD young fellow, seeing an aged Hermit go by him barefoot, 'Father,' says he, 'you are in a very miserable condition if there is not another world.'—'True son,' said the Hermit, 'but what is thy condition if there is?'

A P H O R I S M S .

IT is a sign of prudence to be willing to receive instruction: The most intelligent persons sometimes stand in need of it.

ENDEAVOUR to be first in your profession, neither let any one go before you in doing well: Nevertheless, do not envy the merits of another, but improve your own talents.

NEVER reveal your secrets to any, except it is as much their interest to keep

them, as it is yours they should be kept: Trust only thyself, and thou canst not be betrayed.

METHINKS we should not find so much fault with fortune for her inconstancy, when we ourselves suffer a change every moment that we live; only other changes make more noise, and this steals upon us like the shadow of a dial; just as certainly, but only more insensibly.

A PASSIONATE temper renders a man unfit for advice; deprives him of reason; and robs him of all that is great or noble in his nature: It maketh him unfit for conversation, destroys friendship, changes justice into cruelty, and turns all order into confusion.

BE not diverted from your duty by any idle reflection the silly part of the world may make upon you: For their censures are not in your power, and consequently should be no part of your concern.

IT is the part of a good and wise man, to demean himself humanely and tenderly towards his servants: To deal with his inferiors as he would have his superiors deal with him; for servants are not only men, but a kind of humble friends: And fortitude has no more power over them, than over their masters.

IT is a common mistake to account those things necessary that are superfluous, and to depend upon fortune for the felicity of life, which arises only from virtue. There is no trusting to her smiles.

WE are ever ready to limit others, but loth to put bounds and restraints upon ourselves, though we know many times a greater evil is cured by a less; and the mind that will not be brought to virtue by precepts, comes to it frequently by necessity.

NATURE does nothing in vain: the Creator of the universe has appointed every thing to a certain use and purpose, and determined it to a settled course and sphere of action, from which if it in the least deviates, it becomes unfit to answer those ends for which it was designed.

EVERY man has one or more qualities which may make him useful both to himself and others: Nature never fails of pointing them out; and, while the infant continues under her guardianship, she brings him on his way, and then offers herself for a guide in what remains of the journey: if he proceeds in that course, he can hardly miscarry. Nature makes good her engagements; for as she never promises what she is not able to perform, so she never fails of performing what she promises.

CONVERSATION with men of a polite genius is the best method for improving our natural taste. It is impossible for a man of the greatest parts to consider any thing in its whole extent, and in all its variety of lights. Every man, besides

those general observations which are to be made upon an author, forms several reflections that are peculiar to his own manner of thinking; so that conversation will naturally furnish us with hints which we did not attend to, and make us enjoy other men's parts and reflections as well as our own.

OUR sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with his objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments.

THE pleasures of the imagination, taken in their full extent, are not so gross as those of sense, nor so refined as those of the understanding. The last are, indeed, more preferable, because they are founded on some new knowledge or improvement in the mind of man; yet it must be confessed, that those of the imagination are as great and as transporting as the other.

THERE are but very few who know how to be idle and innocent, or have a relish of any pleasures that are not criminal; every diversion they take is at the expence of some one virtue or another, and their very first step out of business is into vice or folly. A man should endeavour, therefore, to make the sphere of his innocent pleasures as wide as possible, that he may retire into them with safety, and find in them such a satisfaction as a wise man would not blush to take.

EVERY thing that is new or uncommon raises a pleasure in the imagination, because it fills the soul with an agreeable surprise, gratifies its curiosity, and gives it an idea of which it was not before possessed.

THERE is nothing that makes its way more directly to the soul than Beauty, which immediately diffuses a secret satisfaction and complacency through the imagination, and gives a finishing to any thing that is great or uncommon. The very first discovery of it strikes the mind with an inward joy, and spreads a cheerfulness and delight through all its faculties.

PROVIDENCE frequently punishes the self-love of men, who would do immoderately for their own offspring, with children very much below their characters and qualifications, insomuch that they only transmit their names to be borne by those who give daily proofs of the vanity of the labour and ambition of their progenitors.

NEW BOOKS.

A New Translation of Telemachus in English Verse. By Gibbons Bagnall, A. M. Vicar of Home-Lacy, Herefordshire. Hereford: Printed. Published by C. Stalker, Ludgate-Hill, London. 2 vols. 8vo. 12s.

AS this Work is published in periodical Numbers (one of which, price 1s. is to make its appearance every fortnight), and as only two Numbers are yet delivered, we may seem (being judged of according to general usage) premature in our strictures: but as we perceive not the wisdom of that practice, which permits the sale of a work to be effectually extended, or its hopes of success eventually destroyed, before we stamp it with the merited marks of honour or disapprobation, we have yielded to the numerous solicitations of our Hereford correspondents, by delivering our candid opinion of the specimens before us.

It has ever been our decided sentiment, that this admirable effusion of the Archbishop of Cambray's muse has appeared to the English reader to very great disadvantage, on account of the uncouth and affected kind of style in which it has generally been clothed. The weakness, or rather the unvarying insipidity of the French heroic measure, so ill adapted to the gravity of didactic, and the dignity of epic composition (of which the Telemachus equally partakes), it is true, made it necessary for the original author to adopt that peculiar style in which it was presented to the French nation: but why the same peculiarity should be affected in our language, capable as our verse (either with or without rhyme) is of variety, nerve, and majesty, we have ever been at a loss to guess: especially as with us accentuated, or poetical, prose (capable as our language may perhaps be found of perfection in that kind of composition) has not been sufficiently cultivated to support with requisite ease and spirit a poem of such extent and dignity. The Rev. Mr. B. is not, however, the first who has attempted a kind of translation more congenial to the spirit of the English Muse. The late unfortunate Dr. Dodd gave to the world a metrical version of the 13th book; but it must be confessed (without any disrespect to the literary memory of that lamented victim of dissipation) the specimen, tho' far from wanting dignity of expression, had neither that ease, nor that variety to make us lament he did not complete the work. Since then an entire edition of this same poem, in tolerably graceful and flowing verse, was presented to the literati in two volumes; but, un-

fortunately, the translator (if so we may call him) seemed more convinced of his own talents, than sensible of the judgment and chaste beauties of the original; and, in his rage to improve what he ought rather with humble reverence to have admired, clogged the performance with formal invocations and superfluous additions of mythological machinery; so that, instead of a translation of Cambray's charming poem, we are disgusted with a motley piece of patchwork, the seams of which are evident to the dullest eye; and the parts of which are assorted with more affectation than genuine taste. Mr. Bagnall has pursued a wiser method, and, in an easy flow of varied and harmonious versification, obliged the lovers of metrical narrative with a free translation of this justly admired poem, without debasing its classic ore with any affected admixture of modern brass. But as the translator, in his spirited and sensible preface, lays claim to the privilege of our excellent constitution, that every criminal be tried by his peers, so we suppose he will expect a Briton's right to be heard in his own defence. Let the following quotations, therefore, speak for themselves. The prospect from Calypso's Grotto is thus described.

High on a hill the finished fabric stood,
With front extended to the silver flood.
Here oft with peaceful wave old Ocean,
Smil'd,
With glassy surface, and with aspect mild:
As oft in rage he lashed the founding shore,
And mountain high his tow'ring billows bore.
Behind, a stream, with flow'ring lindens crown'd,
In various isles divides the fertile ground;
'Midst rows of poplar, regular and ev'n,
Which seem'd to pierce the ætherial vault of heav'n.
The numerous rills, as by those isles they ran,
Seem'd as in play, through all the rich campaign:
Impetuous some, while others gently flow;
Soft was their progress, peaceable, and slow:

Some

Some winding far through many a rood
 had fled,
 And back return'd with vigour to their
 head,
 Repeating thus with joy their destin'd
 race,
 As loth to leave the dear enchanted place.
 Far off, the hill and mountain-top ap-
 pear'd,
 Their tow'ring heads above the clouds
 were rear'd.

The following short description of Libanus also does credit to the translator as well as the original author.

This Isle at foot of *Libanus* appears,
 Whose cloud-topt summit reaches to the
 stars,
 His front is cloth'd with everlasting snow,
 Which pours in torrents o'er the rocks be-
 low;
 Beneath a spacious forest you behold
 Of cedars, ancient as their parent mould.
 Each limb luxuriant seem'd itself a wood,
 In height extending to the farthest cloud.
 The notes are few and short; all of them
 necessary to the reader of no extensive
 erudition, and some of them not likely to
 be unacceptable to those of more general
 research.

Address of the National Assembly of France to the People. Shewing what they have already done, what they further intend, and answering their Calumniators. With an Appendix. Ridgway.

ALTHOUGH it is not our custom to notice works which appear in the shape of a pamphlet, yet the great importance of the revolution in France renders every thing respecting it highly interesting; and as this has every appearance of authenticity, we shall enter into a copious review of it.

The beginning of the address clearly points out the motives of its publication.

'The National Assembly while advancing in their course of labours for the public good, receive from all parts the felicitations of provinces, cities, and communities, testimonies of the public joy, and acclamations of public gratitude: but they hear also the murmurs and clamours of those who are hurt by the destruction of so many abuses, of so many private interests and prejudices. While intently occupied upon the happiness of all, they are distressed with the sufferings of individuals. They make all possible allowance for prejudices, for the heat and animosity of party, and know how to pardon even injustice; but they hold it to be an essential duty to guard their constituents against the influence of calumniators, and to dissipate those vain terrors with which some may attempt to alarm them.'

They then proceed to answer the question—'What good has the Assembly done?'

'It has,' say they, 'traced the principles of the constitution, established the rights of man in the declaration of rights,

restored to the nation the privilege of decreeing their own laws, and, at the same time, fixed the true principles of the monarchy, destroyed obnoxious distinctions, established a national guard, abolished peculiar privileges, dissipated the vexatious feudal system, freed the nation from a troublesome course of provincial administration, annihilated arbitrary orders, completely organized the municipalities, fixed the new division of the kingdom, abolished venality in the magistracy, reformed, in part, the criminal code, lightened the odious Gabelle, have, in part, reduced immoderate pensions, and have closely applied to a reform in the finances.'

'Here then, (say they) is a summary of our work, or rather of yours: for we are but your organs; and it is you who have instructed and supported us in our labours. What an era is this to which we are at length arrived! How honourable an inheritance have you to transmit to your posterity! Elevated to the rank of citizens, admissible to all employments, enlightened censors of public affairs, when not actually engaged in the conduct of them; certain that every thing is done by you and for you, equals, in the eyes of the law, free to act, to speak, to write, accountable in your actions to no individual whatever, but to the public only, and always amenable; what condition can be conceived happier, or more honourable than yours?'

Is there a single citizen, worthy of that name, who can look back with regret on the past state of things, or who would gather

gather up the ruins with which we are surrounded, in order to re-construct the ancient edifice?

And yet, what has not been said; what has not been done by our enemies, to weaken in you the impression which such blessings ought naturally to produce?

The Assembly then go on to answer the charges brought against them by their enemies, which they do in a strong and nervous manner, and then proceed to declare to the people the objects on which they are now employed. Fixing the military establishment, arranging a system of taxation that will be adopted to ease and encourage agriculture and industry, fixing the clergy in a situation equally distant from poverty and riches, complicating a system of criminal and penal laws, forming a code of civil law, and lastly, intending to terminate their labours by a code of instruction or national education.

'Behold, (say they) O people of France, the prospect of happiness which lies before you!—Some few steps more remain yet to be trodden in this career of labours: and it is during this interval that the detractors of the revolution lie in wait for you. Guard against that impetuous vivacity so natural to you: above all things, dread the commission of violence; for any kind of disorder may prove fatal to liberty. This liberty is dear to you; you are in possession of it; shew yourselves capable of preserving it; be faithful to the spirit, and even to the letter, of the decrees of your representatives, accepted, or sanctioned, by the king; distinguish between the feudal rights abolished freely and without redemption, and those which are to be purchased, and which are still in force. Let the first be no longer exacted,

nor the second refused. Bear in mind the three sacred words, the NATION, the LAW, the KING. The Nation, that is *yourself*; the Law, that is also *you*, as as proceeding from you: the King that is, *the guardian of the law*,

After a further appeal to the people in behalf of their conduct, they conclude:

'As for us, prosecuting our laborious task, devoted to the great business of the Constitution, your work, as well as ours, we will terminate it; and aided by all the lights of France, we shall conquer every obstacle. Satisfied in our conscience, convinced, and already happy in your approaching felicity, we will place in your hands this sacred deposit of the Constitution under the guard of new virtues, the seeds of which, contained in your souls, will soon appear in full bloom on the first days of liberty.

(Signed)

Bureaux de Puy, President.

Laborde de Mereville, L'Abbe Expilly, Le Vicomte de Noailles, Guillotin, Le Baron de Marguerites, Le Marquis de la Coste,	}	Secretaries.
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Such are the outlines of this valuable pamphlet, a pamphlet which ought to be read by every Englishman, and we wish it may stimulate them not to be behind-hand in the cause of true liberty. A long appendix is annexed to it of authentic papers, among which is the celebrated declaration of right.

THE FIRST PRINCIPLES OF CHEMISTRY. By William Nicholson. Robinson. Paternoster-Row.

THE obscurity which has frequently attended endeavours, at conciseness, in productions relative to science, has induced many to believe, that it is scarcely possible to *compress* without being *unintelligible*; and, that, therefore, scientific principles cannot be too copiously explained. That this opinion is erroneous, the present work is a convincing proof, as it accurately displays the elements of a pleasing

and extensive science, with singular brevity and ample perspicuity. The author, in his preface, very justly complains of the delusive practice of indulging the theoretical effervescence of Fancy, instead of attending to the more satisfactory operations of Nature. In this complaint we concur with him, and are sorry for the two chymical theories (phlogistic and antiphlogistic) being so mutually defective.

P O E T R Y.

DESCRIPTION of an AGED RUSTIC.

[From Mr. Crabbe's Village.]

NOR yet can Time itself obtain for
these
Life's latest comforts, due respect and ease ;
For yonder see that hoary swain, whose
age
Can with no cares except its own en-
gage ;
Who, propt on that rude staff, looks up to
see
The bare arms broken from the withering
tree ;
On which, a boy, he climb'd the loftiest
bough,
Then his first joy, but his sad emblem
now.

He once was chief in all the rustic trade,
His steady hand the straightest furrow made ;
Full many a prize he won, and still is
proud

To find the triumphs of his youth allow'd ;
A transient pleasure sparkles in his eyes,
He hears and smiles, then thinks again
and sighs :

For now he journeys to his grave in pain ;
The rich disdain him ; nay the poor dis-
dain ;

Alternate masters now their slave com-
mand,

And urge the efforts of his feeble hand ;
Who, when his age attempts his task in
vain,

With ruthless taunts of lazy poor com-
plain.

Oft may you see him when he tends the
sheep ;

His winter charge, beneath the hillock
weep ;

Oft hear him murmur to the winds that
blow

O'er his white locks, and bury them in
snow ;

When rouz'd by rage and muttering in the
morn,

He mends the broken hedge with icy
thorn.

Why do I live, when I desire to be
At once from life and life's long labour
free ?

Like leaves in spring, the young are blown
away,

Without the sorrows of a slow decay :

I, like yon wither'd leaf, remain behind,

Nipt by the frost and shivering in the
wind ;

There it abides till younger buds come
on,

As I, now all my fellow swains are gone ;
Then, from the rising generation thrust,
It falls, like me, unnoticed to the dust.

These fruitful fields, these numerous
flocks I see,

Are others' gain, but killing cares to me ;
To me the children of my youth are lords.

Slow in their gifts but hasty in their word ;
Wants of their own demand their care,
and who

Feels his own want and succours others
too ?

A lonely, wretched man, in pain I go,
None need my help and none relieve my
woe ;

Then let my bones beneath this turf be
laid,

And men forget the wretch they would
not aid.

BEAUTY TRIUMPHANT.

IN THE MANNER OF TIBULLUS.

YES, oft in pleasure have I pass'd the
day

Near Avon's stream, or in the neigh-
b'ring plains.

In looking at the artless lambkins play,
Or reading Pope's or Prior's easy strains.

In careless indolence I liv'd secure,
And look'd with pity on the wretch in
LOVE :

Laugh'd at his darts, derided Cupid's
pow'r,

And thought no nymph my stubborn
heart could move.

Till Mira came, possess'd of ev'ry grace,
And ev'ry virtue that adorns the mind ;

So sweet her mien, so heav'nly was her face,
I thought her one exceeding human
kind !

But when she spox, ah then, my heart
was lost !

Then was my soul with sweet compassi-
on mov'd ;

I listen'd to her voice, with rapture tost,
I gaz'd ! admir'd ! and found at last I
LOV'D.

LOV'D.

SONNET

SONNET TO PHOEBUS.

[By W. Hamilton Esq.]

FAIREST resemblance of the Deity,
 Ætherial rays adorn thy youthful
 brows,
 Allay'd by laurel—(sacred still to thee!
 Days, months and years, in cheerful ho-
 mage bow.
 Even at thy feet the stubborn ages bend,
 The various seasons too confess thy
 pow'r;—
 First jocund Spring her lively notes doth
 blend,
 Then Summer warbles mild in roseate
 bow'r—
 Ripe Autumn joins, enrich'd with wavy
 gold,
 While Bacchus shouts, Tuscanian vines
 among;
 Not hoary Winter's joyless heart's too
 cold—
 His solemn bass sustains the general song;
 Nor less to speak thy ample sway is giv'n
 The solemn night, and radiant lamps of
 heav'n.

To ANNA.

[By the same.]

OH Anna! sweet fair-one, relent,
 And believe my fond vows to be true
 Nor give me thus cause to lament,
 That my heart can love none only you.

er face I first saw you, I swear
 Your image has dwelt in my heart,
 True love 'twas that planted it there,
 And from thence it will never depart.

ince thus long you have prov'd so unkind,
 We strove to withdraw my regard,
 Or banish each thought from my mind;
 But, alas! the sad task is too hard.

nce your swain would with shepherds
 unite,
 And partake of the sport of the fair,
 But no longer these pastimes delight,
 For my charmer no longer is there.

ut dejected and sad I return,
 O my cot, my poor lambs leading by,
 And dear Anna! thus absent I mourn,
 Till the vallies re-echo each sigh.

o object can pleasure afford,
 And lost is all humour and glee,

'Till you, my belov'd, my ador'd,
 Shall revisit my cottage and me.

Then Colin, enraptur'd, will sing,
 As each hour glides with transport along,
 And the hills and the vallies shall ring,
 With Anna, the pride of his song.

MOON-LIGHT.

[From 'Antheologia, or a Collection of Flowers,'
 in Blank Verse, by the Rev. Philip Brack-
 bridge Homer.]

HERE on this bank; while shine the
 stars so clear,
 Come, Lucy, let us sit. How tranquil
 seems
 All nature! With what mildness from a-
 bove
 Yon regent of the night looks down on
 earth
 And gives to ev'ry herb, tree, plant, and
 field,

A softer green! Mark now her virgin front.
 How calm she looks, how open, and how
 pure!

Nor, Lucy, on thy paler beauty dwells
 Less sweet serenity. As pure art thou,
 As frank, and as benignant as the light
 Of that fair planet, when no vapour thin,
 Flitting o'er ether, tarnishes her face
 With momentary dimness. She, bright
 queen

Of all those starry gems which deck this
 vault

Magnificently built, her silver horn
 Monthly replenishes. From that strong
 blaze

Of unexhausted glory, whose quick heat
 Invigorates the world, she still relumes
 Her darken'd countenance. But, Lucy,
 thou,

When time shall steal those youthful
 charms away,
 From what full fountain of immortal
 grace,

What sun of beauty, shalt thou then repair
 Thy form's diminish'd elegance? Alas!
 That female lustre, fairer than all stars,
 And dearer than the light which rules the
 day,

Should know no second rising: that once
 set,

Nor months, nor years, nor ages can re-
 call it.

But turn now, Lucy, and survey that cloud
 Which comes in gloomiest majesty along
 To shroud the imperial moon. Its envi-
 ous shade

Now

Now creeps upon her argent disk, and now
 Blots it quite out from heaven. With
 such stealth
 Malice her thick and baleful darkness
 draws
 O'er lucid virtue, and beneath that veil
 Would hide it ever. But as now that
 cloud
 Sails on, and back restores the radiant
 moon
 To man's desiring eyes, so pass the mists
 With which fell Envy labours to conceal
 The merit she abhor. Thus transient too
 Was that dread storm which, sweeping by
 the throne
 Of England, shook this kingdom with dis-
 may;
 Till, rising from the black portentous night
 Which hung upon his beams, our leading
 star
 Once more diffus'd upon these joyous
 realms
 The sweetest influence of his sober flame.

THE RESOLVE.

SOFT as the breath, when gentle Ze-
 phyrus play,
 And ambient breezes fan th'unclouded
 sky,
 Ye pow'rs of song, and soft desire, away!
 To my Maria's rural grotto fly!

There in fond accents tell the woes I bear,
 While love and glory rend my tortur'd
 breast;
 While love forbids to leave my blooming
 fair,
 And honour loud upbraids inglorious rest!

Britannia's safety calls me to the field,
 Attractive glory points the arduous way;
 Tho' that strong tyren, Love, forbids to
 yield;
 Yet honour's stronger impulse I obey.

Now swells my throbbing heart! my eye-
 balls roll,
 And each vibration strongly beats to arms;
 Unmans my heart, my rising rage dis-
 arms.
 And now a tide of love o'erwhelms my
 soul.

Oft I resolve, as oft my purpose break,
 Till reason aids, commission'd from above,
 Awhile love's paths, inglorious, bids for-
 sake,
 And follow glory whose reward is love!

ADVICE to a YOUNG GENTLEMAN
 at WINCHESTER SCHOOL.

[From Dr. Duncan's Moral Hints to the rising
 Generation.]

ROUSE then, exert thy talents, neither
 weak,
 Nor mid the sons of dulness doom'd to
 sneak.
 Get learning: 'tis the grace of science
 fair,
 That gives the liberal mind its noblest air.
 Get Knowledge: it ensures enjoyment
 true,
 Fit self esteem, a claim to rev'rence due.
 Get Wisdom.—Arduous aim!—Not hope-
 less. Run.
 Begin. Half ended is the race begun.
 Fleet, ev'n at starting for the victor's meed,
 Fly, the whole course is glowing; fleet-
 er speed.
 The stripling drone, for life a driv'ler,
 ends
 A shame, a burthen to himself and friends,
 Blank as decrepitude shall youth sit by,
 Manhood, unmark'd by one slight merit,
 dye.
 Lo! yon dull clown, bends o'er his fork,
 demurs,
 Yawns, listless eyes the gliding stream, nor
 stirs;
 But waits its gliding off, that gliding still
 From ages, to succedent ages will.

As idly toil these dolts, in chace as vain
 Of air-gilt bubbles, pleasure, grandeur,
 gain.
 Ill does an earth-worm's offal, thy pursuit,
 Base worldling, a celestial spirit suit;
 Born to hold commerce with it's kindred
 skies,
 From strength to strength to glory born to
 rise.—

'Who talks of spirit? All corporeal
 grown,
 'Each thinks of seeming now, of being
 known,
 'A brilliant equipage, a modish wife,
 'The flutter, noise, and outside glare of
 life.
 'In building, gard'ning, fordid is the plan,
 'That suits the rank and fortune of the
 man;
 'Abject the taste, that stoops to things of
 use,
 'Poor the best-order'd board, if not pro-
 fusely.—

Rare nostrums these, to heal a feverish
 heart!
 Act thou the rational, the decent part,

With truth, pure nature, and religion trace,
With moral dignity, with manly grace;
Fair Virtue's offspring, Pleasure, lovely
ward

Of Heav'n-taught: Wisdom, shall thy truth
reward,

With Grandeur, Gain, unfill'd as the ray,
That gilds yon sky-topp'd dome in cloud-
less day;

While sad'ning damps, and low-born va-
pours drown

The revels, pomp and traffic of the town.
Above dependence rais'd by gentle fate,
Pity the slaves, condemn'd to court the
great,

They blush to own. The genuine great
revere,

Whose high deserts adorn their stat'd
sphere.

Be thine deserts as high, the gen'rous aim
From man merit, not to solicit fame,

Be thine the triumph's of a soul serene,
The smile of Reason, and a golden mean.

Be thine the-praise of God; nor stoop to
rail,

If humbler projects of Ambition fail.

'Friend, keep your *Roman* courtier still
in sight:

'Be civil, as your text, to ears polite,

'Religion! Wisdom! pshaw,—your ser-
mon cloy,

'A golden mean what modern wight en-
joys?

'For homespun virtues ransack hist'ry
now:

'Back to young *Rome's* Dictator at the
plough,

From Fashion's taint, and dissipation' free,
With such plain puts retir'd, as * * * ,
and me,

Shun random commerce, to respect man-
kind.

Keep sound and strong thy native health
of mind:

The sound shall seek thee; few, indeed,
but such,

As need no caution to frequent too much;
While foits and foplings fly thy sacred
shade,

Nor Fortune's fools it's halcyon ease in-
vade.

From good to better, to the best at
length

I see thy mind advance with growing
strength.

Fond Hope anticipates the recent bloom,
The bud, the fruit, of genial months to
come.

Not thine more wishful than thy parent's
eye,

O'erleaps the spring, foresees the solstice
nigh;

When Wykeham's wholesome rule per-
mits my boy

From labour, sweeten'd with expected
joy,

To join the dear domestic circle, gay
As smiles the season then, in bright array,

When dart thy glowing look, from face
to face,

And quick returns of heart-felt rapture
trace,

In each lov'd Sister note the grace refin'd,
Their beams from an improv'd, yet mo-
dest mind.

These shall a matchless Mother's temper'd
praise,

And censure, to her own resemblance
raise:

With eyes to thine uplifted, straining still,
Thy Brother treads the bramble skirted
hill;

In hopes ere long to climb, with hardier
stride,

The laureate God's best delegate his guide.

TRANSLATION FROM PETRARCHI.

'Ne la stagione che'l ciel rapido inchina.'

[By William Parsons, Esq; F. R. S.]

AT the soft hour of twilight grey,
When fades the landscape on our
eyes,

And lights pure beam is borne away
Elsewhere to glad th' expecting
skies;

The female pilgrim, worn with age,
Who treads alone the darkening waste
Doubles her steps with anxious haste,
The husband is her daily stage;

And wearied then, in peace reclin'd,
Refreshing slumbers are bestow'd,
That chase from her oblivious mind
The horrors of the doubtful road.

The horrors of the doubtful road,
But still new griefs the day-lark bring
to me,

And with increase of woe his parting ray
sees,

When

PROSPECT of the AUTHOR in Expre-
tation of his Son's Return from School,
at the Summer Vacation.

[From the same.]

NOW, flexible to good, thy tender
breast

Receives her stamp of precepts pure im-
prints'd.

When rolls the sun his flaming wheels
To yield to night's returning reign,
And the vast shadows length'ning
 flial

From loftiest mountain's o'er the
 plains

The lab'rer takes his rustic arms,
And, with rude shouts or simple song,
Winding the various path along,
Far from his breast all sorrow charms ;
Till on his board coarse viands spread,
Like those primeval acorns lie
Which mortals honour tho' they fly,
And joy appears, and care is fled :

Yet joy no more my suffering bosom
 knows,

Nor can the rolling planets bring me short
 repose.

The shepherd, when yon orb of day
Sinks like a bird into his nest,
And eastern skies, in dark array,
Make contrast with the crimson West,
Leaving the mead, the grove, the brook,
Homeward his way contented holds,
Drives slowly to the evening folds
His drowsy flock with guiding crook,
And far from noise reclines secure
In cave or hut with branches wove ;
Thou cruel Love ! dost then allure
Still more my wakeful steps to rove,
Pursuing her, who, like the timid hare,
Stops but again to fly, and mocks my rest-
 less care.

To some calm port by tempests blown,
The sailor sweet repose hath found,
On the hard deck his limbs are thrown
And rugged garments wrap him round.
Tho' Phœbus seeks the distant main
Beyond th' Herculean columns tall,
And night's kind mantle covers all,
While men and beasts forget their
 pain,

My sorrows still increasing flow,
And each succeeding day is past
In sad excess of bitter woe,
As vain and fruitless as the last !

I ten long years have measured thus in
 grief,

Unknowing where to seek, or how to hope
 relief.

Since some small solace thence I find,
Still let me pour the mournful strain :
Lo ! where the loosen'd oxen wind
From furrow'd hills wide o'er the
 plain ;

Yet cease not these heart rending sighs,
My heavier yoke is ne'er remov'd ;
No respite has this bosom prov'd,
But day and night my tears arise !
Ah me ! ill fated was the hour
When first I saw her matchless grace ;

Nor time, nor art, can now have power
The strong impression to efface,
Till seiz'd by death this anxious life is
 o'er,
Nor am I well assur'd I then shall love no
 more !

My song !—if any ask thee, tell
Where now retired I chuse to dwell ;
In the clost vale where songs spring,
While Love alone approaches nigh,
Who to my thought her image brings
For whom all human steps I fly !

CONCLUDING STANZAS OF MISS
WILLIAM'S ODE ON THE PEACE.

E N C H A N T I N G visions sooth my
 sight—

The finer arts in beauty dress,
Benignant source of pure delight !
Reclining on her bosom rest,
While each discordant sound expires,
Strike, Harmony ! thy warbling wires,
The fine vibrations of the spirit move,
Wake extasy's pure thrill, and touch the
 springs of love.

Bright Painting's living forms shall
 rise,

And fill for Ugolino's woe
Shall Reynolds wake unbidden sighs,
And Romney's soothing pencil flow,
That nature's look benign portrays,
When, to her infant Shakspeare's
 gaze,

The smiling form unveil'd her awful
 face,

And bade his 'colours clear' each glowing
 feature trace.

And Poesy ! thy deep-ton'd spell

The heart shall sooth, the spirit fire,
And all the according passions swell
While rapture trembles on thy lyre ;
Awake its sweetly thrilling sound,

And call enchanting visions round,
Strew the soft path of Peace with Fan-
 cy's flowers,

And lead the glowing heart to Joy's elysian
 bowers,

While Hayley wakes thy magic strings
His shades shall no rude sound pro-
 phane,

But Stillness on her tender wings,
Enamour'd drink the potent strain.

Tho' genius flash the vivid flame
Around his lyfe's enchanting frame,
 Where

Where fancy's warbled tones melodious
roll,
More warm his friendship glows, more
harmoniz'd his soul!

While taste instructs a polish'd age
With luxury of mind to trace
The lustre of th' unerring page,
Where Symmetry sheds finish'd grace;
Judgment shall point to Fancy's gaze.
As wild the sportive wand'rer strays,
Perfection's fairest form, where mimic
art
With nature softly blends, and leads the
subject heart.

Th' historic Muse illumines the maze
Oblivion veil'd in deep'ning night,
Where empire with meridian blaze
Once trod ambition's lofty height:
Tho' headlong from the dizzy steep
It rolls with wide, and wasteful sweep,
Her tablet still records the deeds of
fame,
And swells the patriot's soul, and wakes
the hero's flame.

While meek Philosophy explores
Creation's vast stupendous round,
With piercing gaze sublime she soars,
And bursts the system's distant bound.
Lo! mid the dark, deep void of space,
A rushing world her glance can trace!
It moves majestic in its ample sphere,
Sheds its refracted light, and rolls its
ling'ring year.

Ah! still diffuse thy mental ray,
Fair Science! on my Albion's plain,
While oft' thy step delights to stray
Where Montagu has rear'd her saps;
Where Eloquence shall still entwine
Rich attic flowers around the shrine,
View hallow'd Learning ope his treas-
ured store,
And with her signet stamp the mass of
classic ore.

Auspicious Peace! for thine the hours
Meek Wisdom decks in moral grace,
And thine each tenderness that pours
Enchantment o'er their destin'd space.
Benignant form! in silence laid
Beneath the olive's silken shade,
Shed each mild bliss that charms the
tuneful mind,
And in the zone of love the hostile spirit
bind.

White Albion on her parent deep
Shall rest, may glory gild her shore,
And blossom on her rocky steep
Till Time shall wing his course no
more;

Till angels wrap the spheres in fire,
Till earth and yon fair orbs expire,
While Chaos mounting in the rushing
flame,
Shall spread his cold deep shade o'er na-
ture's sinking frame.

L I N E S T O C O N T E N T,

LET Content of smiling mien,
Always placid, and serene,
From my bosom drive out care?
That still ling'ring rankles there.
Keep me from the curse of strife,
And th' attendant ills of life.

Nymph that seldom makes her home,
In proud grandeur's gilded dome,
Loves to visit humble cots,
Rural shades, and cooling grots,
Keep me from rude discord's reign,
With her ghastly haggard train.

Nymph that shuns loud riot's voice,
And delight in-sober joys,
Laughs to scorn the beck of kings,
And whom riches never brings,
In this anxious breast of mine,
Take thy seat and make it thine.

Let me too invoke thy aid,
With'd companion, heav'nly maid,
Ethelinda's steps attend,
Be her guardian and her friend,
Let not dread misfortune's storm,
Blast her tender, lovely form.

Blest with beauty, guide her way,
Never from her footsteps stray,
O'er her soul exert thy pow'r,
In each anxious painful hour,
Let her bosom never know,
Stings of mis'ry, vice, or woe.

T O A Y O U N G L A D Y C U R L I N G H E R
H A I R.

[From the Latin of Dr. Lowth.]

NO longer seek the needless aid
Of studious art, dear lovely maid!
Vainly from side to side forbear
To shift thy glass, and braid each frag-
ling hair.
As the gay flowers which nature yields
So various on the vernal fields,
Delight

Delight the fancy more than those
 The garden gives to view in equal rows ;
 As the pure stream, whose mazy train
 The prattling pebbles check in vain,
 Gives native pleasure, while it leads
 Its random waters swiftly through the
 meads ;
 As birds on boughs, in early spring,
 Their wood notes wild, near rivers sing ;
 Grateful their warbling strains repeat,
 And sooth the ear irregularly sweet :
 So simple dress, and native grace,,
 Will best become thy lovely face ;
 For naked Cupid still suspects
 In artful ornaments conceal'd defects.
 Then cease, with crisping tongs, to tear
 And torture thus thy flowing hair :
 O ! cease, with tasteless toil, to shed
 A cloud of scented dust around thy head.
 Nor Berenice's locks could boast
 A grace like thine ! among the host
 Of stars, now transform'd they guide
 The doubtful sailor through the nightly
 tide ;
 Nor Venus, when a form like thine
 She chose, to veil her charms divine,
 And gave her tresses unconfin'd,
 To wave and wanton in the balmy wind.

P R A I S E O F P O E T R Y .

[From Mr. Colman's Translation of Horace's
Epistle to Pisos.]

THE barb'rous natives of the shaggy
 wood
 From horrible repasts, and acts of blood,
 Orpheus, a priest, and heav'nly teacher
 brought,
 And all the charities of nature taught :
 Whence he was said fierce tygers to allay,
 And sing the Savage-Lion from his prey.
 Within the hollow of Amphion's shell
 Such pow'rs of sound were lodg'd, so sweet
 a spell !
 That stones were said to move, and at his
 call,
 Chara'd to his purpose, form'd the Theban
 wall.

The love of moral wisdom to infuse
 These were the labours of the Ancient
 Muse.
 * To mark the limits, where the barriers
 stood
 'Twixt private int'rest, and the public
 good ;
 To raise a pale, and firmly to maintain
 The bound, that sever'd sacred from pro-
 phane ;

To shew the ill's promiscuous love should
 dread,
 And teach the laws of the connubial
 bed ;
 Mankind dispers'd, to social towns to
 draw ;
 And on the Sacred tablet grave the law.
 Thus fame and honour crown'd the Poet's
 line ;
 His work immortal, and himself divine !

Next lofty Homer, and Tyrtæus strung
 Their epick harps, and songs of glory
 sung ;
 Sounding a charge, and calling to the
 war
 The souls that bravely feel, and nobly
 dare.

In verse the Oracles their sense made
 known,
 In verse the road and rule of life is shewn ;
 Verse to the Poet royal favour brings,
 And leads the Muses to the throne of
 kings ;
 Verse too, the varied scene and sports pre-
 pares,
 Brings rest to toil, and balm to all our
 cares.
 Deem then with rev'rence of the glorious
 fire,
 Breath'd by the Muse, the mistress of the
 Lyre !
 Blush not to own her pow'r, her glorious
 flame ;
 Nor think Apollo, Lord of song, thy
 shame !

For the NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

L I N E S

ON THE DEATH OF A CANARY BIRD.

AH ! see the little songster dies,
 That lately chirp'd his hours away ;
 Silent and lifeless, how he lies !
 O shade of soft enamel'd clay.

Long had he pour'd his artless note,
 Paid for his food in copious lays ;
 The song that fill'd his tuneful throat
 Express'd the great Creator's praise.

Within the wire-contracted cell,
 He envy'd not the fluid air ;
 Content if haply he might dwell,
 And chant melodious carols there.

Thy little talk, sweet bird, is o'er,
To mute oblivion thou art flown;
Thy matin carol charms no more,
With thy last breath, thy all is gone.

Happy for more than half mankind,
If they could part with life so free;
If they so soft a rest cou'd find,
Or die so sure a death as thee.

But souls are immaterial things,
Form'd of a God's prolific breath;
He plumes them with immortal wings,
That bear beyond the bound of death.

To the EDITOR of the NOVA-SCOTIA
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I join you in lamenting that so few originals appear in the Nova-Scotia Magazine; and particularly regret that *Pollio* has ceased to adorn your entertaining miscellany, with his numbers.—The enclosed lines can boast no merit, but they express the real sentiments of a large circle of your readers; if they are worthy a place in the Magazine, they may, perhaps, induce *Pollio* again to favor the public with his productions. With warm wishes for the success of your undertaking, I am, Sir,

Your's, &c. A. Z.

To POLLIO.

WHY ceases, oh *Pollio*! thy musical
lays?

Why no more do thy sonnets appear?
Soft tenderness feels, and re-echoes their
praise,
While judgment the verse must reverse.

Tho' the passion of Love never planted its
thorn,

Yet my heart has oft lost its repose;
I have thought that I felt myself sadly for-
lorn,
And the tear of adversity flows.

At the fall of the leaf I, with you, can la-
ment;

And mourn o'er a Parent laid low;
In the hour of the Autumn the mandate
was sent,
And my bloom still heaves with the woe.

With silent attention I list to thy tale,
And hear the sweet plaints of thy
muse;
Tho' alas! my soft sympathy nought can
avail,
This tribute you will not refuse.

Acadia, with rapture, her laurels en-
twain'd,
And call'd to the nymphs of her shore,
To cull from her garlands your temples to
bind,
And an end to your sorrows implore.

Why will you then, *POLLIO*, in silence
remain,
And leave us to mourn for your lays;
For the *scourge* of the *Critic* you sure must
disdain,
While the tender will crown you with
Bays.

For the NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE.

AN ELEGIAC SONNET,

WRITTEN ON NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

FAREWELL sad year, thy luckless date
I know,
Presaging evil yet to come on me:
'Tis to thy space my misery I owe,
Such copious streams of sorrow flow
from thee.

Thy fatal spring, with pleasure I could
boast,
As the bright morning of superior
joys;
But ah! thy summer all my bliss de-
stroy's,
And fear pervading—blooming hope
was lost.

Hapless my fate! yet why do I complain,
Since Heav'n procrastinates my destin'd
hour;

Celestial hope—Oh cheer my heart again,
And bless me with thy animating pow'r;
Transcendant guest, in humble guise ap-
pear,
Renew thy reign, and bless the rising
year.

Halifax, Dec. 31, 1790.

C H R O N I C L E.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Lyon, Oct. 17.

TWO young men of Valence, Messieurs Borie and Blein, had two uniforms made by one Dupuis a Taylor, of a suspicious colour, and extraordinary buttons. They set out, well-armed, the night before last, on horseback, and are supposed to have joined by this time M. de Bourbon-Buffey, near Lancia, in Beaujolois, where the malcontents are to find arms, horses, and all necessary provisions for a longer journey. When their number shall have amounted to 900, they are to repair to the garrison of Besancon, commanded by M. d'Authichamp, consisting of 40,000 men. From thence they are to march, all in a body, towards Paris, where they intend to dissolve the National Assembly, and carry off the King. The above young men style themselves volunteers of Bourbon-Buffey; their uniform is green and red, with yellow buttons, on which is represented a *Fleur de Lys*. The promises made to them by their Chief are very flattering. At a certain distance from their departure they are to receive 600 livres (25l.) and at the end of the expedition be promoted to the rank of *Gardes d'Artois*, or sent back to their province with 12,000 livres (500l.) It is said that the Prince de Conde will penetrate into Languedoc, by the Pont St. Esprit, from whence, joined by the malcontents of Jalès and Carpentra, he will proceed to the port of Cetre, and to other towns, ready to espouse his cause. Count d'Artois is to enter France, by the Pont-Beauvoisin, with 30,000 men.

As a confirmation of the above, a letter from Macon announces, that M. Bourbon-Buffey was made a prisoner in a Chateau in the neighbourhood of Valence, whither he had fled the moment he was suspected at his own Chateau near Lancia in Beaujolois.

Liste, Nov. 11. Notwithstanding that the Austrian army is now at the very gates of the Erabanters, (for on the 4th instant ten thousand were already in Luxemburgh, and coming forwards in a day or two to the advanced posts) the inhabitants of Bruxelles have ventured to burn the Emperor's manifest on the Grand Placé with every mark of indignity. Mr. Vander-noot with his guards ran to the place where the populace were celebrating this *auto-de-se*, and did endeavour to prevent it

by representing to the people that they were amusing themselves with trifles. At Ghent they have done the same thing. They display a resolution worthy the cause of liberty, but only to be lamented in their fanatical expedition. The Congress are the secret instigators of all the popular movements, and now they are abandoned in such explicit terms by England, Prussia, and Holland, they have recourse to France for support: Deputies are gone to Paris to urge the National Assembly in their behalf, but the consideration of Belgic affairs still remains adjourned. The Congress have some hopes of interesting the French in their favour, by holding out a probability of renewing the late disturbances in Holland, and placing a Prince of the House of Bourbon in the Stadtholderian chair with the assistance of the Belgic army, when they had once got rid of the Austrians: this rumour is fomented, and they add, that overtures have been made to the Belgic deputies at Paris by the exiled Dutch Patriots, for the hire of their army, and the purchase of all the stores, &c. The Congress add, that a sum of 20 millions of livres is already in store for the undertaking, that Spain has offered six millions more, and that if France were to join in the scheme, those two nations might gain a powerful ally, which the latter has been long aiming at, and has sacrificed so much money in vain to accomplish, and that it would be reducing considerably the power of Great-Britain. According to their prospect of the affair, Russia would gain considerably by it, by diverting the King of Prussia's enterprizes from herself, and they themselves would have a fine opportunity of being revenged on the three courts, if it should turn out that they have been deceiving them.

The Congress have made a resolve to increase their army 20,000 men, and they hold out the most flattering terms to all who shall engage.—Amongst other proposals they promise, that every man that shall finish his term in their service, shall be entitled to a portion of land for his life time in their provinces, to the annual amount of 20 florins. The nine nations of Bruxelles, representatives of the Piers Ecar, have written a letter to the Congress, in which they assert, in the name of the people at large, that they are ready to give all that may be demanded of them, to establish a permanent treasure, such as is necessary in the present crisis; that they are animated with the most sincere patriotism,

patriotism, and desire that all traitors to the country may be made a speedy and severe example of, lest the people wound up to a pitch of fury, should do themselves justice, and dreadful massacre should ensue.

In short, every thing seems to display a blind and obstinate, confidence, which, after the 21st instant may produce the greatest calamities. The troops arrived at Luxemburg consist in two squadrons of Haddicks Houlans, one division of artillery, the regiment of Francois Kinsky, and Nicholas Esterhazy's infantry; the remainder of Esterhazy's huzzars; the Tyrolean chasseurs; O'Connell's Franc corps, and another column, which was to pass Cologne on the 4th instant, is destined to march through Aix la Chapelle into the Limburgh Province. Those who come through Luxemburg will march through the Ardennes, and enter into Brabant by way of Namur, &c.

The Comte de la March and Duke d'Ursel, both retired to Paris, have made their submission to the Emperor in due form, and what is more, they are said to have abandoned the poor Vonckistes to themselves.

The refugee Brabanters at Maestricht have lately celebrated with great solemnity the election of the Emperor; a *fete* was given in the house of an Austrian officer there, and several impromptus written and inscribed on the windows, with an illumination, &c.

B R I T I S H N E W S .

London, Nov: 18.

TUESDAY morning Mr. Flint, the King's Messenger, was dispatched to the Court of Madrid, with his Britannic Majesty's Sign Manual, in ratification of the present Convention with Spain.

The Marquis del Campo, the Ambassador in England from the Court of Spain, waited on their Majesties at Windsor on Monday night, in congratulation of the happy termination of the recent misunderstanding between the two kingdoms. The Spanish Ambassador has received the King of Spain's Signature, in ratification of the Convention, which will be presented to his Britannic Majesty's Ministers as soon as information is received by the Ambassador from his Court, that the King of Great Britain's ratification is arrived, and presented to the Spanish Ministers.

By the late successful exertions to ascertain and establish the rights of the British nation, and to exalt their character as a high spirited, powerful people, a sum of money amounting (it may be supposed) to several millions, has been expended.— But when we recollect the degradation and infamy that have ever attended nations who hesitated to assert and maintain their rights, their honour, and their reputation, among surrounding potentates, at whatever expence, we cannot help concluding that those who direct affairs have done well in promptly incurring such an expence for so important and so glorious an object. Spain, on reflecting on what has passed, will always dread our united wisdom and energy; and the other nations of Europe, when they read the Convention, will acknowledge that the British Lion, in spite of the American war, is still in the prime and vigour of his days!

The rich silver mines at Potosi, in Peru, were accidentally discovered in 1549, by an Indian, as he was clambering up the mountain, in pursuit of a Llama, which had strayed from his flock. Soon after, the mines of Sacotecas, in New Spain, little inferior to the other in value, were opened. From that time successive discoveries have been made in both colonies, and silver mines are now so numerous, that the working of them, and of some few mines of gold in the provinces of Terra Firma, and the kingdom of Grenada, has become the capital occupation of the Spaniards, and is reduced into a system no less complicated than interesting.

The following are the particulars of a murder which was committed on Friday week in the Rue de l'Echelle, near the Palais Royale, and the Thuilleries, at Paris. A Benedictine Friar, and a young Lady, went in the evening of that day to visit Mrs. Pluvier, aunt to the latter. Her nephew also visited her the same evening, and, instead of lighting a bougie, as he was accustomed to do, went up stairs without a light. On the Saturday morning the porter rang the Bell at Mrs. Pluvier's apartments as usual, in order to deliver the newspapers she daily received. As nobody answered, he supposed she was out of town; and the next day, after trying the bell again, he concluded the same thing. In the evening, however, the porter's wife, remarking that the nephew did not come to dine with his aunt as he did every Sunday, was greatly alarmed, and on Monday morning persuaded her husband to break open the door. The spectacle was horrid beyond description. They found Mrs. Pluvier waltering in her blood.

blood, and her maid servant's head severed from her body. The very dog, cat, and bird, were killed; and the instrument, an oaken stick, that had beaten the mistress to death was lying at the bed side.

At eleven o'clock, two justices of peace repaired to the house, and examined the porter. He declared, that since Friday last nobody came to enquire after Madame Pluvier, but her nephew. He was immediately taken into custody; and two keys were found on him, that opened into his aunt's apartments. He pretended, that Mrs. Pluvier had given them to him, that he might the more easily come to see her. The porter further declared, that this nephew (M. Gayer called on the Sunday, and enquired after his aunt's health; and that on his being acquainted that nobody answered the door, he had coolly remarked, that in all probability she was gone into the country. Notwithstanding all these presumptions the nephew was admitted to bail.

William Cooper was indicted for unlawfully and feloniously killing Susannah Cooper his wife, in the Parish of Enfield, on the 13th of September. It appeared in evidence, that the prosecutor had violently beat and kicked her about a fortnight before her death; that in consequence of this beating, she was confined for some time, and complained much of a pain in one of her sides. She got the better, however, and was up one day at work. She was confined for a week before her death. This prosecution was carried on by the Parish of Enfield. The Physicians who attended the deceased in her illness had not the least doubt but that her death was occasioned by a bilious complaint, and that it was not at all the effect of this beating.

Mr. Baron Hotham said, the Parish of Enfield in this case had done their duty. Very solemn enquiries should be made in all cases of this sort. This being done, and the Jury having heard the evidence, he conceived it would be too much to find the prisoner guilty. The Jury were now trying, whether her death had been actually occasioned by these blows. The medical gentlemen who had attended her said, there were no marks of violence about her, that there were no external marks, or internal symptoms of her having received such blows. They were of opinion, that her death had been occasioned by a bilious complaint, of which she had every symptom—Not Guilty.

The learned Judge gave the prisoner a very solemn admonition in these words:

Prisoner,

I am perfectly satisfied with the ver-

dict the Jury has given, because, according to the rules of law, I think there was not evidence to reach you. At the same time, my conscience tells me, that your conduct has been by no means such as entitles you to stand well in the esteem of any man in this Court.

I am afraid your conduct has been extremely brutal and violent to this poor woman. Whether or not you have been the cause of her death, is between God and your own conscience. But such has been your conduct, that it is fit I should tell you, that you may think yourself extremely fortunate, and that you owe a great deal to the strict justice of your country:—you have not shewn that justice to her. She has gone to another world, and I advise you now, before you meet her in that world, that you prepare yourself, by a very serious examination of your own conduct, and by that confession, which can alone entitle you to pardon in another world, though acquitted in this; I advise you very seriously to apply yourself to live a better life; this is the only reparation you can make to this unfortunate woman, as well as to the public.

The following singular fraud actually took place lately at a banking house in the City:—one of the partners coming out of the house, was accosted by a country looking fellow, who asked him if he could tell him where there was a bank, as he wished to lodge a sum in one. The gentleman naturally took him into his own, and the stranger drew an order upon Drummond's for one thousand five hundred pounds, and went away. In about an hour came a draft for 800l. which they were so weak as to pay, upon the security of the 1500l. which they expected, but which, upon their sending for, they found existed only in their own imagination.

Friday morning, at a very early hour, two journeymen taylor's, for a wager of ten guineas, fought on board a lighter in the River, and, after a battle which lasted 57 minutes, one gave the other so violent a blow on the temple, that he was obliged to give in. He was so very much bruised, that it is thought he cannot recover. His antagonist lost one eye, and had his jaw bone broke.

Lieut. Bourne, of the Marines, memorable for his extraordinary rencontre with Captain Sir James Wallace, of the Navy, is now in the service of the Belgic States, and has so distinguished himself therein with so much heroism, as to be raised to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

Doctor Price on Sunday last, passing Northumberland house, Charing-cross, took two handkerchiefs out of his pocket,

and as he wiped his face with one, a very shabby looking fellow snatched the other from him openly, and by way of excuse said, 'Doctor, you know all men ought to be on an equality—you have two handkerchiefs and I had none.'—A mob gathered; there was a loud laugh, and the Doctor walked away.

Mr. Archibald Millar of Glasgow, merchant, who died on the 16th of October last, has bequeathed almost his whole estate, of about seven thousand pounds sterling, to certain trustees and governors, by whom the revenue is to be applied for clothing and educating girls, the children of indigent and reputable parents. These girls may be continued in school for two, three, four, or five years, during which time they might be taught reading, writing, arithmetic, needle work, and knitting: and, above all, they are to be instructed in the principles of religion, and formed to the habits of piety and rectitude; or such education, if begun, may be completed by this charity. A superior class are to be better clothed, and taught such other useful branches of education, as will qualify them for acting with propriety and comfort in higher station.

The Ministers of the Established Church in Glasgow are appointed Trustees for uniting the funds; and the said Ministers, together with the Principal and Professor of Divinity of the university of Glasgow, and a person to be chosen annually by each of the kirk-sessions of Glasgow, are appointed Governors of the charity.

Friday, as some children were playing in an outhouse belonging to a butcher in Southampton, they discovered something on a beam, which they supposed to be a cake, took down and divided it amongst six of them—and immediately ate their respective shares. A few hours afterwards two of them were taken ill, and in the course of the day the other four. This led to an enquiry, when it was discovered that they had been eating some poison mixed with dough, which was prepared for destroying rats. Every medical assistance was immediately given them, which had the desired effect on five; but the other, who it is supposed ate a larger quantity than the rest, died the next day, in the greatest agonies.

A late physician of Elgin, when on his death bed, was visited by a neighbour, who with the kindness of friendship asked him, if there was anything in which, after his death, he could oblige him? "Be particularly kind to your three youngest children, attend the dying man, for they are all mine."

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

Halifax, December 28.

THE Public Examination of the Halifax Grammar-School commenced on Wednesday the 22d instant; when the Latin classes were minutely examined, in presence of the Trustees of the School and other gentlemen—in translating Latin into English, and English into Latin—in the principles of Latin grammar, and rules of quantity—in the principles of modern Geography, the use of the globes, and construction of maps.—On Thursday, a variety of orations in Latin and English, with other select pieces, were delivered to a very numerous and respectable audience. On Friday, the English classes were examined in reading and spelling, the rules of English grammar, quantity of words, stops and marks. The pupils, in general, exhibited surprising specimens of their writing in a variety of hands and many of them were found to bear the strictest scrutiny, according to the rules of penmanship. The ready answers to several questions in arithmetic and merchants accounts, gave striking proofs of a well grounded knowledge in that branch of their studies.

The Trustees, in testimony of present merit, and to induce future application, were pleased to grant premiums of elegant and well-chosen books, to the most deserving of the young gentlemen, in the following order:

LATIN SCHOLARS.

Masters Henry Newton, John Moody, John Ackinclofs, William Fletcher, Samuel Spencer, James Geddes, John M'Guire, Thomas Hill, Stephen Deblois, John Horner, Jacob Cortlandt, Jasper Wollenhaupt.

ENGLISH SCHOLARS.

Masters Francis Clarke, William Dupee, William Robertson, Joseph Tremain, Samuel Boggs, James Crawley, William Snelling, James Forsyth, George M'Intosh, Crofton Uniacke.

N. B. The School Apartments are now fitted up in the best manner for the comfort and convenience of the scholars, and the house finished for the reception of boarders, where they are accommodated on very low terms, and every attention paid to their health, morals and education, by the Rev. Mr. WRIGHT, Master of the School.—And to render the plan of education as complete as possible, and for the advantage of the pupils, Globes, Atlases, classical Lexicons, and Dictionaries, Grecian and Roman Antiquities, with the latest and best publications on Oratory have been wrote for, and are expected by the first arrivals from London, for the use of the school.

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TO THE THIRD VOLUME OF THE

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