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THE

NOVA-SCOTIA MAGAZINE

FOR FEBRUARY, 1792.

THE VENETIAN. A TALE.

[By Mrs. Hurrell.]

IN one of those memorable battles fought between the Turks and the Venetians, Doria Cenami, a young and noble Venetian, of singular bravery and conduct, was made prisoner:—He was confined by the Infidels in a loathsome dungeon, where he remained in hourly expectation of death; which his misfortunes rendered infinitely more desirable than life. Yet Doria bore all with a constancy of mind, which the instability of fortune (who, in distributing her favours, seldom discriminates merit) could not shake.

He had languished nearly two months in this gloomy retreat, when the son of the Ottoman commander arrived at the town where he was confined. Achmet had, in many battles, witnessed the heroic deeds of the noble Venetian: and that admiration, which, in baser minds, turns to envy, in Achmet's produced esteem and emulation;—He blushed not to own, that in the Christian hero he found an example worthy of imitation.

Inspired with these sentiments, Achmet felt an earnest desire to visit the noble captive; whom, in the high career of prosperity and success, he had so often contemplated with admiration.

Having signified his intention to the keeper of the prison, he was conducted to the dungeon where the Venetian was confined. Achmet was struck with horror on his entrance: by the pale glimmering of a lamp, he discovered the valiant Doria on some straw, and emaciated with disease, occasioned by the damp air of the prison, and the unwholesome provisions, which were, in scanty portions, brought him daily for sustenance: the lustre of his eyes was nearly extinguished, and the majesty and command which formerly sat

upon his brow, had given place to the sudden gloom of despair; yet, when he perceived Achmet, he exerted the little strength he had left to rise; and collected into his aspect that determined resolution which seemed to brave every torment his haughty conquerors could inflict.

Achmet stood some minutes to contemplate him; a powerful sympathy pervaded his heart, and tears involuntarily fell from his eyes. He remembered the instability of human greatness, and that the reverse of his own fortune might, haply, be near at hand. Advancing toward the noble captive, 'Valiant Doria,' said he, 'pardon an intrusion from one who already sufficiently knows to revere and admire, though in an enemy, that courage and virtue which fame has so justly recorded. I come not, noble Doria, as an insulting conqueror, to whom fortune, not merit, may have given the pre-eminence; but as a fellow soldier, whose fate may one day resemble yours, to sympathize, and, if it may be so, to alleviate your sufferings.'

Doria was much surprised at an address of this kind, when he expected nothing but austerity and insult. 'The Christians,' said he, 'are not used to hold converse with Infidels; but, as ingratitude is a vice we know not—Doria, generous Achmet, acknowledges himself thy debtor for proffered kindness.'

These words were pronounced with a dignity fully demonstrating his greatness of soul, and entirely charmed Achmet; who conversed with him some time, and departed, fully resolved to use his interest with the Ottoman chief to obtain his enlargement.

Achmet was, however, disappointed in this hope: his father would not listen to any arguments on the subject; his hatred against the Christians being implacable, and more especially against Doria, by whose conquering sword numbers of the Turkish host had fallen. He would not, therefore, be prevailed upon to soften the captivity of the Venetian.

Achmet, finding he could urge nothing further in behalf of Doria, without being suspected of favouring too much the cause of the enemy, was silent: yet the sufferings of the noble youth remained strongly impressed on his mind; and, at length, he suborned the keeper of the prison, by liberal presents, to favour his design of alleviating his sufferings; so that, through his means, Doria experienced indulgences to which he was before a stranger, and which served greatly to lighten the horrors of his captivity.

Once, every day, he was permitted to take the air in a large space of ground adjoining to the prison, which contributed greatly to the restoration of his health, as before observed, much impaired. He was also accommodated with a bed and other conveniences; and had no reason to complain of the inferior quality, or scantiness of his food. What greatly added to his consolation was, the frequent visits he received from the generous Achmet; the sprightliness of whose conversation suffered him not to feel the want of society; the total deprivation of which is, perhaps of all others, the most insupportable misfortune.

A friendship, the natural result of reciprocal virtues, and superior to the mere dependence on local opinions and trifling jealousies, cemented their souls; and, on the part of Doria, was increased by the most lively gratitude. In this generous intercourse of mutual esteem, time seemed to pass with a less weary step; yet the active soul of the Venetian, ever panting for glory, could, at times, but impatiently brook the fetters that restrained him. He longed, as he was used, to meet danger in the field, and to pour forth destruction on the insulting foe.

As he one night lay on his bed, reflecting on the cruelty of his situation, the door of the prison unlocked. Doria started, thinking it might be a warrant for his execution, it being the dead of night, a time when the keeper seldom visited him, but on extraordinary occasions; to his great joy, he found it to be Achmet:—'Haste, my friend,' said the youth; 'if you would embrace life and liberty, lose not a moment in following me.'

Doria readily prepared to obey; and

arrayed himself, with all speed, in a Turkish habit which Achmet had purposely brought with him.

'To-morrow,' said Achmet, in a low voice, 'your life, my friend, with other of the Christian prisoners taken in the last engagement, will be sacrificed, to avenge those of the Mussulmen who have been slain in battle. But see,' said he, 'Selima, the beautiful daughter of Orchanes, (the name of the keeper of the prison) by whom the happy Achmet is beloved, has procured and resigned to me the keys of thy prison; therefore haste, and lose not a moment.'

They both passed, with the utmost speed, through several long avenues, and folding doors, till at length they found themselves without the prison gates; from thence Achmet, without speaking, led the Venetian through many bye streets and private ways, till they arrived at the summit of a hill, at a considerable distance from the town; there, taking a ring of great value from his finger, he put it upon that of Doria. 'Wear this,' said he, 'in remembrance of our friendship; and, should the fate of a captive Mussulman, at a future period, depend on your voice, look on it, and remember that Achmet was a Mahometan.'

Doria, overcome with the generosity and kindness of Achmet, fell upon his neck, and restrained not the tears which already suffused his eyes: he acknowledged the kindness and generosity of the young Turk in the warmest terms; and declared that, for the sake of Achmet, as far as was consistent with the honour of a Christian soldier, the interest of the Turks should be dear to him. After this affecting interview they parted; Achmet retired toward the city, and Doria to the Venetian camp, where he was received with universal acclamations of joy; all unanimously joining in the opinion that he had fallen a victim long since to the hatred of the Turks.

The war continuing between the Turks and Christians, Achmet and Doria often met in the field; but, though duty obliged them to encounter as enemies, their hearts were still united; they loved and esteemed each other with all the warmth of disinterested friendship, and earnestly sighed for that happy period, when peace being once more established between those two powers, should render the intercourse of their friendship no longer a crime; but war still raged with unabated fury; several battles were won and lost, both on the side of the Venetians and Turks.

In one of these, the valliant Savelli Cenami, an officer of distinguished rank in the Venetian army, and the father of Doria,

Doria, having broken the ranks of the enemy, and thrown them into confusion, in the heat of conquest pressed forward, with less prudence than courage, and aimed a stroke at the Ottoman chief, which must inevitably have left him among the slain, had not his son, the generous Achmet, who fought at his side, arrested the arm of Savelli, by plunging a dagger into his breast.

Savelli, feeling that he was mortally wounded, suffered himself to be borne from the field of action to his tent; where a surgeon, having examined his wound, pronounced that he had but a few hours to live.

When Doria retired from the field, he hastened with all speed to the tent of his sire; and, with heart felt anguish, was made acquainted with the fatal catastrophe. Overwhelmed with grief, he threw himself on the ground, and fervently intreated heaven to spare so valuable a life; then seizing Savelli's hand in an agony of despair, he bathed it with tears.

'My son,' said the expiring warrior, having caused every one else to leave the tent, 'moderate your affliction; as my life has been glorious, so is my death also; for I have received it in the act of vindicating the rights of my country and religion. One assurance alone is wanting, and I die fully satisfied with my fate:—Swear, my Doria, that the death of thy father shall not go unrevenged.'

Doria was not backward in binding himself by an oath to perform that to which the poignancy of his present feelings readily prompted him; for, in Savelli, he beheld himself deprived at once of a tender parent and an able commander.

When Savelli rejoined, 'Swear that thy vindictive sword shall be dyed in the blood of Achmet,' Doria started; he remembered the league that was between him and the generous Turk, and shuddered at the thought of raising his arm against his preserver.

'Trust not,' continued Savelli, 'for thy revenge, to the chance of war; no, my son, by specious arts ensnare the hated infidel! the strippling! who, in an ill-fated moment, wrested life and glory from the hand of thy father; and, when safe within thy power, let not Savelli's blood rise up in vain for vengeance.'

'My father,' said Doria, 'let not thy son descend to arts which thou hast thyself disdained; no, let me meet Achmet in the field, and let this arm openly avenge thy untimely death.'

'Valour, my son,' replied Savelli, 'is often foiled by fortune; therefore regard my words, and trust not that to chance

which may be accomplished by more certain means.' Savelli could say no more; a convulsion deprived him of utterance, and he expired within two hours afterwards.

Doria wept over his father many days; and, with unfeigned affection, followed his corps to a stately tomb, wherein it was deposited. The first transports of his grief having subsided, he called to mind the oath he had taken to revenge his death. Hard, indeed, was the task, when he remembered the victim he had promised to sacrifice was Achmet, his friend! his preserver! his deliverer! to whom alone he was indebted for life and liberty! Could he in honour,—could he in justice, treacherously conspire against the life of one by whom his own had been preserved? His soul revolted at the idea.

Achmet had, it is true, slain his sire; but it was in defence of one, whom, by every tie of nature and religion, he was bound to defend and preserve; the blow had been fatal to Savelli, but Achmet meant it not, for the sake of Doria, to have touched his life. These generous reflections were succeeded by others; Achmet had, in truth, bathed his sword in the blood of Savelli; his hand it was that deprived Doria of a father, and the Venetians of an experienced and valiant officer.

Duty, and filial love, together with the solemn oath he had taken, strongly urged him to avenge the deed, and over-ruled the arguments reason urged in behalf of Achmet.

The last injunction of Savelli was, that his son should revenge his fall by treachery and assassination; but Doria shrunk with horror from this idea. After much deliberation, he dispatched a billet, containing the following words, to the young Mahometan.

DORIA TO ACHMET.

'IF Doria still continues to hold a place in the remembrance of Achmet, and he is still actuated by that valour which has so often distinguished him in the field, tomorrow, at the ninth hour, he will not hesitate to cross the river which separates the Ottoman from the Christian camp, to measure swords with a Christian champion.'

Achmet had too much courage to refuse this challenge; and knew too well the honour of Doria, to fear treachery. At the hour appointed, he embarked in a boat, attended only by two of his men, on whose fidelity he could depend. On landing, he was received by Doria, who having led him to a retired spot, at some distance from the camp, professed himself the champion

champion who was to encounter the youthful Ottoman.

Achmet was not more grieved than astonished at this unexpected information, 'How!' said he, 'is it thus we meet? Is this the end of our boasted friendship?'

'Achmet,' said Doria, 'thou hast given me life and freedom; but, by thy hand, am I deprived of an honoured fire.' Without loss of time, he then acquainted him with the oath he had taken to revenge the death of Savelli.

'For that purpose,' said he, 'do we meet: this arm must avenge the blood of a father, or perish in the attempt; one of us must fall; let heaven then decide the cause between us.'

Achmet, who loved Doria with the purest esteem, with inexpressible grief heard him speak thus; his heart sickened at the thought of raising his sword against one whom he so entirely loved. In vain did he endeavour to exculpate himself, by avowing that the fatal blow was given in defence of a parent; Doria knew it; his reason acquitted Achmet, but his affection found him guilty.

'Cruel fate!' said Achmet, finding Doria's resolution unshaken, 'that bursts asunder the bands with which friendship had so firmly tied our hearts.'

Then Doria having made a sign to a band of trusty soldiers, who awaited his commands near the spot, he caused them to bind themselves by a solemn oath, that if the sword of Achmet prevailed, they should instantly give him safe conduct back to the Ottoman camp. Then drawing their swords, with a reluctance they had before never known, they prepared for combat. Achmet for some time acted

solely upon the defensive; but finding that the Venetian fought his life, by degrees he grew warm, and made several dangerous passes at Doria, which were returned by the Venetian. For a time the advantage was equal—fortune seemed to declare in favour of neither; at length a mortal wound which Doria received, turned the balance in favour of the Mahometan.

'All is over,' said Doria, as he fell; 'my father! accept the blood of thy son, as an atonement for that which he has failed to spill.'—'Achmet,' said he, stretching out his hand to the youth, who hung over him, lost in grief, 'retain me in your remembrance, as one whom fate, not inclination, made your foe.' Then addressing the troops, who on this melancholy termination of the combat had drawn nigh, and stood round with countenances impressed with the deepest sorrow—he renewed his charge to them of conducting Achmet in safety to the Mahometan camp, and expired.

Achmet, overwhelmed with the deepest grief, was conducted by the Venetian soldiers (who religiously performed the dying orders of their officer) to the Turkish camp; while others conveyed the corpse of the unfortunate Venetian from the fatal spot, and bore the melancholy tidings of his death to the camp.

Thus fell the valiant Doria, a martyr to the unjust and implacable resentment of his Sire; who, to indulge the basest of passions, cut off, in the flower of his age, the sole surviving branch that remained to perpetuate his name, and to transmit his valour to succeeding generations.

THE NEGRO EQUALLED BY FEW EUROPEANS.

(Continued from page 27.)

'IT was easy for me to conceal myself during the day in the neighbourhood. I felt that by this journey the dangers of Amelia were increased; yet the circumstance animated my hopes. The mountains offered an asylum for her. The situation favoured me. Could I once inform her where I was, I should have no fear. She might find a favourable occasion: the first signal would find me ready. How strangely were circumstances playing with us! In the same place were assembled, without their having the least suspicion of it, three persons who, on the

whole earth, had the greatest interest in meeting with each other! Ah! what had I not dared, had I known you were near me!

'During the first night, all seemed quiet in the house. With my utmost diligence I could not discover the apartment in which Amelia was placed. On the following night, I perceived, though extremely late, a light in one of the chambers. I set danger at defiance, without first weighing the necessity of it; for I saw that I must place some confidence in chance, if I would serve Amelia. I approached

proached close to the house without noise. The window was on the first floor. By efforts more happy than wise, I at length supported my feet on the stone work which served to divide the stories of the building : and I stood with my face close to the window. I saw Amelia sitting, supporting her head with her hand. She abandoned herself to despair. A young man standing before her : I knew him to be the person who^s was the cause of all this wretchedness. He seemed to be leaving the chamber. 'To-morrow,' said he opening the door, 'remember it is my last word : to-morrow.'—'I will die tyrant,' answered Amelia.

'I heard the door shut. Scarcely was he out of the chamber, when she rose ; ran to the door ; and fastened it by bolts which were within. I no longer hesitated : but at the hazard of alarming her, I said in the negro language : 'do you no longer remember Otourou ?' She started with terror and surprise. 'Do you dread your friends ?' continued I. 'Fear nothing ! it is I !' She tremblingly approached the window ; opened it softly ; saw me, and knew me. 'Is it you !' said she—'but where am I ? Is it not a dream ? I have thought—but'

'Oh God !' said I, support a feeble oppressed woman !' emboldened by success, I sprang into the chamber. I took her into my arms. 'It is I ! It is Otourou ! Lose not this precious moment ! Fly with me !' 'Ah heaven,' said she, 'what happiness ! Yes, it is certainly Otourou !' 'But fly'—'To what purpose ? To-morrow would drag me back to this dungeon, and you to certain death.' 'Fear not.' 'Ah, he has here too many vile agents of his will ! In two days the villain departs for the city. On the evening of that day return : I shall be ready. We shall be left observed ; he will not be here to direct the pursuit.' 'But in the mean time'—'Do not fear me : the coward dreads my courage. I know how to make him tremble : But be gone. Should you be perceived—Yet stay—Ah, will you still hazard yourself for me ? Will you promise me ?'—'I swear it. I will ever have my eyes on you. The approaching night, and the night after that, I will be here. But, adieu—Extinguish your light. I may be seen.' 'God bless you, my deliverer !' said she. I descended with more difficulty than I had found in gaining the window, but with equal fortune.

'Amelia was not mistaken ; her unworthy oppressor departed at the break of the day as she had supposed. I saw him go into his carriage, and I was certain that Amelia was not with him. Amelia

then is still in the house, and I shall rescue her,' said I, with the greatest joy and confidence. I looked for the evening with impatience ; it was that which she had appointed for my returning to her ; yet fatigue bore me down ; during five days, I had not taken any repose. My mind had not, for a long while, experienced such tranquility as I now felt. I retired into the forest ; and there abandoned myself to all the delights of sleep.

'When I awakened, the evening was approaching, I rose with haste, and ran to regain my post of observation. Every thing appeared quiet around the house.—Night came. The clock struck ten.—The lights of the different chambers were successively extinguished, excepting that of Amelia. The windows of her apartment were open. In a few minutes a person (whose figure I could not clearly distinguish, but whom I imagined to be Amelia) approached the window, and let down a ladder of ropes, which appeared to be fastened by one end to the inner part of the room.

'No longer doubting that Amelia had prepared this for her descent I advanced close to the house, and examined the ladder ; it appeared to be firm. Profound silence covered the whole house ; and I was persuaded that no one suspected our designs.

'I now perceived the ladder move, and disposed myself to receive Amelia in my arms. I saw, descending with caution, not Amelia ; a woman—almost did my presence of mind forsake me. Yet I glided along the wall ; and, at the distance of a few paces, laid myself flat upon the earth ; it appeared the only chance I had to escape unobserved. This person having gained the ground, left the ladder suspended as it was, and came towards me. It was a man. I thought myself dead.—He passed so close as almost to tread on me, and soon was out of my sight.

'I saw that I was not yet discovered ! but I was left in a wilderness of reflexion. 'What can this mean ?' thought I. 'Has she placed her confidence in any other ?—Has she sent this person to see, if I am expecting her ? I will wait, he may return perhaps.'

'What imprudence,' continued I, to myself, after a short but horrid interval. 'What an important instant do we lose !'

'There was still light in the chamber. My uncertainty, the real peril of my situation, even the shade of night, which renders the softest sound, the lightest object, alarming—but he must have passed such hours as these, who can imagine what I endured.

'The clock struck twelve—one—two—
all

all remained as before. I could contain my impatience no longer. 'I will leave this incertitude, though it be to perish!' said I.

'I seized the ladder. I mounted to the window: I saw no one. I listened: I heard no one. The light placed under the chimney, was almost extinguished. After a moment's hesitation, I resolved. I sprang into the room.

'To every person but myself, the very appearance of the chambers would have announced the flight of Amelia. The bolts of the door were fastened within. The bed had the appearance of some one having passed part of the night in it, and having arisen from it. Some articles of a woman's dress, which were thrown negligently on the furniture, remained. In short, to overcome all doubt, a billet lay open, upon a table, in which were these words:

'Amelia escapes your vile purposes!—Heaven will avenge an unhappy father—will avenge the unfortunate Amelia!'

'My mind almost yielded to the persuasion, that all was a dream which had passed since the moment of my imprisonment. Who could look around this chamber, and not swear that Amelia had fled by the aid of the ladder? I was certain of the contrary. I had seen the ladder placed. One person alone had descended by it; that was not Amelia. Yet Amelia was gone. But how? But where? Knowing me so near too! Hazarding my life for her! Could she leave me to be the sacrifice of my fidelity!

'A noise, which I thought I heard in the house, roused me. The billet was in my hand. Thinking only of flight, I put it, without design into my pocket. I ran down the ladder; and fled to the forest.

'I now perceived, that I had brought away Amelia's note; and wished I had left it for the eye of her unworthy tyrant. 'Yet, it is no matter,' said I. 'Her flight will sufficiently mortify him.'

'I knew not what to do; and I passed the day without reason furnishing me either with consolation, or any means to relieve me from my embarrassment. In the evening, I involuntarily returned towards the house; although I knew that my zeal was useless. To my astonishment, the ladder remained in its former situation. My imagination ran through the scene of the preceding evening. In certain moments, I firmly believed, that Amelia was still in her apartment. I was so perfectly lost, that a carriage had already entered the court-yard, without my hearing the sound of its approach. It was after midnight; but I could perceive it was the

European youth. The whole house was raised; and, surrounded as I was by his retinue, I feared to leave the spot, till they should be dispersed.

'In a short time, I heard the sound of instruments breaking open the door of Amelia's apartment. It was time for me to fly; but still some of the family were employed to near me, as to render it more prudent to remain quiet. I heard the young man cry out, 'She is gone! She is gone!' 'Ah, my lord,' replied a voice, she must have escaped within these two hours; for I myself served her with supper this very night. 'Say you so,' thought I to myself. 'Perdition!' cried the young man. 'It must be that insolent negro: but he shall die!

'At present, my dear Itanoka, I see that you were the person of whom he spoke: but I then thought the threat regarded me, and that certainly they had perceived me. I cursed my rashness; a single moment stood betwixt me and ruin. I forgot the negroes, who were employed in the court beside me; and fled with the swiftness of a stag.

'I looked not behind till I had gained this place, in which we now are, and where I thought myself secure, at least for the present.'

'My dear Otourou,' said I, we shall find her. She knows you are in this island. She thinks her father still here. Her heart will not permit her to quit it without seeing you both. We will return to Honoria. We will tell her all. Her knowledge, her influence, will recover Amelia. She owes assistance to the unhappy Amelia, but, independent of the injuries of her brother, she will be impatient to relieve her.

'I swear to follow,' said Otourou, 'wherever your wishes shall lead you. But do you forget what awaits you at the city?' 'Your presence,' replied I, 'has dissipated all my fears; I do not well know the laws of these white people: but, if I mistake not the conversation of Honoria on the subject, two witnesses are sufficient to confound the imposition of Urban. We had only Dumenil; but your presence completes my defence. Your evidence, added to that of the broker, cannot fail to convince my judges, that Dumont bought me of Urban.' 'Well!' cried Otourou, 'we will away; and let the vile Theodore tremble: one day perhaps shall offer him to my vengeance.'

Who that saw me quit the city, would have imagined I was on the eve of so much happiness? The recital of Otourou had, indeed, wrung my heart: but what were my sensations at the close of it?—Some degree of certainty in the place of endless doubts;

doubts; and a prospect, if not the presence, of happiness.

My passion for Amelia was not extinguished; but it had been somewhat diminished among an affinity of vexations. The misfortunes of Amelia and—I dare not conceal it—the violence of jealousy, had awakened my love to its greatest vigour; and, though I was ignorant of the place of her immediate retreat, wide seas no longer divided us: she inhabited the same country with me; and probably a short time would restore her to my bosom. Otourou was by my side; and Dumont, undoubtedly, whatever led him away, would not be slow to return.

Whence has it happened—of the number of virtuous beings, with whom I have been connected, we have always seen the negroes performing more than was expected from them, and Europeans continually less than they seemed to promise? What causes this difference? May it not be—that, with equal integrity of design, civilized man follows inclination less than the savage. The latter continues firm and attached to his first propensities, which are always those of virtue; while the former is incessantly turned aside, by that crowd of puerile modes of fictitious duties, which encounter him at every step. Even, thus embarrassed, he has to combat with passions and vices prodigiously more active and multiplied in the midst of civilized nations, than among men that have scarce any wants, scarce any objects of ambition. Thus it happens, that a man in cultivated society loves virtue, and would fain pursue it with undeviating course, yet wanders into error and vice. What shall we conclude? Shall he renounce virtue as impracticable? No: but, let him renounce the multitude of prejudices, the children of false education, which almost subdue his energy and extinguish his natural virtues. Europeans! are these prejudices so dear to you! Preserve them in your circles; respect them in your repasts; bow to them at public diversions; but, when the question is to execute justice or to commit wrong, drive them from you without a blush. Do what is right. Behold the first business of man!

As soon as it was sufficiently light, we quitted our grotto; descended the mountains; and took the way to the city. I was almost sure of finding Amelia there; and love gave swiftness to my feet. My first design was directly to proceed to Honoria; but Otourou insisted on the prudence of first visiting Bruno; as his house would be a more sacred asylum, and as his experienced counsels would be most likely to aid us.

How does the presence of a friend spread charms on every thing around. Separated from all whom I loved, seeing nothing but a desert in which I strayed, weeping over the past and trembling for the future, such was my condition before I met with Otourou. Now I felt nothing but hope, which the effusions of friendship increased in every moment.

The astonishment contended with the delight of Bruno on seeing me. 'Ah!' said he, 'heaven has inspired your return. In my rapture I had come to seek you myself; had I not thought it safer to wait intelligence from you. Two days have wrought such a change.'—'They have filled me with benefactions,' said I, presenting Otourou to him. The worthy old man, who had not yet taken his eyes from me, now looked on my friend; recollected him and blushed. 'My dear Itanoko,' said he, 'you are not generous; but I have merited this confusion. Yes, this is the man through whom I have experienced pleasure bordering on extacy, and anguish approaching death.' 'My father! What do you say!' returned I. 'Are you grieved to have produced the greatest happiness of my life? When you know his name—He is the friend of my heart—He is—Otourou.'

'Otourou!'—'Yes: and see the tears of gratitude in the eyes of your children. Repulse, if you can, their arms, which are raised to their deliverer! and now reproach yourself for an action, which nature, friendship, humanity applaud at your feet!'

'But which equity still condemns!' said the old man. 'But why do I deprive you of such moments with my remorse? Hear my joyful news!'

Yet, first, he threw himself into our arms. We no longer restrained our mutual joy. Oh inexpressible delights of the soul! Had heaven permitted each man to taste you, but once in his life, selfishness had never appeared on the earth!

When we were somewhat tranquilised, Bruno made us sit on each side of him.—'Urban has terminated his unhappy life,' said he; 'and Ferdinand—Ferdinand is returned.' 'Ah God!' cried I, 'and have I not embraced him?' I flew toward the door. 'Stay,' cried Bruno.—'The duties of filial piety, at present occupy him. Yesterday he departed for the plantation of M. de C——, to perform the last duty to his father's remains; but undoubtedly he will soon return to this city.' 'And shall I see Ferdinand again?' cried I: 'Ah what transport!' 'And mine is the happiness,' said Bruno, 'of announcing the tidings.'

'My

'My friend,' said Otourou to me, 'the first moments of your prosperity are due to Ferdinand. To find you restored to him may soften the anguish of a father's loss. Why should we not go to join him? This duty appears to be indispensable.'—
'It was first my thought,' answered I; 'but the unworthy Theodore will be there: and shall I not outrage Ferdinand's presence by the effects of my fury?'

In a word or two, I unfolded to Bruno all the horrors of which Otourou had informed me. 'My children,' said the old man, 'it is in vain that the wicked under the protection of power and fortune, brave human justice. They cannot escape the arm of God. Theodore is a proof of it. Theodore is no more.' Otourou and I looked at each other with astonishment. 'This lesson,' continued Bruno, 'is not for you, my children: but it is terrible to depraved minds. Yet listen.

'You had not left me more than an hour, Itanoko, when I heard a knock at my gate. I opened it. Ferdinand stood before me. His affairs had been finished sooner than was expected. Love, friendship, duty, hastened him back to this place. The elements forwarded his desires. A voyage of thirty days conducted him here. He was already anchored on the very last night which you passed with me. He flew instantly to his father's.—He was informed of the loss he had sustained. He mingled his tears with those of his mother; and finally came to shed them in my bosom.

'Urban had died soon after his arrival at the plantation; a message had been dispatched with the sorrowful tidings to his spouse; and the arrival of Ferdinand followed almost immediately.

'He was in haste to speak of you, Itanoko. I informed him of all that had befallen you—of the kindness of Honoria—of the persecutions which you had experienced—your rare instance of generosity to his dying father—in fine, of my own want of faith, which had compelled you to seek security among the Spaniards.

'You will feel the effect of my recital on his affectionate heart. We first considered how we were to recover you. I sent to Dumenil, for the negro whom you have seen there, and who enjoys my entire confidence. He came; and although uncertain of the route you would take, he resolved to seek for you. You could not be more than three hours before him. He must have missed your route; for mounted on one of Ferdinand's best horses, he must otherwise soon have overtaken you.

Ferdinand quitted me to visit Honoria,

In about half an hour, I received a message from the two lovers, requesting my immediate presence. The message somewhat alarmed me; and I ran to join them. I found Honoria divided between joy and anguish. 'This hour,' said she, 'brings back my Ferdinand; yet must this sacred hour be violated with my sorrows. Death will not long delay to deprive me of my father; and he has already hurried away my brother in the midst of his crimes. He is no more, my dear Bruno. Alas! this unhappy brother is no more. I cannot assume courage, to communicate the mournful intelligence to my father. I reckon on your friendship, to perform this duty for me. Your wisdom, my friend, will give to your consolations a value which mine would want, would my own griefs permit me to offer consolations.'

'I am very willing,' said I, 'to charge myself with this office, however painful.' 'But I must give you the circumstances of this sad event,' said Honoria. 'Ferdinand has just told me, that Itanoko, whose absence since his last words to me, has given me great inquietude—that Itanoko has lately seen you. Undoubtedly, he related to you the motives which conducted Urban to the plantation, and the dreadful situation in which he left him. My brother, who expected Urban, saw him approaching, and ran to meet him. He was going to embrace him, but saw him pale, bloody, scarcely able to support himself. Terrified, he called for assistance: they took Urban in their arms; carried him to a chamber; and placed him on a bed. In a few minutes he expired.

'My unfortunate, but too culpable, brother, enraged to see his designs overturned by this unforeseen death, called upon him; embraced him; and almost abandoned himself to despair on his body. Fatal anxiety!

'At this instant, some of his attendants, whom he had sent to pursue Itanoko, entered the room. They informed him of their ill success. His fury was now wrought up to madness. One of his domestics would have led him from this scene.—Theodore forgetting every thing but his ungovernable rage, seized a pistol which was in Urban's girdle, and was in the act of presenting it at the domestic. Even slaves will at times dare much for life.—The slave rushes upon Theodore. They struggle. They fall together. The pistol is discharged; and Theodore dies.

'How awful,' said I, interrupting Bruno, 'is this catastrophe! Theodore has injured me much, yet must I pity him.' 'Behold,' said Otourou, 'the unerring hand of justice. This unfeeling villain,

villain, fell beneath the weapon of his accomplice—fell by the hand which was used to administer to his vile pleasures!

‘I have lately seen,’ said Bruno, ‘another peculiar example. An old man rich, but just, was peaceably passing away the remains of a well spent life. He was seized with sickness, and seemed at the point of death. A depraved nephew, who had often avowedly anticipated the felicity, which an immense inheritance promised him, now thought it necessary to preserve appearances with his uncle; and not to quit him, till he should have breathed his last. He kept close to his bed-side, impatiently watching for that moment. I went to administer my last consolations to the good man. While I was imploring the Supreme Being to spare so valuable a life—while his friends, his attendants, fervently joined in the prayer—while the sick man cast his eyes with resignation towards heaven; the dissipated, depraved youth solicited death to hasten his approach. The signal is given: but for whom? Great God! Death extends his scythe, and the young man closes his eyes forever.’

We had not recovered from the shock of these recitals, when the door opened, and a stranger entered without ceremony. ‘Pardon me, sir,’ said he to Bruno, ‘but I must execute my duty.’ Without waiting his answer, he said, addressing himself to Otourou and I, ‘which of you is Itanoko?’ ‘My name is Itanoko,’ replied I. ‘Have you not a comrade with you?’ said he. ‘It is I,’ replied Otourou. ‘Then we are right,’ said the stranger. Twenty armed men instantly appeared in the chamber, surrounded us, seized us, and loaded us with irons.

The trembling Bruno cried, with a broken voice; ‘How, gentlemen—here—in my asylum! What have they done?’ ‘I am sorry, sir,’ answered the stranger who first entered, ‘that this should happen in your house; but I execute my orders. You may read them.’ Bruno cast his eye on them. They are leading us away. He throws himself into my arms. He cannot utter a word. ‘Why do you alarm yourself?’ said I. ‘Be composed. Behold your assurance! (placing his hand upon my heart :) this never has done any thing, never shall do any thing, which merits chains.’

We were led out. We had to support the gaping attention of the multitude; and if the cup of shame had been prepared for the innocent, they had compelled us to swallow large draughts of it.

The populace are almost every where the same. When the unfortunate are presented to them, enveloped with the ap-

pearance of a crime, they are already condemned at the tribunal of opinion. The more a nation is depraved, the greater will be the strength of this prejudice; for, as the manners of men become more corrupted, the less reliance have they on the virtues of other men. But barbarous, odious as is this custom, it is not unworthy the attention of philosophy. It announces, that the distinctions of justice and injustice are not entirely effaced. Better is it, that the people should overwhelm with disdain an innocent man, charged with guilt, than that they should behold him with indifference; for then all would be lost: in that indifference the enlightened observer would perceive the principles of a people entirely corrupted. If the manners of a nation be pure, they pity the unfortunate; if they be degenerate, they load them with outrage: if they be altogether debased, they look on with indifference.

We arrived at the prison. They separated us. The doors opened with a horrid noise. The sun disappeared from our eyes. We were plunged into the bowels of the earth. Men abandon us there: but God and innocence still remained with us.

My thoughts were turned to Otourou. Alas! what evils have not my fatal friendship heaped upon his head! and what has he to expect in future? My own situation declares it to be terrible. Ah, my suffering friend!

I could have waited, without impatience, without murmuring, without fear, the result of this astonishing treatment, had it regarded myself alone; but to know what the friend of my infancy endured—endured, through his fatal attachment to me, without being able to console him, was a torment which nearly deprived me of reason—and of what avail was reason? It offered me nothing to soften the recollection.

But from whence could this stroke come? My bitter enemies had ceased to live. If I looked around me, I saw none but friends. Never, from the first moment of my afflictions, did fortune smile so perfectly on me. Perfidious! was it in caressing, that she meant to crush me? And what have I done? Alas! cried I with grief, detested walls, who detain virtue captive within your frightful obscurity, far from the light of truth.—Alas! who is he that needs not fear your odious presence, however innocent he may be, seeing you surround the unfortunate Itanoko.

How do the opinions of men depend on time and place! what little puerilities govern their distinctions! In Europe, the fierce, the audacious Europe, the depend-

ants of a court are the objects of public veneration; and I, allied to a throne, do not experience from these Europeans the attention which they pay to the least of their countrymen. Will they find their excuse in our simplicity? If I have well read their history, what were formerly these haughty Gauls, Britons, Germans? Less than we; for they were unskilled in the arts and sciences, and, at the same time, more cruel. Their successors disdained us—us, who would blush to resemble their ancestors!

Hitherto, I had not examined the tomb into which I had descended alive. I now ventured to meet its horrors with my eyes. Enormous pillars sustained the dark vaults. There, the antique stone, formed by the hand of man again descended into the bosom of the earth, to be for ever the insensible witness of the despair of guilt, and of the sighs of innocence. Enormous rings, fastened to the walls sustained heavy chains, whose fast folds waited till new victims should be sacrificed to them. Some steps, worn by time, proceeded in a winding course, to gain an iron gate, which hid its head in the elevation of the arch. A melancholy lamp, suspended from the centre, cast its dying flame, that no part of this dismal scene should be hidden from the wretched inhabitant.

There, with no companion but my fetters, far from humanity, I shed tears that in truth were bitter, but not embittered by remorse.

I know not how long I remained in this abode. I could only count the hours by the visits of my jailors, who, at long intervals, cast me some bread, and placed a little water near me. I scarcely felt their brutality. I saw the insensibility of these mercenary beings, degraded by the baseness of their office: but I pitied them, and lamented their condition more than my own.

Insensibly my mind became perfectly calm. Amelia, Otourou, Ferdinand, Bruno, Honoria, offered themselves in their turn to my thought, and strengthened and consoled my mind. Virtue can, in the extremest adversity, give us pleasure by the remembrance of our friends. We may not see them; may not hear them; we may be separated from them for a time—perhaps for ever: but we feel ourselves worthy of them; and we brave the injustice of mankind.

After some weeks, if misery did not induce an error into our calculations, my jailors came to take me from my dungeon. Little acquainted with the practices of European laws, I had nothing to inform me of my fate. 'Whither do they lead

me?' said I. 'To death, perhaps.' Then behold me ready.

The idea of approaching death entirely occupied my mind. I perceived nothing which passed around me. I knew neither the distance nor the places through which I was led. My thoughts were interrupted only at times, by a numerous guard which pressed upon me.

At length, I lifted up my eyes, and saw myself in a place in which a judge, with a single secretary seemed to expect me. My jailors withdrew. The judge demanded if I was a christian. 'Yes:' I answered. 'Then raise your hand, and promise to God to speak the truth.' 'I never speak otherwise; but, as you wish it, I will make the promise.'—'Was M. Urban ever known to you?'—'Yes.'—'How, and at what time?'

I recounted to him the history of his taking me from my native land. The secretary wrote both the interrogations and the answers.

The judge continued to question me: 'Tell me—you have preserved a violent resentment against him?'—'It would be difficult to forget his injurious treatment of me.'—'Write, that he has preserved a violent resentment against M. Urban.'—'I have not said so. You have made me take an oath to speak the truth:' 'I did not require your oath, that you would respect it, although justice seemed to exact that.' The judge, without noticing my objection, said to the secretary, 'preserve the answer, as it was written by you; it came from the first emotions of nature; and consequently, it is the voice of truth.' Then addressing himself to me: 'Did you not depart, on such a day, at such an hour, from the plantation of M. de C——?'—'Yes.'—'Whom did you meet on your road?'—'The only person, whom I knew, was Urban.'

'Do you know that?'—said he, presenting a cutlass to me. I examined it. 'Yes:' I answered, 'it is mine. I had not before recollected that I had lost it.'—'Write, that he acknowledges the cutlass to be his. And why is it stained with blood?'—'I cannot positively speak of the cause; but to the best of my recollection I must have left it on the spot, where Urban was assassinated.'

'M. Urban was assassinated then? How do you know that?'—'I was present.'—'Write. And by whom was he assassinated?'—'By two negroes.'—'Do you know them?'—'No.'—'Observe how he would impose upon us. Within three leagues of the place, there are no negroes but those of M. de C——'s plantation. If M. Urban was assassinated by negroes, it could

could only be by these, regard being had to the time and place. And an abode of six months in that plantation must have made them all known to him.—‘I do know them all. But the assassination was not committed by any of them. I have spoken the truth.’

‘Who,’ resumed the judge, ‘is he who is called Otourou?’ ‘He is one of my friends.’—‘Were you alone, when you met M. Urban?’—‘Yes.’—‘Otourou, then, was not with you?’—‘No.’—‘Observe how he prevaricates. Otourou by his own avowal even, had passed many nights wandering about the habitation. Conducted to that place, he had pointed out the spot where he usually hid himself; particularly the night of the assassination he had passed entirely there.’—‘The circumstance is strange, but the truth is, that he was not with me.’—‘Once more, was he not with you?’—‘No, I tell you.’

‘Know you that?’ said the judge, presenting some cotton rags to me, covered with blood: ‘Yes!’ answered I. ‘What is it?’ ‘The remains of an handkerchief, which I tore to bind up the wounds of M. Urban; and which, I imagine, I left on the place.’ ‘Did this handkerchief belong to you?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘See again, how he would impose upon us. The bandage found on Urban’s wound is not of the same stuff with this, but part of a linen neckcloth, which appears to have been the property of M. Urban. Beside, the handkerchief which we have shown to him, and which he claims to be his, is not his property; for the mark on it is different from that on his own linen.’ ‘In fact I now recollect my mistake; and I should not have made it, had I been previously informed of this conversation.’ ‘I believe it: well’—‘I really did tear this handkerchief for Urban’s wound; but afterwards recollecting that the cotton would envenom the wound, I removed it; and hence it was that you found it stained with blood. I then untied the neckcloth which Urban wore. It was, indeed, made of linen; and that was the reason which made me prefer it to mine. I cut it into bandages with the cutlafs which you have shown me. My attention altogether occupied, I have unquestionably left both my handkerchief and cutlafs on the spot. This answer I should have made at first, had you questioned me with more connexion; excuse my frankness.’

‘But what do you say to the mark on the handkerchief?’—‘It is true that it is not mine.’—‘Was Otourou with you?’ ‘It is the third time that I answered you, no.’—‘Whose mark is this on the handkerchief? You have said it is yours; yet

it is not yours’—‘But may I also demand, why you, whom I do not know, press me with such questions? Hitherto politeness has induced me to answer you; but it also appears to me, that discretion should place some bounds to your curiosity.’—

‘The condition in which you are, this place, my appearance alone, ought to have informed you that I am your judge.’—‘Why did you not tell me so, sooner? I should have thanked you for your cares; for, having committed no crime, I have no need of a judge.’ ‘I pardon your ignorance, I have not said that you are criminal; but be persuaded to answer me without prevarication. If you be accused of a crime, your silence cannot save you; on the contrary, it would pass for a confession.’ ‘But, whether I am silent or speak, it should appear to me, that I cannot confess what I have not done.’ ‘Of what moment is your confession, if proofs speak against you?’ ‘What occasion then was there for the oath which you desired me to take?’ ‘The law exacts it.’ ‘The law is erroneous, or you interpret it ill. If she requires this oath, it must be undoubtedly to the end that the language of truth may place the accused in security from the force of proofs, which chance may have combined together. If the law wishes, on the contrary, that the force of circumstantial proofs shall be preferred to the language of the accused, the oath becomes useless; since it is no longer a safeguard for innocence. In every case, this oath becomes a crime, either in the judge or in the accused. You yourself, as a judge, by requiring it, make a tacit avowal, that you believe yourself bound by it. See the contradiction of the law. If, after this oath, the accused imposes on you, and you absolve him, he is culpable of a new crime. If he speaks the truth, and you yield to appearances which condemn him, it is you, whom the oath renders criminal: for you have heard the truth and have disdained it.’ ‘The law does not admit of these subtle distinctions.’ ‘So much the worse, I pity both the guilty and the innocent.’

‘Are you willing to answer?’ ‘Yes; for you have received my oath, and I will fulfil it in its full extent.’ ‘Whose mark then, is this which is on the handkerchief?’ ‘I will tell you because it is the truth—it is the mark of Otourou!’—‘Write. It appears that hitherto he has not told us a word of truth. And, inasmuch as the handkerchief stained with blood was found on the spot where M. Urban had been assassinated; and as, at first he said that it belonged to him, although in truth it belonged to Otourou,

it is evidently clear that this Otourou was with him, though this is formally denied by him.' 'The consequence seems just; I cannot deny it. Appearance is undoubtedly on the side of your reasoning; and that, which I am now going to tell you, which is however the truth, will certainly pass with you for a romance. This handkerchief makes a part of the dress of our country. It is worn as the girdle round the loins. The rank of my father obliged Otourou and I to have them of a stuff finer than others. Friends from our infancy, every thing which belonged to one served the other. Separated from him in a battle, it happened that we each lost this accoutrement, and each found that of the other. This very article then of which we speak, had belonged to my friend; and thence it was precious to me. When I came into these climates, I had no occasion for it in the usual way, and I made an handkerchief of it, which I commonly wore on my neck. I have others also of the same piece; but upon this alone will be found the mark of Otourou. Nothing less than humanity could induce me to sacrifice it. I own, even then, the sacrifice pained me. Yet I could not refrain from it; and now you know the whole.'

'The result of this examination,' said the judge, 'is, that M. Urban has been assassinated by two negroes, who, according to the declaration of the prisoner, do not belong to the only plantation which is in that neighbourhood; that he has preserved a violent resentment against M. Urban; that he saw the deceased on the spot where he was assassinated; that he has acknowledged the bloody cutlafs, found in the same place, to be his; that the handkerchief, bearing the mark of Otourou, sufficiently proves, notwithstanding the explication which he has given to the circumstance, that it belonged to that negro: that they were together, and that we must conclude, from this concurrent testimony, that it was the prisoner and his comrade Otourou who have murdered M. Urban according to the accusation.'

'Oh!' cried I, 'what horror! I murdered him! I! who?—My knees ceased to support me. I fell without sense.'

They brought me speedy assistance, and I opened my eyes to the light. I was placed in a chair. My jailors surrounded and supported me. A surgeon made me smell at some salts, and he wished me to swallow a liquid which he held in a cup.

'Away! Leave me!' said I. 'Vengeance or death! One, I will have!' I thought I perceived some marks of compassion in the countenance of the spectators, excepting the judge; who had not

changed his place, and who preserved his countenance unmoved.

'After some pause, he demanded of the surgeon, if I could speak. 'A moment's patience,' answered he. The judge waited with composure. The surgeon pressed me again to take the liquor, which he presented. He had still hold of my arm, and observed the beating of the pulse.'

In such moments, the ideas of a man vary at each second: 'Give me the draught,' said I—'I feel that I need courage. Yet no—it will be believed, that I owe my resolution to this liquor alone. It shall not be said, that a negro had occasion for foreign aids to support his firmness.' I put the cup from me. The surgeon made a sign to the judge, and retired. The latter sent away my jailors; then spoke to me thus:

'You see of what you are suspected:—was it you, who murdered Urban?' 'You may, without fear,' answered I fiercely, 'insult a man who is in fetters.' 'Answer my question:' said the judge. 'Did you murder Urban?'

I know not what was the emotion from which they proceeded, but tears ran down my cheeks. 'Alas!' I cried, 'I had his life in my hands, and I did not destroy it. Believe the truth: it was not I who slew him. Oh, my God! my God! at present dost thou judge him. Thou seest the unceasing miseries which he has caused me. Ah grant him thy mercy! though man should refuse his justice!'

An involuntary emotion betrayed the judge. I saw his eyes close, and I believed it was with grief. 'Ah!' said I, dragging myself to his feet. 'I should blith to embrace the knees of an unfeeling man; but you are not that man: I see it. Condemn me, if your law compels you to do so: but tell me—do tell me, that you do not believe Itanoko culpable. I do not know you: but you are a man; and I have need of your esteem.'

His tenderness had passed away as a nasty shower; and again his muscles became inflexible. He repulsed me gently with his hand. 'Ah!' I cried: 'I have been raised in the bosom of nature; you cannot deceive me: you suffer more than I.'

He said coldly to me: 'are you ready to sign?' 'What?' 'This examination.' 'I know not what may follow, but I consent. I have spoken the truth.' My jailors entered. 'You know my orders,' said he to them: 'conduct him away.'

I went along with them, without knowing whether they led me; but such is the privilege of innocence, my heart was now without inquietude. I was indifferent

ferent as to the issue. When we had proceeded through various apartments, we arrived at a place in which they took off my irons. I saw this, without surprise or pleasure. It seemed, that all my feelings were reserved for a scene to which I was hastening.

Extremely weakened, they carried me rather than that I walked, towards the door of an apartment. I entered: what did I see! Never can I think of it without tears! I beheld Ferdinand! Honoria! Bruno! We all stood, as if enchained by various passions. 'Where am I?' cried I: 'where am I?' Ah, I have not seen all! Otourou also! I shrieked. I threw my arms around his neck. I sobbed on his bosom. 'Pardon me,' said I to my friends: 'but it is for me that he has suffered. My first caresses are indeed due to him.'

Our friends surrounded us. I felt them. 'Oh forbear! I cannot—cease, cease—my head—my heart fails me—alas!'

I sunk on the floor. I recovered but to rave. 'Where is Urban? Let him come. I wish to see him. Alas! I have done nothing to you, Urban. These are your children: they love me: why do you hate me?'

They give me air.—'Ah! I recollect: but where—I—what then has happened? Where am I?' 'In the arms of Ferdinand. Do you not know me then?' 'It is my Ferdinand. I saved your life, but you were worthy of it:—I saved your father's life, your father! your father! whom I have murdered!'

'Ah, for pity, cease to wound us,' cried Honoria. 'But, Ferdinand, did you say that I murdered him?' 'Recal your senses,' said Honoria: 'these are your friends. You see them. Do you not know them? Let me conjure you, be careful of yourself—if not for your friends, yet for Amelia.'

'Amelia! ah, may she be happy!' 'She cannot be so without you.' 'Ah, my son! my dear son!' said Bruno, folding me in his arms: 'will you do nothing for us!'

'Oh, my friends!' I cried: 'is it true, that this is no dream? I thought myself yet in the frightful dungeon, in hideous darkness. Alas, every day I saw you there—approach me all—all. Let me embrace you. Let me assure myself—are you there, Otourou? You pardon me our friendship, do you not?' 'Ah!' cried Otourou, 'shall I pardon you that which is the happiness, the charm of my life?'

Such was the delirium into which this unexpected scene had hurried me. It was dissipated but slowly. The caresses, the tender cares, the tears of my friends, did

but serve to feed it. Ah! annihilation of reason! Delightful and cruel condition! At once the spring of piercing delights and agonizing pains!

Let our situation be imagined. An innocent man, in the depth of misery, surrounded by friends, who had each of them blindly laboured to widen, to sink deeper the gulph into which he was plunged: who had all beheld the injustice which dragged him to the precipice, and had no aim to snatch him from the brink. My sight was a wounding reproach to them: yet had they strength of mind to support it. What say I?—it was become more precious to them—their only comfort.

Ferdinand—and who would not have a heart like that of Ferdinand?—Ferdinand was the cause of our present wretchedness. His father had been assassinated. His filial affection was eager to discover the perpetrators of this deed. The little knowledge he had, as to this fact, he had learned from Honoria and Bruno, who gave it him as they received it from me. He ran, then to give information to justice of the murder of his father, committed by two unknown negroes. The ministers of justice proceeded to the place where Urban's corpse lay: and the domestics of the plantation and those of Theodore were interrogated. All, attracted by curiosity or their duty, had been witnesses of Urban's last moments: and all agreed in deposing that he had, in dying, pronounced only two words. Fatal words! which resentment and gratitude had unquestionably caused, and which death did not permit him to explain.

He had been placed on a bed. He was nearly without sense. The eager cares of Theodore, his reiterated questions, recalled him for an instant to himself. He opened his mouth. All were hushed to hear him. With a faint, broken voice he uttered these words: two negroes—Ita-noko—He would have continued. His head sunk: his eyes became fixed: he expired.

Such was the unvaried purport of all the depositions. One of the domestics alone added, that during the night, while he was occupied in tending the horses with which Theodore had just arrived, he had perceived a negro whom he did not know, and who appeared to run towards the place where the assassination had been committed.

This negro was Otourou. The enquiry acknowledged that he had been the author of my sight; and that, judging by the time of my departure and that in which Urban had arrived, it was improbable that I should not have encountered him.

A diligent search was then made in the plain which Urban must have crossed in his way to the plantation. At length the spot of the murder was discovered; and the cutlafs and torn handkerchief were found stained with blood. The overseer swore, that he had seen the former in my possession: and a negro woman deposed, that she had washed the handkerchief frequently for me. The evidence was sufficient to convince the administrators of justice, that I had committed the murder. They immediately issued a warrant to apprehend me and my accomplice. But this accomplice was not known. Otourou's avowal, at the house of Bruno, that he was my comrade, was quite enough for the officers; and they thought themselves authorised to involve him in my misfortune.

The anguish, the terror, of Ferdinand, when he was informed of these circumstances, may easily be imagined. He would have given a world to have suspended the proceedings (for not one moment did he doubt my innocence) but it was too late: and while I, with Bruno, was congratulating my heart on his return, this unfortunate friend stood with his eyes fixed on the scaffold, on which he saw inevitable death preparing for me.

Thanks to my worthy friends, to have judged me by their own hearts alone! Yet was every appearance against me—an incredible chain of events—an impenetrable concurrence of circumstances! I had no defence but an irreproachable life, and an immoveable love of truth—advocates which a prejudiced world laugh at, and which the law little consults. My friends believed their testimony: my friends had the courage to repel falsehood, clothed in the robe of truth. Valuable example! Be it never forgotten. Already, perhaps, has as much innocence fallen a victim to deceitful circumstances, as has been sacrificed to the errors of legislation.

Ah! let the good be assured, that virtue is no chimera; that there is an eternal truth, which connects some hearts together, by an invisible chain, and communicates an intellectual language, which expresses to them alone, the secrets of each other's conscience.

The hour compelled my friends to retire: yet not till their generosity, their goodness, had restored confidence to my mind. Reason had resumed her dominion: and I was found capable of sustaining the detail which I have just related.

Still, however, my condemnation seemed inevitable. Two negroes had assassinated Urban: but they were unknown; and what should lead to the discovery of them? In the rapidity with which the fatal cir-

cumstances had passed, scarcely did I observe the features of these negroes: and should they be presented to my view, it was not probable I should know them.

Otourou and I were now alone in the prison. He had appeared to yield, less than any other, to the tender sentiments with which we were agitated. I knew his character, and I was little surprised: but another idea alarmed me. I feared he would consider the tenderness with which my friends had spoken to him, as the effect only of their regard for me; and that he would feel all the dreadful severity of his condition, to which he was exposed by his friendship for me. But I deceived myself. He was incapable of this reflexion. The truth is, the sudden harshness of his conduct sprang from the prejudices of his education, which his mind, elevated as it was, had not yet subdued.

See then, said he, as soon as we were left alone, to what we are reduced! Neither innocence nor friendship can rescue us. Ought we to endure the shame which is preparing for us? We are the most unfortunate among men: shall we not be the most despicable too, by receiving from the hands of the executioner that death which we can yet administer to ourselves, with our unpolluted arms? Our glory is yet entire: let us not now stain it, by showing ourselves without courage. Let us die and disappoint the injustice and cruelty of European men. Let them learn, once at least, what the negro can do, whom they oppress. Let our bloody carcases announce our disdain of them: ah, let us have some vengeance!

Little did I expect this discourse. It rushed like a tempest on my soul. Scarcely could all my powers resist the temptation. Honour was most precious to me; opprobrium, most terrifying. The fire of my disposition was roused; the voice, the exhortations of friendship, almost irresistible.

Otourou waited for my answer. While contending sentiments are in fierce conflict in the mind, which of them can break into expression?

Long was the silence. At length, virtue gained the ascendancy. The death you propose, said I, would save us from the scaffold; but can we justify it? In dying by our own hands, or by those of the executioner, the dishonour is equal, if we leave behind a polluted reputation. Of what import, said he, is the opinion of men after our death? Shall we be zealous to live with honour in the remembrance of men, who have not the virtue to disdain injustice, nor the wisdom to frame laws which falsehood cannot surprise? It is chance

chance alone which plants glory on the tomb of man : chance alone saves him from the condemnation of other men.

But, said I, it is necessary that I preserve my own esteem ; that I die pure. And who more so than we ?—Were our life a series of virtuous efforts, a voluntary death would efface them all : and we shall die involved in the greatest of crimes.—What say you ? crimes !—Yes : we should be guilty of injustice to the supreme Author of our being. We are entrusted only with the use, and not with the property, of life. We cannot have it in our power to dispose of that, which we had no way in our power to acquire. We should be guilty of injustice to men. We owe to them our succours during the storms of life. They are entitled to our counsels, our examples, our affection. To deprive them of these, by our voluntary death, is to deceive society, and to fly from the discharge of a debt which we contracted in the cradle, and have increased in every instant of our life. See what you propose to me ! To be criminal towards God, towards men, towards ourselves ! What, then, would become of that purity with which you ought to appear in the presence of the eternal Being ? What need was there, then, to engrave on my mind, the ideas of honour and disgrace, since I must disdain the former, and submit to the latter ? Why have I received vigour and fortitude, since, in the instant, in which I most need them, I am forbid to employ them ?—The only honour is to obey the dictates of virtue : all beside the only disgrace. Vigour and fortitude were given to you, to subdue, or to support, misfortune ; not to fly from it. But, tell me, how would you regard the man, who, to relieve another from a pressing evil, would rather slay than console him ?—As an abominable assassin.—You sit in judgment on yourself. What then is my consolation ? Have you forgot your innocence ?—Still opprobrium !—It belongs only to the slave of his passions. The man who resignedly mounts the scaffold, with innocence and constancy, is among the first of men.

I had frequent occasions, to recur to these arguments to persuade Otourou ; and, perhaps, I might not have succeeded, had I not been earnestly seconded by the zeal and abilities of Bruno.

Meanwhile, the faint hope, which had been entertained by our friends, decreased as time advanced. I perceived it visibly in the countenance of Ferdinand, who every day became more dejected, notwithstanding the efforts which he made to conceal his trouble from us. My soul, on the contrary, gathered new strength from

day to day ; and I began to contemplate death without emotion. Religion, philosophy, innocence, the little happiness I had ever experienced on the earth, removed all the bitterness of the approaching moment. Yet, sadly did the condition of Ferdinand afflict me ; one day, that Honoria was absent, that Otourou had quitted us for repose, and that Bruno had not yet appeared, I took his hand between mine, and pressing it tenderly, ah, said I, how unhappy am I to see you thus ! Alas, I shall cause your death. But why do you endeavour to conceal your sorrows from me ? They are frightful, said he ; you conceive not all the extent of them. You forget that Urban was my father. What fatality has ordained that my race should be so destructive to you ! My father loaded you with evils ; and when his unjust hatred was suddenly extinguished in the feelings of gratitude, he dies, and his son steps in his place to conduct you to the scaffold. Cease, said I, to outrage your virtue. You have done only what it was your duty to do. My misfortune was not your crime. Pity me ; but do not accuse yourself.

The respect that is due to the memory of a father, said Ferdinand, becomes my excuse : and I know you too well to doubt your receiving it ; yet, could I even save you, never should I forget the miseries which I have already caused you. What, then, shall I now do ? When hope has fled, and when your death—Ah, Itanoko—your death become unavoidable—what shall I do, when, through me, shall be shed the blood of the innocent ? Your judge, informed by me, laments your fate ; but in vain. I thought that by desisting from my prosecution, you would be free. It is of no avail, said the judge, to me ; the vindictive public must be avenged. The law must have its course.

He rose, and retired to the further part of the room : and I was about to follow him ; but I had no new consolation to offer him, and I sat down without a word.

There is yet one way, said he, returning to me ; but I know you, and I have not courage to name it.—What is it ?—There are but two men who guard you : I may with gold—I understand you ; but let us not entertain the idea. Whatever may be the consequence to me, it is my duty to save you from a weakness. Oh, my friend, remember, the seducer is guilty of the crime committed by the seduced. And what would you preserve for me ? A life stained with reproach ! Is not an innocent death preferable ? Virtue and friendship are my sole happiness. By living, I must forfeit one, and become unworthy

of the other. Some few days longer life does not deserve the sacrifice.

A considerable time had now elapsed, since the day on which Otourou and I were apprehended. Out of respect to Ferdinand, the judges had hitherto delayed to pass sentence: but they were compelled to place bounds to their complaisance: and our friends could no longer reasonably flatter themselves that it would be extended any further.

The fatal day was at length named, and we were soon to hear the sentence of death pronounced. Honoria and Ferdinand had the sad office to inform us of it. Bruno, during four days past, had not appeared. His absence astonished us all. Whither is he gone? said I, to Ferdinand. Ferdinand could not tell me. The cause of this strange conduct was hidden in impenetrable darkness! To abandon us in this last moment! To expose Otourou to his attachment, to a voluntary death, which still combated his better reason? It did not accord with the compassion, it did not accord with the religion of our venerable old father.

What a day was that which preceded the morrow appointed for our execution! My soul was tormented with the most harassing incertitude, which increased with each sound that announced the flight of another hour. I shall cease to exist, said I. What then? is this so great an evil? what have I seen upon the earth? Injustice, avarice, discord, oppression, and revenge! Millions of men associated together by consent, divided by interest—ever encountering, yet flying each other without ceasing! Misfortune oppressing the greatest virtue—and slavery the lot of almost all! Such is the world! Deserves it to be regretted by reason?

But whether do I go? continued I.—Profound obscurity! Impenetrable abyss! To-morrow, wilt thou devour me!—Ah, rather, to-morrow, my soul, with a rapid flight, swifter than an eagle's wing, shall mount to the abode of peace and felicity! Let me not now renounce the distinction I have been taught between good and evil. Since the tender years, when Dumont led me by the hand, have I not felt its sacred truth, and has it not elevated my mind, when all beside conspired to depress me? No: I cannot doubt; I go to find my God! I go to see him sitting on the throne of eternity!

In these moments, I scarcely felt myself connected with the earth. The gentlest passions came to tell me that I still existed, and the sighs of Honoria and Ferdinand drew me from my deep meditation.

Oh my friends, cried I, you afflict your-

selves! A little sooner or a little later, must we not, sometime, have separated? Alas, it costs me as much as you! I have loved you very tenderly. Honoria, Ferdinand, many negroes live subjected to your laws. While they serve you, sometimes think of the unfortunate Itanoko. Your virtues and my remembrance shall soften their hardships. What have I received from nature, which they do not possess? Ah! esteem my unhappy countrymen as your children! It is an heritage which I bequeath them; and it shall be more precious to them than a world: for it shall protect them from injustice. May all Europeans, for the happiness of Africa, one day resemble you.

And you, model of friendship, my dear Otourou, forgive me your death: if I had possessed the treasures of the universe, you should have partaken of them. I have had nothing but misfortunes to divide with you. The portion is dear to me! cried he, throwing himself into my arms.

Honoria and Ferdinand could not answer. Their oppressed hearts furnished them only with tears. What a situation? What a moment!

But Bruno, said Otourou, Bruno! he does not come near us? My unfortunate friend, more firm than I, had supported the awful sentence of our death, with much more resolution. Yet was his sacrifice greater than mine. He was, even then, in the enjoyment of one of the sweetest instants that can arrive in the life of man. Lest in his cradle without a parent near him, death was now announced to him while he was yet in the arms, yet listening to the voice, of a long lost father. And all knew this except I. Delicate sensibility had hidden it from me; it was not added to sharpen the bitterness with which I reproached myself for his misfortunes, and which I only imputed to myself. Alas, I might have died without knowing all the strength of which friendship is capable!

I took the hand of Ferdinand. Yet one request more, said I, but promise me to grant it. Ah command! said he, and do not request! Every word you speak is sacred to me. You know said I, what Dumont has done for me; and gratitude will soon be no longer in my power. I hope he lives yet; exert your friendship to find him: his old age will have need of consolation: I can give him none. Ah find him—find his suffering daughter—tell them—ah God, my tears!—they are the last which love shall cost me. Honoria, receive them to your friendship: to you I present them—the dying Itanoko presents them. Alas! but for your—brother—par-

don me—I wander : my afflictions render me unjust and cruel. I have pierced your heart, but I did not wish it.

I swear, cried Ferdinand—No, it shall be my care, said Honoria : He shall be my father : she shall be my sister. I am satisfied, I cried : I die contented.

The day wasted apace ; and Bruno did not appear. I burned to see him, and the impatience of Otourou exceeded mine.—From the time that we were suffered to remain together, in the same apartments of the prison, the old negro, whom I had seen at Dumenil's house (the ancient companion and friend of Bruno,) had seldom been absent from us. Bruno, I have said, regarded him as a brother : and it was him whom he had sent to bring me back on the arrival of Ferdinand. Bruno had presented this old negro to both Otourou and me, on his return from his unsuccessful search ; and now he was present with us, and this good man seemed to feel all our sorrows. The absence of Bruno confounded him still more than it did us : and I besought him to go to his house, and see if he could gain any tidings concerning him.

The old negro soon returned, but with no intelligence of Bruno. He had not appeared, and every one in his house was vainly conjecturing what was become of him.

We must die then without seeing him, said I with grief. Ferdinand, carry him my last adieu. It had been more soothing to me to have embraced him ; but this sacrifice, too, must be made.

Night arrived : and the jailors entered, to inform our friends that it was time to withdraw. I called together all my powers for this last farewell. I did not doubt, indeed, but they would come to see us in the morning, and wished to spare them the anguish of a formal separation. I took the hands of Honoria and Ferdinand, and pressed them to my heart. The silence of grief reigned over us : I withdrew a moment to recollect myself.

Otourou tendered his arms to them ; and they embraced him with compassion, yet with more admiration. Ah ! thought I, this dreadful silence cannot be endured ! My friends, I cried, casting myself at their feet, to-morrow the idea of death may not leave me master of myself. My mind is yet collected—let me not lose the last, the dearest of your benefactions. I am at your knees ; you are the parents which your religion—my religion—has given me. I am your friend—your son—give me your benedictions—

I could not conclude. My heart dissolved into tears. Alas, cried they, dear

and unfortunate Itanoko ! Our benedictions shall ever accompany you. I am content, said I. Shall I again embrace you ? Thus then : the last time—my soul will not endure more—Adieu—Adieu for ever !

I made a sign to the jailors. They separated us, I turned my head. They left the prison.

The moment which succeeded froze my faculties. I thought my blood would have ceased to warm my heart. An unusual trembling followed : I felt all but the shock of death.

The good old negro had obtained permission to pass the night with us. When the jailors came to fasten the door of our apartment, I said to them, you have seen that I bade a last farewell to my friends. Their love will lead them back to-morrow ! do not suffer them to approach us. You will spare them a mournful spectacle ; and you will give tranquility to our last moments. They promised to comply with my request.

Otourou retired with the old negro into the neighbouring chamber ; and, as I heard them converse in a low voice, I would not interrupt them, but threw myself on the earth, and remained some hours prostrate before the God of mercy. He compassionated my weakness. His goodness penetrated into my heart. He dried up all my tears. I rose confiding in his mercy, in his justice.

Toward midnight, I felt myself strongly solicited by sleep. I softly approached the door of the chamber. It was open.—Otourou was on his bed, and seemed earnestly engaged in listening to the old man, who, on his knees, before him, seemed eagerly to address him. I withdrew, and threw myself into a chair to take some repose.

My eyes closed for some minutes, but it was rather a species of weakness than of sleep. The bell sounded one : I shuddered. Eloquent, and terrible hour ! said I : funeral forerunner of our departure.

I again essayed to repose, when I thought I heard some noise. In the stillness of night, the slightest sound is swiftly seized by attentive grief. I listened, and soon distinguished the distant grating of bolts. One unfortunate being more, said I. The noise hastily approached. It came to our door. Ignorant of the hour that was to be our last, I thought they came to lead us to execution. Now my soul ! Come then—I am ready.

I stepped into the chamber to inform Otourou. He had heard the noise, and had risen to join me. Our door opened—A woman enters—shrieks—

It is Honoria. Live !—Live ! my friends !

friends! Come, said Ferdinand; come, and see your deliverer! He seizes my arm; hurries me along; runs; I raise my eyes; it is Bruno.

Age enfeebled his step. They had advanced and gained the room before him. Otourou and I fell at his feet. Oh my father! my father! cried each of us. He has rendered life to us all! said our friends. My children, said he to us, it is too much—moderate your transports.—He bent over us. He tendered his hands. Oh my children! oh my friends! said he, join with me to praise our God. He raised his trembling arms to heaven—

Protector of the unfortunate! Sovereign King! Thou seest thy work! they live: let them increase in virtue, and I am recompensed!

Scarcely had he finished, when Otourou arose, and sprang from us in an instant.—He returned. It was the good old negro whom he led by the hand. Behold! the price of all your kindness to me! I restore—

Itanoko, cried Otourou, I had the happiness of partaking your sufferings with you; partake of my joy! Embrace the father of your friend!

Your father! And have you hidden him from me! Oh my friend? Did you not suffer enough?—But how?—

You shall know all, said the father of Otourou; but our present moments are due to Bruno. We will not take any thing from gratitude.

We surrounded the worthy old Bruno. We carried him, as in triumph, to our apartment. We placed him in a chair. We arranged ourselves around him. Our sailors, affected, astonished, could not quit us. They could not leave the moving scene. Fierceness had fled from their countenance; and admiration had taken its place. What a spectacle! Come, blind Pride! and compare your pleasures with those of Bruno!

My friends, said he, I understand you. You burn to know—but permit me a moment—Let my heart revel in this insubstantial delight! He looked some moments on the interesting groupe. His lips trembled, his bosom heaved—The tears which furrowed his cheeks, the fire of his eyes, the involuntary emotion of his limbs, all painted his enthusiasm—all attested the felicity of a beneficent man: in side, he looked up with an eye of gratitude toward heaven. And now we prepared.

Formerly said he, less infirm, I from time to time visited the mountains, which separate us from the Spanish inhabitants of this island, to soften the miseries of the unfortunate negroes, whom the inconsan-

cy or rather the cruelty of their masters, has forced to fly to that shelter. They all knew me; I carried them some little succours, and that, which was of more value to them, the word of a compassionate God. My presence used to produce joy amongst them; they would assemble around me; and I was wont to return content with having been able to solace them with at least one day of happiness.

During the two last years, sickness and old age have suspended these visits, which were a great delight to me; and I had scarce a hope any more to see my poor negroes. It is five days since, that, quitting you at night, contemplating your innocence and sufferings, I returned home, lamenting the stroke under which you fell; and supplicating heaven not to reject the cries of the oppressed. My mountain negroes presented themselves to my thoughts; and a suspicion struck into my mind, which it was not possible for me to stifle, and which I received with all the certitude of conviction. I instantly arose, and prostrated myself; and day surprised me in that situation. It required little to make me ready; and, without communicating my intention to any one, I began my route. You will suppose I did not proceed very quickly, and I could not travel my fifteen leagues in less than two days. I had no difficulty in finding my poor, friendless negroes, for I knew their usual retreats.

What, my father, cried I, expose yourself alone, at your age! My friend, said he, there is no age which has not its vigour, when the will is roused. But attend—

I arrived at the mountain, and met some of my negroes. They recollected, and embraced me. Ah, my father, my good father. Is it you! said they. We thought you dead. I was much fatigued. The mountain is rugged; and they took me in their arms, and carried me into a grotto, which served them as an asylum during the night. As it was cold, they kindled a fire, and I ate with them some wild roots which they presented to me.

The report of my arrival was soon spread, and I saw them successively arrive, till the number was about fifty, who lavished their grateful caresses on me.—When I imagined I had no more to expect, I demanded if they thought that all their companions were present. One of them casting his eye around; said, yes; we are all here, I can assure thee; there are no more within five or six leagues. Then I fell on my knees; they followed my example, and we joined in prayer. Having besought God with a loud voice

to bless them, to console, and not to abandon them, and all of them having added in concert that they pardoned the white people, I distributed the little succours which I brought them.

I afterwards sat myself down; and they placed themselves in a semicircle before me: and now I gave them a short exhortation adapted to their capacity and condition. This done, I spoke to them of the city, and led them insensibly to hear your history. They listened to me with that attention, that compassion, which the unfortunate man gives to other unfortunate men. During my recital, I anxiously observed their various looks. Two of them appeared to me to be particularly moved: but they were silent. Several of the others said: How! are they innocent, and must they die? Yes, alas! said I—nothing can save them but the confession of the two negroes, who were in truth guilty of the death of M. Urban.

One of those, whose agitations I had noticed, said to me, good father, will you begin this story again? I should be very glad to hear it once more. I complied with this desire, and, my suspicions being now fixed on these two, I gave a minute detail of the place, the time, and the circumstances of the assassination, so that they could not mistake them. When I had finished, I dwelt with earnestness on the chastisements which God had in reserve for the perpetrators of this deed, not only to punish them for the crime, but also to avenge the blood of the innocent. I had no fear of overcharging the picture, and perhaps my feelings made me eloquent. When I had given a little time to the operation of remorse, and I perceived I had struck them with terror, I passed suddenly to the recompenses which are attached to a voluntary confession. I painted to them with tears in my eyes, the awful, dreadful Judge of nature disarmed by unfeigned repentance, and blotting the crime from existence. Ah! my friends! cried I, see the palm which *one* generous effort will obtain! Behold the peace and the honour of the guilty restored! And what price is too dear to purchase peace of mind? But even this, my friends, does not bound the recompenses of a munificent God. An eternity of happiness shall repay a momentary sacrifice.

Suddenly, he, who had requested me to repeat the detail, sprang from the ground and cried—behold the hand which struck Urban!

I cried out aloud with extacy; I arose, and threw myself on his neck. Ah, happy mortal! happy in exercising the greatest of virtues! The other negro advanced!

and the whole assembly embraced them, congratulated their resolution, and thanked them, as if each of them had been the friend of my Itanoko, of my Otourou.

We had not have foreborn, said one of the two negroes, to have made the avowal sooner, had we known the danger to which innocence was exposed, by our deed. We inflicted vengeance: we were no assassins. We attacked Urban with arms in his hand. He took the advantage of our sleep, tore us from our country, and plunged us into slavery. Death awaits us. Well: we will endure it. Your God shall not deceive us. He exists, since there are such men, as you, on the earth!

Ah! my friends, conceive you all the rapture which I felt in this moment! I had saved your judges from a frightful deed of injustice; I had saved you from death; and I had led two souls to honour and virtue.

When the day appeared, the negroes pressed me to depart, and fly to the salvation of innocence; and the two unfortunate men were ready to accompany me. My children, said I, it belongs not to me to be your accuser. I have pointed out your duty. You shall have courage to perform it. Advance before me, and yourselves acquaint the judges with the whole fact. We will do all that, replied they; but we will attend you. You are feeble and have need of assistance. It is the only good we can do you. We now departed, and all the other negroes followed us as far as the fear of danger would permit. At length, we must separate; and they turned back, heaping benedictions on me.

I cannot paint to you their last farewell to their comrades. It was the voice of nature disdaining a crime, and triumphing in an effort of virtue! It was the national spirit, that repulsed the members who disgraced them, and which cursed the heroes who constituted their glory!

The two negroes and I continued our route. Pardon, my friends, my worn out strength. It took me two days to perform my journey back. Alas, the impatience of my heart made me suffer more than fatigue.

We arrived. They quitted me to attend the judge. On the way, I had not heard a single sigh from them, but they conversed calmly, and sometimes cheerfully, with me. Their countenance was serene, their heart without a murmur. I beheld in them the satisfaction of returning innocence and the triumph of virtue.

I passed sometime at home to take a little repose and nourishment; then, ran to the judge. They were yet in his anti-

chamber. When they saw me they said—All is done, my good father. My tears flowed in spite of me, and I embraced them with affection, with veneration.

May heaven recompense you, my children, said I; and I left them to enter the closet of the judge. You have prevailed, said he; your friends are saved. I presume that you wish to see them. Here is my order. It will open the prison to you at any hour of the night; but, charitable old man, how have you accomplished this?

I could not but satisfy him; and I recounted to him all that you have heard.

This miracle was worthy of you, said he, respectfully taking my hand. But that which will surprise you most, is, that the manes of Urban will go unrevengeed. How! said I. The truth, replied he, deposed by these two negroes, is sufficient to save the accused: but it cannot be admitted to condemn themselves: and there are no proofs against them. Iranoko's evidence cannot be received, even if he should recollect them, having been himself tried for the crime. There is then only their own confession; and this confession is destroyed by an axiom of the law, which says, *nemo perire volet*. From the strange circumstances of this wonderful event, it happens, that, even in their own confession, they find the recompense of an effort, just indeed—but painful to nature.

I quitted him, and flew to Ferdinand. I found him with Honoria, both lost in mute anguish. I could only cry out, that you were saved; and without my giving any explanation, without their asking it, we ran here; and I have the delight of beholding your felicity, in the very place where your sufferings have so often wounded my heart.

It will be easier to imagine, than describe, the sentiments by which we were all agitated. Bruno could not moderate our transports. Otourou, his father, Ferdinand, Honoria, and I, successively embraced him. We all spoke to him together: we gave him no time to answer any of us.

He would have gladly returned our caresses, partaken in our transports; but his heart could no longer withstand the pressure of so many delights.

Our friends gladly would have had us, instantly, quit our mournful abode, whose bare aspect recalled to them all we had endured. But some formalities of the law must detain us yet four and twenty hours longer in the prison. We all needed rest: it was even necessary, to preserve our health.

Our friends, therefore, retired. How

different this separation from that of the preceding evening!

The moment they were gone, Otourou folded me in his arms. Ah! I shall see your happiness completed, he cried. Dumont and Amelia will be restored to us. And I, in the bosom of my dear father, inseparably near you, witness of the virtues of these amiable friends, shall have nothing more to desire on the earth.

Oh my friend! I answered, if this moment had interested myself alone, believe me, I could have regarded it with some indifference: but to see you escape from a danger, into which my friendship dragged you, to see you in the arms of your father, this is a felicity which cannot be supported with moderation. May your happy presage be realized! May the two persons, so dear to us, be united to us for ever!

But, continued I, let us talk of your father. What fortunate chance—I will not speak at present, interrupted Otourou, of the principal accidents of his life: they are connected with those of Bruno; and Bruno has promised a recital of them. Suffice it now to tell you, that having, at the age of five and twenty, been made prisoner by the king of Galam, he saw himself separated, and that forever, from my mother. He was fortunate enough to escape; but, at a distance from his country, having no knowledge of that in which he then was, he lost himself. A long time he wandered, ignorant of his course, and arrived, without any idea of where he now was, on the borders of the red sea. Some Arabs surprised him in his sleep; seized him; conducted him to Constanti-nople; and sold him to the grand visier.

It was there, continued Otourou, that he was first known to Bruno, and they have never been separated since. You have been a witness of his attentive friendship, from the time that we were brought into this dismal place. This was but at first the effect of his humanity. God has recompensed him, by adding to it a more tender sentiment. It is only about five days since he only was with me in my chamber; and I was ignorant of what prevented you from joining us. In one of these effusions, so frequent with the unfortunate, I named my mother whom I had never seen. The name struck on his ear. Twenty times he made me repeat all I knew of the matter: then, yielding to the voice of nature, corroborated by circumstances which could not be mistaken, he caught me in his arms, and called me his son. Surprised, transported, already I ran to call you. My heart arrested me in my course: ah! said I—respect his feelings: this last stroke would be death

death to him! I then concealed it from you: and it is the only secret I have ever kept from my Itanoko.

Otourou continued: I leave you to judge of my father's extasy, his torments: what he enjoyed, and what he suffered!

And now Otourou and I separated, each of us to deliver ourselves to repose. I endeavoured, but in vain, to sleep. My bed refreshed me; but I could not close my eyes. Like seas which are agitated by storms, and whose waves yet bear the marks of the tempest, long after a calm has spread through the surrounding air, my heart, in which, so many sensations had been fiercely contending, was still impressed with the footsteps of their devastation.

Otourou slept profoundly. I banished tranquility by running rapidly through the past. He enjoyed it by yielding only to the gentle sensations of the present. Happily, too, for him, he had escaped love—that terrible passion, which renders misery more poignant, and happiness sometimes insupportable! If Otourou had known how to pardon an injury, cheerful in the depth of misfortune as in the lap of joy, he had never experienced the torments of the heart: a thirst for vengeance was his only torture. Notwithstanding the happy events which now crowded upon him—I knew Otourou—if Theodore had lived, he would not have slept. Theodore was no more: he tasted all the delights of peace.

At noon, our friends came to call us. They had procured for us a more comfortable apartment, into which they conducted us. What a happy situation! We were as brethren whom storms had shipwrecked and dispersed, and who have suddenly met, after having despaired to see each other again. With our friends, was the good Dumenil, who would not be denied the pleasure of accompanying them, and of beholding the most delightful scene that a delicate mind can enjoy. But, what was my surprise, to find the magistrate there who had interrogated me! I had only seen the judge: I now recognized the man.

We placed ourselves at table. Ah, how delicious the repast! Alas, long had our food been inundated with our tears! The purest joy, the most glowing friendship, made an ample reparation for all!

Our minds were relaxed, and a little event came, fortunately enough, to give us a moment's amusement.

The second service had just been brought in, when a servant informed the judge that a gentleman wished to speak with him. The magistrate would have stepped

out for this purpose. No, said Honoria, you shall not take that trouble; let the gentlemen enter; and she desired the servant to introduce him. We saw a young man elegantly dressed, who saluted the company with an air at once disdainful and polite. He then accosted the magistrate, who conducted him to the window to hear his business. We had replaced ourselves at the table, from which we had risen to return his salutation. Ferdinand whispered to me; you have never seen one of those people, whom, in France, they call *petit maitres*; this is one. He is from the country, which is, by prescription, the model of fashion. I looked at him, and could not but smile. Never did I see attention so artfully divided. He gave an ear to the magistrate; a half shut eye to the rest of the company; one hand to the adjusting of his dress, and the other to the arrangement of his watch trinkets. His body did not cease a moment from action: he changed the position of his feet at every instant, to display in succession, the elegant shape of his shoe, the brilliancy of his buckles, and the charming turn of his leg. His business finished, he approached the table, talking of indifferent things to the magistrate. Faith, sir, said he, in a half whisper, there is no company, which the presence of a lady will not render agreeable; but, gallantry apart, it is a company somewhat mixed. You are, said the magistrate, surprised to find me here—is it not so?—Not precisely—but—But, there are a certain people, sir, to whom I should say—these are unfortunate men, and they would understand me. To you I will say, that the negro there (and he pointed to me) is the son of a great lord of his country, and the nephew of his sovereign. Come: join them: you will find them good company. Oh, I have not doubted that a minute. High birth is seen with a glance. The happiest air—Sir (to me) I salute you. You will look at Paris without doubt, I shall set myself down for the honour of presenting you at court. But, how unfortunate I am! I have quite deranged the company! No ceremony—I fly! He made an attentive bow to Honoria, gave a gracious smile to me, a sort of inflexion of the body to the others, and disappeared in an instant. The judge took his seat; and we laughed heartily at the folly of this young man.

After dinner, the magistrate quitted us, with an assurance that we should be free the next day. Ah! said I to my friends, in the midst of you I did not think of liberty. I thought only of my bliss. Taste it, said Bruno to me, but as a wife man will relish not on its solidity. It flies almost

most in the moment that you have seized it. No one has experienced this more than I.

Ah, this is the instant, said I, to impart to us the story of your life. It cannot fail to be an instructive lesson. All joined their intreaties to mine. I consent, said Bruno; as it may, at least, serve to amuse you. It is a tissue of follies: but you will not be surprised, since it is the life of a man which I am about to relate.

Birth, riches, honours, pleasures, love, these are the objects of men's felicity! I was not an exception to the rule; they were mine; and you will perceive how fragile their base is.

I was born at Marseilles, of a family rendered illustrious by a commerce of seven hundred years, exercised without stain—a nobility less shining than that of heroes, but surely more useful, and whose title is not sullied with the tears of humanity.

My mother died in giving me birth; and, as I was the only fruit of their union, my father lavished the whole affections of his heart on me. Sufficiently rich, he quitted commerce, and turned all his attention to the care of my education.

Nature gave me a happy figure, the fiery character of my countrymen, their swift imagination, and all the ardour of their passions. I would not thus have spoken of my capacity, did I not think it a homage due to my fellow citizens: know then, I was altogether a Provincial; and that is to say much.

At the time of my birth our commerce with the Levant was on the decline. The mean abilities of the consuls distributed in the sea ports there, was supposed to be the cause. The chamber of commerce at Marseilles cast their eyes on my father, as a person capable of repairing the evil. Such an honour interfered with his views, but the love of his country rose superior to his private wishes. He was appointed to the place of consul at Smyrna. The king confirmed the nomination; and he prepared for his departure.

Being too young to accompany him, my father committed me to the care of a beloved friend: and, having taken every precaution which he thought would contribute to my happiness, he embarked for Smyrna.

My education was that of all the young men of my condition and fortune; that is to say, my talents were assiduously cultivated, and my morals neglected. They talked to me of virtue and religion; because they must talk of them: but they dwelt on my future riches, on the charms of my figure, and the honours which awaited me.

Thus had I false notions of every thing. I took reputation for virtue; enjoyment, for happiness; and glory for my only aim.

At eighteen, I was entirely formed, and was the inhabitant of Marseilles; that is to say, I was sufficiently corrupted. My father was eager to see me: and the curiosity of youth, and yet more the respect paid my father's rank, which I flattered myself to partake, met his wishes. I was in haste to proceed to him. I departed, and was soon in his arms.

The novelty of every thing which was before my eyes, the honours which were paid me, the first impressions of filial affection, the pleasures, the luxury of our modes of life—these occupied all my delightful moments: and I passed six months, if not happy, at least imagining myself to be so.

One morning carelessly walking without object or motive, I accidentally entered the place where slaves are exposed to sale. A beautiful and elegant woman struck my sight. Her profound grief made an impression on my mind, which I had never before felt. Forgetting her chains, I approached her with all the respect which suffering beauty can inspire, and all the ardour of a passion which is but just enkindled. I entered into conversation with her. She informed me, in bad French, that she was an Hungarian and a christian; that her name was W*** Ki; that she had been unworthily taken away by a merchant whom she showed me; and that she now expected, in wretchedness and slavery, the completion of her unhappy destiny.

Love embellished, in my eyes, the action which I was about to do, while I thought I listened only to the voice of religion and humanity. I acceded the merchant, and he offered me this slave for 500 sequins. I gave him some money as earnest, and ran home to bring the remainder of the sum. I returned, and gave it to the merchant, led away the slave, and presented her to my father.

He had too much penetration not to perceive my motives, was too virtuous to tolerate my irregularities, but too weak to oppose himself to my pretended happiness. If this slave was of a distinguished family, as she herself had said, of pure manners, and of the same religion, why disdain ties which Providence seemed to have formed? Was he not rich enough to be indifferent as to fortune? and ought not my happiness to be superior to all other considerations? It was thus that my good father reasoned. He wrote into Hungary. The intelligence, which he received,

ved, was to the advantage of Elizabeth : and she was no longer regarded but as the woman destined to be my wife.

A profound dissimulation, a heart without principles, but assuming all the appearance of virtue, an enormous ambition, all the arts of refined coquetry, these composed the character of Elizabeth. Such was the woman from whom I looked for the happiness of my life, and who was formed to be the torment of it.

I will not weary you with the detail of all that my passion employed to gain her love. Tyrannical in her caprices, she had the art to make me pass from uncertainty to despair, and from despair to hope. By turns haughty, gracious, cold, tender, I found myself, after all my cares, less certain of my fate, than on the first day.

I had relied, for the success of my passion, more on my personal accomplishments than on the qualities of the heart, of which I knew not the advantages. The small pox seized upon me, and, in a few days, I was at the extremity.

Imagine my father's alarms. Every effort was made to save me. Art and paternal cares succeeded; and I was declared to be out of danger. But what was my condition ! My face, formerly engaging, now scarred and hideous—my hand, which formerly ran with rapidity and grace over the strings of the harp, now contracted by this fatal malady; and my whole person horribly meagre ! Behold the disgusting form, which enclosed a heart still burned with love ! Alas, I thought I had lost every thing, which could merit the affection of a woman; and the happiness, which I placed in my personal attractions, passed away as a shade. I must now renounce, said I, the hope of being beloved : but the conduct of Elizabeth chased from my mind the terrifying idea.

Inexplicable woman ! She lavished on me in my malady, the tenderest attention. On my recovery, she scarcely ever quitted me. She appeared no way disgusted with my aspect, but looked on me with eyes full of tenderness. I ascribed this to her virtue; and thus she became more dear to me.

I had perfectly recovered, when the Grand Vizier by order of the Sultan, made a tour through the different cities of the empire, to rectify various abuses.

Ibrahim was an exalted man, a great minister, and the favourite of his master. With a dignified person, he was good, magnificent, generous, possessed of all that could engage the attention of women, and merit the esteem of men. He was no longer in his youth; but the character of

his physiognomy had rather gained than lost by years. Alas ! he is no more, and I cannot yet refuse tears to his memory !

He travelled with Asiatic pomp; and every where, attended him the honours due to the second person of the empire.—At Smyrna, the most superb entertainments were prepared for his amusement; and my father was assiduous to exceed all others as well by the delicacy as the sumptuousness, of that which he gave him.—Regulated agreeable to the French manner, it could not fail to be delicious to Ibrahim, both by the taste and novelty of the scene. Women do not appear in Turkey at public festivals: my father graced his with all the European women at Smyrna, whose riches or beauty could give splendour to the entertainment.

Elizabeth was not forgotten; my love embellished her with all that luxury or art could add to her charms; and my self-love congratulated itself, in secret, to behold her the queen of her rivals.

Ibrahim, no less affable than great, obligingly laying aside oriental austerity, mingled in the crowd at the ball; addressed himself with politeness to the women; conversed familiarly with the men; spoke to Elizabeth, (but without particularly distinguishing her from others;) and did not withdraw till four in the morning; when he delicately assured my father, that he placed a price on this entertainment superior to every other with which he had been honoured. I had my share in his attentions; and, the next day, he did not forget me in a magnificent present which he sent to my father.

He remained eight days longer at Smyrna, during which time I did not perceive the slightest difference in the conduct of Elizabeth. False, with immobile nerve, she preserved to the last the perfidious art which had ensnared me; and never had she caressed her benefactor, her deliverer, her lover, with such tenderness as in the moment in which she was about to abandon him to despair !

In the evening preceding the day appointed for Ibrahim's departure, my father and I went to take our leave of him. He received us at his public audience.—After the usual ceremonies, we retired, and I thought I had bade him an eternal adieu.

We returned to my father's house. Elizabeth was unusually cheerful; and this evening was delicious to my soul. I wasted my heart in love; and, drunk with pleasure and happiness, I only quitted her, to cast myself into the arms of sleep.

My sleep breathed the joy and tranquillity of my mind, and continued long beyond

yond the usual hour of my rising. I awoke; I looked at my watch; it was near ten. None of my people had yet entered my chamber. I arose, and went out, wondering at this negligence. I saw consternation on every visage. I questioned: they answered me with stutters, but without giving me any information. My first apprehensions respected my father; and I flew to his apartment. He seemed to expect me. Tears were in his eyes. He pressed me to his heart, remained some minutes without speaking; then he said: my son, this hour calls for a little firmness of mind: yet, what lose you? an object unworthy of your cares! a despicable woman, undeserving the honour which you do her! Think no more of her! Elizabeth flies you—flies into the arms of Ibrahim!

Ah my friends! ah Honoria, Ferdinand! You who know what love is—do you conceive my condition? No: how should you judge of the agony of tumultuous passion by the purity of your own joy? Oh, what fearful thoughts succeed each other in the mind of a betrayed lover! Nature, honour, duty, reason, are lost in the whirlwind! Man becomes a tiger! he would devour the universe: he would devour himself!

My father had pity on my feelings. His ardent affection tried every means which he thought could calm my agitation. Love was stronger than he; and hope was still with me. I thought myself beloved, and imagined that force only had placed her in the power of my rival.

I wished to be informed of the particulars of this event; and, in despite of the proofs of Elizabeth's perfidy, such was my blind attachment, that I still believed her faith unstained.

My people had found the windows of her chamber open, and a ladder of silk attached to the balcony. There was no trace of violence; no cries had been heard, to mark her resistance. It appeared, that she had fled with the dress in which I had so much admired her, on the preceding evening. But beside, she had taken nothing of all that my fond heart had lavished on her. So little suspicion had any one of her flight, that it would not have been perceived till the usual hour of her women's attendance in the morning, had not the vizier (who departed at midnight, to avoid the heat of the day) dispatched, when he was at a distance of three leagues from Smyrna, an Aga with a letter addressed to me. It arrived about six in the morning. My father received and read it. He believed it not, till convinced by flying to the apartment of Elizabeth: instantly he forbade any one to speak to me of it,

Cruel letter! whose words were written in blood on my heart: nor have ever been effaced from it! Hear what they were:—

‘YOUNG CHRISTIAN,

‘Complain not of me: I have done you no wrong. It was for the happiness of man that the Omnipotent created this amiable sex, who are subjected to our will. We ought to be their protectors, not their tyrants. He has given us strength, courage, and virtue: to them he has given the power of charming us, and the right of choosing a master. If Elizabeth has preferred me, you ought not to lament her loss; nor I applaud myself for the acquisition. Destiny has done all: and her choice was written in the book of life, before her charms had appeared to our eyes. The universe is open before you. For one woman that you lose, you may find a thousand. Young, accomplished, show yourself, you will see them at your feet. It is our's to love them: it is their's, to seek us. I send two thousand sequins. It is your property which I render you, and not the price of this slave: she is inestimable. May the right arm of the sovereign Author of all, and of the puissant Mahomet, shed upon you the perfume of his favours! Adieu!

IBRAHIM, Vizier.’

The traitor! cried I, this despicable gold shall serve my vengeance! I will follow the villain. I will perish, or tear my unfortunate fair from his arms. My father, terrified by this rash idea, opposed it with paternal firmness. A deep melancholy seized me; a burning fever succeeded; and I was at the gates of death. He saw himself, at length, reduced to the necessity of sacrificing my life, or of yielding to the wildest design which could enter into the mind of man. He consulted my physician, who declared that my recovery depended absolutely on his compliance, and besought him to sacrifice prudence to his paternal tenderness.

My father flattered himself that the time, which my recovery would require, would so long delay my departure, that some happy circumstance might arise, which would lead to a wiser resolution; and formally gave his consent to my enterprise. But love, jealousy, revenge, wrought miracles. Before the end of a month, my strength was restored; and, a barbarous son, as well as a delirious lover—I abandoned a weeping father, to pursue an unfaithful mistress.

In order to be less liable to suspicion, I assumed the Mahometan dress and manners; and, during an abode of two years at Smyrna, I had perfectly acquired the Turkish language. My unfortunate father,

ther,

ther, closing his eyes on my ingratitude— shall I say—forgetting his own duty, procured a commodious vessel for me, and furnished me with recommendations, and considerable sums of money; the only means, in his power, of lessening the danger to which I was exposing myself.

He conjured me to listen to the voice of prudence, and to be careful of myself, for his sake. He gave me his benediction; and delivered me to my destiny, with the bitterest tears. Accompanied by two faithful slaves, I embarked with a favourable wind, and was soon far from Smyrna.

It is not from a man devoured by a profound passion, that an account of the beauties of nature are to be expected. I saw with indifference, or rather, I saw not at all, the enchanting spectacle of the isles of the Archipelago. These smiling coasts, on which the ancient Grecians erected the temple of voluptuousness—their delicious views—the incense of their enamelled valleys, of their forests of myrtles and roses, the pureness of their unstained skies, moved not my senses! My heart, my soul, my mind, knew only Elizabeth!

At length, without my perceiving it, we approached that superb city, Constantinople—the eternal monument of the folly of Constantine! A prince whom we have named great, and who was so truly little. A mortal whose weak mind was the cause of a world of misery, and whose tomb is sanctified by religion, while his memory justly claims the disdain of posterity.

When man abandons himself to his passions, continued Bruno, they treat him with the most capricious tyranny. While my vessel hastened towards Constantinople, I had no wish but to arrive there; every thing that was to accomplish my wishes appeared easy. Behold me at Constantinople; and see new inquietudes harass my soul! It was only in finding myself so near Elizabeth that difficulties presented themselves to my thought.

How was I now to act? The harems of the Turks are almost inaccessible. The apartments of their women, eternally shut up, threaten a swift death to the audacious

stranger who dares to enter within their doors. Yet I must brave this danger or renounce the hopes which had already cost me so much.

I pass for a merchant of Aleppo; and, in that character, I gained admittance into the palace of the Vizier; but I did not dare to present myself in his presence; I feared his observations; and only wished to gain the attention of his people, that amongst them I might find some one who would suit my purposes.

The man whose designs are criminal, thinks only of unjust means; and to corrupt some of the Vizier's servants was that which presented itself to my mind.— I therefore attempted to gain some of them by profuse presents; but confidence was a delicate affair, and I dared not to give it to any of them. The first torment of the seducer is to mistrust those whom he has corrupted.

Among the number of the domestics I had distinguished a negro, who was yet young. It was the father of Otourou.— The frankness of his manner, a certain air which his condition could not conceal, and which expressed vigour of character, but yet more than all the rest, the difference of his religion, which prevented the Mahomet name from being the object of his veneration, persuaded me that I had now encountered a man proper to second my enterprise. I thought I did not mistake his sentiments towards me; I believed that friendship inspired them, and yet was I still silent.

One day, he said to me: You fill me with benefactions. How have I deserved them? Be sincere: your gifts are the anticipated price of a secret which I see weighs you down. If I am not worthy of your confidence, why do you pay me, as if you had already honoured me with it? If I merit your confidence, why do you withhold from me the power of acquitting myself by serving you? Choose then: take back your presents, if you will be silent; speak, if you wish that I should keep them.

(To be continued.)

PROCEEDINGS OF THE AGRICULTURE SOCIETY.

At a Meeting of the Society for promoting Agriculture in the Province of Nova-Scotia, held, by Adjournment, at Halifax, the 22d of February, 1792.

THE President and Vice-President being out of the Province, the Secretary informed the Society that the election

of Officers, which, by the Plan of the Society, should have taken place on the First Tuesday of December, had, from various

and unavoidable causes, been postponed until this day, whereupon the following gentlemen were unanimously appointed for the year ensuing :

The Honourable HENRY NEWTON, President.

Doctor WILLIAM J. ALLMON, Vice-President.

Mr. HARTSHORNE, Treasurer.

Mr. CLARKE, Secretary.

The Directors the same as last year.

The Rev. Mr. STANER, Rector of St. Paul's, and MICHAEL WALLACE, Esq; were admitted Members.

The Secretary read a Letter he had received, under the signature of COLUMELLA, which was directed to be published with the warmest thanks of the Society to this valuable and public-spirited Correspondent, hoping he will continue to communicate his useful observations.

The Secretary informed the Society that he had distributed their publication thro' various parts of this and the neighbouring provinces, and, from the many Letters he had received, no doubt could remain, but the several papers contained in that publication would prove highly beneficial to this country.

The Meeting was then adjourned until the Second Tuesday in March; of which all the Members in Town will be pleased to take notice and to give their attendance accordingly, as many matters, highly interesting to the future welfare and prosperity of the province in promoting its Agriculture, and encouraging the industrious Farmer, may then be laid before them.

JAMES CLARKE, Secretary.

To JAMES CLARKE, Esq; SECRETARY
to the SOCIETY for promoting AGRICULTURE in NOVA-SCOTIA.

SIR,

Nov. 24, 1791.

A LITTLE respite from the hurry of business which occupies every moment of the Farmer's time, during the summer and autumn, affords me leisure to thank you for the Letters and Papers published by your Agricultural Society, and which you were pleased to transmit to me. Though somewhat late in my acknowledgements, believe me, they are sincere; and I think every Farmer in the Province, as well as myself, greatly obliged to you and the other Gentlemen who were concerned in that very useful publication, which, I trust, will greatly promote the object you have in view, namely—*well directed industry.*

The book, in point of size, is respecta-

ble; but much more so for the matter it contains. The papers written in this Province, are valuable; and afford a specimen of what we are capable of doing, if we only persevere and exert ourselves. I hope the Gentlemen who have done credit to themselves, and service to the public, by their communications in this *first* volume, will continue their laudable endeavours; and that others, who are well qualified to distinguish themselves in the same way, but have not yet appeared, will step forward, and lend a helping hand in the common cause. Many such I know are among us.

The *Selection* from English and American publications on Agriculture, is well chosen, and highly interesting. I was both pleased and surprised, to see so many particulars, the result of long experience and successful practice, and which extend to every branch of husbandry, in the field, the dairy, the orchard, or raising cattle.—I was equally pleased and surprised, I say, to see all these comprized in so small a compass. Few farmers have leisure to peruse, and fewer still are able to purchase, the numerous, expensive volumes from which these particulars were selected. The expense and trouble are here saved; for you have, condensed in a few pages, whatever was best adapted to the state of this Province, and lay dispersed in those volumes. I was struck with the summary, given in the prefatory *Address*, of the methods by which British husbandry has been carried to such perfection. These are reduced, p. 8. to six general heads; and so well am I convinced of their utility and truth, that it is my firm resolution to reduce them to practice in future; and were all the farmers in Nova-Scotia to do the same, and prosecute those methods with perseverance and judgment, the beneficial effects would soon be felt. In that case, I boldly affirm, that before *ten* years elapsed, there is not a Province or State in North-America that would be more plentifully supplied with provisions—with cattle and corn of every kind, than Nova-Scotia. By the bye, I was glad to find that the writer of that *Address* had laid something on the natural history, the soil and climate, of this Province; and wish he had enlarged on the subject. It will admit of much more being said, and it well deserves attention. There is, perhaps, no part of the British dominions, whose soil and climate have been more misrepresented, than those of Nova-Scotia; which has been injurious to the Province in many respects. If that writer would prosecute the subject, it would do service to the public, by removing false
and

and groundless prejudices; but if he declines it, which I should be sorry for, perhaps I may, during the leisure which winter affords to farmers, communicate some farther information on this head, if you approve of it.

The medals proposed by the Society cannot fail of exciting emulation among our spirited farmers. No mark of distinction can be more honourable. Mr. Cowley somewhere observes, that if we estimate things by their real value, and importance to mankind, 'a plow in a field arable, gives more lustre, and confers more dignity, than a Lion rampant in a field Or, or Argent.' I am much of his opinion; and therefore feel a little ambition to bear away one of those badges of agricultural merit; I mean one of your medals, which are marked with a plow and other implements of husbandry, as I observed when you did me the honour of shewing one to me the last summer. I shall at least exert myself to deserve one, by clearing an extensive, fertile interval, and thereby adding to our stock of rich meadow and pasture land. At the same time it is my wish that I may be precluded from the prize by others, who shall clear a larger quantity of meadow land; for I am much more desirous to see industry prevail, and the country flourish, than even to obtain a medal.

My expectations that your Society would be highly beneficial to the Province were sanguine from the first. Those expectations are more confirmed by your publication. It is much read in my neighbourhood, and people acknowledge its utility. The best modes of farming are become a common topic of conversation; and people begin to reflect seriously how they shall make most of their farms, and how to direct their labour, so that it may turn out to the most advantage. It is needless to say that something of this sort was much wanted. Hitherto, farming was carried on among us without system; the principles on which it should be conducted, were scarcely thought of or known; little attention was paid to a succession of crops, or to keeping them clean; or to any food for cattle, except to the hay afforded by meadows; no manure was thought of, but what the stable and cow-house yielded; and even that was carried out fresh, before it had fermented, and solely applied to the growing of potatoes. It is easy to conceive what kind of crops must be raised by such husbandry.—A more enlightened and judicious husbandry begins now to appear; and if cherished, as I trust it will by your Society, the most salutary consequences may certainly be looked for.

The state of Nova-Scotia resembles that of all new countries; and exhibits a picture of what the old colonies were at the beginning of the present century. We have several industrious farmers; but their industry has not been so directed, as to afford the most advantage. We have many others, who are extremely indolent, and appear satisfied with mere animal existence. I could mention some who have lived for several years on excellent land, capable of yielding, by proper culture, the most luxuriant crops of grass and grain; yet they have not a single acre of meadow; nor do they possess a horse, cow, or sheep, nor any four footed animal, except perhaps a cat or a dog. A patch has been selected near their hut, not for its fertility, but because easily cleared; and they continue delving it, till quite exhausted. When necessity compelled them, another little patch was cleared, and treated in the same manner; and so on from year to year. I have known the same mode exactly pursued in several of the old colonies; especially, in new settlements. We should not be surprised at this—the cause may be found in human nature, and state of new settlements. There is no surer mark of advancement in civilization and refinement than industry. Labour is attended with toil, and consequently with pain, which we naturally shun. No man will therefore submit to labour without the prospect of advantage to compensate for that labour. The wants of nature rouse the savage from his indolence, and lead him to the forest or river, in search of food. When those wants are supplied, he looks no farther, and is satisfied. His indolence returns, and he cannot be induced to cultivate the earth, which requires labour and toil. In proportion as the savage state prevails, it will be accompanied in all others with the same indolence, the same acquiescence in the supply of natural wants, and aversion from labour and toil. To this should be added, that in new settlements, where population is thin, markets must consequently be at a distance; hereby a price for produce, the fruits of man's labour, is not easily obtained; and one great spur to industry is wanting.

Industry is a habit, and like other habits, must be acquired. It should commence in early youth; and as we advance in years, it must be invigorated, not only with the desire of providing against present want, but also against the casualties of life, and infirmities of age. Nay more—it must be stimulated by the example of others who are engaged in similar pursuits; for general industry is the result of

general extensive practice in agriculture and other laborious occupations. Thus, the political state of man directs his active powers, and regulates his manners. For, as in the savage state, men at once love sloth, and yet hate to be at rest; so in a civilized state, they pursue a spirited industry, and study to be quiet and peaceable.

But I shall not enlarge farther on this point; and beg leave to make only one observation on it, which is—that when we see a man indolent, his farm neglected, his fields over-run with weeds, and every thing about him indicating the absence of industry; we may fairly conclude, that man is not far advanced in civilization—the indolence of the savage state is not yet surmounted—it restrains his exertions.

That eminent statesman and patriot, the Duke De Sully, called agriculture—‘one breast of the state,’ from which the latter drew its nourishment and vigour. From this we learn in how important a light that great man considered this most useful art. All who think and reason as justly as he did, will view it in the same light. My sentiments on this point accord entirely with his; it is therefore with sincere pleasure that I observe a daily progress in improvement among us—in spirited and well directed industry. It will not be denied that your Society have contributed to those desirable objects. Your late publication will greatly tend to the same purpols, by exciting still more a spirit of industry, and diffusing information concerning so many branches of husbandry.—I heartily wish success to your useful labours; and am with the greatest esteem for you and the Society,

Sir,

Your most obedient and humble servant,
COLUMELLA.

P. S. Permit me to add the following particulars, which may be denominated

FARMING NEWS.

The crops of hay, potatoes, and every species of corn, have been abundant this year throughout Nova Scotia. A partial drought in some parts along the southern sea-coast, checked the growth of grafs in those places; but there is a sufficiency of hay for the cattle; and in all the interior parts, the crop was very great. Some rainy days in harvest alarmed several farmers; but neither grain nor hay was damaged. In many places, potatoes are sold for *six-pence* per bushel. From several settlements, large quantities of wheat and other corn will be exported. Wheat sells at *four shillings* per bushel in those places.

Apple trees were much loaded with fruit; and consequently, much cyder is made.

A new species of oats, the largest, whitest and most productive ever known in this country, has been lately introduced into the county of Annapolis. They are called *Scotch oats*, and are much superior to Poland oats: they weigh from 50 lb. to 58 lb. per bushel. The quantity raised in the county of Annapolis this year has been considerable.

That destructive insect, called the *Hessian fly*, has appeared in the western parts of the Province. Its ravages are not confined to wheat; it also attacks rye. I am assured, that the species of wheat called *fan-bearded*, effectually resists it. *Quere*—Would it not be prudent to offer a premium to any one who gave the best account of this terrible insect, and discovered a remedy to preserve corn from its ravages?

COPY of a PAPER drawn up by CROMWELL'S DIVINES, who were to give their OPINION about admitting the JEWS to settle in this NATION.

THE Jews desire, as these divines determine, to be admitted into this nation to trade and traffic and dwell among us, as providence shall give occasion.

[This seems to have been the question propounded, and what follows the answer.]

This, as to point of conscience, we judge lawful for the magistrate to admit, in case such material and weighty considerations as hereafter follow, be provided for; about which, till we are satisfied, we

cannot but in conscience suspend our resolution in such case.

I. That the motives upon which Manasses Ben Israel, in behalf of the rest of his nation, in his book lately printed in the English tongue, desires their admission into this commonwealth, are such as we conceive to be very sinful for this or any other christian state to receive them upon.

II. That the danger of seducing the people of this nation by their admission, in matters of religion, is very great.

III. That their having synagogues or any public meetings for the exercise of their worship or religion, is not only evil in itself, but likewise very scandalous to all christian churches.

IV. That their custom and practices concerning marriage and divorce are unlawful, and will be of very evil example amongst us.

V. That the principles of not making conscience of oaths made, and injuries done to Christians in life, chastity, goods, or good name, have been very notoriously charged upon them by valuable testimony.

VI. That great prejudice is like to arise to the natives of this commonwealth in matters of trade, which, besides other damages here mentioned, we find very commonly suggested by the inhabitants of the city of London.

We therefore humbly present,

1. That they be not admitted to have any public judicatories, whether civil or ecclesiastical—which were to grant them terms beyond the condition of strangers.
2. That they be not permitted to speak or do any thing to the defamation or dishonour of the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, or the christian religion.
3. That they be not permitted to do any work or any thing to the profanation of the Lord's day, or christian sabbath.
4. That they be not admitted to have any Christians dwell with them as their servants.
5. That they have no public office or trust in the commonwealth.
6. That they be not allowed to print any thing, which in the least opposes the christian religion, in our language.

PRECEPTS of that great ATHENIAN ORATOR and MORAL PHILOSOPHER,
ISOCRATES to his FRIEND DEMONICUS.

ALWAYS honour the gods, that you may not only be esteemed devout, but likewise obedient to the laws.

Behave yourself so to your parents, as you would have your children do to you, when you shall have any.

Exercise your body frequently, that you may thereby become robust and healthy.

Be not immoderate in mirth, nor over-forward in talking, the one proceeding from folly, and the other from presumption.

What is improper to be done, do you esteem improper to be said.

Do not put on a melancholy air, for fear men take it for a token of ignorance.

Do not think to conceal an ill act, for though no body should come to know it otherwise, yet will your conscience discover it in your face.

Fear the gods, honour your parents, respect your friends, and obey the laws.

Partake only of virtuous recreations, for as these divert, the contrary hurt.

Avoid giving occasion for calumny, if possible, though never so improbable, because the majority of men, not knowing the truth, are apt to be governed by opinion.

Do every thing as if every body saw you, for though you have a mind to conceal any thing, yet will it at length come to be known.

You will always be valued, if you do nothing that you should blame in others.

It is a discommendable thing to refuse instruction, as a present from a friend.

Employ your time in improving yourself by other mens documents; so shall you come easily by what others have laboured hard for.

Prefer knowledge to wealth, for the one is transitory, and the other perpetual.

Do not grudge travelling into distant countries for knowledge, when the merchant does the like after gain.

Be affable in your address, and inoffensive in your behaviour.

Be courteous to every one, but converse chiefly with good men; so shall you frustrate the calumnies of the bad, and acquire the favour of the good.

Do not always keep company with the same persons, nor discourse still upon the same subject, for the best things at length grow tedious.

Accustom yourself to bear with misfortunes, that you may be able to do so when you are obliged to it.

Be more careful of keeping your word than your money, it being not a little commendable for a man to behave himself so that he may be trusted as much on account of his honesty as his bond.

Tell your secret to no body, unless where it is as beneficial to him that hears it, as to you that discover it.

Never engage in friendship with any one, till you know how he has dealt by his other friends.

Do not be over-hasty in declaring yourself a friend, but when you have once done so, persevere in your friendship, for it is equally as unreputable to change one's friends often, as to have none at all.

To make trial of your friends, communicate to them what you would have divulged, for if they reveal that, no damage will accrue to you, and if they conceal it, you have the satisfaction you desired.

Always prevent your friends necessities, by supplying them before they shall ask.

Esteem it no less a misfortune to be undone by your friends benefits, than your enemies injuries.

Admit into your friendship not only those that lament your adversity, but likewise those that envy your prosperity, because the former many times turn to the latter.

Talk often of your absent friends in company of those that are present; to the end they may think they shall be well spoken of upon the same occasion.

Not only endeavour to get riches, but to enjoy them when you have done, for in the former case you will have the pleasure of heaping them up, and in the latter of using them.

Never torment yourself at repining at your condition, be it what it will; but rather do all you can to better it.

Never reproach any man's misfortunes,

because fortune is common to us all, and no body knows what he may come to.

Always relieve good men; but he that is charitable to the bad, bestows favours upon dogs, that will bark even at their benefactors.

Be not grave in slight matters, nor slight in grave, because all that is out of season is impertinent.

Be careful how you behave yourself in drink, and always rise before you are suddled; for when the mind is once overcharged with wine, it is like a horse that overthrows its rider.

When you have a mind to gain any man's friendship, speak well of him, to the end it may come to his hearing.

The beginning of friendship is praise, and of enmity detraction.

When you are about to do any thing, have regard to what's past, which will give you a great light into what's to come.

Be not over hasty in your deliberations; but when you have once determined a thing, be sure to persevere in it.

Happiness is the greatest blessing that can come from heaven, and good counsel that which comes from ourselves.

When you have not courage to begin an attempt, confer first with your friend in the third person, so shall you have his opinion, without discovering yourself.

SELIMA : AN ORIENTAL TALE.

SELIMA was the daughter of Abdallah, a Persian of some distinction in the reign of Abas the Great; but being disgusted withdrew from court, and settled on the banks of the Zenderoud. He had likewise a retreat in mount Taurus, and as Selima had a taste for solitude, he often accompanied her there during the excessive heats of summer. No expence was spared to render this abode delightful; the walks were lined with trees of various fruits and foliage, and flowers, of a thousand different hues and odours, painted the parterre. It was furnished with water from the adjacent mountains, which pouring down a natural cascade, was afterwards divided into smaller streams, and distributed to every part of the garden. The murmuring of these little rills, and the soft melody of the birds, gave the mind a peculiar turn to musing; and as Selima's was naturally disposed to reflection, she enjoyed this recess with double

pleasure, and never left it but with extreme regret.

She was now in her twenty first year, and was often rallied by her cousin Zara, on her fondness for retirement: To what end, she would say, is all that enchanting bloom, and eyes sparkling with the most vivid lustre, if not employed to those purposes for which they were designed? You are formed for love, enjoy it in all its pleasures: Young Ibrahim pants for a sight of you, and, though contrary to our rules, I have promised to use all my interest for his admittance. I tremble, replied Selima, at the proposal, and can by no means consent to such an interview; it is contrary to my duty, offends my delicacy, and troubles my repose: The pleasures of love are too tumultuous, and little suited to a heart like mine. Zara was silent; yet still determined to pursue her point, and withdraw her cousin from a solitude she thought so injurious to her, and which

which in her opinion, was only proper for the old, the melancholy, and the deformed.

It was in one of those fine autumnal evenings, which, in the southern parts of Persia, are so delightful, that she proposed to Selima to take a walk along the banks of the Zenderoud, with an intention to carry her to a house in the suburbs of Isfahan, where Ibrahim had formed a party to entertain them. The moon and stars shone with uncommon splendor, and were reflected from the surface of the river with additional lustre: The woodbines and jasmines; which grew in great profusion, filled the air with their fragrance; and the trembling leaves, which the dying gales had yet left in motion, diversified the scene, and made it altogether charming. How transporting, cried Selima, are these rural delights! I taste them pure and unmixed! Alas how different from those delusive pleasures which play upon the senses for a moment, and leave nothing behind them but uneasiness and regret! You are much mistaken, interrupted Zara, if you think there are other amusements you are capable of relishing; and if you are pleased to permit me, I will immediately conduct you where you will meet with joys, of which these are but the shadow.

Amazement and surprise stopped Selima; a sudden terror shook her whole frame; and before she could recover herself, a thin mist arising from the river condensed into a cloud, and covered her entirely from the view of her companion. A pleasing slumber stole upon her senses, and when she awoke, she found herself upon the highest peak of mount Taurus: She had scarce time for recollection when one of these benevolent genii, who preside over the good and virtuous, thus addressed her,

I have saved thee, O Selima, if not from ruin, yet at least from the extreme danger: The importunities of Zara would at length have prevailed; and wine, music, and the softest tales of love, would jointly have contributed to thy undoing. Those objects which affect the senses strike most strongly, and numbers rest there without looking farther, or considering the great end of their existence. To convince thee of this truth; close thy eyes for a moment, then look beneath the mountain, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said Selima, a vast expanse of water, and one small island in the midst of it: A river divides it into two parts, equally productive of the conveniences of life, and traced out into numberless little paths, which at length unite in one common road

on each side of the river. This spot seems to be inhabited by the same species of beings, but their employments and pursuits are extremely different: Those on the left hand are either perpetually toiling to amass little heaps of earth, and gather together the various productions of the soil, in much greater quantities than they can possibly make use of, or, impatient of labour, consume in riot and excess, that necessary portion which is allotted them for their support. They travel, indeed, through different paths, but their tendency is the same; and I see them successively plunging into that illimitable track of waters, which looks full of anxiety and solicitude, or with an air of the greatest gaiety and unconcern.

To the right is exhibited a very different scene; a pleasing cheerfulness dwells upon every face, except a few, whose melancholy cast and disposition of mind throws a gloom on all which they behold. These chuse out the most difficult paths; they look with horror on every innocent amusement, and partake even of the necessaries of life with fearfulness and trembling: Their journey is safe, but very unpleasant; and like weary travellers they are continually wishing for an end of it. Their happier companions, who travel with great alacrity along the borders of the river, taste its refreshing stream, and gather, with a frugal but unsparing hand, whatever the luxuriant soil affords them. A firm persuasion of a never failing supply, takes from them all solitude; light, and disincumbered of every care, they press forward with incredible ardor; their views extend, the prospect opens, and a flood of glory, brighter than the mid day sun, receives them to unutterable bliss and rapture.

What thou hast seen, said the genius, requires no explanation: I shall only observe to thee, that human life is that portion of time allotted to mortals by way of trial; and every thing necessary to make it easy and delightful, is freely given, and may be enjoyed, within proper limitations, with perfect innocence and safety: In the excess lies all the danger, and the unavoidable consequence of that excess is misery. This profusion of good things, is thus indulgently poured out around thee, by the great Author of thy being; every pleasure thou possessest flows from his immediate bounty, and to him thou art indebted for those external graces which adorn thy person, as well as for the moral and intellectual beauties of the mind. The proper return for all these favours, is a grateful heart, and a cheerful obedience and submission to his will.

Consider

Consider him as the fountain of thy happiness, and he will necessarily become the supreme object of thy affections; and friendship, love, and every human passion, will give place to this divine ardor.

Selima was still listening to the genius with great attention, and expecting the sequel of his discourse; when looking up,

she found he had disappeared. She was troubled at his leaving her, and uneasy to think how she should descend from the summit of the mountain, when a bird of the finest plumage flew before her, and conducted her down the declivity with the greatest ease and safety.

AFFECTING STORY OF CONSTANTIA.

CONSTANTIA was possessed of many amiable qualities; and but for love could not perhaps have been accused of one human frailty. It was her fortune to be born in Holland, daughter to a man of affluent fortune amassed by commerce, and sister to an officer of rank, the father could not be more devoted to his wealth, than the brother jealous of his honour. Constantia was the care and the delight of both; she inherited from her father, prudence; and from her brother, that chaste reserve, and elevated dignity, which, if they are noble in our own sex, always appear with a superior lustre in the other.

Born to such qualities, possessed of so many virtues, what was there could subdue Constantia's heart? One thing alone, but that famous for levelling all ranks, and burying distinctions. A British officer, a man who had inherited from an illustrious family all their spirit and greatness, but none of their possessions; whose heart was rich in nobleness, but whose sword like the poor Chamont's, was all his portion, served in the troops commanded by her brother. It was easy to distinguish in him a soul and a descent, ill suited to his fortune. His colonel did not want the spirit to discern on such occasions: He pitied, he honoured, and he loved him: The respect with which he was received in the family, first drew Constantia's eyes upon him: She thought it merit to compassionate, and glory to reverence what her brother pitied and admired; and love, that follows swift upon the heels of tenderness, when joined with true esteem, soon took the place of every other passion.

Lysander, whose modesty would not have aspired to love, whose gratitude and friendship would not have suffered him to be ambitious on such terms, could not be sorry that he was beloved. He saw the first of her sex in merit, as well as quality, regard him with a look of tenderness, beyond the power of friendship or of compassion: He suffered that flame to glow

unto the full height, whose first sparks he had smothered; he watched his opportunity, and he disclosed his gratitude and adoration: He pleaded with success; and the lady, above all disguise, did not affect to hide her willingness to hear him, and to be persuaded.

When there are greater difficulties, the lesser vanish: Had there been no conditions necessary to Lysander's happiness but the consent of Constantia, that had perhaps been for a time withheld; and form prevailed against a real inclination: But before a necessity of the consent of a father, and the approbation of a brother, both necessary, and both at least not easily obtained, this was as nothing.

The task was difficult; but it must be attempted. Success was eagerly desired; and form submitted to necessity. What must have been denied to the lover, the lady solicited with her own voice: The brother was the most likely to be gained, and he was first addressed. He honoured her for her judgment, and he applauded her disinterested passion: He congratulated his friend; but he told them, that he expected the due regard on one hand, and the obedience on the other, should be paid to whatsoever were the decisions of his father.

No passion is so easily flattered as love. None hopes so soon; nor does any bear a disappointment worse. What was so easily obtained from the brother, the father absolutely refused: And the son, in whom a filial obedience was a first principle, exacted from his friend a promise, under that sanction, more sacred to a soldier than an oath, his honour, never to solicit the object of his wishes afterward. Lysander would at any time have sacrificed his life to such an engagement; but here was more, his love; and that proved too powerful.

The fury of a religious persecution had just at this time driven the worthy Mira, a pattern of firm friendship and true piety, with her little family, to Holland: The friendly

friendly heart of our Constantia had renewed an early intimacy; and misfortune had thrown in an additional claim of tenderness to her affection. In all things but her love Mira had been the confidant of her fair friend: She had solicited to know the cause of a melancholy that was now grown almost to despair; but she had pressed in vain. At length what she had so often requested ineffectually, the miserable friend communicated. 'You have seen Lyfander—interrupt me not with his praises—I am with child.'

If her religious friend started at this, with what horror did she attend to the resolves that followed? 'I know, continued the despairing Constantia, the fury of my brother will not be contented with a less sacrifice than my life, that of the unregarded unborn infant, and its unhappy father. No less atonement will in his rigid eye wipe off the infamy from his family. Great ills must be suffered to obviate greater: I have resolved what course to take. There is but one way, and I conjure your eternal and inviolable secrecy when I have disclosed it. I shall retire to Haerlem. I shall live there unknown, if possible unseen and unattended: I must encounter the hour of pain alone; and if I survive, these hands must kill the offspring of our tenderness.—If I return, be secret; if not, I do require it of you to tell Lyfander how it was I perished.'

The stream of tears that ran unwiped along the cheeks, the neck of the devoted Constantia, were hardly more than those of her astonished friend. 'I have bound myself

to secrecy,' replied she, 'and on one condition I will keep it. It is not a difficult one, and if you deny me, God, before whom I made the oath, be witness between you and me, it is no crime to break it.— Promise me, that before you lay the hands of death upon the poor innocent, you will dress it, kiss its little lips, and once give it suck.' The promise was made, and the unhappy fair one went her way.

All people were amazed; the family were distressed; the lover distracted; A few weeks called him away on private affairs to Britain. It was many months before the disconsolate Mira heard from her friend: At length a short letter, barren of circumstance, invited her to Harlem. She knew the hand of her Constantia, but she trembled at the silence to all incidents. She went in private: she stopped half dead with agony at the little cottage: Her pale friend opened the hospitable door to her with one hand, and in the other held the smiling pledge of her unviolated promise. 'I have obeyed you, Mira,' said she, smiling in all her weakness, 'I have obeyed the terms which you imposed; and nature has done all the rest.'

Far from discovery, there was not suspicion. All was secret that had happened. Constantia was received with rapture by her family; but that was little: Lyfander was returned, possessed of an ample fortune. He married the rescued object of his true passion; he brought her to his country, in which she lived and died, an honour to an honourable family.

STRICTURES ON FAME.

AMONG the many instances wherein opinion usurps a superiority over reason, may be reckoned the unequal and capricious distribution of fame; it is from this fatal perversion of justice, that some men are dignified with the venerable title of heroes, who ought rather to be branded as enemies to society, and murderers of mankind. Were it possible to enforce a universal and unalterable decree, by which a true definition of fame might be fixed, and made, as it ought to be, the reward only of virtue, how happy would it be for the world! The world, which often becomes a victim to its own folly and infatuation, being scourged and ravaged by the very idols which it adores. Were virtue to be made the criterion of fame, those to whom history gives the surname of

great, would be reduced to a very small number; and many names now mentioned with indifference, or buried in obscurity, would shine forth with all the genuine lustre of true glory, and be celebrated with the respect and veneration due alone to good actions. The pains which some writers have taken to excite in men's minds a love of fame, had been much better bestowed in inculcating a love of virtue; for though fame is said to be one of the greatest incentives to virtue, yet it is too evident from experience and examples, that unless men can be persuaded to pursue virtue for her own sake, they will generally neglect the substance for the shadow, and, dazzled by the glaring meteor, prefer the noisy praise of giddy popularity, to the silent approbation of their own reason

and conscience : Thus Alexander fired by reading the works of Homer, mistook ambition for honour, and fame for virtue; he filled the eastern world with slaughter and devastation, and yet is handed down to posterity as a pattern for future heroes, or rather for future mad men to imitate : Cæsar wept at reading the exploits of Alexander, because he had then done nothing to signalize his name; his great mind, though fraught with every amiable virtue, yet being corrupted with the same fatal thirst of fame, prompted him to subdue his country, and to ruin that commonwealth, of which his vast abilities in war and peace enabled him to have been the ornament and defender. But had Alexander and Cæsar placed their happiness in virtue and not in fame, what blessings might they have conferred on their countries, and what noble examples had they left for future princes to follow ! Some excuse may indeed be admitted for their deviation from reason and virtue, because the notions of heathens, with regard to a future state, were so dark and imperfect, that the acquisition of fame was looked upon as a sure means of admittance to the Elysian mansions. But now, when our reason is enlightened by revelation, shall we persist in the absurd error ? Shall we continue to honour those names with encomiums of praise, which we ought to point out with marks of infamy ? Far otherwise : Let us rather shake off the shackles of opinion, and the authority of custom, and learn to make a proper use of our reason ; by this means we shall be enabled to form a judgment of life and characters by the unerring test of truth. We shall then prefer the wise legislator to the capricious monarch, the moralist and the philosopher to the successful general and intriguing politician, and those who have benefited mankind by their writings, to those who have corrupted our sentiments by their examples.

It is finely observed by some of the great masters of ancient wisdom, that virtue re-ounds more to our true glory, than fame, because it is owing to ourselves alone ; whereas in the acquisition of fame, the

conqueror of nations, and the commander of armies, is assisted by others who claim a share of the renown of his exploits. Besides, it is more difficult to conquer ourselves by subduing our passions, than, by the help of multitudes and the concurrence of fortune to conquer others ; if virtue then is more difficult to be attained than fame, it is consequently more glorious. It often happens, that fame is no sooner acquired, than it is lost again ; whereas nothing can deprive us of our virtue. Thus Charles of Sweden lost his glory at Pultowa, although no defeat could have robbed Peter the Great of his fame, because he did not derive it from his military exploits, but from his God like labours, for rendering his people happy. He that obtains fame at the expence of virtue, must surely find his enjoyment embittered with remorse ; he must reflect, that he has been the author of innumerable murders and miseries, in wading through human blood, before he could reach the summit of his ambition : If heroes then have any humanity, they must surely be sorry for their conquests, and blush at fame : But every victory over our passions produces true satisfaction, and every approach towards virtue is attended with increasing happiness. Fame is not only uncertain and precarious, but transitory ; new candidates arise in every age, and obliterate the memory of their predecessors : But virtue is always the same, always flourishing, and always lasting. Fame adds nothing to the happiness of life, but, on the other hand, fills the world with calamity, and corrupts our minds, by giving a wrong turn to those passions, which might be of service in the cause of virtue ; it produces those beings whom the world calls heroes and politicians, but whom reason teaches us to regard as villains and madmen.

For grant that those can conquer, these
can cheat,

'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great :
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
POPE.

AN AFFECTING DISCOVERY.

IN the year 1717, there lived at Brumpton, a woman, whose profession was the taking off their parents hands, the children of an unauthorized passion. Her name was Sarah Welland. There was in that time no Foundling-hospital.

The people of intrigue knew the name of this person familiarly. As her profits were considerable, she could at any time silence the clamours of a parish officer, and the neglected scandal. Her custom
was

was to receive the devoted infant from a third person without asking any questions. She took with it a certain price for the maintainance and care of it for life; and neither the parents nor the parish were any more to hear of it. What must be their hearts, who could deliver up their children to this certain destruction! The exposing infants among the old Romans, against which we so much exclaim, was less criminal. The child there might escape; but in this case the very bargain sold its blood. Parents who themselves felt no compassion or humanity, could not suppose there would be either in a stranger; and as the whole price was paid at once, the sooner the infant perished the greater was the profit! It were happy if there were at the present time no murderers of this stamp; for there will never want unnatural parents.

One child that entered the bloody walls of Welland, escaped; for herself died that evening. The smiling innocence of the little victim pleaded even with those who had perhaps before been the instruments of her barbarity; they had no interest in its death, and they carried it to those who had at that time the care of the poor. The deserted infant was taken from house to house; and begging supported it, till there should be a vestry. The careful overseer postponed a fortnight, that, which should have come on the day following. The parish might have a chance to be freed from the incumbrance; but this little wretch was to live. The nameless infant had escaped the only hands from which it could fail to meet compassion: Its throat bled with a wound inflicted by the hand of its father; but not mortal. All were charmed with it, and all struck with commiseration. Those who had not fortunes, declared, that were they rich, they would adopt it; but such as had the power, found the inclination less fervent. Even, they however contributed their shillings. The vestry met at length, and the child was living. The officers took it into their care; and the world heard no more of it. Pity is a short-lived virtue: The incident was soon forgot; and if any thought upon the infant, probably they thought it devoted to another destruction.

Nine years after this a Frazer of humanity and honour, saw a boy naked upon one of the barrenest of his mountains. He was sitting: His eyes were swimming in sorrow, though no tear had fallen from them. They were turned up to heaven with resignation, but with almost a spirit of upbraiding; and in his hand was a root of grass, his food.

The master of the place, touched with

compassion, ordered him to his house: He put him on the habit of the Highlands, employed him in his service, and he was called a Frazer. He was asked how he came thither, and how he became so miserable; but could make little answer: He knew nothing of father or mother, of friend, or place of birth. His first remembrance was, of an ancient woman with whom he had lived in a cabin; Her death had sent him from one to another of the Highlanders; and at last, the loss of his only remaining friend, had left him perfectly destitute. His master found in the boy as he grew up, sense and spirit, and the most perfect gratitude. He took him from the meaner services, and had him near his person. Few saw him; but all who did, said they perceived in him something very singular. His behaviour was modest; but his words were full of understanding. He had been near twenty years in the service of this father (more than master) when the last rebellion broke out in Scotland: His master took the wrong side; and there was no question of this Frazer following. He was in the two actions that were successful; and had so distinguished himself in both, that he was marked for particular favour. In the last his hand was not less active; but he fought against the Duke of Cumberland. A single arm could not command success in opposition to so much conduct, joined with so much resolution. He fled among the routed Highlanders, and in an hour, was in a place of safety; a retreat, where neither friend could be likely to find, nor enemy to reach him, where he could neither be forced nor betrayed. In this place, as he was leaning upon his sword, and resting against a tree, he saw two persons enter hastily; the one an old man flying, the other a young man in pursuit of him. What astonished the warrior was, that they appeared both of the victorious party. He stood a moment, expecting they would fall together upon him; but they regarded none except each other. The old man finding his feet would not give him security, turned upon the pursuer, and put himself in a posture of defence. Frazer was too much a hero to look on an unequal encounter. As the old man was on the brink of destruction, he fell in between. I know nothing of your quarrel, said he, to the younger, but let me dispute it in his place. He is not a match for your youth and vigour. No more words passed: the old man stood aside; and his champion conquered.

The person whom he had saved, made him all possible acknowledgements. He told him, that he would return the obligation,

gation, by preserving him. He proposed taking him back in the evening, and changing his dress; and promised to adopt him for his son. He concluded with extolling his gallantry in the highest terms, and with observing, it was a pity a person of so much honour should be a rebel. Frazer answered him thus: The Scots do not fight against their King, because they are disloyal, but because they are commanded by those they serve. Their lords have a right to their duty; and they are taught from infants to believe, that their first virtue is obedience there---He paused and wiped away a tear, and then continued---none had so much right to that compliance as mine: Nor could I have accepted of your proposed friendship, but that I saw him fall. Now I am free: And if you will receive a friendless orphan into your protection, I will be as faithful to you as I have been to him.

The person he had preserved was moved extremely with his speech: There was something in the manner more than the words that charmed him; he kissed him, took him back with him, changed his habit, and brought him to England, where his interest obtained him a free pardon. Frazer lived with this man of honour as a son; the family consisted of themselves and a daughter, a lady of forty-seven, not more distinguished by her amiable temper, than by an air of melancholy, which never forsook her countenance. The father told her often the story of his rescue. The wretch, said he, who dishonoured you,

sought my life for the resentment I had shewn against his barbarity: What I have said, continued he to Frazer, must reach no other ear, but you are as a son: This is the cause of that lady's melancholy; she was deluded under an engagement of marriage; she had a child, whom the abandoned creature caused to be destroyed, and he would now have added my murder to his son's, had not you prevented, because 28 years since I sought to bring him to justice. How long revenge will live in bad men's minds!

As they spoke together upon the subject, they compassionated the infant. Frazer was strangely moved with the recital. Perhaps, said he, if my memory would reach to my infant years, some such a fate was mine. He repeated on this occasion the strange obscurity of his birth; and shewed a scar upon his throat, which he added, some inhuman hand had given before the time of his earliest memory.

They left him without ceremony, and they returned in a moment. When the old man spoke thus: Hear pleasing and unpleasing things together: The person from whose sword you saved me, was your father: There is your mother; kneel to her for a blessing.

The narrator was permitted to relate this story by those most nearly concerned, the names being concealed. What a catastrophe for tragedy? One can hardly avoid looking upon the righteous parricide, as the appointment of Divine Providence.

NEW AND CURIOUS DISCOVERIES ON BEES.

[From the *Universal Magazine*.]

WHEN the trees begin to bloom, and the flowers to display their sweets, the diligent bee usually commences its forages on every tree and flower which yields a proper aliment.

Then take an old hive, with the remains of the comb on the sides, or if it has none, place some shreds of wax towards the roof of the hive, in several places, and hold them awhile over lighted straw, that they may melt and spread about; you will find the bees to work in such a hive preferably to another, and that they will immediately build, upon this ground of wax which you have laid, that which they have gathered. Observe, that when there is a great deal of wax, they laid it on towards the center, and when a little, on

the sides; they build their comb perpendicularly from the roof to the floor, which the heat increasing towards the bottom of the hive, renders their wax quite soft.

They will not only make their symmetrical cells with the wax of their own gathering, but also with that which has been supplied to them; this I know by frequent experience, having laid a piece of wax in the hive, and soon after nothing of it was to be seen. How much wax a bee can carry at once may be seen, especially in the first week's of a new swarm appointed to form the comb; in which they are so diligent, that they often drop somewhat of what they are bringing before they have secured it, and the particles they thus drop are not unlike that kind of dust which

which comes from birds feathers, except that they are whiter and more glossy.

The young swarms do not work at the comb above a fortnight, and if, in the interim, foul weather should hinder their forages, they spare neither their works nor their honey; but in a course of fine weather they run up their building with a surprizing celerity.

In our northern climates four months is all the space that they work at the honey, which is made at their hives, whether it be little or much; but in hot countries they have nine working months. In February and March they may indeed gather from the nut trees, and other shrubs, wherewith to make their comb; and if they should meet with any blossom, any drop of honey on the gooseberry and currant bushes, they either use it themselves or give it to their young, which yet is far short of being a sufficient nourishment; but in April or May, when the trees are in blossom, they then find all the necessary materials both for their structures and their honey: June and July are the most favourable; the wild and garden flowers, trefoil, oats, barley, peas, vetches, and cockle, from which they draw their best honey and nutriment opening all their treasures to them. In those years when cockle and trefoil are scarce, no swarm is produced; but with a plenty of these two herbs, there never wants a plenty of honey and numerous swarms.

Bees extract their honey from all sweet-smelling flowers, as roses, pinks, violets, orange and lemon flowers, and all other within their reach: In red trefoils they are prevented by the drones, who chiefly furnish themselves with honey from thence, but they make themselves amends by scouring the country, where, to any other flowers they prefer the tops of turneps and radishes, cabbages and colliflowers, &c. and when all these fail them, they fall upon the branches and flowers of pumpkins, where they disguise themselves so as to lose the appearance of bees.

Bees are known to nourish themselves, with the juices of flowers, which being conveyed into their little bladders, is deposited in their cells, and closely covered with quite another substance, as their autumn and winter store. I have observed them to be very fond of the farinuous dew, which falls after the sun is above the horizon, and is sometimes perceived to sparkle on oak and plum-tree leaves; and one of these leaves being put to the tongue, one tastes liquor as sweet as honey, and this liquor it is which ripening in the cells, becomes honey: If a bee at his return be taken and opened, in its

bladder will be found a sweet juice, almost as liquid as water; for did bees sip common water, how would they refresh themselves in winter, when confined within doors?

The best weather for bees is when it is hot and calm, with copious dews; too much drought exhausts the flowers, and too much wet hinders the bees from their excursions, from making swarms, and besides fills the flowers with water; in a warm spring they ravage the buds of hazels and poplars, not that what they thus gather, and bring home about their hinder legs, serves them for food, but they use it for hatching their young. A great deal of this is found in summer time in the hives; but if the hives be opened, and cleared in autumn or winter, or, as is our custom, in spring, little or none is found; it is better, so that it cannot be any aliment to the bees, accordingly it is left untouched in the cells under any extremities; however, it is so conducing to their increase, that if they have plenty of it, a forward and numerous swarm may be depended on.

The red trefoil, the white rose, the white lily, and some other such flowers, do not agree with bees; they love vetches, but not their juice, never being seen to suck their stalks. Broom is such a dainty among them, that they spare no pains in traversing woods and heaths in quest of it.

The chief cause of wars among bees, as among men, besides their natural avidity, is injustice and violence; thus, when they observe that it is hot weather, and that their forages do not answer either from the flowers being not opened, as at the beginning of the spring, or from their being over, as in autumn, they cruize about for hives at a distance from their own, seldom assaulting any in the neighbourhood. They are also wise enough not to meddle with any that are strongly garisoned, but where they apprehend a weakness, they then attempt to force an entrance; if repulsed, they fly away for a reinforcement, that is, they retreat and return in greater numbers to their attacks, which are so vigorous, and the hive so strongly defended, that the entrance of the hive is covered with the slain. It is observable, that if the queen, either of the besieged or besiegers, falls in the action, the war is immediately at an end, the field of battle is given up to the enemies, a division of their stores is made with them, and the bees of the hive either quit their antient habitation, or a coalition is made betwixt both parties to be but one people under the same government.—

As some prevention of the devastation of these wars, the hive must be opened after their return from the battle, and the remainder of the honey taken out, that it may not be pillaged by the enemy.

Another cause of these wars, likewise not thoroughly justifiable, is, when a hive has been carried by the enemies, the bees upon their expulsion, attack other hives for a settlement; for they never unite with their enemies, unless upon the loss of their queen, while she remains they adhere to her, and never submit to a foreign yoke. Three years successively my hive had been attacked by new swarms, as emigrants, some have perished in the enterprize, and others have been admitted to the community. I remember one day going to look upon my hives, I found some of them be-

sieged by a prodigious number of bees, with a great humming in the air. I concluded that these were invaders, and the rather, as my hives had been cleared but a little before, and my bees consequently could not have produced new swarms.— I left them to fight it out, not returning till towards night, thinking by that time victory had declared itself on one side or other, and accordingly I heard no humming, but at the entrance of one hive, which I lifted up to examine into the state of affairs; then I plainly saw that a swarm had settled itself among my bees, for the hive was so filled, that there was no room to put one finger in; they lived together in harmony, uniting forces to build the comb, and in Whitsun-holidays produced a new swarm.

SUPERIORITY OF MAN OVER THE BRUTE CREATION.

IN the very countenance of man are featured majesty and dignity, power and expression. He need not always exert his voice to declare his mind; the look of his eye, the varied colour of his countenance, and the sensible alterations of his features, sufficiently denote his thoughts and intentions on many occasions: An advantage to which no brute can pretend. His erect stature, and the configuration of all his parts, suited to the powers of his soul, enable him to use his limbs to the noblest purposes; to rule, subdue, and govern the earth; ornament it with the various works of art; and make the vegetable, mineral, and animal creation obedient to his commands. He dresses the ground, plants woods and gardens, erects buildings and monuments of perpetuity: He breaketh the wild horse, he tames the lion, and draggeth from the sea the huge leviathan.

Several defects have been inconsiderately objected to the human structure, as if it were left imperfect by its Creator. Some have fancied that, instead of arms, wings should have been given to man, to transfer his body quicker from one place to another. But what a diminution would it be to the human dignity, were our arms exchanged for wings? Would wings supply the infinite uses of hands and fingers, by which we exert our power and dominion? If man had been a winged race, who must have ploughed the ground, dressed the vine, or felled the timber? The arm of man fathoms the ocean, extends to the entrails of the earth, and fetches up nume-

rous productions from places where wings could never reach. Could wings enable us to weave our sail-cloth, and build our ships, which carry us farther than eagles fly? Let the sublimest human genius make what imaginary alterations it pleases in the human structure, they will all be for the worse; and we be forced to acknowledge that the body of man is contrived by an architect infinitely wise.

The human arm is a mark of regal dignity. Every creature hath its limbs destined to its particular uses, and as it were, its peculiar handicraft, to which alone it is formed and built; without being able to extend its power of working beyond its peculiar destination: But the arm of man is an universal instrument, by means whereof he extends his dominion through all the regions of nature. When he stretches out his arm it serves as a bar of defence, which, when he revolves it, acts as a sling. His doubled fist strikes like a hammer; and, when opened and hollowed, serves as a vessel. His fingers do the office of hooks and claws: The situation of his arms makes out his balance; and by their means he can draw to him, thrust from him, or climb on high. The arm of man is an emblem of the powers of his soul, and animates all other instruments and tools, which enable him to hew rocks, fell trees, and transport them to great distances for the building of houses, towns and cities. The human arm works wonders: It cuts channels, pierces rocks, conducts rivers, renders them navigable, digs metals and minerals, and brings them

to

to what shape or figure we please. By means of his arm man raises immense weights, and subdues the wildest animals. The wonderful *master-pieces* of art are the works of his hand. When his fingers touch the organ, the ear is no less delighted with the ravishing sounds, than the eye with the never-fading roses and beautiful flowers in painting, needle-work and embroidery. The adroitness or dexterity of the hand and arm, so exquisitely fitted to numerous purposes, shews us the design of our Creator in man's formation; and how far he willed that our power and might should extend. Our hands are prepared and formed to manufacture whatever we find upon earth, and assist in converting all things to our service.

Another advantage which attends the noble construction and formation of the human body is, that it gives us the power of directing, regulating, and changing or altering our conduct, according to circumstances. Though the brutes have certain single advantages over us; tho' the stag, for example, excels us in swiftness; yet man hath the power of using still swifter brutes to assist him in the chase. Many brutes indeed excel us in strength, and can bear greater burdens; but this excellence in them redounds to our advantage; while the ox, the horse, the ass, the camel, the elephant, are at our command: Which shews our infinite superiority over them, and the extent of our dominion.

Fault is found, that man, the ruler of the earth, should be born naked and unarmed, whilst nature provides other creatures with weapons of defence. But the regal dignity of man is heightened by this seeming aspect. He walks more majestic unarmed, guarded and defended by his strong domestic brutes; and conquering all things by his art, and the creatures that are made subservient to him. Lead, iron and steel, fire and sword, nitre and sulphur, are his defence against savage fierceness. Though man enjoys only a moderate degree of strength and swiftness, yet the frame of his body fits him for all undertakings; and his address in using and applying the powers of nature, shews that his vary wants were given him on purpose that he might call forth his latent powers to supply them.

The legs of man, constructed in exact symmetry with his body, seem not designed for swiftness; whence many wild beasts are swifter of foot than he, who being not formed for a messenger, but for a ruler of the world, his legs properly serve him for state and grandeur. It would be unbefitting his dignity to scamper the fields like a deer. He is framed for walking majestic; and when he requires expedition, he has brutes at his service to carry him; and can hunt the stag, or the wild boar, in a manner becoming his dignity. His legs, however, by means of their exquisite structure, afford him numerous advantages over all the brutes; for by the dextrous management of his feet, he can wonderfully alter his posture and attitude, and at the same time preserve his whole body in equilibrio; he can dance in various graceful figures, and turn his limbs in all the positions and motions suited to his stately make.

Man has a great advantage over brutes from his being able to digest, and to support his body, by all kinds of aliment. Such brutes as feed only on fish are obliged to live altogether near the shore; and the birds that feed upon seeds or fruits live wholly in the fields. The tyger, that eats raw flesh, cannot be fed at the crib like an ox; and the beasts of burden are contented with the moderate fodder they so richly deserve at our hands: But man is unlimited, unrestrained, unconfined: He can live where he pleases, by land or water; he can use all sorts of diet, and is not obliged to hunt for his prey. His palate is fitted to enjoy all sorts of tastes; and his stomach digests every thing that is digestible. Earth, air, and water annually offer him their tribute of numberless kinds of aliment; the greatest part being such as is destined only to his use.

It would require a volume to relate the wonders of the human tongue; whereby we form sounds, and have the command of speech, to express our sentiments of all the things that are subject to the power of our souls; and as the whole visible creation is subject to our thoughts, this shews us how wide the dominion of man extends, and proves his dignity to be divine.

PARALLEL between a LADY of FASHION about Three Hundred Years ago, and a modern one of the same Denomination.

TO make the comparison clearer, some previous observations will be ne-

cessary, and, a trifling account of some matters of importance with which all ladies

dies are not acquainted, will very much help to explain the point I am endeavouring to discuss. It must be noted then, that in those days no ladies went to court; no birth-day balls, odes, or even the ordinary couches now in use, where men and women meet promiscuously, were known or heard of; so by consequence, one kind of fashionable lady, now common enough, was not at that time a creature in being. Again, none of the families of the nobility and gentry lived in town, winter or summer; and the greatest officers of the state (whose ladies might be the only exception to this rule) seldom had their families there; nor indeed was the court ever in town, but during the short meetings of parliament. This must have cut off an infinite variety of manners, tastes, fashions and amusements, which an intercourse with the city and the court would have produced; and remains a reason at this day, why the characters we meet with of men and women in the plays of Johnson, Beaumont, and other stage writers of the succeeding age, are so little understood, and seem so out of nature to the present age. A citizen talking about the court, or a country squire imitating their fashions, was then an entertaining character, and was exhibited with success; as when the poet drew them the humour was recent, and the soppery singular.

Before the time of Mary, when women first went to court, all the ladies of distinction fell into two classes, and no more, and were either city dames or country madams; and as they mixed but little with one another, must have consequently differed extremely in their taste and breeding.

Far be it from me to say which of the two were the better bred, as I do not pretend to be a judge in the point; but this appears very clearly, that the character of the city dame was to be extremely nice, superlatively polite, rich in her dress, and somewhat inclining to the coquette. In the country (unless among the nobility, who were then very few, and whom I do not include here) their dress was plain, their manners familiar, and their temper easy. The latter, I imagine, was occasioned by the open hospitality of the country, and the other by the reserve and parsimony of the town; but now that parsimony is translated to the town, and parsimony reigns in the provinces, these distinctions are pretty much confounded, if not totally reversed.

To begin then with madam in the country, who (I must observe) could neither read nor write, nor ever drank tea, and relate how she passed over the twenty-four hours. She was up early, and saw

breakfast served in the great hall by six o'clock; which was no trifling affair in those days, as it included great variety of good eating and drinking; and during which time a great deal of mirth went on, occasioned by telling of dreams, and hearing of stories of witches related by the servants, who sat down to breakfast when the others had done. From thence the gentlemen repaired to the cellar, where every one drank as he liked, till either business or sport called them abroad, about the last of which there was no need of setting out early, as hawking and coursing were all they knew of hunting. The lady of the house took this opportunity of examining the state of her poultry, larders and dairy, and the young ladies applied to their ordinary occupations of making their own and the families cloathing of all sorts, even down to the stockings; for at that time knitting and weaving them were arts unknown. And here it was they received the visits of their sweet-hearts, who were much helped on in their amorous toying, by interrupting the damsels in their work, as often as they refused kissing them. It appears from ballads, and other poetical pieces of courtship, from before the time of Chaucer, to have been a prime piece of gallantry, and together with the history of their own and their greyhounds achievements, seems to have constituted the whole craft and mystery of making honourable love.

Twelve was the latest hour of dining every where. Montaigne tells us, 'For my part I chuse to dine late, seldom before eleven;' and that is still the hour of dining at some colleges, by the ancient orders of their founders. At this time the foresaid fashionable lady had the dining room strewed with fresh rushes, for the reception of her company: Hence the old adage, 'We must strew rushes when you come to see us;' and this explains a passage in Ben Johnson's *Silent Woman*, where True Wit talks to the page, of surprising his lady with his voice from among the rushes in her bedchamber; to which time the custom has been continued down.

Dinner, I find, was but a short repast, as supper was the profuse entertainment at six o'clock, and the intervals between, spent in field diversions by the men, shooting at butts, running at the ring, &c. to which the ladies always accompanied them. From supper to bed-time those that liked it caroused, sung songs, and told stories, and, as Justice Silence observes to Harry the Fourth,

'Twas merry in the hall—when beards
wagg'd all.

The younger part went to hot cockles, blind-man's buff, or any thing that furnished an opportunity for romping; and the graver sort to gleek, primero, and other sedentary games, of which I know nothing but their names.

This was the whole course of a country life, with some variations as to winter and summer; which I have been the more particular in describing, as few people are acquainted with it, and this indeed but a trifling piece of knowledge; but which, by comparing it with the life of a modern lady, (which is so well known it need not be described) may furnish a moral by no means contemptible, and lead us to observe: That refinement in pleasure can but little contribute to make our time pass the more agreeably; and that all the improvements which successive ages have produced, in reality amount to no more than bare changing one set of amusements for another. People's passions have been at all times the same, but take a different complexion from the thousand circumstances that surround them. What pleases in an age of simplicity will be insipid when luxury prevails; as the passions become then so compounded that they are of a different species from what nature af-

forded them to us; and must be gratified by something more than natural or common life can furnish.

Hence new inventions, and the perpetual vicissitude of amusements we engage in, thro' hopes of pleasure which we can never find, and never will till we call back our passions from this counterchance. We may change, and change, and be never the nearer, if we expect happiness from artificial pleasures. The nearer nature, the longer every thing pleases; and the farther we get from it the more forlorn shall we be, more liable to anxiety, and more incapable of joy. Thus I would remark of pleasures that we are innocent, and such recreations as we are free to follow; which the young may engage in without reproach, and are only criminal because ridiculous in the old. Whether the high life amusements now in fashion deserve the name of pleasure, must be left to the performers of those exalted scenes; but lookers on will imagine, that loss of health, reputation, and fortune, cheerfulness of mind and spirits, with a visible decay of understanding, in all who pursue them to excess, is buying them at an over-price.

EXTRACTS from the CORRESPONDENCE of the present KING of SWEDEN, when a young Man, with the SUPERINTENDENTS of his EDUCATION.

Count Tessin to his Royal Highness.

YOUR royal highness hath had a governor many years, but perhaps without ever once having had leisure to enquire into the meaning of his title, or extent of his duty. We derive our word governor from the French gouverneur, which originally signified a pilot, or he that stands at the helm of a ship, and whose business it is to bring those, who have intrusted him with their lives, safe to land.

One part of a governor's duty is to preserve the health of his pupil, that his strength of body may increase with his years, and his life be extended to the greatest possible length. It is in compliance with this duty that I am now and then obliged to thwart your inclinations; which, though it should offend you at present, I flatter myself you will live to pardon. But to preserve your health, and prolong your life is not, alone, sufficient. A governor must be equally assiduous to render life happy: But real happiness

can, by no possibility, grow from any root, except that of religion, which must, therefore, be carefully planted in the heart.

The first thing we should learn, when we quit the cradle, is, to whom we are indebted for our being; that we are no less than the work of the Almighty. We then, most naturally, ask in what manner we are to express our gratitude, to worship, and obey him. I cannot forbear acknowledging, that your royal highness hath most cheerfully fulfilled these principal duties; and I verily believe that Sweden may thank your tender voice for many of the blessings which she now enjoys.

After we have imbibed a true knowledge and fear of our Creator, the natural depravity of our hearts requires the immediate assistance of morality, which ought to tread upon the heels of faith: But to gain our early affections, it is necessary she should make her first appearance in her very gayest apparel. Tales, fables, similes, and the like, are commonly the ornaments in which she attracts our first attention;

attention; and as the first impressions are generally the strongest, this agreeable dress may, not without reason, be supposed, to make us, ever after, prejudiced in her favour. It is with morality as with a cheerful sensible friend: We like him first for his agreeable qualities, and afterwards for his solid virtues. Morality, in like manner, keeps pace with our age: Whilst we are young and gay, she is all alacrity; but gradually assumes a face of gravity as we grow old and serious.

History is our next study. A wise man will use his endeavours to be well acquainted with the house he is to inhabit. He will enquire into the nature and situation of the building, the character and economy of his predecessors. A comedian, who is ambitious to shine in his profession, must be well acquainted with the history of the stage: He must inform himself in what manner other actors have played, and by what means they gained applause. What is man, but a player? and the world but a theatre? on which no one will appear who hath not had a predecessor in the same character, whose example may be of service to him.

Religion, morality, and history, are the first and most important branches of education: But as the minds of youth require frequent relaxation, and are capable of receiving great variety of impressions, it is thought necessary to interrupt our serious studies with more trivial learning and bodily exercise, part of which is intended to give us a certain politeness of behaviour required in the society with our fellow-creatures, and part, to divest us of our natural stiffness, and teach us the graceful use of our limbs.

Thus far the general duties of a governor; who, in leaving his pupil thus instructed, certainly deserves praise and gratitude. But this is far from being the extent of his duty who is intrusted with the education of a royal prince. Where another's duty ceases, his may properly be said to begin. When he hath taught the high-born youth to be a man, he must then instruct him how to govern mankind.

The common duties of society are infinitely less extensive than those of a sovereign prince; whose governor is not only, in some measure, answerable for the peculiar virtues of his royal charge, but for the future felicity of nations, and sometimes of the whole world. A king hath often the fate of more than one nation in his power. Peace or war, happiness or misery to whole regions, are frequently the result of his councils. But the more, and greater the virtues are that should adorn a throne, the more subtle and sub-

born are the vices which surround it. A man of common rank is sure to meet with many things in life to humble him. He will find more men ready to reproach him with his faults, than to excuse and encourage them. But a young prince who, from his cradle, lives in a constant state of flattery, falls much more easily into the vice of pride; a vice that infallibly casts a cloud over all his virtues.

Other children are charged with their own vices; but, if those of a prince be in question, the whole weight falls upon his governor: And he who was thought the happiest of mortals, is often condemned to spend the sad remainder of his days in sorrow, to see that all his care, all his trouble, his late and early watchings, have been employed to no effect.

Honour is not to him that plants and waters, but to him that giveth the increase. This good Being hath been pleased to send so ample a blessing on the honest endeavours of those who have been appointed to watch over your early days, that we are without fear of reproach. You, my dear, are now in the spring of your life. For heaven's sake, be careful of your spotless and tender heart! that the approaching summer of manhood may ripen the precious fruit which the present promising blossom gives us reason to expect.

We have four different judgments to look for: First, That of their majesties, whose own bright example will render us more severely answerable. Secondly, That of the nation; for which I expect more honour than I have deserved: For he that is blessed with a rich soil, needs employ but little pains and tillage. The third, and most competent judge, will be your royal self. You, next to heaven, are best acquainted with my heart. You, alone, can bear me witness, how often, and how earnestly, I have dared to admonish you in our private hours. You best know, whether I have ever sown the least seed of evil in your heart: If I have ever done this, may the poisonous juice of the fruit it bears destroy my own soul! You are least ignorant in what degree my own life hath been blameless; and whether, by my example, you have ever been tempted to do ill. I, therefore, cheerfully submit myself to your severest examination, and will receive your judgment as a glorious reward for my past services. The fourth and last tribunal is that of the Omnipotent; where suffering innocence may expect to hear the unjust decrees of men repealed. I dare not call upon his justice; for I am but a man. I appeal to his infinite mercy, which I beseech him to send down upon my royal pupil, that he may become

become the token of an everlasting covenant between his people and their God !

The Prince's Answer.

THE last letter which you wrote to me, was very agreeable to me ; and I sincerely thank my dear Tefs for it. The duty of a governor to his pupil, which you wrote

about, reminds me of the duty of a pupil to his governor ; which is, to love him, to acknowledge his goodness, and to obey him. I assure you, my dear Tefs, I will neglect none of these duties, because I love you, and shall always be,

Dear Tefs,

Your faithful friend,

GUSTAVE.

PICTURESQUE CHARACTER OF THE ROMANS.

WHAT a glorious view does the Roman scene afford ! A Roman may, without impropriety, be painted amidst conquered nations, and the ruins of the universe. The strokes must be grand and bold, a little brown, but no affectation of embellishment. This is the stile of all the painters of the Roman school in exalted subjects ; melancholy, which is ever a concomitant of magnanimity, being the character of great artists, great subjects, and great souls.

The Roman figures must be large, yet not so divine as those of the Greeks, but well proportioned, with a more firm and masculine carnation. The muscles of the body, and the expressions of the soul, are not to be exaggerated, as those of the Greeks often require to be.

Let the design of the figures be the antique taste, yet less mixed with the tenderness of nature than a Grecian. That laboured elegance and studied nature does

not correspond with the Romans. Annibal Carraccio has most admirably united the Grecian, the Roman and Florentine tastes in the Farnesian galleries: In painting their bodies, he meant at the same time to display their genius.

The portrait of a Roman, therefore, is not to be charged like that of a Grecian ; he must have none of these singular attitudes, which were the common effects of enthusiasm and philosophy among the latter.

A magnanimous, spirited look, yet with simplicity ; a moderate motion in the figures, an accurate agreement in all the parts, and an air of grandeur through the whole, characterise the Romans. Those high flown thoughts, those caprices which suit the Grecian genius, would be much misplaced here. The fancy must be judiciously heated. Taking the expression of painters in the reverse, Poussin may be said to have aimed at the Romans.

A PICTURESQUE CHARACTER OF THE ORIENTALS AND GREEKS.

IN the ancient nations there is a free, original touch, which is not to be found in the moderns. The expressions of the stile, and the natural manners in the ancients, are like sanguine carnations. The ancient manners are true flesh and blood. The scene of the ancients is rural, and requires the height of delicacy in the colouring.

The contrasts in the ancient manners are lofty and inticing to the last degree : A king practising physic and agriculture at the same time ; princes busied in household affairs ; the scepter of sovereignty tenderly united with the shepherd's crook.

Were I to paint ancient Egypt, in front and under a vast expanse of glaring light,

I would exhibit stately buildings and stupendous monuments of antiquity ; and the silent imagery should not be disturbed with many figures.

The remoter part should be deeply shaded as an emblem of the profound secrecy of Egypt in religion and the sciences, with a few lights for priests and philosophers, to whom I would give simple but majestic habits, attitudes of dignity, and severe graces ; a deep stillness through the whole, and a little variety of colours.

As to modern orientals, their principle of manners ever makes a gay scene under a clear sky. But on the other hand, I would have the contrast of the objects harsh and strong : At the feet of the Sultan's glittering throne, must lie heaps of murdered

murdered nobles; every where on the sides, and in the distances, misery and universal oppression; and at the farthest parts, the sight of desperate subjects along precipices, should strike the beholder.

It would be proper to place the priests and doctors of their religion on a stage, and their whole expression violent and forced; every part of the design must appear turgid. The women here being all slaves or prostitutes, can be allowed only vitiated or constrained graces.

Amidst the general calamity, amidst melancholy, filthy, and even despicable objects, there are found some great characters, as the sages, the contemplators, the inventors of abstracted sciences; these might be placed at a distance, but indicated by the symbols of their attributes.

For the portrait of the Greeks, there must be slight colours; the carnation brown and shining, to express their complexion and vivacity.

The figures, ethereal, volatile, the dra-

pery also thin or rather transparent, like those of the deities, as denoting the divine imagination of Homer and other Greeks.

The pencil here cannot be too easy, the Greeks having blended nature and antiquity with admirable precision; so that the design of the figures must speak this alliance of the haughty and tender. The manner in general ought to be in the grand taste.

If the scene be laid in the country, the heroick pastoral stile is the most suitable; but I should like it better in a city, and still better at Athens than at Sparta, whose singular character was an exception to that of the Greeks. Whatever be the choice, let every thing be full of heat and bustle.

But especially let us imitate the studied physiognomies of the Grecian statues: In works of this kind, the sculptors certainly had an eye to the singular subtilty, craft, and imagination of the Grecians.

The MISERY arising from too great INDULGENCE of the APPETITE.

GOD has for the pleasure and preservation of all his creatures, particularly man, diffused with a most capacious and liberal hand, enjoyment adapted to every sensual faculty; but as these delights are designed only for temporal advantage, and are utterly incapable of giving us (what alone can for ever satisfy a rational being) rational happiness, he knowing our impotency to command ourselves, and the necessity of our doing it, has annexed satiety to a small quantity of them: If we trespass this limit, and acquire a habit of pleasing ourselves with an unnatural prolongation, beyond the end of appetite, which is to reinvigorate, and fit us for the daily discharge of our several duties, disease in various shapes overtakes and harasses us during the remainder of a short, terrified, and painful life, while death, angry at being hurried thus to his employment, redoubles the agony of every stroke.

Our bodies are of such a texture, that action, and a moderate share of labour and exercise, is absolutely requisite to preserve their parts in a due temper of vigour and ability; indulgence in indolence and inaction, on the other hand, is surely destructive to them, by permitting the humours to stagnate and corrupt for want of proper fermentation and circulation, and thereby rendering the several organs suited

by Providence to serve the different powers of the soul, not only useless, but when disordered and impaired they confound the understanding with pain, instead of producing those benefits, or compassing those detrusus, which ought to have been consequent to such endowments. Thus are the noble privileges and blessings, which we derive from all-bounteous Providence, perverted to a curse by our own mismanagement and neglect. To this may be answered, what some have urged, that luxury and intemperance are, though private evils, public benefits; that is, they conduce to the good of the whole, though not to that of the parts which compose it. To confute this opinion, the consequences shall be considered, and then let every man make his own inference.

Debauchery, either of lust, or feasting and drinking, not only tends to involve our own, and other families in confusion, by the misery it brings upon those, who are dependant on, or connected to either, but entails on our guiltless progeny numberless calamities, which may reach and spread to latest generations; our children frequently robs of that provision, which might have enabled them to live above want, exposing them to all the temptations of indigence, and generally, which still inhuces our crime, and their misfortunes, leaves them a feeble diseased habit of body,

dy, obnoxious to pains within, and injuries without themselves : Nay, it is with very great reason observed, that the very vices of the progenitor often spring up in his children, interwoven in the very texture of both their frames. This seems to be the visitation of the sins of the fathers upon the children, denounced in the second commandment, that being threatened vindictively, which indeed flows from the very nature of evil, in order to make the deeper impression upon a set of people, chosen out of a world sunk in delusion and ignorance. Thus is vice, and its offspring, misery, propagated down to posterity, and hence spring all that havoc and disorder, that whole nations are often involved in, which have frequently ended in their total overthrow and extinction. The argument urged to prove the use of luxury and debauchery is, that they scatter money around, and feed numbers who invent and vend what is appropriated to these ends. This at first sight seems to carry some weight, but upon deliberate examination we shall find, that they corrode into the very vitals of that nation which is prone thereto, which, I think, may be proved in the following manner. That excess and intemperance enfeebles the human fabric, and is the grand source of disease, is a truth doubted of by none ; therefore a society of men, luxurious and debauched in manners, must be enervated in body, in proportion as they are more or less corrupt, they and their progeny ; and consequently be no match for a people more moderate, or more numerous than themselves : Experience here confirms argument ; for from all history, both sacred and profane, of the most powerful nations, we find their fall not to be attributed to bordering enemies, but to the rise and increase of luxury, which by degrees insinuating itself into the mass, had enervated that vigour of head and hand, which defended them in the rudiments of their power.

Men, by indulging in the excessive gratification of any appetite, pall and stupify their enjoyment to such a measure, that the most exquisite and necessary bodily pleasures lose that relish, which is only preserved by a temperate exercise of them, though the desire of tasting them as highly as ever, still gains strength. When thus ability can keep no pace with inclination, they vainly ply their abused inventions to find somewhat to supply the deficiency ; which pursuit, without being able to gain the point proposed, renders them rapacious after the properties of others ; negligent of real indigence, and sinks them into the most abject state of iniquity.

The wisest of the heathens, for the

same irresistible reasons that we must, who profess Christianity, pronounced that to be the noblest being, who had least need of any thing without himself ; because the gratifications of this life are in general snares, or at best very transient and uncertain. He only then is indeed happy, who has rendered his desires implicitly to obey his reason ; he blamelessly enjoys every sensation to the utmost, because under the wisest restrictions, and with the natural incitements, his pleasures both of body and mind will continue during his abode here, and the happy consequences will descend in some degree to latest posterity. But how widely different is the conduct of the bulk of mankind, and consonant to their practice, how few are happy. Their appetites often arise not from hunger and thirst flowing from moderation, but from high food and delicious wines. They purchase nor their slumber by labour and manly fatigue, but strive to bribe it on beds of down. Should now a being of a different order, who had never seen, or considered the sons of men, suddenly descend and behold one of us sustaining the splendor of equipage and dress ; would he not to a hasty demand, which was the superior animal of the two, reply without hesitation, that the latter was doubtless something of much more excellent intrinsic value ; one whose high worth and greatness necessarily attracted that magnificence about him : But he would not remain long in this determination ; a little more mature observation would force him to retract his rash decision, and confess this to be more despicable and dependant than the former ; because it would appear, that this glittering outside is not the necessary attendant of, or springs from any superior value in him ; but on the reverse he hangs upon, and clings to it for all the happiness he can enjoy. The voluntary motion of his own limbs, he, lady-like, calls fatigue, and trembles at every fresh gust of heaven, which the other faces with impunity. Yet is this man stiled great, surely erroneously, who is every hour liable to be deprived of his preservers by a thousand accidents ; and the other man, who is beyond the reach of such misfortunes.

From all that has been said this conclusion results, that the more every man shall consult the good of each individual, to the extent of his ability, conformable to the unerring rule of doing that to another, which he in the same circumstances would think reasonable treatment of himself, the happier would the whole be. As long as the bulk of a nation acts thus, they will for the greater part be happy ; but when the number of the selfish and luxurious

luxurious prevails, the strength and prosperity of the state must dwindle and run into disorder and confusion, because each being anxious for his own preservation, will trample upon and defraud his fellow subject of whatever he can; intent to establish himself, as he imagines, above dependence, upon a corrupt, faithless people, till by intestine tumults and dissensions they become the easy prey of a more numerous or better united power than themselves. When things are at this pass, no probability of a remedy arises, except from a strenuous opposition of the uncorrupted few; but how difficult a task it is to stem through the troubled ocean of corruption and vice at such a time, and outlive the tempest, may be gathered from the many accounts we have of the usage which these patriots have generally received from their falling countries.

Whatever kingdom or state is contiguous to one more numerous or more extensive, has nothing left them for the preservation of their lands and liberties, but their integrity and love to one another, their public justice and regard to the merits and services of the poorest as well as the wealthiest fellow-citizen; the nicer they are in these points, the happier and stronger they will be, and proportionably so as they pay a greater or less regard to virtue. It is in vain to object, that the neighbouring state may be as degenerate and sunk in vice as ourselves; for granting it to be so, the more numerous vicious in the common course of events (for in such circumstances we have no reason to expect any peculiar divine interposition in our favour) will be too hard for the fewer; because when two nations are equally debauched, neither will excel the other in personal bravery; for all courage, which has not justice and reason for its foundation, fails as the body loses its vigour; and that luxury enfeebles the body, needs, I think, no proof. In short, without national justice and temperance, there is but little national courage, since courage indirectly by these degenerates into brutality, which leads to the gratification of unbridled and licentious appetites, that necessarily tend to enervate and destroy! But courage, under the direction of justice and temperance, hardens into fortitude, as iron by tempering becomes steel.

I hope no body will infer from what has been said, that I am undertaking to persuade men from all pleasing sensations, and endeavouring to set up a race of gloomy mortals in their stead; so far from it, that I would entreat every one to enjoy each gratification, as much as it is capable of being enjoyed; which is not to indulge

beyond moderation in any one, but by a temperate use to keep it always new. To let our ease be rest, not indolence; our sauce, hunger, not delicacies; our diversions relaxations from, not the business of our lives. In short, so to rein and manage our desires, as never to let them run away with our reason, and frustrate the very ends, for which they were implanted.

All this is true, replies a hearer; but how will you be able to persuade a luxurious, effeminate, or rapacious people, to act in this manner? Do you conceive, that you can prevail upon those, who have never employed the noble gift of reason, otherwise than in the drudgery of pimping, to gratify their lusts and avarice, and in treasuring up misery for themselves and posterity, to use it now in regulating and restraining their inclinations? Impudent request! to urge in the face of so polite, so knowing a world, the necessity of laying the foundation of their own happiness, upon what will produce that of future generations. What obligations have they to posterity? Were not a people so ready and sagacious in the pursuit of every resource, which they imagine can whet and give a subtil edge to their gratifications, born to make use of those almost supernatural refinements, which they with such ingenuity trace out? To this modest and candid expostulation, arguments which the wise men of this enlightened age have found out, though the very wisest of the ancients never could, to be a sufficient vindication against the heavy charge, that succeeding generations will bring against us for the ills inflicted on them, for all the unself-caused maladies and misfortunes of body and mind which they may labour under, I shall reply only by summing up the different consequences of a luxurious, effeminate, and rapacious life, and a manly, benevolent, self-regulating one. He who lives the former, deadens and stupifies his natural faculties by excess, corrupts his own constitution with disease, curses his progeny with the maladies of the body, and often tinctures them with the vices of his mind; impairs his fortune, injures his country, dies, leaving a detestable and abominated remembrance of himself behind, which is never mentioned but with execration or contempt, and his soul is hurried off incapable of tasting any thing but the misery of eternity. He who lives the latter, retains his body in a tone and temper able to enjoy its pleasures, till by degrees he grows less enamoured of them, leaves his posterity health, his country a fair example, and millions yet unborn, will bless and celebrate his memory.

DESCRIPTION OF THE WHOLE PROCESS OF BLEACHING.

[From *Experiments on Bleaching*, lately published at Edinburgh.]

THE two methods of bleaching, established by a general practice, are the Dutch, and the Irish; one or other is followed at present by every bleacher. A description of each of these, is then a description of the whole practice. The Dutch method is that much followed for fine cloth by the skilful bleachers; while, for cheapness, they use, in the whitening of coarse cloth, the Irish method, or one very like it. I shall then give a short description of the facts which happen in each. The Dutch method is as follows.

After the cloth has been forced into parcels of an equal fineness, as near as can be judged, they are latched, linked, and then steeped. Steeping is the first operation which the cloth undergoes, and is performed in this manner. The linens are folded up, each piece distinct, and laid in a large wooden vessel; into which is thrown, blood-warm, a sufficient quantity of water, or equal parts of water and lye, which has been used to white cloth only, or water with rye meal or bran mixed with it, till the whole is thoroughly wet, and the liquor rises over all. Then a cover of wood is laid over the cloth, and that cover is secured with a post betwixt the boards and the joisting, to prevent the cloth from rising during the fermentation which ensues. About six hours after the cloth has been steeped in warm water, and about twelve in cold, bubbles of air arise, a pellicle is formed on the surface of the liquor, and the cloth swells when it is not pressed down. This intestine motion continues from thirty-six to forty-eight hours, according to the warmth of the weather; about which time the pellicle or scum begins to fall to the bottom. Before this precipitation happens, the cloth must be taken out; and the proper time for taking it out, is when no more air-bubbles arise. This is allowed to be the justest guide by the most experienced bleachers.

The cloth is then taken out, well rinsed, disposed regularly by the selvage, and washed in the put-mill to carry off the loose dust. After this it is spread on the field to dry; when thoroughly dried, it is ready for bucking; which is the second operation.

Bucking, or the application of salts, is performed in this manner. The first, or mother-lye, is made in a copper, which we shall suppose, for example, when full, holds 170 Scots gallons of water. The

copper is filled three-fourths full of water, which is brought to boil: Just when it begins, the following proportion of ashes is put into it, viz. 30 pounds of blue, and as much white pearl ashes; 200 pounds of Marcroit ashes (or, if they have not these, about 300 pounds of Cashub) 300 pounds of Muscovy, or blanch-ashes; the three last ought to be well pounded. This liquor is allowed to boil for a quarter of an hour, stirring the ashes from the bottom very often; after which the fire is taken away. The liquor must stand till it has settled, which takes at least six hours, and then it is fit for use.

Out of their first, or mother lye, the second, or that used in bucking, is made in this manner. Into another copper holding, for example, 40 Scots gallons, are put 38 gallons of water, two pounds of soft soap, and two gallons of mother lye; or, for cheapness, in place of the soap, when they have lye which has been used to white linen, called *white linen lye*, they take 14 gallons of it, leaving out an equal quantity of water. This is called *bucking lye*.

After the linens are taken up from the field dry, they are set in the vat or cave, as their large vessel is called, in rows, endways, that they may be equally wet by the lye; which, made blood-warm, is now thrown on them, and the cloth is afterwards squeezed down by a man with wooden shoes. Each row undergoes the same operation, until the vessel is full, or all the cloth in it. At first the lye is put on milk warm, and after standing a little time on the cloth, it is again let off by a cock into the bucking copper, heated to a greater degree, and then put on the cloth again. This course is repeated for six or seven hours, and the degree of heat gradually increased, till it is at the last turn or thrown on boiling hot. The cloth remains after this for three or four hours in the lye; after which the lye is let off, thrown away, or used in the first buckings, and the cloth goes on to another operation.

The cloth is then carried out, generally early in the morning, spread on the grass, pinned, corded down, exposed to the sun, and air, and watered for the first six hours, so often, that it never is allowed to dry. Afterwards it is allowed to lie till dry spots appear before it is watered. After seven at night it gets no more water, unless it be a very drying night. Next day

in the morning and forenoon it is watered twice, or thrice if the day is very dry; but if the weather be not drying it gets no water: After which it is taken up dry if the green is clean; if not, it is rinsed, mill-washed, and laid out to dry again, to become fit for bucking.

This alternate course of bucking and watering, is performed for the most part from ten to sixteen times, or more, before the linen is fit for souring; gradually increasing the strength of the lye from the first to the middle bucking, and from that gradually decreasing till the souring begins. The lyes in the middle buckings are generally about a third stronger than the first and last.

Souring, or the application of acids to cloth, is the fourth operation. It is difficult to say when this operation should commence, and depends mostly on experience. When the cloth has an equal colour, and is mostly freed from the sprat, or outer bark of the lint, it is then thought fit for scouring; which is performed in the following manner. Into a large vat or vessel is poured such a quantity of butter-milk, or sour milk, as will sufficiently wet the first row of cloth; which is tied up in loose folds, and pressed down by two or three men bare-footed. If the milk is thick, about an eight of water is added to it; if thin, no water. Sours made with bran, or rye meal and water, are often used instead of milk, and used milk warm. Over the first row of cloth a quantity of milk and water is thrown, to be imbibed by the second; and so it is continued till the linen to be scoured is sufficiently wet, and the liquor rises over the whole. The cloth is then kept down by covers filled with holes, and secured by a post fixed to the joist, that it may not rise. Some hours after the cloth has been in the sour, air bubbles arise, a white scum is found on the surface, and an intestine motion goes on in the liquor. In warm weather it appears sooner, is stronger, and ends sooner than in cold weather. Just before this fermentation, which lasts five or six days, is finished, at which time the scum falls down, the cloth should be taken out, rinsed, mill-washed, and delivered to the women to be washed with soap and water.

Washing with soap and water is the fifth operation; and is performed thus. Two women are placed opposite at each tub, which is made of very thick staves, so that the edges which slope inwards are about four inches in thickness. A small vessel full of warm water is placed in each tub. The cloth is folded so that the selvage may be first rubbed with soap and warm water

length ways, till it is sufficiently impregnated. In this manner all the parcel is rubbed with soap, and afterwards carried to be bucked.

The lye now used has no soap in it, except what it gets from the cloth; and is equal in strength to the strongest formerly used, or rather stronger, because the cloth is now put in wet. From the former operation these lyes are gradually made stronger, till the cloth seems of an uniform white, nor any darkness or brown colour appears in its ground. After this the lye is more speedily weakened than it was increased; so that the last which the cloth gets, is weaker than any it got before.

But the management of lyes is different; for they are used strongest at first, and decreased so in strength, that the last sour, considering the cloth is then always taken up wet, may be reckoned to contain three fourths of water.

From the bucking it goes to the watering, as formerly, observing only to overlay the selvages, and tie it down with cords, that it may not tear: then it returns to the sour, milling, washing, bucking, and watering again. These operations succeed one another alternately till the cloth is whitened; at which time it is blued, starched, and dried.

The foregoing is the method used in the whitening our fine cloths. The following is the method used in the whitening of the coarse.

Having sorted the cloths according to their quality, they are steeped in the same manner as the fine, rinsed, washed in the mill, and dried before boiling.

In this process, boiling supplies the place of bucking, as it takes less time, and consequently thought cheapest. It is done in the following manner: Two hundred pounds of Cashub ashes, one hundred pounds of white Muscovy, and thirty pounds of pearl-ashes, boiled in 105 Scots gallons of water for a quarter of an hour, as in the process for the fine cloth, makes the mother or first lye. The cloth-boiler is then to be filled two-thirds full with water and mother-lye, about nine parts of the former to one of the latter; so that the lye used for boiling the coarse cloth, is about a third weaker than that used in bucking the fine. Such a quantity of cloth is put into the foregoing quantity of lye, when cold, as can be well covered by it. The lye is brought gradually to the boil, and kept boiling for two hours; the cloth being fixed down all the time, that it does not rise above the liquor. The cloth is then taken out, spread on the field, and watered, as mentioned before in the fine cloth.

As the salts of the lye are not exhausted by this boiling, the same is continued to be used all that day, adding, at each boiling, so much of the mother-lye as will bring it to the same strength as at first.—The lye by boiling loses in quantity somewhat betwixt a third and a fourth; and they reckon that in strength it loses about a half, because they find in practice, that adding to it half its former strength in fresh lye, has the same effect on cloth.—Therefore some fresh lye, containing the fourth part of water, and the half of the strength of the first lye, makes the second boiler, as they imagine, equal in strength to the first. To the third boiler they add somewhat more than the former proportion, and go on, still increasing gradually to the fourth and fifth, which is as much as can be done in a day. The boiler is then cleaned, and the next day they begin with fresh lye. These additions of fresh lye ought always to be made by the master bleacher, as it requires judgment to bring succeeding lye to the same strength as at first.

When the cloth comes to get the second boiling, the lye should be a little stronger, about a thirtieth part, and the deficiencies made up in the same proportion. For six or seven boilings, or fewer, if the cloth be thin, the lye is increased in this way, and then gradually diminished till the cloth is fit for souring. The whitest cloth ought always to be boiled first, that it may not be hurt by what goes before.

In this process, if the cloth cannot be got dry for boiling, business does not stop as in the fine; for after the coarse has dreeped on racks made for the purpose, it is boiled, making the lye strong in proportion to the water in the cloth.

The common method of scouring coarse linen, is, to mix some warm water and

bran in the vat, then put a layer of cloth, then more bran, water, and cloth, and so on, till the cave is full. The whole is trampled with men's feet, and fixed as in the former process. A thousand yards of cloth, yard-broad, require betwixt four and six pecks of bran. The cloth generally lies about three nights and two days in the four. Others prepare their four twenty four-hours before, by mixing the bran with warm water in a separate vessel; and before pouring it on the cloth, they dilute it with a sufficient quantity of water. After the cloth is taken from the four, it ought to be well washed and rinsed again. It is then given to men to be soaped on a table, and afterwards rubbed betwixt the rubbing-board. When it comes from them, it should be well milled, and warm water poured on it all the time, if conveniency will allow of it. Two or three of these rubbings are sufficient, and the cloth very seldom requires more.

The lye, after sourings begins, is decreased in strength by degrees, and three boilings after that commonly sufficiently to finish the cloth. Afterwards it is starched, blued, dried, and beetled in a machine made for that purpose, which supplies the place of a calender, and is preferred by many to it.

This method used in the bleaching of our coarse cloths, is very like that practised in Ireland for both fine and coarse. The only material difference is, that there the bleachers use no other ashes but the kelp or Cashub. A lye is drawn from the former by cold water, which dissolves the salts and not the sulphureous particles of the kelp ashes. This lye is used till the cloth is half whitened, and then they lay aside the kelp lye for one of Cashub ashes. I am told that their most skilful bleachers have laid aside the use of the kelp-ashes.

ADVENTURES OF BERTHOLDE.

[Translated from the French]

BERTHOLDE had a large head, as round as a foot ball, adorned with red hair very straight, and which had a great resemblance to the bristles of a hog; an extremely short forehead, furrowed with wrinkles; two little bleak eyes, edged round with a border of bright carnation, and overshadowed by a pair of large eye-brows, which upon occasion, might be made use of as brushes; a flat red nose, resembling an extinguisher; a

wide mouth, from which proceeded two long crooked teeth, not unlike the tusks of a boar, and pointing to a pair of ears, like those which formerly belonged to Midas; a lip of a monstrous thickness, which hung down on a chin, that seemed to sink under the load of a beard, thick, straight, and bristly; a very short neck, which nature had adorned with a kind of necklace, formed of ten or twelve small wens. The rest of his body was perfectly agreeable

agreeable to the grotesque appearance of his visage; so that from head to foot, he was a kind of monster, who by his deformity, and the hair with which he was covered, had a greater resemblance to a bear half licked into form, than to a human creature.

But though nature had treated him so ill with respect to his body, she had recompensed him by the subtilty, the agreeableness, and the solidity of the mind, she had united to it. This advantage, infinitely more precious than all others, raised him from being a simple and mean peasant, to be the favourite of a great prince, and happily extricated him out of all the snares and dangers that had been laid for him.

Bertholde was born of poor parents, in a village near Bertagnona, at some miles distant from Verona. The small fortune of his father, and his having ten children, would not permit the good man to give them the least education. But as for Bertholde, he had a fund of wit, which sufficiently made him amends for the poverty of his parents, and the deformity of his person, which was more fit to affright children, than to raise his fortune; and therefore, the nurses and mothers of the village had nothing more to do, but to mention his name to make their children quiet when crying, or to make them cry when they were quiet.

But the pleasure he gave to the other peasants, was equal to the terror his figure caused in the little innocents. Bertholde diverted them on Sundays, and every festival, with the sallies of his wit: He instructed them by excellent sentences, which he uttered from time to time; so that, next to the priest and the lord of the manor, no person in the village was treated with greater respect. His poverty, contrary to custom, was not considered as a vice; and, what is very strange, it did not render him the object of aversion and contempt. So far was this from being the case, the honest country people, in order to keep him amongst them, would have contributed to his support; but he not being willing to be a burthen to them, chose rather to leave the village, and to seek a living elsewhere.

With this view he went to Verona, where Albion, the first King of the Lombards, after having conquered the greatest part of Italy, kept his court. Chance conducted Bertholde to the palace of this prince, and while he was gazing and wondering at the beauty of the building, his attention was drawn aside, to observe two women at a small distance, who had neither nails nor fingers enough to scratch with, nor a volubility of tongue sufficient

to give vent to the torrent of abuse they seemed willing to cast out at each other.

Bertholde was so much diverted with this scene, that he had no inclination to put an end to it; but a stop was put to his satisfaction by one of the king's officers, who came with his orders for parting the combatants; he commanded them to lay their complaints before his majesty, who had promised to do them justice. Upon this their fury ceased, each picked up her cap, and finding her cloaths torn, and her person something discomposed, they both begged leave to retire for a while, that they might appear with greater decency before the king.

Bertholde hearing this, conceived some idea of the goodness of his sovereign, and as he had never seen him, resolved to pay him a visit. In this age, the gates of palaces were not yet blocked up with guards, every one had free access to lay their grievances before the throne.

Though a peasant, though a clown, though disgraced by nature, reason dictated to him, that all men were formed by the same hand, and created in a perfect equality; he therefore thought there was no person on earth with whom he might not be allowed to converse familiarly.

In consequence of this principle, he entered the palace without any conductor, marched up stairs, traversed the apartments, and entered into that in which the king was surrounded by his courtiers, who were conversing with him in a respectful posture, and laughing at the two women, who had just been quarrelling before the window: But how great was their astonishment to see Bertholde walk in with his hat on his head, and, without speaking a word, come boldly up to them, and seat himself by the side of the king, in a chair which they, out of respect, had left empty! Surprized at this rusticity, and more still, at his grotesque appearance, they stood immovable at the view of this second Æsop, whose mean dress was very suitable to his deformity. From this rustic behaviour, the king easily guessed, that he was one whom curiosity had brought to his court. And as he had learnt from experience, that nature sometimes hides her treasures under the most unpromising form, he resolved to have a familiar conversation with him, and for a few minutes, in complaisance to the clown, to forget his own grandeur and dignity. Who are you? cried the prince to Bertholde: How did you come into the world? What is your country?—I am a man, replied the peasant; I came into the world in the manner Providence sent me, and the world itself is my country.

The king then asked him several questions, which had not the least connection with each other. A trial of wit, which in those days was much used at the courts of sovereign princes. And this is the substance of the discourse, as it is preserved in the ancient records of the country.—What thing is that which flies the swiftest? cried the monarch.—Thought, answered Bertholde.—What is the gulf that is never filled?—The avarice of the miser.—What is most hateful in young people?—Self-conceit, because it makes them incorrigible.—What is most ridiculous in the old?—Love.—Who are most lavish of their caresses?—Those who intend to deceive us, and those who have already done it.—What are the things most dangerous in a house?—A wicked wife, and the tongue of a servant.—What is the husband's most incurable disease?—The infidelity of his wife.—What way will you take to bring water in a sieve?—I'll stay till it is frozen.—How will you catch a hare without running?—I will wait till I find her on the spit.

The king was astonished at the readiness with which he answered these questions; and to let him see his satisfaction, promised to give him any thing he could desire. I defy you, replied Bertholde, bluntly—How so, replied his majesty? Do you doubt my good will? No; but I aspire after what you do not possess, and consequently cannot give to me.—And what is this precious thing that I do not possess? Felicity, which was never in the power of kings, who enjoy less of it than the rest of mankind.—How! am I not happy on so elevated a throne?—Yes, if the happiness of a man consists in the height of his seat—Do you see these lords and gentlemen that are continually about me, would they be always ready to obey me, if they were not convinced of my power?—And do you not see in your turn, that there are as many crows, waiting to devour a carcase, and who, to prevent its seeing their designs, begin by picking out its eyes.—Well, said, but all this does not hinder me from shining in the midst of them, as the sun amongst the stars. True, but tell me shining sun, how many eclipses you are obliged to suffer in a year? Why do you put this question? Because the continual flattery of these gentlemen will raise a cloud that must darken your understanding. On this foot then, you would not be a courtier? Miserable as I am, I should be sorry to be placed in the rank of slaves: Besides, I am neither a knave, traitor, nor liar, and consequently have not the necessary qualities for succeeding in this fine

employment. What are you then to seek for at my court? What I have not been able to find there; for I had imagined a king to be as much above other men, as a steeple is above common houses; but I have soon found, that I have honoured them more than they deserve.

Of all the virtues, those of frankness and sincerity have been in every age least recompensed in a court. This Bertholde experienced; for the king shocked at the little regard he expressed for his person, told him, that if he was unwilling to be turned out in an ignominious manner, he must leave the palace immediately. He obeyed; but as he was going, he said with an air of gaiety, that he was of the nature of flies, which the more you attempt to drive away, the more obstinately they are bent on their return. I permit you to return like them, cried the monarch, provided you bring them along with you; but if you appear without them, you shall forfeit your head. Agreed, replied the peasant; to do this, I will only take a step to our village. The king gave his consent, and Bertholde hastened away. The monarch did not doubt his keeping his word; but had a great curiosity to see in what manner he would perform it, and the clown soon satisfied him; for he had no sooner reached the village, than running to a stable, belonging to one of his brothers, he took out an old ass, whose back and buttocks had lost the friendly covering of a sound skin, and mounting on his back, turned again to Verona, accompanied by an infinite number of flies riding behind him, and in this equipage arrived at the palace; when commending the fidelity with which they had stuck to his beast, and attended him all the way, he told the king, that he had kept his promise; and Alboin, pleased with the stratagem, soon conceived such an idea of his abilities that he imagined he might be useful to him, in helping him to disentangle the intricacies of government, and administration of affairs.

I shall omit the various contests between Bertholde and the king, on the virtues and vices of the ladies, in which the king did justice to their merit, while our hero endeavoured to bring them into contempt. But I cannot avoid taking notice of a petition of the ladies of the court, to obtain a share in the government, and administration of affairs.

The king having read their long request, which the queen had engaged the chancellor to deliver to him, replied, that this affair being of very great importance, required his serious consideration; that he would weigh the matter, and give the

ladies an answer in an audience, to which they should be admitted the next day.

Bertholde, the enemy of beauty, could not hear the petition and reply, without burlesquing into a loud laugh. The king asked the reason: Bertholde ridiculed his complaisance and the easiness of his temper, when the king replied, that he was in a terrible embarrassment; that he should be ruined if he granted their request, and that his danger would not be less if he refused it. A refusal, said he, will enrage them; they are able to revenge themselves, by making their husbands, who have the command of my troops, rise up against me. My dear Bertholde, added he; Bertholde, my faithful friend, help me out of this labyrinth: Thy imagination, fertile in stratagems, has hitherto drawn thee out of the dangers thou hast fallen into at my court, and I am persuaded thou canst relieve me out of this. Bertholde promised every thing, and desired the king to be satisfied. Having stood musing for a moment, he left the palace, went to the market and bought a little bird: He shut it in a box in the presence of the king, gave it to him, and desired him to send it to the queen, for her to give it to the ladies who had presented her the petition, with a most express prohibition against opening the box, on pain of incurring his highest indignation; but to keep it till the next day, when it should be opened before him, at the audience he had promised to grant them.

The officer to whom the box was given, discharged his commission, and the queen also gave the box to the ladies, who were still with that princess, talking together on the answer the chancellor had brought from the king. As we easily persuade ourselves to believe what flatters our self love, there was not one present who did not think, that their request was already granted. His majesty, said they, is sensible of the justice of our demand, and as he is equity itself, he immediately found that it was impossible for him to refuse us; to heighten the favour which he will certainly grant us, he has only thought fit to defer it till to-morrow. There is now no doubt, continued they, but that this box contains something extremely valuable, and the confidence with which he has deposited it in our hands, shews also, that he does not think us unworthy of the honour. Come, ladies, let him see that we deserve it, by an exact and faithful observance of the prohibition relating to this precious treasure.

At this they took leave of the queen, and after having agreed to assemble the next day at the governor's lady's, in or-

der to to go the audience in a body, each returned home.

They were hardly got home, when every one of them was filled with an impatient desire to know what it could be that was contained in that box; and this impatience increased to such a degree, that they could not sleep all night. Never was any hour watched for with more impatience, than that appointed for their assembling at the governor's lady's, and they were all there three quarters of an hour before the time appointed. They all began to discourse on the box they had received the evening before, which the governor had taken from his wife as soon as she came home; and fearing lest her well known curiosity should bring him into disgrace, had taken the precaution to lock it up in his cabinet. However, as the time of audience approached, it was bro't out and given to the assembly.

The box no sooner appeared, than they viewed it with the utmost impatience, and all being eager to see the hidden treasure, several very fine speeches were made to shew, that there could be no harm in just satisfying their curiosity; in short, this was a proposal that met with the unanimous concurrence of all present; and as the box had no lock, it was immediately opened, when out flew the little bird, which taking to a window that stood open, disappeared in a moment. How shall I describe the consternation of these unhappy ladies at seeing the bird fly away, and the box empty! They had not time to see whether it was a linnæus, a nightingale, a canary bird, or a sparrow; had they but known of what species it was, they would have put another in its place; but this secret was known only to the king and Bertholde.

Their consternation now kept them silent, and they no sooner recovered their speech, than they burst into tears and lamentations. It was in vain for them, they said, to hide their disobedience from the king—with what face could they appear before him? And then reproaching themselves, O this unhappy, this cursed curiosity, cried the governor's lady, has ruined us all! O fatal box, a thousand times more fatal than that of Pandora! If the curiosity that opened that box, occasioned evils on earth, a hope of deliverance, and a cure for those evils remained at the bottom, but alas! alas! we have not this feeble consolation!

Mean while the hour of audience approached, and in the perplexity they were in, they knew not whether they should go to the palace or return home, when one of the ladies proposed, that they should throw

throw themselves at the feet of the queen, tell her their misfortune, and entreat her to make use of her authority and credit with the king to prevent the effects of his anger, and they all unanimously embraced the proposal; but while they were preparing to set out, a page from that princess came for the box, on which they returned for answer, they were bringing it; but they no sooner stood before the queen, than perceiving the box in the hand of the governor's lady, she viewed it with eagerness, snatched it, and in an instant opened the lid, when confused and astonished she burst into a rage against the king, for having sported with a curiosity that had given her the extremest inquietude; when the governor's lady with abundance of tears, acknowledged her fault, and in the name of all the ladies, begged her to endeavour to obtain their pardon. The queen was sensible of their afflictions, and promised to undertake their cause.

In the mean time, the king, who waited for them, was surpris'd at their delay, and had mentioned it to Bertholde, who imputed it to the success of his stratagem. While they were talking on this subject, the queen entered, accompanied by the ladies, to the number of about 300, when their melancholy and dejected air confirm'd the truth of this opinion.

The king, having seated the queen by his side, asked the cause of this visit; You have read, said she, the request I caus'd to be presented to you yesterday, in the name of all these ladies, and we are come for the answer you promised to give us. It is in this box, answered the king, and at the same time was going to open it. Your majesty may spare yourself the trouble, replied the queen, the bird is flown: The curiosity of these ladies has caus'd this accident, and you see them all at your majesty's feet to implore your pardon. And indeed the ladies as soon as the king attempted to open it, had prostrated themselves with their faces to the ground.

At these words the king seeming in a violent rage, Is it thus then, said he, in an angry tone; is it thus that you obey me? Have you let the bird fly that I intrusted to your care, in spite of the strict orders I gave you to the contrary; and have you the front after this, to come to me to desire me to admit you into all my councils, and to enter into the affairs of my government and kingdom? How can you keep the secrets that will be there treated of, secrets of the greatest importance, since on those principally depend the happiness or misery of my people, the prosperity or ruin of my kingdom, and the

safety or fall of my throne? How can you resist your inclination to divulge them, when in spite of my prohibitions and threatenings, you have not been able to restrain your curiosity for half a day. Go, foolish as you are you deserve to be punished with the utmost severity: But out of respect for the queen, who has condescended to interest herself in your affairs, I consent to pardon you; but let me, for the time to come, never hear of the like extravagancies. And believe me, it is not without the best and the most solid reasons, that the laws have excluded you from the government.

The king's pleasure at the success of this scheme was not less than the mortification the poor ladies suffered in hearing this discourse; and they were no sooner gone, then he made his acknowledgments to Bertholde. The more I know you, said he, the more I esteem and admire you; as a proof of my satisfaction, receive from my hand this ring, and my treasurer shall give you a thousand crowns. Do not be displeas'd, replied Bertholde, if I disobey you; my sincerity has already made me too many enemies, for whom however, I do not care a farthing, for he who desires nothing, and has nothing, has nothing to fear. Nature has made me free, and I resolve to keep my freedom as long as my life; but I cannot be free, if I take your presents, for as the proverb says, He who takes, sells himself. How then, replied the king, shall I shew my gratitude? I have heard, said Bertholde, that it is more glorious to deserve the favours of a prince and to refuse them, than to receive without deserving them. If I was capable of vanity, your goodwill would be more agreeable to me than all the presents in the world.

While they were talking in this manner, the king received a letter from the queen, who, resolving to be revenged on the cause of the ladies' disgrace, sent for the unhappy peasant, who by many artifices evaded the force of her resentment. She had four large dogs placed in the court through which he was to pass, in order to tear him to pieces; this he was inform'd of, and getting a brace of live hares, carried them under his arms, and letting them loose at the approach of the dogs, was instantly delivered from these enemies. He then, to the queen's surprize, appeared before her, was put into a sack, and in this condition confin'd in a room till the next day, when he was to be thrown into the river; but he had the address to persuade the souldier who was set over him, to let him out and take his place; and then stealing the queen's robe and her veil, in this

this disguise got out of the palace: But the next day he was found, and the monarch was obliged to satisfy the queen's resentment, by ordering him to be hanged on a tree. Bertholde besought the king to take care of his family, and to let him chuse the tree on which he was to die. The monarch freely consented, and gave him a guard to see that the executioner gave him his choice: The trees of every wood for many miles round were examined, and Bertholde, very wisely, objected to all that were proposed, till the executioner and guard being weary of the fruitless search, set him at liberty. At their return, the guards found the king lamenting the loss of a faithful and able servant; he rejoiced to hear that he was still alive, and having found the place of his retreat, went himself to persuade him to return to court; this he not only accomplished, but reconciled him to the queen. He was then made prime minister, and under his influence the reign of this prince was happy, and his people enjoyed all the felicity they could reasonably desire. But the particulars of this part of his life, says our author, are forever excluded from our knowledge; since this part of the manuscript has been unhappily eaten up by the rats; but as the inveterate enemies of all the ancient records of history have left his will untouched, we shall here give it to our readers.

To all those who shall see or read this present writing, health and a good appetite.

'I Bertholde, great grandson of Bertolazo, grandson of Bertazzo of Bertin, and son of Bartolin, of the village of Bertagana, knowing that we are all mortal, and neither more or less than bladders filled with wind, which the least accident reduces to nothing, and that when we are arrived at the age of 70, as I am at this day, it is time to think of beating a retreat, and to wish a good repose and good night, to our companions: For these causes, finding some grains of good sense in my bald head, I am willing to set my affairs in order, by making this my last will and testament; as much for my own satisfaction, as for that of my friends and relations, to whom I have some obligations; for which reason I have sent for Sieur Corfollio for him to write my last will, as follows.

1. I leave to master Bertholde, my brother, the venerable cobbler of our village, my shoes, and 8d in good money, for having several times lent me his awl, to put them in order, and for having done me other services equally considerable.

Item, To my uncle Sambuco, gardener, I also leave my old straw hat, for having

sometimes given me a bunch of leeks, sometimes some onions, and at other some cloves of garlick to get me an appetite.

Item, I leave to master Allegratto, the king's butler, my large leathern belt and purse, for having many times filled my rundlet with wine, and for other services not less important.

Item, To master Martin, cook to the servants, my knife and fork, for having sometimes regaled me with beans and onions, food infinitely more delicate to me than pies, tarts, ragouts, and all the other regales and dainties which would have soon sent me to my grave.

Item, At my coming to court, I left my wife Marcolfa, and my young son Bertholdin, and have never let them know where I am, for fear they should follow me hither: I leave Marcolfa, my wife, the little piece of land I have possessed, till my son arrives at the age of 25; after which he shall enjoy it on the following terms, to wit, that if he marries, he shall never unite himself to a person above his station; that he shall not be intimate with his superiors; that he shall eat when he has it, and work when he can; that he shall not take counsel of those who do not know how to govern themselves, nor remedies of a sick physician; that he shall do his duty to every body, be vigilant in his affairs, not interfere in those he does not understand; that he shall desire nothing, be contented with what he has; that he shall seriously consider that there are more lambs go to the butchers than sheep, and more young men die than old. If he reflects soberly on these things, and performs them, he cannot fail of being happy in this world, and dying quietly.

Item, Having no other goods, since I would never accept of any thing from the king, though he has frequently offered and pressed me to receive large sums of money, jewels, moveables, rich apparel, lands, castles, feignories, fine horses, and a thousand other rich presents; which would have robbed me of that repose and tranquility, which, next to health, are the most precious blessings of life; which might make me engage in all the impertinences which I have seen practised by almost all those that possess them, and would therefore have justly rendered me odious to all the world; for insolence commonly walks by the side of those, whom fortune has raised from the dust to great employments: In short, having been always willing to remain poor, I have nothing to leave my king; but as I believe he has received some benefit from my advice, I will

will now give him such counsel, as shall not be less salutary both to him and his people.

I advise him then, for the good of his subjects, and even from a regard to his own advantage, constantly to hold the balance between the rich and poor with an even hand; to examine carefully before he determines; never to pronounce a sentence whilst moved by anger; to preserve the love of his subjects; to recompense good and wise men, and to chastise the wicked; to drive away flatterers, liars,

and calumniators, and in general all those pests of a court, who carry fire in their tongues; not to overburthen the people; to protect widows and orphans; to cause speedy judgment in all suits at law, and to put a stop to the tricks and quibbles of courts. If he exactly follows these few rules, he will be happy, his reign will be immortal, and he will be proposed as a pattern of wisdom and perfection to all the kings of the earth, till the end of time. Amen.

(Signed)

BERTHOLDE.

STORY OF A KING OF EGYPT.

TEN days after Memphis surrendered, Cambyes caused Psammenitus to be led out into the suburbs; where the place and manner in which he was exposed, together with some Egyptians of the first rank, published more distinctly the sudden overthrow of one who had continued only six months upon the throne; and gave Cambyes opportunity to make his brutal observations upon the behaviour of a king, when he witnessed his disgrace and misery aggravated by the following sad spectacle. In Psammenitus's view, his daughter appeared in the habit of a slave, carrying a pitcher to draw water; and followed by several other young women of high birth, who were all covered with the same wretched garb. As they passed by and cast their eye on their fathers who stood in company with the Egyptian king, they burst into loud shrieks and pitiful tears; which their fathers, in the same anguish of heart, returned; all but Psammenitus, who, at the sight of them, bowed his face to the ground. After them, his son came up at the head of two thousand Egyptians, all young men of the same age. They had ropes about their necks, and bits in their mouths; being in that condition pushed on in order to their being sacrificed, by way of retaliation for the murder of those on board the Mitylenean ship, which was sent with an herald to summon Memphis to surrender; but the populace rose and seizing the vessel, tore the crew to pieces. For the decision of the king's judges was, That for every one who had been massacred by the people of Memphis, ten Egyptians of the first order should be put to death. Psammenitus seeing them and his son at their head, as they moved along to receive their cruel doom; he did not bemoan them with doleful cries, like the Egyptians who were placed by him, but behaved in the same way as

when he beheld his daughter. Immediately after this, a person who had lived with him as one of his most intimate friends, discovered himself in the crowd, having the miserable aspect of misfortune and poverty, joined with the helpless infirmities of declining age. He begged alms of the soldiers, and implored relief of Psammenitus, and the Egyptians who were with him in the suburbs. Psammenitus, struck at the sight of his distress, raised his voice in a lamentable tone; and calling his old companion by name, discovered the impressions of grief in his mind by beating himself upon the head. Three Persians, who had been appointed to observe the unhappy king's motions, reported the particulars of his behaviour to Cambyes. The account they gave being very surprizing, he caused them to enquire of Psammenitus, Why, after seeing without any expressions of sorrow, his daughter ignominiously treated and his son dragged to execution, he had shewn himself so much afflicted at the appearance of that man who was known to be none of his kindred? His answer was: 'Son of Cyrus! my domestic woes are felt too deeply to be bewailed; but the distressed condition of a familiar friend was a subject of tears; when I beheld him, who enjoyed the greatest plenty and affluence, exposed to sufferings and poverty in the verge of old age.' All who heard this reply were touched with it; Cræsus melted into tears; the Persians wept in Cambyes' presence; so that his unrelenting breast yielded a little to compassion. He gave orders to save the life of Psammenitus's son; and to bring the father from the suburbs into the place where he kept his court. But those that were sent with this message found the son had been first dispatched in the slaughter.

P O E T R Y.

THE MONKEY AND CLOWN.

A TALE.

SHALL man, with all his boasted sense,
 His reason, wit, and eloquence,
 His pow'r his dress, and fustian pride,
 The brutal commonwealth deride ?
 For strength or pow'r wou'd any dare,
 Unweapon'd, to attack a bear ?
 Or who could rein the mighty horse,
 Shou'd he exert his pow'r and force ?
 In art each animal exceeds
 The greatest artist's greatest deeds ;
 The beaver, architect of nature,
 Safe from the hurt of human creature,
 Enjoys a nobler mansion far,
 That what our cities have built the may'r.
 For cunning, all who deal in stocks,
 Can ne'er excel the cunning fox.
 For dress, the beau wou'd find it hard
 To match the spotted lynx or pard.
 If man has courage, let him try't on
 The lions and eke the lion ;
 Say, has he reason, let him weigh't
 Against the brutes that ne'er betray't :
 Say, has he truth, the dog has more,
 Nor leaves his master for a whore ;
 A bitch I mean ;—but then the rhyming
 Could not have had its proper chiming.
 See honest instinct rise superior,
 And mighty reason sink inferior ;
 And human art, with brutal nature,
 Appears as lesser things to greater ;
 As this, the following tale will tell ye,
 Unless your brains are in your belly.
 An honest farmer, you shall hear,
 Who liv'd, I think, in Bedfordshire ;
 He kept a farm, tho' not his own,
 The landlord of it liv'd in town.
 Now twice or thrice a year the tenant
 Wou'd send up partridge, hare, or pheasant,
 To master landlord, as a present.
 Now Hodge, his man, who ne'er had
 been
 From field, or heath, or vale, or green,
 As great a clown as sun e'er shone on,
 Was on the occasion sent to London.
 The load he bore was no such hard-
 ship,
 A brace of partridge for his lordship ;
 And thus equipt, for London strait,
 He issues forth at five-barr'd gate.
 Suppose him now in London streets,
 Caping and asking all he meets
 For master landlord's great fine housen,
 At least, the biggest of a thousand.
 That found, he raps the door in fear,
 And strait inquires for the peer ;

The saucy porter in a rum key,
 Hums him, and points him out the mon-
 key ;
 The clown beheld his lordship's grace,
 And thus addressed his monkey face :
 An't please your worship's pow'r and
 glory,
 I've come from farmer Manglestory ;
 Then bowing shew'd his grace the let-
 ter,
 At which the monkey 'gan to chatter ;
 Held out at once his nimble paw,
 And gave poor Hodge a desperate claw,
 Puts on a thousand odd grimaces,
 And tears the letter all to pieces.
 Hodge scatch'd his head, and bow'd
 again ;
 Thought landlord in an angry strain ;
 And thus rejoin'd, There's no offence,
 I hope—we country folk want sense,
 That's to be sure—but please your grace,
 I've brought you, Sir, a present here,
 Some of our homely country cheer.
 His lordship's jacksmoak'd the game,
 And flew directly to the same :
 Hodge star'd—the porter laugh'd—and
 pug
 Began to grin and tear and tug ;
 And soon, without a drop of watridge,
 He gobbled down a brace of partridge ;
 Hodge thought the peer was mad, and
 went
 To stop his monkeyship's intent,
 When strait he fix'd on Hodge's nose,
 And maul'd it well, you may suppose :
 The porter searing further danger,
 Took off the peer and freed the stranger ;
 That done, here ends the bloody fray,
 And Hodge quite frighten'd ran away.
 Now Hodge return'd, began to wail,
 And tell his melancholy tale ;
 As how he saw his worship's grace,
 And how his worship scatch'd his face ;
 As how his worship's grace did chatter ;
 With all pertaining to the matter.
 The farmer angry—very soon
 To know the cause—came up to town,
 Was soon inform'd of Flobb's disaster,
 And all the country rung with laughter.
 By this at once we plainly see
 What human nature's fell would be ;
 The mind of man, when fairly stated,
 You'd find, untill'd, uncultivated,
 Exempt from all the arts and know-
 ledge,
 By practice learn'd at court or college ;
 Unskilful in the use of things,
 And lost to all the pomp of kings ;
 For reason is but mere sensation,
 Without the help of cultivation.

TRUE FORTITUDE.

AN ODE.

WHO steals his breast with virtue's
 fervent love,
 And scorns on meaner things to cast his
 eye,
 From ev'ry turn of fortune must improve,
 By chance adverse, and by prosperity.
 Whom threats can't awe, or smoothest
 words engage,
 Is virtue's champion on the world's wide
 stage.
 If low his lot, his soul will yet be great,
 As di'monds sparkle tho' enchas'd in
 lead ;
 His actions noble, in a mean estate,
 By honour taught, not by convenience
 bred.
 While titles fools, and wealth undoes the
 lot,
 His honest deeds shall dignify his cot.
 Should fortune tempt him with fallacious
 smile,
 To purchase profit by some high offence ;
 Safe in his choice, uninjur'd by, her guile,
 He knows that peace is better far than
 pence.
 Content makes little, wealth ; defends
 from need,
 Who parts with innocence, is poor indeed.
 Unenvy'd, he the rise of others sees,
 Unmov'd by malice tho' he suffer wrong ;
 Submits to all that Providence decrees,
 Indifferent whether life be short or long ;
 Hopes for the future, pines not for the
 past,
 Nor dreads the present hour should be his
 last.
 Brave, if an honest cause demands his
 sword,
 His bosom open to a gen'rous flame ;
 True in his love, and faithful to his
 word ;
 Tho' not aspiring, not averse to fame :
 Secure if Zephyrs blow, or Boreas rage ;
 All omens, good, to such a man preface.

An INVENTORY ; or, The POET'S
 PERSONAL ESTATE.

SUCH care have misers of their stores,
 Strong bolts and bars defend their
 doors,
 Shutters and pins secure the fast,
 And iron chests their hoarded cash,
 Nor with this caution can they sleep,
 Oppress'd with fears they waking keep ;
 Restless they pass the tedious nights,
 Afraid of noise, as boys of sprights ;

The thoughts of bankrupts, thieves, or
 fires,

Corrode their covetous desires.
 While I, devoid of care and cumber,
 In unlock'd garret trust my lumber,
 I never dream of plund'ring robbers,
 Of falling stocks, or tricking jobbers.
 Fortune does very rarely deign
 To visit me in form of coin,
 Yet seldom fails to condescend
 To let a tester be my friend ;
 But oh ! the joys are almost killing,
 If in my purse a splendid shilling,
 By chance should make a short abode,
 Ne'er Cæsar with more pleasure rode
 Triumphant thro' the shouting croud.
 Yet, be it known, I've some estate
 That's personal altho' not great :
 Of which the following is a detail,
 Of every item, and each chattel.

The garret where I lodge, and scrawl,
 Hath many breaches on the wall ;
 Which wisely are o'erlaid with patches
 Of ballads, madrigals and catches,
 To grace my room, and hide disaster.
 They serve for ornament and plaister.

At the upper end a shelf is plac'd,
 With learned classic authors grac'd ;
 Not as they anciently were sung,
 But render'd in the British tongue
 By Pope, Trapp, Addison and Young.
 Some works of Otway's, Row, and Prior
 And Dryden, whom I most admire.
 There bold Lucretius stands by Creech,
 Translated in our modern speech.
 A folio book of Shakespear's plays,
 Printed in old King Jamme's days ;
 Whose cover rustic hands have wore out,
 And half its tatter'd pages tore out.
 I've store of verse and manuscripts,
 And half a ream of printed slips,
 Which I in person do retail,
 To buy a belly full of ale.

Bless me ! my sad forgetful head
 Had almost quite forgot my bed,
 Whose ancient structure, one would guess,
 Had seen the days of good queen Bess ;
 For covering it has a rug,
 At which the rats have many a tug ;
 The curtains look like old reliqs
 O'th' mantles wore by Northern Picts,
 When they from Scottish Highlands
 came,

To vex this land with sword and flame.
 Perhaps you'll wonder very soon
 Nothing to hear of dish or spoon,
 Of kettles, porridge pots, or platters,
 Believe me, Sirs, I've no such matters ;
 Your spits and jacks, to me are jokes,
 My chimney very seldom smokes ;
 I neither roast nor boil my meat,
 And very rarely care to eat ;
 So have the proverb set at nought,
 Of being better fed than taught.

And since I know 'tis all in vain,
To whine and whindle, or complain,
I'm patient, chearful, and content,
To bear the ills I can't prevent.

No lovers list the soft'ning tale,
Nor vines refresh the gloom-envelop't
 plains,
Nor lyre calls echo from the silent vale.

HORACE. ODE IV. BOOK I. imitated.

WINTER his hoary troops with-
draws,
The spring resumes her youthful reign,
With genial warmth all nature glows,
And calls to life the teeming plain :
Flora's gay files the dew drop leads,
And rising to adorn the fair,
To grace the breast, or sparkle in the
 hair,
The crocus gilds the yellow shades.
Now rushing to the waves below,
The pines their floating sails unfold,
And fly where Tyrian purples glow,
Or Indus rolls his sands of gold.
Blest season !—thy delightful reign
Calls ev'ry bloom to deck the grove,
Thy influence wakes the poet's strain,
Thy influence wakes the fair to love :
Now the soft lyre in ev'ry grove prevails,
Favonius as he skims along
Learns the sweet engaging song,
And echo tells it to the warbling vales.
Mira the sparkler of the plain,
With transport hears the tuneful swain ;
Mira's breast heaves at ev'ry line,
Swain—take the fair—each lavish joy is
 thine :
While love sits reigning in the shade,
The lark the nuptial chorus sings,
The warbler flies the woodland glade,
And o'er the lovers waves his downy
 wings.
Sestius indulge the soul awhile,
And on the landskip glance the joyous
 smile ;
Call forth the sweetly warbling strain,
While amidst the op'ning blooms,
Love his genial sway assumes,
And young Lyæus revels in his train,
Seize the gay moments as they fly,
Avaunt ye gloomy train of cares !
Should we delay to taste the ripen'd joy,
The fates might close their life-dividing
 sheers.
Greatness, how vain !—one boat receives
The sons of triumph, and their meanest
 slaves.
Soon too must Sestius tread
The fatal path, and haunt th' Avernian
 shade ;
There nature never feels a change,
Nor sends her seasons on their annual
 range ;
There an eternal horror reigns,

THE DIAMOND.

A FABLE.

LONG on Golconda's shore a diamond
lay
Neglected, rough, conceal'd in common
 clay :
By every passenger despis'd and scorn'd,
The latent jewel thus in secret mourn'd,
'Why am I thus to sordid earth con-
 fin'd,
'Why scorn'd and trod upon by every
 hind ?
'Were these high qualities, this glittering
 hue,
'And dazzling lustre, never meant for
 view ?
'Wrapt in eternal shade if I remain,
'These shining virtues were bestow'd in
 vain.'
And thus the long neglected gem display'd
Its worth and wrongs, a skilful artist
 stray'd
By chance that way, and saw with curi-
 ous eye,
Tho' much obscur'd, th' unvalu'd trea-
 sure lie.
He ground with care, he polish'd it with
 art,
And calls forth all its rays from every
 part ;
And now young Delia's neck ordain'd to
 grace,
It adds new charms to beauty's fairest
 face.
The mind of man neglected and un-
 taught,
Is this rough diamond in the mine un-
 wrought.
Till Education lend her art, unknown
The brightest talents lie, a common stone ;
By her fair hand when fashion'd, the new
 mind
Rises with lustre, polish'd and refin'd.

THE ORIGIN OF BEAUX.

WHO e'er with curious eye has
rang'd
Through Ovid's tales, has seen
How Jove, incens'd, to monkeys chang'd
A tribe of worthless men.

Repenting

Repenting soon, th' offending race
Intreat the injur'd pow'r,
To give them back the human shape,
And reason's aid restore.

Jove, sooth'd at length, his ear inclin'd,
And granted half their pray'r :
The other half he bid the wind
Disperse in empty air.

Scarce had the thund'rer giv'n the nod,
That shakes the vaulted skies ;
With haughtier air the creatures stood
And stretched their dwindled size.

The hair in curls luxuriant now
Around their temples spread,
The tail that whilom hung below
Now dangles from their head.

The head remains unchang'd within,
Nor alter'd much the face,
It still retains its native grin
And all the old grimace.

The hollow cheeks begin to fill,
But meagre look and wan ;
The mouth incessant chatter'd still,
And mock'd the voice of man.

Thus half transform'd, and half the same,
Jove bid them take their place,
Restoring them their ancient claim
Among the human race.

Man with contempt the brute survey'd,
Nor would a name bestow ;
But woman lik'd the motly breed,
And call'd the thing a *beau*.

O D E T O F R I E N D S H I P.

C O M E, gentle pow'r ! from whom arose
Whate'er life's checquer'd scene
adorns ;

From whom the living current flows,
Whence science fills her various urns :
Sacred to thee yon marble dome,

O goddess, rears its awful head,
Fraught with the stores of Greece and
Rome.

With gold and glowing gems inlaid ;
Where art, by thy command, has fix'd
her seat,

And ev'ry muse and ev'ry grace retreat.

For erst mankind, a savage race,
As lawless robbers, rang'd the woods,
And chose when wearied with the chase,

'Midst rocks and caves their dark a-
bodes :
Till, Friendship, thy persuasive strains,
Pow'rful as Orpheus magic song,
Re-echo'd thro' the squalid plains,
And drew the brutish herd along :
Lost in surprize, thy pleasing voice they
own'd,
Chose softer arts, and polish'd at the
sound.

Then pity first her sacred flame
Within their bosoms rais'd ;
Tho' weak the spark, when Friendship
came,
When Friendship wav'd her wing, it
blaz'd.

'Twas then first heav'd the social sigh,
The social tear began to flow ;
They felt a sympathetic joy,
And learnt to melt at others woe :
By just degrees humanity refin'd,
And virtue fixt her empire in the mind.

O goddess ! when thy form appears,
Revenge, and rage, and factions cease ;
The soul no fury, passion tears,
But all is harmony and peace.
Aghast the * purple tyrant stood,
With awe beheld thy glowing charms ;
Forgot the impious thirst of blood,
And wish'd to grasp thee in his arms ;
Felt in his breast unusual softness rise,
And, deaf before, heard pity's moving
cries.

Is there a wretch, in sorrow's shade,
Who ling'ring wastes life's tedious
hours ;

Is there, on whose devoted head
Her vengeful curses † Ate pours ?
See, to their kind aid Friendship flies,
Their sorrows sympathetic feels,
With lenient hand her balm applies,
And ev'ry care indulgent heals :
The horrid fiends before her stalk away,
As pallid spectres shun th' approach of
day.

O for a faithful honest friend !
To whom I ev'ry care could trust,
Each weakness of my soul commend,
Nor fear him treach'rous or unjust.
Drive flatt'ry's faithless train away,
Those busy, curious, flutt'ring things,
That, insect like, in fortune's ray
Bask and expand their gaudy wings ;
But ah ! when once the transient gleam
is o'er,
Behold the change—they die, and are no
more.

* Dionysius.

† The goddess of misfortune.

CHRONICLE.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Paris, Nov. 19.

IN the sitting of the National Assembly on Friday last, one of the Secretaries read the following extract of a letter from the Minister of the Marine, to the President.

‘SIR,

‘I announced to the Assembly, in the sitting of Monday last, our differences with the Dey of Algiers. It is proper, that I should give an account to the Assembly of the sacrifices, which the King has thought necessary to the maintenance of a good understanding with this ally.

‘In 1784, the King, being willing to preserve the treaty, broken several times by the capture of our vessels, interceded with the Porte, which, upon request, sent it's intervention. Nevertheless, the Dey kept his prizes, and it was necessary to make some sacrifices, for the purpose of obtaining a more advantageous peace.

‘Since then, the Dey has appeared to desire our alliance; and has treated us with singular respect; but, being lately deceived by some foreign insinuations, he has suddenly broke with us, saying, that we have deceived him for more than two years; that all our Envoys were Liars, and that it was useless to write to France, since we had now no King

‘The Consul does not conceal, that it is no longer possible to keep peace. The King has thought proper to order an armament. One frigate of 36 guns, four corvettes, and six cannon are armed. The defence of our coasts against smuggling requires two corvettes. The increase of our expences, on account of this armament, will be 1,318,376 livres. But the King has still thought it proper to employ conciliatory measures, and I have, in consequence, written the following letter to the Dey.

‘Most illustrious and magnanimous Seignior,

‘I send you by La Modeste the answer of the Emperor my Master. (This is, perhaps, the usual style given to the French King in correspondencies with the Dey.) It is at the moment, in which the Emperor would preserve his friendship with you, that you have removed the French frigates and taken those of Spain. This change is so remarkable, that his Imperial Majesty can not but suppose it to be produced by some foreign insinua-

ons. He wishes to maintain peace, and sends you this messenger; but if you persist to shew a discontent, that nothing can justify, his Imperial Majesty will then take all those defensive measures, which are in his power.’

M. TAILLEFER rose immediately after the reading of this letter, which he said was unworthy of the nation, and in a few words recommended the destruction of this *nest of robbers!*

The letter was referred to the Diplomatic Committee, and the affair at present awaits their consideration.

Dec. 2. On Tuesday a deputation of twenty four Members carried up to the King the Decrees on the measures to be pursued with respect to the German Princes who harbour the emigrants.

The King received them with a most cheerful countenance, and bowed to them at their approach, before they had time to pay the compliment to him. M. Vaublanc delivered the message as drawn up by himself, and adopted by the Assembly.

‘SIRE,

‘Scarcely had the National Assembly cast their eyes on the situation of the kingdom, when they perceived that the troubles which still agitate it have their source in the criminal preparations of the French emigrants.

‘Their audacity is supported by German Princes, who misunderstand the treaties signed between them and France, and who affect to forget, that to the Empire of France, they are indebted for the treaty of Westphalia, which guarantees their rights and their safety.

‘Their hostile preparations—their menaces of invasion call for armaments that absorb immense sums which the nation would have joyfully paid to its creditors.

‘To you Sire, it belongs to put a stop to them, to hold to Foreign Powers the language that becomes the King of the French. Tell them that wherever preparations against France are permitted, France can see only enemies; that we will religiously observe the oath to make no conquests; that we offer them the good neighbourhood, the inviolable amity of a free and powerful people; that we will respect their laws, their customs, and their constitutions; but that we insist upon our own being respected. Tell them that if German Princes continue to favour preparations directed against the French, we will carry among them not fire and sword, but

but liberty. It is for them to calculate what may be consequences of the alarm of nations.

For two years that French patriots have been persecuted on the frontiers, and that rebels have there found succour, what Ambassador has spoken in your name as he ought? Not one.

If the French who were driven from the country by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes had assembled in arms on the frontiers, if they had been protected by the Princes of Germany, Sire, we appeal to you, what would have been the conduct of Louis the Fourteenth? Would he have suff'ered such assemblings? Would he have permitted succours given by Princes who, under the name of allies, act like enemies? What he would have done for his authority, let your Majesty do for the safety of the empire, and the maintaining of the Constitution.

Sire, your interest, your dignity, the insulted greatness of the nation, all dictate a language quite different from that of your Ambassadors. The nation expects from you energetic declarations to the Circles of the Upper and Lower Rhine, the Electors of Treves and Mayence, and the Bishop of Spire.

Let them be such as that the hordes of the emigrants may be instantly dispersed. Prescribe an early period beyond which no dilatory answer shall be received. Let your declarations be supported by movements of the forces entrusted to you, and let the nation know who are its friends and its enemies. In this splendid measure we shall recognize the Defender of the Constitution.

You will thus assure the tranquility of the empire, inseparable from your own; and you will hasten those days of national prosperity, in which peace shall restore order and the reign of the laws, in which your happiness shall be united with that of all the French.

The King answered—

I will take the Message of the National Assembly into the most serious consideration. You know that I have omitted nothing to secure the public tranquility at home, to maintain the Constitution, and to make it respected abroad.

Although the intricate Constitution of the German Empire is favourable to delay, a very little time will shew the effect of this measure, which cannot be denied the praise of dignity and vigour.

On Thursday a letter from the Minister of the Home Department, to the Mayor of Paris, recommending to him, in the name of the King to take proper measures for preventing the tumults which various

persons were endeavouring to excite by spreading false alarms of an invasion—of the King's having left, or intending to leave, Paris, &c. was printed and posted up all over the city. Paris is perfectly quiet.

The dreadful intelligence with which some of the papers are filled, is totally unfounded; for even now that France is threatened with an attack, the loan of 25 millions, which is as much the criterion of our Funds as the Stocks of the 3 per Cent. Consols is of yours, continues to bear the same premium which it has done for the last two months.

The new Minister for the Foreign Department has already announced that the Diplomatic Body is to be reformed; and the difference between the present state of alarm and armament, and actual war, is certainly not great in point of expence.

Avignon, Nov. 7. This day M. Choisy entered this city at the head of about 3000 troops of the line with a train of artillery. The provisional Administrators of the Commonalty and the general officers of the National guard met them at the Royal Gate.

BRITISH NEWS.

London, Nov. 24.

East India house, Nov. 23, 1791.

THE following are the particulars of the information communicated by Mr. Parley, and the public are desired to place no confidence whatever in any other account, until something more authentic can be published, and which shall be done when any further accounts are received.

Mr. Parley left Pondicherry the 6th of July, in the *Beauty*. Captain *La Belle* arrived in twenty four days from the Isle of France, and from thence, in two months and eleven days, in the *Medusa* frigate to Europe. He has brought with him the Madras Couriers, but being packed up with his baggage, they are at present on the road.

From the best of his recollection, it doth not appear that Lord Cornwallis ever received the slightest check from Tipoo during his march from Bangalore toward Seringapatam.

That, during his march, Lord Cornwallis had been joined by the Mahratta horse, from 12,000 to 15,000 in number.

That, on Lord Cornwallis's approach to Seringapatam, he prepared for attacking the out-works on the _____ at two o'clock

o'clock A. M. but the rain falling with great violence, the army did not reach the rendezvous till between ten and eleven A. M. by which means the enemy had time to prepare. The attack, however, immediately commenced, and the out-works were carried by storm. Tippoo and his army were compelled to shelter themselves in Seringapatam, where it was reported a famine prevailed.

The rains continuing to fall, Tippoo's army was thereby saved, and Lord Cornwallis, being under the necessity of retreating, had reached Bangalore; nor doth Mr. Parley recollect that Tippoo made any attempt to harass him during his march. The loss is supposed to have been considerable; the 36th regiment, in particular, has distinguished itself on every occasion. The mortality among the cattle must have been great in consequence of the rains, and Lord Cornwallis was obliged to leave part of his heavy artillery behind, after having rendered them useless.

In the Madras Couriers are the general orders issued by Lord Cornwallis, which contained the strongest expressions and effusions of gratitude toward every part of the army for their conduct.

Copy of the Statement drawn by Mr. Parley, and presented to the Chairman and Deputy Chairman of the Court of Directors.

'I left Pondicherry the 6th of July, in La Beaute, Captain La Belle, and arrived the 30th of the same month at the Isle of France. The 15th of August, sailed from the Isle of France in the ship La Meduse, and arrived in two months and eleven days (in Europe).

The Madras Couriers contain an account of Earl Cornwallis's action with Tippoo. They also contain an account of his orders issued for the attack about two A. M. but the severity of an immediate setting in of the monsoon prevented his falling in with the enemy till about eleven o'clock.

The consequence of which was, a great loss on both sides; though at last our army were so far successful as to drive him from his post to the island of Seringapatam, and there surrounded him for some days. From the violence of the monsoon, want of provision and forage, and the mortality among the bullocks, which was very great, Lord Cornwallis was obliged to fall back to Bangalore.

The officers and men exerted themselves in a very extraordinary manner during the whole service, and in particular by their assistance in giving up their pri-

vate cattle to draw off part of the guns, and for carrying the shot, as appears in Lord Cornwallis's general orders in the Madras Courant.

Strong reports state, that Lord Cornwallis meant to have strong garrison in Bangalore, &c. and retire with the remaining part of the army to the presidency.

'If Lord Cornwallis had had twelve or fifteen days more time, it is my opinion, that the Myfore would have been ours.'

T. PARLEY.'

A copy of the above was sent by the Directors to the Stock Exchange.

Nov. 26. A vessel is now lying in the River, waiting to carry out Colonists for the new establishment at Sierra Leone. About three hundred adventurers, some of them very respectable, are upon her list of passengers.

The Harpy, an old forty-four gun ship, has been purchased of Government by the Sierra Company, for the purpose of conveying their civil and military officers to their new settlement in Africa.

Yesterday, Mr. Nepean set off from his house, Whitehall, for Deptford, where he is to embark for Jamaica, with proper instructions from Administration to the Earl of Effingham.

On Monday some dispatches were received at the Secretary of State's Office, from Halifax, which are dated the 26th of October; they contain an account of his Majesty's ships Adamant, Penelope, Smyth and the Rattler sloop, being safe arrived there from New-York; that several ships from London, Ireland and Newfoundland, were likewise safe arrived there; that trade continued in a flourishing state, and the weather continued very fine and seasonable.

An Act of Parliament for the permission of a peculiar ceremony of marriage, and other rites among the new sect of Swedenborgians, is to be moved for early in the next session.—The bill contains fifteen clauses.

The Pope has consented to the suppression of the Patriarchal church in Portugal, founded by St. John. Its revenues are to be converted to the use of other public institutions.

Some of those heats have lately appeared in Poland, which accompany the commencement of liberty. The unanimity, however, with which the Revolution has been received in that country, is beyond all expectation, and hitherto unexampled, and it seems now to be placed intirely beyond all alarm of foreign attack.

Many of the principal Dissenters at Wakefield

Wakefield dined with General Tottenham, Mr. Smith the Member, and the other gentlemen who assisted at the ceremony of laying the first stone of St. John's church there.—Toleration and liberality of sentiment is carried still further at Rotherham in the same county; at that place the Sunday Schools, both of the Church of England and the Dissenting Chapel, are supported by one fund; and, when the quarterly charity sermon is preached at the Church, the Dissenters Chapel is shut up while the Minister, Children, and Congregation attend at the Church; when the sermon is at the Dissenters Chapel, the Minister and Congregation of the Church return the compliment by attending there.

Dec. 3. The late Prince Potemkin, who is supposed to have been the richest subject in Europe, was very sportive with his wealth. He had several volumes of bank notes, in which was one from every public and private bank in Europe, and a casket of brilliants, which he sometimes tossed about his room as if they had been marbles.

The Empress of Russia, when she received the intelligence of the death of Prince Potemkin, was upon the point of going to a ball. Her firmness did not forsake her. She ordered her surgeon to bleed her; sent word to the Privy Council, which had assembled upon the occasion, that she was herself sufficient to determine upon the measures necessary to be taken; and immediately shut herself up in her cabinet, for the purpose of writing dispatches to several officers.

General Kachowski is expected to receive the chief command of the Russian armies vacant by the death of Prince Potemkin, Count Beshborodko, Minister of State, is appointed to direct the Jassy negotiations for peace.

From the manner in which the Empress of Russia received the news of Prince Potemkin's death, it is evident that age has made no impression on the vigour of her mind, whatever ravages it may have committed on the charms of her person.

A curious case was lately tried before one of the Tribunals of Paris. The wife of a National Guard, who was ordered out on duty for the night, invited a female friend to take part of her bed. The husband returned before day-light, and quietly went to bed between his wife and her friend. A few months after the latter called on the wife and said—'You remember such a night—your husband must certainly have made a mistake.' 'It cannot be,' said the wife—'Tis even so,' said her friend; 'as I bear witness.' The

husband being questioned, said, he knew nothing of the matter, but the tribunal sentenced him to pay all expences, and to maintain the child.

Letters by the Leopard mention the safe return of General Abercrombie to Tellicherry in June, and his intention to proceed immediately to Bombay, to expedite the equipment of the troops.

Our forces were expected to take the field against Tippoo on the first of October; and the Swallow packet was to be dispatched early in September.

Dec. 5. The British and American colours are to be placed in the hall of the *Jacobins* at Paris, by order of the Society, in conjunction with the National flag of France. For this testimony of good-will, and of a desire for an alliance between the three nations, they are much indebted to M. Peythion.

On Wednesday last was held a General Court of the Proprietors of the Sierra Leone Company, when it was resolved, that a capital of not less than 50,000*l.* should be added to their former capital of 100,000*l.* before resolved upon, in consideration of the increasing magnitude of their affairs, and of the wish expressed by many Proprietors to recommend more new subscribers than a capital of 100,000*l.* would allow of: It was also resolved, that the whole of the subscriptions should be paid at once, within one month after they should be called for by the Directors, and that each Proprietor should give in his share of recommendations of new subscribers on or before the 13th inst. who are to be balloted for on the 20th inst.—Such deficiency as may remain from any Proprietor failing to fill up his share by the 13th inst. is to be supplied by the Proprietors in general on or before the 1st of February.

By a letter from Portsmouth, dated the 28th ult. we learn, that Assurance, of 44 guns, had arrived from Halifax, with the 57th regiment of foot on board. The Assurance parted with the *Argo*, the 27th ult. in a violent gale of wind, also with troops from the same place.

On the 22d of August, an accident of a melancholy nature was very near proving fatal to no less than five officers of the 68th regiment at Gibraltar. On the morning of that day, Captain O'Mara and Stewart, Lieutenants Moneypenny and Stewart, and Ensign Snell, went across the Bay to dine in Spain. On their return in the evening, Mr. Snell got on the mast of the boat, by which means it overfet, and left them to the mercy of the waves, and a dreadful spectacle to those on shore. They kept hold of the sides of the vessel until some

Some boats arrived from the shore: a Genoese boatman unluckily seized hold of the poor Money-penny held, which occasioned him to quit his hold: He instantly went down, and has never since been heard of, universally lamented by the garrison in general, and the 68th in particular. The others were safely brought on shore.

Died, lately in a very advanced age, at his house of Barras, in Scotland, Sir William Ogilvie, Bart. He was the descendant of Sir George Ogilvie, who in the civil war of last century defended the castle of Dunnotar against the army of the Commonwealth, until he found means to convey out of that fortress the regalia of Scotland, which he preserved in safety, and delivered up at the Restoration in 1660.

Monday 96 convicts, whose time is out on board the hulks at Woolwich, were discharged; every one had a new jacket, a waistcoat, a pair of breeches, shoes, and stockings given him, with three guineas for support till such time as they can get into employ.

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

Halifax, Feb. 23.

THE following very melancholy accident happened on Friday last:—Thomas Frazer, John Wright, Michael Ott, Mrs. M'Pherson, and a boy about 9 years of age, who were settlers on Mr. M'Nab's Island, having been to town to market, set off on their return to the Island about half past four o'clock in the afternoon. They first stretched away for the Eastern Battery, intending when they reached it to bear away to the northernmost end of the Island, where they resided; but meeting with a great quantity of floating ice, they were so much hindered by it, as that night came on before they were able to reach the Island. There being a heavy snow-storm, and the night exceedingly dark, they got quite bewildered, and knew not where they were. After driving about for some time, and having shipped much water, they tried to reach bottom with an oar, and found to their great joy they were in shoal water. They soon after got the boat so far in among the ice, as that Frazer, Ott, Mrs. M'Pherson, and the boy, got on shore. Wright, who was almost overcome with the cold, and who had a lame arm, was left in the boat. The boy ran towards the nearest house, and Frazer followed him for fear he would lose his way. The woman, ex-

ceedingly benumbed with the cold and unable to move, lay helpless on the beach. Ott, who was also much overcome with the cold, ran a number of times backwards and forwards on the beach, in order to heat himself; and after being a little recovered, he resolutely ventured forward on the ice, to rescue Wright, whom they had left in a helpless situation in the boat. It is supposed, that the heavy swell and the cakes of floating ice, had drifted the boat from the place where they had left her, by which means Ott missed her and, going too far, fell in and was unfortunately drowned. Mrs. M'Pherson, as she lay on the beach, heard him cry out two or three times; but no assistance was near to relieve this unfortunate man, who had generously risked his life to save his companion.—Frazer alarmed the neighbours as soon as he could, who came down and took care of Mrs. M'Pherson, who was almost perished, but is since recovered. The boat having drifted so far from where they had left her, they could render Wright, who was in her, no assistance; and though they continued hallooing to him for some time, they received no answer. The boat was found next morning, drifted into the cove among the ice. Wright's body was found in her, he having perished by the cold.

The bodies of these unfortunate men were brought to town, and the Coroner's Inquest sat on them on Monday, after which they were buried.

MARRIED,

Feb. 8. Mr. Peter M'Nab, jun. to Miss Joanna Culliton.

DIED,

Feb. 2. Winckworth Tonge, Esq; aged 64, Naval-Officer of the Province. This Gentleman has, for many years, been a Member of the House of Assembly, Colonel of Militia, and Custos Rotulorum for the County of Hants; and he has, during his long residence in the Province, filled a variety of offices in the civil and military department, with great reputation and propriety.

5. Mrs. Anne Sellock, aged 55.
7. Mrs. Jane Strachan, aged 34.
12. Mrs. Christiana Lynch, aged 31, wife of Mr. Peter Lynch.
22. Mrs. Rebecca Elliot, aged 79.
23. Mr. Thomas Collicut, aged 29.
25. Mr. Thomas Prickard, Master of his Majesty's Ship Penelope.
29. The Honorable Arthur Gould, one of his Majesty's Council for this Province, in the 65th year of his age.